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BATES FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1894.
During the past year the writer has had the pleasure of monthly examining over a hundred college publications. Seventy-five of the best are at present on our exchange list. With the exceptions of the Dartmouth Lit, the Yale Lit, the Brown Magazine, the Nassau Lit, and the Harvard Monthly, we do not hesitate to rank our publication second to none in the country. We are not alone in our estimate. We have the monthly criticism of at least three-score of the leading publications in our favor; not only do we base our judgment upon their criticism of the Student, but upon their criticism of all the magazines upon our list. The question with us is not how we may hold our present position, but how we may continually raise...
our standard. This depends upon three things.

In the first place, more space should be given to literary work and less to foot-ball scores and poorly-written locals. The question naturally arises, where is the original literary matter to be obtained? We answer, from the experience of others. Under the competitive system, plenty of material can be obtained. It is always original, being written with the hope that it may be accepted, hence, it is worthy of acceptance. In no other way can the Student be filled with original, interesting matter of pure literary worth, and no one denies that the Student should be the representative of the literary work done by the members of Bates College. Long contributions from alumni, and alumni poems, are out of place in these columns. We are forced, under the present arrangement, to solicit contributions from the alumni, especially for "The Poets' Corner." For their kindness we are grateful. We would feel much better and the Student would be of more value to every reader if the under-graduates would give the Student one-half of the hearty support which they give the base-ball and foot-ball teams. Every man in college is anxious for the triumph of the athletic teams. How many ever think of the Student, except when placed in their hands? The student body seem to take it for granted that the editors can publish a magazine, unaided, which will be a credit to the college, and which they are not ashamed to send home and speak of as "our magazine." The only time they seem concerned for its welfare is to murmur if it is a day late.

In the second place, we will briefly state what we have previously hinted at in the "Exchange Department." The prosperous college publications, those of high literary merit, are conducted upon the competitive system. Their editors are chosen, not because they may be in favor with the Faculty, but because their ability, their energy, their literary experience, and their interest previously manifested in the progress and success of their magazine, qualifies them for a position upon its staff. For no other reason should any one ever hold a position upon the Student. Until this change is made the Student can not raise its present standard.

The third thing necessary grows out of the last statement. The students, as a whole, are not entirely to blame. It rests with the college Faculty to make a change. Inasmuch as they are interested in the publication of a bright, readable magazine, we would call their attention to the faults of the present system. The work done upon magazines of our grade in every American college, is substituted for an equal amount of prescribed work. Why can we not have the same advantage? We do not ask the time for ourselves. We ask it in behalf of the magazine we publish, and, what logically follows, in behalf of the college it represents. Foot-ball, band, and base-ball men are encouraged. They are not required to pass the same test. It is a fact that the majority of the favored ones
actually throw away more time than it would require to do the work necessary to pass the highest test. Their work is of the kind to rest the mental powers. The editors spend long hours in preparing the Student. The lack of support by the students makes their labor more severe. Our work is mental work. Is it right to cancel the prescribed work in the case of one branch of college work and not credit the editors with their extra mental labor? We do not think so. Neither does Harvard, Princeton, nor Yale. Dartmouth does not think so. On the contrary, she offers a $60 prize to the man in each class who, engaging in, athletic work, takes the highest rank during the year.

There are among us those who habitually indulge in remarks condemnatory of the college and all things connected with it remarks which should make the cheek of every loyal student flush with indignation. If we are to judge from their words, the institution is a deception and a sham, and absolutely lacks any good quality.

The first question that naturally suggests itself to our minds is, why do these persons consent to waste the best four years of their lives in so despicable an institution. Surely, if they go forth at the end of their course with such reminiscences of their Alma Mater, they have missed the best influence of a college education. It cannot be that they remain to assist the college, for the college would be far better off without them. Enemies from without may be repelled, but enemies from within are irresistible. If they think by fault-finding to show themselves superior to their environments, their failure is most signal. However much a Bates student may rail against Bates, he is nothing more than a Bates student; and that, too, without the respect either of his own college or of any other. He has merely descended to the level of an habitual grumbler.

And if these students are here from necessity, they should surely learn to bear their burdens more philosophically. It is the part of the wise man not to waste his strength in kicking against the hard walls of fate, but to utilize it in improving the surroundings allotted to him. A traitor to his college is made of the same material as a traitor to his country. The difference is merely one of opportunity.

But these remarks of which we have been speaking, are the products of mere thoughtlessness. No college has a more loyal set of students than Bates, when the honor or welfare of the college is manifestly at stake. But a thoughtless word will often do that which pages of words cannot undo. Perhaps there is, among us all, room for greater care in our speeches concerning the college before strangers, who are apt to give our language a too literal interpretation. If we, who are students, fail to show respect for our college, of whom can we expect more?

The winter vacation is close at hand, and the students will soon be scattered in all directions. Upon each devolves a duty, the importance of which is not fully appreciated by
many, that of being loyal to our Alma Mater.

As we must judge a family by its members, so we judge an institution of learning by its students and alumni. What opinion do we form regarding a family whose members are addicted to open criticism of each other and of their elders? We naturally think something is wrong. The example holds true in the case of a college.

The good name of an institution depends in no small degree upon the impression made by its students when before the public. If all realized this, probably more care would be exercised.

Faults exist in families, but criticism should be kept at home. Faults also exist in every institution, but that is no reason for calling public attention to those faults, and overlooking the virtues. There are some people who take delight in sarcasm and fault-finding, but they make a grave mistake.

Let each remember that the fame of his college will reflect honor on himself, and let us be always loyal to our Alma Mater.

