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VOLUME XXIV.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of '97,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

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The last quivering tones of an old violin died away on the frosty air and one or two pennies fell into the little hand, blue with the cold, that reached eagerly for them. More pitying glances fell on the little figure, clad in its shabby clothes, and the pinched face with its great blue eyes and mass of tangled yellow hair; but they lacked the power to satisfy that even the few pennies possessed, and were all but lost to the little street musician.

The few passers-by who had lingered a moment to listen to the boy, moved quickly away, and he gathered his one possession tenderly into his arms, and let one hand run caressingly over the strings. Then he suddenly put his hand into his pocket and took out all the pennies he found there. He counted them carefully, and his eye lighted up as he noticed that one five-cent piece
had found its way in with the coppers. "Eleven cents," he said. "It has been a good morning; perhaps the people like to give this morning because it is so near Christmas. I guess I'll try once more, then I can buy a whole loaf of bread to take home to Freda and some money besides. Won't she be glad and say, 'You're a good boy, Karl; what would sister do without you!'

These bright thoughts seemed to inspire him, and the bright flush on his cheek and the sparkle in his eye made him look almost pretty. The violin, too, grew merry under his touch, and the music and the picture brought a smile to the face of more than one who passed the corner. All unconsciously, the little fellow was doing his part toward making the world brighter that morning. And when he stopped he found he had not played in vain; a shining ten-cent piece and half a dozen pennies dropped into his outstretched hand. With a shout of joy, he turned and ran down the street. 'Twas a long way home, he thought, and then he must stop at the "good baker's" and get some bread for his and Freda's breakfast. He had been over in the fashionable portion of the city, but he soon came down into the poorer quarter. On either side there were little shops, whose single windows were filled with motley assortments, second-hand shops and pawn-shops, junk shops, and once in a while one that tried to present a more respectable appearance than its neighbors. Karl turned in at one of these that even boasted a clean window and a small geranium. Near the door stood an old glass case with several loaves of bread, some doughnuts, and one pie. The creaking of the door on its rusty hinges called a pleasant-faced German woman from the rear of the small room, where a faded curtain served as an apology to hide a dilapidated range and a few cooking utensils that had seen their best days.

"Well, and what will we have this morning?" she said with the air of one who owned an extensive establishment.

"A loaf of bread," Karl said, proudly. "A whole loaf, sonny?" asked the woman.

"Yes'm," and then, receiving his parcel, he rushed out of the store. A few blocks farther on and he turned up a dark alley. An old gentleman, who had been following the boy, found it difficult to avoid all the old boxes and barrels that obstructed the way. Karl, however, passed nimbly through them and disappeared through the door of a forbidding looking tenement house, long before his pursuer, puffing and panting, succeeded in reaching the house. When he did so he found the door closed, and he hesitated for a moment, for he hardly knew whether it were better to knock or to open the door himself. Two or three children were staring at him out of one of the lower windows nearest the door, and they decided him to knock. He heard a skurrying of feet and a few low-spoken words, and then the door was opened by a short, stout Irish woman, whose tousled gray hair hung down on either side of her face. "Does a little boy live here who plays a violin?" he asked.
"Do you mean the one what fiddles? Yes, he lives up on the third floor in one o' the back rooms; go right up, mister," she added hospitably.

The man entered and stumbled up one long flight of stairs and then another. "Back room," he thought, "it must be down to the other end of this hall." As he approached the farther end, he saw, within a half-open door, the object of his search. The little boy stood by a small table eagerly undoing the package he had. "See, Freda," he exclaimed joyfully, "a whole loaf!"

"Yes, Karl, and all this money, too; did they really give it to you?" said a pale, round-shouldered girl who sat by the window looking rather perplexed as she counted the few coppers again.

"Of course they did. You didn't suppose I'd steal it, did you?" in rather an injured tone. "No, dear, I didn't think my Karl would do that, only I couldn't quite understand it, that's all. It is so much more than usual, you know."

"Yes, but isn't it good?" and Karl's eyes began to sparkle.

Just then they both turned at the unusual sound of a rap.

"Come in," Karl said, and, although he was embarrassed at the appearance of this stranger, he hastened to remove his violin from one of the two chairs that the room boasted and offered it to his caller.

"Had good luck, did you, this morning?" smilingly said the gentleman.

Freda waited for Karl to answer, but he seemed suddenly to have grown bashful and stood fumbling the strings of his violin, so she said:

"Yes, sir, he got twenty-seven cents this morning; that's a good deal for a little fellow like him, isn't it? But folks are kind to my Karl," and she threw her arm lovingly around him.

"Yes, indeed, it is; and now, my boy, I want you to play to me."

"Come dear," said Freda, as he hesitated. Karl began with not half his usual confidence, but he soon forgot himself under the spell of his own playing, and wandered off from a familiar air that he had picked up to melodies of his own.

"Good!" exclaimed their guest, as he finished.

"Who taught you to play, my boy?"

"My father, sir," answered Karl, and the soberness of both told him not to question them more about their father.

"Where did you get this violin?" he asked, examining it carefully.

Karl looked puzzled. "I've always had it," he said.

"I have heard mother say that father brought it from Germany when he was a boy, and ever since Karl could play he has had it," added Freda.

A few more questions were asked and answered, and they had told him how they had lived here in this room for two years, "since father went away." Freda said hesitatingly; how she had obtained some coarse sewing to do because she was not strong enough to do mill or factory work; how there were some days when she could not work, and then the few coppers that Karl could collect by his playing were their only support; what a good boy Karl
was, and that Freda was the best sister in the world, and how happy they were together in spite of their poverty!

Then Mr. Schurch, for such he had told them was his name, sent Karl out to buy some oranges and told Freda that he had a proposition to make to her. He had heard Karl playing on the street several times and had been astonished at his remarkable ability, and had determined to follow him this morning and hear more of his playing.

He was now firmly convinced that the boy's talent was remarkable. She had said he was only eight years old, and his training should begin immediately. He had money, and would be glad to give a musician to the world; was, in fact, himself a teacher of music, and would like to take Karl with him when he went to his home, in a distant city, and give him the advantages of a musical education.

"Of course," he said, as he noticed the expression of sadness that deepened every moment on Freda's face, "you will miss him at first, but then you will know he is better off than he ever could be with you," and he cast a sweeping glance around the neat but poor room.

"I have really taken a liking to the little fellow, and if he prove himself worthy he shall never want for friends or money. I thought I would tell you first and then I would tell Karl," he said, as he heard Karl bounding along the passage way. He did not once think of any resistance to his plan. And Freda, too, never thought of resisting, although it seemed to her that her life would go with Karl. But it would be just what he needed. He loved his violin, too, and he would be happy with that anywhere, she thought.

No, he was going, and she—she would be alone until—well, she couldn't think of that now. Perhaps she should after Karl was gone. She wondered how soon he would have to go, probably very soon, but it didn't matter much if he was going. She had thought she was always going to have him with her, but he would be happy, she was glad of that.

"Well, Karl, your sister and I have a surprise for you. What do you say to going away with me when I go home, and studying music, and becoming one day a great violinist?" "Oh, that's grand! Isn't it, Freda?" "And you'll go?" "Yes, indeed, we will, won't we, Freda?" "Sister can't go with you, dear, she must stay here, but you can go." "Not without you!"

"Oh, yes, you can; you will find many kind friends, and then your violin, you know." "But I want you. I don't want to go without you," said Karl, with tears in his eyes.

"Well, I must be going now," said Mr. Schurch, who found this scene a little too affecting for comfort. "I shall not go for a week, and will give you a day or two to decide in. I shall expect Karl to be all ready to go then. In the meantime you need not play on the street any more, you can use this." And he put a bill into Karl's hand that made his eyes sparkle again.

No one will ever know how much Freda lived in that next week. She
described to eager and excited Karl, as best she could, the new life to which he was going, and even let fancy add a few touches to the bright picture of the success that was in store for him, while her own heart was dulled with despair.

She never, for a moment, allowed herself to think of hindering him. Of course he must go; it must be right some way for him to go; and still, her mother had put him, a bright little fellow, into her care five years ago and told her she must always guard him. And she had always been faithful to her trust. She had kept him away from the other children of that neighborhood, and he had grown up untouched by the coarseness and rudeness of others, almost too old for his years she had thought. But he would be better off there, and so—he was going.

One night, near the end of the week, they sat—as they had for so many, many nights—Karl in Freda's lap, with his head resting against her and she supporting him with one arm, while with the other she played with his yellow hair. They were talking of Karl's future life just as they had, when Karl suddenly felt a tear fall on his head. "Do you cry, Freda, because I am going away?" he asked. Because if you are, I'd rather stay with you." "No, darling, you mustn't do that; you are all that sister has and she will miss you, but you must go." But her heart said, "Stay with me; you are the only one that belongs to me; I can't let you go."

At last Karl had gone. It had been suggested that Freda should go to the same city with Karl and find work, and then she could see him occasionally; but she said no, and told Mr. Schurch that she had a reason why she could not go. It would be better that he should not know. "It might hinder Karl," she had said. And Mr. Schurch was not sorry. He pitied Freda in his way, but, after all, it was only the boy he wanted, and he would do better work if he was entirely removed from his old influences.

