The
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213 Lisbon Street, Corner of Pine, LEWISTON, ME.
THE OPENING OF THIS FALL TERM SEES BATES OCCUPYING A LEADING POSITION IN MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS. THE SUCCESS OF OUR BASE-BALL TEAM HAS BEEN PHENOMENAL, OUR LAST YEAR'S FOOTBALL ELEVEN JUSTIFIED ALL EXPECTATIONS, WE HOLD TWO OF THE THREE CUPS WON IN THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS TOURNAMENT, AND WHILE OUR ENTRANCE INTO INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS WAS NOT AS AUSPICIOUS AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN DESIRED, YET WE HAVE NO REASON TO FEEL DISCOURAGED OVER THAT DEPARTMENT OF ATHLETICS. NO OTHER MAINE COLLEGE CAN SHOW SO GOOD A RECORD FOR LAST YEAR IN THE FOUR GREAT BRANCHES OF ATHLETICS.

EVERY FALL TERM IS THE SEASON WHEN FOOTBALL OCCUPIES A PROMINENT POSITION
among college sports. The material in college for the formation of a team is of the best, and the outlook from an athletic standpoint was never more promising. But at the very commencement of the season we encounter an obstacle which threatens to dash all hopes of football success and to retire Bates from the gridiron this season. The heavy debt upon the Athletic Association renders it inadvisable to maintain football unless a special fund can be started outside of college circles, the regular dues being expended in meeting the current liabilities. The possibility of seeing Bates without representation on the football field should arouse students and alumni to immediate action. The loss of prestige, when any sport is abandoned which other colleges maintain, cannot fail to have its effect among fitting schools and colleges generally. A leading position in athletics is a powerful factor in maintaining and increasing the general attendance, and the loss of such prominence may have an effect which no loyal Bates man desires to contemplate.

The situation is not desperate in view of the fact that the students are aroused and the alumni interested. A moderate amount raised at the present time will be sufficient to insure the inauguration and maintenance of football. Already steps have been taken to secure the funds needed. The appeal must be to the alumni and friends of the college who are within easy reach, and who have always been found alive to college interests. An extra effort is now needed that Bates may stand among the first in this great fall sport, and that the high standard of the past may be maintained and advanced.

In ancient times it was considered impossible to make bricks without straw. In modern times it is still impossible to make bricks without some material from which to make them. It is just as impossible to conduct the poets' corner in a magazine as it should be conducted, without something which shall answer the purpose of poetry. In past months we have been able to procure each time material for our Poets' Corner; but as we look into the future we cannot help thinking that there will soon be a dearth of poetry in our college unless some bard as yet unfound shall rise up and make his or her Muse do more or better work. As yet we have not had an opportunity of publishing a poem by any member of the Class of '98. Is it because there is no poetic talent in that class, or because its poets scorn worldly fame?

What we would like to see is enough contributions to the Poets' Corner so that we should be obliged to reject some; not that we should enjoy rejecting anything, but we want the supply to equal the demand, so that we shall not be tempted to use poor material merely to fill up. Now is the time for some member of '99 to weave the threads of his or her fancies into verse for the benefit of the Student. Whatever we receive will be carefully looked over, and if found to be of sufficient merit will be published.
"These two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together,—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance." The above quotation from Wordsworth should command the attention of every senior, junior, sophomore, and freshman, past, present, and future. It is not a text, but it is a whole sermon crowded full of deepest thought. Pause, and take a little time to probe that thought; for upon the proper blending of these two opposite qualities depends the character, the life-work, the destiny of each one of us. If the truths of this sentence were recognized and its teachings followed throughout the world, mankind would soon reach the acme of civilization. Then there would be no room for the man whose independence has grown to haughty arrogance, and whose self-reliance has changed to self-satisfied egotism.

Nothing is nobler than the acknowledgment of superiority, and no trait more surely marks the true gentleman. "What distinguishes man from the rest of the animal creation," says Max Muller, "is chiefly that ineradicable feeling of dependence and reliance upon some higher power." Obedience is but the proper union of reliance and self-reliance, for obedience without these two qualities soon becomes wretched servility. "Self-trust is the essence of heroism," writes Emerson, and self-trust is synonymous with self-reliance. There is a vast difference, however, between self-reliance and self-esteem; the former is beneficial, the latter is deadly injurious.

It may be well, therefore, for those of us who are soon to plunge into real, active, competitive life, as well as for those who are just entering upon their college course, to thoughtfully consider our own tendencies and inclinations. Keeping ever in mind the admonition of Milton,—"Accuse not nature, she hath done her part, Do thou but thine," let us carefully decide upon our future line of conduct.

Not infrequently do we hear many excellent writers and profound thinkers criticised because of their inability to speak well extemporaneously. Why is it that hosts of public speakers from the pulpit and political platform are confined to the limits of their commercial note, and would not be able to complete their discourses without the friendly aid of good light and telescopic spectacles? Some attribute this trouble to lack of ideas, but this does not aptly apply, for little complaint against the nature of the written production is offered, yet all admit that a vast deal of the real power of a good article is lost, when the article is simply read, without much attempt being made at expression or true oratorical utterance.

But wherein lies the fault? Manifestly it lies in the fact that the speaker has not become accustomed, by preparatory training, either to think quickly and consecutively, or to forcibly express his thoughts. There is a distinct tardiness in thinking as well as a lack of oratorical power; and the time to overcome both difficulties is in youth.

The students of the primary schools
are not too young to be taught elocution, and practice in extemporaneous speaking should not be postponed to a much later date; but the student who has arrived at college, and is still the same bashful, unthinking school-boy, must be up and doing.

We are entering upon another college year, the last year of the course to some of us, while others are just taking up the duties of a college student's life. As upper-classmen, we are proud to throw open to the members of '99 the doors of our two flourishing literary societies. They are for you: not alone for your entertainment, but for your profit and advancement; and must receive your most hearty support, that they may still maintain their high standard of excellence.

Let us this year esteem most highly every opportunity to take part in our society meetings, whether in declamation, debate, essay or musical selection, knowing, as we do, that the benefit derived is largely our own.

At the beginning of the year the work of the college Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. is brought quite prominently before the attention of the students. The personal welcome which we try to extend to the new students and the pleasant reception given by the Associations are grand steps in the right direction. The enthusiasm which is put into this work is in danger of flagging only through the pressure of other matters. With study, society work, and athletics, no one finds it difficult to kill time or expend energy. So we urge the members of the incoming class to enter at once into the work of the Christian Associations. Every one has at least an interest in this work, and can help and be helped. And the higher classes are not beyond needing a similar exhortation. Let us not, in any event, forget our prayer-meetings nor our public and private study of God's word. If Greek or psychology suffers, remember that the principal need in order to get the benefit of education is to be doing something, and it would be a mistake to give all your time to the studies. None of us can appreciate the grand amount of good which the Christian Associations do in college life. We can make it still grander.

Whatever else Bates has stood for, she has always favored co-education. That she was wise in this has been shown by the constantly increasing number that have followed her example. It might also be shown by an examination of the fruits of the system as they exist to-day.

The idea of co-education is not merely that the two sexes may have an equal chance, as that might be brought about by separate schools.

Co-education means not that the sexes be educated on parallel lines, but that they be educated with each other; the idea being that they will mutually help in the true education of each other. The same wisdom that said, "It is not good for man to live alone," also decreed that neither male or female could reach the highest development apart from the other sex. There are cranks enough in the world already. What is needed is
well-rounded, symmetrically-developed men and women.

There are, it is true, difficulties in the way of co-education, and especially in the preparatory schools, yet these have not been unsurmountable in the past, and would not be in the future. The two extremes of laxity and despotism must be avoided, and as near to natural relations as possible retained. Unnecessary rules should not suggest disobedience, nor should carelessness invite disorder.

The aim of school and college life is not, as we understand it, so much to make teachers, lawyers, preachers or business men, as it is to make men and women in the most complete sense of the words. Hence it is highly important that no backward steps are taken in a line of policy which has so abundantly justified itself. Bates may well be proud of her past record in this matter.

Literary.

LIVING IN THE UPPER STORIES.

BY FLORA A. MASON, '96.

Life may be roughly compared to the upper and lower stories of a man's habitation. And just as the use of every apartment of the well-arranged house is essential for the fullest enjoyment of its occupants, how much more essential should be the employment of every apartment of a man's nature. No man with any high ideals can consistently live in his kitchen all the time, much less can he live in the lower stories of his being and know at all what life means. He must climb from the foundation up through the stories of pleasure, fashion, business, intellectuality, morality, and higher still, to the pearl dome of spirituality, if he would know the beauty, the breadth, and the grandeur of life.

But why live in the upper stories? Because dwelling on the heights of human nature is the only means of obtaining real happiness, and happiness is the one thing which we continually seek. It should be sought, for it is the result of the exercise of nature's highest gifts. The more highly developed are these gifts, the higher and purer the happiness, just as the finer and more intricate the machinery, the more delicate the fabric.

