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VOLUME XXIII.

THE

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of '96,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

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JUNIOR CLASS OF BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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Editorial.

SLOWLY the broad sickle of Father Time has made its annual revolution, until he has reaped the varied fruits of another year, from the boundless plain of eternity. Few, not one, perhaps, of the gathered fruits, are the results of this year’s sowing, yet the seeds of thought and action do not die, and these fruits are the inevitable harvest of an immutable past. Men may be ignorant or careless of their responsibility, as is the swiftly transmigrating bird from whose breast falls the tiny seed upon the earth below, yet the responsibility exists and each must bear his or her share.

We are aware of this truth, and realize that a haunting feeling of doubt, a deep sense of responsibility, and a certain feeling of gratification are mingled
with the consciousness of having earnestly striven to do our best. Throughout the year, our constant aim has been to worthily represent our college, and to benefit, in every possible way, the institution, its students, and its friends. We have endeavored to concern ourselves only with affairs which legitimately come within the scope of a college magazine—interfering with the business of neither Faculty, alumni, nor under-graduates. Our object has been to suggest improvements, not to criticise existing states and conditions; while we have endeavored to treat every one fairly, and to slight none.

The pleasures and benefits that are to be obtained from work of this kind are apparent to all; it is unnecessary to speak of them. We are, however, content with the length of our period of office, and, although we feel that we are now much better fitted to perform the work than we were a year ago, and would hope to avoid many of our mistakes, yet we cheerfully make room for the incoming editors. We wish them much joy and the most complete success.

The editors thank their contributors and all who have aided them in their work. We are grateful to the Faculty for the abundant evidence of sympathy and appreciation of our efforts which they have shown by cheerfully excusing us from two or three unimportant essays. We also consider ourselves under deep obligations to our class for the interest that they have manifested and for the unfailing and cordial support with which they have aided and encouraged us.

Much credit is due our business managers, for upon them has rested a heavy burden of responsibility.

Finally, what has been done, has been done; it cannot be altered; what has been neglected is, as far as we are concerned, forever lost. One thing is a pleasure to us—we have worked in unison. In all our undertakings, in all our disappointments and successes, we have been a unit. In this respect, if in any, are we worthy to be imitated by our successors.

Among all the divisions of sects and parties that to-day perplex the honest thinker, among all the puzzling isms and ologies, are any more important than the much-discussed extremes, optimism and pessimism? A confusion of the two seems hardly possible, yet it has more than once happened that the same author has been ranked both as an optimist and a pessimist, by different critics. Notably Tennyson who, while he has always looked forward to the growth and predominance of good, has put the consummation far into the future; while he has recognized the "one increasing purpose," its fulfillment to him must come slowly; yet he never doubted that it would sometime come. His hopefulness parallels the courage of Milton when he wrote—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

A particularly clear and inclusive definition of the two terms is found in an article by W. J. Colville, in a recent number of the Metaphysical Magazine:

"Optimism declares that all things are
good at heart; that essential goodness lies at the core of the universe; consequently all forces are working together toward the best possible end, under the immutable direction of beneficent law. Pessimism, on the other hand, recognizes no Supreme Goodness; but, while it does acknowledge the existence of a changeless law of necessity, it regards the latter as unwise, unmerciful, and unjust."

Here the root of the whole matter seems to be reached; the point of division is the meaning of the word law. Here is the ridge of the continent, where the raindrops divide; do we believe law beneficent—not only necessary, but, with all its penalties, kind? Or do we regard law as cruel, unmerciful, and long for the freedom which is lawlessness? According as we interpret the significance of this one word we tend toward the glowing East of optimism, or the darkened West of pessimism.

The optimism of Browning is stated so plainly as to leave no room for doubt—"All's love, and all's law"—emphasized also by Pippa's sweet song:

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

A PERSON'S life may be likened to a path through a broad field. Each of us, in the journey from birth to death, makes one of these paths. Other paths may cross it; others may seem to merge into it for a time—and yet each path is distinct. Some of these paths are very crooked, with numberless windings and turnings. Such are the paths made by those who wander through life with no object in view. Some, on the other hand, lead straight on, over all obstacles, to one goal. Along some paths, at regular intervals which mark off the years, may be seen little tombstones, sacred to the memory of good resolutions which died for want of care.

As the last month of the old year comes to a close, and Father Time prepares to draw back the curtain for a new year to appear upon the stage, it is a good opportunity for each person to look back over the path which he has made during the last twelve months and see what it looks like. Is your path straight, or are there many of those crooks in it? And how the graves of those good resolutions loom up to view, back there in the early part of the year! Some, in looking over these paths, will find things in their character which they had not dreamed of before.

Then let us look backward once in a while—not to shed idle tears over the errors that we see lying along the pathway behind us, but that by viewing these errors we may see from them what our course should have been.

"LOOKING backward" is at times a profitable employment. At the end of the first whole calendar year since the inauguration of President Chase, we review it from the standpoint of our college.

With regard to the year's work in athletics, to begin with what is perhaps considered, except by the students, as a minor matter, we ought to be well pleased. Bates has made a start, not very auspicious to be sure, in track ath-
letics; but apparent failures sometimes stimulate to greater success than do slight successes. The base-ball team was easily the best among the Maine colleges, and in tennis also our representatives won first honors. In foot-ball, second place fell to our lot. A good showing in this line no doubt helps the college in many ways.

The only change in the Faculty has been that in the chair of Physics. In Prof. Strong we believe we have a man whose broad culture and experience will be of great service.

A Freshman class, numbering over 80 ambitious and energetic young men and women, is certainly a sign of prosperity. The friends of the college should make special efforts to keep the accommodations for students equal to the demand.

But the most interesting feature of the year's development has been the occupation of Roger Williams Hall by the Divinity School. The great benefits of Deacon Anthony's gift are already beginning to be felt. The theological department alone does not receive them, for an increased attendance in that school means more students for the college, as many of the theological students first take the college course. The Latin School now has better accommodations, and anything which improves it naturally helps the college.

While facts and figures do not lie, they often fail to tell the whole truth. There is a spirit above and beyond the more material and tangible affairs of the college community which largely determines its real prosperity. We believe that this spirit of loyalty, of readiness to take hold and do one's part toward the advancement of the interests of the college, is steadily progressing among the alumni, students, and friends of the college, and that the Faculty and officers will have the support of these bodies more heartily than ever. Evidences of this, among the students, are the new movements of the New England Debating League and the Building Association.

Let us turn from the past, when we have learned its lessons and received encouragement from its successes, and make the most of present opportunity.

If a man, in his zeal for the good of a body to which he belongs, forgets for a while his personal interests, he is learning a useful lesson. He learns the truth of Ruskin's great law that cooperation, not competition, is the condition and method of the truest, highest progress. He sees the sticks are stronger when bound together, and learns to appreciate the great strength of unity.

Among the benefits of college education not the least helpful is that arising from the associations formed among the students. College loyalty, society feeling, and class spirit as well as those inner circles that congenial natures are ever forming—all these are helpful in teaching men to overcome, to some extent, that self-centered ambition, that narrowing selfishness which at this stage, at least, of the evolution of the race, forms the greatest obstacle to its true progress.

Those who can combine to make what is known among students as "a
good class," will combine with others, in effectual ways, in the busy world for which college life is intended to give better preparation. Then warmth and strength to class spirit!

And who shall say but with the better appreciation of this and similar ties shall come some understanding of the infinite wisdom of the words: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

We are vividly reminded of the rapid flight of time, when we contemplate the fact that after serving its allotted term, the present editorial board is soon to give way to its successor. There are many reflections which come crowding upon the mind of one who realizes that he is about to lay down his armor, as it were, and to bid farewell to the editorial sanctum where so many pleasant and profitable hours have been passed.

Much might be said of the discipline and experience gained by a year's service on the editorial board of the Student, much also of the pleasant associations formed, much of the sense of responsibility developed by a continuance in such work; but we are impelled to give expression to our thoughts on a subject which has perhaps been kept somewhat in the background, namely, the standing of the Student as an advertising medium.

Nothing short of the highest attainment should give satisfaction, whatever be the sphere in which our work is carried on. We should not rest content if we merely maintain the present position of the Student as a college magazine. From a business standpoint the question should be, how may we deserve a larger share of the public patronage, how may we make our advertising columns more attractive to advertisers?

A satisfactory answer to these questions of business interest, can come not from those who are most intimately connected with the magazine, not from the class which controls it, but from the whole student body. It is the duty of every manager to be courteous to advertisers and to be ever watchful to enlarge, if possible, his resources in their direction. But he may advance with a much bolder front, he may be far more confident of making and keeping new patrons among business men, if he feels that behind him is a loyal and enthusiastic body of students who will bestow their patronage with a thoughtful regard to the advertisements which he secures. "Patronize those who patronize us" is a motto which ought ever to be kept in mind by the student who regards his own best interest and that of his college. Let us endeavor to make advertising in our columns, profitable for every advertiser.

It is our duty to recognize, in a substantial manner, those who, by displaying their advertisements, express a desire to secure their portion of the college patronage. In this respect, we believe that all students may contribute to the material advantage of their college magazine. An increased attention to this matter cannot fail to enhance the value of the Student as an advertising medium, and to be of lasting benefit to the parties concerned.
FOOT-BALL at Bates this fall deserves a word of review and, perhaps, of praise. For three seasons, now, Bates has supported a more or less creditable foot-ball team. In the first season, the fall of 1893, the Bates team ranked third in the state; during the two succeeding seasons it has ranked second, Bowdoin being first. For the first two years the team had no regular coach, although the players were encouraged and materially aided by the earnest efforts of loyal alumni and friends. This year, for the first time, funds were raised and a competent coach who thoroughly understood the game was procured. The beneficent results were very soon apparent. The team trained with more confidence, with determination, and with a purpose. The men began to realize how little they knew about the game and how much there was for them to learn. The fact was made very apparent that a team, no matter how good the material which composes it, must be coached individually and collectively on rules, methods, and plays in order to be able to compete with teams that have the advantage of such coaching.

Familiarity begets confidence; and until Bates learns the game of foot-ball thoroughly she cannot expect to win from any college whose familiarity with the game and former victories give her a decided precedent. Bates’s first object, then, is to learn the game, and this should be the object, not only of the candidates for the team, but also of every student in college.