The value of writing as a mental discipline is often too little appreciated by college men and women. We sometimes deceive ourselves with the notion that to commit a certain number of pages of Greek, Latin, French or German, that to solve a certain number of difficult mathematical problems, is the best mental discipline that we can get. And for this reason, also, because it requires effort and concentrated attention, we see English Composition slighted and shunned by students. How few college men do any literary work outside of the curriculum requirements! How few even do half justice to the required work! It is true we cannot all become Scotts or Hawthornes, Emersons or Lowells, Shakespeares or Tennysons; but we all may acquire the habit of writing our thoughts in clear, forcible English. We all ought to be able to write good society parts, good parts for public exercises. On graduating we all ought to be able to write debates, addresses, and lectures upon questions of the day, on topics of interest to those around us. But to acquire this ability we must have practice, we must think consecutively, earnestly, logically; we must work and apply ourselves. If we will do this, we can receive more mental discipline, broader culture and knowledge from conscientious effort in literary work than from any other one thing in our college course.

One advantage which the larger colleges claim over the smaller ones is the greater number of electives afforded their students.

A student attending such a college may thus suit his own inclination and choose his favorite studies, or, as it sometimes happens, those which will require the least time spent upon them. If one at the beginning of his college course has decided what career he will undertake in the world, he may be greatly benefited by the system of electives. He has a special object in view and makes his choice by the guidance of that object.

Put the same man in a smaller
college where the greater number of studies is required, and what he loses in knowledge in his particular line he gains in discipline and general information. If the prescribed course is a good one, the student will find that he is no loser in being obliged to study much that is not of his own choosing. It is necessary that we should endeavor to gain a knowledge of many studies, whether we know they will have a direct bearing on our after life or not. We do not know into what company we may be thrown, or what emergency we may have to meet, so too much preparation is impossible. A specialist of the extreme kind is not an agreeable acquaintance. He is prone to "talk shop," and while this may be interesting as well as instructive for a time, it must soon grow monotonous. But this does not go to prove that we should not study with a special end in view. Without an aim, study is dull, fatiguing. We should only be careful not to exclude all other interests in searching for those which bear upon our one special pursuit.

We see a parallel instance in our intercourse with people. There are some whom we desire to make our intimate friends, but in order to keep our social standing we must be agreeable to those for whom we care little or nothing.

If now we consider that there is discipline in applying ourselves to something besides our favorite studies, that more general knowledge is gained by studies required, and that among all this general knowledge many points may be discovered which advance our special line of study, we may say that a college of few electives may justly assert a certain superiority over the college of many.

Colleges are to fit young men and women for higher lives. They are places to acquire habits. Every young man and woman, going to college with a purpose to acquire habits, if, never losing sight of their purpose, they keep well within the walks of conscious rectitude, will soon be in a condition where their mentality will harden, their morality quicken, and their spirituality deepen; and all this will go on unconsciously. It becomes a nature.

It is the work of the Faculty to make the college course such as to impart this condition of life and they, too, should bring their influence to bear upon the societies and magazines under the general supervision of the students.

All the work of a college ought to partake of a grave aspect. And this must be said more especially for the benefit of institutions connected with the college but entrusted to the judgment of the students.

We are proud to know that the students' work of Bates, their societies and magazines, are said to be as beneficial in the formation of habits and as helpful in discipline as those of any college in the country, yet there is chance for improvement.

If, however, criticism can find a chance to pose herself, it will be on our magazine. Yet in this there are but one or two suggestions to be offered.
One of these might be on the expenditure. It seems that, to-day, the receipts of the Student ought to be enough so that much more might be expended in making it more attractive, and possibly it might be enlarged.

One other thing needs to be mentioned: The Student is run by the class, and students other than the editors should be more interested. Each student ought to be so anxious to get an article into the Student that the demands for publication could not be met. Such a spirit would make things lively. The Student would grow in size and quality.

**Literary.**

**PROGRESS AND ORIGINALITY.**

By C. S. Webb, ’05.

No other factor is so potent in human progress as human originality. Perhaps, to be sure, the world owes the stability of its civilization to the steady, plodding spirit which clings to the tried and will not adopt the new without convincing proof of its superiority. Perhaps it owes the preservation and diffusion of its acquired good to the teaching spirit, which arranges and distributes to the multitude what originality has wrested from Nature. Perhaps it owes to the spirit of wise discrimination, the choice of the best and the rejection of error. But if, in the great ship of civilization, conservatism is the ballast, if knowledge is the cargo, if discriminating wisdom is the helm, then, surely, originality furnishes the steam boilers and engines and all the machinery by which the ship is moved.

But while we admire the power of this agent as shown in the world’s rapid advancement, we cannot help asking: “What is to be the effect of all this progress upon originality itself?” Go with me, for instance, to one of the great libraries where the brain grows dizzy at the sight of the hundreds of thousands of volumes filled with the world’s acquired knowledge. And remember, too, that the process of accumulation is by no means ended, but that every generation is adding volumes of history, biography, poetry, fiction, science, volumes of literature of every kind for the student of the next generation. Contemplating these ever-widening, ever-lengthening avenues of knowledge, we ask, “Are they not destined to become so vast that mind will be incapable of pursuing any one of them to the limits already attained, to say nothing of progressing farther? Is not progress thus self-limited?”

And, in fact, as we trace the history of intellectual advancement, originality does seem to grow more difficult. In the early days of man some of the simplest relations of natural phenomena, such as the obvious causes and the practical effects of the weather, seasons, and winds, must have easily forced themselves upon our unlearned
primitive ancestors. Then nature became more grudging with her secrets; but she had already tempted the appetites of men. They had found out that they might hitch vessels to the winds, by means of sails, and be borne along without exertion. They were thus learning that with knowledge comes power, and they began a systematic study of Nature, to make her latent powers servants of man. Even at a more advanced stage of his progress Nature did not wholly cease her active encouragement of man in the pursuit of knowledge. Occasionally, to incite original minds, she let slip a great secret, as when a frog's leg hanging in a window told Galvani how a constant current of electricity might be maintained. But now the day has long since passed when science may hope for advancement through accident or through any other means than persistent mental labor.

Nevertheless, though originality has seemed to grow more difficult, yet each succeeding age has witnessed greater progress than the preceding. If we seek the explanation of this apparent contradiction, we find three reasons for believing that, after all, originality is becoming more common, and accordingly, that progress is not self-limited, but offers infinite possibilities.

First: According to all our knowledge of human development, the average of mental ability increases with each succeeding generation.

