The
Bates
Student
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Commencement Issue.
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The time has come when, in many of our colleges, the great athlete is a more important personage in the eyes of a majority of his fellow-students than the great scholar. One who wins honors in the field finds more favor than one who wins honors in the classroom. The great question which is asked at the opening of each fall term is in regard to the base-ball and football material in the entering class. Is this as it should be? Should not physical strength and intellectual ability go hand in hand? Should the mind be made subservient to the body?

The colleges in many of the western states, realizing that a friendly spirit of rivalry between the different insti-
tutions, in base-ball and foot-ball, furnishes an incentive to greater exertions in these branches of college work, have not confined themselves to athletic contests, but have held intercollegiate oratorical contests. From what we have read of these combats of words, we should judge that they aroused considerable enthusiasm among the different institutions represented.

Why would it not be profitable for the four colleges in Maine to try their skill in oratory, as well as in athletic sports? In our opinion, the formation of an intercollegiate oratorical league would be a good thing, and we are sure that Bates need not fear to enter a contest of this kind.

Youth is proverbially ungrateful. We remember when Mr. Wiseacre used to visit our school on the side of the hill he often made remarks to this effect: "You children little realize the benefits you are receiving." He has repeated the remark since we have been in college.

With all due respect to a time-worn sentiment, we question whether appreciation and consequent loyalty are not even more characteristic of the undergraduates than of the alumni. Is it not true that the present students of a college generally work fully as hard for the college as those who might be supposed to have come into a more perfect realization of benefits received? There are, indeed, notable exceptions, yet the rule seems to be that the majority of the graduates of a college in a few years lose a large part of their enthusiasm for their Alma Mater. Sacrifices, even to a small extent, on the part of the whole body of graduates would give our college an impetus which would gladden the heart of its President, and would make us, its students, proud and confident as we think of its future. If those who have received scholarships and are able to do so, would return the same, the college would be put on a much better financial basis, and would not be obliged again to lose a man eminently fitted for a chair sorely in need of an occupant.

Graduates may do a great deal in the way of influencing young men to attend a college which their own experience has enabled them to recommend. If the eighty ministers, the eighty-five lawyers, the fifty-seven doctors, and nearly two hundred teachers who have gone out from Bates, should all unite in trying to swell the number of her students they would not only be the means of bringing a collegiate education to some who would otherwise enter upon their life work without it, but also they would be discharging a part of that obligation, which, however one may shirk, he cannot avoid.

"Art is long and time is fleeting" has been many times repeated, but each Commencement season recalls the thought with renewed force, both to those who leave the college halls and to us who remain. The terms, the years, glide swiftly on and opportunities for improvement and study, uninterrupted and free from the cares of maturer years, are gone never to return. To those students who leave us new and larger opportunities will come;
the world's work always welcomes men of energy, of resolution, of force.

We, whose college work is not completed, can already recall many lost opportunities, and can easily make good resolutions with regard to the future. But resolution and action call for different mental qualities. Quickness of decision and indomitable purpose alone will enable us to make use of every good chance that presents itself to us; for opportunity must be seized by the forelock, or forever lost. It is for us to watch our opportunities carefully and grasp them eagerly ere they are gone.

The season’s athletic contests have been decided, and now is the time to carefully consider the past and wisely plan for the future. If we do this conscientiously and thoughtfully, even the mistakes and failures of the past season will be successes. Bates has much to rejoice over in connection with athletics; she has also much to regret.

We do not believe in exulting over successes, nor do we consider it honorable or wise to boastfully predict the future, as some of our contemporaries seem fond of doing, but we do believe emphatically in profiting by disappointments, and in carefully considering our faults. The greatest curse to athletics in our college is ever-present self. The athlete, when engaged in sports, or in training for them, is not his own master; he cannot be, he belongs to the college, to the Faculty and students, for upon him rests, in a limited degree, the reputation and the future of the institution. The managers and captains of athletic teams, as well as the men themselves, are responsible for the physical condition of the players. The conscientious, successful athlete is the slave of his college, and must obtain his greatest reward from his own conscience.

Success depends largely upon team work. A winning team is never composed of individual units. It is a complete unit in itself, and its strength and success depend largely upon the harmony and co-operation of its players. Training is the most laborious, the most irksome, as well as the most important qualification of success. Without training neither physical perfection nor team work can be obtained. Confidence and determination come with training, and all its benefits are not doubtful but absolutely certain. Determination, push, and the confidence inspired by training will win games outside the State as well as those at home, and may prevent the easy walk-over of one college in track and field athletics.

We believe in the old, patriotic maxim, "Return with your shield or on it," and we consider the Spartan mother’s conception of duty and honor a good one for our Alma Mater to cultivate. This principle should not be carried too far, however, for there is a danger of arousing in the minds of some students a morbid fear of failure that may retard training and be instrumental in defeat. Above all things, we must nourish and increase our loyalty; for loyalty will sing its own requiem and will throw the heavy clods
upon the tightly-closed coffin of its dearest hopes.

We regret that we are not able to publish the Ivy Day oration and poem. It is customary to print these articles each year, and they were earnestly solicited by the literary editor, but to no avail. We hope that the authors will relent and some time give our readers the benefit of them.

A very loyal and public-spirited alumnus has recently called our attention to the question of mentioning salaries or increase of income among the personals of the alumni. He represents to us that the ideals which Bates alumni are supposed to keep ever before them should not be and are not influenced by merely personal considerations, and that reference to a certain sum of money received by any alumnus is placing a false construction upon the work which he is seeking to accomplish.

We confess that we have never considered that the Student was making the publication of salaries especially prominent. It is well known that Bates graduates in general are very successful from a financial standpoint, and the Student, we think, may be pardoned if it occasionally refers to the business success of some alumnus. We would not be ignorant of the fact that Bates men are accomplishing a great work, which is higher and far beyond any consideration of worldly remuneration. It is too true oftentimes that men are esteemed from the worldly power at their command. It is characteristic of Americans to regard highly the almighty dollar. But we believe that the prosperity which is likely to attend the work of unselfish men is but an indication of the esteem in which they are held, and that any reference to their business success or advancement is but the outward aspect of the real work which they are ever carrying forward.

The Student would be the last to represent Bates alumni in a false light before graduates of other colleges. It realizes that in its departments devoted to general news it must exercise a wiser discrimination than the average journal. It must not descend to the mere craze for something new, which is so characteristic of American journalism. It is our earnest wish that its columns may reflect a spirit of endeavor and progress in all lines of work which shall recommend it to the favorable consideration of all who are interested in its welfare.

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Literary.

THE FAD, A FACTOR IN HUMAN PROGRESS.
Valedictory.
BY ALICE W. COLLINS, '95.

Search the pages of history and you will find the names of a few men who stand forth in their time as individuals. Honor and glory now are due to each of them, the reformer, the inventor, and the discoverer. In the face of opposition they began their work; amidst approbation and applause they finished.
To-day, as yesterday, it is the fear of failure that keeps most men from engaging in a new enterprise. But let one man achieve success in an undertaking and a hundred, a thousand, are eager to follow in his footsteps. Leaving out of the question their own adaptability or capability, they boldly and blindly rush forward confident of success.

The world grows wiser but the number of individuals does not appreciably increase. From this lack of individuality, this blind following of a leader, has fashion originated. A leading critic pronounces a book wonderful. Immediately everyone must read it, and, too, everyone must pronounce it wonderful or show his lack of taste and literary culture. A great musical critic praises the Italian opera. Then everyone must attend that opera and those who least appreciate must be loudest in its praises.

Pursuing a certain fancy with such irrational ardor has given rise to the fad. Trilby and Napoleon are the fads of the day. Were it not far better to read a little of Napoleon and understand him than to read too much and tire of him? Yet the Napoleon fad is far behind the Trilby fad. We meet Napoleon in the magazines and papers, but where do we not encounter Trilby? A lady attired in a costume of Trilby cloth and Trilby shoes, with coiffure à la Trilby, may attend a Trilby dinner, a Trilby tea, or witness the performance of Trilby at the theatre. What wonder, then, that one’s admiration for the book Trilby diminishes as the enthusiasm for the fad Trilby increases!

It was but a short time ago that the Anglomaniac sprang up in American soil. The young man who aped English manners and the English style of dress became an object of ridicule alike for England and America.

Numberless other fads have had their day, have been the all-absorbing interest for a time, and then have been forgotten.

Thus it is that the fad and its fate have led many people to distrust any new movement. Hence it often happens that a really important matter is called a fad because it is new and imperfectly understood. It is a great drawback to the advancement of a scheme to have it designated a fad, for it loses thus the co-operation of many earnest workers. Kindergarten instruction, for instance, was not quickly put into extensive practice. Teachers were slow to give up the old way of founding a child’s education on the A, B, C’s. To-day the three thousand kindergartens in the United States give ample testimony that kindergarten methods are the only natural methods for instructing the young.

Even physical culture is doubtless still regarded by some as a fad. Yet we are all coming to believe that education should not be confined to mental improvement alone. Side by side with the improvement of the mind should be the improvement of the body, physical culture. All outdoor sports—foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, cycling, and golf—are healthful and invigor-
ating so long as they are engaged in moderately and properly. When they are followed up with more zeal than sense, then are they injurious, then should they rightly be termed fads.

Good sense, then, is an enemy to the fad, a strong and fearless enemy who knows not defeat. The sensible women who advocate hygienic and artistic dress, have good sense for their champion. Safe in the protection of such a champion, they turn a deaf ear to those who call their mission a fad.

There are many, too, who will not acknowledge hypnotism to be anything but a fad. But, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreampt of in your philosophy."

This wide-spread incredulity regarding hypnotism is perhaps due in a large degree to the great number of impostors who pretend to hypnotize. But that hypnotism exhibits strange phenomena, that it even enables surgeons to successfully perform the most difficult operations without pain to the patient, certainly warrants a most careful and scientific study of the subject.

Nothing that results in benefiting one of the human race is a fad. The following up of a fad necessitates an expenditure of energy in a wrong direction. It sees for its results the old fad forsaken, a new adopted. Keen insight and quick perception must help us to determine whether we are falling victims to a fad or are helping along a really good movement. And when convinced that we are in the right, let us not have our zeal and earnestness surpassed by the eagerness of those who devote themselves to the fad.

THE FUNCTION OF DOUBT.

SALUTATORY.

BY F. S. WAKEFIELD, '95.

HAD the All-Wise Father, when, in his great goodness, he designed the universe and, in his own image, created man to walk this earth,—had the Almighty fashioned his creations so that nothing by way of perfection in human attainments could be imagined, then the wail of the pessimist would be silenced. There could be no room for doubt. Man would be a mere puppet on the stage of life, following in the footsteps of his fathers—unintellectual, unprogressive.