Fifteen years later, Freda was living in a poorer quarter even than where we left her. She looked paler and more frail than ever, still she lived and labored, not for herself alone any longer. Seven years ago she had gone to the prison door, to which she had made so many weary pilgrimages in the past ten years, and led her father away, a broken and wretched man. In his youth he had been intelligent and energetic. His wife had been a beautiful woman, and Freda remembered when home had been bright and happy. But it had been the same old story of the power of strong drink, and bit by bit mother and daughter had seen their loved possessions swept away. At last the mother had died and left the slender girl to fight the battle alone. One day the officers came and took the father away and brutally told the shrinking girl that he was a murderer. She knew that he had done the deed in a drunken frenzy, and she had lived on from one year to another, hoping that he would come out a sobered man. Karl had never known why his father did not come back, and she had always borne her shame and sorrow alone.
And now her father was free, but his mind was weakened, and he had drifted back into his old habits of drinking and gambling. He had promised her again and again that he would reform, but his will seemed useless; and night after night patient Freda led the father home, whom she had loved in her childhood, and whom, for memory's sake, she was trying to save now.

This night she went on through the crowded streets until she came to a low saloon. There she paused, looked in, and finally entered. A few of the loungers stared at her curiously, the others knew her. After a time, she led an old man out and passed back along the street. Suddenly she paused and caught her breath. There, on the billboard before her, was the name "Karl Hasbrouch, Violinist." She read the bill hastily. He had been there last night and was to play again to-night. Her Karl—here, in this city—she must see him and hear him, but how? She thought quickly and clearly. He must not know her—what a terrible thing it would be to him to find such a father, and she would be a poor sister now, she knew! But he must see him to-night. She went to her little secret hoard of money. There was scarcely two dollars, but enough to buy a ticket. Her clothes were terribly shabby, but he wouldn't know her, it wouldn't make any difference.

The ticket agent looked at her sharply, as she called for one of the highest-priced seats, but she had the money, so he supposed it was all right. What did it matter to her that the richly-clad ladies on either side drew their skirts haughtily away from her! She hardly breathed from the time Karl stepped on the stage until the last note died away, and when the applause burst forth, the people might have seen a pleased, proud look on her face, had they not all been looking at the graceful young player. No one noticed her when the concert was finished; no one saw her pale face; and no one knew what this frail woman suffered, alone and in silence.

Freda knew from Karl's face that his heart was not less tender than it was years ago. She knew, too, that he would not turn her away, but would gladly welcome her as his sister. And, oh, how her heart yearned for that tender brother-love! But he had a successful life before him, and his father—no—he must never know.

Freda went back to her hard, dreary life, and gave her few remaining years to her father. But while she lived the brightest spot in her memory was that night when she saw and heard Karl.

And Karl—he never forgot his childhood's sister, but he was told that she had died a few years after he had left her. Later he learned that he had not been told the truth, and then his search was useless.

M., '98.

DOMREMY-LA-PUCELLE.

If you find yourself at Paris and wish to take a look at a little of rural France, a pleasant excursion is to go to Domremy-La-Pucelle, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc.

We start from Paris by the Eastern Railroad, and for the journey we select
an express train which, like a certain brand of hams and bacon, is "a little higher in price," but—we save time. The country in the neighborhood of Paris is a well-kept suburban district, with small towns rapidly succeeding each other, and chiefly notable for the stiff, gray, plastered stone-walls around every garden-plot. To my eyes, these stone-walls, unlike any I have seen elsewhere, seem the characteristic feature of a French landscape. Soon we enter a broad, natural highway, the valley of the Marne, stretching eastward between low, rounded hills. The towns along the way become smaller and scanter, but are more picturesque, for they are seen at a distance, and nothing suffers so much by close inspection as the average French village. It is usually either intolerably dirty and odoriferous, or else too artificially stiff.

We are riding through Champagne, a land of the vine, and on the hill-sides many vineyards appear. Canals and canal-boats also are seen, for France seems to make a specialty of that means of intercourse. A pleasant ride of four hours brings us to Toul, in the broad, fertile, undulating acres of Lorraine, not the Lorraine which Germany used to round out her dominion in 1871. That is beyond, to the north-east. The greater part of Lorraine is still in France, and in its midst is Toul. Toul would be an interesting spot to stop at, but we cannot spare the time. This was one of the three cities which the Protestants of Germany, in the wars of the Reformation, handed over to France as the price of her alliance. The other two were Verdun and Metz.

But we must take the slow train westward now for a few minutes, for the express train has carried us a little beyond the junction at Pagny-sur-Meuse, where we change cars for Domremy. We not only change cars, but we wait an hour for the train and have plenty of time for lunch. Then we proceed southward on the crookedest stretch of railroad I ever saw. The train goes at a rapid walk and stops to rest at frequent intervals. We come to Vaucouleurs, where Jeanne d'Arc first sought the king's officer, Robert de Baudricourt, and while we are waiting here for nothing in particular, we may as well examine the map. We are proceeding up the valley of the Meuse, along which in the days of Jeanne d'Arc lay the eastern boundary of France for a considerable distance. East of the Meuse up to the heights of the Vosges Mountains the most of the land was occupied by the Duchy of Lorraine, at that time a fief of the Holy Roman Empire. West of the Meuse the territory was mostly in the French Royal Domain. The Duchy of Bar occupied parts of both banks of the river, but held its land on the western bank as a fief of France. The village of Domremy is on the western bank of the Meuse. In the fifteenth century the northern end of the village was in the royal domain of the king of France, while the south end was in territory belonging to the Duchy of Bar. The home of Jeanne d'Arc is near the middle of the village. There is a conflict of opinion as to whether the boundary of the duchy passed north or south of
the house. All authorities are, however, agreed that the house was on one side of the line or the other. It is singular that this heroine of the French nation came from the very jumping-off place of France. To-day both banks of the river are counted a part of French Lorraine.

Vaucouleurs is already disappearing behind us, and we are again progressing up the valley. The view from the window is serene and charming. The bottom of the valley is a flat meadow, through which the Meuse meanders in a lazy, serpentine course. On each side rise low hills, partly covered with forests, just as they must have been in Jeanne's day, for this is a region that changes slowly. At intervals along the level land below the hills are villages and hamlets of the typical French dead grey color; often half hidden behind some wooded spur of the uplands. One cannot estimate the ages of these small houses. Forty years or forty centuries smile equally serenely in venerable youthfulness in this land of long ago.

At length we stop at Maxey-sur-Meuse, and here we must leave the train. An omnibus runs from Maxey across the valley to Domremy, and will convey one for the small sum of half a franc (9½ cts.). The polite proprietor apologizes for charging so much, but explains that the distance is three kilometers. It is a pleasant ride along a perfect highway across the flat hill-bordered valley of the Meuse. The driver is glad to impart information about the region, and seeks information about America in return. He asks about the weather in America, and I draw a thrilling picture of terrific heat in summer and deep snow in winter. I am informed that his mother has a brother in America. He is making money in the Argentine Republic. I have to explain that that is in South America and I come from North America. "Oh, then there is a North America and also a South America," is the surprised response.

Soon we have crossed the valley and are at Greux. We turn to the south, and a quarter of a mile brings us to Domremy, called Domremy-La-Pucelle in honor of the heroine and to distinguish it from other Domremies. If you wish to pronounce the name in the approved local fashion, you may practice by saying the English words door me with a strong nasal sound.

The village itself is a very quaint and picturesque collection of plastered stone houses built in the French fashion along one main street, with the houses snug together in low, irregular blocks. One or two side roads open into the village, but the main highway turns south-east across the Meuse, which flows close to the town. For a French village, Domremy is remarkably clean and is very well kept. Near the middle of the hamlet, on the west side of the main street, stands the home of Jeanne d'Arc, in a little garden back from the street but not a hundred yards from the sleepy Meuse and the stone bridge which carries the main road over the river. There was a bridge there, so it is said, in the time of Jeanne, and near by on an island in the river was formerly a small fortifica-
tion in which the inhabitants sometimes took refuge from marauders.

The house in which Jeanne lived is a small, low building, with one story and an attic. We enter through a narrow doorway over which is the fleur-de-lys of France between two family escutcheons. The first room occupies a full quarter of the building. It was the living room of the family. A large open fire-place is on one side and in the center is a small bronze statue of Jeanne. It was presented by King Louis Philippe. By the side of this room, on the right of the entrance, is a small apartment called the room of Jeanne's brothers. Back of this, but opening out of the living room, is the room of Jeanne herself. There is nothing in it now of a movable nature. It is quite bare. In the farther wall, however, is a large niche, in which, formerly, some of her relics were kept. They are all gone now. There is still a fourth room, a small store-room, and over all is a low attic. The house, as a whole, is small and cramped, with no arrangements for comfort of any kind. The people in the village at the present time live in houses of the same appearance, in many cases worse.

But the surroundings of the place are lovely, as seen on a pleasant autumn afternoon. The meadow of the Meuse is spread like a great green carpet across the valley, broken only by the crooked water-course, whose leisurely ways are reflected in the lives of the people. Beyond lies the village of Maxey, and still further to the east the gentle hill-slopes of Lorraine. Back of Domremy the western hills rear their wooded crests, on which Jeanne d'Arc used to wander.