In the second place: Every addition to scientific knowledge makes science more simple. Science is getting at fragments of truth and is trying to put the puzzle together. Each new acquisition makes symmetrical something which before was irregular, and renders possible more intelligent search for further truths.

Third: Every innovation in any department of life carries within itself the potentiality of many more. Trace the stupendous direct and indirect consequences of the invention of the mariner's compass till you are lost in amazement. Then think of the changes wrought by the printing-press, and even by the minor inventions of a century or less ago. In the fall of 1820, Ersted, Ampère, and Arago discovered the connection between electricity and magnetism. This discovery led to the invention of the telegraph and the electrometer, and to the discovery of the principles of induction. This last discovery led to the invention of the dynamo, the telephone, and the Atlantic cable. The invention of the telephone was followed by that of the phonograph, and so on without limit.

And thus we must believe that progress will continue; for mind is growing more powerful, new forces are constantly being set at work, and in turn propagating other new forces, and the resistance to advancement is continually decreasing.

Knowledge will grow with ever larger increments till the Perfect Day. And since our greatest hope of happiness or of usefulness lies in having much before us that we have not attained, but may still aspire to, may that day be infinitely removed.
COLLEGE ATHLETICS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

By W. W. Bolster, Jr., '95.

THE question of college athletics is the most important of any now before the colleges and universities. This is true considered either as influencing school discipline or as affecting the standard of scholarship. Both those who applaud and those who depreciate the growth of athletics must admit the importance of the subject.

The indifference towards athletics a generation or two ago was largely due to the customs and feelings of the times. One writer says: "The body was but a shell, a prison in which the soul was confined, and against whose bars its aspirations continually beat and bruised themselves." In another image the body was represented as a wayside barn in which the weary pilgrim laid himself down to rest till the break of day." The flesh was an encumbrance to the spirit, a clog, a burden, a snare. Men were exhorted to "keep the body under," and this was thought to be an easier task if the body were small and weak.

Man is not a pilgrim, but a citizen. He is going to tarry nights enough to make it worth while to patch up the tenement and even to look into the drainage. Better physiology, coinciding with some changes in the popular ideas, has driven away the notions about the flesh as an encumbrance, a clog, a burden, a snare. It is seen that merely feeble conditions of the body tend to generate selfishness and susceptibility to the worst impulses. Vicious desires are at their worst in feeble and morbid conditions of the body. The college young man, occupying most of his time in study, should be encouraged to undertake systematic exercise, in order to correct the faults of study and of the recitation room, to expand his frame, and promote active circulation.

The cry is raised that athletics take too much time. No form of athletic training requires more than two or three hours of practice each day. Is that too much time to give to the care of one's health? Athletics of to-day are based on health. The athletes of our large colleges and universities are under skillful trainers who understand the laws of physiology and hygiene.

Men enter training for the purpose of preparing themselves for some contest. In order to prepare themselves, they must form regular habits; this means regularity in taking proper exercise, food, and sleep. They go to the training table, where they receive the best of food cooked in accordance with the laws of hygiene, and where the amount and kind of food is regulated according to hygienic laws rather than by fancy.

All forms of alcoholic liquors and tobacco are denied men in training. A man is in perfect condition for a contest when, after a course in training, each function of the body is performing its duty in perfect harmony with every other function. Thus we see that it is by following the laws of Nature that the athlete gains health and power. It is recognizing and following the laws of Nature, with health and honor the aim, that
places the college athlete above the mercenary prize fighter.

Moreover, the favorite athletics of today call for more than strength and swiftness. They demand also courage, coolness, steadiness of nerve, quickness of apprehension, and self-reliance. Further still, they often demand of the contestants the ability to work with others, power of combination, readiness to subordinate selfish impulses, personal desires, and even individual credit, to a common end. These qualities, useful in any profession, in some are of the highest value.

Our ancestors, in order to gain a livelihood, were compelled to encounter hardships which not only developed all their physical powers, but also those high mental and moral qualities always so characteristic of the American people. But with increase of population came the division of labor which enables men to live by the employment of only a few muscles. The evil effects of the division of labor showed itself in the physical condition of the people. Then it was that the importance of physical exercise became manifest.

Thus we see that college athletics are a necessity, and that their true aim is to give the student such control over his physical organism that all of his actions and desires shall tend to promote his highest physical, mental, and moral development.

President Eliot of Harvard suggests that the students' day should have ten hours for work, eight for sleep, three for meals, two for outdoor exercise, one for minor details.

LIFE FROM THE POETS.

BY J. STANLEY DURKEE, '97.

There is no feeling or impulse of the heart that has not been touched in verse by some of the long list of poets. Skillful hands have swept the lute-strings, and, all the way down the centuries, the Muse of song has been invoked so successfully that the ages seem to throb with human heart-beat.

Entering this realm of beauty and of wonder, the soul is at once thrilled as it feels the presence of men and ages long passed; and what a world of inspiration opens to a young man or woman, standing upon the threshold of an untried life, looking wonderingly into the future! How fair the scene! With what myriad voices does the earth seem filled! How skillfully does Fancy paint the pictures of coming years, and hang them upon the gilded walls of imagination! How the youth longs to enter this new world, confident of his strength to overcome all obstacles and make life a grand success!

But across the portal of that opening door Bishop Mant has written:

"Aim at the highest prize.
If there thou fail, thou'lt happily reach to one not far below.
Strive first the goal to compass;
If too slow thy speed, the attempt May ne'er the less avail
The next best post to conquer."

And Longfellow, as he descries the eager youth at the portal, flashes upon him those warning words:

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;"

Then, as if to further enthrone him for the struggle, he exclaims:

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Likewise, Tennyson, remembering that young hearts are often oppressed by the sight of so many great men and women far, far in advance, points to their achievements, exclaiming:

"Not in vain the distant beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change."