But since God has deemed it wise for man to advance by his own efforts, to delve into the mysteries of Nature, to harness her forces for his own use and emolument,—inasmuch as man must work out his own salvation, ever rising from high to higher, then circumstances and their results are reversed.

In these days, the pessimist is an object of contempt. Always seeming to destroy instead of to construct, he is deemed antagonistic to all progress. And yet, though perhaps a menace to public welfare, he is not altogether useless. In truth he may be a boon to civilization. For many of the world's great thinkers, many who have contributed to the world's progress, have been eccentric or pessimistic. They have dared to doubt popular beliefs, even to their own humiliation and persecution.

The poor Italian navigator, far in advance of his time, seeks with indefatigable zeal aid from the Spanish throne, to prove to the world his own
convictions,—that there is a land beyond the sea. Galileo tries in vain to persuade his obstinate countrymen that this little earth of ours is one of many planets revolving around a central sun, and, for his erroneous opinions, forsooth, is cast into chains. Read the history of the world and you will be forced to admit that they who by their deeds have written their names high on the scroll of fame, have not been optimistic in their ideas—they have not taken things for granted. They from disagreement have sought the truth, and, by doubting, have learned it.

Even as the primitive allotment of labor to mankind, which is shown by history to be a blessing and not a bane, so, also, doubt is a blessing and has, as declared in the consciousness of each earnest thinker, its kindly errand.

But the state of doubt, needful as it is, is transitory, not ultimate. It is not final any more than a battle or a race is final. Doubt is militant, but belief triumphant. Before belief, at last, doubt must reverently bow.

Doubt is advantageous unless carried to excess. But all hesitancy and no action is as fatal as acquiescing to everything. The man who does nothing but doubt lacks the one essential incentive to advancement. He is like an unhappy Hamlet who fails to accomplish a father’s revenge because he lacks the necessary quality of action.

Effective doubt must have coupled with it a mind possessing some firm beliefs and a capability to act. Power of action is ever a great factor in success, and the individual who possesses it not will never rise to great eminence.

The nineteenth century is in a way a period of uncertainty. The last three years have witnessed political and religious upheavals. We at present are experimenting with the social questions of the day. The problems of taxation, labor, capital, liquor, and municipal government are the sources of unlimited discussion. Science rests in the hands of doubt. The Yankee genius is racking his brains for a solution, and, as an obvious result, the coming century will doubtless call forth progress along these lines.

Doubt, moreover, in its proper sense, gives an impetus to civilization. From it results all human progress; without it there is intellectual, moral, and religious stagnation.

Cast your eyes across the sea to the Orient wherein the God of War lately set up his standard. Look at China! An empire of vast extent, with fertile fields, and blessed by all the advantages that Nature can bestow. She is an unprogressive nation, crippled from an incapacity to believe that her customs and ideas are antiquated. She is a remnant of the dead past—a living antiquity. In bold relief stands out Japan—of small domain, yet so progressive that compared with China she is as a Jupiter to a speck of star-dust.

Doubt, I say, is essential to progress; but it is only preliminary. It prepares the way for success, leaving the rest to the individual. It is necessary to a vigorous thinking mind; for it awakens the powers of reason, and, from its nature, fosters a determination to succeed,—such a determination as dominated the valiant Sheridan,
when he turned the retreating Union soldiers from ignominious flight in the Shenandoah, and hurled them down the valley against the foe,—on to victory. Doubt's function is well marked; its province is clear. In its restricted sense it develops free-thinking men and women—such as are not borne on by the vast majority, but who stand out conspicuous among their fellows—the seekers of truth, and the benefactors of humanity.

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**LEGEND OF CHOCORUA.**

**CLASS-DAY POEM.**

**By W. S. C. Russell.**

I.

The July sun is sinking now
Behind Mount Cannon's rugged brow,
The veering light and shadows fret
The splintered spire of Lafayette,
While stealing up its western wall
The purpling shades outspread their pall;
The grim old mountains darkly throw
Their huge mass on the lake below,
The cloud that seems in air to rest
Is mirrored on fair Echo's breast,
The trees that skirt the pebbled shore
Are doubly grown the water o'er.

No ripple stirs the burnished lake,
Save where the loons their supper take;
No sound disturbs the peaceful lull
Save scream of eagle sharp and shrill
Which bounding back from crag to cave
As softly dies as rippling wave,
And leaves a silence more intense
Much emphasized by its suspense.

II.

On the northern shore where waters flow
In a one span stream to vales below,
Where the pines stand thick with clasping arms,
Where best may be seen the varied charms
Of woodland jewel in sand ring set,
Which mountains and forests grandly fret,
The pine knots crackle, for air is chill
As soon as the sunbeam leaves the hill.
The thick, dark smoke in a zigzag line
Winds lazily upward through the pine,

And the water shines with gilded glare
In the hungry fire's upward glare.
In glowing circle of changing light,
Next the rock square cleft upon the right,
Is built a cabin of modest size,
Of logs tiered up with a tie crosswise.
Each crevice is nicely chinked with moss,
That the indoor heat may meet no loss
When frozen winds from Agiochook sweep
Through the narrow notch when snows are deep.
The one hipped roof is with bark laid o'er
Oftstripped from the hemlock large and hoar.
The door of fir slab is pinned with thorn,
Its handle carved from the dun deer's horn.
As elves that sport on Midsummer's night
Through the open door go streams of light,
Fantastic forms on the wall to trace,
And we catch a glimpse of inward space.

III.

The ground with hemlock is thickly strewn,
O'erspread with the hunter's valued boon,
For fur of beaver is plaited there
With coarser product of wolf and bear.
The implements rude of sport and chase
On the red deer's antlers have a place;
A Queen Anne musket is near the door,
With light-strung snow-shoes and quaint-carved oar;
The bright-hued fabrics and wampum braid
Bespeak the home of an Indian maid.
'Twixt the lake and shore is now revealed
In robes of ermine but half concealed
In graceful posture on Nature's green
The rounded form of a forest queen.
The feathered tresses of dark-brown hair
Entwine her shoulders in ringlets fair,
A moonbeam stray, through the open bough,
Benignly kisses her dusky brow.
Each changing shadow by her is seen,
She gazes long through the hazel screen,
As though expecting from southern shore
To catch a glimpse of a moonlit oar.
Such was the maiden whose accent fair
Now broke the stillness of evening air,
While the hills and caverns oft prolong
The clear, sweet notes of her sylvan song.

IV.

**WEAMOO'S SONG.**

My brave long has wandered,
Two moons now have flown
Since he went to the southward
And left me alone.
To-night when the wigwam
Is hid by the pine,
And the lake is aglow with
The moon's silver shine

Again o'er these waters
Will glide his canoe,
And the woodlands shall echo
His accents anew.

Farewell to these great hills,
Weamoo will share
With Chocorua, the brave one,
His lake home so fair.

We'll hie to those islands
Encircled in light,
Where the "Smile of the Spirit" makes day of the night.

The bird of the mountains
Shall sing in his nest,
And the rippling of waters
Shall lull him to rest.

V.
Her music died on the distant hill,
The mountain echoes again were still.
Around the lake shot a birch canoe,
In the fire's circle plain to view.
Chocorua pressed the sloping sand,
Clasping Weamoo by the hand,
He led her away to deeper shade
Which tall dark pines by the cabin made.
A saddened look dimmed his swarthy face,
In his guarded speech was emotions trace.
He told of the tight at Pennacook.
Of his village burned by Sutton's brook,
His people slain by the whites for gold
Their scalps to Governor Wentworth sold;
How he, the last of a peaceful tribe,
Would dwell in the wilds the lake beside.
He had built a cabin in secret glen,
Afar from the haunts of greedy men.

VI.
Three times the morn tints the mountain crest,
Three times the sun paints the glowing west,
Three times the moon her radiance pours
In silver flood where the streamlet roars
In childish haste from the mountain side
To Winnipiseogee's friendly tide;
But on the fourth ere the break of day
The hills were wrapped in shrouds of gray
Save one that pierced the blue-vaulted dome
With its barren spire of splintered stone.
The clouds, like waves of a wrathful sea
When winds have lashed it in angry glee,
Against the mountain in billows break,
Divide, pass on, and join o'er the lake.
Naught can be seen by him whose gaze
Is bent on the rolling, pitching haze,
Save far away in the distant north
Three rocky peaks from the cloud stand forth.

Chocorua scans the restless sea.
And turns his eye to Agiochook's dome
Where Indian gods have their spirit home.
He dreams of now in a fairer land,
And breathes a prayer that soon he may tread
The spirit trail through the regions of dread;
For grief can seize the human soul
And rack the mind till the senses roll,
Till love of life is forever flown
And Reason flees from her shaken throne.

VIII.
As children rush from their school to play,
So broke the clouds from the hills away;
As hides the dew in the morning sun,
So hid the fog in the day begun.
The lakes below in glittering sheen,
'Twixt shadow and substance set in green,
Throw back to the hills their witching smiles,
And fondly cradle their bosom isles.
The chief cares not for the picture fair,
All beauty fades in his deep despair,
That subtle something which clings to life
In his heaving breast is waged in strife
With baser prompting which bids him die,
And from inmost soul comes forth a cry
To Manito, if it be His will,
To bid him ascend the Great White Hill.

He is roused at length from mournful trance
By rattling stone, and there meets his glance
His mortal foe, with half-raised gun
At his breast whose scars were bravely won.
"You'll escape no more," the trapper said,
"Take now the trail of the Indian dead."

IX.
Chocorua's Curse.++
"The sands of yonder lake conceal a form,
Which, snatched from me, took with it love of life;
I die, 'tis true, but know, detested white,
That on thy head and thine shall be the blood.
The vale below, which stretches to the lake,
Shall yield no increase to your patient toil;
The waters shall be poison to the flocks,
The first cry of the infant be its last,
And naught but bitter sorrow shalt thou reap.
I'll die not by your hand, which strikes its blow
For greed of gold and not in honest fight;
The locks I wear shall perish where they grew.

I scorn thy threatening scowl, I know thy mind;
Ere thou canst lay thy finger on the lock,
To send a bullet to my war-scarred breast,
A leap will take me to yon deep abyss.
The hill-gods will my spirit soon receive,
The sun will bleach my bones, the falling rain
Shall spread their dust o'er all the vale below
Whose every sod shall be a curse to thee.
Think not by craft to cheat my soul's desire,
I curse thee with my latest breath,—farewell."

The chieftain bounded from the dizzy cliff
As shoots Niagara's wave the helpless skiff;
A lifeless form he lay within the vale.
In Suncook's camp the trapper told this tale.

++ Indian name for Mount Washington.
++ Smile of the Great Spirit," the English for the Indian name Winnipesaukee.
++ Mount Chocorua, named for this chieftain, who took his life by jumping from its pinnacle.
+++ The Indians regarded Agiochook with superstition and never ascended it, believing that on its snowy summit the spirits dwelt.
++++ That Chocorua cursed the valley is historical.
That cattle cannot long survive in the valley is regarded by the superstitious natives as the result of his curse; the more reasonable explanation is in the fact that all of its waters are heavily charged with minerals.