The team loses five regular men and two substitutes when ’96 goes out, but this fact need discourage no one. There is abundant material to fill their places, and the only loss which the team need fear from any source is that of the spirit of grit and determination, combined with a capacity for hard work. Unceasing effort is the price of success. No flowery bed of honored ease awaits the captain of next year’s team, but a rugged path of ceaseless labor and a heavy burden of responsibility. The manager, too, must share the honor of laboriously-won victory or the shame of defeat. Early practice is what tells, and all the backs should practice kicking and catching throughout the summer. Superior skill in punting will often win a game even against odds.

In this season were sown the seeds of victory. When they will yield fruit we know not, for we consider that there is no victory until the team wins the championship of the state. Bates excels in base-ball and tennis; there is no reason why she cannot stand first in foot-ball.

On the evening of Thanksgiving Day a reception was tendered to the students of the College and Divinity School who remained in the city, by the Faculties of the schools. The reception was given in the chapel of Roger Williams Hall. The evening was passed most pleasantly, illustrated titles of books in the form of rebus and pen and ink sketches, and charades performed by the theologues, serving to enliven the company. Prof. Anthony gave a short talk on “Thanksgiving,” and refreshments and music were enjoyed.
THE FUNNY MAN'S STORY.
[Following "The Drummer's Story," which appeared in the March Student.]
BY L. D. TIBBETTS.

AFTER the Drummer had concluded his story there was silence in the room for a few moments, each person of the company being occupied with his own individual thoughts. Then the one whom we have called the Funny Man reached his hand into an inside pocket and pulled out a roll of manuscript.

"If you folks have no objections," he began, "I will make up my part of the entertainment by reading a little story which I have here. It is one which I have just written and is all true, with the exception of the main facts, which may be just a trifle highly colored."

"But before we begin," interrupted the tramp, "let us take a drop of suthin' invigoratin'." And quickly reaching into the Drummer's pocket, he deftly extracted therefrom a dark-colored bottle. The Funny Man unconsciously smacked his lips; the reverend gentleman with the shabby silk hat looked horrified; the man lying on a settee in the corner raised himself on one elbow and opened his eyes; while the Drummer reached for the bottle just as the last drop of its contents had disappeared down the tramp's throat.

"Now we will resoom," said the tramp, and the Funny Man, after clearing his throat a few times, commenced to read:

A Martyr to Science.

It was about twenty-five years ago on a cold, raw, drizzly day in October that I and my brother Bill went to live with our grandfather. I say our grandfather because as Bill and I were twins from birth Bill's grandfather was naturally mine also. We were just six years old. A year previous to this my father had died, and only a week before my mother had followed him. So my grandfather had taken us with him, out onto the farm, where my grandmother kissed us and patted us on the head, and called us all the endearing names she could think of.

"We'll be a father to 'em, Maria," my grandfather had said, with tears in his eyes, and a large piece of tobacco in his mouth; and my grandmother had cheerfully acquiesced. Grandfather was a man who seldom laughed except at his own jokes, and was passionately fond of onions. There was another thing about him which we must not pass unnoticed, as upon this fact hinges our story. He could snore dreadfully, so that the sound of his snoring was like the shrieks and wailings of lost souls—and yet he was not a bad man. Often, when we first went there to live, Bill and I would awake in the otherwise silent night, and hear that dreadful sound—so unearthly, so guttural, so like the war-whoop of grim Death when he corrals his victims, and then we would draw the clothes up over our heads and tremblingly cry ourselves to sleep. But, however, after a few years had passed away, Bill got used to it and would often lie awake in the night listening to the sound, while I—well, the fact is, I couldn't help a kind of creepy feeling every time I heard it.
One night, when we were nine years old, I was awakened out of sound slumber by Bill, who had seized me by the arm and was shaking me.

"What is it?" I asked, half asleep.

"He's agoin' it worse than ever," Bill replied. "Jest hear him make the winders rattle." I listened for a moment, and then tried to go to sleep again; but Bill would keep punching me. "Just hear him," he chuckled. Ain't it grand?" and after keeping still a moment, as if lost in thought, he jumped out of bed, saying, "I'm agoin' to see how he does it."

In spite of all my protests, Bill stoutly declared that he was going in where grandfather slept, and watch him snore, "jest to see how he did it."

Well, my curiosity finally overcame my fear, and I followed Bill. Noiselessly we crept into grandfather's room, where he lay peacefully snoring. The full moon was shining down upon his face and into his open mouth as we stood there by the bedside watching him.

"If I should take hold of his nose," said Bill thoughtfully after a few moments of observation, "he couldn't snore."

"Don't do it," I whispered imploringly. "He'll wake up, and be mad;" and yet I knew that grandfather slept very soundly. But no entreaties could move Bill. He declared that he would see what effect it would have to take hold of the old gentleman's nose; and, putting his words into effect, he raised his hand. As one finger was about to touch the nasal protuberance of our worthy grandfather there was a sharp snap, and a vivid spark flew from the nose to the finger. Bill snatched his hand away, and we both ran shuddering back to our own room and got into bed, where I held my breath for fear.

"Did you see that spark?" Bill asked after a while.

"Yes," I replied. "What do you s'pose it was?" But Bill had seen something which he could not explain.

"That spark went right into my finger," he declared. "and it felt as if I had hit my crazy bone." It was nearly morning before we went to sleep again, and then grandfather had ceased to snore. We said nothing to any one in regard to that night's adventure, but the memory of it gave us food for reflection for a long time. It was several weeks before we ventured from our room again in the night while grandfather was snoring; for there was a sort of weirdness about the whole occurrence that filled me with awe, and made me fearful of going too near a thing which, to my boyish and inexperienced mind, seemed to border so near upon the supernatural. Bill, too, in spite of his general boldness, did not like to investigate again unless I went with him. But he was studying all the time on the causes of the strange phenomenon which we had witnessed.

At last, after three or four weeks had worn away my timidity, Bill induced me to go with him again on a tour of investigation. It was a dark, cold winter night. The wind outside made the branches of the great elms in front of the house creak and groan, while now and then the frost would cause a nail to snap with a loud noise. But above all the other noises, sounded
grandfather's snoring. Bill carried a candle, and we went to the room where the good old man lay with his mouth wide open. This time Bill wanted me to touch the old gentleman's nose. I had got my fingers within about an inch of it when the same thing occurred that had taken place on that other night. A spark flew from the nose to the fingers, and I felt a distinct and peculiar pain the whole length of my arm. We did not run this time, but Bill tried the same thing again with the same results. For several nights after that we amused ourselves in the same way, but did not dare to tell any one of it.

So the time passed, I and Hill working on the farm in the summer and going to school in the winter until, in a few years, Bill, who was always of a scientific turn of mind, became interested in the study of electricity, borrowing books from the school-master, and sitting up late at night reading them. It was then that he learned the real cause of the wonderful experience which we had had while investigating grandfather's snoring propensity. It seems that when the old gentleman snored, the friction on certain inner passages of his nose generated electricity. This was what caused the spark, and the funny feeling in our fingers when we attempted to touch it. It was all plain now. But Bill was not satisfied with learning causes; it seemed to him a great pity to have so much good electricity go to waste.

One day, when we had been sawing wood for quite awhile, Bill, who always objected to this kind of diversion, sat down on the saw-horse to rest, and became lost in thought.

"Say," he burst out at last, "I've got a scheme, and if you won't tell a single soul I'll let you know what it is." I solemnly promised, and Bill explained to me his project.

"If I could fix a wire," he said, "and fasten it to grandfather's nose in the night when he snores, I could save all that electricity and make it do some work. I'm goin' to run the wire to the churn first and make it do the churnin', and then, if there's power enough, p'haps we c'n make it saw some wood."

Such a great project astounded me. I had always known that Bill had a massive intellect, yet I was unprepared for this, and I burst into tears, feeling that I had a brother to be proud of. After that, whenever Bill had a spare moment, he was in the workshop, back of the barn, preparing to carry out his new scheme. At meal times he would hardly speak unless spoken to, and his mind seemed to be preoccupied all the time. I was the only one who knew the cause of it.

"Maria," said grandfather one day, after Bill had been unusually silent at dinner, "I believe that young feller hes got sunthir' on his mind."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed grandmother, somewhat alarmed, "I'll give him some yarb tea to-night. That'll drive it out." I knew what the matter was with Bill, but said nothing.

In a few days Bill declared to me confidentially that he had nearly finished his preparations, and that soon we should see some wonderful results. That night, after we had gone to bed, I noticed that Bill seemed restless and unable to go to sleep. I, too, was wakeful for a time, but at last weari-
ness overpowered me and I sank to sleep. About midnight I awoke and found that Bill was absent. He had got up and dressed while I slept. It was a lovely June night this time and through the open window came the croaking of frogs in the meadow, and the full moon was shining beautifully. I waited a moment, but could hear no sound of Bill. From grandfather's room came that deep, measured snoring to which I had become so accustomed. I rose from bed and went out noiselessly into the hallway. There was Bill with some wire, which he was uncoiling. He had stretched it up over the stairs from the lower part of the house, and I could see that he was going into grandfather's room with it. It was no wonder that Bill was nervous that night; but he was so occupied with his work that he did not notice me as I watched him from a dark corner. He crept on tiptoe into grandfather's room with his wire, went up to the head of the bed, and made a connection with the old man's nose. Instantly I could hear a whirring sound down in the direction of the kitchen. Hill crept out of the room, and then ran down the stairs with long jumps. I followed him. There was the churn going at a tremendous rate of speed. I could not see how the wire was connected; but the churn was going, and grandfather still snored, while, now and then, after an uncommonly loud snore, the sparks would fly from the wire. "Now we'll saw a little wood," muttered Bill to himself.

While I was waiting to see how the connection was to be made with the saw, Bill accidentally touched the wire with his bare hand, then staggered and fell backward. Horrified, I rushed up to him, but life was extinct. He had received the full force of the electricity and had expired—a martyr to science. The soft moonlight fell with a loving touch upon his white face and golden hair, while outside the crickets chirped, and the lazy zephyrs whispered gently among the branches of the old elm trees.

SHACKLES.

BY MARKL G. ANDREWS, '97.