South of the village, somewhere on this wooded range, stood the tree called L'Arbre fée de Bourlemont, near the little chateau of Bourlemont. The children of the village used to play about this tree on festive days. The tree no longer stands. The Swedes destroyed it in a war many years ago. At least that is the tradition.

If we were to spend much time here, we should wish also to visit Neufchateau, still farther up the valley. There Jeanne and her neighbors once fled for safety from a band of freebooters who plundered Domremy. But our time is limited. We must leave this fascinating spot, and as the sun is setting we take the road back to Maxey. We enter the train and take a good-by look. In spite of the railroad, the district must appear just the same now as four or five hundred years ago. We seem to be gazing on some quaint old picture, somehow brought to life.

S., '93.

CELIA DeVERE.

WHERE rugged cliffs reach down over the turbulent waves, waves that have dashed the shipwrecked mariner to a cruel death, stands a light-house. Sad though the fancies and recollections it awakens, it holds a charm of proud, wild grandeur. On the sea the boisterous surging of the breakers, on the land the mournful melody of the pines, blend in the storms and gales with a strange and mighty chorus. Some days the sunshine circles on the deep and tinges
the dancing scene to gladness; but on others, storm-clouds steal across the sky, as gloomy prophecies of woe and death.

It was such a day when the storm-clouds gathered in the early dawn. Towards evening, while the tempest was working havoc on the sea, Arnold Raughlie, the light-house keeper, looked out on the black and threatening waves with gloomy misgiving. He feared the storm might cause disaster. Having lighted the beacon early, he walked along the cliffs, gazing anxiously out to sea. Through the mist and darkness he could distinguish nothing, yet he uttered a silent petition that no ship might founder on the jagged cliffs.

Arnold Raughlie was a tall, strong man; his ruddy cheeks were tanned by the sun; his clustering locks were already turning grey from exposure and anxiety; his keen blue eyes betokened both courage and nobility; he was a man, although uneducated and ignorant, whom the world might be proud to honor.

The gloomy wildness of the tempest aroused sorrowful recollections for Arnold Raughlie. He was thinking of his youth and the beginnings of bright days; but like the mornings that dawn with sunshine, then, deepening, change to storm, were the days of his youth. Celia DeVere was not only beautiful, but good as she was fair. Descended from a Spanish princess, she inherited the romantic grace of her ancestry. One summer when roses were in bloom and all the land was fresh with verdure and fragrance, she came to pass the sultry months beside the sea. Arnold could recall her as if it were yesterday when the daring winds would flutter her dainty draperies, and outline her fragile strands of curling hair. She used to sit on the jagged rocks and watch the far-off sails or sketch the shadowy scenes that rose against the distant blue; and once he showed her over the light-house, and she wondered at his lonely life, and once she sailed with him around the point; but she thought he was kind and that was all. She never knew herself as the lofty idol of Arnold Raughlie's dreams. Rough and untaught, yet his mind held the same longings, the same aspirations, as many a learned man's. His nature was beyond the sphere in which he lived; the bounds of destiny hemmed it in. He only felt, he might not know, the reason for his hopeless yearnings.

Before that summer ended, a stranger visited the coast. He was a handsome, dashing man, with all the polish of society and wealth. Yet there was something about him that Arnold Raughlie did not like. Nobility of purpose and true worth of character were not his. He could not change the lack of what he never felt, and even if he used his best powers, he might not rise above the limit of himself.

Celia DeVere seemed to admire Merton Symonds, for such was the stranger's name, from the first. Arnold Raughlie was deeply pained that such a man should win beautiful Celia DeVere. All the poetry in his soul revolted. He knew Celia DeVere could never be for him, but he hoped that some one worthy, some one who would appreciate her
lofty character, might win her affections; but this was not to be.

One morning when gleams of sunshine played on the deep, when no clouds floated in the azure sky, when the summer breezes sighed among the pines, Celia DeVere, robed in white with a wild rose in her hair, knelt before the rustic altar of that lonely parish beside Merton Symonds. Before the day was past, Arnold Raughlie viewed the wide white sail that bore them to distant lands. With tearless sorrow, that sorrow which soaks in soundless agony, he watched the ship plough her way through the splashing surge. The shadowy trace of her course floated in a darkened line across the nearer waves; and still she speeded on. At last she reached the far horizon, and the sunset dazzling him, when Arnold Raughlie opened his eyes, he knew not, of two white sails, which one bore Celia DeVere away. His heart sadly said, she is gone; the rugged cliffs showed lonely against the sky; and on the morrow the wild rose, blooming in the wood, almost bade him weep, for it whispered, "Celia DeVere will haunt these solitudes no more."

Through the long years that followed, Arnold Raughlie heard nothing of Celia DeVere. He could only wonder and imagine whether time had been kind or no. Often at sunset he would gaze over the waves, and the beautiful scene would summon all the sweet but bitter recollections of the past. He would watch the white sails in the distance and fancy that some time one would bring her back to the land of the rugged cliffs. He seemed to see the sail that once had speeded out to the distant horizon, returning with a receding, darkly-floating shadow. It was only a dream, however; Celia DeVere did not come. Yet something seemed to whisper, some time perhaps, in the bright sunshine she shall return.

The fury of the blast aroused Arnold Raughlie from his reverie, and he slowly retraced his way to the light-house. All night long the wind howled and the sea roared. Arnold Raughlie could not sleep, and with anxiety listened for the booming of some hapless wreck. The first gleams of light were appearing in the sky when a shivery crash assured him of the fulfilment of his foreboding, and he hastened to the cliffs. The ship must have already sunk, for he could discover no trace of her; yet he watched and waited for the mournful tokens of the wreck. The fury of the storm had abated, and the sunrise in all its glory had followed the gloomy blackness of the sky. Suddenly a body, lashed to a spar, was washed ashore.

It was a woman. Her dark hair clung in wet curls about her pallid brow. Arnold Raughlie bent over the still form in sorrowful, surprised recognition. Celia DeVere, the idol of his dreams, was his in death, but not in life. The sparkling waves that bore her to the realm beyond the sea, had restored her to the land of the rugged cliffs.

The light winds were sighing through the pines. The dew-drops glistened on the land; the waves on the sea. The fragrance of the wild rose was wafted through the air. Summer sang the requiem of beautiful Celia DeVere.

Muriel E. Chase, '99.
College News

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

Vacation.

Lonesome in Parker Hall.

The Lewiston polo team excites much interest among the students.

The Seniors were given a candy-pull by the ladies of the class on Thanksgiving eve.

Durkee, '97, has been elected president of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League.

Miss Reynolds, of the Emerson School of Oratory, gave a fine rendering of Macbeth in Roger Williams Hall on the evening of December 4th.

Many of the alumni visited the college during the Thanksgiving recess. Among them were Garcelon, '90; Wilson, '92; Brown, '94; Farnham and Pettigrew, '95; and Misses Miller and Prescott, '96.

The Faculty, in conjunction with the executive committee of the debating society, have appointed Durkee, Milliken, and Skillings, all of '97, to represent Bates in the first debate of the intercollegiate debating league, with Colby.

The Reading-Room needs another shaking up. Periodically it falls into a state of coma, from which it as often spasmodically starts into a state of usefulness. A new board of officers was recently elected, and we hope to see them efficient.

The foot-ball game with Colby, scheduled for November 18th, was cancelled. This was brought about by the inability of Colby to play on the day agreed and Bates's unwillingness to continue training beyond that day. The matter was settled without hard feeling.

The Debating League officers for next year are as follows: President, Sprague, '98; Secretary, Miss Tasker, '98; Treasurer, Dennison, '99. Executive Committee, Skillings and Cunningham, '97; Griffin, '98; Bassett, '99; Catheron, 1900.

Many of the students went home on Thanksgiving day; others were entertained in the city by classmates and friends. The Misses Farnham, '98, entertained a small party at their home in New Gloucester. In the evening the Faculty of the Divinity School and the College tendered a reception to the students who did not go away.

We should like to call the attention of the Lewiston Journal to its enthusiastic and long-drawn-out account of a recent sparring exhibition in this city, and to its repeated scoring of foot-ball on the ground of brutality. We will venture the assertion that Maine foot-ball players are not more brutal than the average Maine prize-fighter.

Owing to misunderstanding between the Faculty and the members of '99, the Sophomore debates were given in private. Those who were privileged to hear them report them of high excellence. The six prize winners were Foster, Bassett, Pomeroy, Miss King, Merrill, and Calhoun. In addition to these, the following were put over to compete in the champion debate at Com-
An innovation this fall have been the two hare and hound races arranged by Grover, '99. These were run on November 14th and 21st. In the first, Grover, '99, and Tukey, '98, were hares; and Courser, 1900, and Summerbell, 1900, were first of the hounds to finish, the hares winning the race. In the second, Grover and Foss, '97, were hares; and Conant, '98, led the hounds, the hares winning again by a good margin. There is no doubt that such runs, conducted regularly through the fall, would be of the greatest benefit to the track team in the spring.