The pleasure-seeking man, licentious, drinking, gambling, knows nothing of happiness. His life is artificial, his pleasures fleeting as the morning dew, and the knawing hunger of his degraded appetite is never appeased.

Real happiness comes to him who has ascended to those stories from whence he finds pleasure in communion with nature, in the sweet companionship of books and noble friends, and in the performance of the highest duties. Such a person does not escape the suffering of the world, for it is one of nature's highest laws; and he who understands life, sees that it is the highest developer, the means to the highest end. In short, he who lives in the upper stories has pleasures abiding as the soul.
Again, unless a man is developed in depth, in breadth, and in height, he has no conception of the proper relations of life. To him who has never been outside of his little town either in reading or in travel, that town is his world, and his pleasures and pains are the world’s. But as the ignorant man is narrow, so sometimes is the man of knowledge. Many a business man makes money-getting his idol. Many an inventor, teacher, physician, lawyer or minister never catches glimpses of any other story but his own, and if anything happen to that, the world to him ceases to move. He who lives in the valley sees only the valley and the wall of mountains around it, but he who has climbed the mountain height still sees the valley, much reduced in size, and hundreds of other mountains and valleys as large as his own. He who lives in the basement of his being knows only the basement, but he who has climbed to the dome of his nature understands the basement, but he puts it in its proper place. Such a person recognizes himself as an infinitely small but essential part of an infinitely great world.

Finally, only as a man lives in the upper stories is he able to help humanity to progress. He only elevates who helps some fellow-being to rise higher. He only can elevate who appreciates the treasures he has found and is willing to show his appreciation by living them. Precept, unaccompanied by example, is nothing. The preacher’s words are simple mockery unless his life exemplifies the grand ideals he preaches. In yonder beautiful painting the soul of the artist has lived, until there has flowed into those created forms a part of his very being. Do you wonder that we stand before it thrilled with its almost divine beauty?

So man climbs, not where the lifeless guide-post points, but where a noble, living example stands ready to take by the hand and lead to the summit of life, from whence he sees below him the valleys and the seas, around him the clouds, and above him the eternal stars of heaven.

Let us climb higher, friends, to the summit of life of which the poet speaks:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea!"

THE YANKEE.

BY EMMA V. CHASE, ’97.

NEW England is the home of a peculiar people, a people known the world over for their energy and for their individuality. With a history belonging to themselves alone, they, as a people, have developed a striking and unique character which distinguishes them from all the rest of the world. When we are thinking especially of the peculiarities of the New England character we call this people Yankees.

Indeed these odd Yankee traits have been noticed and ridiculed so often that the term Yankee, although at first merely the Indian corruption of
English, has acquired a humorous meaning, and we are half pleased, half offended to be called by it. For the New England qualities thrift, economy, ingenuity, are certainly desirable, but these qualities have been represented as so abnormally developed in the Yankee that they become ridiculous. We rather object to be classed with the Connecticut man who sold the wooden nutmegs, or with Sam Slick as he palmed off his clocks. Still, very likely, we deserve caricature. And we will hardly blame our less energetic and original neighbors, if, a little jealous of our Yankee push, they find comfort in ridiculing the qualities that make the New Englanders their superiors.

There is always a close connection between the character and the general aspect and manner of a people. We are all familiar with the subservient Jew and know how well he reveals himself in his cringing and fawning. Again, the smoothness of the Frenchman's manner accords well with his slippery character. So, in examining the Yankee, perhaps it will not be amiss to look first at his exterior. While his general aspect is not so very different from that of the English, still he lacks that permanency and solidity of appearance which is so characteristic of the English nation. Instead of a round-faced, robust Englishman, whose very manner shows his self-complacency and his general satisfaction in existing conditions, we find in our Yankee a lean, "calculating man," in whose spare frame and nervous movements we can read an eager, ambitious, ever-struggling, never-satisfied spirit. His face is bright and intelligent, but a little care-worn, as if the problems of life were almost too great. In his eye we discern a certain pride and independence and a power of his own. We say, that man will bow himself to nobody. We find him interesting, not because he is handsome or physically remarkable, but because we can read in his bearing and face individuality and character.

As we become more familiar with the Yankee we find that his appearance corresponds with his character. The New Engander is a very intelligent, wide-awake man, who is interested in all that is going on about him. Very public-spirited, he is glad to give his support to education and to all progressive movements that tend to make America that great and glorious nation he believes her and is bound she shall be. One of his most striking qualities is his stirring energy. He shows such push and determination in all that he undertakes that he soon becomes a leader. Wherever he goes he makes himself felt. We find him running factories, managing railroads, at the head of large establishments, or occupying other positions of prominence. Indeed, the Yankee has a great deal of what is called business ability. Besides being so economical and thrifty that he makes everything turn to account, he has a shrewd, keen mind, that enables him to understand men and to get the best of a bargain. Another of our Yankee's traits is his versatility. He is never confined to one employment, but, with equal facility, he can turn his hand to almost
anything. Lowell calls him "half-mast-er of all trades." Still the vari-
ety of his accomplishments is not so much noted and remarkable, perhaps,
as the originality and ingenuity he shows in all that he does. Indeed he
is always attempting new things or doing old ones in a way peculiarly his
own. This is what gives so much spice and uniqueness to his character,
and makes him so popular in comic writing. His ability for getting out
of difficulties is almost proverbial, and his ingenious, bright sayings divide
honors with the wit of the Irishman.

Such then are some of the Yankee's traits. He is patriotic, energetic,
shrewd, versatile, ingenious, and with all these qualities he is capable of
accomplishing a great deal. But he has the serious fault of not being able
to enjoy what he does. For his ner-
vous, ambitious energy always keeps
him busy grasping and striving after
new things, and he never pauses to
enjoy the old. The uneasiness in his
manner is the outgrowth of his hurried,
excited life. If the New Englanders
could learn to live calmly and to enjoy
all the beauty God has given them to
enjoy, how much happier they would
be!

But nearly all the traits of the Yan-
kee have been fostered and strength-
ened by his history. We are all
familiar with the story of the early
New England settlers. They were a
bright, intelligent people, the cream of
all England. When they came here
they had the characteristics of their
Saxon ancestors, keen minds, great
energy, a desire for knowledge and a

love of liberty. And it was these
qualities, together with an earnest
purpose, that fitted the New Englan-
ders to meet the difficulties with which
they had to cope. For in this wilder-
ness where the barren land would
searcely produce a meagre crop, where,
without the help of modern inventions,
the early settlers were obliged to fight
the cruel savage and the equally cruel
winter, they learned to use their gifts,
and acquired that ingenuity and versa-
tility which is so characteristic of their
descendants. But in the struggle for
existence, where they had barely time
for the necessities of life, they became
a shrewd, nervous, economical people,
caring for the practical and useful
rather than the beautiful. Then later,
at the time of the Revolution, they
strengthened their love of liberty and
developed that patriotism and national
loyalty which forms so admirable a
part of their character to-day. And
thus each of their qualities may be
accounted for.

The Yankee has played a very
important part in the formation and
maintenance of our nation. He cer-
tainly has been endowed with remark-
able gifts, and we trust that his past is
merely the shadow of a great and
glorious future.

A GIFT TO FRANCE.
A STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.
BY RICHARD B. STANLEY, '97.

The air of New York was palpitat-
ing with heat; the fiery wind blew
round the corners, seeming to wither all
nature in its scorching blast; the foul
odors arising from the wharves and
quays, driven from wall to wall, finally settled down to the level of humanity, to carry fever and death to the crowded portions of our metropolis. But on this July day in 1871 the world itself was in a heat rivaling that of nature, for clicking across the cables had come the news that France, headstrong and impetuous, had defied the strength of Germany and a terrible war was on. America, just recovering from the horrors of a civil war, realized the enormity of the struggle and looked on with breathless interest.

Down at one of the ocean steamship wharves a vessel was making ready to start for Liverpool. Among the numerous passengers who crossed the gangway were two striking personages, men who would have been noticeable in a far greater crowd; tall and powerful, in the prime of manhood, but of opposite types, as opposite as the nations they represented. One, of fair complexion, light curling hair and blue eyes, a face smiling and pleasant, showed in his every look the pure German stock of which he came; the other, dark in hair and eyes, but with a like pleasant expression, graceful in each movement, and dressed in faultless steamer costume, showed no less markedly his French descent. Thus these men, destined in the next few months to play vital parts in each other's life drama, met on shipboard, bound on kindred errands, each to fight for his country in the impending conflict.

Of all conditions of living which engender casual acquaintance, the ocean voyage is said to be most propitious. That constant nearness awakens an interest which breaks through the ice of conventionalism, and total strangers become friends in a day. So it was not strange that these two men, thrown together by chance, were, even before land faded away, engaged in conversation. Each, recognizing the other's nationality, was shy of touching the point vital to both, the war; but a topic so predominant could not long be suppressed, and soon the quick gestures and vehement emphasis of the speakers showed that Germans and French would fight elsewhere than on the European continent. Hotter and hotter waxed the battle of words, fiercer and fiercer grew the gesticulation, till each in exasperation turned on his heel and vanished into his state-room with a last fling of contempt: "You are a nation of blockheads. You shall see how Berlin will look in flames." "We will trample your tricolor in the mud of Paris and hang every Frenchman on the walls."

