The Bates Student

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LIFE'S QUEST.

BRIGHT was the world with youth and chivalry, when valorous knights sought the Holy Grail. Hoary-headed have grown the ages, faded the hues of romance, but still the quest goes on, as eager, restless pilgrims hasten o'er life's devious ways in search of that which satisfies.

See! where yon river, blazing with the golden glory of the declining sun, rolls on its way among the hills like Pactoclus of old. Along its banks moves a mighty multitude; tiny children are there, crowned with the yellow daffodils of spring-time; maidens, whose tresses, touched by the god of day, dazzle with their borrowed brightness; and stalwart youths on steeds with jeweled trappings.

What seek they? In the dim distance gleams the gilded spires of the city whither they journey. Amid its sun-bathed temples and golden palaces...
they look to find their Holy Grail. But why seek they the living among the dead? In the bright city men call Wealth, life’s purest pleasures, happiest hopes, and sweetest sympathies are slain on golden altars, while mighty monuments mark the mounds where lie in sleep eternal, youth's high ideals that love of gain subdued. Jeweled harps may play their dirges, priceless tears may fall for them; but they are dead. And think these pilgrims there to satisfy a living soul?

Other eyes are turned with longing vision to that fabled land where the laurel blooms. The glittering harmony of wealth allures them not. They seek for greatness, not for gold. What though the way be long and weary? What though dark-winged failure hover o'er them with her song of evil omen? They behold the waving palm and the purple robe of glory that awaits them. So they hasten on. Unheeded is life’s richest joy. No time have they to bow before that wayside shrine erected to sweet sympathy and love. When they have reached the goal of their desires, they perchance may pause to scatter down a few faded laurel leaves on those who love them. But alas! should those fluttering leaves fall on pallid cheek and lips that join not in life’s hymn of praise.

Many a deathless name Fame’s bay-crowned portal bears, but who will dare to write beneath them, “These were satisfied.” But there is a land where come not summer nor winter, springtide nor the time of harvest, but the soft unfailing sun shines ever, and the sowing time is one with reaping; where birds carol merry lays, and silvery laughter ripples light from joyous lips, while crystal fountains play forever. Here together revel youth and age. They drink of the laughing fountain, and in its Lethean waters forget a brother’s need; they pluck the fragrant flowers, and remember not that all must fade and die; they listen to the birds’ sweet songs, till earth’s wail of woe is lost in the merry melody. In this land of perpetual sunshine, who may not find his Holy Grail?

Life’s pleasures pall; her flowers fade. Over the purest of earthly fountains, fingers divine have traced the legend, “He that drinketh of this water, shall thirst again,” and the unsatisfied longing of human hearts still echo, “Shall thirst again.”

O eager, earth-laden seekers, would ye find your Holy Grail, follow the rugged road through Gethsemane’s dark shades.

'Tis a weary way. The children’s tears, the sire’s grief, the blasted hopes, the wasted life, the last “goodbye,” the broken wreath that marks the cottage door, the silken pall, the sombre hearse, the church-yard mound and lonely home, all these are there.

As ye traverse this darksome highway the rippling gleam of gold will fade from view; another hand may grasp the laurel wreath ye might have won. Only an echo shall sound earth’s revelry, but, as unto Him ye bear comfort to the sorrowing, and strength to the feeble and faint, though the river of Life mirror but the cross for you, yet ye shall be satisfied.
The key-note of all nature's harmony is sacrifice. The kernel of the spring-time gives life itself for the waving grain of autumn; the trees must yield their meed of moisture to the clouds, that weary earth faint not. Even the tiny being beneath the ocean wave plays its part in this symphony of sacrifice. It builds a shelly palace, stains it with its life-blood, and dies unheeded. Years pass, and a rainbow shell puts a poem on the poet's lips.

So he who seeks his Holy Grail by the way of sacrifice erects a wondrous structure, beautified, perchance, with the life-blood of his dearest hopes. He too must die, but his work remains to make a poem of some life. So journey on, ye knights, forgetting self. One day shall open wide for you the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, and in the benediction of the Saviour's smile ye shall find your Holy Grail; ye shall be satisfied.

DAISY M. TWORT, '97.

THE APPEAL OF ARMENIA AND ITS RESPONSE.

A PARADOX confronts the closing decade of the century. In days of peace, social order, and religious toleration, a civilized people is subjected to persecution and outrage surpassing a St. Bartholomew and worthy of a Nero or a Caligula. Ancient Armenia bleeds at the hand of the infamous Turk; imprisoned, robbed, maltreated, tortured, and murdered, when her only crime is loyalty to a faith dearer than life itself. The spiritual head of Mohammedanism, bent on a war of extermination, employs as his instruments, fanatical Kurds and a brutal Turkish soldiery, incited by plunder and passion.

As we look down from the heights of peace and prosperity, upon the once fair fields of Armenia, now stained with crimson; upon her once ideal home life, now destroyed; her homes smouldering ruins, and her people fugitives; as we witness the suffering, poverty, famine, and pestilence following in the wake of massacre, pillage, and conflagration, the sight were one to move the most stoic and harrow the bravest soul. Eighteen months of oppression and bloodshed have consummated centuries of misrule, and exhorbitant taxation of intelligence and thrift that sloth and laziness might thrive. Forty thousand of both sexes and all ages have met their death, and three hundred villages have been laid waste. Little wonder that the cry for help has softened into a wail of despair; little wonder that over the land where the torch of Christianity burned brightly, when Rome was pagan, a melancholy gloom has settled. Armenia languishes between life and death, powerless to cleave the silence with audible speech.

Yet from her slaughtered manhood, her outraged womanhood, her desolated homes, there goes up an appeal for redress and amelioration. In the name of a common humanity and a common faith, chastened by five centuries of persecution, she summons the Christian nations to lend the hand of succor to her starving and shelterless thousands, and to put an end to Turkish misrule. What nation, calling
itself civilized, what individual claiming to be human, is unmoved by the appeal?

The trend of our time towards a practical charity and a sense of human brotherhood, is evidenced by the endeavors of the English-speaking race to alleviate this suffering. The story of the compassion awakened by the fortitude of these martyrs of the faith will make one of history’s brightest pages. In Great Britain and America the pulpit and the press have exerted a potent influence. The many expressions of sympathy, verified by contributions to the relief funds, have spoken eloquently. England contributes her Christmas offering; Ireland gives from her poverty; and America from her prosperity. The name of Clara Barton will go down in history, linked with that of Florence Nightingale, as a conspicuous benefactor of humanity. Completing this bright picture is the heroism of Christian missionaries who are going about practicing, at the peril of their lives, the Christianity they preach.

But after all, this individual sympathy is small reparation for the tardiness of the civilized governments to punish the dreadful crime that caused these wrongs. Behold the spectacle which they present in Europe today. After a commendable unanimity of action, whereby their fleets sailed up the Dardanelles and elicited promises from Abdul Hamid, that the persecution should cease and reforms be instituted, they have sunk back into irrevocable apathy, when those promises have been proved worthless. Siam excites their passion and the Soudan their apprehensions; yet when they should punish a palpable violation of the Berlin treaty and a shy disregard of their demands, they only equivocate; where they should cooperate, they hinder. Is not this toying with the Christianity they profess? What shall be said of Germany, which has not offered a single moral protest? Where is the stout heart and sensitive conscience of the England that stopped the persecution of the Vandois and helped struggling Greece? She persuades, demands, threatens, and then does nothing. Strange impotency this for the mistress of the seas. To be sure, the nations must act unitedly, if at all; yet this fact does not palliate their jealousy and selfishness, the sole obstacles to that union. Because the greatest blame attaches to Russia, the other nations are not exonerated. Though Armenia’s hope of autonomy be chimerical, her sufferings are not less intense or the Turks’ cruelty less revolting.