Judge F. M. Drew has given fifty dollars to the college to be put at the disposal of the Faculty, to encourage debating among the young men of the college. The Faculty have offered twenty-five dollar prizes for team debating in the Junior and Sophomore classes and have picked competitors as follows: From the Junior Class, Pearson, Toothaker, Knowlton, Griffin, Woodside, and Costello; from the Sophomore Class, Palmer, Wagg, Small, Hutchins, Churchill, Pulsifer. These debates will occur in the spring term.

The following is a partial list of the teachers who have engaged to teach school this winter:

Miss Houghton, '97, Monson
Miss Winn, '97, Falmouth
Miss Sleeper, '97, Sabattis
Miss Michels, '97, Brunswick
Cunningham, '97, So. Sebec
Miss Knowles, '97, Cumberland
Marr, '97, Sullivan
Foss, '97, Wilton
Burrill, '97, Winter Harbor
Wining, '97, Danforth
Brackett, '98, Limoington
Stickney, '98, Garland
Landman, '99, Buckfield
Miss Hicks, '99, Prospect Harbor
Hinkley, '99, Phillips
Miss F. Farnham, '99, Durham
Costello, '99, Wells
Hawkins, '99, Sullivan
Miss Maxim, '99, Wilton
Miss Morrison, '99, Harrison
Tucker, '99, Sullivan
Miss Flanders, '99, Lancaster, N. H.
Miss Hight, '99, Lancaster, N. H.
Wheeler, '99, Paris
Dutton, '99, Buckfield
Miss Donmoecker, '99, Fayette
Nason, '99, Henderson
Miss Monroe, '99, Hartford
Larry, '99, Dexter
Wagg, '99, Lubec
Palmer, '99, Harrington
Roberts, '99, Wells
Foster, '99, Wilton
Scammon, '99, West Harpswell
Stevens, '99, Plymouth
Miss Procter, 1900, Gilead
Littlefield, '99, Newport
Gildred, 1900, Liberty
Powell, 1900, Palermo
Richardson, 1900, North Newport
Davis, 1900, Morrill
Healy, 1900, Chesterfield
Miller, 1900, Rockport
Butterfield, 1900, Wilton

The public meetings of the literary societies were unusually interesting this year. Monday evening, November 23d, the Eurosophian meeting occurred, and the following Friday evening the Polymnian. On both occasions the chapel was prettily decorated and filled to its utmost capacity. An innovation was tried of admission by ticket, and was so satisfactory that it will probably become a custom. Following was the Eurosophian programme:

Overture. Eurosophian Orchestra.
Vocal Solo. Horace W. Fernald.
Declamation—Signing the Declaration of Independence. Frederick R. Griffin.
Literary Topic—His First Public Speech. Daisy M. Twort.
Coren Solo. Frank H. Miller.

Affirmative, Frank Pearson.
Negative, Alvin W. Foss.

Music—Male Quartette.
Recitation—The Brides of Enderby.
Oration—Life's Crises.
Cantata—The Wreck of the Hesperus.

The Polymnian programme was as follows:
Overture. Polymnian Orchestra.
Piano Solo. Miss Angie M. Starbird.
Sketch—Long Pond Episodes. Sadie M. Brackett.
Vocal Solo, with Obligato. Annie M. Roberts (Pearl M. Small, violinist).
Discussion—Was Howard a Greater Philanthropist than Wilberforce?
Affirmative, Oliver H. Toothaker.
Negative, J. Perley Sprague.

Vocal Solo. C. Everett Bean.
Poem. Murriel E. Chase.
Reading. Delbert M. Stewart.
Chorus. New Hall Columbia.
Oration—In the Realms of Thought. James A. Marr.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 22; Bates, 0.

The foot-ball season came to a close on the fourteenth of November, when Bowdoin administered her annual defeat to us. The day was cold, but the ground in good condition. The game was played on Lee Park and was the first appearance of the Bowdoin team in Lewiston. A large crowd was in attendance and was impartial in applause. The teams were evenly matched in respect to weight and the game pluckily contested by the Bates eleven, who played better as the game progressed. The great superiority of Bowdoin lay in her punting, which was far ahead of Bates's. Her general play, while better than Bates's, was, however, not much to her advantage.

The game opened with Bowdoin's kick-off. Clark sent the ball to Putnam, who advanced ten yards. Bates rushed the ball, but soon lost it on downs, and Bowdoin returned the compliment by fumbling. Bates again lost the ball and Bowdoin started up the field and by a twenty-yard run of Stanford and ten yards for off-side play by Bruce, took the ball over for the first touchdown.

The second touchdown came after ten minutes more of play. Bowdoin resorted to punting, driving the ball up the field, stopping Bates's rushes and blocking Hinkley's kicks, then rushing awhile and punting again. The third touchdown came in the same way. Bowdoin depended on her gains on the line bucking of Clark and the massing of her men on tackle or just outside. Her end plays and tricks gained her little ground.

In the second half, Bates held her opponents much better, keeping the score down to four points, and coming very near scoring herself. Bates worked her tricks to good advantage, in particular, a fake kick and a double pass on the end; Pulsifer did the running in these plays, and was the only Bates man to gain ground materially.

The line-up was as follows:

**Bowdoin.**
Veazie. Right End. Stanley.
Spear. Right Guard. Bruce.
French. Left Guard. Wentworth.
Stockbridge. Right Tackle. Tetley.
Stearns. Left End. Wright.
Moulton. Quarterback. Purinton.
Kendall. Left Halfback. Pulsifer, N.
Clark. Fullback. Hinkley.

**Bates.**
Bates.
Moulton. Quarterback. Purinton.
Clark. Fullback. Hinkley.

BATES FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1896.
According to the constitution of the Athletic Association, the election of captain of the foot-ball team for the fall of '97, occurred in the hand room, Thursday noon, November 22d. Nathan Pulsifer, '99, was the unanimous choice of the team. Pulsifer, or Nate, as he is better known, has played on the Bates team for three years, and has put a uniformly good game at halfback. His speed and dodging ability, together with his good interference, make him specially strong on offensive, and on the defence he breaks interference well for his end. Greatest confidence is felt that under his leadership the team of next year will better the record of this year's team.

The following were the men entitled to a vote in the election of captain: Hinkley, Pulsifer, Nason, Murphy, Putnam, Purinton, Stanley, Wright, Foss, Sturgis, Sprague, Saunders, Bean, Bruce, Wentworth. All of these men have played in two or more scheduled games, while four only have played in every game, Hinkley, Purinton, Stanley, and Wentworth.

The Athletic Association, on Friday, November 27th, elected J. P. Sprague, '98, to manage the foot-ball team for the fall of 1897.

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**Bates Verse.**

**THE MINSTREL.**

An ancient castle skirts a mere,  
A lake with aspect wild and drear,  
Where shivery reeds the winds whiz o'er,  
While in the sky the storm clouds lower.

The castle grounds are trim and fair,  
The clustering vines are trained with care.  
'Twas lien; one dreamy day in June  
The wafting breezes bore a tune  
Of mournful melody.

"The woodland is strewn with the rose,  
Her fragrance the summer wind blows,  
1 sigh and I moan.  
Fair summer is stealing away,  
The songster is ceasing his lay,  
I'm weeping alone.

Soft zephyrs whisper low  
Dim strains of weary woe  
Through every wood and dale,  
Till from the northern snow  
Where silvery icebergs glow,  
There floats an echoing wail."

The plaintive notes were scarcely still,  
When rose a merry little trill  
Of joyful melody.

"Ripple, tiny wavelets,  
O'er the sparkling mere,  
Rustle, little leaflets,  
Summer now is here.  
Sunbeams on the dancing wave,  
Sunbeams in my breast,  
Where the golden light of love  
Glimmers with the rest."

Ere silence stole across the air  
The lattice framed two faces fair,  
And one was sadder than the sigh  
That shivers when grim death is nigh.  
Her golden ringlets softly shone  
Around her face, like rose fresh blown.  
Like dew-drops that pale morning wears.  
Elaine they called her through the land,  
And many suitors sought her hand.  
But sleeping 'neath a nameless grave  
Her lover lies 'neath surging wave.  
Her sister was a merry maid,  
Around her lips the dimples played.  
Her raven locks soft clustered o'er  
A face that ne'er a shadow wore.  
Ione, the sweet one, with a smile,  
The merry maid with winning wile!

Her fame was spread o'er distant seas  
As wafted thither with the breeze.  
And as the twain were glancing down  
Across the mere by zephyrs blown,
A strain was wafted to their ears,  
A strain, attuned to unshed tears.  

"Sad is the heart that sings,  
The heart that's alone, alone.  
Wailing, the west wind wings  
Her way with a moan, a moan."

"Some minstrel mourneth with that moan,  
Pray let us greet him, sweet lone,"  
Elaine with glistening teardrops cried,  
And ope'd the castle casement wide.  

"I would he sang a joyful strain,  
Yet we will welcome him, Elaine."  
And where with sunset gleaned the sky,  
Ione, half-smiling, turned her eye  
Along the margin of the mere.  
A lonely minstrel, drawing near,  
A stranger from some land afar,  
Was sadly playing his guita'r.  
Stern age was written on his face  
In lines no mortal might erase.  
His falling locks were snowy white,  
Eternal darkness dimmed his sight,  
And while he paused the tower beside,  
Elaine, above him, faintly sighed.  