BONDAGE and Liberty! What an infinite gulf lies between those two words! The one is a synonym for hopelessness, despair, death; the other means life, full, free, abundant. The one embodies, in a single word, a statement of the condition, in some degree at least, of every human being; the other expresses as simply that toward which all humanity is ever struggling.

Bondage! we shudder at the word,—shudder, and draw back instinctively, as there seems to pass before us a long procession, moving onward with toilsome step and slow, marching in time, not to strains of martial music, but to the heavy clank, clank, clank of chains. See! how ghastly and ghost-like the figures seem as they pass us; how their shoulders bend beneath the weight of the heavy fetters, how, from their faces, the light of hope has faded, leaving there instead only an expression of dim despair! "Who are these?" I cry, but, while scarce the words have died away on my lips, my heart makes answer, "These are the
ghosts of those who once roamed earth's dreary wildernesses in search of Liberty, and who died, still, slaves!" On, on, the great procession sweeps, and now the figures seem to have lost their ghostly character and to have taken on the habiliments of flesh and blood, and I say, "These are the men of to-day, my comrades, my brothers." On, on, they pass; gray-haired sires whose feeble steps are rendered still more slow by the shackles they must carry; stalwart men chafing against their burden; young men and maidens impatient to be free, and little children whose dancing steps are not yet checked, since the weight of their bonds is still unfelt by them. On, still on they pass, till I cry out again, "Has this procession no end? Is it destined to pass forever before my eyes?" And my heart makes answer, "Yea, it can never cease so long as hoary earth has still a dweller, for all her inhabitants are destined to take their places in these ranks, and thou, too, must join them yet, since none are free."

So we watch them pass, until, after a little, our eyes becoming accustomed to the sight, we notice that they bear not all the same fetters, and we bend forward, peering at them more closely, striving to make out the difference between them, and first there come those whom all the world calls slaves; those whose fetters we see even now being tightened and made heavier by their fellow-men, who, though bearing chains themselves, seem not to have gained on that account any feeling of pity or mercy for their companions in misfortune. Yet are not these acknowledged slaves the happiest of all? Are they, or are they not? Yea, if the body only be in bondage, while the mind and soul be free; nay, if the enslavement of the body has led to thralldom of mind and soul as well. And who are these who come next? Those whose bodies are indeed free, but the powers of whose mind, whose intellect, are constantly thwarted, weakened, made utterly impotent. There are the grinning, leering faces of the idiots, who pass on, muttering their unintelligible gibberish, only dimly conscious of the weight of chains they carry; there go the half-wits, who perchance fancy themselves freest of all, and then there follow those who struggle the most fiercely against their bondage, whose chains are an intolerable burden, who are in slavery and who realize it with all the intensity of their being. There goes one who has all the sensibility of a poet. How his soul thrills to the pulsations of melody, of rhythm; how his thoughts flow in harmonious cadences; how they struggle to be free; how he loathes the fetters which bind them! There goes one who has an artist's soul. Never has canvas glowed with such pictures as it would present could his thoughts but find expression there. There is another who fain would be a sculptor. Had his mind but the power to make the chisel do his bidding all the world would bow in worship before the breathing marble. How all these fettered intellects look with envy on their fellow-mortals, esteeming others' bondage as desirable compared with their own, and seeing with a bitter
jealousy their companions do those things which they have been struggling all their lives to accomplish.

"Failure is harder in ourselves than 'tis to watch another fail. To know, however hard one delves, a thin soil is of no avail; to see another lightly do the task impossible to you,—all this is bitter hard."

But the procession moves on, and next we see a sad-faced company, those with fettered souls, those in whom are continually rising noble aspirations, holy purposes, those who would be saints but for the fetters which bind them, who echo mournfully again and again the words of one who, hundreds of years ago, trod the way before them, "For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. For I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

So on, still on, the procession passes, and some have a look of despair on their faces, while others, though groaning beneath their burdens, still press hopefully forward, in full faith in their final deliverance.

And I cry, "Is there not liberty somewhere for all of earth's weary multitudes?" And my heart makes answer, "Yes, surely yes, see how these, by their struggles, have freed themselves already from many of the chains which bound them, and though they be not destined to walk in perfect freedom while on earth, yet Death will bring the great deliverance. Not to all, it may be, for some have grown used to their bondage and have even learned to love the fetters that bind them to the earthly, while others never felt the weight of their chains, but to all who struggle toward the light, deliverance must come.

Therefore, oh slave, thou whose soul doth beat against thy prison-bars, cease not thy struggles for freedom. One by one thy chains shall fall, and when at last thou art released, thy flight shall be lofter than it could have been hadst thou not been continually trying thy wings in what thou thoughtest to be a vain attempt for freedom.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

BY O. F. CUTTS, '96.

A TRAVELER stands upon the vine-clad banks of the placid Rhine. At his feet the peaceful current flows onward, onward, as noiselessly as the precious stream of the present, rising from the fountain-head of creation, glides swiftly, irresistibly forward until it is swallowed up in the fathomless ocean of eternity. The traveler raises his eyes, and his wandering gaze rests upon the massive ruins of an ancient castle. Crowning the summit of a jagged cliff, it looks out upon the beautiful region over which, in by-gone ages, it exercised despotic sway. Lost is the glory and the grandeur of that once famous citadel. Its battlements have crumbled, its towers have fallen, its walls are tottering. It serves no longer the purpose for which it was laboriously erected. All the strenuous exertion, the unceasing activity, the wearisome planning and watching required in the construction of that castle—are they
lost? No. In the city yonder, surrounded by magnificent edifices, over which it towers as did Jupiter above the gods, wondrously beautiful in material and architecture, is situated a world-famous cathedral. Men pause before it, dumb with amazement; within its walls, they are lost in admiration and reverence. Whence came the material, the power, the skill necessary for the successful completion of so grand a work? Immediately, conclusively comes the answer,—from the rich legacy of the past. Hidden, indeed, from the careless eyes of the transient observer, buried deeply in their native earth, lie the foundations upon which the mighty structure rests. These foundations, without which the massive fabric would collapse, are composed solely of the unsightly ruins of the ancient castle.

Gloriously colossal and enduring stands, to-day, the magnificent cathedral of civilization. Founded immovably upon the ruins of time, reared in revolution and revival, perfected in freedom, peace, and prosperity, its myriad domes seem ever to point and beckon upward, and its chimes ring out, excelsior.

It is difficult to believe, it is impossible to understand, but it is undeniably, unerringly true that life is founded on decay and is perfected in death. Nothing perishes; nothing can perish. The past is not lost, for the present has the advantages of all the failures and successes, all the thoughts and purposes, of time itself. Greece has ceased to be the famed center of refinement and learning. No Socrates now arouses the wonder and even distrust of his countrymen by his profound wisdom and genius. Italy has bidden an eternal farewell to her grandeur and her power; and the Roman forum no longer echoes the thrilling utterances of a Cicero. Palestine never more shall cherish within its borders the holy people, and never again shall all nature shudder at the agonized death-cry of the crucified Nazarene. Their glory has waned, but the present owes a vast debt to their influence. The Greeks gave us culture; the Romans law; the Hebrews religion. Priceless temples are these, founded immutably upon the ruins of time.

Slowly, but inevitably, judgment is declared upon the past. "Providence," says Guizot, "is not anxious to deduce to-day the conclusions of the premises it laid down yesterday." It suspends its decision even through ages, but the verdict is sure to be pronounced. Truth, justice, and honor obtain their merited reward now and throughout eternity, while the defaced ruins of injustice, falsehood, and oppression, although enduring, still bear witness to the inevitable condemnation of time. Cursed though they may be, surely civilization owes much to these evils. Mankind learns principally from the mistakes and failures of the past, and the priceless boon of freedom and liberty could never have been appreciated had there existed no slavery and oppression. Above the loathsome ruins of tyranny, licentiousness, and crime, appeared the beautiful flower of the Renaissance. The fragrance of that flower permeated the civilized world, and its seed now blossoms in every clime.

The world is full of ruins: misspent
lives; wrecked institutions; fallen nations. The thought of them produces a feeling of sadness diminished by a deep sense of gratitude for the warnings that they offer. Yet it is not alone the mistakes and failures of the past that are potent in shaping human affairs. The marvelous productions and the grand achievements of ages excite the wonder, stimulate the ambition, and arouse to mighty activity all the God-given powers of man. Deprive the world of its past and mankind would inevitably retrograde morally, intellectually, and physically.

The past attainments of humanity have been glorious; its future achievements, built upon the ruins of time, shall be grander, nobler, more miraculous, until it shall attain the ideal civilization when perfect men shall be joined together in faultless unity and peace.

Poets' Corner.

DECEMBER.

We call him tyrant hoary-haired and stern,
Or liken him to Death with icy blade
Guarding the slain world in its shroud of snow,
What time the chill heart of the hills sends forth
An empty wailing for the unloved dead.

But soon through leaden clouds the waning sun
Flames in the west, and sweeter fancies rise,
Till the grim tyrant seems a fairy king
Haunting the sunset where the souls of flowers
With mystic music in the jeweled streets
Hold revel, waiting for the call to earth.

Yet when across the gleaming fields of snow
Soft-footed night comes stealing, and the stars
Burn with their holy fire light thoughts away,
'Tis then the truer vision clear unfolds,
And neither tyrant stern nor merry elf
Seems this December; for the noiseless gates
Of heaven itself swing open and he comes
Wide-winged and calm, an angel strong as love,
Bearing the Christ-child in his shining arms.
—M. S. M., '91.

SUNSET BY THE SEA.

I stand alone upon the shore
And watch the white sails one by one
Like great sea-birds come slowly in
While lower sinks the winter sun.

And shadows lengthen on the land
And shadows lengthen on the sea,
And naught but shadows fill my heart,
For all the world seems dark to me.
—L'ÉCRIVAILLEUR, '91.

DESIRE AND DUTY.

When Desire and Duty meet,
Desire, with laughing eyes and rosy dimples,
Slips her warm, soft hand in mine
And whispers, "Sweet—
This life is short. Enjoy it.
Gather the roses while they bloom.
They will not last forever."

Then with cold, hard hands
Pressing full heavily my untried shoulders,
Duty holds me back, and sternly speaks
In accents unmistakable:
"There is naught precious in this life but
Truth.
One road, and only one, by which to find it.
I will be your guide."