Days passed, and these two men meeting continually, glared or shot angry glances at each other, but exchanged never a word. The hate of two nations was typified in them. When perhaps five days out, in the endeavor to break the monotony of the voyage, an impromptu concert was arranged; an American humorist on a summer trip to England, an ambitious student of the piano, a young man with long hair and poetic features, and a blossoming soprano bound for Italy, made up the talent. The concert progressed, the comedian and the pianist made frantic efforts to arouse enthusiasm, and the young débbutante, bowing and smiling,
saw in the forced applause an earnest of fame and glory.

The programme ended and the company was about to disperse, when the Frenchman arose and stepped to the piano standing by the door of the saloon. He was a singer by profession, an operatic tenor. Striking a chord on the piano and facing about to the assembly he let out his magnificent voice, clear as a silver bell, ringing through the steamer and out over the wide ocean. He sang as he would when, above the clash of the orchestra and the applause of a vast audience, he would send those splendid tones way to the remotest corner of the crowded opera-house.

"Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory.
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding,
Affright and desolate the land, while peace
and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms, to arms, ye brave, the patriot sword
unsheath!
March on, march on, with hearts resolved on
liberty or death."

Clear through the grand old hymn he sang, even as Rouget de Lisle himself might have sung it, and men who have heard it know how those who sing that hymn are well-nigh invincible. Back in one corner sat the German, a look on his face that meant much. When the last echo of the song had died away and the Frenchman stood there listening to the wild applause, he rose, walked up to the singer and, face to face, eye to eye, spoke in words not to be misunderstood: "If I should meet you on the field of battle I would kill you like a dog." All night the passengers heard a violin from his state-room fiercely repeating again and again, speaking with terrible earnestness:

"There swells a cry as thunders crash,
As clash of swords and breakers dash,—
To Rhine, to Rhine, to the German Rhine,
Who will protect thee, river mine?
Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Brave hearts and true defend the Rhine,
And though my heart shall beat no more,
No foreign foe will hold thy shore.
Rich as in water is thy flood
Is Germany in hero blood."

Thus passed the voyage, and the day of landing came. The steamer, moored, began to pour forth its living cargo over the long gang-planks. A short distance ahead of the Frenchman in the crowd was the German close to the edge of the way. Suddenly, with a sharp snap, a chain which controlled an arm used in hoisting baggage, broke, the heavy iron swung quickly, and the German, struck on the head, went into the water below like a thing of lead. A cry from the people and an answering splash were almost simultaneous; a struggle in the water, a boat launched, and the men pulled into it; a disappearance of rescued and rescuer, and then forgetfulness of the whole by all save two. So quickly had it all happened that men saw in the Frenchman's act only the instinct of involuntary humanity, but there had been a conflict all the sharper for its brevity, a conflict between the mind and the heart, between national and personal honor. "I will not let him die here; he shall grace the battle-field of a French victory;" so the leap was taken, and in another hour the rescuer was speeding across the country to London. When the German recovered consciousness
and learned the story of his peril and escape, a look came over his face such as the Frenchman had never seen, but he only said, "I owe that man my life; I shall meet him yet."

It was four days before the battle of Sedan, that battle which decided the fate of the French Empire and raised Prussia and Germany to the foremost rank of nations, that the general of a French army corps stood before his troops at parade and asked for a man to risk his life for his country. Then to the man who presented himself he said in private: "The duty of a spy is held in disrepute. If you are captured in the German camp you are dead; if you escape and are successful you may save France and win for yourself the cross of the Legion of Honor." So the man departed, a spy for the sake of France. He was the same Frenchman who sung the "Mar-selles" on the steamship in mid-ocean.

A captured spy has little hope of clemency in the most favorable circumstances, and on the eve of a battle, in an army under men like Von Moltke and Bismarck, none at all. So in the morning a French spy was to be hung just outside the camp. This night he slept in a guard tent, heavily ironed, and back and forth before the door paced a German sentinel. Out of curiosity, perhaps, that morbid sense which always attracts men to criminals, the guard looked in on the sleeping spy and closely studied his face; then he sat down in the doorway and lost himself in thought. He might have been thinking of a sweetheart at home for all the excitement he betrayed. When the matter was settled, he arose. In his quarters across the way was an extra uniform, that of a comrade then in the hospital. He stepped across and brought it into the tent. Then he awakened the man, loosed him of his irons, and ordered him to put on the uniform. "You are in no danger," he whispered, "with the countersign you can pass through the camp and outposts." The Frenchman spoke the German word perfectly, but he hesitated. "Who are you?" he asked. "Are you safe in this venture? For myself I had rather be shot by a picket than hung to-morrow in the sight of my own countrymen." "I am safe," replied the German. So the Frenchman departed, and by wise caution and quick wit found himself at length in the tent of his general. In the battle which followed, in one of the fiery French charges, fighting with might and main, he fell, covered with honorable wounds. He gave his life to France.

When the German guard saw his charge disappear into the darkness he stood a moment in contemplation, then knelt in short, silent prayer. If possible he would save himself a part of the dishonor in the eyes of his fellow-soldiers. Thus a half hour later the patrol found him, asleep at his post and his prisoner escaped. There is but one punishment for the man who sleeps at guard before a battle, a rule inflexible as that which controls the planets. So in the morning, with the report of a platoon of muskets, went out another life for France, went out in dishonor for a friend who never knew its friendship. It was that of the German who fell into the water at Liverpool; he had
not forgotten, and he had nobly met his man.

For a man to live a successful life, then to leave a happy home in a free land to fight for a country from which he had departed, but still loved, is a sacrifice few men undergo. To die in disgrace even for a friend, and to have one's only monument the black-lettered name in the list of cowards, is almost out of the human heart. But in that list of cowards, were we to know all the truth of God's book, are the names of some of the world's heroes.

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Poets' Corner.

Nature's View of Science.

Ruthlessly I gathered flowers,
Roots I dug with heartless glee,
While the pallid flower-faces
Looked reproachfully at me.

You are born for science, flowers,
Born for me to analyze.
Then I looked around me, hoping
That a bird would meet my eyes.

Soon I heard a flower whisper
To her playmates, "Sisters dear,
O, I have an awful story
Which I want you all to hear.

"I have been where flowers are lying
Pressed in agony and pain;
I escaped with fear and trembling
On the early windy train.

"I was captured by a maiden,
Laid upon a table small
In the college near Mount David,
In a room of Parker Hall.

"But I crawled into a corner,
And, unnoticed by the crowd,
Heard the Sophomores reciting
In their voices hoarse and loud.

"'Creeping rootstock,' some one shouted,
Then I saw the teacher nod,
'Sepals five and quite persistent
Ovary and one-celled pod.'

"'That is right,' exclaimed the teacher,
'Tell me now the flower's name!'
'Tis Viola Cucullata.'
O, my friends, I blushed with shame.

"'Quite correct,' smiled the Professor,
'Now be seated, that will do.

Now, class, I have some instructions
Which I wish to give to you.

"'Get some paper, brown and heavy,
Let the flowers upon it lie,
Keep some heavy weights upon them
Till they are quite crisp and dry.'

"While the teacher gave his orders
Quietly the students rose,
Bit the heads off my poor brothers,
Pulled my little sister's nose.

"I cannot describe my feelings
As I heard their voices shrill,
Then I looked upon the tables,
Saw my playmates lying still.

"O, I knew I could not save them,
So, my friends, what could I do?
Hastily I took the wind train,
Saved my life, and came to you."

Then the flowers wept together,
From their lips these wailings fall,
"O those cruel, cruel students,
They will kill us one and all.

"O our friends, our sweet companions,
To have met with such a fate;
Lying, with their life-blood drying,
Underneath a heavy weight."

Then a silence o'er them settled,
While a bird upon a tree
Said, with mingled scorn and sadness,
"Pooh! that's nothing, just hear me.

"I was wandering round the college
While the grass was wet with dew,
And within on open window
Of an upper room I flew.
"There I saw some feathered martyrs
With their bodies strained and twirled;
They were perched on seats unnatural,
Under which their toes were curled.

"O, the sight was wild and ghastly,
And it filled my heart with gloom;
Glassy eyes looked wildly at me
In that sickly-scented room.

"Then the door was slowly opened
And I heard some heartless words
From a white-haired man who stood there;
Both his hands were full of birds.

"Fearing that I should be captured,
Silently I found a seat
Where I sat and listened, fearing
He would hear my heart's loud beat.

"Then he took my poor dead brother,
Gave his dried-up nose a pinch,
'Scientific name Purpurns,'
Commonly called Purple Finch.'

"Fearing I should scream with anger
When I heard that awful name,
I flew from the open window,
And with haste I hither came.

Silence now, I look about me,—
Underneath a tree I lie,
Through whose gently-moving branches
I can Bee the summer sky.