Yet it is not enough that ambitions fire the soul. Fixed purpose to attain is indispensable. A firm tread, a steady pace, a calm resolve, and day by day the way is paved for ultimate victory. Holmes was but voicing this thought when he wrote:

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

But with the ambitions and determinations to attain, there comes a deep voice, saying to the youth, "Trust thou in God." No sweeter notes of trust ever sounded than those of the Hebrew poet: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." And our own loved Quaker poet touched the depths of perfect trust, when he wrote:

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Soon, however, disappointments come. Adversities crowd thick and fast. The glowing picture fades. Life is wrapped in mystery. Why could not the tinted dome remain? Milton answers the yearning cry. After blindness came upon the great poet, he sat down and wonderingly inquired:

"'Doth God exact day-labor, light-denied?
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait!"

So the yearning soul is quieted, and life becomes richer for the adversities. But though some pictures fade, others brighten. Human love blesses human living. Love, that rears aloft fairest temples, or piles in ruins noblest halls. Poets have not failed to trace this influence, or breathe it forth in song. Robert Burns had a young man's heart when, by chance, he described his Highland Mary, fast asleep, upon the banks of the river Afton. How softly ripples his song:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

But look now! Highland Mary is sleeping, but never more to waken in life. The great heart of the poet is breaking. He wanders down by the river Doon, which flowed near his home. The birds were twittering gaily in the branches above his head, or singing their own love songs. The river banks were fresh with blossoming flowers. It would
seem as if all nature sought to lull his weary heart to rest. But no; the very song of the birds in the trees, the very aroma of the flowers at his feet, wrung from him those words expressive of the deepest human pain:

"Ye banks and braes 'o bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair! How can ye chant, ye little birds, An' I sae weary, fu' o' care!"

Yet for the embodiment of human love, we turn to the home. And so long as human heart shall beat, so long as human life shall feel, so long as Saxon tongue shall speak, the name of John Howard Paine shall be revered. Truly did he dip his pen in immortality when he wrote those words:

"'Mid pleasures and palaces Though we may roam, Be it ever so humble There's no place like home."

And then on those moonlit evenings calm and clear, when thoughts of home crowd thickest and loves of home appeal strongest, he looks up to the shining queen of night, sighing:

"I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild And dream that my mother now thinks of her child, As she looks on the moon from her own cottage door, Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more."

One bit of advice the poets would give, if life shall develop to its best. Scott says:

"Oh, many a shaft at random sent Finds mark the archer little meant, And many a word at random spoken May soothe or wound a heart that's broken."

While Will Carleton, that meteor poet, sings:

"Boys flying kites Haul in their white-winged birds, But you can't do that way When you're flying words. Things that we think may sometimes fall back dead, But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Yet to all life there comes an end; no matter how great the achievement or how high the name may have been carved upon the marble slab of honor, across the portal of that opposite door is written, "Man dieth," and Bryant sums up life in a few words:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join The innumerable caravan, which moves To that mysterious realm, where each shall take His chamber in the silent halls of death, Thou go not like the quarry slave at night Scourg'd to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave, Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Yea, so live that life may close as sweetly and calmly as did that of the Poet-Laureate, Lord Tennyson. "The distant hills shrouded in mists of perfect white" could be seen from the windows of the room where he lay dying. The lights were extinguished in his chamber. One broad beam of the moon fell across his bed. A few more quiet breaths, "And after that the dark." Surely his was the end he apparently craved in the last poem he wrote:

"Sunset and evening star And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar When I put out to sea, But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home."
"Twilight and evening bell,
   And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
   When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourn of Time and Place
   The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
   When I have crost the bar."

Poets' Corner.

[Contributions solicited for this department.]

TO THE LAKE ON THE SUMMIT OF LAFAYETTE.

(Altitude, 5,000 feet.)
Thou smile of Heaven, lost in upper air,
   Revealed to those who scale this lofty height
To view the work of Nature's hand of might,
Thou art as undefiled, as clear and fair
   As any pool or tarn of Naiad's care;
Thy breast is bathed in sunset's latest light
   And first reflects the reigning queen of night.
Thy shore is fringed with Alpine flowers rare:
Here soars the golden eagle of yon cliff.
No paddle ever stirred thy tranquil breast,
Upon thy bosom glides a feathered skiff,
The northern diver straying to this crest.
Smile on, nor yield thy charm to lakes below,
Catch Eos' early blush and Vesper's glow.

OREN B. CHENEY.
Throughout his busy years he walked serene,
Great-hearted, wise, his rare soul snowy white;
Men knew him as a champion of the right,
Who traveled duty's path with eye so keen
That, scanning eagerly each future scene,
   Where others saw but gloom, he saw the light;
For with him ever in his darkest night
Strode dauntless Hope, scattering all fears terrene.
Courageous soul! in the dark days to be,
   When shattered idols to our breast we fold,
And vain Success mocks at us from afar,
   Flinging aside grief's garb, at thought of thee
We will look up, knowing we shall behold
Thy heaven-born Faith shine like a guiding star.
—J. L. P., '90.

AT EVENING.
From my window, opening westward,
Toward the golden sunset light,
I am watching twilight shadows
   Slowly deepening into night.
Over hilltops in the distance,
   Ever fading is the glow,
While the cooling breath of evening
   Rises from the vales below.
Yonder moon, erewhile so cloudlike,
   Brightening as the shadows fall,
Through the ether calmly sailing,
   Sheds her pale light over all.
One by one the stars appearing,
   From the depths of space serene,—
Sparkling gems of light unnumbered—
   Add their glory to the scene.
Marvelous the fading daylight!
   Marvelous, thou queen of night!
Marvelous, ye stars revealing
   Realms mysterious to my sight!
Quiet rests upon the woodland;
   From the street no sound is heard;
So the world is wooed to slumber,
   Rest for man and beast and bird.
—F. L. FUGSLEY, '91.