LUX ORIENTALIS.
CLASS-DAY ORATION.

By W. S. Brown, '95.

The rise of a people from a condition of barbarism to the dignity and majesty of a nation has, in every instance, been achieved only by the slow process of centuries. A generation lives, acts, and passes away, having contributed their portion to the world's onward march, but never realizing how much that portion is. It is theirs to estimate the importance of the work of the generations that precede them and to measure the progress made, but to interpret the meaning of the chapter they have written in the world's history is reserved for those who are to follow.
And thus it has been in the life of every nation that has figured prominently in the annals of the world. One generation takes up the work where another laid it down, and adding to it the fruit of their own achievement, pass it on to another, till, from the darkness and gloom of savagery and barbarism, after centuries of evolution, they have emerged into the full-orbed splendors of nineteenth century civilization. It required six thousand years to produce the England of to-day. Egyptian science, Jewish religion, Grecian learning, and Roman law have been essential and mighty factors in shaping the destiny and moulding the character of the Anglo-Saxon race.

As we follow the advancement of the English people in all the avenues of human progress and gain some conception of the tremendous significance of their achievements, we marvel that even in the nineteen centuries that have glided away since Rome’s great soldier and statesman gave their country a place on the map of the world, they should have risen to the highest position in the galaxy of nations. But marvelous as has been the growth of England since her history began, it has been reserved for one generation in the present century to witness the mightiest transformation in the existence of any people.

Far to the east, beyond the limits of European civilization, on the outskirts of Asia, rises an Island Empire which, thrown up by the force and fury of ancient volcanoes, is the home of forty millions of people. From time immemorial the ancestors of the present Jap-
tional greatness and the only guarantee of a nation’s future resides in an enlightened citizenship—a secret not yet learned by many of the more favored nations of Europe. Immediately the government inaugurated a policy unknown among nations since the days of the Babylonian dynasty—the education of her youth at the expense of the government for the service of the state. The effect has been to furnish Japan with scholars, statesmen, jurists, writers, and reformers, whose influence can be traced in the intellectual, political, social, and industrial expansion that has placed her among the great powers of the earth and made her the inevitable leader of Asiatic nations.

Over seventy thousand schools and colleges furnish to the Japanese student the choicest treasures of ancient and modern minds. Homer inspires him with the patriotism and heroism of the Greek; Socrates fascinates him with his philosophy; Demosthenes charms him with his eloquence; Cicero delights him with the force of his logic; Milton awes him with the power of his mighty genius; Newton captivates him with the revelation of that law which sustains worlds in space and guides planets in their course; Shakespeare, the richest, ripest, keenest intellect that has adorned the centuries, reveals to him the inmost mysteries of human nature; and above all, his soul is elevated, his burdens are lightened, his hopes brightened by the mild and benignant teachings of the Great Nazarene.

Attending this awakening of the Japanese intellect and broadening of the mental horizon has been an unprecedented material growth. Her merchant vessels, freighted with the products of her own industry, plow the waves of every sea; the hum of thousands of spindles is heard where once arose the chanting of Shinto priests or the supplicating wail of Buddhist votaries; the cry of the newsboy in the city streets has replaced the shout of a feudal soldier; the ring of the anvil and blast of the furnace is heard where once resounded the gong of the gods; the shriek of the engine now disturbs the ancient solitudes which the imagination of the native once peopled with deities and demons.

Can ancient Greece and Rome, whose civilization has left such a mighty impress upon the world, and whose intellectual triumphs have been the delight of students of every land, boast of achievements so vast in a period so brief? Can England or America produce a chapter in all their marvelous history covering a time so short and marked by results so grand?

As we review the achievements of fifty years and contemplate the possibilities of the future, we are led to ask, what is to be the influence of Japan upon Asia? Will she, as some of her critics predict, becoming dazzled by the brilliancy of her success and intoxicated with the vision of conquest or blinded by a self-appointed destiny of extending her empire over her less fortunate neighbors, waste the energies and squander the substance of her people in inglorious wars; or will she continue, as she has begun, to improve her own condition by all peaceful means at her command, and by the force of ex-
ample and friendly intercourse help to lift the rest of Asia to the same proud plane she herself has reached? Her conduct toward China after the triumph of her armies and that empire lay helpless before her, gives the world assurance that her mission is peace and progress, not war and desolation.

The ambition of her people is too lofty to follow the mad example of Rome and Persia. Their sense of national responsibility is too sober to drink in the empty dreams of Alexander and Napoleon. They will fall into line with the spirit of the age and join the ranks of the great sisterhood of nations.

I have stood on the ocean's shore and watched while the crimson moon rose from the waste of water and cast its first ray to the westward, leading in the calmness and brightness of a summer night; and it takes but small stretch of the imagination to place myself on the shores of that vast expanse of ignorance and primeval darkness that stretches from the Pacific to the Kara and Tigris; and, as I stand there, I seem to see rising out of the liquid depths this Light of the Orient, tinged, it is true, with blood, but its streaming rays are bright and white, and it ushers in the fullness and richness of national grandeur and human awakening.

CLASS ODE.

By A. B. Howard, '96.

The misty light of classic ages gone,
The loves of heroes old in minstrel lay,
Let others chant, while we in morning's dawn
Shall sing the hope, the promise of to-day.
The comradeship, the ties of kindred aim,
The common light which shines around our way;

May ne'er grow dim, must ever be the same
As on this glad and festal Ivy Day.

In days to come, when backward slant the beams
Of life's descending sun in lines of gold,
Our richest treasure,—retrospection's dreams,
Shall link with those in 'Ninety-six enrolled.
Whate'er betides, where'er our lot may be,
Our place at close of life be low or high,
Ofttimes we know our hearts will turn to Thee,
Will turn to Thee, O dear old "Gah-na-ki."

IVY ODE.

By A. B. Howard, '96.

Pleasant day of lingering memories,
We are standing at thy close;
Dreamlike seem the days behind us,
Misty bright the future glows.
Not forever is our staying,
Yet perchance before we go
Would we leave our tribute with thee—
Would our Ivy here bestow.

Gentle plant, whose branching rootlets
Rear aloft a cloud of green,
Thou hast sheltered lordly structures
With thy wealth of clinging sheen;
Be the guardian of the temple,
Where, however far we roam,
Winged Memory, in the twilight,
May return and be at home.

So we plant thee, dainty climber,
Faint not as the seasons glide;
Grow and shield our Alma Mater
On through Time's unstaying tide.
Be an emblem of the verdure
Which shall twine in every breast,
When, in hours of Recollection,
Thoughts of Youth may be our guest.

BACCALAUREATE HYMN.

By Nora G. Wright, '95.

Like strains of music faintly caught,
Like sunset tints by artist sought,
We in our ideal moments see
The beauty of a life with Thee.

Help us to-day our thoughts to turn
To Thee from whom life's truths we learn,
Grant to us now a broader view,
Inspire us nobler deeds to do.
Through these four years so quickly flown,
Through all of life that we have known,
Thy love and care serenely shine,
And brighten life with light divine.

Now as we turn our steps afar
Be Thou our constant guiding star,
Help us day by day to rise
Ever upward toward the skies.

CLASS ODE.
BY NORA G. WRIGHT, '05.
Our Alma Mater dear to all
Who seek thy sheltering walls,
To-day we would the years recall
Since first we saw thy halls.
Four years we've seen the autumn glow
O'er all the mountain side,
Four years we've seen the violets grow
O'er all the campus wide.

Each changing season leaves its store
Of knowledge broad and clear,
While aspiration evermore
Paints a fair future near.
Kind sympathy we'll seek to give
To those of different minds,
A nobler life we'll strive to live
Where'er the future winds.

But now, our Alma Mater kind,
From thee we must depart,
With tender love, with sincere mind
We'll keep thee in our heart.
The gold will gleam, the violet bloom,
O'er mount and campus green,
But still, in sunshine or in gloom,
We'll cherish each loved scene.

Poets' Corner.

THE CHURCH BELLS AT EVENING.
A dreaming city shadow-wrapt and still;
A silence conscious, as if Music sat
Anear with folded wings in revery mute;
And hark! from yonder spires the bells' sweet
notes
Drop like slow-falling tears, that from a heart
Broken, but feeling yet the touch of balm
From God's own hand, well up for very peace.
—M. S. M., '91.

A SUMMER EVENING.
Softly the silver moonlight
Falls on the flowing stream,
And into my mind as softly
A long-forgotten dream
Comes creeping with stealthy footsteps,
And silently steals away
The thoughts of the weary present—
The cares of the busy day;
And the voice of the rippling river
In its never-ceasing flow
Sings to my heart sweet music
Of the mystical long ago.
And it tells me how often in childhood,
Entranced by the lone whip-poor-wills,
When the daylight had gone and the twilight
Crepst silently over the hills,

I stood on the bank of the river
And watched the bright stars peep
Up from the glassy mirror—
Up from the waters deep,
Till in thoughts of the golden future
And of things that would sometime be,
I drifted in idle fancy
Out over life's charmed sea;
But the years go on, and the great things
That the future was to bring
Still lie in the far-off future
Where Hope's distant bells faintly ring.
Still shines on the river the moonlight,
But 'tis not the river I see,
For out from the Past's dark shadows
My childhood speaks to me.

OUR POSSESSIONS.
It is morning. I can see a
Carpet of the richest green,
On which brilliant diamonds sparkle
With a clear and dewy sheen.
I see cups of flowers, in whose depths
Is a perfume rare, divine;
Carpet, diamonds, flowers, and perfume
All belong to me,—are mine.
It is noonday. All around me
Falls a shower of purest gold,
Gleaming o'er the world resplendent;
It is mine, this wealth untold.
Birds are singing, with sweet music
Which my soul within me lifts;
And I cry, "O Heavenly Father,
Make me grateful for Thy gifts."

It is twilight. Through the silence
Comes a whispered vespser sweet;
"All the silver shower around you,
All the jewels at your feet,
All those streaming ribbons yonder,
Everything which thou canst see,
All the wealth thy soul inhaleth,
To enjoy, belongs to thee."

It is night. Still sounds the vespser;
"Look above, and happy be,
For those matchless gems of beauty
Shining there, belong to thee;
Heaven itself is thine, for asking,
Cease to sorrow or repine;
Glories fill the air around thee,
And this countless wealth is thine."

—W. T., '87.

HOPE AND I.
We walked amid June's wealth of dew-kissed flowers,
Sweet Hope and I,
Nor noticed how the pleasure-laden hours Were fleeving by.