Then softly sang the bard a strain  
That moved to tears the fair Elaine.  

"I'm a minstrel sad and lonely,  
Wandering o'er a weary way,  
With a couch of wild boughs only,  
When the mournful moonbeams stray."  

"Pity have we for thee, stranger,  
O'er the woful world a ranger,"  
With sparkling teardrops spoke Elaine,  
As some sweet goddess of the rain.  

"'Bide with us till dawns to-morrow,  
We will rob thee of thy sorrow.  
Sing us now a stirring lay,  
Sing of warrior blithe and gay,"  
Ione, half musing, softly said,  
While almost sadly drooped her head.  
The bard, complying, sang a tune  
That stilled Ione to silence soon.  

"Sir Guy is off to the wars,  
He rides a sable steed.  
Sir Guy is off to the wars  
Across the mere and mead.  
Sir Guy is a warrior bold,  
He bears a gleaming lance,  
Sir Guy is a warrior bold,  
Beware his smile and glance.  
He enters the contest singing  
Some wild and rousing song,  
The song he last rode singing  
Was sounded loud and long.  
'Heigho, heigho for the fray!  
We'll meet the host to-day,  
The vanquished foe shall stray  
To weary wilds away.  
Heigho, heigho for the fray!'  
A princess in a palace  
Around him wove a spell.  
A princess in a palace  
Once loved Sir Guy full well.  
Sir Guy, he is a warrior,  
He bears a gleaming dart.  
Sir Guy, he is a warrior,  
He pierced her loving heart.  
A princess in a palace  
There sleeps with death-pale face,  
A princess in a palace,  
With fragile, flower-like grace.  
Sir Guy, he weeps no teardrops,  
He is a warrior bold.  
Sir Guy, he weeps no teardrops,  
He seemeth grey and old."  

"Pray, minstrel, cease this sad, sad lay,  
I bade thee sing a strain more gay,"  
Reproachful, softly spoke Ione.  

Then answering with grievous moan,  
The minstrel, bowing his grey head,  
With plaintive accents, slowly said:  
"Fair lady, I'll a strain more gay,  
If such thy careless wishes say."  
But ere the minstrel strove to sing  
Some joyous, bright, and stirring thing,  
Elaine, with sorrow in her voice,  
Sighed, 'I would weep and not rejoice:  
Sir minstrel, tell some tale of woe,  
Thy lonely life I fain would know.'  
A moment, since her accents died,  
And mournfully the bard complied.  

"Thy speech displays the fibre of a mind  
Endowed with keen discernment. Sorrow  
placed  
Her nerveless hand in mine while I was young,  
And since hath led me on through grievous  
paths.  
My early life would shudder at the form  
Which later years have left himself. In youth  
I was not lacking manly grace, if praise  
My friends bestowed was merited. I tuned  
A richer instrument to song than this  
Guitar which simply echoes silly lays
My fancy shapes to life. An Alpine height
Is where my early years were whirled away.
The scenes of those fair days are burned into
My soul. The glorious sunrise and the flowers
Were whispering sweet melodies, and when
I drew my bow across the strings, the strain
Would bid my listening comrades weep.
Oh, happy childhood! Could life hold thy
charms
The earth had been a Paradise, but now
A vale of tears.
The vision o'er me steals of one I loved.
A maiden with a beauteous face. Her smile
Was not as other smiles. Her voice was like
Sweet harmony. She seemed to me the flower
Of perfect womanhood. I worshiped at
Her shrine. The power of genius ever urged
My soul to song. 'Twas mine to bow the
world
In admiration and amaze. But one
Brief moment, ere a chilling frost of grief
Had blighted all my hopes, and she was worse
Than dead to me. In death there is a light
Beyond the grave. I would that she had died.
For me the form I loved was half
Creation of the mind. Aye, blindly had
My vision framed a soul as lovely as
Her face. Those kindly mists were van-
ished, and
Sweet Fancy stole away to die.
'Tis sorrow leads some mortals on to fame,
While others need the healing balm of joy.
I felt the native power of genius in
My soul, till sorrow broke the melody
In discords. Saddest of the things on earth
Is when a man might rise to some vast height,
But destiny, or weakness of the will,
Is dragging him below the level of
A man—and such am I.
My life hath worn away in weary paths
Of wandering. A shadow of the youth
Who smiled in days that since have passed
to naught.
The wasted years stand as a host of friends
Whom I have wronged. The silent cry is oft
Most grievous of them all."
The minstrel ceased. His outlined face
'Twixt shadows dim, the soundless trace
Of weeping showed. While silence seemed
To shape herself to life, and gleamed
The western sunset, pale and still.
The lingering daylight kissed the hill
Beyond the gloomy, deepening mere,
And over all a secret fear
Of some grim dread there seemed to rise.
The fading azure of the skies
Was paling into eve. Ione
Was weeping, but Elaine a moan
Of woe was wailing to the wind
That sadly toyed the fluttering blind.
Ere many moments passed, Ione
Had ushered in with pitying tone
The minstrel; while outside, the breeze
Was singing plaintive through the trees.
The pensive shadows o'er the mere
Were rocking on the wavelets drear.
Dark Evening called the world her own,
While one by one the starslets shone.
Beyond the distant marge, the moon,
A fiery flame, arose, and soon
Her silver rays shone on the deep
Where silence lulled the stream to sleep.
The mystic moonlight softly strayed
Around the gloomy tower, and played
Across her moss-grown walls. The trace
Of cruel time, a shadowy lace
Of swaying trees disguised. The light
Aethwart the casement, robed the night
Without in silvery garb. The room
Within was glorified; for gloom
Away to some dark corner crept,
And peacefully the minstrel slept
The sleep of death, that timeless trance
That bounds the great beyond. A glance
Of moonlight played around his smile,
Half turning it to joy, and while
The silver rays and shades of night
Were flickering in pensive light,
A harmony, as seeming song
Of rest, was borne the breeze along.


SONNET.

Where is the king of song? We lack not
those
That sweetly pipe of field and flower and bird;
Nor many a voice with subtly magic word
To hint elusive joy, delightsome woes;
In random flashes some will o' en disclose
Far heights, depths fathomless;—dust sleeps
unstirred
On Shakespeare's throne, no strain sublime is
heard
Like our last Laureate's, hushed in his repose.
Yet heaves humanity's hoarse, billowy main
As wild, mysterious, awful as of old;
Still passion rages, sin o' erpowers the weak,
Virtue endures, love reaps his deathless gain—
Dumb fears, and doubts, and yearnings manifold
Wait for the master who shall bid them speak. —C, '93.

LONGING.
[From the German.]
A lonely pine was standing
On a barren northern height,
While the snow and ice spread o'er it
A mantle, cold and white.
It slept and dreamed of a palm-tree
In a far-off eastern land,
Lonely and silent, grieving
Mid the burning, sun-parched sand.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

I.
Somewhat back in the hills of Maine
Stretches a clearing wide and brown;
Many a mile from the busy town,
Lone and silent it used to stand,
Girt with forests on every hand;
And a grassy wheel-track thro' the wood
Led to the gray old house, that stood
Down at the end of the narrow lane.

II.
When we were little, years ago,
We rode there many a summer’s day
With the crew of men that cut the hay;
Rode away in the morning dew,
On toward the mountains far and blue,
Till the road-side maples with wide-spread arms
Shut out the hills, and the neighbors’ farms,
And the river winding far below.

III.
Still on, in the narrow country road,
Past the elder-bush, with its blossom-load,
Past the little brook that laughed as it flowed
Under the alders and far away,
Past the town-house, little, and low, and gray,
Looking as if it had lost its way
At the fork of the road in this quaint old town,
And, tired of wandering, had settled down.

IV.
And on thro’ groves where the hermit-thrush
Poured out his soul on the listening air,
And, like slender maidens with flowing hair,
The shimmering, white-stemmed birches stood;
And on through growths of dark, dense wood;
Thence into a chopping half-grown with brush,
Where some lone bird on a skeleton tree
Whistled his sad note plaintively.

V.
Thro’ many a beauteous scene we went,
Past rocks grown fragrant with twin-flowers’ breath,
Past wrinkled lichens that sprung from death,
Past thickets of cedar, and hemlock trees
Looped with long moss that swung in the breeze,
Through patches of fern and of club-moss vines,
And under the shadow of wind-swept pines,
All overarched by the sky’s blue tent.

VI.
Out into the lane we came at last,
Where, between the tracks for wheels and feet,
The timothy blossomed tall and sweet,
And the horses walked through its purple bloom
Parting the stalks to make them room.
So, came we out of the shadowed wood,
And when the wide-swung gate was passed
Before us the worn old farm-house stood.

VII.
All the children that used to play
Round its door-stone, had gone away;
Only a tiny cast-off boot
That under the lilacs we found one day,
And a home-made cradle up in the loft,
Showed that at some time a baby’s foot
And a baby’s laugh made the old house gay,
And that some one had rocked her darling oft
In the rooms that were grown so gray and mute.