THE INSTALLATION OF PRESIDENT CHASE
At Bates College, September 22, 1894.
BY DAWSON BURNS, D.D.
The keys have passed from honored hands to hands
Able and faithful to fulfill the trust
   Received. He who retires is crowned with hair
Of silvery hue, and with the reverent love
   Above all silver worth. He tells of days
Of struggle, toil, and slow advance; as some
Slight sapling deeper strikes its roots, and year
By year grows strong and tall, until it spreads
Its branches wide and high, courting the sun
And shower. He who takes up the arduous
task
Bears on his speech the freight of precious
thought;
He scatters sunny hopes, and paints the vision
Of a nobler Bates, rich with the spoils of
Enterprise and with a stately excellence
Most beautiful to see.
I, sitting where the roar of London to a
Whisper sinks, and while I watch the fall
Of many-colored leaves which gather round
The feet of Autumn, as she dreams of stores
Of luscious, purple fruits and golden sheaves—

I feel that I too am a son of Bates,
Adopted in a generous mood. I take
My stand amid the installation scene;
I breathe the joyous air; the chosen words
Of garnered wisdom fall upon my ear;
All the electric sympathies are mine,
And mine the fervent prayer that He who gives
The increase where man gives the willing hand
May bless this seat of learning and true
Piety, and all who live and labor
Here, and make our Bates to flourish more and
More, when ages yet to be have gone to
Swell the tale, the unknown tale, of all the
Ancient years! —From Morning Star.

London, October 13, 1884.

College News and Interests.

Local News.

"The manly girl complains she may not see
The prize ring fights her brother so enjoys;
But has she not, for her intense delight,
The annual foot-ball games of college boys?"
—Selected.

No more tennis this year.
Sims, '93, was in town recently.
Robertson, '95, is away teaching.
Tests will soon haunt our troubled dreams.
The Seniors are taking star-gazing
as a pastime exercise.
Miss Pennell, '94, is visiting friends
in Lewiston and Auburn.
Dr. Gallagher, President of Kent's
Hill, visited the college recently.
Cutts, '96, is now able to attend his
recitations with the aid of crutches.
Hamilton, '95, recently had his
shoulder dislocated while practicing
foot-ball.
The Divinity School building will
doubtless be roofed in before the close
of the term.

W. S. Parsons, ex-'96, is visiting
some of his old friends in Lewiston and
at the college.
The Junior Class have elected
Thompson as manager of the Student
for next year.
Smith, Hutchins, and Webb have
returned from New Portland. They
report very pleasant schools.
Each of the three lower classes, in
spite of the unpropitious elements,
paid due respect and tribute to the
mystic orgies of Halloween night.
Electric lights have recently been
put into the chapel. They are con-
nected with the city circuit and also
with the physical laboratory dynamo.
The members of the Junior Class
listened to a very interesting lecture
by President Chase, at his home one
evening this week. Subject, "Travels
in Europe."

"They are going to play the next
foot-ball game at Bates with four-
ounce gloves." So said the local papers some time since, but we have not seen them yet.

The foot-ball game at Lewiston, Saturday, November 17th, between Bates and Colby was won by Bates, 10-8.

The four divisions of Freshman Declamations spoke on the evenings of November 3d, 5th, 8th, 10th, respectively. Music for the first and third divisions was furnished by the band; for the second and fourth by the Glee Club.

On October 16th, at the inter-scholastic meet held at Norway between the Bridgton Academy, the Norway High School, Gould Academy, and Hebron Academy, Bolster, '95, acted as starter, and Burrill, '96, as clerk of course.

The students of the college will give Shakespeare's "As You Like It," in Music Hall, Tuesday night, November 20th, in the interest of the foot-ball and athletic associations. Certificates are selling well, and everything points toward success.

The Glee Club has organized as follows: President, Campbell, '95; Vice-President, Kenyon, '97; Secretary, Eaton, '96; Executive Committee, Hackett, Kenyon, '97, Sampson, '97, Fairfield, '96; Business Manager, Fletcher, '95; Musical Director, Wingate, '95.

Miss Cornish of the Senior Class met with quite a painful accident in the chemical laboratory while heating a test tube full of ammonia. The tube broke and the hot liquid flew and struck her in the face, burning one eye. The physicians think, however, that she will not have her vision impaired by the accident.

We clip the following from the New Bedford Daily Mercury in reporting the New Bedford Fair: Alvin G. Weeks, ex-'95, the much waylaid principal of the Westport High School, was executive chief and kept things moving briskly. Mr. Weeks, who in appearance reminds one slightly of ball player Kinsella, is tall, of muscular build, dark-complexioned and good-looking, and wears eye-glasses. He presided over the outdoor meeting and introduced each of the three speakers with a few well-chosen remarks.

FOOT-BALL.

The present term opened with an unusually large Freshman class, bringing at the beginning of the second season of foot-ball at Bates, much valuable material for the eleven. Under the able management of W. M. Dutton, '95, and his assistant, Thompson, '96, the interests of the team have been well cared for; while upon the field, Captain Douglass has controlled and enthused his men with his usual spirit and success. There have been some very discouraging things to contend with. To begin with, the Athletic Association was heavily in debt; and, again, the weather has been very unfavorable for financial success. The sad accident to Cutts at the very first of the season was a severe blow to the team. Hawkins, '98, a very promising candidate, was taken sick early in the term and is just able to be out
again. But in spite of all these little difficulties, the team has pushed on to grand success. A second eleven has been formed, which gives the regular team good practice, and they also played a close and exciting game with Hebron Academy, losing by a score of 6 to 4.

The following is the line-up of the regular eleven:


Below we give a brief report of each game played thus far this season:

October 13th, South Berwick’s at Dover, N. H. Score—Bates, 10; South Berwick, 0. This, the first game of the season, was played in a pouring rain. Touchdowns, Sprague and Pulsifer. Goal, Brown.

October 20th, New Hampshire College at Lewiston. Score—Bates, 26; New Hampshire College, 4. Substitutes Hinkley and Parker played in this game in place of Bruce and Sprague. The main features of the game were the gains of Wakefield and Hinkley around the ends.

October 27th, Kent’s Hill at Lewiston. Score—Bates, 48; Kent’s Hill, 4. Touchdowns, Bruce, Hinkley 2, Pulsifer 4, Brown, Sprague for Bates, Haley for Kent’s Hill. Goals from touchdowns—Brown, 6. Umpire, Rogers, of Kent’s Hill. Referee, Files, of Bates. Linesmen, Schroeffe and Thompson. Time, 35 minutes. Hinkley, Bruce, and Douglass made a number of pretty gains. Files was unable to play in this game and Hinkley took his place. Brown had a lame ankle, which bothered him so that he kicked but six of the nine goals.