—CLARENCE AUGUSTINE CHASE, '84,
In New England Magazine for May.
Auburn, Me., May, 1895.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.
Professor Millis was suddenly called home by sickness in his family.
Bolster, '95, is vice-president of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association.
H. C. Small was awarded the prize for best essay in the Senior Class of the Latin School.
Dean Howe preached the sermon before the Divinity School, Sunday evening, May 19th, in the Main Street Free Baptist Church.

Of the twenty in the graduating class of the Latin School, one will probably go to Wellesley, one to Bowdoin, about twelve to Bates this fall and several more later.

President G. C. Chase announces that in the future the degree of A.M. will be conferred only on those who have completed a prescribed course

Sweet Hope and I danced all the whole day long
And wove bright festal wreaths of mirthful song,
And like a dream
Of magic fairy-land the world did seem.

But Hope is dead and midnight's darkest shades
Around me fall,
And pleasures only from the distance call
In mocking tone.
Sweet birds, how can you ever happy be!
Lost sun, how can you ever shine again for me—
Sad and alone!

L'ECRIVAILLEUR, '97.

AB ORIGINE.
When He this mighty universe began,
When from His hand came forth the rolling spheres,
Filling the speechless void with music sweet,
Whose echo still is heard through countless years,
By listening ears to nature's heart attuned,—
While rippling rills and ocean's roar repeat
The grandeur vast, the beauty of His plan,—
Then placed He in the throbbing heart of man
The answering chords of reverence and of love.

—CLARENCE AUGUSTINE CHASE, '84,
In New England Magazine for May.
Auburn, Me., May, 1895.
of study. This course will be announced later.

Mr. Calhoun and Miss Flanders received the prizes at the Senior exhibition of the Latin School.

A reception was given to the Class of '97 at the home of the President, Monday evening, June 10th. Games were played and the time was enjoyably passed. "Our reporter" was not present, so we are unable to give a full report.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society for the ensuing year are: President, Thomas, '96; Vice-President, Skillings, '97; Secretary, Miss Hall, '98; Treasurer, Landman, '98; Executive Committee, Boothby, '96, Skillings, '97, Miss Lasker, '98.

The question for the Sophomore champion debate of last Monday was, "Did Bismarck do more for the unity of Germany than Cavour for the unity of Italy?" The debaters of the affirmative were Durkee, Marr, Miss Andrews; negative, Stanley, Milliken, Miss Sleeper, Miss Buzzell.

At the annual meeting of the Polynesian Society the following officers were elected for next year: President, Thompson, '96; Vice-President, Marr, '97; Secretary, Miss Maxim, '98; Treasurer, Cunningham, '97; Executive Committee, Hanscom, '96, Miss Houghton, '97, Toothaker, '98.

The Class of '97 enjoyed a ride to the big swamp beyond the Fair Ground, with Professors Stanton, Hayes, and Millis, on a combined botanizing and bird-hunting expedition, on Monday, June 7th. Many rare botanical specimens were found, and the ornithologists were also very successful.

The tennis tournament, held on the college courts, Memorial Day and the Saturday following, was participated in by representatives of the Latin School and the Lewiston High School. Both the cups offered by the College Club were taken by the Latin School, Nathan Pulsifer, '95, winning in singles, and Pulsifer and Quinn in doubles.

SOME CHEMICAL REACTIONS.

Farmer Haystack at the Hub
The way of flesh did go.
He blew the gas out—went to bed,
And filled up with CO.

Little Johnnie's flaxen curls
We nevermore shall see,
He drained a bottle at a gulp,
Which held HNO₃.

'Tis said a pretty little bird
Came under the Sophie's spell,
He spread upon the little tail
Some line NaCl.

Squire said that Hod could ne'er survive
The barber's dreadful woe,
He stood the treatment very well,
With C₄H₁₀O.

Put lizards, snakes, and tree toads too,
Frogs, mice and all you know
Of insect kind, but not yourselves
In C₅H₆O.

"First Poems," by Wildie Thayer, '97, appeared last week. This book, which is published by the Morning Star Publishing Co., contains one hundred short poems, most of them dealing with nature. The sale has already been quite large, and the book has not only pleased those who have read it, but some very favorable newspaper criticisms have been published.

The address by Rev. A. Given, D.D., on Missions, in Main Street Free Bap-
Pastor Church, May 21st, was very interesting. His subject was "World-wide Missions." He showed that missionary work was rapidly becoming world-wide, yet there was the humiliating fact that on an average every Christian has to hunt nine days for a cent to give to missions.

The Athletic Association elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, Thomas, '96; Vice-President, Marr, '97; Secretary, Blake, '98; Treasurer, Cunningham, '97; Directors, Howard and Roberts, '96, Stanley and Burrill, '97, Wakefield and Hinckley, '98. Manager of football team, Thompson, '96; of tennis, Hilton, '96; of baseball, Kavanaugh, '96; of track athletics, Cutts, '96; members of Advisory Board, Garcelon, '90, Wilson, '92.

The first banquet of the Free Baptist Clerical Club was held in the vestry of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Wednesday evening, May 22d. Dean Howe acted as toast-master, and exercised his prerogative without fear or favor. Five minutes was the limit, and it was a good deal like boiling down one's thoughts for a Junior part. The responses abounded in wit, and every brilliant sally was greeted with such appreciation as would do honor to a class banquet. It is proposed to make these gatherings a regular annual event.

The Class of '97 have elected the following officers for next year: President, J. F. Slattery; Vice-President, Everett Skillings; Secretary, Miss Mary Buzzell; Treasurer, A. L. Hubbard; Orator, E. Skillings; Poet, R. B. Stanley; Odist, Miss Mabel C. Andrews; Toast-Master, A. P. D. Tobien; Council, J. A. Marr, F. W. Burrill, C. E. Milliken; Prayer-Meeting Committee, C. O. Wright, Miss Susan Merrill, Miss Nelly Houghton; Executive Committee, A. W. Foss, P. W. Brackett, A. L. Hubbard, Miss Nellie A. Houghton, Miss Mabel W. Winn.

The reception on Saturday evening, June 1st, was a very enjoyable one. The baseball team had finished a week of victories, and the M. C. I. boys were also guests of the occasion. The programme of marches, etc., is given here:

3. 17 to 11; 8 to 6. March.
   (b) Selection. Mr. Russell.
   (c) Music. Ladies' Quartet.
5. 19 to 11; 9 to 6. March.
6. Auf Wiedersehen.

Music by Callahan's Orchestra.

An exciting class ball game, played one May afternoon, resulted—'96, 34 runs; '95, 8. Features of the game were the battery work of the Puruntos for '96, and brilliant catches by Hayes and Andy Wayoff. '96 batted the Senior pitchers for thirty-three hits with a total of 54; F. H. Purinton, L. G. Purinton, Hilton, Cutts, McAllaster, Thomas, Howard, Kavanaugh, and Boothby, each made from three to six hits. Boothby and Spartaecus led in number of home runs. Still other features were Brown's scientific muffing at first, and Bolster's remarkable record of six strike-outs without even a foul.
The Latin School gave a reception celebrating the winning of the tennis tournament and Field Day, Monday evening, June 10th. A very creditable programme was presented, after which a social time was enjoyed by the students of the Latin School and a large number of their friends. Ice-cream and cake were served.

“Our New Departure” was the subject of President Chase’s address on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 22d. He referred to the new building and the new department to be added to the Divinity School. He was followed by Rev. Dr. James M. Gray of Boston, who spoke on the subject, “Inspiration.” The speaker’s standpoint was the ultra-conservative view; and the Bible’s words were the only evidence offered as to its inspiration.

The class officers of ’96, for their Senior year, are: President, L. G. Purinton; Vice-President, A. P. Norton; Secretary, Miss I. M. Parsons; Treasurer, E. O. McAllaster; Orator, A. B. Howard; Poet, L. D. Tibbetts; Address to Halls and Campus, G. W. Thomas; Class History, R. L. Thompson; Class Prophecy, Miss A. E. Bonney; Address to Undergraduates, A. L. Kavanaugh; Parting Address, Miss G. L. Miller; Chaplain, J. B. Coy; Marshal, F. W. Hilton; Members of College Council, F. Plumstead, F. H. Purinton, O. E. Hanscom, E. I. Hanscom; Executive Committee, H. R. Eaton, Miss G. B. Prescott, Miss E. M. Hunt, F. A. Knapp, H. T. Gould; Devotional Committee, A. B. Hoag, L. D. Tibbetts, Miss E. E. Peacock.

Monday evening, June 24th, occurred the original declamations by the Junior Class, at Main Street Free Baptist Church, at 7.45. The exercises were assisted by Callahan’s Orchestra, and were as follows:

Emancipated Woman. Alice Eleanor Bonney.
Columbia’s Appeal to Young Men.
Albert Buffum Hoag.
Individual Responsibility.
Gertrude Louise Miller.
Dominion of Mystery. Ina Mary Parsons.
Ruins of Time. Oliver Frost Cutts.
Christianity, the Key to Civilization.
Fred Austin Knapp.
The Modern Knight-Errant.
Roscoe Day Fairfield.
Living in Upper Stories. Flora Anna Mason.
Versatility.
Ralph Leroy Thompson.
Literary Genius in America.
Harry Treat Gould.
Committee of Award—Rev. R. D. Towne, A. E. Verrill, Esq., Miss Blanche Howe.
Committee of Arrangements—Fred Austin Knapp, Ina Mary Parsons, Flora Anna Mason.

The athletic team sent by Bates to the Intercollegiate Meet at Waterville, June 8th, met with hard luck and very indifferent success. All but two of the men were totally inexperienced and this handicapped the team somewhat. The team was composed of Bolster, ’95, captain; Bruce, ’98, Cutts, ’96, Foss, ’97, Hamilton, ’95, F. H. Purinton, ’96, Pulsifer, ’98, Wingate, ’95. Only nine points were won, Bolster winning first in the broad jump and second in the 100-yard dash, while Cutts won third in putting shot. Pulsifer was handicapped in the bicycle race by being compelled to ride a low-geared wheel. Bruce got into the finals but failed to obtain a place. Foss showed good staying qualities but lacked experience. Bolster was leading in the
100-yard dash when he was retarded by an accident. F. H. Purinton was handicapped by lack of experience and nervousness. The team learned much which will be of advantage to them. The chief causes of our defeat were: First, want of hard training; second, lack of experience; third, too little enthusiasm.

IVY DAY.

The programme of the Ivy Day exercises was as follows:

** MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.**

Oration. G. W. Thomas.

Poem. A. B. Howard.

Selection. Orchestra.

**PRESENTATIONS.**

**CLASS ODE.**

PLANTING THE IVY.

Kavanaugh, as the Ideal Student, was presented with a Commencement part; Hoag, the class infant, received a nursing bottle; Gould, the slow man, a gigantic bottle of catsup; Berryman, the angel, a pair of wings; Miss Mason, the indifferent man, a bottle of invigorator. A bachelor’s companion was given to Roberts, the woman hater; a nun’s veil to Miss Hunt, the man hater; “une barbe,” a full set of whiskers, to Boothby, the scientist; and the ’96 emblem to Miss Parsons, the femme d’honneur. ’96 displayed its wit and wisdom in these exercises, which were very interesting, and the usual number of class secrets were divulged for the amusement of the audience.