Conscious of the futility of appeal to those who need the spurs of national aggrandizement, before they will act, Armenia lifts her longing look across the Atlantic, to the people who once struggled for liberty, confident that there she will strike a responsive chord.

“Armenia call thee, Empire of the West,
To play the Good Samaritan for God.”

You have done much to bind up her wounds and soothe her pain; but your help has not been commensurate with your resources and your power. Your acknowledged disinterestedness
gives you the key to the problem of ending the Turks' misgovernment. Your missionaries have suffered and your interests are jeopardized. Yet while you dispute about another nation's boundary and kindle over injustice in Cuba, you ignore a call of humanity.

In the dark ages of the world's history, when the brotherhood of man was undreamed of, Christian knights, at the tidings of insults to their faith in a distant land, buckled on the armor and left their homes to avenge the wrong. Is the chivalry of the nineteenth century to fall below that of the eleventh? How long shall pillage and carnage devastate that Eastern land, ere a conscience is born to the Christian nations? May the day hasten, when they shall arise in their true might, as the guardians of justice and the enemies of oppression, law-abiding and liberty-loving, and strike the felling blow at the decaying fabric of the Ottoman Empire, already tottering with the weight of its own corruption!

Everett Skillings, '97.

The Responsibility of the Scholar in Politics.

It was a little over one hundred years ago that the bold experiment of popular government was inaugurated upon this Western Continent. The foremost statesmen of Europe confidently prophesied that the experiment must end in failure, and gave us forty years for the shipwreck. But we have seen the proud old Ship of State ride triumphantly through the angry billows of civil war. Through all the storms of internal dissension and party strife that have swept across our course, we have sailed securely on; and it is with hope and confidence that we gaze out upon the unknown ocean of the future.

As we look around us, however, we see many dangers in our course. We have seen bribery and corruption brought to light in the late Lexow investigations in New York City; we have seen trusts and monopolies threatening to crush all competition, and to bring within the grasp of their greedy outstretched hands every department of industry; we have seen the growing power of wealth in city government and in state and national legislature; we have seen the liquor saloon poisoning the political atmosphere and dragging down an annually increasing number of victims into drunkards' graves.

To whom must we look, then, for the future security of our popular institutions? Is it not to the scholars of our country? Upon the educated men of this Republic must rest the responsibility of deciding whether liberty, justice, and equality before the laws are to be the future watchwords of our policy, or whether we are to see our Republic perish through injustice, bribery, and corruption.

Every man who has received a liberal education owes a special debt to the age in which he lives. Every academy, every college, is a gift of the past to the young men and women of the present. It is only through the self-sacrifice and generosity of past generations that these institutions are possi-
ble. The college is the training field given to young men and women for preparation and discipline for the great battle of life. The college is the place where men learn to think quickly and clearly, the place where they should be preparing to act intelligently upon the great questions of the day.

But there is another and higher reason why the scholar has a responsibility to live for high and worthy ideals. All talents are given us to improve and to use for the good of others. As Wendell Phillips has said, "Power, ability, influence, character, virtue, are only trusts with which to serve our time."

A man, on leaving college, may say, "These things are all true; but I cannot afford to mingle in dirty politics. Leave such things to the ward-heeler and political boss." But what makes politics so corrupt? Is it not because the best men of the country stay out of them? If we are to see the rule of the Quays, and Brices, and Gormans, and Platts a thing of the past, let the thinking men of the country interest themselves in the political life of the nation. Let them be present at the party caucuses and see that good and true men are nominated for office. And let them be present at the polls and see that they are elected. Let educated men follow the example of Theodore Roosevelt in helping purify American politics. Surely nothing can be worthier of the best efforts of any one than to help in securing a free, just, and progressive government, free from all corruption and domination by wealth or any political machine. For the government of any people is a test of its condition and place in civilization and progress. Turkey, one of the most fertile countries on the globe, is in a state of poverty, degradation, and ignorance because its government is so despotic and oppressive that there is no incentive to labor and progress, while England and the United States, with comparatively free and just systems of government, have advanced rapidly in wealth and civilization. Let us, then, see to it that our free institutions are maintained, and that our Republic perish not as Rome did through corruption and the tyranny of wealth.

When our country stood in danger in the dark days of the Civil War, and the call went forth for all the loyal sons of the North to take up arms for the preservation of the Union and the liberation of four millions of their fellow-beings, the college men of the country responded most nobly to the call. With equal courage and readiness let us now answer the call that comes to us so loudly to crush the liquor power and all the other corrupting influences of politics, and to make our country a beacon light to the nations of the earth to lead them on to the goal of perfect liberty, equality, and justice.

A. W. Foss, '97.

MANUAL TRAINING.

The tendency of modern life demands skilled and trained labor, both in the intellectual and manual callings. In the former the specialist is preeminent; in the latter the trained
laborer has the preference. By specialists and trained laborers, we do not mean those who know and can do only one thing; but of the many they can do there is one in which they specially excel.

Manual training is a discipline and an exercise in the mechanic or manual arts; therefore at the outset, do not understand that it is confined to digging ditches, hodding brick, washing, and the like. If we think a few moments, we shall see what a scope it has. For all the mechanical and many of the liberal arts which require systematic and comprehensive knowledge, are executed and brought to completeness by means of manual effort. We also discover that manual training is not, neither can be, independent of intellectual training, although we try to draw a line between manual and intellectual labor, which, in times past, were very closely connected. Then there lived such men as Watt, Inigo Jones, Hugh Miller, Newton, and others. These men had the discipline that comes from the training of the eye, ear, and hand, and their greatness is due more to this fact than to their high mental education. Watt, Stephenson, and Newton well demonstrated that whatever the mind could receive, the hands, if trained to obey it, could make a reality.

Why do we despise and avoid manual labor? It certainly is not detrimental to high intellectual development. Nay, rather, it assists it, by cultivating exactness, keenness of observation; by strengthening our reasoning powers, and bringing us in contact with the practical and concrete, rather than the theoretical and abstract.

The educational instruction of a hundred years ago will not suffice for the needs and tendencies of the present. Since the stability of a country depends on its individuals, shall our citizens be allowed to become and to grow up as paupers and idlers, thus producing restlessness, immorality, and crime? If so, how long shall the sun shine on us as the United States? Advance-ment must keep pace with the new and increased interests of the commonwealth. And it is the pressing state of affairs which demands that there shall be industrial advantages for the poor and laboring classes.

Manual labor is the lot of the majority, and never shall we get entirely beyond it. True, machinery of all kinds displaces much labor, yet there must be some to construct and super- intend it. And as we need delicate and complex machinery, able and skillful machinists will be required. Shall the manual laborers finish a preparatory collegiate course—for the public and fitting schools tend toward this end—and then begin the training of their life work? What is the function of the school, unless it is to fit all of its pupils for their future work? Then in our public schools, where American principles are fostered, where the mind of the child is plastic and eager to make and handle the tangible, should manual training be taught; for we want our school training to bear some relation to the probable life work of all.
The cry is raised that children are already over-worked. True. We suffer much from misdirected acquisition of knowledge. If we could understand that the brain wears, and needs change of work as well as the body, and that useless labor destroys its energy and often impairs it; then we would awaken from our lethargy that "Whatever is, is right," and see the demanding importance of changing and omitting many things in the public school curriculums.