November 10th, Colby at Waterville. Score—Bates, 14; Colby, 0. Touchdowns, Sprague, 2. Goals from touchdowns, Brown, 2. Safety, Brooks, of Colby. Umpire, Fairbanks, Bowdoin. Referee, Stubbs, Bowdoin. Time, 40 minutes. Attendance, 200. This game was played in a driving rain on a field covered with mud and slush. Bates’ interference was the feature of the game.

November 14th, Bowdoin at Brunswick. Bates, 0; Bowdoin, 26. On this day, in the mud and rain, Bates met her first defeat of the season at the hands of Bowdoin’s best team with all its experience and science. Our boys seemed to be a little rattled in the first half and allowed long gains around the ends, so that Bowdoin rolled up a score of 24.

Captain Douglass, although he had been ill for two or three days, played his usual game during the first half, after which he was obliged to retire. His tackling was by far the best seen in the game. In the second half, Warren took Fairbanks’ place at fullback, and Hinkley played for Douglass, Brown acting as captain. Bates seemed now to have woke up, and for the last 25-minute half played with vigor and determination. Bow-
doin carried the ball to the 25-yard line and there were held for three downs. Wakefield made one gain of 15 yards. Bowdoin was unable to score in second half, and Bates carried the ball to the 20-yard line when time was called. With odds so against them, much credit is due the Bates men for carrying the ball 60 yards without losing it.

The men lined up as follows:

**Bowdoin.**
- Left End: Hicks
- Left Tackle: Dewey
- Left Guard: Stone
- Center: Dennison
- Right Guard: Bates
- Right Tackle: Kimball
- Quarterback: Foster
- Halfbacks: Knowlton
- Fullbacks: Stubbs, Mitchell

**Bates.**
- Left End: Bruce
- Left Tackle: E. Hanscom
- Left Guard: Young
- Center: Brown
- Right Guard: Hoag
- Right Tackle: O. Hanscom
- Right End: Wakefield
- Fullbacks: Douglass, Hinkley
- Halfbacks: Files, Pulsifer
- Quarterback: Warren


**Note.**—We offer as a frontispiece in this number a cut of the Foot-Ball Team, by the Lux Engraving Co. There are, we are sorry to note, one or two slight typographical errors in the names.

The University of Wisconsin lays claim to having a gymnasium second to none in the country.

Besides the collecting in Massachusetts and Missouri that Prof. Kelsey of Oberlin College has been doing this summer, he has had two men in the field making collections of the summer flora of Oberlin and vicinity. These collections are for herbarium and laboratory use, but especially for exchange with other colleges.

**As** the Observer looked in on the large audience assembled to hear the Prize Declamations the other evening, his ideas of the wicked Sophomore changed. Here was order. Here peace and tranquility held sway. Perhaps the presence of the stern arm of the law had something to do with it. But the man in blue coat and brass buttons seemed to have no occasion to exert his authority. The Observer was doubtful whether such a state of things could continue, when he saw the blue coat with vengeance in his eye leave his position near the door and hasten down the aisle. The Observer anxiously watched to see who was the guilty one. Now this record should stop right here and no more of this serious affair be told, but the Observer is so honest that he makes it a point to tell the whole truth, if what he is telling has any truth in it at all. Does it seem possible that the culprit was a Senior? Can we credit the fact that it was one who is considered trustworthy by his classmates? A deplorable case! Verily, truth is often stranger than fiction.
The Observer has a new telescope. He has been making observations in the Bates celestial sphere for some weeks. We ascended Mount David one night and found the following entry in his note-book:

Mount David, Lat. 44° 7' 28", Long. 7° 00' 18" east of Washington, Nov. 17, 1894.

"I turned my refractor toward Parker Hall at 10.34 P.M., mean solar time. Wonder of wonders! A Junior Idea met a Senior Thought upon the campus. Idea with all due respect to Thought attempted to bow.

"Idea, with its body mounted upon two inconceivable and very shaky pedestals, each containing a joint for the purpose of increasing or decreasing their height, with the most substantial part of its body as an axis, describing an arc of a celestial meridian, its head cutting an immense circle, acquired inconceivable velocity, and coming in contact with Jupiter's molten mass, excavated a hole 8,000,000 kilometers deep and 100,631 kilometers wide. Continuing its course it hurled into space all of the heavenly bodies that obstructed its path, struck Venus in the pit of the stomach, who fainted away, falling against old Saturn, knocking off his palm-leaf hat, and, following the meridian, at last brought up at Polaris.

"The noise caused by the concussion of the heavenly bodies was equal to that of one trillion cannon exploding every second. My figures are the legitimate result of the most accurate observation, though they may be subject to some slight changes in the future. The loss of attraction caused by the disarrangement of the heavenly bodies has thrown the earth into an entirely new system, making useless the astronomical observations of centuries."

"The Observer told us that he had laid the case before the electrician of the Senior Class, who has invented perpetual motion, established telegraphic communication with Mars, and fully established the fact that the mysterious part of man called life is nothing more nor less than the electric fluid. Said Senior is confident that he can convert the earth into a Leyden jar, charge it, and that the shock of the discharge will restore the equilibrium.

Alumni Department.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the alumni of the college in Boston and vicinity will occur, as usual, at Young's Hotel, Boston, some evening during the holiday week of December. The day of meeting has not yet been fixed upon, but will be soon, and notice of the same will be sent to every graduate in New England whose address is known to the secretary. All those intending to be present will be more certain of receiving a notice if they will send in their name and address to Clarence C. Smith, Secretary, 20 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.
THE BATES STUDENT.

COLLEGE ORATORY.
THIRD LETTER.

YOU are willing to read yet another letter.

I would like to go on from my last, and tell you how my professor helps me in delivery; how he encourages and prunes gesture (he says the hands must talk, the tips of the fingers); how he severely smashes my declamatory tones and makes me just talk; how he stings me into earnestness; how he tells me over and over that I must look my audience in the eye and talk unflinchingly into their faces.