Shuddering, I strive to rid myself of those cold hands,
And cry aloud to see how white and frail my own Desire becomes:
"Go from me, cruel, common being.
What have I to do with thee! I am of finer nature.
This fair and sympathetic one, who clings to me and leads me on—
On to sunny lands, and days, and ways unknown to thee,
This angel, given me by the Father, bids me send you hence."
"I go." The words are sadly said,
And even as the hands are lifted,
Comes into my heart a keener, deeper pain
Than I have ever known.
I turn, and lo! the grim, dark visage
I had thought to see—was not; instead,  
A face so sad! so grand! It was the Christ  
himself.

Before that look reproachful  
My eyes fell. The pain grew fiercer in my  
heart.

Long time, in agony, I stood.

Then in the steep, rough path before me,  
Saw a light, dim, uncertain, yet a light;  
And knew it was the guide.  
Then gladly followed I, o'er rock and treacher-  
ous hollow.

Desire? I thought not of her. She was dead.  
—S. M. B., '98.

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:  
In the hope that I may awaken suf-  
ficient interest in those students of  
Bates who plan to study law to induce  
them to consider carefully the advan-  
tages of a law school course, I accept  
your invitation to write you something  
about the Law School of Harvard Uni-  
versity. I trust there is no student in  
Bates who does not have some appreci-  
ation of the value and desirability of  
graduate work in a university.  
Of course I don't need to tell you how  
important university work is for a  
teacher, or that a medical course is  
indispensable for a physician, but per-  
haps you do not realize the value of a  
law school course to one who is to enter  
the law. I cannot hope to prove to  
you the mistake that you will make if  
you try to lay your foundation for the  
practice of law without the assistance  
of a law school, but I shall hope to  
interest you so that you will prove it  
for yourself, by your own investigation.  
Suppose, then, that you have decided  
to take up law, what has Harvard Law  
School to offer you?

First, it offers a scientific method of  
the study of law. Professor Langdell,  
twenty-five years ago, decided that the  
study of law in a university could only  
be justified by regarding it as a science,  
and that if it is a science it should be  
studied according to scientific methods.  
As a consequence of his convictions  
Harvard University adopted the now  
famous "case system" for the study of  
law. To-day that method is in use  
wholly, or in part, in at least eight  
law schools in this country, and in  
each case its adoption has been due to  
its success at Harvard.  

What is the "case system"? You  
have doubtless heard of it, for it has  
many bitter enemies who never lose an  
opportunity to criticise it. If you are  
at all familiar with law books you know  
that the legal treatises—such as Green-  
leaf on Evidence, of which every one  
has heard—are written by lawyers, and  
are, as a rule, nothing more or less  
than a series of statements of what the  
author, in each particular case, thinks  
the law to be. A few masterpieces,  
like Pollock on Torts, and Gray on  
Perpetuities, discuss the law on prin- 
ciple, but you can number such works  
on your fingers. Most of them are  
little more than digests which, though  
often indispensable to the practicing  
lawyer, are hardly fit for the beginner.
Where does the author of a legal work find his law? What is the law? The law—I mean of course the common law—is made by the courts in dealing with actual cases, and their opinions, adjudging those cases, are the original sources of the law. That is where Kent, Greenleaf, Washburn, and all the rest of them had to go for their law; why can’t you go there and find out for yourself what the law is? That’s the way you study other sciences—why not the science of law? Harvard says there is no reason for a different method, so she puts in the hands of her law students large volumes of selected cases, reprinted from the original reports, omitting the head-notes, and arranged systematically so that the table of contents resembles that of legal text-books. The beginner is told to study and make abstracts of several cases. Some are right and some are wrong, but “which is which” the student does not know, and he is expected to leave text-books alone until after the lecture. In the lecture room a student is called on by the professor to state a case, then he is asked, “Do you agree with it?” and “Why?” Then follows a general discussion on principle, in which all who desire participate. This discussion is shaped and controlled by the professor who, when he deems it wise, closes it and gives a brief statement of the law as it is, a conclusion which, if right in principle, has been anticipated by the discussion. The law was made by these cases which have just been discussed, word by word by the class, and each student has learned it for himself, and that by original investigation, conducted, as are your scientific experiments, under the watchful eye of a master. Is it not the ideal way to study law? What better way to develop a legal mind?

Another argument in favor of Harvard Law School is the large proportion of its students who are college graduates. Of its 404 students last year, 305 were college graduates and 11 were Harvard College Seniors. After this year only college graduates will be admitted to the regular classes, so a large influx of non-graduates was expected this fall, but out of 224 “first-year” men, by far the largest class ever entering, but little over ten per cent are non-graduates. It is hardly necessary to point out the desirability of such a student body over one in which the proportion is reversed. Graduates of seventy different colleges were in the school last year from every state in the Union and from all over the world.

Again, Harvard offers to her law students every advantage that her college men have. Harvard is indeed a university, and her students are all on an equal footing in whatever department they may be. Once register as a Harvard student and every course in the entire university is open to you.

Then there is the final question, what is it all worth? The answer is easy—it is invaluable. Wherever you practice, even though it be where your degree is not respected, you will find that you have a solid foundation such as few men are capable of laying without the assistance of a law school.
THE BATES STUDENT.

And if you settle in a community where the value of your degree and its meaning are recognized, you will see its worth very quickly.

To those of the STUDENT's readers who propose to study law I will say that I hope I have at least interested you in Harvard Law School. I am anxious to see Bates men going there, for I believe that it is what its friends claim it to be, the best law school in the world. I should be glad to furnish any further information about the school if students desiring it will take the trouble to write me.

NELSON W. HOWARD, '92.
Law Offices of Fish, Richardson & Storrow, 40 Water Street, Boston.

AUBURN, ME., December 5, 1895.

Mr. O. C. Boothby, Alumni Editor of STUDENT:

YOUR request for an article on the Atlanta Fair is received. The Fair was incidental to the main purpose of my trip to Atlanta, and any observations I may make upon it must necessarily be superficial. If, however, an account of this trip would be of any interest to the readers of the STUDENT, I willingly give it.

There were four of us in the party. The two gentlemen were delegates to a convention which met at Atlanta on the 22d of October. We left home at noon of October 19th, and went direct to New York via Fall River line, leaving New York the following morning at eleven o'clock on the Exposition Flyer over the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington, thence via Southern Railroad to Atlanta. The time from New York was twenty-four hours. We arrived at Atlanta Monday morning at 11.20, central time.

From Washington the route was through new territory to us. As we passed through Alexandria, Manassas, Culpepper, Charlottesville, it was natural that we should attempt to imagine the scenes of war that were here enacted not so very long ago as wars are reckoned. We passed through these scenes in the afternoon of a fine autumn day, and were startled from our reveries by the announcement of the conductor: "Next station, supper house," "Supper house next," "Charlottesville." Our trip through the Carolinas was during the night time, and in the morning, when we awoke, we were upon the north-eastern border of Georgia. The "breakfast house" was announced when we reached Mount Airy. Here we had a most excellent breakfast in an excellent hotel, which is chiefly patronized as a summer resort, situated a few rods from the railroad. At this breakfast we first experienced the famous Georgia dish, Brunswick stew. It was when we awoke in the morning and before we reached Mount Airy that we had our first glimpse of a cotton field. It was a trifle disappointing to one whose ideas had been gained solely from pictures of cotton fields with tall and luxuriant plants loaded with great tufts of cotton. The cotton plants in the fields we saw were about knee high, and in many of them the process of picking was going on, although I should judge the bulk of the crop had already been harvested. The land was uneven and undulating, and much of the soil was of the color of terra-cotta. Where
the cotton fields were upon the hill-sides terraces had been made to hold the moisture and prevent the rains from washing out the crop. The northern part of Georgia, however, through which we traversed, is not the best cotton district.

We passed through extensive cotton fields, in most of which the crop had been harvested, and the bare stocks, stripped of their blades, were standing. We noticed corn and cotton growing in the forest. The trees were not very near together, and of course there was no underbrush. The trees had been girdled about two feet from the ground, evidently for the purpose of killing them that the foliage might not shade the crop planted beneath. It presented, however, a desolate and lackadaisical appearance to one accustomed to New England farms and methods of cultivation.

Our first sight of the Cotton States and International Exposition was from the car window as the train drew in to the city of Atlanta. The scene was imposing, and in a measure reminded one of the Chicago Exposition.

In the afternoon we made our first trip to the Fair Grounds, by the way of the electric road. The street cars run into the grounds to a commodious station. It is never difficult to arrive at a place be the crowd ever so great, and it was in handling the crowds departing from the Fair that the street railway company displayed its good management. The station was divided into paddocks, like a stock yard; each paddock was to accommodate the people destined to some particular part of the city, and the particular car would draw up in front of its proper paddock, whereupon the guard would open the valve and let out a car full of passengers, and if any were left the next car would be their opportunity. There was only one day while we were at Atlanta, which was President’s Day, when the facilities of the street-car lines were put to any very severe test, but these arrangements seemed to us to reduce the delay, confusion, and liability to accident in street-car travel under like conditions, to its lowest terms.

Piedmont Park, the site of the Exposition, is a beautiful park. It has hills and vales, and in the location and grouping of the buildings, the plaza, the lake, and the laying out of the walks and drives, and open spaces, the natural advantages have been admirably utilized for scenic effect. The expanse of wood, glass and stucco, the towers, pillars, statues, the avenues, waterway, bridge, are all here, and the huge buildings resplendent with the newness of fresh paint and bright colors. The negro, the mule, and cotton are also very much in evidence. A broad plank driveway encircles the grounds, upon which ’buses, drawn by mules, run for the accommodation of the patrons. One of the ladies of the party remarked that this was probably the “Intramule-rail-Way.” Upon either side of this drive-way, and over the avenues generally, we found crushed granite had been spread, which to our notion was a most serious mistake, as it made walking over this yielding and uncertain footing very tiresome. Pedestrians were warned to keep off the plankway, but most of us
preferred, for a part of the time at least, to face the dangers of one end of a Georgia mule on the plankway to confining our footsteps altogether to the granite chips.