Have I been asleep? Yes, surely;
It is but a dream, I know.
Lovely flowers bloom around me;
Sweet-voiced birds flit to and fro.

—W. T., '97.

THE OAK FOREST.
[Translated from the German.]

I walked in a dark oak forest,
And heard, 'neath the flowers there,
A streamlet's soft, faint whispers,
Which seemed like a child's sweet prayer;

And a sudden dread came o'er me,
While the forest rustled low,
As if it would tell me something
Which my heart can never know;

As if it would tell me a secret
Of God's love and God's holy will,
Yet paused in sudden reverence
At God's approach—and was still.


DISAPPOINTMENT.

Disappointment—what is it?
Only the dashing of hopes
On the rocks in Life's river—
Only a heart, torn and bleeding,
Crushed down when Life's pleasures seemed
brightest.

Like a thunderbolt's shock it has fallen—
Like a thunderbolt's crash in the forest,
Where the trees are all covered with verdure.
It dashes the wood into fragments—
The leaves to the ground flutter sadly—
The life from the heart has departed.
In that one bitter word, disappointment,
What a world of sad meaning is hidden—
Of darkness even blacker than darkness,
That covers the soul of its victim!

L'ECRIVAILLEUR, '9—.

Pine branches weave a web of mystery
Under the soft, sweet touch of winds that breathe
What no man knows; and ever, as they wreath,
The pattern changes like the history
Of souls. The west wind parts them, and the sky,—
Where dumb clouds image deeper thoughts
than seethe
In earth-born men in forests by the heath,—
Scarred, one vast blue of immortality.
Mystery back of mystery to the sun,
Their source, clothed in impenetrable light,
Which, seeing not, we feel alone has worth.
There God embosoms worlds; thence He sends forth
His Spirit to sky and cloud to touch our sight,
And pines to whisper what His hand has done.

—A. P., '90.

It is interesting to find it stated that,
conditions being equal, a college for women is a much better financial speculation than a college for men. Women professors, it seems, get lower salaries than men, professors, while the yearly bills that students pay the college are usually much larger when the students are girls than if they are men.—Bachelor of Arts.
College News and Interests.

SUMMARY REPORT OF THE NORTH-FIELD CONFERENCE—Y. M. C. A.

BY PRESIDENT J. B. COY, '96.

The Bates delegates this year are able to report an experience even exceeding their expectations. There were present 536 delegates from 118 colleges, showing an increase over last year's figures of 65 delegates and 9 institutions. In other points, also, especially those showing the advancement in Y. M. C. A. work for the past year, this Conference was pronounced, by those who have attended previously, the most remarkable ever held.

The different speakers, the leading ones of whom were Mr. Moody, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Chapman, Bishop Hall, President Patton and President Stryker, were especially inspiring, their addresses supplementing each other wonderfully in the subject-matter and manner of treatment. We were favored with these addresses each day from 11 A.M. till 12:30 P.M., and from 7 till 9:30 P.M.

The time intervening in the afternoon was open for recreation, and was used variously for walks and drives, swimming, tennis, base-ball, and field-day sports, thus relieving the severe strain caused by the addresses and regular conference work. College spirit in this direction, mingled with the intense patriotism and loyalty peculiar to student-bodies, reached its height on the eve of July 4th. The different delegations gathered each in the apartments they had decorated, made the auditorium resound with yells and college songs, responding to speakers from America, England, Canada, and Japan.

Besides the time already indicated, one hour in the forenoon was devoted each to the Missionary Institute, Personal Workers, Training Class, Devotional Bible Study, and General Conference.

All but the last of these were attended by delegates with reference to those particular lines of work in which each wished to fit himself. The latter, however, found all the delegates assembled together to discuss methods of work and to hear reports of work accomplished during the past year. This was the most practical feature of the whole conference. Suggestions were made which we longed to see taking deeper effect in Bates. We note a few of these.

At the conference on Spiritual Awakening, Oberlin College reported seventy-five conversions, the significant thing being that this was a result of united prayer by members of the association continued for more than half the year. At the conference on College Evils Princeton reported in regard to cribbing, that such a sentiment prevailed against it, the Faculty had placed the penalty for this in the hands of the students themselves. Wesleyan, South Carolina College, Lehigh, Colorado, and a score of others gave similar reports.

These are only instances marking the advance of practical Christian work in colleges at present. Instances of advance as great along other lines might be given. Is it any wonder,
therefore, that staying ten days amid such influences, we should resolve to attempt, at least, a deeper and more aggressive work at Bates?

Our number of delegates this year equalled the number from any two Maine colleges last year. We were able, also, to report more work accomplished than at the preceding conference. Next year we hope to send a still larger number of delegates, who will be able to report more than a corresponding advance, especially along those lines in which we were most deficient.

LOCALS.

R. B. Stanley, '97, is teaching the High School at Wells.

Miss Cobb, '97, resumes her studies after an absence of two terms.

The Alpha Club rejoices in new quarters at Mrs. Babcock's and Mrs. Sturgis's, on Mountain Avenue.

We regret to learn that Kenyon, '97, is still in very poor health and will not be able to return to college.

Mr. Pela Penick of Africa, now a student in Storer College, has been visiting his old friend Mr. Clinton.

The Biblical Training School opens this fall in connection with the Divinity School. Seven members compose the Junior Class.

Question: When will the girl that is always losing her laboratory key put a pocket in her dress? Answer: When it's the style.

Rev. C. A. Bickford, '72, editor of the Morning Star, delivered the address at the dedication of Roger Williams Hall, Cobb Divinity School.

Prof. of Psychology—"Now explain the difference between colors." Senior—"It's all in your eye." Prof.—"In your mind, it is."

The Eurosophian Society elected Miss Leader, '98, as secretary in the absence of Miss Hall, '98, and Hawkins, '98, as treasurer pro tem.


The college and its patrons may well be proud of the new Divinity School building. Although not yet quite completed, it is the pride of the campus. Now for the Library.

Many of the Bates alumni were in town attending the State Association of Free Baptists. A part of the exercises on Thursday afternoon were held in Roger Williams Hall.

The lecture in the College Church, September 15th, by Mr. Penick, was very interesting and largely attended. All were amused at some of his stories and experiences, and also were touched by his earnestness.

The college unites with the Class of '98 in extending a cordial welcome to Goldsmith H. Conant, who comes here after one year at Dartmouth. Mr. Conant is a brother of Grace Patten Conant, '93.

Wakefield and Pulsifer, '95, Gerrish and Douglass, '96, Burrill and Slattery, '97, and Pulsifer, '99, played base-ball this summer in the Knox County
Wakefield was captain of the champion Rocklands. Penley, '98, has played on the Auburns.

A nine-inch Sebastian lathe, with regular and extra attachments, has been put into the Physical Laboratory. This will be very useful in making apparatus for the work in Physics.

Several Seniors were much interested the other evening in observing the psychological influences between two minds in unison, impelling them to the same action simultaneously.

"Two minds with a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

The Ministers' Institute, held in Roger Williams Hall from September 1 to 10, was a complete success. A large number of ministers were present and took the opportunity to refresh their minds with new ideas and old truths. About forty were in attendance.

Once we wandered through the meadows,
Searching for the fair-hued flowers,
There, in stalking feathered voyagers,
Passed away the morning hours.

But now, with sledge and bushel basket,
Hands all flayed with sundry knocks,
Tramp we over hill and valley;
There's nothing quite like gathering rocks.

Garcelon, '90, who is coaching the foot-ball candidates, speaks very encouragingly of the outlook. He prophesies a better team than last year. There is much good material in the Freshman Class, and if the team receives the sympathy and support it deserves, it cannot fail to be a credit to the college.

The regular fall tennis tournament will occur in a few days on the college courts. The advantage of gathering a large assembly of cup defenders cannot be over-estimated. Bates holds at present the first cup in doubles and the second cup in singles. A large number of contestants, especially members of the Freshman Class, should be found in this tournament.

The Turf, Farm and Home, published at Waterville, is making a wonderful offer to the boy who will send in the largest list of subscribers to that wide-awake paper. The offer is no less than a four-years' course in some Maine college. All contestants who do not win a prize will be paid a commission for their work. Such an offer is certainly worth trying for.

College politicians are numerous now, and by no means confined to the sterner sex either. A generous rivalry between the societies is stimulating and doubtless helpful. Sometimes, however, the zeal for one's society goes too far. Unkind remarks are neither wise nor courteous. A good rule is never to say anything about the other society that one wouldn't say in the hearing of those of one's friends who are members of it.

Among the reunions that occurred during commencement week was one enjoyed by the Class of '75, it being the twentieth anniversary of their graduation. A ride, and dinner at the Poland Spring House, were features of the occasion. Among those present were Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner; F. L. Washburn, Esq., of Boston; Dr. F. P. Fuller, of Providence, R. I.; Rev. A. T. Sally, of Hillsdale College; G. W.
Wood, Ph.D., of Lewiston; Dr. L. M. Palmer, of South Framingham, Mass.; Prof. J. H. Hutchins, of Glastonbury, Conn.; and Prof. H. S. Cowell, of Ashburnham, Mass.