But I might lead you to think elocution is a separate something in oratory, a something by itself, which it is not. Elocution isn't anything. Bates doesn't need a specialist in elocution. Whatever there may be in voice culture is hygiene and good manners, not oratory. Again, the public reader and the actor have each his place and importance, and may need the assistance of a specialist in elocution; but acting and public reading are not oratory. Those prize-declamations, in which young ladies try to die and young men sound into the air great things they understand not,—those performances are not oratory, nor are they conducive to oratory.

No better is the hastily clipped and compounded "original" essay, on which the elocutionist drills us so that we may say it for a speech. Cooks have been known to pour rich sauce over plain cake and call it cottage pudding. That may do for pudding; but you can't make orations so. No matter how much of the rich sauce of elocution you pour over a dull half-thought essay, it remains a dull half-thought essay,—only perhaps a little more ridiculous. Such a composition cannot be elocuted into an oration.

For oratory is direct address. Forget it not, oratory is direct address. The real orator speaks his own thought directly into the faces of his audience. It is a great one-sided conversation, in which the orator does all the talking. He speaks directly to us; he speaks his own thought. These two essentials of oratory—original thought and direct address—are left out of elocutionary drill. Bates should cultivate oratory, and to this the elocutionist cannot help. Bates doesn't need a specialist in elocution.

Bates should cultivate oratory. The best method is the society debate. The society debate is the most valuable factor in an education at Bates. There the student speaks his own thought directly into the faces of fellow-students. Every society meeting should be considered a great opportunity. This opportunity is not used, but abused, by talking without preparation. Don't take one cent of stock in that nonsense about learning to think on your feet. That isn't what the feet are for. He is to be pitied who has that blighting facility that pours out without previous thought those windy sentences "full of sound and fury signifying nothing." It is that that makes oratory contemptible—as hollow as the big O with which we spell it. The student's most valuable time should be given to intense preparation for the Friday evening meeting.

How to prepare. What do I need
for this work? 1st, the best hour in the day. 2d, solitude. 3d, note-book open, pen in hand. 4th, within reach as you sit dictionary, atlas, encyclopedia, Statesman's Year-Book, Tribune Almanac, and the books specially useful for this week's question. Now begin. The first thing is to "find the place." Locate the places, persons, events, theories, you are to talk about. The next thing is to make a theory of your own on the subject. Remember it is not a basketful of points that you want to take to society meeting, but a point of view, a picture.

But how make this theory? By thinking, to be sure. Think, man, think. It is the highest function of which the human being is capable. Think. Think; and as you think, write. Write, write, write. Write all you can. And when you have really written yourself out, arrange what you have written,—try how it goes together. Arrange. Arrange; and when you can no longer arrange or write, use your books. Work this way five hours a week; but take Friday's hour for rehearsal. On Friday go over the speech many times. Hold yourself undeviatingly to the arrangement you have settled upon. Shorten and sharpen, till you have brought it within the time to be allowed you.

Go to society meeting and speak this speech with your whole soul, with a dignity equal to this your precious opportunity.

Yes, precious opportunity, fellow-students. For you are to be the thinkers and the speakers of the great democracy. Did you ever consider that here in the United States we lack that political and administrative skill—that respectability in government—that the long-governing aristocracies of the old world maintain? We lack, too, that patriotism stimulated by near neighbors powerful and hostile, like France and Germany, and centering round great names of emperors and kings and dukes. We have won no great campaigns against a hated foreigner; we have no great families to whom we look up as born statesmen. We are not driven in self-defense to maintain myriad armies and massive fortifications and to squeeze out the last dollar in taxes therefor.

Ours is more specially a problem in civil rights. Our need is not armies, but police; not forts, but laws; not commerce-destroyers, but courts. Security of life and property, just laws, prompt redress,—these are the tasks for American statesmanship, the problems for American public opinion.

In influencing that public opinion see what my Bates orator may do. He has learned at Bates to look at every new question judicially, to find and weigh the evidence, to make in his own mind a distinct picture of the problem, to stand face to face with an audience of fellow-citizens and effectively paint his picture. Here is a purer patriotism than that of Leonidas or Marathon, of Warren or Gettysburg. Braver than theirs, because he dares shoot painful truth at his own neighbors and friends; purer than theirs, because he puts God-like reason in place of brutal force. He kills not fellow-men, but falsehoods; he routs not invading armies, but dem-
agogic delusions; he overthrows not tyrant kings, but tyrant customs.

Such orators, such patriots should go from Bates,—but the existing system is against it.

Fellow-students of Bates, your high calling is to be patriot orators, but for this you are working under a false system. Recitation, text-book, grammar and rhetoric, authority, are injuring you. They stand between you and your high calling. You are working under a false system; but you are working under true men. Remember Garfield’s idea of a college? President Hopkins at the other end of an old log? At the other end of your old log of a false system sit the true men, your professors. Make the most of them. Don’t wear them out running after breachy cattle,—hoodlums can beat you at that. But wear them out helping you to be thinkers, orators, Christian patriots. You’ll find they’ll wear well.

PERSONAL.

’70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., Portland, is superintendent of the Plymouth Church Sunday-school, the largest, save one, in Maine.

’72.—F. W. Baldwin, D.D., finds nearly every pew taken in his new church—Trinity Church, East Orange, N. Y.

’74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman is pastor of the Congregational Church in Littleton, N. H.

’76.—At the eighteenth biennial convention of the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias, held in Washington, D. C., August 28th, Supreme Representative J. W. Daniels, Esq. (Bates, ’76), of Boise City, Idaho, in a beautiful and eloquent speech, presented to Supreme Chancellor Blackwell, in behalf of the Grand Lodge of Idaho, an elegant gavel, the head of which was of solid silver and the handle of mahogany, both of which were products of the mines and forests of Idaho.

’76.—Rev. G. L. White, pastor of F. B. Church, New Hampton, N. H., is contributing to the Morning Star very interesting articles upon prayer-meeting topics.