Midway Heights gave the Fair more of an international appearance than any other portion of it we saw. There were creditable foreign exhibits in the various buildings, but it is the outside of the Fair, the people and the costumes, from which impressions are largely taken. The Midway was an acknowledged imitation of the Chicago Midway. The negro fakir gave the Golden Rule of the Midway, referring to the crowds: "You must do them or they will do you." The colored people were spending their dimes and quarters freely in the Midway, dressed in their finest, and appeared to enjoy themselves in a most cheerful and good-natured manner.

Fine exhibits of the various kinds of machinery for the handling and manufacture of cotton, occupied a large portion of Machinery Hall.

We visited the Negro Building, and were much interested in what we saw there. The building and its contents were entirely the product of the brain and brawn of the colored people. There was quite a display of carriages, wagons, and harnesses manufactured by the pupils of southern industrial schools, which showed a good deal of skill, and their entire exhibit indicated a high degree of industrial and educational attainment.

The exhibition buildings were closed daily at six P.M., and the only attractions in the evening were the restaurants and the illuminations. Each Wednesday and Saturday evening of the week there was a display of fireworks. There was no stint of electricity. The grounds, the fountain, pillars, buildings, cornices, and towers were brilliantly illuminated, and presented a fairy-like spectacle. There were undulating waves of light, rising from the lake and plaza over the cornices on every dome and minaret, over the lofty statues and towers and monuments to the dome of the Gallery of Fine Arts on the heights of Piedmont Park. The effect at night even rivaled the wonderful illuminations of the White City, and as one's thoughts recur to the Centennial Exposition, it seems in comparison to have been held in a period of Stygian darkness, when perpetual night overspread the earth.

I do not know that the Atlanta Fair attempts to rival its two predecessors. It has a setting and individuality quite its own. It is sufficient unto itself, and demonstrates what the old South is capable of under the inspiration of new ideas.

N. W. H., '73.

PERSONALS.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, Esq., was one of the three commissioners appointed by the city of Auburn to adjust the claims of the petitioners and of the remonstrants, and to decide upon the question of widening the street at the Auburn end of the North Bridge.

'77.—We are informed of the death of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Noble of Phillips, Me. A sketch of this young lady and a poem written in memory of her, have appeared in the Phillips Phonograph.
'77.—Superintendent G. A. Stuart of the Lewiston Schools, has been elected Superintendent of Schools at Chicopee, Mass.

'81.—The evening lectures of Rev. B. S. Rideout, pastor of the Congregational Church at Norway, Me., are very popular and are attracting large audiences.

'82.—The infant daughter of Dr. George P. Emmons, resident physician at the Central Maine General Hospital, died recently in Lewiston.

'83.—J. L. Reade, Esq., is night editor of the Lewiston Daily Sun, Lewiston, Me.

'84.—Prof. Aaron Beede, Dean of the Faculty of Redfield College, Redfield, South Dakota, has returned to the work of his professorship at Redfield College after a summer spent in Germany.

'84.—Mrs. Henri J. Haskell, neé Miss Ella L. Knowles, has presented to Cheney Hall, Bates College, two very fine portraits of herself and of her husband, Hon. Henri J. Haskell, Attorney-General of Montana.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles, foreign missionary, was given a farewell reception in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Sunday evening, March 8th. Mr. Styles sailed from New York for India on Saturday, December 28th.

'86.—Rev. Charles Hadley of Lewiston, whose labors as a clergyman and foreign missionary are well known to many readers of the Student, died at his home in Lewiston, Friday, December 20th.

'89.—Prof. A. B. Call has resigned as principal of Leland and Gray Seminary, Townsend, Vt., and is now principal of the High School at Peterborough, N. H.

'90.—W. H. Woodman has been admitted to the Suffolk County Bar.

'90.—F. S. Libbey has resigned as principal of Camden High School. His successor will be Mr. Eli Edgecomb, '90, who was formerly principal of the Paris Hill Academy.

'92.—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Skelton have a son, born November 15th.

'92.—N. W. Howard, who was recently admitted to the bar of Suffolk County, has resigned the position which he held in the office of Hyde, Dickinson & Howe, and has accepted a position with the firm of Fish, Richardson & Storrow, 40 Water Street, Boston, with a large increase of salary.

'92.—The marriage of Scott Wilson, Esq., '92, and Miss L. M. Bodge, '91, was celebrated at the home of the bride in South Windham on Monday, December 23d. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will reside in Portland, where Mr. Wilson is already recognized as a leader among the younger members of the legal profession.

'95.—Mr. W. S. C. Russell and Miss Elizabeth W. Foster were married on Saturday, October 12th, at the home of the bride in Burlington, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Russell will reside at Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass.

'95.—Miss E. B. Cornish has entered a three years' course in the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston.

'95.—Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Fletcher have a son, Earl Wingate, born November 4th.
"I Cannot Tell a Lie."

We had a call from George the other night. We will say nothing about his manner of coming or his looks, as he may be sensitive, and we always dislike to hurt a friend’s feelings.

It is convenient to have a friend who can chat as easily and positively of the future as of the past. Moreover, we have become quite closely attached to our truthful friend during the past year. And as he told us, with tears in his eyes, that this was his last visit to earth, we felt our mature dignity sorely tried. Had we been Freshmen we would have wept bitterly; had we been Sophomores we would have cried gently; had we been Juniors we would have whimpered; but, as we were Seniors, we merely said, "Well, never mind, old man. We’ll have one good talk before we shake finally." George wiped his eyes and asked us where we’d like to begin.

So he talked to us about the political future, and we cheered. He talked about the other world, and we hastily vowed we’d turn over a new leaf. We asked him about the next Democratic President, and he said he’d have to use his imagination. We asked him if Bowdoin would ever learn to play base-ball, and he shook his head sadly. Then we asked him about the college life of a hundred years hence and, as his replies were especially interesting, we will give them more fully.

"No," he said, "Faculties will not be abolished, but kindergarten methods of government will be monopolized by the lower schools. Students will be allowed to express their feelings without being black-listed, and Bates will have a college annual. Hazing will become a fine art, and will be represented by a chair in the Faculty. The professor in this department will be assisted by the College Council. Parents having sons afflicted with the "big head" can send them to college with the assurance that the disease will be cured and not, as at present, too often aggravated. There will be no more fake final examinations. Students will actually run the college paper as at
present advertised. Mount David will have an observatory, Bates will have library, society, and law school buildings, and—but we had fainted away, and when we came to, the father of his country had made his last exit.

On a Friday night not dreary, while some students, not so weary
That they did not seek for pleasure now the week of work was o'er,
Up in Hathorn Hall were staying, suddenly they thought of straying
Down the stairway, o'er the pathway, through a heavy wooden door,
Good society—each other's—there to cultivate still more,
On the smooth gymnasium floor.

How it happened, this migration, from the start to consummation
(That the author writes from hearsay every reader must deplore),
Not a person can remember, for it seems as if each member,
Moved as by a sudden impulse, something never felt before,
Went, without command or reason, that dark building to explore,
Simply this, and nothing more.

Soon the gas was brightly burning, and some lively young man turning,
Gave command in words sonorous, "Choose your partners; form on floor;
We'll not stand without employment; in a grand march find enjoyment."
Glad of innocent amusement, stood they idle there no more.
College rules no more disturbed them than the strict blue laws of yore
(They in number were threescore).

Soon the orchestra appeared, and with energy unwearied,
Played the strains and tunes most lively, old and new ones, o'er and o'er,
Keeping time with zest and pleasure to the music's sprightly measure,
Marched they down the hall in couples, then in lines of eight or four,
"Right and left," "Salute," and "Tucker,"
till they cared for that no more,
Waited then for something more.

Not so all, for some, advancing to the centre, started dancing,
Tripping lightly in the waltzes on the smooth and spacious floor.
Not a grief or care they had, oh! why must then so dark a shadow
Fall on every merry student, all their hearts and spirits o'er,
Hush their mirthful conversation, still their laughter's joyous roar.
Prexy enters at the door.

Not at once did they perceive him, nor as usual receive him,
With an eagerness to listen to the message that he bore.
Looked he up at the musician, high, exalted in position,
He, the orchestra, continued, even louder than before,
Till with effort drew the other his attention from his score.
He played, you may guess, no more.

The new-comer, merely glancing at the dancers, so entrancing
To each other, that they saw not, nor did cease for some time more,
Quoth, "Have you obtained permission? Do you realize your position?"
Surely this transgression of our laws doth grieve me very sore.
You at once must haste to don the outer garments that you wore,
Then depart, and sin no more."

Then at once each student started, and in silence they departed
(Silence deep, impressive reigned since first the speaker gained the floor),
And as home their way they wended, they knew well that they had ended
A performance none exactly like which Bates had ever seen before,
And they thought again they'd never, when society was o'er,
Waltz on the gymnasium floor.

When engaged in rash wrong-doing, young folks always soon are rueing
That they did not wait, consider, ere they stepped the boundary o'er,
And we think that not less prudent is the present college student
Than the one who shall succeed him, or the one who's gone before.
When this escapade's forgotten, say in years some three or four,
Some good students, when on pleasure bent, at ten o'clock or more,
Wishing to enjoy the present, ere their hair is gray and hoar,
In the thoughtlessness of youth, may yet transgress the rules once more,
Waltzing on the smooth gym. floor.

The Student editors take this opportunity to announce that they will have a grand banquet on the evening of December 32d, in the Sanctum, which will be beautifully decorated for the occasion. In one corner will be hung a fine oil painting, recently completed, representing "The Student Editors on a Spree," of which a great art critic has well said that the empty bottles look as real as life. This banquet is to be simply a private affair, a very few tickets being given away to the friends of the editors, at the low price of one dollar ($1.00) each. The refreshments are to consist of roast fowl, skillfully extracted from the hen-roost of one of the Faculty in the witching hours of the night.

Following the refreshments there will be a game of Copenhagen, during which several of the College Rules will be broken. Then will come a short literary feast, as follows: Mr. Boothby, the business manager, will come forward, assisted by the Faculty, and will proceed to count, upon his fingers, the net profits of the Student in dollars and cents. After this the editors will all join in singing, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." One of our number will then deliver an extemporaneous speech, in the preparation of which he has already spent several days of very valuable time. Each one of the editors will then individually and collectively break some more of the College Rules, after which one of the Faculty will say something funny. As another feature of the entertainment we shall endeavor to persuade Mr. Burrill, representing the Student for next year, to give a short talk on his experience as a Sunday-school superintendent at West Auburn.