**BASE-BALL.**

Were we gifted with power to wield the artist’s pencil, we would head this column with a fowl of the most lively and clarion-voiced breed.

The base-ball team has, since May 15th, played ten games, winning eight, and clearly gaining the championship of the Maine colleges. Every one on the team is entitled to a share in the credit of these victories, as good battery work, fielding, and batting have contributed to the result.

**Bates, 17; Bowdoin, 11.**

At Brunswick, May 15th, Bowdoin fell a victim to the prowess of our nine.

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<tr>
<th>BATES</th>
<th>A.B.</th>
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**Bates, 11; Colby, 5.**

Bates easily beat Colby at Lewiston, May 18th, by playing an almost errorless game.
M. S. C.

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Totals, 43 11 12 15 27 17 8

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M. S. C., 0 0 0 2 5 0 2 2-11

Bates, however, won rather easily.

BOWDOIN.

The second game with Bowdoin, played at Lewiston, was closer, as the Bowdoins had improved their playing.

The Bates Student.
Colby, 19; Bates, 11.

Colby won the second game, played at Waterville, because we did not have any pitchers in good condition.

COLBY.

A.B.    B.    R.    T.B.    P.O.    A.    E.
Brooks, 1b., .. 5 3 3 7 0 1
Burton, c.f., 5 2 1 1 0 1
Patterson, p., 6 3 2 8 0 1 2
Coffin, c., .. 6 1 2 2 1 0 4 0
Jackson, ss., 5 1 2 3 5 1
Austin, 2b., .. 6 1 1 1 2 2 1
Hanson, l.f., .. 5 2 2 2 0 0 0
Watkins, 2b., 4 3 1 1 2 2 0
Desmond, r.f., .. 4 3 3 3 2 2 1

Totals, .. 46 19 17 28 27 12 7

BATES.

A.B.    R.    T.B.    P.O.    A.    E.
Douglass, 2b., .. 5 0 1 1 5 3 1
Penley, s.s., 5 0 0 0 1 2 1
Pulsifer, 3b., .. 4 1 2 2 1 0 0
Burrill, r.f., .. 4 1 2 4 2 0 0
Wakefield, 1b., .. 4 1 1 1 8 1 0
Gerrish, c., .. 4 3 2 2 6 2 1
Campbell, l.f., .. 4 2 2 2 2 1 0
Slattery, p., .. 4 1 3 3 0 2 0
Bennett, c.f., .. 3 0 1 1 2 0 0

Totals, .. 37 9 14 16 27 11 3

M. S. C.

A.B.    R.    T.B.    P.O.    A.    E.
Bass, p., .. 5 0 1 1 0 1 0
Frost, l.f., .. 4 1 1 1 1 0 0
Palmer, c., .. 3 1 1 4 2 0
Welch, s.s., .. 4 2 2 2 5 2 0
Farrell, 3b., .. 4 1 1 1 2 5 0
Cowan, r.f., .. 4 0 1 1 1 2 1 1
DeHaseth, 1b., .. 3 1 0 0 7 1 1
Bran, c.f., .. 4 0 1 1 1 0 0
Dolley, 2b., .. 3 0 1 1 3 1 1

Totals, .. 34 6 9 9 24 13 3

Innings, .. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Bates, .. 0 3 0 1 4 0 0 1 x—9
M. S. C., .. 0 1 0 4 0 0 0 0 1—6

Two-base hits—Burrill 2. Stolen bases—Wakefield, Gerrish 3, Campbell 3, Slattery 3, Bennett 3, Palmer, Welch 2, Farrell. Double plays—Wakefield, Slattery, and Gerrish; Pen-
**THE BATES STUDENT.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TUFTS.</th>
<th>BATES.</th>
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<td>Corridon, s.s.,</td>
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The M. C. I. game at Lewiston, June 1st, was an easy victory for Bates.

**BATES.**

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In the decisive game with Colby the latter was outplayed in all respects.

**BATES.**

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**COLBY.**

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The second M. C. I. game was another "picnic."

BATES.

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M. C. I.

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Innings, | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
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INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS.

The result of the Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was eminently satisfactory to Bates students and supporters. The annual contest in this sport serves to keep alive a healthy rivalry between the players of the four colleges. Bates may well congratulate herself this year that she stands first of all, having won the second cup in singles and the first cup in doubles. From the standing of the players entered, close matches were expected, and they were not lacking. In the singles Hilton was defeated by Dana, the crack Bowdoin player, in a spirited contest. The match between Pettigrew and Dana was close and exciting, Pettigrew winning after dropping the first set, love. The result hung long in the balance, each player being often within one point of victory. Pettigrew, in the most critical moments, showed wonderful coolness and steadiness. The defeat of Dana was the downfall of Bowdoin's hopes for first in singles.

The next day, on a court in miserable condition from a hard rain storm, the championship match between Haywood, of Maine State College, and Pettigrew was played. The Bates man led at the end of the third set, but was overcome by the superior staying powers of Haywood on a day when good tennis was almost impossible. Although disappointed in not winning first place in singles Bates secured second by Pettigrew's easy victory over Webster of Bowdoin. In the doubles Boothby and Stanley, after winning one set, fell before Dana and Ives of
Bowdoin. Pettigrew and Hilton had an easy path to the finals, where they encountered the champion Bowdoin team, Dana and Fogg. The contest between these two pairs was viewed by a large and interested audience. The Bates men started by losing the first set without winning a game, but finally won by a small margin, three sets to two, thus securing the beautiful new cup as a prize in doubles. The victory was celebrated at Lewiston in the usual manner. Following is the score:

Dana, Bowdoin, beat Hilton, Bates, 6-4, 6-3.
Pettigrew, Bates, beat Gibbs, M.S.C., 6-2, 6-2.
Webster, Bowdoin, beat King, Colby, 6-3, 6-4.
Haywood, M.S.C., beat McFadden, Colby, 6-4, 6-2.
Pettigrew, Bates, beat Dana, Bowdoin, 6-1, 10-8.
Hayward, M.S.C., beat Webster, Bowdoin, 26, 6-2, 6-4.
Hayward, M.S.C., beat Pettigrew, Bates, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4.
Pettigrew, Bates, beat Webster, Bowdoin, 6-2, 6-2.
Dana and Ives, Bowdoin, beat Boothby and Stanley, Bates, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.
Dana and Fogg, Bowdoin, beat Haywood and Gibbs, M.S.C., 6-0, 2-6, 6-4.
Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates, beat Foss and Alden, Colby, 6-2, 4-6, 6-1.
Dana and Fogg, Bowdoin, beat Dana and Ives, Bowdoin, 6-0, 3-6, 6-3.
Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates, beat King and McFadden, Colby, 6-3, 6-2.
Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates, beat Dana and Fogg, Bowdoin, 6-6, 6-1, 6-2, 5-7, 6-3.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '95.

Bolster, William Wheeler; residence, Auburn, Me.; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 137 lbs. 5 oz.; expenses, $1,000; earnings, $700; intended occupation, business; politics, Republican; favorite author, Victor Hugo; no religious preference; fitting school, Nichols Latin; favorite study, political economy.

Brown, Winfield Scott; residence, Litchfield, Me.; age, 27; height, 6 ft.; weight, 194; expenses, $1,350; amount earned, $600; intended occupation, law; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Nichols Latin; favorite study, chemistry.

Campbell, Elwyn Gilbert; residence, Lyndon Center, Vt.; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 135; expenses, $1,250; amt. earned, $610; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Prohibition; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Lyndon Institute; favorite study, mathematics or languages.

Collins, Alice Wakefield; residence, Lewiston; age, 21; height, 4 ft. 11 in.; weight, 98 lbs.; expenses,—; amount earned, $292; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Democrat; favorite author, William Nye; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Lewiston High; favorite study, psychology.

Cornish, Emily Belinda; residence, Lewiston; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 115; expenses,—; amount earned, $1.50; intended occupation,—; politics, Republican; favorite author, H. C. Bunner; religious preference, Congregational; fitting school, Lewiston High; favorite study, geology.

Farnum, S. M., Jr.; residence, New Gloucester; age, 20; height, 5 ft. 7 in.; weight, 140; favorite author, Scott; politics, Republican; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Nichols Latin; favorite study, sciences.

Files, Ralph Ernest; residence, Bangor, Me.; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 159; expenses, $1,225; amount earned, $890; intended occupation, medicine; politics, Republican; favorite author, Scott; religious preference, Baptist; fitting school, Bangor High; favorite study, mathematics.

Foster, Grace Edith; residence, Gray, Me.; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 100; college expenses, $350; amount earned, $210.50; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, George Eliot; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, Pellen Institute; favorite study, the Ologies.

Hamilton, Willard Puckard; residence, Chebeague, Me.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 145; expenses, $1.15; amount earned, $1.15; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Lew Wallace; fitting school,
Latin School, Lewiston; religious preference, Free Baptist; favorite study, mathematics.

Hastings, Cora Walton; residence, Bethel; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 3½ in.; weight, 113; expenses, $850; amount earned, $75; intended occupation, teaching; politics, has never voted; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Congregational; fitting school, Gould's Academy; favorite study, physics.

Hayes, Arthur Chadwick; residence, Centre Strafford, N. H.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 150; expenses, $1,600; earned, $450; intended occupation, business; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Scott; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, physics.

Hutchins, George Amasa; residence, Greensboro Bend, Vt.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 130; expenses, $1,150; amount earned, $500; intended occupation, undecided; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.; favorite study, chemistry.

King, Cordelia May; residence, Fort Fairfield, Me.; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 5¾ in.; weight, 125; expenses, $250; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Dickens; religious preference, Congregationalist; fitting school, Fort Fairfield High; favorite study, chemistry.

Knox, Herman Nelson; residence, Milton, N. H.; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 5½ in.; weight, 150; expenses, $1,000; amount earned, $600; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Shakespeare; religious preference, Unitarian; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, logic.

Morrell, James G.; residence, Gray, Me.; age, 29; height, 6 ft. 1 in.; weight, 231; expenses, $1,400; earnings, $800; intended occupation, law; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Tennyson; religious preference, Unitarian; fitting school, Latin School, Lewiston; favorite study, English.

Nash, W. May; residence, Waterville, Me.; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; weight, 118½; expenses, $900; earnings, $390; intended occupation, undecided; favorite author, Scott; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Waterville High; favorite study, psychology.

Noone, Ernest W.; residence, Boston, Mass.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 145; expenses, $1,100; amount earned, $700; intended occupation, lawyer; politics, Democrat; favorite author, Dickens; religious preference, Unitarian; fitting school, Somerville, Mass.; favorite study, history.