Think of the many orators our school elocutionary courses have produced; of the etymologists and scholars in English our grammar course has made. Did these studies give us Phillips, Webster, or Franklin? How much more do we know of English, after parsing and diagraming "Did you ever see a saw saw a saw, as that saw saws a saw," and the like; but how much more lasting and practical good can we get in the same time, if we only take that remarkable saw and make it saw.

Thus many of the subjects taught, and our methods of teaching them, kill independent thinking and are useless. Therefore, introduce in their stead the useful courses in manual training. We do not mean, at all, to turn the schools into work-shops. But we do want our schools of such a nature that they will give us healthful, active, and thoughtful pupils, who are not full of memorized and undigested thoughts—only ciphers—but those who are developed in the use of all of their God-given powers, "who are something, who know something, and can do something," not only for themselves, but also for their country. And manual training is the only agent in connection with our intellectual training, which can make the man complete and well educated, and at the same time give to all, the advantage of earning an honest livelihood.

Stella James, '97.

College News and Interests.

Heard about the Campus.

O Governor of the home State
Forget this year to pause,
A day of praising to proclaim
In accordance with the laws.

What is pumpkin pie or turkey
Even if your way they roam,
And who wants to have Thanksgiving
When a fellow can't go home?

"Speak in brain terms."

A few of the cold-blooded still haunt
the tennis courts.
The bowling alleys have been repaired and are much used this fall.
The Freshman declamations are over
and the college is in the old place.
The Sophomores are to have Physics
as an elective next term instead of History.

W. O. Phillips, ex-'97, son of the late Dr. J. L. Phillips, the missionary, has sailed for India.

A class in missionary study has been organized by the Y. W. C. A. The Y. M. C. A. contemplates forming one next term to study the lives of Judson, Duff, McKenzie, and McKay.
The yellow mock programmes appeared on time. They were yellow in more senses than one.

Dr. Baldwin, Professor-elect of History and Economics, will be unable to assume his duties till April.

Main Street Church tendered a very cordial reception to Nineteen Hundred on the evening of October 23d.

The weather has left the chronic grumblers no peace this fall. The foot-ball team are thinking of building an ark.

Talking learnedly of stones,
Drinking Psych, with many groans,
Pondering o'er these vast unknowns.
Overseeing the eleven,
Soon to leave this earthly heaven,
Don't you know that's '97?
Riding onward through the night,
Giving Prexy such a fright,
Ready for their way to fight.
Banner stealing at a rate
Never known to Bates till late,
Bless your heart, that's '98.
Printing programmes for the show,
Ducking Freshies as they go,
Who would think to call them slow?
Debate writing, oh, how fine!
For that banner still they pine,
Wicked, foolish '99.
Thinking they're the cream of Bates,
Smiled on specially by the Fates,
Born to rule o'er all the States.
Smashing doors with money bought,
Speaking "decs" as children ought,
Freshman still is Naught-Naughty.

Bates men, in large numbers, sacrificed their studies at their country's altar, and went home to help elect McKinley.

Cheney Hall was roused from its slumbers election night by the serenading of enthusiastic Republicans over their victory.

Facetious Prof.—"I have left my record book at home this morning. All those who are absent may raise their hands."

President Chase is giving the Seniors lectures on literary criticism, and Professor Strong is giving the same class lectures on evolution.

What makes that youth so sour and sad
When on this morn he should be glad;
When earth is tuned to rhapsody,
And every heart is filled with glee?
And soon the cause the youth laid bare—
Oh! classmates do not mind me,
The hair I've left behind me!

Professor Strong explained the workings of the X-rays to the Androscoggin County Teachers' Association at the laboratory on the night of November 4th.

Sampson, '97, is directing his energies to the reorganization of Bates's famous institution, the college band. Well, there are worse things, and better, too.

Mrs. L. A. DeMerritte, secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Free Baptists, spoke to the ladies of the college on Friday afternoon, October 30th.

The student attendance at Main Street Church, Sundays, is unusually large this term. All appreciated the new singing books which have been placed in the galleries.

Miss Grace and Ferris Summerbell, 1900, entertained their classmates at their home on Main Street, on the evening of October 29th. Games and amusements were indulged in, and refreshments served.
Hallowe’en parties were in order on the evening of October 31st. The Seniors were entertained by Misses Twort and Purinton, the Juniors by Miss Leader, and the Sophomores by Miss Edith Hayes. The Freshmen found their fun in watching the others.

Each of the societies has had its music meeting, at which a fine programme was carried out. Polymnia’s occurred on Friday evening, October 30th, and Eurosophia’s on Saturday evening, November 7th. The musical talent of the college is certainly considerable just now.

A determined movement is on foot towards the raising of the Athletic Association debt, which so hampers us. Money has been raised this fall, which will leave the debt smaller, after the foot-ball bills are paid, and this winter every student should make it a personal thing to do what he can to get this skeleton out of the closet.

Eurosophia resolved itself into a nominating convention on the evening of October 30th. The room was gaily and profusely decorated with bunting streamers and the Stars and Stripes. All the presidential candidates were nominated by different members of the society in able speeches characterized by prolonged flights of oratory and resistless logic.

Each of the societies will wind up its fall campaign with its customary public meeting. The Polymnians have voted to curtail the expenses of their meeting and give fifty dollars to the payment of the Athletic Association debt. It is to be hoped that, if the Eurosophian Society does not care to change its plans, it may still vie with the Polymnians in generosity.

We omitted to chronicle the excursion of the Seniors to the famous Mt. Mica, Paris Hill, where a tourmaline mine is being worked. Red, green, and black tourmaline crystals of great value are mined here. Mr. L. B. Merrill, the superintendent, conducted the party about the mine, and by his many courtesies, contributed much to the value of the trip. All who went, felt well repaid by the knowledge gained of this region and the specimens obtained.

Mr. Gilbert A. Beaver, college secretary of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., made a visit to the Bates association, Saturday and Sunday, October 31st and November 1st. On Saturday evening he met the officers and committees. He conducted the Sunday morning meeting, which was largely attended. He spoke some earnest and helpful words on the need of Bible study in the individual’s life. Sunday afternoon was devoted to a conference with the workers. On Monday morning, before his departure for Brunswick, he conducted chapel exercise, and at the close, spoke of the world-wide proportions the Association movement is assuming.

Lewiston and Auburn have responded well to the appeal for funds for the payment of our athletic debt. Few men were seen in vain; nearly all gave us something, and we are very grateful to them for their aid. Below are the names of those who subscribed.
Some may be omitted, but we have every name that we could get from the collectors. The whole amount from the city thus far is $208. Of this, $180.45 have been paid over to the treasurer of the Athletic Association. Our Faculty have been exceedingly generous; all connected with the college pledged comparatively large sums, and the professors of the Divinity School did not hesitate to push the work ahead with generous subscriptions. The whole amount from the several members of both Faculties is $170. The Polyminian Society has already pledged $50, and Europosophia will doubtless make an appropriation in the near future. We have not yet called on the alumni away from the two cities, except those in Gardiner, who have sent $5. The total sum raised in cash and pledges is $433.