VIII.
Out in the yard a few brave flowers
Lifted their cups to the sun and dew,
But higher than all, the thistles grew,
And tangled vines went wandering;
And the juniper, half way down to the spring,
Was carved with names and a true-love knot,
For once, in this long-neglected spot,
Some one had spent life’s sunniest hours.

IX.
The place was full of mysteries,
And we—we rambled from morn to night
Thro’ meadow and orchard, loft and shed—
There was a grave-lot just in sight
Fenced from the orchard with slabs of white,
And a blossoming tangle of roses red
Clung to the marbles, and hid from sight
The words that were brief life-histories.

x.
And up and down we roamed at will,
We chased the broad-winged butterflies
And tried to mimic the wild birds' cries;
We walked the fence to the garden-wall
And stripped from the raspberry-briars tall
Their ruddy fruit. From the smooth-stoned
brink
Of the bubbling spring we stooped to drink,
And we gathered plums on the rocky hill.

XI.
Sometimes we fled from the sun's warm kiss
To the shade of the ever-whispering trees,
Wading thro' ropes of clematis
That tripped us, winding about our knees.
But, white'er our wanderings, the sunset ray
Brought us at last to the door-yard gate
Almost too lonely and tired to wait
For the loaded teams to pass that way.

XII.
And best of all was the long, long ride
After the close of the summer day.
When, cradled high in a clover nest,
Jolting and swinging from side to side,
Lazily watching the stars, we lay.
A yellow glimmer was in the west,
And the trees stood black against the sky,
And the cool leaves brushed us as we rode by.

XIII.
Mile upon mile of country road,
Fathomless depths of starlit sky,
Fragrant nest on the swinging load,
Cool night zephyrs rustling by!
Sweet home welcome, and mirth, and light,
Shining out from the twilight gray!
Backward, O Time, to the summer night
And the long ride home on the load of bay!
—Susan Merrill, '97.

Alumni Department.

College Athletics.

At the larger universities, during the past ten years, the athletic problem has been thoroughly discussed and the attempt has been successfully made to purify and elevate college athletics by placing a ban upon professionalism and questionable practices in securing athletes, and by the introduction of stringent rules to govern the men representing the universities. This attempt has been since continued by some of the smaller institutions. Some have, however, totally disregarded the prevailing sentiment and still resort to disgraceful and disgusting methods to win games and to strengthen their athletic resources. One or two prominent New England colleges are to-day held in great disfavor among college men because of their continuance of these practices. If the end and aim of athletic contests in our colleges is to win victories over rival institutions, at any cost, then it may be policy for a college to pay men to wear its colors on the athletic field or to allow men who are not bona fide students to represent it. The influence of college athletics is far-reaching. It may be debasing and demoralizing, or it may be uplifting. This depends upon the class of men who represent the colleges and upon the management of the college teams. There is not space here to treat of the responsibility of the individual athlete of his duty to his fellow-students and to his college, or of his great opportunity, by reason of the prominence into which his athletic abilities bring him, to exert a great influence for good. The evils connected with the man-
agement of our college athletics deserve a word. Many men seem to think that there is one standard of honor for the class-room and another for the athletic field. The student lauds honor and honesty from the rostrum and prates of the duty of the college man, and later, winks at and becomes a participant in the dishonest policy of managers of athletics in matters that affect the reputation of his college. This policy is nearly always the result of keen competition and sharp rivalry. Everything, even honor, succumbs to that intense desire for victory, and managers and captains in their anxiety are led to adopt plans that could never receive the sanction of their deliberate judgment. The sooner we discard the idea that the victory is all, the better for our college, and the better for the cause of athletics. To have the college represented by a body of strong and vigorous athletes, each man doing his best, and the team working together with an energetic will, is what should be desired. Suppose that Bowdoin or Colby or Maine State does happen to have more muscle and sinew in her line! Suppose that we are defeated! Is that a disgrace? Honorable defeat, where pluck and the best efforts have failed, is never a disgrace; it may be a disappointment. A victory won by dishonorable and underhanded methods is a cause of shame.

Bates men, or some of them, it seems, have not yet been able to conquer that pernicious inclination to pass beyond the proper bounds in their efforts to win. I cannot regret the recent defeat on the foot-ball field in view of the fact that two men played on the Bates team who are not students in the institution. Under such circumstances, a victory would have won no glory for our college, and the exposure that would inevitably have followed, would have placed Bates in a most undesirable position before the public. The mistake should not be repeated. One would hardly dare to suggest that Bates should be represented in the intercollegiate debates by others than bona fide students of the college. Why not apply the principle as strictly on the gridiron and diamond? College athletics should rise above the sphere of professional prize-fighting. Eleven strong men could be hired to play foot-ball for the college. Would they represent Bates? The playing of outsiders can have only a harmful effect upon the team itself. It removes the incentive of the men on the second team and discourages men who work hard and for a long time to “make” the first team, only to be displaced by a chance comer. Better a long succession of defeats than to sail under false colors!

In years past it was deemed legitimate to offer pecuniary inducements to athletic young men about to enter college. This custom has been discarded in nearly all the colleges with any athletic standing, and with very good results. Bates has been free from this evil for some time, and will be wise if she continues to avoid it. The men who were thus secured were, in many cases, turbulent, unruly, and unreasonable in their demands. Their presence had a demoralizing effect upon the team, and as a matter of fact, Bates
has had as good, if not better athletes, since the practice ceased.

Bates wants men on her teams who enter contests for the purpose of winning glory and honor, not for themselves, but for their college.

We want men to represent her who will not disgrace her in any way, either on or off the field, and who will not hazard victory by dissipation in any form. We want honest, earnest, faithful, and energetic men, who will spare no legitimate efforts to win, and who will, if it is necessary, go down in honorable defeat with colors flying and unstained.

WILLIAM F. GARCELON, ’90.

On the evening of April 21, 1875, there was a famous spelling-match contest between twenty-five of the Lewiston High School girls and an equal number of students from Bates College. Lyceum Hall was the scene of the fray. It is needless to say that the young ladies were the aggressors, and boldly challenged the college boys to meet them, and try out the issue, in a spelling match. It goes for the saying that the college boys were frightened. If they did not accept, they would be branded cowards; and if they accepted and were defeated, the result was equally as disastrous. After mature deliberation, and a thorough discussion of the pros and cons, the challenge was boldly accepted. The “Little Red Book” of three thousand words was to be first exhausted, and after that, Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary and other standard works were to be thrown at the survivors. Mayor Russell, of Lewiston, presided; Rev. W. T. Chase was enunciator; Hon. Thomas Tash, Superintendent of Lewiston Schools, acted as referee for the young ladies, while President (then Professor) Chase acted in the same capacity for the young gen-
tlemen. Never did twenty-five boys in Bates College put in more study for a week than did the twenty-five participants the week just prior to the contest. The boys won by a very narrow margin, Tracey, '78, being the last one to fall.

In looking over some papers in my possession, I found a list of the students who took part in that famous spelling match, and I also have the order in which they fell outside the breastworks, but hardly think it safe, at this late day, to publish them in that order. I, however, will give them by classes, as it will be interesting for those in college at that time to look over the names.

'75.—H. S. Cowell, George Oak, L. M. Palmer, F. H. Smith, and A. M. Spear.


The boys were highly elated over the result, and, although the margin was small, they recognized and appreciated the fact that they had narrowly escaped a Waterloo.

I doubt if the survivors of that band of twenty-five college students now could spell down an equal number from the Lewiston Grammar School, at least I know they would never undertake it.

"My smoking friends are few,
Yet with them I'm perplexed;
But I'd rather have them smoke
In this world than the next."

PERSONALS.

'67.—A recent number of the Vermont Chronicle contains, upon its first page, a poem by Rev. A. H. Heath.

'67.—The illustrated lecture on Egypt, by Rev. Mr. Wood of Bath, at the Elm Street Universalist Church in Auburn, Monday evening, closed a very successful series of entertainments at this church, under the auspices of the ladies' circle. The course has been both interesting and profitable. Everybody was pleased Monday evening with Rev. Mr. Wood’s lecture. Mr. Wood, as many of our people know, has traveled extensively in foreign lands, and many of his stereopticon views are of places he has visited.—Lewiston Journal, December 8th.

'67.—George S. Ricker has, in the Sunday-School Times, an article entitled "A Successful Teachers' Meeting."

'72.—The December number of the Educational Review contains a very able article by E. J. Goodwin, entitled "Some Characteristics of Prussian Schools." Mr. Goodwin spent a considerable portion of last year in Germany, and occupied his time chiefly in studying the Prussian school system. For this reason what he has to say on this subject is peculiarly interesting. In many respects Mr. Goodwin believes that the Prussian system is superior to that of the United States, but in some essential things he thinks our own methods are better. Below we quote some brief extracts from the article:

"But the advantage is not wholly on the side of the Germans. Our boys undoubtedly know less about the subject-matter of books; but they are more independent in their thinking, more self-reliant in their methods of work,
and, as Dr. Harris has already pointed out, have unequaled power of getting usable information from books.