The reception of the College Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. to the Freshman Class occurred Thursday evening, September 12th. The presidents of the Associations, Coy and Miss Dolley, and President Chase, on behalf of the Faculty, welcomed '99 to the college and especially to a share in the Christian work. Refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening was spent in a conversation social, interspersed with a programme, consisting of vocal music by Parsons, '98, and Wakefield, '98, a recitation by Miss Miller, '96, and Thompson, '96.

For the first time in the history of Maine, intercollegiate athletic contests were held, during the past season, in foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, and track work. Bates is to be congratulated upon her excellent standing in these contests. In base-ball the order was, Bates, M. S. C., Colby, Bowdoin. In foot-ball, M. S. C. did not play. The positions of the other colleges were, Bowdoin, Bates, Colby. On the track, Bates was far in the rear, as little effort was made in that line of sport. The colleges in their order were Bowdoin, M. S. C., Colby, Bates. In tennis, Bates won first in doubles and second in singles, while M. S. C. took first in singles and third in doubles. This left the order as follows: Bates, M. S. C., Bowdoin, Colby. Thus we see that Bates is credited with two firsts, a second and a fourth, while Bowdoin won two firsts, a third and a fourth. M. S. C. comes next with three seconds and a fourth, and Colby last with three third places and one fourth.

Professor William C. Strong, who takes the chair of Physics, fitted for college at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass., and graduated from Wesleyan University. At college he made a specialty of scientific study, and ranked very high in that branch. He was called to the position of teacher of Science in the seminary at Tilton, N. H. He left there to accept a similar position in Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill, where he remained for ten years. He was instructor at the Westfield (Mass.) High School for one year, and for the past three years has been Professor of Physics in the University of Denver. Professor Strong has taken supplementary courses at Harvard on two occasions, to fit more thoroughly for his work in Biology and Physics. While at Denver he was a member of the Colorado Scientific Society, and also made a special study of the artesian waters of Denver and published a paper on the sanitary chemical character of those waters. Professor Strong is married and has three children. He will reside on the corner of Wood and Vale Streets in Lewiston.

Some of the students who are at present wrestling with the mysteries of Psychology were interested in an occurrence in front of Parker Hall the other day. Just what end organs were affected we are unable to say; but evidently,
from some determinate portion of the periphery some epithelial cell influenced its particular afferent nerve to convey to the cortex a sensation, or probably several sensations were fused into a compound sensation, so much so as to produce tetanus or the physiological cumulation or overlapping of processes in the muscular tissue. As we were not there we can not be positive about the matter. But we must say we agree with Spencer in his view of the essence of mental and bodily life, and (since we flunked on the topic) we are sure that mental life is primarily teleological, and that the effort to adjust the inner and outer relations was what caused the catastrophe. One Senior suggested that this was an illustration of aphasias; showing the relation of the external agencies affecting the end organs of the periphery and the convolutions of the cerebral hemispheres. However, we do not unconditionally affirm that this hypothesis is correct. We have stated the matter simply and plainly, as Mr. James might himself, did the limitations of our paper allow him to express his opinion. They finally got the horse up.

The Freshman Class is the largest in the history of the college. The class now numbers 79. The following is a list of those who have registered and their fitting schools:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>School</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miss L. B. Albee</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss A. M. Alden</td>
<td>Lewiston High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. R. Alden</td>
<td>Auburn High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. S. Bassett</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss A. E. Beal</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. S. Blake</td>
<td>Somersworth (N. H.) High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>L. B. Brackett</td>
<td>Gould Academy</td>
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<td>C. S. Calhoun</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<td>Charles Carey</td>
<td>Auburn High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss M. E. Chase</td>
<td>Lewiston High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. C. Churchill</td>
<td>Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss M. S. Coan</td>
<td>Auburn High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss B. I. Cox</td>
<td>Portland High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss B. L. Donmacker</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss I. St. H. Dame</td>
<td>Farmington (N. H.) High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. E. Donnelly</td>
<td>Fort Fairfield High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss C. E. Edgerly</td>
<td>Portland High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. L. Fairbanks</td>
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<td>Miss H. A. Finn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss I. V. Flanders</td>
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<td>E. B. Foster</td>
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<td>O. A. Fuller</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss M. B. Furbush</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. G. Gay</td>
<td>Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. H. Hayes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss B. L. Hight</td>
<td>High School, Jefferson, N. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>C. E. Hight</td>
<td>High School, Jefferson, N. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. C. Hutchinson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss J. C. Hutchinson, S.</td>
<td>Paris High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. I. Irving</td>
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<td>B. R. Johnston</td>
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<td>Miss M. T. Jordan</td>
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<td>Miss G. M. Knapp</td>
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<td>S. C. Lary</td>
<td>Dexter High School</td>
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<td>A. T. L'Heureux</td>
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<td>Miss A. E. Lord</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. B. Marrow</td>
<td>Auburn High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. R. Mason</td>
<td>High School, Jefferson, N. H.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss E. A. Maxim</td>
<td>Limington Academy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss L. R. McCormack</td>
<td>Hebron Academy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss F. M. McKinley</td>
<td>Nashua (N. H.) High School</td>
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<td>O. C. Merrill</td>
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<td>R. L. Millett</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<td>Miss R. E. Mitchell</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss C. J. Munroe</td>
<td>Maine Central Institute</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. B. Nason</td>
<td>Latin School</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss C. L. Odiorn</td>
<td>Richmond High School</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. L. Palmer</td>
<td>Higgins Classical Institute</td>
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<td>G. F. Parsons</td>
<td>Auburn High School</td>
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<td>Everett Peacock</td>
<td>Coburn Classical Institute</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Grace Perkins</td>
<td>Farmington (N. H.) High School</td>
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<td>F. E. Pomeroy</td>
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Geo. E. Poor, Hebron Academy.
Miss L. P. Price, Richmond High School.
Miss E. A. Peckham, Latin School.
Nathan Pulsifer, Latin School.
B. H. Quinn, Latin School.
Miss G. H. Ricker, Haverhill (Mass.) High School.
Miss A. M. Roberts, Somersworth (N. H.) High School.
W. A. Saunders, Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.
T. H. Scammel, Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.
Miss A. G. Slipp, Fort Fairfield High School.
H. C. Small, Latin School.
O. A. Stevens, Maine Central Institute.
D. M. Stewart, Latin School.
Miss F. G. Swett, Ellsworth High School.
E. B. Tetley, Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H.
F. S. Wadsworth, Gardiner High School.
F. F. Wagg, Lewiston High School.
A. C. Wheeler, South Paris High School.
E. Whitman, Paris Hill Academy.
Miss B. M. Whittum, Lewiston High School.
Miss E. E. Woodbury, Auburn High School.

Alumni Department.

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

To the Editors of the Student:

I SHOULD like a word with Bates men that plan to teach. Like many Bates alumni, I am tired of hearing my Alma Mater called, with much injustice surely, but also with some shadow of truth, a normal college for high school teachers. I should be the last to disparage the noble calling of teaching; but I feel that it is unworthy of Bates men to be compelled to grind on forever with elementary Latin and Algebra, while others are making original investigations of real and permanent value. Without special training, it is as hard successfully to fill a place in a college, or even in a preparatory school of the first rank, as to become a good doctor without a course in the medical school. The times demand specialization, concentration. Even the school committees of the large cities see it, and refuse to hire teachers that have not done years of special work.

Although the varied course of study at a small college is vastly beneficial in giving breadth of information and ability to deal with elementary classes in many lines, it not only does not give high advancement in any one line, but necessarily tends to unfit one for advanced work; for the whole system of passing hastily from one half-understood branch to another tends to shallowness of thought, and blind reliance upon authority or still blinder ignorant distrust of it. The lack of a large library, too, makes it almost impossible in many courses to learn facts that all ought to know. For just appreciation of other workers, comprehensive knowledge of affairs in the learned world, the art of thinking deeply and truly, most men must go to the universities. Supplementing a varied course in a small college by specialization in a university undoubtedly gives the best educational training. In the hope that after graduation some of the students now at Bates may follow in the footsteps of our alumni that have already gone to the great graduate schools, I address this letter to the Student.

And now I can almost hear several
Bates men say: "Of course I wish I could go; but I can't afford it." Physicians, lawyers, preachers, afford their graduate courses; they cannot afford to go without them. Can you, who are to be teachers, members of a profession as lofty as any of theirs, afford not to make yourselves worthy of your calling? But to come down to what you call practical considerations, the expenses at our universities are not enormous. Perhaps the easiest way to prove my statement so far as Harvard is concerned is to put down in black and white what I myself spent during the last college year:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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<tr>
<td>Tuition</td>
<td>$150.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Room, furnished and heated</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board</td>
<td>106.39</td>
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<tr>
<td>Books and stationery</td>
<td>52.67</td>
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<tr>
<td>Railway and electric car fares</td>
<td>41.68</td>
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<tr>
<td>Laundry</td>
<td>15.42</td>
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<tr>
<td>Clothing</td>
<td>22.78</td>
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<tr>
<td>Incidentals</td>
<td>45.48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$334.42</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I lived comfortably, but by no means extravagantly; I had a good room about half a mile from the college yard, and boarded at the Foxcroft Club, a cooperative restaurant on the European plan, where my living was of about the same quality as you get at the best places near the campus. My expenses for clothing were so slight because I went to Cambridge with a good supply.