Col. F. M. Drew; Mayor Noble; S. P. Robie; C. T. Towle; Leslie Reade; H. W. Oakes; Babbitt Bros.; F. A. Morey; W. H. Weeks; High Street Laundry; Rev. Mr. Wallace; A. M. Pulsifer; J. F. Boothby; Dr. M. C. Wedgwood; Lewiston Journal; Beare & Wilson; Rev. H. R. Rose; Dr. Summerbell; Judge Cornish; Dr. W. J. Pennell; Professor Libby; H. A. Osgood; Dr. Sturgis; W. H. Putnam; Dr. H. H. Purinton; D. F. Moulton; D. F. Long; F. N. Saunders; Maines & Bonnalie; Ernest Saunders; Rufus Springer; I. L. Hammond & Co.; L. L. Small; Mr. Pratt; S. D. Wakefield; C. F. Hayden; Prof. M. F. Daggett; E. H. Gerrish; W. H. Newell; A. G. Lothrop; J. R. Little; Cook Bros.; Judge Knowlton; Fred G. Payne; J. Y. Clark; C. D. Lemont; Bagley & Small; George Smith; American Shoe Co.; J. F. Small; Addison Small; C. T. Nevins; Dr. Aurelia Springer; Dr. C. F. Penney; Charles Andrews; A. P. Norton; O. A. Norton; F. E. Tainter; Harry Mansur; F. H. Purinton; E. P. Samson; E. Howard; G. V. Turgeon; L. B. Atherton; G. A. Callahan; T. J. Murphy; Prof. N. E. Rahnkin; B. Peck & Co.; J. N. Wood & Co.; H. H. Hanson; Fred O. Watson; J. T. Hale; F. I. Day; A. E. Harlow; F. Penley; F. D. Merrill; J. H. Whitman; C. O. Morrell; Nealey & Miller; Oliver Newman & Co.; F. A. Perry; A. L. Grant; Chandler & Winship; C. L. Prince; Rev. G. M. Howe; Dr. Leader; Dr. S. E. Wentworth; Dr. H. E. Chase; Metropolitan Stock Exchange; W. M. Greenleaf; Flagg & Plummer; Dr. Donovan; Hayes & Co.; T. N. Brown; Robert Huntley; E. M. Briggs.

On Monday, October 26th, the Class of 1900 enjoyed their first class walk. The day, although not promising well at first, proved to be all that could be desired. The class took the electrics out to Lake Auburn. There they stopped about an hour, while some of the more earnest seekers after knowledge went over to study the construction of the machinery employed in the cider presses. It is only at this time of year that the machinery may be seen in operation, and the opportunity was the more readily grasped on that account. After leaving Lake Auburn, the class ascended to the summit of Mt. Gile. Through the clear air Mt. Washington could be plainly seen in the distance. When lunch had been taken on a slope in front of a farm-house, the fish hatcheries were visited. Through the kindness of the overseer and his assistants, an opportunity was granted of seeing the trout in all stages of development, from the egg to the full-grown fish. Some of the large and more handsomely colored trout were netted and displayed to the party. After a pleasant walk back to Lake Grove, the return home was made by electrics. Professors Stanton and Robinson accompanied the class.
Nineteen Hundred must be credited, among its other accomplishments, with the ability of public speaking. After four weeks of efficient training under Professor Robinson, the class was divided into five divisions for preliminary speaking. Out of these, fourteen were selected to compete for the prizes. On Thursday evening the prize contest occurred. The lady's prize was given to Miss True and the gentleman's to Mr. Davis. Music was furnished by the Eurosophian Orchestra. Following was the programme:

**MUSIC.**

**Prayer—Rev. M. Summerbell, D.D.**

**Music.**

Speech of Vindication.—Emmet.
Ayer.
Taxation of Colonies.—Burke. Butterfield.
Mary, Queen of Scots. Miss Dresser.
Against the American War.—Chatham.
Davis.
Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.—Everett.
Enrich.

**Music.**

Minute-Man of '75.—Curtis.
Grattan's Reply to Corry.—Griffin.
Virginia Virginia.—Rives.
Our National Curse.—Talmage.
Jim a Hero.—Overton.

**Music.**

Oblivion and Its Defeats.—Talmage.
The Death Bridge of the Tay.—Carleton.
Kit's Party.—Dickens.
Unjust National Acquisition.—Corwin.

**Announcement of Judges.**


In England, but one man in every 5,000 attends college; in Scotland, one man in 520; in Germany, one in every 213; and in the United States, one man in every 2,000.—Ex.

**Football.**

Two games have been played since our last issue, both of which have been disastrous.

On the morning of October 24th, Corbett took his flock to Orono. The journey was very hard, particularly the nine-mile ride in the open electrics from Bangor to Orono in foot-ball clothes. The day was a climax to the bad weather prevailing, and the M. S. C. clay ball field was a veritable sea of mud. Bates played Hinkley and Bean out of position behind the line, and both Sprague and Sturgis were newly recovered from injuries. M. S. C. was in good condition and stronger than the week before when a tie was played in Lewiston; her extra weight was more noticeable in the mud than in the previous game.

M. S. C. had the kick-off and Sprague muffed, Maine State getting the ball which she lost quickly on a fumble. Bates punted and never once had the ball again for offensive work during the game. M. S. C. punctured the line but gained little on end plays. Their gains were short but steady, and the work of Webber in not fumbling was remarkable. Purinton's tackling was Bates's best work. Maine State scored two touchdowns and a goal in the first half and three touchdowns and one goal in the second. The line-up was as follows:

**M. S. C.**

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<tr>
<th>Pierce</th>
<th>Right End</th>
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<tr>
<td>Libby</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
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<td>Gilman</td>
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<td>Bird</td>
<td>Center</td>
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<td>Lawrence</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
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<td>Sturgis</td>
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<td>Palmer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Webber</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
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**Bates.**

<table>
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<th>Stanley</th>
<th>Wright</th>
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<tr>
<td>Sturgis</td>
<td>Saunders</td>
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<td>Bruce</td>
<td>Wentworth</td>
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<td>Sprague</td>
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<td>Wright</td>
<td>Purinton</td>
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Hatch. Left Halfback.  Hinkley.  
Sawyer. Fullback.  Pulsifer.  


The team left Lewiston for its Water-ville game with Colby on November 4th. The men were in better condition than in the M. S. C. game. Colby had just beaten M. S. C., 4-0, and were a trifle lame from that game.

Colby had the kick-off; Sprague muffed and Bruce fell on the ball. Bates then started in with a rush that nearly landed her a winner. By clever running of Putnam and Pulsifer and an on-side kick of Hinkley's, she ran the ball to Colby's five-yard line, then she lost her nerve, and the ball on downs. Colby rushed well and worked the ball up the field till she fumbled and Stanley got the ball. Bates had the ball when time was called. No score.

Bates kicked to Putnam, and then, by criss-cross plays and bucking the left side of Bates's line, Colby speedily scored a touchdown. Tupper, however, muffed the punt-out and no goal could be kicked. Colby repeated her performance except that she exclusively battered Bates's left wing. Gibbons and Putnam doing the running and gaining as will. Putnam scored the touchdown and Brooks failed at the goal.

Bates kicked off to Scannell and Colby again started up the field, but Wright secured the ball on a fumble and Putnam of Bates ran forty yards on a criss-cross. Time was called with the ball Colby's at the center of the field.

Owing to the hard feeling of last year it might have been expected that Bates would have fared hard on the Colby field, but such was not the case. Colby men were courteous on the field and off it; the officialing was above criticism, and if men from neutral colleges could always be secured instead of coaches and alumni, there would certainly be much less wrangling and dissatisfaction. The line-up was as follows:

**BATES.**
- Wright.
- Sprague.
- Wentworth.
- Saunders.
- Bruce.
- Sturgis.
- Stanley.
- Parint.
- Pulsifer.
- Putnam.
- Hinkley.