While we clearly see and freely admit the fact that the organization of the Prussian schools is more scientific and effective and that the Germans surpass us in teaching ancient and modern languages, yet it is gratifying to believe that there is at least one group of subjects that are taught with more skill and vigor in our own country.

"It was my good fortune to witness, in a Gymnasium, a Real Gymnasium, a Realschule and a Gymnendeschule, several class exercises in physics, chemistry, and natural history, but in no case did their methods of instruction compare favorably with ours. Their plan of work was well executed, but the scheme was the poor one which we abandoned years ago. It was the old-fashioned lecture illustrated by objects, models, apparatus, and experiments. The teacher made his demonstrations skillfully, but the pupils sat at a respectable distance, looking on indeed with evident interest, but taking no part in the experiments.

"In the higher education of girls there is a marvelous difference between the schools of Prussia and those of the United States. With the exception of a private school of about forty girls, recently established under the patronage of the Empress Victoria, there is no school in Berlin where a girl may study Latin or Greek, or take what we call advanced High School courses in mathematics and science.”

'71.—Jesse M. Libby is mentioned as a possible member of the Governor’s Council.

'73.—George E. Smith was elected to the Massachusetts State Senate at the last election.

'76.—F. E. Emrich, D.D., has received a call to the pastorate of a Congregational church in Brockton, Mass.

'77.—F. F. Phillips was elected a member of the Massachusetts House from Somerville, at the last election, receiving the largest vote ever given a candidate for representative from that city.

'81.—The friends of Rev. E. T. Pitts will be pained to learn of the sudden death of his wife, which occurred December 8th.

'82.—Rev. John C. Perkins of Portland is secretary of the “Clericus” Club, an organization recently formed in that city.

'86.—F. E. Parlin has an article in a recent number of the Journal of Education, on “The Requisites for a Teacher.”

'87.—H. E. Cushman has just been awarded a scholarship in the department of Philosophy at Harvard.

'88.—Charles W. Cutts and Miss Isadore M. Musgrove were married at Bristol, N. H., November 17th.

'91.—Dartmouth Medical College sent out its one hundredth class of doctors the evening of November 24th. The oration at the graduating exercises was by Mr. Frank W. Larrabee of Auburn, son of ex-City Marshal W. F. Larrabee. Mr. Larrabee’s numerous friends in this section will be pleased to learn of his honors. He is a graduate of Bates, and for a time was submaster of the Auburn High School.

—Lewiston Journal.

'92.—Roscoe A. Small has been awarded a scholarship in Modern Languages at Harvard.

'94.—Miss Cora B. Pennell has been obliged, on account of ill health, to withdraw temporarily from her work as assistant in Cumberland Institute.

'96.—H. L. Douglas is principal of the High School at Columbia Falls, Me.

'96.—Miss Edith E. Peacock is having excellent success as assistant in the Gardiner High School.
Around the Editors' Table.

WITH this issue, the board of editors from the Class of '97, lays aside the responsibility of editing our college magazine.

It was with much hesitancy that we undertook such an important work. We felt that the magazine would represent its college, and people would judge of the institution by the excellency of its publication. We have done our best for the paper. More short college stories have appeared during the year than in any other volume. We have had some articles from the ablest writers. Great enthusiasm has characterized each department. Each editor has felt that the success of the STUDENT rested upon him (proportionally). While other magazines have sometimes so far forgotten themselves as to find fault with their own editors—a fault to be kept in the editorial room—we have been silent, but from perfect harmony. No one of us but will look back to this year of close intimacy with great pleasure.

To '97 is due the honor of this successful year. Each member has heartily responded to the calls for matter, and the STUDENT speaks for itself of the excellency of the contributions. We also wish to thank the alumni and friends of Bates for the many kind words in regard to our work. Kind words have two effects—they encourage the workers, and bless the speakers. The year has sped rapidly; we hardly realize that to others must come the burdens which we lay down.

We wish the new board great success. Keep the honor of good old Bates always first. Let enthusiasm rise as we cheer, "Boom, Bates, Boom." And now our farewell bow,—and then forward to the work of the great, wide future.

We hesitate to suggest at this Editors' Table the formation of a new organization, for in these days of excessively organized college life each new organization is at once sternly summoned to show cause for its existence.

But would it not be for the advantage of those college students who correspond for weekly and daily papers to form a Press club or Contributors' club, which should meet informally at regular intervals to discuss college news and the best methods of presenting it to the public through the newspapers? In our opinion too little attention is paid in the average college to the proper representation of the college in the current newspapers. On the one hand a correspondent may misrepresent and sometimes seriously injure his college by reporting frivolous doings of the students and sensational "scrapes," to the exclusion of the serious work, with which the majority of the students are engaged. On the other hand he may misrepresent his college by reporting always the most favorable news possible, regardless of the demands of truth and candor. An instance of this latter failing is found in the correspon-
dent of a Maine college who not many years ago made out his college football team to be the second in New England, with the exception of Harvard and Yale, although it had defeated only one Maine college team.

The college correspondent has to some extent the reputation of his Alma Mater in his keeping, for the majority of people get their only knowledge of college from the newspapers. It behooves him, therefore, to improve every advantage which will help him to faithfully fulfill his trust.

An organization like the one proposed would be no burden or expense to any of its members, and could hardly fail to help the college correspondents in their endeavor to give to the public through the press a truthful, complete, discriminating, and withal interesting report of Bates College news.

The crowded condition of the literary societies presents to the students of Bates College a serious problem—a problem which, unless the interests of the societies are to suffer, must be solved early in the year 1897.

There have been few Friday evenings during the past term when both societies have been able to hold their meetings with closed doors. Often both societies have been obliged to overflow into the corridor, and fully a score of those in attendance upon many of the meetings have been compelled to sit outside the door. One of the societies at the present time has a membership of one hundred and forty, or about forty more than the room will hold. Thus the need is evident and urgent.

The only question is, what shall be the remedy?

Clearly only two remedies are possible. Either the room must be made larger or the societies must be made smaller. The former would be impossible in the near future at least, as it involves the construction of a new building. Moreover, it is doubtful whether it would be the best solution of the problem, even if it were feasible. Those who are most active in the society work are convinced that the membership at present is larger than is consistent with the best interests of the members. At present the members have to take part on the average only two or three times during the year. While the pressure of other duties upon the busy student makes society work sometimes seem burdensome, yet it is probable that a smaller membership, bringing more responsibility on each individual member, would result in a larger aggregate benefit.

A decrease in the membership of the two existing literary societies by the formation of a third society is therefore the true solution of the problem. Moreover, it is evident that for many reasons the winter term is the best time and in fact the only time when such a project can be successfully carried out. We must, then, regard the formation of a third society at the opening of the coming term as an absolute necessity.

Laying aside personal preference, then, let us come back next term prepared to push to a successful issue this project, which is so clearly demanded by the best interests of the college and the literary societies.
"A MAN may write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it," is a line from the pen of Ben Jonson. This manner of performing literary work "doggedly" is a characteristic one among college students. To get up a respectable part as often as the curriculum requires an article, really seems sufficient to many who claim no natural gifts in the way of writing and never expect to become literary men or women. Yet, looking at it fairly, is it not doing an injustice, an actual harm to our own selves, to write only when obliged to do so? There is no surer road to culture than through the art of composition; no better means of learning the value of our great literary works than by laboring to acquire a good, clear, vigorous style for ourselves.

Surely youthful essays are generally painful to hear and to read, and we do not advocate reading or publishing them; we simply wish to emphasize our belief that students should practice writing for its own sake, and that the true scholarly mind is moved by impulses to do this. An eminent educationalist has expressed our thought in saying: "Writing is not merely a graceful accomplishment; it is a fundamental necessity. It is not demanded only by those who look forward to the pursuit of journalism or of literature, but by all who wish to live a life that moves to gracious ends."

It should be a matter of honest pride with alumni and undergraduates that Bates's growth, decided as it has been the last few years, is a symmetrical growth. The college catalogue for 1896-97, just issued, contains many changes, all in the line of improvement. It discloses that along with an increase in the student body, has come a curriculum of studies broader and more in harmony with educational tendencies of to-day. Those tendencies are towards greater freedom for the individual student to pursue those studies for which he has a natural bent; in brief, a multiplication of elective studies. With us, they will be considerable the coming year. Electives will begin with the first term of Sophomore year and increase in number in the upper years. Psychology will be the only prescribed study of Senior year. For the first time in its history, Bates will offer a progressive course in history, covering the last three years, and in economics, covering the last two years, a sufficient endowment for a chair of history and economics having been secured. The efficiency of the mathematics department has been increased by placing trigonometry and surveying in Freshman year, and making the latter optional. An entire year is thus secured for the strictly advanced mathematics. Certainly this is no more than their due. Physics will hereafter come earlier in the course, and will be elective after one term. Latin will be extended into Junior year. The new feature of required outside reading in the English department has already proved its popularity and success.

In addition to such advances as these, the number of students has increased by thirty over last year. The present enrollment is 246. Next July our college will send forth the largest class it
has ever graduated, numbering over forty. This, we repeat, is matter for honest pride. These two lines of growth—increase in student-body and broadening in curriculum—are the chief factors in a college's progress. Their combination is the real test of such progress.