A wide-awake young man, moreover, can find many ways to help meet these expenses. There are open to graduate students at Harvard about seventy fellowships and scholarships ranging in value from $150 to $750 a year, and practically assigned upon the basis of scholarship and length of residence. You would have a very slight chance of one of these the first year; but by registering as a senior you might get an under-graduate scholarship. The second year you might receive one of the lesser appointments, and after that you would be eligible to the better ones. Several prizes for theses in various departments—one of $250, one of $150, and five of $100—are open for competition to graduate students. Tutoring at Harvard is very profitable, the ruling price being two dollars an hour; in most departments, moreover, graduate students, while carrying on their studies, may get appointments to assistantships bringing in $100 to $450 a year. The Cambridge evening schools, too, employ a number of Harvard men each year.

The secretaries of all the universities, of course, are glad to furnish any information about courses. In deciding where to go, you will find useful the Pamphlet of Graduate Courses, published by a committee of the Graduate Clubs of several colleges, and giving lists of the advanced courses offered by all the large universities, with information about prizes, scholarships, and the like; it can be obtained at the Harvard Co-operative Store and elsewhere for a small sum—I believe, fifteen cents. At several universities, such as Harvard, Chicago, and Johns Hopkins, you can get adequate instruction in any branch you wish. At Harvard, for example, there are offered about four hundred and forty courses and half courses, one course standing for the equivalent of three recitations.
or lectures a week throughout the year. These courses are distributed among the following departments—Semitic, Indo-Iranian, and Classical languages, English, German, Germanic Philology, French, Italian, Spanish, Romance Philology, Comparative Literature, Philosophy, Education, History, Government and Law, Economics, Fine Arts, Architecture, Music, Mathematics, Engineering, Military Science, Physics, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology, Geology, American Archaeology and Ethnology, and Physical Training.

At Harvard, degrees and honors are not lightly won; you could get no degree higher than A.B. the first year; but you could register in the Graduate School at once, and take your degree without extra charge. The second year you could secure your A.M., and in most departments could get a chance to try for final honors. To obtain A.B. or A.M., you would have to get grade A or grade B in at least four courses each year, and A’s are by no means easy to earn; final honors, of which only fourteen were awarded last year, demand exceptionally fine marks in many courses, special examinations covering the whole work of your department, and theses showing original investigation. Unless you have done much special work outside, it would be useless to come up for examination for the Ph.D. with less than four years of residence; and many men try for the degree year after year without success. Nevertheless, if you have a reasonably bright mind and are willing to work, you can win your way.

If there is any possibility that you can ever go to a university, let me urge you to prepare for it now. Study modern languages; learn to read French and German without a lexicon; practice upon short stories, as those in Deutscher Novellenschatz, then upon long novels, until you can read at least two foreign languages with ease and real pleasure; for in the university you must use them daily. Learn, too, to write English simply and clearly; deal with subjects in your own personal experience plainly, and above all concisely; ornamentation of speech you will not need; directness and simplicity you must have.

Finally, if you can go at all, go soon; every year it will be harder to tear yourself away from your usual occupation. I believe that a university course will give you lasting benefit and pleasure, and I hope that the next few years may see many of you attending our great graduate schools.

Roscoe Addison Small.
Harvard University, September, 1895.

THE COLLEGE CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the College Club in June, the following officers were elected: President, F. W. Plummer, '91; Vice-President, W. L. Powers, '88; Treasurer, Scott Wilson, '92; Secretary, W. F. Garcelon, '90.

It was voted that the events to decide the possession of the Class Field-Day Cup should be the same as those of the Maine intercollegiate meeting.

The interscholastic trophy for 1895 was awarded to the Latin School.

The prize for the best college song
was awarded to Richard B. Stanley, '97. A cup was awarded to T. S. Bruce, '98, for excellence in athletic work.

The new members are C. C. Spratt, '93, J. F. Fanning, '93, D. F. Field, '94, E. F. Pierce, '94, W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95, B. L. Pettigrew, '95. There are now thirty-six members.

The Club announces the following prizes and appropriations for 1895-6:

1. Ten dollars for the best college song, written by alumnus or undergraduate, provided three or more are sent in. Words may be adapted to any music. Productions must be sent to William F. Garcelon, 202-3 Sears Building, Boston, before May 1, 1896.

2. Twenty dollars to assist in furnishing the lecture rooms in Hathorn Hall.

3. Twenty-five dollars to be expended for works of modern fiction for the library.

4. Fifteen dollars to be expended for reference books in English Literature.

5. Caps or medals for the winners of first and second places in singles at the college tennis tournament.

6. A trophy for the best class drill at the winter gymnastic exhibition.

7. Six silver medals or cups for excellence in athletic sports at the college field day.

(a) To the Freshman winning most points, provided he wins six or more.

(b) To each of the winners of the following events, provided they equal the standards set below:

1. Mile Run, . . . . 4 min. 50 sec.
2. 440 Yards Run, . . . 55 sec.
3. High Jump, . . . . 5 ft. 6 in.
4. Hammer Throwing, . . . 90 ft.
5. Putting Shot, . . . . 37 ft.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased God in his Divine Providence to remove from among us our beloved classmate, the chaplain of our class, Thomas M. Singer, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '90, Bates College, express our deep sorrow in the loss of our dear friend;

Resolved, That we believe that in his college life at Bates, in his Y. M. C. A. work in Lewiston, and his post-graduate course at Yale, his life was one of marked influence and usefulness;

Resolved, That we bear testimony to his noble qualities, his earnest manhood, his honorable ambition, his life so full of Christian service;

Resolved, That we make it our high aim to follow the spirit of his life and to realize in our own characters the lofty ideals which he has set before us;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Bates Student and that they be inserted in the records of the Class of '90.

MARY BRACKETT,
DORA JORDAN,
MABEL WOOD,
Committee on Resolutions.

Wednesday, June 26, 1895.

PERSONALS.

'68.—At the recent session of the American Institute of Instruction, held at Portland, President G. C. Chase delivered an address on the subject, "What the School Owes to the Community." The Lewiston Journal, in commenting upon the address, says:

"President Chase's address was in his
best vein, and eloquently pictured the ideal teacher. In literary style his paper was the masterpiece of the convention.” President Chase has lately received the degree of D.D., conferred by Colby University.

'69.—Prof. G. B. Files has resigned as Principal of the Lewiston High School, and is now the Lewiston agent for Johnson’s Encyclopaedia.

'70.—On Commencement Day, Prof. L. G. Jordan received from his Alma Mater the degree of Ph.D.

'71.—Hon. John T. Abbot of New Hampshire, United States Minister to Colombia under President Harrison, is acquiring an extensive law practice at Keene, N. H.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost, formerly of Bangor, delivered an address on “Tithing” before the Maine Free Baptist convention, held at Auburn, September 17-19.

'74.—T. P. Smith, M.D., has a large practice at Westbrook, Me.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner, delivered an address upon the subject, “The Civil History of Litchfield,” at the centennial celebration of that town, August 21st. Dr. L. M. Palmer, ’75, of South Framingham, Mass., gave the school history of the town. Hon. O. B. Clason, ’77, delivered the opening address.

'78.—A very successful lawn party was held on the grounds of Mr. F. H. Briggs of Auburn, Tuesday, July 2d, under the auspices of the Elm Street Universalist Church.

'78.—M. F. Daggett, formerly Principal of the High School at Chatham, Mass., has been elected Principal of the Lewiston Grammar School.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes now resides at Denver, Col., where his health is greatly improved.

'81.—W. P. Foster has two sonnets in the September Century.

'81.—Hon. William T. Perkins of Bismarck, North Dakota, was one of the leading representatives of his State at the recent Knight Templar conclave in Boston.

'81.—H. S. Roberts is the general agent of the American Book Co., and is located at No. 55 Franklin Street, Boston.

'84.—Lieut. M. L. Hersey has recently completed a term of four years as military instructor at Maine State College. His departure is much regretted by the students of that institution, as is evidenced by the following from the Cadet:

We cannot but regret the loss of Lieut. Hersey, who “graduates” with the Class of ’85, after four years of hard, faithful work in the interest of the military department, which we believe now stands second to none in the Eastern States outside of West Point. Lieut. Hersey will, however, remain in the State another year, having received a position on the Governor’s staff; and we may safely look forward to an occasional visit to the Coburn Cadets, in whose welfare we know he will always take the greatest interest.

'86.—Dr. S. G. Bonney, M.D., of Denver, made a short visit with relatives in Lewiston during the summer. Dr. Bonney is making a specialty of lung diseases, in which he has a large and constantly increasing practice.