The Faculty will be sent home at precisely ten o'clock, after which the jovial company will adjourn to the gymnasium and enjoy a dance, a squad of mounted police being stationed at the door to prevent all interruptions. The following are a few of the dances: Pony Polka (composed and arranged by a Freshman), Cheney Hall Galop, Old Horse Galop, Facultorial Waltz (very difficult). Besides these there are others. This will be a very enjoyable affair and all students who are in town are cordially invited to come and peep in at the windows.

It was the month of November, when winter is swiftly advancing;
When on the gridiron in mud and in slime and in showers descending,
Contests of strength and of science for glory and honor are witnessed;
When on the rostrum high the eloquent Freshman doth pour forth Torrents of phrases and words, of whose meaning he scarce is cognizant;
When the society crank, like a hunter the Freshman pursueth,
Urging with all his might that he join either Euro or Polly;
When the omniscient Soph, from his knowledge almost cyclopiedic (Knowledge that's unperceived, except by the mind of the owner,
Who is above all others, at least in his own estimation, Publishes documents small, that create a mighty sensation, Not because of their merit, nor yet for their wit or their humor, Only as curios they're noticed, the products of minds idiotic; Later their arguments lengthy, written in style most polemic, Then delivered with strident voice and gestures befitting Phillipics, In the college chapel they read, to people who nod and who slumber, Mostly, however, to empty Beats, that echo hollow and mournful. Many the sports are and pleasures this season which render so merry, Yet I must linger no longer, but take up the thread of my story.

Then said the men full of wisdom, the grave and the reverend Seniors, Surely we ought to be thinking, how best we may spend the long hours, How we may show that our fame as a speedy class is not groundless. Let us then call a council and see that these ends are accomplished.

So the legions met, and on many a plan and a project, Out of their fertile brains, did reflect, discuss and consider. Then rose one of the mighty and valorous men of the Seniors, Let us then have a feed, in the midnight hours let us have it, Thus we'll enjoy the pleasures of food material and mental, Peanuts and grapes we will have, but toasts shall finish the banquet. Long they talked on the subject, and thought of the sweetness of chickens, Fowl from the Faculty hen-coop, just fattening ready for roasting; Sadly they said, "We cannot; no night intervenes ere the feast night;" This though he, stout of heart, and stout of body as truly, He who had been appointed to superintend the refreshments, Vowed he was ready to go wherever this business might send him. Then the council ended, and busy all day were the warriors. Some prepared the place, the fire they lighted and tended, Some procured the viands, abundant and luscious and varied, Some the cider did order, new cider that never appeared.

At the appointed hour, with the pass-word unbarring the entrance, One by one, with stealthy tread, the hosts did assemble; Saw they there, on the festive board, on the botany tables, Where so oft they had labored long, determining species, Heaps of food, piled up so high, they scarce could see one another, Scarcely could each his opposite see, by craning his neck to perceive him.

All were assembled, and they began, proceeding at once to their business, Talking and laughing the while, and shouting and singing and joking, Vied with each other in eating, till lo! like a wonder of magic Vanished the viands away, and left but a mem'ry behind them.

And as they sit at the feast, let us view this mighty assembly. Spartacus the wise and valiant, Trav'l'er over many countries From the West to Scandinavia. He excites uproarious laughter By the humor of his speaking. Douglass, too, the mighty athlete, Shrewd to pilot on the gridiron, On the diamond, too, to vict'ry, Cool and calm, whate'er may happen. Freddie tardy came (at midnight), He was late, for he was napping, Strange, for he, like all the others, Has the faculty to 'get there,' Whatever his undertaking. Chauncey too, rotund, benignant, Beaming o'er the feast abundant, When with his mask and mitten Smilingly he eats the red-hot Curves and shots of our swift pitchers, Did his best to make it vanish.

June, the tall and flaxen-haired one, Broadly smiled when he remembered How as Sophs they blew the gas out (He and Dug, they were the culprits), And were caught by the Professor.
Hoag, strong and large of body,  
Strong as well in mental muscle.
Hal, the sweet and tuneful singer,  
He of all the host the youngest.
Pldge, the lad from far New Brunswick,  
Studious he, and ne'er neglectful
Of his ologies and essays.
When as Sophs, they beat the Freshmen,  
He the pitcher was and hero.
Oren C., whose stirring language  
Woke intense enthusiasm
When the speeches first were called for.
He is of the human species  
Known in Yankeedom as "hustlers."
Andy Wayoff, the toast-master,  
With his collar high emblazoned
With the colors of our nation.
Squire was there, the mighty hunter,  
He who always, if requested,
The whole book recites from mem'ry;
Diligent and long he studies.
Thomas, born to be a leader,  
President of all the unions,  
Clubs, or orders that he enters.
Cutts, the editorial chieftain,  
Mighty he in oratory,
As in tackling and in blocking.
Purinton, L. G., who mingles,  
In the lab., drugs strong and deadly,
As he will when a physician.
In the base-ball game last season  
With the "first nine" men excluded
('96 were their opponents,  
To 8 the score was,  
Purie pitched like an old veteran.
Gould, not only a hard student,  
Also is an electrician.
In the moments snatched from study
Telegraphs and 'phones he tinkers.
Plum illustrates well the saying,
Deep, broad streams are never noisy;
Deep he is, though seldom showy.
Bobby is the tallest warrior  
Even in this host of giants.
On the tennis court his prowess  
Helped to win the silver trophy.
From the Bowdoin men of valor.
Mac, beloved by all his classmates,  
So that in the dusk of May-day
Hung they presents on his door-knob.
Mason, dignified and solemn,  
Save when he at times unbending
Jolliest is of all the jolly.
Gussie, the petit class leader,
Small in body, great in wisdom,  
Not a glum and sullen plunger;
Leads by virtue of "Dame Nature."
He 'twas ordered nice new cider;
But it must be his appearance
In the farmer roused suspicions,  
So he did not dare to send it.
Then the twins, so like each other,  
Few distinguish one from t'other.
Virtues theirs too great for mention,  
Too well known to need attention.
Last of all is "brainy" Howard,  
Last he was as well in speaking—
The best wine should end the feasting.
At all times, on any subject,  
Anson can discourse profoundly.
All regretted most sincerely
Joseph could not well be present.
Rossie, too, who late has entered
In the state of matrimony.
And to Thompson, who in sickness
Long is absent from among them,  
Sent the braves, by resolutions,
Their regrets and their good wishes.

Soon the mighty captain, the toast-master  
Learned and witty,
Taking the charge of affairs, called one by one
On the warriors,
Giving them topics for speech, as alone he is able to do it.

Then the orators great, whose fame is abroad  
In the nation,
Seeking not for language fine, but forcible, strong, and exciting,
Seeking not for serious thoughts, but such as excite roars of laughter,
Every old thing they could find, in the history of each of their classmates,
Which ridiculous was, repeated without any discount.
None enjoyed them more than at whose expense they were pointed.

Tales of test-stealing and cribbing, but many more of occasions
When a professor has charged a guileless and innocent student,
Charged him with grave transgressions, with those he never had thought of.
Sophomoric tricks, and bluffs to avoid flunks disgraceful,
Also of strange mistakes of those who guessed at their answers.

One was dubbed the liar monumental, and many agreed that his spirit
Well represented the class, though no others had been so successful. All that three long years had brought that was funny, amusing, was rehearsed in a style that made it more funny than ever. Never can we detail all that happened that night so eventful, till we a volume compose of which that evening the subject. And if we could, to none are these things so interesting as to the ones who heard and so loudly applauded these speeches. Mayhap too long already this story has wearied your patience, taking up space which better might stay as white as a snow-drift. After with shouts and songs they had waked Parker Hall from its slumbers, marching in double file, through the corridors dark and deserted, out on the campus they marched, while the Sum-bau awakened the echoes, then Boom-a-lak-a Boom from the sides of Mount David resounded. Gallantry ne'er did they lack, so, led by the torches' red fire, marched they in solemn array, where Cheney Hall snugly nestles, under the mountain's brow, and serenaded the co-eds, with the strains of "Phi Chi" awakening the damsels to wonder whether the Sophomores were out for murder or plunder. Rang out Boom-ta-da-ay on the stillness profound and unbroken, then O-ga-na-Ki again the mountain re-echoed, then "good morning" they said, and the celebration was ended. Thus did the boys of '96 make firmer the ties that do bind them, prove themselves speedy and jolly, as surely you always will find them.

Funny Man's Soliloquy.
Perhaps it will be plain some day that there's slight odds between the two: if folks won't laugh at what you say it's all the same, they'll laugh at you.

Only one who has made the experiment can conceive what a really stupendous undertaking it is to speak Truth once in two months. Nothing but custom and habit can lighten some tasks, and if it had not been that we were partially accustomed to telling the truth, it would have been extremely difficult for us to contribute to this department. We have become so infatuated, however, with George's cardinal virtue that we feel compelled to give our readers the benefit of one more item of Truth, with the understanding that it is to be strictly confidential. It is this: Judging from previous reputation and present indications, we fear that our successors will not tell the Truth as candidly and impartially as it has been our aim to do. Do not be despondent, however, for if they don't tell the Truth, doubtless they will fabricate enough to make everything equal.

No intended spirit of unkindness has pervaded these columns; our shafts have not been tipped with malice nor dipped in the poison of indifference. Take all in the spirit in which it has been offered and as you yourself would give it, for Tennyson hits it squarely when he says:

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright; but a lie which is half a truth is a harder matter to fight."

We are glad to inform our readers that everything which has appeared in these columns has met with the full, or at least the silent, approval of our true friend George.
College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

To a lady dentist I'd never propose,
For I'd have this in view,
That she who gives NO when she pulls
out teeth
Might give me NO.

Hinkley, '98, will captain the football team in the fall of 1896.
R. B. Stanley, '97, has been elected manager of the football team for next year.
The Psychology class has discovered that people often ape their simian ancestors.
The base-ball team have elected H. L. Douglass, '96, as captain for the coming season.
The Seniors who are to take history have voted to have modern European rather than American.
Prof. Allen will teach political economy and history next term. He is a graduate of Dartmouth.
No tackleer could take him off his feet,
He ran so hard and fast,
But he ventured on the icy street,
And he was "down" at last.