Pettigrew, Bertrand Linwood; residence, Lewiston; age, 20; height, 6 ft. 1½ in.; weight, 160; expenses, $1,200; earned, $500; intended occupation, law; politics, Republican; favorite author, Hawthorne; religious preference, Unitarian; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; favorite study, psychology.

Russell, W. S. C.; residence, North Woodstock, N. H.; age, 24; height, 5 ft. 5½ in.; weight, 145; expenses, $1,100; amount earned, $900; intended occupation, biology; politics, independent; favorite author, Scott; religious preference, Free Baptist; fitting school, New Hampton Institute; favorite study, biology.

Smith, Nathan Rideout; residence, Gardiner, Me.; age, 25; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 130; expenses, $1,200; amount earned, $900; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Dickens; religious preference,
Free Baptist; fitting school, Gardiner High; favorite study, sociology.

Springer, Rufus Franklin; residence, Belfast, Me.; age, 21; height, 6 ft.; weight, 180; expenses, $986.62; amount earned, $885; intended occupation, law; politics, Mugwump; favorite author, Emerson; religious preference, —; fitting school, Belfast High; favorite study, German.

Staples, Sarah Lovina; residence, West Auburn; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 4 in.; weight, 97 lbs.; college expenses, —; amount earned, $100; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, George MacDonald; religious preference, Methodist; fitting school, Edward Little High; favorite study, languages.

Steward, Mabel Alice; residence, North Anson, Me.; age, 20 yrs. 7 mo.; height, 5 ft. 2 in.; weight, 126; expenses, $570; intended occupation, teaching; politics, undecided; favorite author, Dickens; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Anson Academy; favorite study, mathematics.

Wakefield, Fred Symonds; residence, Lewiston; age, 21; height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight, 150; college expenses, —; earnings, —; intended occupation, medicine; politics, (hasn't voted yet); favorite author, Dickens; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Lewiston High; favorite study, chemistry.

Webb, Charles Sumner; residence, Pittsfield, Me.; age, 21; weight, 128; expenses, $1,150; amount earned, $850; intended occupation, electrical engineering; politics, Republican; favorite author, Dickens; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Maine Central Institute; favorite study, chemistry.

Williams, Ethel Elizabeth; residence, Auburn; age, 22; height, 5 ft. 2 in.; weight, 95; expenses, $300; amount earned, $900; intended occupation, teaching; politics, independent; religious preference, Congregationalist; fitting school, Edward Little High; favorite study, sciences.

Willard, Helen Margaret; residence, Auburn, Me.; age, 23; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 122; expenses, —; amount earned, $130; intended occupation, music; politics, Republican; favorite author, Thackeray; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Edward Little High.

Wingate, Frank Torr; residence, Peabody, Mass.; age, 21; height, 6 ft.; weight, 160; expenses, $1,200; earnings, $900; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; religious preference, Congregationalist; fitting school, Peabody High; favorite study, chemistry.

Wright, Nora Giralda; residence, Olneyville, R. I.; age, 25; height, 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 114 lbs.; expenses, $1,000; amount earned, $141.60; intended occupation, teaching; politics, Republican; favorite author, Browning; religious preference, Universalist; fitting school, Johnston High; favorite study, English Literature.

Alumni Department.

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

IN MEMORIAM.

By President G. C. Chase, '68.

My first recollections of Howard Woodbury Littlefield date from the fall of 1863. At that time he joined the Senior Class in the old Maine State Seminary. The conditions of our school-life were peculiar. Bates College received its first Freshman Class in the autumn of 1863, but not its charter till the following March. Parker Hall was crowded with students of all sorts and conditions, the eastern half of it being occupied by ladies and the western by a promiscuous body of young fellows representing every study in the school work then prevalent, from the grammar and arithmetic of the boy or girl taking a single term away from
home, upward through the various college preparatory studies to the formidable Greek, Latin, and Mathematics just prescribed for the first Freshman Class. This strange aggregate, numbering perhaps 250 students, met every day for prayers in the little chapel that has since been divided into the rooms occupied by the Physical Laboratory. In this body of students Howard Littlefield was quickly recognized as a young man of marked and attractive personality. He was six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and alert in every movement of his slender but graceful form. His face was intensely earnest and responsive to every mood of thought and feeling, while his blue eyes shone with a kindliness and sympathetic interest that won the good will of all. He was one of the men of whom you would instantly form a most favorable impression, and who would never give you occasion to modify it. That he was eager and aspiring you could see at the first glance. But his ambition never made an enemy; his generosity made a friend of every one who knew him. He had taken the preparatory work of the first two years in the district school at his home in Wells, Me., with the exception of a single term at the Alfred High School. He suffered from the limitations inevitable under such unfavorable conditions. But his ideal was high. He had as noble a purpose as I have ever seen; and all his work showed an earnestness, an intensity, a determination to make the most of his opportunities, such as are never found save in the noblest natures. He overcame, in great measure, the odds against him, and proved himself in attainments, and especially in his fine appreciativeness, a true scholar. But the striking thing about him was his magnanimity. No man ever gave a rival a heartier hand-grasp or thrilled with a purer delight at any exhibition of excellence. He had the magnetism of the orator, and when he spoke in society or declaimed, his whole body seemed alive with emotion. How he responded to eloquence from the lips of others. His nature was so appreciative that he seemed ready even to anticipate worth. Certainly he always discovered it as soon as he met a person possessing any gift of thought, feeling, or utterance. His theme at his graduation from the seminary suggests the key to which his entire life was pitched—"Service the End of Living." No man ever exemplified the subject better. Mr. Littlefield was one of the five that graduated from Bates in the Class of '68. His college life was a long struggle with ill health, but he never lowered his ideals. A more transparent nature there could not be, nor a more courageous and resolute nature. I can see him now as I saw him more than once when the midnight oil burned low, binding his aching head with wet towels and fairly compelling his unwilling brain to conquer those long and troublesome problems in surveying in spite of complicated logarithms and wearisome plotting.

He was as buoyant and hopeful and good-humored as he was earnest. I never saw him angry; and yet he was capable of that moral indignation which is the birthright of the manly soul. Of
many a rude speech would he blunt the edge with a pleasant jest or a good-natured laugh; skillfully hiding the wound that he could not but feel. His large-heartedness did not conflict with his loyalty. Of true class spirit he had his full share. He was sensitive of the honor of his class, of his society, of his college; but he was never jealous, never scheming.

He was a natural leader, but he led by love and sympathy, and by his superior devotion to great ends.

Though entirely free from pretension, and modest in his estimate of himself, he had genuine self-respect, and he always looked men squarely in the face in a way that won their esteem and confidence.

He was a good judge of men and very successful in securing their cooperation in any undertaking.

Near the close of our Sophomore year, on the Fourth of July, 1866, occurred the "Great Fire in Portland." Eager to be helpful to the victims of the calamity, and also to share in the excitement naturally prevailing, Littlefield was active in organizing a band of students to go to Portland to assist the exhausted firemen. To be sure, we lacked the money required for the payment of our railway fare to and from Portland; but thanks to the eloquence and tact of Littlefield, we were able to make the journey and return, in spite of well-nigh empty pockets. When we reached Portland the railway officials were disposed to treat us as tramps, but Littlefield’s persistence, good nature, and audacity were contagious; and though we found the fire extinguished we had a memorable and most interesting experience. It was in the Sophomore year, too, that one of Littlefield’s classmates found himself in a desperate condition from having some twenty expensive books left on his hands after a disastrous summer spent in canvassing. Subscribers refused to take the books ordered by them and the canvasser was held to strict account for every copy. The General Conference of the Free Baptists met in Lewiston that fall, and Littlefield said to his friend, "Now is your opportunity for selling those books." He almost dragged the bashful classmate to the church; and then with such encouraging remarks as, "There is a good-looking man with money, fasten on him," he helped to screw up the waning courage to the sticking point; coming to the rescue at the critical moment and at once seizing the book and button-holing the victim. His pluck was rewarded and the bankruptcy of his disheartened chum averted.

In the Junior year Littlefield’s health broke down completely and he was absent from college for months. But his purpose never faltered, and he was able at length to return and to graduate with honors. It was the custom then to give Seniors a few weeks to prepare their Commencement parts; and the writer was invited during the time thus allotted to visit his classmate’s home. That visit gave me a much clearer idea of the influences that had shaped my friend’s character.
It was a home presided over by a woman of wonderful intellectual, moral, and spiritual endowments. When I saw Littlefield's mother, I ceased to wonder at his noble and aspiring nature. He had a most worthy and devoted father, in warm sympathy with wife and children; but it was the mother who had given the impulse and the inspiration for her son's school and college life.

After graduation my classmate held for a time with great ability the principalship of the Augusta Grammar School. But his parents were in failing health and he was an only son. At the call of filial duty, he put aside every ambition and returned to his country home never to leave it save for brief intervals. The father passed away. The mother lingered in ill health; and the devoted son watched over her with a woman's tenderness by night and by day.

The years glided away, and those who knew Littlefield's brilliancy and his practical gifts wondered why he remained in that country home. It was love that kept him there—love more chivalrous and devoted than ever knight showed for his lady, more absorbing than husband gives to wife. But his life was not lacking in breadth and usefulness. I sometimes ask myself whether Bates has graduated another man equally useful. Not to mention a term spent in the State Legislature, where his abilities were at once recognized, and his repeated services on the Board of Selectmen for Wells, his twelve elections to the School Board of his town show where his heart was, and how well his sympathies were understood and appreciated.

His interest in young people surpassed that of any other graduate of Bates whom I have known. Every child in Wells loved him. Every struggling young man and young woman had his sympathy and aid. What can be said of the influence of a man who inspired six young men in a thinly populated school district and several more in other parts of his town, to attend college, and who gave more or less direct aid to them all? He helped them to prepare for college, and spent many hours in freely instructing them at his home in Greek and Latin. He always encouraged small scholars and for a number of years had the satisfaction of knowing that his neighborhood had the best school and the best scholars in his town.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the inspiration to such a life was drawn from living sympathy with Christ. At the age of seventeen, he became a Christian and united with the church of his father and mother, then under the pastoral care of Rev. George W. Bean. To that pastor and all his successors, and to the little church he gave unstinted aid during every year of his after-life. The interests of that church and the religious life of the community were upon his mind during almost every conscious moment of his last illness. He had been for years its mainstay, both by his contributions and his personal efforts. An ardent patriot
and following with intense interest the great movements in our national life and history, he found the center of his heart's devotion in the intellectual and moral improvement of those immediately about him. It was no formal tribute paid by the children of the Sunday-school when they followed, on that rainy Sunday of May 12th, the remains of their dear superintendent and their warm personal friend to their last resting-place—the family burial-ground—in silent companionship with the dust of his grandparents and his honored father. Nor was it a mere formal act of respect when the national flag was for a week lowered to half-mast over every school-house in his town in recognition of his self-denying service as a member of the School Board.