'86.—E. A. Merrill, Esq., was married to Miss Virgie Inez O’Brion, Tuesday, June 25th, at Auburn, Me. Mr.
and Mrs. Merrill will reside in Chicago, where Mr. Merrill is located as a lawyer.

'86.—Dr. W. A. Morton of Brooklyn, N. Y., died in that city in July. A sketch of his life will appear in the October number of the STUDENT.

'86.—Many friends are glad to welcome back to Lewiston Mr. John R. Dunton, who has been chosen Principal of the Lewiston High School. Mr. Dunton is a graduate of Bates, and was formerly Principal of the Lewiston Grammar School.—Lewiston Journal.

'87.—F. W. Chase, formerly Principal of the Lewiston Grammar School, has been elected Principal of the Grammar School at Lawrence, Mass.

'87.—Dr. P. R. Howe, D.D.S., of Lewiston, read a paper on "Crown and Bridge Work" before the Maine Dental Society at its last meeting, held in Bangor. Dr. Howe enjoys an enviable reputation as a dentist and has a large practice in Lewiston.

'88.—Prof. W. L. Powers has been re-elected Principal of the Gardiner High School.

'88.—Miss M. G. Pinkham has been granted leave of absence, for one year, from her duties as assistant in the Gardiner High School. Miss Nellie B. Jordan, '88, has been elected assistant during the absence of Miss Pinkham.

'88.—E. E. Sawyer is Principal of the High School and Superintendent of Schools at Maynard, Mass.

'88.—R. A. Parker has been elected Principal of the High School at South Portland, Me.

'89.—C. J. Emerson and Miss M. S. Little were married in Auburn, at the home of the bride, on Tuesday, August 13th. They will make their home at Stoneham, Mass., where Mr. Emerson is Principal of the High School.

'89.—J. H. Blanchard has been elected Principal of the Biddeford High School.

'89.—Invitations have been issued to the wedding of Miss Ethelinde Ingebord Chipman of Auburn to Mr. Henry Dexter Johnson of Marlboro, Mass., Tuesday, September 24th, in the Court Street Baptist Church. Miss Chipman graduated from the Edward Little High School in 1885 and from Bates College in 1889. She has taught in Maine, in Pennsylvania, and the last two years in Massachusetts. She is a young lady of superior mental attainments and high moral susceptibilities. She will be missed by a large circle of friends in both cities when she removes to Marlboro.—Lewiston Journal.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon will practice law in Boston. He will be located in the office of George E. Smith (73), 202–3 Sears Building.

'90.—H. V. Neal has been employed during the summer in scientific research at the Agassiz Marine Laboratory on Breton’s Reef, Newport, R. I. He will remain another year at Harvard.

'90.—G. F. Garland will enter Bowdoin Medical School in February.

'90.—Miss E. F. Snow is assistant in Yarmouth Academy, Yarmouth, Me.

'91.—Prof. F. L. Pugsley and Miss N. G. Bray were married at Harrison, Me., August 23d. They will reside at Henniker, N. H.

'92.—N. W. Howard has completed his course at Harvard Law School, and will be employed in the law offices of
THE BATES STUDENT.

Hyde, Dickinson & Howe, Equitable Building, Boston.

'92.—E. E. Osgood has finished his studies in the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, and has been engaged as Instructor of Elocution in Bates College.

'92.—Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Emery, of Melrose, Mass., have a son, Washburn Little.

'92.—H. E. Walter has been engaged in biological work at the laboratory of the United States Fish Commission, at Wood's Holl, Mass.

'92.—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ferguson have a son, Stanton Meserve, born July 15th. They have recently removed to Merrimac, Mass., where Mr. Ferguson has been elected Principal of the High School.

'93.—G. M. Chase has been elected Professor of Greek and German in Kansas State University, Wichita, Kansas.

'93.—Prof. N. C. Bruce, of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., has a son, born July 31st.

'93.—A. B. Libby was married to Miss Lucy Harris Libby, Thursday, August 29th, at Gardiner, Me. They will reside at Woodsville, N. H.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop has been elected to a position in the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield.

'93.—M. W. Stickney has been engaged during the summer in biological work at Wood's Holl, Mass.

'93.—W. F. Sims has been elected Principal of Foxcroft Academy.

'93.—R. A. Sturges has entered the Columbia College Law School, New York City.

'94.—L. J. Brackett is manager of advertising department of the Morning Star, 457 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

'94.—D. F. Field will enter Harvard Law School this fall.

'94.—S. I. Graves has recently been elected Superintendent of the Lower Schools and Principal of the Grammar School at Augusta, Maine.

'94.—E. F. Pierce is Principal of the Kennebunk High School.

'94.—A. H. Miller will study medicine at the School of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia College, New York City.

'94.—J. C. Woodman will enter Harvard Medical School at the opening of its fall term.

'94.—E. J. Hatch is Principal of the High School at Sabatis, Maine.

'94.—Miss B. W. Gerrish is Preceptress of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont.

'94.—Miss E. I. Cummings has been elected an assistant in the Lewiston High School.

'94.—Miss C. B. Pennell has been elected to a position in the Greely Institute, Cumberland, Me.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell is Principal of the High School at Manchester, Mass.

'95.—F. S. Wakefield has been captain of the Rockland Base-Ball Club during the summer. He will study medicine at the School of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia College, New York City.

'95.—B. L. Pettigrew is Principal of the High School at Cornish, Maine.

'95.—W. W. Bolster, Jr., will be engaged in the banking business in
Auburn, and will be Instructor in Athletics at Bates College.

'95.—W. R. Fletcher is Principal of the High School at East Bridgewater, Mass.

'95.—E. G. Campbell is Principal of the Grammar School at Hull, Mass.

'95.—R. F. Springer is Principal of the High School and Superintendent of Schools at Bowdoinham, Maine.

'95.—W. S. Brown is Principal of the Academy at Litchfield Corner, Me.

'95.—F. T. Wingate and Miss Bertha A. Bryant were married Wednesday, August 7th, at the home of the bride in Lewiston. Mr. and Mrs. Wingate will reside at South Paris, where Mr. Wingate is Principal of the High School.

'95.—H. N. Knox is Principal of the High School at Hanover, Mass.

'95.—G. A. Hutchins is teacher of Sciences in the High School at Amesbury, Mass.

'95.—J. G. Morrell is Principal of the High School at Scarboro, Maine.

'95.—L. W. Pease has entered Cobb Divinity School.

'95.—C. S. Webb is Principal of the Academy at South Worthington, Mass.

'95.—S. M. Farnham, Jr., is Principal of the High School at Williamsburg, Mass.

'95.—Miss M. A. Steward is an assistant in Westbrook Seminary, Deerfield, Maine.

'95.—Miss D. F. Roberts is an assistant in Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine.

'95.—Miss A. W. Collins is an assistant in the High School at Marlboro, Mass.

'95.—Miss N. G. Wright has secured a position in the Providence, R. I., High School.

'95.—Miss G. E. Foster is an assistant in Bar Harbor High School.

'95.—Miss C. M. King is teaching in the Fort Fairfield High School.

'95.—Miss S. L. Staples is teaching in Auburn.

'95.—T. C. Pulsifer will enter the School of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia College, New York City.

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**College Exchanges.**

There is always a certain feeling of melancholy in raking over the ashes of the past. We may find jewels in the ashes, and yet, it is more than likely that those same jewels will appear dim and lustreless, and so have a depressing effect in themselves. What wonder, then, that we experience a sad rather than a jolly sensation at being obliged to look over exchanges three months old, to find if any stray jewels are lurking there! And it is so hard, sometimes, to distinguish a jewel from a mere imitation, after they have both lain exposed to the ravages of three months' time. In the magazines before us there are some jewels, a great many imitations, and some things which show a faint sparkle here and there, but which crumble to pieces when touched by the cold finger of criticism. Here are commencement orations, class histories and
prophecies without number; poems that have, doubtless, caused their authors many a sleepless night, and odes that tell of sad partings.

To us, the most interesting thing in the commencement number of the *Bowdoin Orient* is President Hyde's Baccalaurate sermon, from the text: "Howbeit I must go on my way to-day and to-morrow and the day following." We quote from it the following thoughts:

Not what one has enjoyed or done, but what one means to be and do is the measure of one's worth. To cling to past joys and past achievements as a life-preserver is certain death. . . .

All your days must be bound together by a consistent purpose, if they are to be rescued from that oblivion which stands ever ready to engulf them. And the only purpose large enough to hold the whole of life together is that generous purpose to serve God and one's fellow-men, which was the characteristic quality of the spirit of Jesus, and, under great difference of name and diversity of form, is the heart and core of Christianity. Thus, accepting the opportunity of to-day, the problem of to-morrow and the promise of the day following in the light of this purpose to serve God and man to the utmost of your powers, thus, and only thus, will each to-day bring you a new joy; each problem of the morrow call forth fresh confidence and courage; and the prospect of the unknown beyond be crowned with that peace which passeth understanding, and which the mere natural self-seeking of the world can neither give nor take away.