**COLBY.**
- Cotton.
- Putnam.
- Brooks.
- Thompson.
- Scannell.
- Chapman.
- Lamb.
- Hook.
- Alden.
- Gibbons.
- Tupper.


The Illinois College recently sent out a "Bryan number" of *The College Rambler*.

Mrs. Julia Bradley of Peoria, Ill., has just bequeathed $2,000,000 to the University of Chicago with the proviso that the money be expended in erecting a technical school at Peoria.—*Ex.*

President Eliot of Harvard has submitted a petition to the overseers to allow duly-qualified students to complete the course and receive their degrees at the end of three years' residence.—*Ex.*
A round the Editors' Table.

The movement that has materialized in our midst the past month to liquidate the long-standing indebtedness of the Athletic Association merits the earnest support of every Bates student. Repeated attempts have been made in the last two years, to reduce the debt, but this is the first determined effort to end it. In another column will be found the result of a thorough and systematic canvass of Lewiston and Auburn. Every subscription has been made on condition that enough be raised to pay off the whole debt. The amount obtained, together with what the Faculty have subscribed, reduces the debt one-half. Certainly our friends right around us have proved that they have a real interest in our athletics. Four hundred dollars more are needed to place the Association on a firm financial basis. The question now is: What are we willing to do to help ourselves? It has cost a great effort on the part of a few to raise the funds already subscribed; but as yet the rank and file of the students have done nothing. A still greater effort will be required to realize the balance. The way is clear to do this, if only all will co-operate heartily. The generous local support obtained will undoubtedly prove a great help to success in outside appeals. We do not doubt that the alumni and friends of the college, outside the two cities, will gladly aid us, provided we will canvass them thoroughly. Obviously, the only feasible way to do this is by enlisting every Bates student in the canvass. Let each of us consider it his duty, without waiting to be delegated by the Association, to present this matter during the coming winter vacation to those alumni and friends who live in his vicinity, or whom he will otherwise meet. Who doubts that half of the needed remainder may thus be obtained? Finally, we must prove our disposition to do as much as our friends, by going into our own pockets and contributing whatever balance may be necessary.

Let us meet squarely the plain facts of the case. We have been paying interest long enough on the present debt, without in the least bettering our condition, but simply postponing the inevitable day of reckoning. Like every other debt, it becomes more burdensome with age. Every additional month that we carry it imperils the athletic interests of our college. For the present movement to be a success, it demands the hearty co-operation of every student. Shall this test of loyalty at a critical moment find any of us wanting?

A mid all the rush of college life, and the multitude of thoughts which demand our attention, there should be left in each day some time of quiet, for meditation. We should never forget that our college days are spent, not to make athletic records; not to be known as a great player upon the diamond or the gridiron; not to leave our college home with the
name of having graduated; but our first aim, our real purpose is, to be scholars. There is a power in scholarly repose which outranks all other powers. It is to scholars that all the advancement of our world is due. Take out these beacon lights from history, these men who stood far in advance of their times, beckoning on the generations, and where were our boasted liberties to-day? and these men attained their position as much through meditation, through quiet, as through activity. The world lies at the feet of the scholar. Nothing is denied him. He wishes to travel through other lands. The "millions" have been denied him, but books have not. He can spend his mornings in Florence, and with Ruskin as guide, drink in his fill of the glory of painting and architecture; at evening he may float on the bay of Naples, or hear the strange singing of the gondola men along the water streets of Venice. The deep blue skies of sunny Italy may entrance him; the "land of the midnight sun" may give him strength. One by one he may visit the lands of the old world, see their beauty, hear their songs, and dream over their legends. He may hear Demosthenes thundering forth his Philippics; Alexander, weeping on the banks of the Indus; Cato, making the Roman forum ring; Bismarck, welding his mighty empire; gay France, frowning Spain, somber Holland, sturdy England, dashing America,—all these may become to him known and loved.

Then, too, the scholar can associate with the greatest minds of all the ages. He can have audience with the greatest scientists, the greatest philosophers, the greatest poets, the greatest theologians, and each of these will speak to him in choicest language and upon themes of deepest import. There can be no elevating power like that of noble thoughts. Associate with the good and wise, and the life of the scholar will take on the same hues.

There is also helpfulness to the scholar in the fact that he can not live to himself; all about him is one great union. In laboring for himself, he must labor for others. In elevating himself, he elevates others; and so recognizing that he is a living part of this great union, life for him takes on a new dignity; and yet his influence does not stop with his life. All good is eternal. His life becomes a part of the universal good, just as all lives have contributed to his life. He has walked in the footsteps of those great and good before him, felt their sorrows, glowed with their joys, and where they left the work he can, in a measure, build forward, leaving for another his unfinished plans. Thus considering himself a part of the great whole, he will not ask, How much have I done? How fair have I succeeded in making my name prominent? But rather, Have I done well my part? Have I accomplished some good? Will the part I contribute by my life, enter into the eternal good?

In college life, music has a peculiar function. What can give the same good-fellowship as the hearty college song? How necessary to the celebra-
tion of a victory is the band, and what college associations cluster around the glee club. College music is the student's expression of enthusiasm and loyalty. How much we should miss out of these four years were there no distinctively college music.

Bates rejoices this year in many musical interests, some of them old ones revived, and others entirely new. The college band is again flourishing; music is a feature in the literary societies this fall; a guitar and mandolin club has been formed, and the chapel exercises are made much more impressive by the fine voluntary given while the students gather. In short music is in the ascendency this fall, and it seems that, if the enthusiasm will only continue, we shall reap some rich results this winter.

With so many fine male voices now in college, we certainly ought to have an excellent glee club. This would serve to bring together the musical talent of the two societies and would give us another college institution to be proud of. And should not the unusual musical interest inspire our poets and musicians to write college songs, and to publish that Bates Song Book we all want so much? We have confidence in their ability and we feel sure that they would have the hearty support of all the students in this enterprise. We want Bates to do herself honor in music, as well as in scholarship and athletics.

Much is said and written of concentration as an essential in effective intellectual work. The importance of this need should come, as indeed it does come with especial force to the college student, who is trying to give his mind the best possible training for the work of life. But there is one condition of this power of concentration which is perhaps less often emphasized. The well-trained mind must have not only the power of taking hold with intensity of the object immediately before it, but also the power of letting go. One involves the other. The mind must drop one thing entirely before it can give undivided attention to something else. It is just in this respect that many students fail. Although capable of entering with enthusiasm into several branches of activity, yet they do not accomplish the greatest results, because they cannot banish one interest from their thoughts when another claims their attention. Society programmes thrust themselves between the paragraphs of the text-book; the prospects for the next foot-ball game intrude into the recitation room. College life with its various departments and diverse interests, may certainly be regarded as a miniature of that wider life for which it is the preparation. That student who gains, even in slight degree, the power of giving his whole attention in turn to the various departments of college life, without allowing them to intrude upon one another, has learned one of the most valuable lessons of his course.

But the perfectly disciplined mind has the power not only to let go of one subject, in order to take up another, but also to loose its hold entirely, when the time for rest arrives.
Kant was accustomed, after a day of intense absorption in philosophic thought, to disperse his attention and compel his mind to lose its hold for a half hour before retiring. Agassiz once saved his life—during an illness with nervous prostration, by absolutely and utterly dismissing from his mind the subjects which had occupied nearly every waking moment for more than forty years. That student is fortunate who, during his college course, gains in some degree this power of taking up burdens and laying them down at pleasure; who succeeds even to a slight extent in thus making his mind the docile servant of his will.