His Christian life in college was of the same pattern with his noble and consecrated manhood. He never feared to do his duty and he always did it in love. In our four years of intimate companionship, I never knew him to do an unkind or an ungentlemanly act, or to utter a word that could not be spoken in the purest and most refined home. His respect for woman and his delicate regard for the interests and the happiness of his lady friends were a part of his own sympathetic and appreciative nature. Yet he never married, giving first to father, mother, and sister, and then to all whom his generous and resourceful spirit could aid, the devotion that other men concentrate upon their own homes. His aged mother still lives, honored for her own worth and for the gift to her community and the world of her high-minded and great-souled son; and sustained by the same faith, the same lofty ideals that shone with such beauty in his life. A devoted sister and niece are the only other near relatives surviving.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Rev. A. Given, D.D., delivered an address before the students of the Divinity School, Tuesday evening, May 21st, in the Main Street Free Baptist Church.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood contributes a series of letters to the Morning Star giving accounts of his travels in foreign countries.

'68.—President G. C. Chase is receiving many calls to speak in various places, which, with the cares of college work, are a severe tax upon the time at his disposal. On Thursday, June 13th, at Ashland, N. H., he delivered an address on "Education," which was received with great enthusiasm and created very general interest. The same evening he addressed the students of New Hampton Literary Institute. He will attend the exercises in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Colby University, where he will speak. His subject at the sixty-fifth annual convention of the American Institute of Instruction, which will meet at Portland July 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th, will be "What the School Owes the Community." Addresses of welcome will be given by Governor Cleaves and Mayor Baxter. Among the distinguished speakers will be President Andrews of Brown University, President Walker of the Massachus
setts Institute of Technology, President Gates of Amherst, President Thwing of Western Reserve University, Chancellor Day of Syracuse University, and many other distinguished guests. President Chase has lately been honored with the degree of LL.D. conferred by the University of Colorado.

'72.—Rev. F. H. Peckham delivered the Memorial Day oration at Greene.

'72.—Prof. E. J. Goodwin has an article in the June number of the Educational Review.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost of the First Free Baptist Church, Bangor, has tendered his resignation to take effect July 1st.

'74.—Hon. F. L. Noble, Esq., was the Memorial Day orator at Bath. His address was the subject of much favorable comment in the daily press.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, Esq., delivered a very eloquent oration on Memorial Day before Berry Post, G. A. R., Lisbon.

'77.—The term of office of Hon. O. B. Clason, Esq., Mayor of Gardiner, has been distinguished by a very brilliant carnival which continued one week, May 20–27, inclusive.

'77.—Superintendent G. A. Stuart, of Lewiston, will give instruction in Civics in the Summer School at Turner, Me.

'78.—C. E. Brockway has been re-elected superintendent of schools in Dartmouth and Westport, Mass.

'81.—Judge Ruel Robinson is one of the most prominent supporters of Camden's base-ball team.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss, of Bangor, delivered the Memorial Day oration at Brooklin, Me.

'81.—C. P. Sanborn has removed from East Somerville to Fitchburg, Mass., and is now connected with the Austin Furniture Co.

'81.—Professor and Mrs. C. S. Haskell, of Jersey City, N. J., will sail for Europe, June 29th, by steamship City of Rome.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout preached the sermon before the graduating class, Norway High School, at the Congregational Church Sunday evening, June 2d. It was an eloquent and scholarly production, and was listened to with the closest attention. The church was crowded.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts has accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church at Lawrence, Mass.

'82.—At the installation of Rev. W. H. Ramsay as pastor of the North Church, Farmington, Me., Rev. J. C. Perkins, of Portland, delivered an address on "The Relation of the Church to the Religious Life."

'82.—Prof. W. H. Dresser, of the Ellsworth High School, is meeting with marked success in his work. The following is from the school report of the city of Ellsworth: "We have in Ellsworth a High School of which we may well be proud. The high grade which has been the honor of the school for many years, is being continually advanced under the care of Mr. Dresser and the assistants now employed. The recent action of the State College by which this school is placed on its preferred list, is a proof of this fact."

'83.—Mr. Frederick E. Manson, a graduate of Bates College, succeeds J. Barton Cheney, managing editor of
Grit, Williamsport, Pa., Mr. Cheney having accepted the associate editorship of the Ladies' Home Journal. Mr. Manson is well known in Maine, where he has many friends who recall his excellent work upon Maine newspapers before going upon the Lowell Mail. He resigns the managing editorship of the Williamsport Times to accept his new position, after having built up a fine prosperity for The Times.—Lewiston Journal.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee is about to publish a history of the Frisbee family, with sketches of the more noted ancestors in England and America.

'84.—Lieut. Hersey, of the State College, will probably be the officer detailed by the war department for service with the Maine National Guard this summer, the Governor having decided to recommend him, a prominent military man states. It is the rule for the department to detail the officer recommended.

'84.—On the 23d day of May at 12 o'clock noon, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., Miss Ella L. Knowles was married to Hon. Henri J. Haskell, Attorney-General of the State of Montana. The ceremony was performed in a private parlor by Rev. Dr. George E. Walk, resident pastor of Trinity Church, San Francisco, Cal. Many friends of the contracting parties from places located in Montana and from San Francisco were present. The bride wore a trained costume of white silk trimmed with pearl buckles and lace and fashioned in the latest mode. Immediately after the ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast was served at the Palace Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Haskell will spend a few weeks in California before returning to Helena, Mont. Hon. Henri J. Haskell is a native of Maine, having been born in Palmyra, Somerset County, and was at one time a student in the Latin School. He is one of the leading Republicans of Montana and has served the state in various official capacities. He was a member of the last Territorial Legislature in 1889 and of the Constitutional Convention of the same year. He is a lawyer of eminent ability and has twice been elected to the important office of Attorney-General of Montana, which office he now holds. Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell is the Assistant Attorney-General of the State, which office she has filled for more than two years. A great-uncle of Mr. Haskell, Seth Hathorn, Esq., endowed Hathorn Hall, after whom the building was named.

'86.—Rev. Charles Hadley, foreign missionary, who has been spending the winter in the South, has returned, with his family, to his home in Lewiston.

'86.—Prof. W. H. Hartshorn will give instruction in Nature Studies in the summer school at Foxcroft, Me.

'86.—Dr. S. G. Bonney, of Denver, will enjoy a much-needed rest from the cares of his extensive practice. He contemplates spending the summer among the mountains of Colorado.

'87.—Rev. H. E. Cushman of Cambridge, has a very interesting article in the Christian Leader on "An Interview with Martineau."

'88.—Rev. F. W. Oakes, of Denver, Col., contributes an article to the Outlook in which he sets forth the work
and needs of the new Denver Home for Consumptives.

'88.—The Morning Star of May 30th contains a sketch of Hamilton Hatter and his work at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'89.—Frederick J. Daggett and Miss Bessie M. Simms were married at 506 Columbus Avenue by Rev. Peter M. McDonald of St. Andrew's Church last evening. The ceremony took place in the front parlors, which were decorated with palms, ferns, smilax, carnations, pinks, and roses. The bride wore a drab traveling costume. She carried white roses. The bridesmaid was Mrs. Albert H. Daggett, and the best man Albert H. Daggett, brother of the groom. Miss Olivia C. Harriman played an original wedding march. Mr. and Mrs. Daggett left Boston last evening, and will spend their honeymoon in the White Mountains. They will make their home during the summer at Revere Beach. Mr. Daggett is a young Boston lawyer and associated with Judge Hiram P. Harriman.—Boston Globe, May 10th.

'90.—Miss Dora Jordan has been teaching at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'90.—Rev. G. H. Hamlen writes from Balsasore, India, to the Morning Star, a communication on the progress of his work.

'90.—A new honor has come to a very gifted Auburn young man, Mr. H. V. Neal, who is now a tutor in biology and a student at Harvard. Among the prizes is the Savage scholarship, a prize pure and simple, given to the best student in biology regardless of any other consideration. It has been awarded to Mr. Neal and this notwithstanding that it has been won with the severe handicap of daily instruction of a very large class of pupils.

—Lewiston Journal.

'91.—Rev. F. B. Nelson has received and accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church at West Lebanon, Me.

'92.—W. B. Skelton, Esq., of Lewiston, delivered the Memorial Day address at Bowdoinham.

'93.—Prof. N. C. Bruce will remain another year at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C. He will be employed during vacations in soliciting funds for the aid of the institution.

'92.—Another Bates man at Harvard who has previously distinguished himself as a student, has won high honors in his graduate work. Mr. Roscoe A. Small, of Lewiston, will receive with the degree of A.M. from Harvard, this commencement, the highest final honors in English, a distinction superior to honors and awarded only occasionally. It depends upon marks in courses, a long thesis showing original investigation and an oral examination covering all English literature. In addition he will receive the George B. Sohier prize of $250 cash for the best thesis presented by a successful candidate for honors in English or Modern Literature. The subject of his thesis was "The Plays of John Marston." Mr. Small has received several flattering offers to teach next year, but expects to continue his work at Harvard.

'93.—John Sturgis has returned home from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City. The many
friends of Dr. Sturgis will be pleased to know that he has had excellent success in his studies and will return to New York in September.

'93.—E. W. Small, formerly principal of Monmouth Academy, has been elected principal of the Beach Street Grammar School, Biddeford.

'93.—J. B. McFadden delivered the Memorial Day address at Waterboro.

'93.—R. A. Sturges has been re-elected principal of the East Bridgewater (Mass.) High School, at an increased salary. It is uncertain whether Mr. Sturges will remain at East Bridgewater.

'93.—L. A. Ross and Miss Maude E. Hussey, of Guilford, Me., were married Tuesday, May 7th. They will reside in Guilford.

'94.—L. J. Brackett, formerly of the Phillips Phonograph, Phillips, Me., has removed to 100 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass.

'94.—A recent issue of the Morning Star contains a likeness of Rev. W. W. Harris, of Lowell, Mass., and a sketch of the Paige Street Free Baptist Church of which he is pastor.

'94.—F. C. Thompson has finished a successful term as principal of the Grammar School at Westport, Mass.

College Exchanges.

Quite a number of our exchanges have elected new editors during the past month, and consequently we have read many farewell editorials. From the perusal of these we become more than ever conscious of the fact that the worthy scribes in whose hands is intrusted the welfare of college magazines find the work very pleasant, and lay down the pen with many deep regrets. But we also learn that the editorial path is not strewn with roses. Many times there are perplexing questions as to what the college paper should contain and what it should not contain. In the Western Reserve Magazine is something bearing upon this very subject. The "Interviewer" of that magazine asked Thomas Wentworth Higginson what the aim of a college periodical should be. Here is a part of Colonel Higginson's answer:

A college periodical ought to be interesting to outsiders; this, however, is not the case, but there is no reason why it should not be. Often the college paper does not represent the best work of the students; they are hurried and careless, and publish articles to which sufficient time and thought have not been given. Avoid putting in matter simply to fill up space. Better blank pages than poor work.