X to Z.—"Are you going to take Astronomy?" Z.—"No, I saw stars enough when I played football this fall."

Bates feels proud of Euro Sophia and Sister Polly and the way they delivered themselves in the public meetings.
A number of the young men will spend a part of the vacation in hunting.
Milliken, '97, goes to the wilds of Canada in pursuit of game.

The Sophomore Debates were held in the chapel near the close of last term, music being furnished by orchestras and a college male quartet.
Thomas S. Bruce, '98, has gone to Virginia for the vacation. He will visit his father, who is sick, and also his brother, Prof. N. C. Bruce, '93, of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.
The fine skating on Lake Auburn is the most prominent feature of local interest at the time of writing. The college people who are in Lewiston and Auburn are making the most of it.
Burrill, '97, has been elected manager of the Student for 1896, and spent the vacation in Lewiston and Auburn looking after its business interests. Stanley, '97, is his assistant.
Prof.—"Describe the different kinds of coral islands." Senior—"Well, all I know about it is, one with a lagoon in the center is called an atoll, and the other kind hasn't any lagoon in the center at all."
President Chase left for Boston December 12th. He will probably not return to Lewiston until spring. Prof. Stanton was present at the annual banquet held by the alumni of Boston and vicinity.
Among the younger alumni who have returned to Lewiston and Auburn for the holidays, are Small, '92; Pierce, Miss Gerrish, Miller, '94; Miss Roberts, Wakefield, Pulsifer, Files, Pettigrew, Miss Collins, and Wingate, '95.
The '97 editors have been assigned their departments thus: Durkee, liter-
ary department; Milliken, alumni department; Stanley and Skillings, local department; Miss Chase, book reviews; Miss Houghton, exchanges and poet's corner.

The prizes were awarded to Toothaker, Pearson, Miss Tasker, Knowlton, and Miss Sadie Brackett. The five prize winners, together with Miss Maxim, Miss Files, and Wells, are selected to compete in the champion debate.

Our manager is teaching in York County. After he had been there two days a new post-office, Elms, was instituted in the building next the schoolhouse. The student appreciates Uncle Sam's prompt recognition of its claims to all possible postal advantages.

Certain Seniors whose work in botany was never completed, might be seen to start whenever, in the chemical work, the metal barium was mentioned. It does sound something like herbarium. But don't you care, boys, her herbarium is just as good as his for all the purposes of science.

Bolster, '95, proves to be as popular as an athletic instructor as he was as a student. The class work in the gymnasium is proving helpful, as usual, and those who are capable of doing the trick work have the best of opportunities to develop their talents.

Prof. Strong was called away, during the last week of the term, on account of the death of his brother's wife. He was to have given a lecture at the Itinerants' Institute of the Maine Methodist Conference, which met that week at Mechanic Falls, on the subject of the Attitude of the Christian Ministry toward Evolution.

Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of the American commander of the Salvation Army, delivered a lecture in Roger Williams Hall, December 6th. She is a most forceful and talented speaker, and can present the work of the Army before an audience of the most educated people as well as before the ignorant and degraded people in the city slums. All who heard her were glad of the opportunity to attend her lecture in the Congregational Church in the evening.

The editor is in a stew,
His brain for "stuff" he squeezes,
For "news" not everybody knew,
Is rare as summer breezes.

Full well he knows that on his life
Some matter he must hash up.
So out he draws his pocket-knife,
The dictionary to slash up.

He cuts out words both short and long,
Then shakes them in a hat;
Puts them together, right or wrong,
His columns fills with that.

The Bates College Debating Union, auxiliary to the New England Debating League, has organized and elected the following officers: President, Stanley, '97; Vice-President, Sprague, '98; Secretary, Miss Houghton, '97; Treasurer, Greeley, '99; Executive Committee, Hoag and Thomas, '96, Skillings, '97, Sprague, '98, Greeley, '99. Member of the Executive Committee of the New England Debating League, Durkee, '97. The constitution was adopted in a meeting quite well attended, considering that it was examination week, and at the beginning of the next term no doubt nearly all the students will join.
The Champion Debate, Commencement week, will be on the question:
Has the influence of Stoicism been, on the whole, beneficial?
Affirmative.
Toothaker.
Miss Maxim.
Wells.
Miss Files.
Negative.
Pearson.
Knowlton.
Miss Tasker.
Miss S. Brackett.

Owing to the shortening of the winter vacation fewer Bates undergraduates than usual will occupy the desk of the country pedagogue. We give, as far as could be ascertained, the teachers and their winter residences:

'96.—Berryman, Manchester; Boothby, Elms; Miss Cross, Durham; Howard, Georgetown; E. L. Hanscom, Machiasport; Miss Mason, Lancaster, N. H.; Miss Parsons, New Portland; Plummer, Kingman; Miss Prescott, Warren, N. H.

'97.—Bailey, Bowdoinham; Burrill, Franklin; Brackett, Minot Corner; Cunningham, Chebeague Island; Hanscom, Machiasport; Gilman, Sebago; Marr, Columbia; Miss Michels, Brunswick; Miss Noyes, Greene; Palmer, Wales; Parker, Greene; Miss Roby, Sutton, N. H.; Sampson, Solon; Miss Sleeper, Webster; Miss Snell, Winthrop High School; Miss Vickery, Crawford; Miss Winn, Cumberland.

'98.—Blake, Sullivan; Brackett, Limington; Costello, Wells; Davidson, Bowdoinham; Miss F. Farnum, New Gloucester; Hyde, Boyd Lake; Knowlton, Harpswell; Landman, Turner; Miss Morrison, Otisfield; Parsons, Ogunquit; Wells, Wells.

'99.—Miss Albee, Rangeley; Calhoun, Boyd Lake; Miss Coan, Otisfield; Donnelly, Fort Fairfield; Miss Flanders, Lancaster, N. H.; Lary, Dexter; Miss Maxim, Standish; Palmer, Buckfield; Scammon, Harpswell; Stevens, Plymouth; Wagg, Lubec.

The public meetings of the literary societies were held near the close of the term, and though they both came on stormy evenings, they were well attended. The exercises were very creditable indeed, every part giving evidence of ability and careful preparation, and pleasing the audience. We append the programmes.

The Polyphonian, Friday evening, November 22d:
Selection. . . . . . . Orchestra.

PRAYER.
Male Quartet—"God in mercy hear our prayer."

Declamation—The Existence of a God.
O. H. Toothaker, '98.

Rhythmic Selections—(a) Swinging in the Grapevine Swing. (b) The Night Wind.
Miss Alice E. Bonney, '96.

Piano Duet—The Polish Dance.
Misses Lizzie C. Hutchinson, and Annie M. Roberts, '96.

Discussion—Is it probable that Prohibition as a National Issue will become successful in the United States?
Negative, J. A. Marr, '97.

Piano Solo. . . . Miss Hutchinson, '99.

Oration—The Sources of True Oratory.
A. B. Howard, '96.

Poem—The March of Ignorance.
L. D. Tibbetts, '96.

Double Quartet—Simple Simon.
M. E. Stickney, '98. W. S. Parsons, '98.

Miss Sadie M. Brackett, '98.
Selection. . . . . . . Orchestra.

The Eurosophian, Tuesday evening, November 26th:

PART I.
Overture—Flitterwochen.—Ripley.

Eurosophian Orchestra.

PRAYER.

Piano Solo—Caprice Bohemien.—Olivier.
Cora E. Edgerly.

Declamation—Old Friends.—Selected.
Fred U. Landman.

Solo—Lenore.—Trotter. . . Blanche I. Cox.

Discussion—Was the Career of Napoleon beneficial to Europe?
Affirmative—Carl E. Milliken.
Negative—J. Stanley Durkee.
Part II.

Piano Duet—Galop Brilliante.  
—A. S. Sponholitz.

Clara A. Snell, Caroline L. Cobb.

Recitation—Throw the Newsboy.—Selected.  
Gertrude L. Miller.

Clarinet Solo—Second Air Varie.—E. S. Thorn.

Oration—Earth’s Battle-fields.  
Oliver F. Cutts.

Greek Statue Posing.  

II.—Battle of the Amazons.


IV.—Dance of the Muses.

V.—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

VI.—Death of Tarpeia.

VII.—Cymbal Players.

VIII.—Hebe. Helen of Troy with two Attendants. Hospitality.

IX.—Sirens awakening Psyche.

X.—Disk Throwers.

XI.—Cupid and Psyche.

XII.—Laia.


Europsonian Orchestra.

In laying down the duties of any office, it is customary to thank those who have assisted in the performance of its duties. In the case of the local editors, there is at least one class to whom we should be particularly grateful. We refer to those who, at such a time, have said or done something which would furnish a more or less spicy item, and we say again, to them we are under the most profound and lasting obligation. More seriously, the necessity of knowing everything which was going on has helped to give us a lively interest in the college affairs outside our own circle, and made the year most enjoyable. For the benefit of the incoming editors, we will say that we think they will be pleased to receive from those outside their class, accounts of class affairs of all kinds, as those who were present can often write a much better description than can the editors. And now, dear friends, we bid you adieu, and cordially wish you a Happy New Year.

Reviews of New Books.

One cannot measure poets as trees, or gauge their intellectual strength by any spirit test. The personal equation troubles the judgment of the critic.  
—B. W. Wells.

"From Jerusalem to Nicaea" is the suggestive title of the new volume by Philip Stafford Moxom, in which he traces the rise and growth of the Christian Church from the time of Christ to the great Council of Nicaea. The book is made up of his Lowell Institute lectures, delivered in February and March, 1895, enriched by many quotations and illustrations necessarily omitted in the lectures. The object of the work is to give clearly and in easily accessible form much information which has been hidden away in old and voluminous church histories. This the author has certainly accomplished. But he has done more than this. Of his dry data he has made a most interesting story, which holds the reader with a
singular fascination. His style is full of animation, of that live interest which always kindles a responsive interest. The eight lectures deal respectively with "The Rise and Spread of Christianity," "Organization of the Early Church," "The Apostolic Fathers," "The Struggle with Heathenism—Persecutions," "The Apologists," "The Struggle with Church Heresies," "The Christian School at Alexandria," and "The First Ecumenical Council." He defines his plan in the first lecture: to give the facts of the first three centuries of the history of the church clearly and fully, so that people unacquainted with this history may be able to form a just judgment on the extent and significance of the great and important movement; to advance no theories; to tell the story and explain the progress, step by step. A full analysis of the work would be impossible. Whether the reader wishes a portrayal of the characters of the early church, a glowing account of the strength and bravery of the martyrs, a presentation of the early literature, a definition of the many doctrines and dogmas that grew up around the central facts of the church, an exposition of the church government and officers, and the origin of certain church forms, festivals, and ceremonies, he will not be disappointed in his quest. In a word the book is adapted to the wants of every reader who is interested in the growth of Christianity. A full index, list of authorities, and list of Roman Emperors, with dates, add to its value for reference. (Roberts Bros.; $1.50.)