We have just finished another football season, and for the first time since the game was started in college, four years ago, Bates is at the foot of the list of Maine colleges. The reason for this is not hard to find. In the first place, Bates lost, in the Class of '06, her centre, one guard, both tackles and quarterback; then Burrill, last year's right end, was incapacitated by lameness. Again, Nason was put out of the important games by sickness, and Murphy, who showed great promise, by the wishes of his parents. There were so many injuries that the unusual number of fifteen men were eligible to vote for captain, and only four of these played in every game. The team was light, averaging 168 pounds.

On the other hand, Colby and M. S. C. had exceptionally strong teams, and Bowdoin was fully up to her standard. All the Maine teams were coached well and played the most scientific foot-ball ever seen in Maine. Thus at a time when Bates was particularly weak, she was called upon to meet particularly strong opponents. This may explain, in part, her defeats.

There is, however, another reason for our weak team. Corbett, when asked by a member of the college to what he attributed the team's defeat by Colby, said: "It was not Colby, but the second eleven, that beat Bates yesterday." In this answer is summed up the whole situation, that there has not been an efficient second eleven, no sharp regular practice, and consequently a team weak, especially on the defensive, where second eleven practice counts for most.

We do not present these reasons for defeat in a spirit of the men who began to make excuses, but merely to emphasize them to Bates men, that the faults may be remedied another year. A manager has been elected, a player of experience—though he will not play next year—and thoroughly enthusiastic. From present indications there will be plenty of new material next year, including Young and Hoag, of the '95 team, who return to college. The two vacancies at end can be easily filled. A matter which will receive due attention is the arranging of a training table, which will meet a long-felt need.

There is no time like the present, when we feel the sting of disappointment, to brace up and put a team on the field next year which shall be the best Bates ever had, and we shall hope, a pennant winner.

To the Subscriber:

If you have not already remitted the amount of your subscription to the managers of the "Student," you will confer a great favor by so doing.

FRED W. BURRILL,
RICHARD B. STANLEY,
Business Managers.
College Exchanges.

On taking our farewell of this department of "College Exchanges" there comes the realization of the abundant pleasure and profit derived from it. We do not deplore the uselessness of the department, but are more than ever convinced of the stimulus which comes from the practice of exchanging college papers and reviewing and comparing their contents. During the course of the year we have been impressed by the general improvement in college papers, although with some of the best there was little chance for improvement. At least twelve of our exchanges have recently appeared in new and more attractive form; all show a decided tendency toward the highest order of literary work. Advancement is undeniably the watchword of college journalism.

"The Contributor's Club" is the title of a unique department which we find making its appearance in many of our best exchanges. The contributions are generally brief and show a variety in subject and style; here the bit of scenic description, the character sketch, and numerous anecdote find their places as well as do scraps of verse and short discussions.

A new exchange, The Dickinsonian, lies before us; the uniform excellence of its articles is noteworthy.

The Wellesley Magazine and Smith College Monthly are two valuable additions recently made to our exchange list. They represent college journalism at its best, and are attractive in general make-up. The November number of the latter contains a "Contributors Club," under which head appears a most excellent collection of brief articles, both in prose and verse. However, the most praiseworthy feature of the magazine's contents is the editorial which is a much-needed exhortation to students, written in true scholarly style. In a forcible way it calls attention to the abuse of language, and closes with the following paragraph:

It is incumbent upon us all to make ourselves masters of our mother tongue, to hold so intimate an acquaintance with its words that we can express ourselves purely, delicately, and forcibly, thereby maintaining for the English language that subtle, mysterious, and varied beauty which is its heritage, always remembering that it is the expression of the dignity, the passion, the fervor of a nation.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

In every language and in every clime,
By orator and poet, seer and sage,
By priest and prophet, down from age to age,
Through all the chronicles of tide and time,
A mother's love—oh, marvelous, sublime—
Hard been proclaimed, recorded, chanted, sung
With pen of fire, and with seraphic tongue.
Thanks be to God thence; yet would my
Rhyme
Lisp up a father's love and beg that ye
Remember how the prodigal did say,
"I'll go unto my father," and how he
Ran out to meet him, and how, when ye pray,
Ye say, "Our Father," and his love so free
Doth lead you heavenward in the higher way.

—William and Mary College Monthly.

MAIGNONNE.

A little, sweet, beseeching face,
With deep gray eyes and childlike grace,—
The world has ever been to her
The echo from a dulcimer.

A dainty bit of flesh and blood,
That God has set above the flood
Of human griefs and human cares
To lead us to unconscious prayers.

—Dartmouth Lit.
Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall,
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.
—W. R. Spenchr.

As the Christmas time approaches, all the world is gay. Even the books seem to feel the influence of this glad season, and some of the most delightful ones of all the year have found their way to our shelf.

We little knew what a treat awaited us when we took up Sarah Orne Jewett's little book, *The Country of the Pointed Firs.* Miss Jewett describes a summer spent in a small sea-port town among the fir-trees on the coast of Maine, and she does it to perfection. The charm of the book consists in her fine characterization of the people she introduces. They seem as real to us as if we had seen them. And she paints them with such a kindly, sympathetic touch that, while we smile at their many oddities, we love them. Mrs. Elmira Todd looms up before us as large as life; her large, strange figure and her herb-gathering, her kindly heart and her brusque ways are all realities. Some of the scenes are beautiful and pathetic. What could be more simple and yet more charming than the scene at the home of Elijah Tilly, the fisherman who, though he says few words, has great depth of feeling! We can seem to see him living alone in his cheerful little home, always cherishing the memory of his wife who died eight years since, and always keeping things just as "poor dear" liked them. Simplicity and a certain vivacity and aptness of expression join to make this little book one of the most attractive we have come across.

All who admire Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and who wonder at her strong personality and her power as an author, will be interested in her autobiographical work, *Chapters from a Life.* In the first pages, after telling us a little about her ancestors, in her inimitable way, Miss Phelps describes her early home in Andover, her gifted mother who died when she was but a child, and her own girlish life. Exceedingly fine is her characterization of Andover, its people, and its half-religious atmosphere. She tells us of her first attempts as an author, how little she expected a literary career, and how much surprised she was at the success of her *Gates Ajar.* Some of the most interesting parts of the book are those devoted to personal reminiscence of New England's greatest authors. At different times in her life Miss Phelps has been fortunate in meeting nearly all of our literary geniuses. She pays each a tender tribute and gives us a characteristic sketch of each. Especially happy is she in her descriptions of Mrs. Stowe, Longfellow, Whittier, Lucy Larcom, and Phillips Brooks.
We wonder if one conversation she speaks of in connection with Bishop Brooks did not help her in her Supply at St. Agatha's. Much prominence is given to Miss Phelps's life at Gloucester. Very interesting is her description of her beautiful home by the sea, and of her temperance work among the poor fishermen. Her favorite among her longer stories, A Singular Life, was suggested by her intimate acquaintance with the people of Gloucester. We are glad of these few chapters out of Miss Phelps's individual life, and can say that she has accomplished the difficult task of writing of herself without being egotistic.

We have at hand a bright little volume from the pen of Laura E. Richards. It contains two short stories, Some Say, and Neighbors in Cyrus. The first of these is a humorous story, being a satire on inveterate gossiping. The plot is unique and well managed. The scene is laid in a country village and the characters are few—Mrs. Mellen, Rose Ellen, her daughter, Mr. Lindsay, the minister who boards with Mrs. Mellen and who finally marries Rose Ellen, and two gossips, one living on either side of Mrs. Mellen. The humor of the story centers about Mrs. Mellen and the gossips. This excellent lady resolves to have some amusement out of these troublesome talkers, and through pretended deafness and other schemes leads them on to talk freely to one another from their respective windows and causes them to appear most ridiculous. The second story is rather a pathetic one. Here, a kind-hearted, self-forgetful woman is brought into marked contrast with a grumbling, discontented one. The moral is almost too conspicuous.

A book telling the life of a woman who has done so much for science and for the higher education of women as Maria Mitchell, is valuable. We are glad to notice that such a one has been compiled by her sister, Mrs. Kendall. Written in a simple way and made up mostly from the journal and letters of Miss Mitchell, this book inspires us by the noble purpose of her life, her energy, directness, and scholarly ability. In her quiet Nantucket home, from a little child, Miss Mitchell helped her father in his astronomical investigations. As she grew older she became very much interested in astronomy, and for many years, while librarian in the Nantucket library, she spent all her spare time in original investigation. Thus she was unconsciously preparing herself for her later noble work as professor of astronomy in Vassar College. All through her life Miss Mitchell seems to have had the same helpful, wholesome influence over young people that was so marked in her years at Vassar. Mrs. Kendall speaks especially of her control over the reading of the boys and girls of Nantucket.

A revised edition of the second volume of American Orations has recently been published. This edition, like the former one, is devoted to the slavery controversy. It has certain additions, a few more orations, and historical and textual notes by James A. Woodburn.

2 Chapters from a Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $2.00.)
3 Some Say. By Laura E. Richards. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston; $0.50.)
4 Maria Mitchell. By Phebe Mitchell Kendall. (Lee & Shepard, Boston; $2.00.)
5 American Orations, Vol. II. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; $1.25.)
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