A writer in the Brown Magazine, discussing a similar subject, says:

First, it must be a college publication. It must breathe the atmosphere of student life. It must be imbued with the spirit of lecture-room and campus. As it is conducted by college men, so its attitude and opinions will be those of college men. In other words, it must be the sincere exponent of college life and thought. Its true raison d'être is to reflect the highest, noblest, and best life of the college.

The editors of the Colby Echo, considering that it was "awkward in size,
and unattractive in general appearance," have made it smaller, but until the number of pages is increased to make up for the diminished size we shall have to consider the change a backward step. However, the Echo contains some things that are interesting, one of which is "A Little Swiss Chronicle."

Does the following clever production, from the Dartmouth Lit., strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of any of our readers?

The Student's Vision.
By F. H. Noyes.

He sleeps; no care
Is in his youthful mind,
And softly through his wavy hair
The early morning sunbeams wind,
And weave a halo, such as masters old
Have limned above the virgin's hair of gold.

He sleeps; 'mid dreams
There breaks a sudden sound,
And shivering, to him it seems
A hundred demons howl around.
And as he tries to break the awful spell
He wakes; he groans—it is the chapel bell.

"Originality in Literature" is an essay in the Dartmouth Lit. which is worth reading. Its chief thought is that not the quantity, so much as the quality, of originality insures an author's success. Immediately after reading this we turned to another of our exchanges, and found a story in which the hero was "the only son of a poor widow." We presume that "the only son," etc., is not wholly to be blamed for being brought before the public so often, but he has certainly ceased to be original.

In an editorial in the Bowdoin Orient the suggestion is made that the American flag ought to float over colleges as well as over schools of a lower order. Why can't we have a flag-staff on the Bates campus, with the stars and stripes flying from it?

And now we will turn our attention for a little while to the whisperings of the college Muse. A good drill for any one starting out in the path of poesy is to write one sonnet each month—and then touch a match to it and see it burn; for sonnets, unless unusually meritorious, are not favorites with most readers. The only sonnet which we shall give this month is from the Georgetown College Journal:

Day Dreams—a Sonnet.

What is a day dream? 'Tis a flimsy thing
Of varied hue and texture, sometimes wrought
Of spring's unblossomed violets and fraught
With sweetest perfume. Sometimes on the wing
Of lark, who in its mellow notes may sing
Of earth or sky some image sweet is brought
From the loved past—some airy palace Thought Hath built where gay the future reigns as king.

Or the soft radiance of a summer's day
The gentle ripple of a silver stream
Lulling to sleep our senses; far away
To distant lands we wander, nor would seem
To wish for aught save evermore to stray
By field and footpath through our land of dream.

The following stanza is from a poem entitled "Destiny," in the Brown Magazine:

Beyond the hills my phantom future lies,
A portion of that far-off land of dreams,
The magic land where fairy castles rise,
Built for my wandering fancies' home. There seems
One castle grander than the rest, where dwells
The queen of that fair realm of fantasy,
My Lady Fortune, and with flying wheel she tells
The story of my life, and weaves my destiny.

Conjecture.

What did you do with my letters? I wonder of this—
I, who am outside of life, yet remember your kiss.
THE BATES STUDENT.

Long, is it long? Here where is no moon and no sun,
How may I know if years be a hundred or one?

How should I know if the letters be living and read,
Or know if they die twice a lifetime alone with the Dead?
Or perhaps you forget them, those tremulous pages of blue,
For the new letters coming to whisper of new love to you?
Or perhaps you forget them a hundred long, dead years ago?
Or perhaps you are dead, yet remember? If I could but know?

—Southern Collegian.

THE SPIRIT OF THE VIOLIN.

In the ancient wood, where great Hermann bold
Dwelt in the years long gone,
A spirit of light, bright spirit of night,
Dancing, singing, forlorn,
Lived a gay, sad life on the moss-laden bank
Of the sun-scattered brook where the red deer drank,
Where the gnomes and the elks held their carnival high,
And where through the storm rang the battle cry.

But the sprite fell asleep, fast asleep one day,
In the arms of the wide-spread tree,
And he held her close, so close, so close,
That she never again was free.

Last night the spirit awoke from her sleep,
She sang of the sun, of the rich shade deep,
Of the brook, of the storms, and the martial men,
And the wild, wild storm swept the trees again.
The grey eyes fair of the mistress smiled
A glance into mine, like the bow’s swift move,
And the sprite smiled too, as she whispered low,
I am music, twin sister of love.

—J. L. D., in Brunonian.

TIME.

And now we feel our grasp forever gone,
Our hold forever lost, upon the past;
The ever ebbing tide of Time moves on,
But leaves behind the e’er enduring cast
Upon its shores of all that man has done,
Through all futurity to live and last.

—Red and Blue.

Reviews of New Books.

"Both good and evil are eternal, said a Chinese sage. We should read only that which is good." —From a Japanese Boy’s Essay.

Lafcadio Hearn’s latest book, "Out of the East," has a double fascination—the eternal fascination of the far-away Orient, and the modern and human fascination of the author’s style. A keen observer is Lafcadio Hearn, but his observations of eternal life and his descriptions of what he has seen and heard are the smallest part of the value of the book. He has lived in Japan, taught Japanese boys in their own schools, given his heart to his adopted home, and in return has won from its people their confidence, so that he is able to give us a glimpse of the soul of this wonderful country, as no mere traveler could do. The subtitle of the book is "Reveries and Studies in New Japan," and the thoughtful spirit of earnest reverie broods over the whole. A chapter of special interest to students and teachers is "With Kyushu Students," telling much of the mental habits of Japanese youth, quoting largely from essays of the students and conversations with them on many topics, especially literature and ethics. Their comments on the story of Alkestis, on Hawthorne, Poe, and Tennyson, are surprising. The following are a
few extracts from their essays on

"What is Eternal in Literature:"

"Truth and Eternity are identical."

"For a thousand million centuries truth is

"All that which teaches the Right and

Pure way of human conduct."

The chapter in Jinjutsu gives a

remarkably clear idea of the politics
and international policy of the nation.

A very clear idea of the Buddhist

religion is given in the report of a

conversation with an old priest. Much

attention is also given to the charming

folk-lore of the country, and to the

study of certain habits and customs,

based on ideas of ethics, far different

from our own. The author's reflections

go deep into the heart of things, and

whenever he describes nature, it is

with an artist's touch and a lover's

enthusiasm. (Houghton, Mifflin &

Co.; $1.25.)

"Russian Rambles," by Isabel F.

Hapgood, so well known through her

translations from the Russian, is another

thoroughly satisfactory book, dealing

with a distant and little known country.

The book is the result of two years'

uninterrupted residence in Russia,

where the author mingled freely with

people of all classes, spoke the Rus-

sian language, transacted her own

business with regard to passports,

traveling arrangements, etc., became

specially acquainted with the literary

censors and police officers; in short,

did all one might expect a bright woman
to do, and recorded it clearly and

gracefully. She has studied Russia

from a different point of view from

that taken by Hearn in his study of

Japan. She has given us "little of

the soul of the people," but for sharp

observation of manners and customs,

for clear and accurate description, for

loving appreciation of nature, her book

can hardly be surpassed. Two chap-
ters dealing with Count Tolstoy are

specially valuable, as she visited him

as a welcome friend, became acquainted

with his family life and his manner of

dealing with the peasants and working

with them. She describes his home

and surroundings, and reports long

conversations with him, in which he

very fully expresses his ideas on many

subjects. Bits of fine description are

scattered through the book, especially

in connection with the journeys on the

Volga; and Moscow, "beautiful,

poetic, sympathetic, and pervaded by

an atmosphere of ancient Russia, which

is indescribable," furnishes material for

a most interesting chapter. The au-
thor finds Russians, as a rule, of a

naturally simple, sympathetic disposi-
tion and manner, tinged with a friendly

warmth; but on the whole "too long-
suffering and lenient in certain direc-
tions; that they allow too much per-

sonal independence in certain things."

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.50.)

Studies of the origin of thought

and language are always interesting,

and the pamphlet by Ludwig Noiré on

"The Origin of Language and the

Logos Theory," is no exception.

Noiré gives the theories of various

students—Max Müller, Heider, Gei-
ger,—in clear outline, and then explains

his own ideas, which are very ingenious

and pleasantly set forth. He calls his

theory the "Logos Theory," and starts,
in his investigations, with a compari-

"The American Crisis in Turkey," by Rev. Frederick D. Greene, announced for immediate publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons, has received hearty endorsement from Mr. Gladstone.

**UN RECUEIL.**

An Arizona editor, in a fit desperation, dashed off the following:

"The wind bloweth,
The water floweth,
The subscriber oweth,
And the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of our dues.
So come a runnin',
Ere we go gunnin',
This kind of dunnin'
Gives us the blues."—Ex.

Freshinlove—"I have just returned from the ice-cream saloon with your daughter, sir, whom I have left in the parlor, and—and—may I say a word with you, sir?"

Father—"Certainly, certainly; go right ahead." Freshinlove—"Thanks. I just wanted to ask you, sir, if—if you could lend me five cents to ride home with."

—Ben Franklin.

"One swallow does not make a summer,"
A long-forgotten poet sings,
But I have seen a small grasshopper
Make a half a dozen springs.

—University Courier.

A youthful pilgrim of Beacon Hill lately raised the ghost of Horace by construing "*Poeta nascitur, non fit,*" to mean "It is not fit that a poet should be born."—Ex.

When I see wealth and Cupid
Run a bitter race,
I bet on Cupid, ten to one—
For second place.

—Ex.

"Translate *rex fugit,*" said the professor. "The king flees," said the dull boy. "But *fugit* may be also in the perfect tense, how would you render it then?" "The king has flees," came the response after some delay.

**FIN DE SIECLE.**

"As Providence willed
By her bicycle killed;"
'Twas thus that her epitaph ran:
"In bloomers and cap,
Though sad the mishap,
She went to her death like a man."—Ex.

Freshman to busy Junior—"Say, which burns longer, a wax or a tallow candle?"

Junior—"I suppose a wax candle." Freshman—"No, they both burn shorter." The Junior has exhausted two smelling bottles, and still breathes heavily.—Comenian.

It would take a man seventy years to pass through Harvard College if he studied every course offered in the catalogue.—Ex.

Two-thirds of the honor students in the graduating class of the State University of Kansas this year, are young women. Opponents of co-education, however, point to the fact that not a girl in the university got on the Varsity football team.

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MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and one of the following English Classics: Shakespeare's King John and Twelfth Night; Wordsworth's Excursion (first book); Irving's Bracebridge Hall; Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales (second volume).

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

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

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

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