It is a noticeable fact that much hard feeling is caused and much dissatisfaction experienced among the students of the college every year, both in regard to preliminary decisions and awarding of prizes in literary and declamatory contests. According to the present method, the committee on decisions in such cases, consists either of one member from each of the two literary societies, and a third person from outside the college, or of three persons from outside, in either case all three being selected by the class whose work is to be considered. The objections to this method are numerous. First, it is difficult to find two competent judges among the students, who will consent to serve on such a committee; they realize that it is impossible to please all, and know that although they exercise their best judgment, there will be censure heaped upon them from some quarter, and in many cases, if not openly accused of partiality on society grounds, many mean little hints will be thrown out to that effect. In addition to this, there are few who are willing to give, out of their busy college life, the amount of time necessary for such work.

When, on the other hand, the committee is chosen entirely from outside of the college, an equal or greater difficulty arises in securing competent persons to serve, and this, too, for the very same reasons. Moreover, it often happens that a committee consisting of three ministers or three lawyers will be secured, and naturally a particular style of declamation or article will appeal to them, in which case the decision sometimes seems unfair to the majority of the students. It is often impossible, however, to have a committee made up of men of different professions on account of the difficulty in securing persons to serve. We have to take whom we can get.

We do not intend to expose an unsatisfactory state of affairs, without suggesting a remedy. No one, it seems to us, could be more competent to give decision in these prize contests than the professor in English, who has spent special study in the criticism of just such work, and who would be able to appreciate and judge on the merits of declamations of varied styles and on orations and essays on a wide range of subjects. In all institutions such a plan might not be advisable, but we feel sure that here at Bates it would be a great improvement on the present, both because of the great popularity of our professor of English, and the unlimited confidence which the students would have in his ability to judge and his impartiality.
BY MOONLIGHT.
'Tis only the dull and dusty street
That has wearied our eyes all day,
Yet its track of pearl might tempt the feet
Of the dream-folk gone astray.
'Tis only the bough of the apple-tree
That shines with a silver gleam,
Yet naught so fair could an artist see
In the tints of his purest dream.
'Tis only a wind-torn, empty nest
In the shining bough that swings,
Yet its silver down might lure to rest
A wandering fairy's wings.
'Tis only the spell of the elfin moon
Thrown bright over lawn and street,
Yet though earth-born poet should think to tune
His heart for a rhapsody sweet
In praise of the night, the lyre would rest
'Neath the spell of the night, I trow,
Songless and still as the empty nest
That swings in the silver bough.

A PROMISE.
Last year we strolled together
Along the golden strand,
Watching the tiny wavelets
Ripple over the sand.
So young, and fair, my darling,
With witching, winsome ways!
Roll back, ye clouds of sorrow,
Reveal again those days.
In jest she called me knight,
And bade me ever care
For the earth's sad and lonely,
Their grief, their sorrow share.
This year, alone I wander,
My soul is crushed with pain;
No more we walk together,
Ne'er on earth we meet again.
The sea that danced in sunlight
To-day is gray and cold;
The year was young and gay,
Now grown—how sad and old!

How can I hymn life's praises
And chant Thanksgiving's song?
The days are sad and weary,
The nights so drear and long.
If I could hear thee speak, love,
List to thy tones so dear,
Would'st thou bid me hide my sorrow
And other sad lives cheer?
And bid me still be happy
Though above the skies be gray,
Tune my life to joyous praise,
When comes Thanksgiving Day?
The brooks in midst of winter
Sing as in summer's reign,
And hearts that throb with anguish
Must sing in spite of pain.
So, for thy sake, darling,
Here by the billowy sea,
Where in golden days of yore
We wandered in careless glee,
I'll bury selfish sorrow
And strive as best I may
To lighten others' burdens
Upon Thanksgiving Day.
And e'en in that high heaven
So far from mortal view
Thou shalt know and realize
Thy knight to his trust is true.

—M. S. M., '91.

—D. M. F., '97.

Columbia recently celebrated her 142d anniversary.

Courses in Chinese are offered at the University of California.

The University of Chicago offers over one thousand courses for the present year.

Girard College, Philadelphia, is the richest college in the country, having over eleven and a quarter millions of endowments.
REV. JESSE BAILEY.

Editors of the Bates Student:

In response to your request I gladly send you a brief word, which must be of the nature of a personal testimony about my friend, the Rev. Jesse Bailey. Three years of intimate association with him in the Divinity School at Yale, together with the four years in college, gave me exceptional opportunity to know him; but to make a sketch of him that would adequately represent its original, beyond the rudest outline, would require me to go beyond the limits of time and space at my command.

To see Mr. Bailey truly one needs to look at him in his early setting. The superstructure of his character was true to its foundation stones. Born and reared on a farm, in a home of simple but vital piety and honest toil, in the little town of Woolwich, Me., he was in the truest sense nature’s product. Naturalness and reality were bred into his character. Artificial standards had little part in shaping his tendencies. The simple life of hard labor for modest returns under conditions that build robust manhood instead of towering fortunes, adjusted his whole make-up to a scale of reality. As well expect the farm to renounce the laws of its own fruitage as expect Jesse Bailey to try to reap where he had not sown. I believe no professor in college ever suspected him of making an effort to get what he had not earned by hard study. He was a tireless worker, but he worked at the real tasks, not at schemes to get on by avoiding them.

If one were to make an analysis of his character I think these traits would stand foremost: A sunny and optimistic temperament, a strong will, a positive and aggressive nature, and a large humanity. These traits balanced one another and made him, guided as he was by the highest Christian purpose, a man of admirable type. He was not of the strongly intellectual cast, though his mind was active and progressive. His fellow-students would seldom seek him to aid them in unraveling knotty intellectual problems; but if they were discouraged, in low spirits, or struggling with practical moral difficulty, they could seek none more likely to help them. He had something better than mere intellectuality, a personality that was tonic and dynamic. He imparted hope, and faith, and courage to others, and braced them to their tasks.

Under other circumstances one can easily imagine that his strong will, with his positive nature, might have made him a man who, like many in the commercial world, would have controlled others in the interest of his own fortune. But, brought into captivity to Christ, his will and positive personality enabled him to control others for their own good and for the service of his Master.

Connected with this should be mentioned the way in which he grasped religious truth. It came to him in the concrete and on the side of experience. Christianity was not to him a system of truth to be thought about, but a fountain to drink from. He never would have made a theologian,
but he was already a preacher. He never would have made a great defender of the Gospel by learning and logic; but he would have made something better, an effective preacher of it as the remedy for human sin and need.

That his ministry should open with large promise was expected by those who knew him best. Many, for so short a time, were won by his preaching and personal persuasion to the Christian life. In both the churches he served, one in South Britain, Conn., while he was still in the seminary, and the other in Watertown, N. Y., over which he was installed soon after graduation, he was universally beloved, and many in those places will cherish him throughout eternity as the messenger to them of a new life.

The college loses in him an alumnus who embodied, in a high degree, her distinct ideals, and one can hardly refrain from uttering the prayer that his early death may be the seed for a large harvest of young men of like aim and spirit.

R. N., '87.

JAMES NELSON HAM.
[Reprinted from the Lewiston Journal].

In the death of James Nelson Ham of Providence, R. I., at Lewiston, October 2d, one of the most successful educators that Bates College has ever graduated is lost in the prime of his life and in the height of his career.