We are very much pleased to receive the vacation number of *The Bachelor of Arts*, a new aspirant for honors in the field of literature. Although not, in one sense, a college magazine, yet it contains much which should interest all college men, whether graduates or under-graduates. Among the many interesting things in the number before us we would notice "*Town and Gown Rows at Princeton,*," "*A Winter in Tashkent,*" and an article on Lawn-Tennis.

The *Hillsdale Collegian* publishes a fine poem, "*Bronze and Stone,*" by Will Carleton, read at the dedication of the monument erected by the Alpha Kappa Phi Society of Hillsdale, in memory of its fallen soldier members.

And now, dropping the pen once more and taking up the scissors, we clip the following:

Our lives do not terminate within the circle of self. We are not to shut ourselves up in our palace of art away from the world and God. There are relations arising out of our social environments that are binding upon us and make us parts of a still greater unity. It is the function of the truly educated man to be the leader of other men. From the miniature world of college he should step fully qualified into high position in his profession or business. Himself standing on a lofty height, he should aim to bring those around him to higher and better things.—*The Southern Collegian.*

**THE TWO DREAMERS.**

I.

Within an old cathedral's dim-lit aisles
One spent his days high-wrought with visions grand;
Around where tombs of hero-kings did stand
He dreamed of golden days. 'Twas when sweet smiles
From lovely eyes and all the hundred wiles
Of youth rose-hued his opening path of life.
The statues, carven strange, to him were rife
With fancies that to pensive mood beguiles;
In crimson windows shone each pictured saint;
From darkened niches floated music swells;
A fairyland burst on the roof, and faint
There stole low echoes from soft, silver bells.

How passing fair! But oh! he lost the glorious day,
And, useless to the world, he faded fast away.

II.

Another was a starry dreamer, too
Much paced the twilight of the gnarled oaks' shade,
And loved to muse among the cloisters made
By their rough trunks in a long avenue.
For him all earth was fair, all skies were blue;
The pale wood-flowers taught lessons deep,
And long he learned, until, when shadows creep,
He'd mysteries read and found them true.
The ivory gate lay open to him there,
Unfolding noblest deeds of eldest eld
That him a thrall to mighty spirits held
And breathing songs divine to charm the air.
Yet, though he shunned the world's hot blaze,
His feet were bent to tread in useful ways.

—The Mountaineer.

Winter quarters were obtained at the home
of a typical Russian family, in order that we
might employ the leisure thus enforced in
learning something of the Russian language.
Our success in this worst of the products of the
Tower of Babel was, on the whole, rather flat-
ering, and, on one occasion, even startling.
It was during the early stages of our linguistic
progress that we sat down one day to dinner
and were asked by the hostess what we would
have. Before we could answer, one of us was
attacked with a fit of sneezing. "Katchoo,"
came the first report; then a second time,
"Stchee." Without another word the hostess
handed over a plate of soup. Our surprise at
this unexpected move was the next moment
increased to amazement when we learned that
we had unconsciously uttered the identical
Russian phrase, Katchoo stchee (I'll have some
soup).—"A Winter in Tashkent," in The Bachelor
of Arts.

Has love for me no firmer, stronger base
Than fading beauty gives? And must my
love
Fade with it too; as sunset clouds above
Their glory lose when night comes on apace?
Not so; thy beauty's not mere outward show;
'Tis but the outward sign of truth below,
The incarnation of thine inner grace
Made evident to our poor eyes. Not woe,
Not weal, not age, can alter it a space.
—Southern Collegian.

Reviews of New Books.

Science, democracy, and the past are guides of
modern poetry; but the knowledge of truth is its
goal.

SPIRITUAL power is the eternal, the
prevailing power; the life of the
spirit is the true life; the study of
spiritual things, of the spirit in mate-
rial things, is the essential study of our
time. The volume by Vida D. Scudder,
"The Life of the Spirit in the
Modern English Poets," is a valuable
contribution to the study of literature
and life. Thorough knowledge of her
subject, and sympathy with spiritual
truth and beauty, together with keen
appreciation of relations, characterize
her work. Science, democracy, and
religion are separately considered, with
relation to their influence upon modern
poetry. The real value of science and
its effect upon the point of view of the
poet; the new democracy with its oppo-
nents, Wordsworth, Carlisle, Ruskin,
Morris; the spirit of religious investiga-
tion, as shown in Arnold, Clough, Ten-
yson; these are the principal topics dis-
cussed, and they are treated thoughtfully
and carefully. The study includes also
a chapter on "Ideals of Redemption,
Mediaeval and Modern," and one on
the "New Renaissance," also "Brown-
ing as a Humorist;" all of which are
clearly thought and finely expressed.
Through all the discouragements and
doubts of a questioning, introspective
age, runs the golden thread of hope and
optimistic progress "from the serene
faith contemplative of Wordsworth at
the beginning to the serene faith mili-
tant of Browning at the end."...

"From pantheism toward Christianity:
this is the spiritual pilgrimage of our
modern English poets.” (Houghton, Millin & Co.; $1.75.)

The third volume of lectures in the Percy Turnbull memorial course at Johns Hopkins University, published this summer, is on “Latin Poetry,” by R. Y. Tyrrell, Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. In his introduction Professor Tyrrell announces as his object “to endeavor to set before you rather studies in the different poets and periods than chapters in a history of literature. I shall have to ask not what were the works of each poet, but what was his work; how he looked out on the world and what was the world on which he looked; whether he had a message to society, and how far he succeeded in delivering it.” Perhaps the most valuable lecture in this volume is that on “Lucretius and Epicureanism.” (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.00.)

A late number of the “Athenaeum Press Series” is the “Poems of Herrick,” edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr.; a book prepared, as the editor says, “as well for those readers who are content to enjoy Herrick’s poetry as for those who desire to study a little the things they have enjoyed.” His introduction discusses the life of Herrick, the “Hesperides” and “Noble Numbers,” his versification and vocabulary, Herrick as a poet, etc. In his selections Mr. Hale has aimed to give not only all of Herrick’s best poems, but also enough of those that are not best to be a fair representation of his work. Hence we find his quaint conceits, his musical verses, his amatory effusions, and certain of his religious poems. All are carefully annotated and indexed. (Ginn & Co.; $1.00.)

“As a Matter of Course,” by Annie Payson Call, is a little book full of good things, practical and helpful, inspired by the “sixth sense, which is common sense.” The author’s aim is thus declared: “To assist towards the removal of nervous irritants, which are not only the cause of much physical disease, but materially interfere with the best possibilities of usefulness and pleasure in every-day life.” She discusses physical care, amusements, the triviality of trivialities, moods, tolerances, sympathy, sentiment versus sentimentality. Every student and every teacher needs just the lessons this little book contains. It would be impossible to praise too highly its practical helpfulness. (Roberts Bros.; $1.00.)

“The Gospel of Buddha,” collated by Dr. Paul Carus, is a very successful attempt to present to readers in an easily accessible form, the teachings of Buddha, who has been called “the sweetest of pagans.” The most important passages are translated literally from original texts; others are rearranged and abbreviated; but all are strictly based on the best authorities. Dr. Carus is indefatigable in his search for truth, and the results of that search are always of great interest. The present volume is specially valuable in its showing the relations of all truth. (Open Court Co.; $1.00.)

“The Diseases of Personality,” by Th. Ribot, professor of Psychology in
the College de France, is a specialist's study of all deviations from the normal in the growth and conduct of the personality, and the effects of mind on body, including hypnotism. The book is now in its fourth edition, and is the work of a master of his subject. (Open Court Co.; $0.75.)

"The Free Trade Struggle in England," by M. M. Trumbull, and "Wheelbarrow, or the Labor Question," by the same author, discuss, as their titles indicate, these two most important questions of sociology and politics. The discussion is both historical and practical, with just enough statistics to aid the reader to a thorough understanding of the great problems of "Labor" and "Tariff." Both are recent publications in "The Religion of Science Library." (Open Court Co.; paper, $0.25 and $0.35 respectively.)

A Chemical Romance.
Said Atom to Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort,
"There's no affinity."

Beneath electric light plant's shade
Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,
But she eloped with a rascal Base,
And her name is now Saltpetre."—Ex.

According to Dr. Darwin and others, it takes a monkey thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a minute. We lead the world.—Ex.

A Short Story.

Chapter I.
Lonely maiden on the beach.

Chapter II.
Carried far beyond her reach.

Chapter III.
Shark attracted by the sound.

FINIS.
Saved the maid from being drowned.—Ex.
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Ten teachers have been elected from this Bureau, the current year, in one New England city, viz.: Grammar (male), $2000; Grammar (male), $2000; Grammar (male), $2000; three Manual Training (male), $3000; Sciences (male), $1600; Elocution and Physical Culture (female), $600; Primary (female), $600; Kindergarten Critic (female), $750; Domestic Sciences (female), $1100. Aggregate Salaries, $11,550.

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