"The Principles of Argumentation," by George Pierce Baker of Harvard College, is an attempt by a practical teacher to show the students the importance of a knowledge of the principles of argumentation in every-day life, and to expound these principles clearly and simply. The book arose from his difficulty in interesting classes in a study that to them appeared useless, save to men training for legal or political life. The subject is divided into seven parts, each of which is very fully treated: 1. The nature of argumentation, including its relation to logic. 2. Analysis; its five important steps. 3. Briefs and brief drawing. 4. Preparatory reading. 5. Evidence; its nature, kinds, and tests. 6. The forensic itself. 7. Persuasion:—four sources. The work is clear, and illustrated by many classical examples. (Ginn & Co.)

Charles H. Levermore and Frederic Reddall have prepared a most attractive music book for schools and colleges, under the title, "The Academy Song Book." An introductory study of singing in nine grades, beginning with exercises for the youngest children, fills the first eighty pages of the book. Then follow patriotic and national songs, of all nations, fifty pages. Part III. contains school and college songs, selected from both English and American schools, and including sixty-five numbers. Part IV. gives one hundred familiar songs, containing many favorites, old and new. Then follow devotional songs, and selections for chanting, ninety-eight numbers.
From its variety and excellence, the book is adapted to all grades of school and college. (Ginn & Co.)

"The New Gradatim," an easy book for beginners in Latin translation, prepared by William C. Collar, is based on the "Gradatim" used in English schools, arranged by Heatley & Kingdon. It is intended as an introduction to Caesar, and consists of simple anecdotes, and the stories of the Argonauts and of Ulysses, which contain many words and idioms found in Caesar. A very brief outline of grammar, with Roman pronunciation, precedes the selections, which are followed by notes and vocabulary. Such a book is well calculated to arouse the interest of the pupils, and to lead to study for the real meaning rather than mechanical translation. (Ginn & Co.)

An exceptionally interesting book to college students and alumni alike is "Harvard Stories," by Waldron Kintzing Post. In his preface the author states that these stories are expressly for the interest of those who are perfectly familiar with the scenes where they are laid; but his work has overreached its mark; for his exact reproduction of student life, his peculiar humor, together with those deeper, more tender feelings of true affection for old surroundings, cannot fail to enthuse any one who is or has been connected with real college life.

"Yale Yarns," by John Seymour Wood, is another extremely interesting portrayal of college student life; not giving, as in "Tom Brown at Oxford," a complete view of any college career, nor attempting to carry any one set of men through the four years, but embracing a carefully chosen collection of "yarns," which have found in the author "a friend to give them lasting form." While this work is uniform with "Harvard Stories," they do not conflict or repeat one another. The reader will find that a perusal of either begets a desire for the other. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; paper, $0.50; cloth, $1.)

College Exchanges.

"All things have an end," I said to Myself with a half sigh as I tossed the last exchange aside and prepared to do a little farewell clipping.

"For which, may we be truly thankful!" Myself replied, as before our mind came up visions of the hours of toil spent in our editorial labors. Thus the months have rolled round, and as we arrive at the place where we are to lay down our scissors (the emblem of an Exchange editor) we cannot help looking back just a moment and thinking with what feelings of awe and trepidation we entered upon our work twelve months ago. Then the magazines of other colleges were all strangers to us; now they are like old acquaintances. Some we have learned to like; some we have learned to dislike; but we have tried to find whatever was good in all of them. It has been our
object to interest our readers in general by giving clippings from the papers of other colleges, rather than to interest the exchange editors of those papers by giving words of flattering praise which mean nothing. If this object has been accomplished, it is enough. Whether it has or has not is not for us to say. With these few words of farewell we will depart, leaving to our readers the following clippings, which seem to us to be the best which we have found this month:

**AFTERWARD.**

On a drear day when the mist bells ring,  
And the ships sail in from the open sea;  
On a drear day when the sirens sing  
Out of the distance, plaintively,  
The fisher-folk’s hearts are great and strong,  
But the gulls my in and the hours are long.

On a deep night when the moon shines down  
To the dreamy ghosts in the harbor-way,  
And some do sleep in the quiet town  
Like the storm-saved boats of the yesterday,  
Cold and still with white, white hand,  
The fisher-lad lies on the starry sand.

Oh, who may tell in the beating rain  
Whether the lily can dry her tears,  
Whether the rose will bloom again,  
Or faint and Bleep till the after years;  
The fisher-girl weeps where the west wind blows,  
Will her heart bloom after tho rain—who knows?

—Robert L. Manger, in Yule Lit.

**THE MARSHES.**

Stretching far to southward,  
In the sunset’s glow,  
Lie the yellow marshlands,  
Where tall rushes grow.

Here and there the dark pools,  
’Mid the bending grass,  
Where the ebb-tide left them,  
Shine like molten glass.

White gulls, circling landward,  
Fly on drooping wing;  
Loud their mournful crying  
Hitherward they bring.

As the darkness deepens  
Night winds rise and moan,  
Sweeping wild and boisterous  
O’er the marshlands lone.

—T. J. B., in Brunonian.

Conceive, if you can, a huge diamond sparkling in the rays of the sun, reflecting a million changing colors, and you will then have but a poor conception of a sunset on Mount Blanc. Here we stood some ten or fifteen minutes awed and silent before this glorious scene presented to our view. Not a word was spoken, and thoughts too grand for utterance welled through our minds. Gradually the sun sank lower and lower in the west, and soon only the topmost point lay bathed in light. One moment the light lingered, then, hovering like some spirit of the mountain, died away. A sigh burst from our lips as the last ray of light vanished, and darkness fell around us.—From “Chamonix and Mount Blanc,” in Southern Collegian.

**DRIFTWOOD.**

Our lives are bits of driftwood  
That float on a boundless sea,  
Where the wild waves dash forever,  
And calm can never be.

And the currents of the ocean,  
Alas, we cannot know;  
Or whence the driftwood started,  
Or whither it will go.

Sometimes there is a haven  
Along some island shore,  
Where the driftwood finds a shelter,  
And is dashed and tossed no more.

And often the bits of driftwood  
Meet others upon the sea,  
And float as one a moment,  
Then part for eternity.

—Bostonian Orient.

O, those pet dreams of ours! How we love to dream them over and over again. The two-year-old alumnus who, worldly-wise, comes back from the mysterious unknown without, is wont to tell how soon those castles will be shattered by the stern realities of life, but somehow we feel that after the years have gone by we will still now and then pick up the scattered fragments, and before some other cheerful blaze build anew these dream castles of our youth.—Nassau Lit.

To Seniors who have forgotten the Latin which they learned in former years, the following bit of verse may seem hard to translate. Such persons should hand it over to some Freshman or Sophomore.

**SEMPER IDEM.**

“O, puella, cara mihi,  
Me oportet te amare,  
Quam ardens est mens amor!  
Non’ne licet osculari?”

“O quam vero malus, audax!  
Semper putas sic eadem!  
Tamen, si, mi male puer  
Exingue, si vis, lampadem.”

—Williams Weekly.
College Notes.

The students at Ohio Wesleyan University must refrain from the use of tobacco as well as from attendance at theatres.

According to the Yale Senior Class book, the average expenses of the members of the Class of '95 while at Yale were: Freshman year, $912; Sophomore year, $943; Junior year, $942; Senior year, $1,032. In all, $3,829.

The University of Pennsylvania has sent a geological expedition to central Africa.

The Cornell musical-clubs gave a six weeks' concert tour of England, Scotland and Ireland, this summer, giving about twenty-one concerts.

The concert receipts for the Princeton University Glee Club for the year '94-'95 were $15,599.50.

Nearly $50,000 has been given to Harvard by graduates and others since last commencement.

The University of Chicago will erect a museum to be used wholly as a repository for Oriental relics.

At Butler University the price of the college paper is added to the tuition.

All the leading colleges now give credit for work on college papers.

This year's registration at the University of Michigan approaches 3,000, a great number! many of them girls, to be sure, but, so far as can be learned, one girl at Ann Arbor counts for exactly as much as one man.—*Bachelor of Arts*.

The University of Paris has over seven thousand students and there are, as in all the universities of France, no classes, no college periodicals, no athletics, no commencement day, no glee clubs, and no fraternities.

After the final settlement of the Stanford estates, and Stanford has gotten its share, it will have an income three times as great as Harvard, the richest American university.

The *Harvard Advocate* intends to publish, at the end of this year, a book made up of the best stories published in its columns in the last ten years. Similar books were published in 1876 and 1885. A committee of graduate editors has charge of the selections.

Last year was the first time since the foundation of Harvard College that punch has been forbidden at class suppers. It was the occasion of President Eliot's twenty-fifth anniversary, and he took occasion to put an end to the practice. It is likely never to be seen at class suppers again.

**UN RECUEIL.**

Grind, grind, grind, on thy old tough meat, oh mill;
But oh, for the howl of the vanished pup,
The sound of a voice that is still. —Widow.

It has been said i is the happiest of the vowels. It is the center of bliss, while e is in hell. The rest are in purgatory.—*Ez.*

General.—"Fight like heroes, boys, until your powder is gone, then run. I'm a little lame, so I guess I'll start now."—*Ex.*

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun the study of Latin, astonished his teacher by the following translation: "*Vir,* a man; *gin,* a trap: *virgin,* a man-trap."—*Ez.*

When was the first theatre mentioned in the Bible? When Joseph was fired from the family circle into the pit.—*Ben Franklin.*

She was walking with my rival,
As they chanced to homeward roam,
It was from my garret window
I was seeing Nellie home. —*Ex.*
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MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, 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 volume); 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.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and so given evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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