Mr. Ham was born at West Bath, August 16, 1847, and was the son of Hon. Nelson Ham of Lewiston. He came to Lewiston with his parents when very young and was educated in the schools of Lewiston, fitting for college in the Nichols Latin School and graduating from Bates in 1871. He taught two years in Augusta immediately after graduation, and from there was called to a position of more responsibility at Peabody, Mass., where for nine years he was principal of the high school, and there his success was pronounced. From Peabody he went to Nashua, N. H., and thence to Lexington, Mass., as superintendent of schools and principal of the high school, making a distinct advance in each association and gaining reputation and position with each year.

After remaining in Lexington nine years, he went to Providence, R. I., as principal of the Oxford Street School, one of the largest in Providence, a training school embodying the most advanced theories in educational matter. Here Mr. Ham had charge of about 700 pupils, and his success has been distinct and unqualified. We have often heard of him as an advanced and advancing educator, a student as well as a teacher, and a man of the highest qualities of character and the purest and most conscientious views of life. He was taken ill in Providence with malaria, developing as it often does into typhoid fever, and came home to his father’s farm in South Lewiston to rest. Instead of gaining, he lost. It was finally thought best that he go to the hospital, and he was removed there in accordance with the advice of the physician. He failed rapidly and on Friday, October 2d, the end came to his useful, blameless life.
Personally, Mr. Ham was a charming gentleman of delightful and refined personality. While impressive and strong in his individuality and austere towards all sham and wrongdoing, he was yet gentle and kindly in every impulse. He was married soon after his graduation, and leaves one son, Roscoe James Ham, who graduated from Harvard last June. Mr. Ham also leaves three brothers and two sisters, as follows: John Ham of Lewiston, Mrs. A. B. Russell of Salem, Mass., Mrs. William G. Snow of Lewiston, Mr. H. B. Ham of Lewiston, and Mr. Howard Ham of Lewiston.

The first dinner of the Bates Hub Club was held at Rooms 6 and 7, Young's Hotel, Boston, October 31st, at six o'clock. Reports from the college were read, and a warm discussion of college affairs followed. Those present were: Rev. O. H. Tracy, '82; R. W. Nutter, '84; Garcelon, '90; Plummer, '91; Howard, '92; Emery, '92; Hoag, '94; Woodman, '94; Brackett, '94; Campbell, '95; Hoag, '96; Boothby, '96; Eaton, '96; Thompson, '96; Thomas, '96. The next meeting will be held at the same place on Saturday evening, November 28th.

The annual dinner of the Bates College Alumni of Boston and vicinity, will be held at Young's Hotel on Friday, December 18, at 6 o'clock. All alumni are invited to attend, whether or not they receive a special invitation. Those intending to be present will confer a favor by informing the secretary, C. C. Smith, Pemberton Square, Boston, before December 15th.

THE BATES HUB CLUB.

Boston, Nov. 5, 1896.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

The dinners of the Bates Hub Club last season proved so pleasant that it has been decided to hold similar gatherings the coming winter. Accordingly, arrangements have been made for a private room at Young's Hotel, on the last Saturday of each month at 6 p.m. The opening dinner occurred October 31st. These meetings are entirely informal, being intended for social intercourse and the discussion of college interests. It is hoped that the alumni near Boston will endeavor to attend regularly. Any Bates men who happen to be in Boston on these dates, are cordially invited to drop in. Remember, Young's Hotel, at 6 p.m., the last Saturday of each month.

At the annual meeting of the College Club in June, the Secretary reported that $97 had been expended during the past year, of which $40 had purchased books for the English department, $17 had assisted in refurnishing a lecture room in Hathorn Hall, and $40 had been expended on athletics. The committee on appropriations for the ensuing year is: W. F. Garcelon, '90; E. W. Emery, '92; L. J. Brackett, '94.

The following committee was appointed to make some arrangement for a public presentation of prizes in 1897:
The following committee was appointed to draw up rules to govern the wearing of "B" or "Bates" by students, and to present the same to the Faculty Athletic Committee and the Athletic Association, with the recommendation of the club that they be adopted: L. J. Brackett, '94; Scott Wilson, '92; H. V. Neal, '90.


There are now 48 members. The officers are: President, Scott Wilson, '92; Vice-President, J. F. Fanning, '93; Treasurer, S. I. Graves, '94; Secretary, W. F. Garcelon, '90.

PERSONALS.

'78.—Mr. A. M. Flagg has returned to his home in Auburn, from Columbus, Ohio, where he was in attendance as a delegate at the convention of the National Carpenters' Union. Mr. Flagg was elected a member of the national executive committee, which meets every three months in Philadelphia.

'82.—In Challis, Idaho, September 14, 1896, was born to the wife of C. E. Mason, a daughter—Edith Palmer Mason.

'88.—The New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, at its forty-third annual meeting in October, re-elected as president of the association, Charles L. Wallace of Lisbon, N. H.

'90.—Miss Jennie F. Pratt is engaged in mission work in Boston. Her address is 100 Waltham Street.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee will study at Harvard University during the coming year.

'90.—Herbert V. Neal will spend the year at Munich, Germany, in special research work in Zoology. He received the degree Ph.D. last June at Harvard. His thesis on "The Segmentation of the Vertebrate Head" will soon be published in pamphlet form.

'94.—J. C. Woodman received a prize of $200 for his work in the Harvard Medical School during the academic year, 1895-6.

It has become the fashion of late to print some of the rules and regulations that were in force at Harvard during the eighteenth century. They are, indeed, amusing, and the glimpse which they give of college ways and customs at that time, as compared to our own, is very instructive. For instance, the list of things that were punished by fines, included: "Profanation of Sabbath, three shillings; graduates playing cards, five shillings—undergraduates, two and a half shillings, for the same offence; profanity, two shillings and a half; lying, drunkenness, and causing loud noises, one shilling and a half; rudeness at meals, and going skating, one shilling." These examples show the strict discipline and careful scrutiny the colleges exercised over the lives and actions of the students.—Ex.
An extremely long article in a college magazine is the worst kind of a bore. It finds few readers, challenges the patience of the exchange editor at the outset, and is obviously altogether out of place in a publication of the limited size of the average student magazine. We notice in a few of our exchanges this fault is quite glaring; articles are published which, though well written, are so long as to be positively objectionable.

Granted that the story, essay, and criticism should form the bulk of prose literary matter, it is yet true that some of the most readable portions of our exchanges are simply sketches, very short ones, too, which serve to offset the heavier matter and more lengthy articles. The College Rambler has an especially pleasing way of introducing these short sketches, and they are always most excellent, having a good literary tone; one of these appearing last month, entitled "The New Quartet," shows a delightful view of humor, and we are almost tempted to quote it in spite of the brevity of our allotted space.

We wish to congratulate The Dickinson Union on the great merit of the literary articles of its current number.

The October Tuftonian opens with a well-written biographical sketch of one of the munificent benefactors of Tufts College. Such a sketch, treating the career of a truly generous, noble-hearted man, interested in educational advancement, can never help appealing to students and furnishing inspiration.

Last month we clipped a poem and supposed it went to press signed "F. Putney, Jr., in Brunonian;" when the number came out, we noticed with regret that the words "in Brunonian" had been omitted, for which error we ask pardon. The bright verses of this writer are always among the best on our exchange table, and we consider the Brunonian fortunate in having such a gifted contributor.

In the Mountaineer, the poem, "The Song of the Nympholeptic," is a very pretty thing; the article on Spenser's "Faerie-Queen" is excellent as a review, but rather fails as a criticism.

We have selected the following bits of verse as being the most meritorious which have come to our notice:

**FAITH.**

As nightly I behold the heavens bedecked
With myriad jewel-points so slight
I scarce conceive each faintest gleam is yet
A sun-surpassing orb of light;
So, when the thronging cares of life crowd in
And dim the light of God's great love,
I know that He still leads through ways unseen
To unknown joys and endless peace above.

—University Cynic.

**GHOSTS.**

Are they voices that shriek in the darkness?
Gaunt faces we may not see,
Or white-robed shapes in the moonlight pale
Astride of the gallows tree?

My ghosts are only whispers,
That come like summer rain,
As soft and sweet, as sad and faint,
And lo! they are gone again.
These ghosts, they are ever with me,  
They haunt me in open day,  
The ghosts of all that my heart has loved  
In the years that have passed away.  
—Yale Courant.

THY HAZEL EYES.  
Sweetheart of mine, thy hazel eyes  
Look into mine in roguery,  
Twinkling as stars in far-off skies,  
Or as the lights far out at sea.  
Now glance they up in mock surprise,  
And glance they down to schemes device:  
And now they innocently arise  
To parry glances shot by me—  
Sweetheart of mine.  
Some talk of orators, so wise,  
Who, speaking, gain the mastery,  
Some tell of gestures in replies,  
But far less potent can they be  
Than one glance from they hazel eyes,  
Sweetheart of mine!  
—Tennessee University Magazine.

BOOKS.  
These are not ink and paper! They are souls  
That strove in travail; they are lives of tears;  
The brain-throbs and the heart-beats of long years,  
Joy's ocean deeps and pain's wreck-tossing shoals;  
Here smiles the Hope whose wondrous current rolls  
From deed to duty; here weep doubts and fears  
In bosoms tremulous, and Love endears.  
Disconsolate toil and all its hate controls.  
Aye, they are inspiration! In the low  
Sad hours of weakness they are stores of might;  
They treasure truths eternal, and they glow  
With stars brought earthward from unmeasured night;  
Somewhat of God's great verities they know,  
Somewhat of man's great future and his light!  
—Bachelor of Arts.

Our Book-Shelf.  
That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.—Alcott.

T HE calendar tells us that we must again take up our pen and point out the strength and the weakness of the new books that have found their way to our shelf. However, Dame Fortune has been kind and we have little but words of praise to record this month.

Every lover of French will enjoy Mr. Benjamin W. Wells's fine discussion of Modern French Literature. This book reveals an appreciative student and an entertaining writer. The author writes with a warmth which shows that he has really absorbed the spirit of the French authors, whom he presents. The book is intended, not so much for French critics, as for those who read French for culture and pleasure. The first few chapters briefly treat of the literature from the twelfth century to the nineteenth. Here the fine characterizations of the works of Corneille, Racine, and Molière are worthy of special mention. The body of the book is devoted to our own century. After discussing the Romantic School, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo, Mr. Wells treats of modern literature in its different phases—history, criticism, lyric poetry, the drama, and fiction. The two chapters dealing with Victor Hugo and his works are vivid, enthusiastic, and critical. The last chapters furnish an able discussion of modern French fiction. Mr. Wells has an easy, pleasant style, and seems...
master of his subject. This book, in our opinion, through its fine appreciation of the French authors, is much superior to the recent work by the same author on modern German literature.

A delightful little book of verses next comes to our notice. *A Quiet Road,* by Elizabeth Woodworth Reese, is a collection of about fifty short poems on nature, the emotions, memory, song, and other subjects that delight the poetic fancy. The poems are characterized by a certain reposefulness and a power of suggestion. Most of them make us feel more than is expressed. Too, there is an originality in the thought, and a quaintness of expression, that give a pleasant flavor to the verses. The poems are artistic, rather than simple. The melody of the lines is sweet, especially in some of the songs. In many of the poems there is an undertone of sadness, while some few, like *A Lyric on the Lyric,* and *Laughter,* are joyous. Variety is one of the charms of the little book. We quote a few lines from *The Crocus,* as a characteristic poem:

"How yellow burns the crocus in the plot!  
A little candle-light at a gray wall,  
One dauntless moment snatched from the  
March-brawl,  
And like the candle-light to be forgot.  
Stripped of the mellower days, the richer lot,  
It comes, it goes, an unremembered thing,  
And missing all the fullness of the spring,  
Thrust from her door, because the time is not."

A fund of quotations, anecdotes, and sprightly thoughts is contained in the new books, by William Matthews, *Nugae Litterarum.* This work is a collection of about two hundred short essays on subjects of all kinds. Each subject is treated in a bright way and is complete in itself. The work shows very broad reading and a wonderful power of remembering quotations and stories. The author has a bright, piquant style and the ability of grasping at once the point in a subject. As in his other work, Mr. Matthews is not very original, but is always practical and concrete. He has a versatile mind, rather than a constructive one. As a cyclopedia of anecdotes or to aid one in finding interesting topics for conversation, this work must prove valuable. It is an entertaining book to read at odd moments.

1 *Modern French Literature,* by Benjamin W. Wells. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; $1.50.)
2 *A Quiet Road,* by Elizabeth Woodworth Reese. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; $1.00.)
3 *Nugae Litterarum,* by William Matthews. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; $1.50.)

Harvard has adopted a new system with reference to the distribution of scholarships. Hereafter, they are not to be given to needy students as much, but rather as honors to the best men in the several classes, whether rich or poor.—*Ex.*

Harvard, at one time, practiced corporal punishment, and sometimes the students were actually whipped. Yale was not far behind.—*Ex.*
You may find a balm for the lover crossed,
Or the candidate who's defeated;
But the only balm for a ball game lost
Is to swear the umpire cheated. —Ex.

**Clippings.**

**Up to Date.**
The melancholy days have come,
Which haunt us in our dreams,
The days when we must cease to "bum,
And put in time on themes. —Ex.

"It seems to me," said Studiens,
"The only money question
Is how to hustle cash around
And so escape suspension." —Ex.

**The Modern Craze.**
The foot-ball man is now the craze,
With his long and shaggy hair,
With his padded suit in the dirt to root,
With blood to spill and spare.
He has guards on his legs and muff's on his ears,
And a covering for his nose,
As he dives in the game for glory and fame,
And slaughters his college foes.
Then here's to the lad who's the latest fad,
Who's out for blood and gore,
May he vanquish his foes by kicks and blows,
For that's what he's living for. —Ex.

Oh, talk not of the students' joy
The rapture in his look expressed;
His truest bliss is when he finds
A quarter in his cast-off vest. —Ex.

I love its gentle warble,
I love its fluent sound,
I love to wind my tongue up,
And I love to hear it go. —Ex.

Conductor—"Your ticket, please."
Passenger—"I'm travelling on my face."
Conductor—"All right; I'll punch that."

Is Thomas Hardy now-a-days?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? Was Hermann Grimm?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?

Was John Brown? and was J. R. Green?
Chief Justice Taney quiet?
Is William Black? R. D. Blackmore?
Mark Lemon? H. K. White?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew Marvell so?
Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
Or Richard Boyle beside?
What gave the wicked Thomas Paine?
And made Mark Akenside?

Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?
Did Richard Steele, I ask?
Tell me, has George A. Sala suit?
Did William Ware a mask?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?
John Home Tooke what and when?
Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.
Cabled his friends again? —Brunonian.

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