’77.—N. P. Noble of Phillips is building a fine summer cottage on the south-east shore of Rangeley Lake, near F. E. Timberlake’s cottage.

’77.—Miss J. R. North is teaching in Somers, Conn.

’77.—”I am sorry to lose Mr. Oakes, our County Attorney,” said Judge Emery at the last session of the Supreme Court in Auburn. “He has been a most faithful and capable official.”—Lewiston Journal. During the last session of the court in Auburn the number of sentences secured against rum-sellers was phenomenal.

’78.—B. S. Hurd is principal of the High School, Beverly, Mass.

’78.—C. E. Hussey is superintendent of schools for the towns of Reading and Wakefield, in Massachusetts.

’79.—In the report of “The Schoolmasters’ Association of New York and Vicinity” for 1893-94 is a very interesting paper, “Mathematical Section of the Report of the Committee of Ten,” read before the association by E. W. Given, principal of Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.
'79.—M. C. Smart, principal of Stevens High School, Claremont, N. H., is a member of the Bates Examining Committee for 1894-95.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes is slowly regaining his health. He will soon remove from Parker, Col., to the suburbs of Denver.

'80.—W. A. Hoyt is superintendent of schools for Brookfield and North Brookfield, Mass.

'80.—Professor Frisbee of the Latin School was elected a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, at a special meeting held in Boston, October 25th. Professor Frisbee is a lineal descendant of Sir William Pepperell, the hero of Louisburg.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss is pastor of the First Methodist Church in Bangor, Me.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs is superintendent of schools for North Attleboro, Mass.

'81.—W. P. Foster has a sonnet in the November Century.

'81.—Another graduate of the Newton High School, Mass., of which E. J. Goodwin is master, took the prize in entrance Greek at Yale.

'81.—Lee B. Hunt is trading at Gray, Me., in the line of groceries.

'84.—Miss E. L. Knowles, the famous Montana attorney, is seeking by rest and medical treatment to recover from the effects of a severe accident received some time ago.

'85.—J. M. Nichols is receiving high tributes for his efficient service as principal of the High School, Peabody, Mass.

'86.—S. J. Bonney, M.D., has declined the professorship of Therapeutics in Denver University, also the position of Chief of Staff in a hospital in Denver. A recent article by Dr. Bonney upon "Empyema," first published in a medical journal in Philadelphia, is attracting wide attention.

'86.—H. M. Cheney was re-elected on the 6th inst. as representative from Lebanon, N. H., in the state House of Representatives.

'87.—Rev. Herbert E. Cushman gave three able and interesting illustrated lectures to crowded houses in Lewiston and Auburn, October 25th, 26th, and 27th, on Michael Angelo, Savonarola, and Martin Luther.

'88.—B. W. Tinker has resigned his position as principal of Marlborough High School to accept the superintendency of schools in the same city.

'88.—B. M. Avery is principal of Somerset Academy, Athens, Me.

'88.—C. J. Emerson, Esq., has opened a law office in Worcester, Mass.

'90.—Charles J. Nichols, Esq., of Portland, a member of the Cumberland County Bar, was in Auburn at the Supreme Court, November 12th.

'91.—H. J. Chase, teacher of physics in the Cambridge Latin School, has made his home at 98 Prospect Street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

'92.—Ernest W. Emery of Melrose, Mass., and Miss Charlotte B. Little (Bates, '93), daughter of Hon. H. C. Little of Lewiston, were married Thursday evening, November 1st, by Rev. G. M. Howe.

'93.—A. P. Irving’s able address on Geography, given at a recent session of the Western Somerset Teachers’ Con-
vention, is printed in full in the Fairfield Journal.

'94.—H. M. Cook of Fort Fairfield was elected president of the Northern Aroostook Teachers' Association at its recent annual meeting in Caribou, which was attended by over one hundred teachers.

Of the 210 school superintendents reported at the late meeting, held in Boston, of the New England Association of School Superintendents, twenty-two were Bates men. We doubt whether any other college in New England reports a larger number.

IN MEMORIAM.

ONE year has glided by since the members of the Class of '93 went forth from the walls of their dear Alma Mater. With joyful hearts and high ambitions, we each went forth to our several vocations, little thinking, as we shook hands for the last time as college students, that we should be called upon so soon to mourn the loss of one of our dear classmates. But it has so pleased our Divine Father to extinguish from this world one of our bright lights, but only to be rekindled with increased brilliancy in the world beyond.

"There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er earth with silent tread,
He hears our best loved things away,
And then we call them 'dead.'"

Howard B. Adams was born in Danville Junction, Me., September 3, 1865. Here he spent the greater part of his life; here by a fond mother's knee he learned his first lessons of right and of justice; here a kind father watched over him with an affectionate love and care, always ready to sacrifice anything for the further advancement of his only son in mental and spiritual knowledge.

He entered the Auburn High School, and after spending four years of faithful and earnest work, was graduated with the Class of '86, receiving as a reward for his labors the valedictory. In the fall of 1886 he entered the Latin School to better prepare himself for the college work. There I first made his acquaintance, and for seven years, with their pleasures and trials, we journeyed on together. While in the Latin School he was a faithful, earnest, and painstaking student and he commanded the respect of both teachers and scholars. He was chosen as one of the editors of the Nichols Echo, a paper published by the school, and was the recipient of nearly all the prizes offered for scholarship. He graduated in 1889 at the head of his class.

In the fall of 1889 he entered Bates College and the same traits that marked his success while in the fitting schools still continued to characterize his work throughout his college course. His honest, upright, gentle, and manly conduct endeared him alike to his professors, classmates, and college associates.

"He was good as he was pure;
None—none on earth above him!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know him was to love him.

He was a firm class-man and always ready to enter upon any sport which would not injure his character or mar the institution which he represented and which he loved. Being an extensive reader, he was well informed on points of history as well as the leading topics
of the day. He was one of the deepest
writers in Bates, and his public parts
were always listened to with the keenest
attention. He was chosen as one of the
editors of the Bates Student, and his
great depth of thought, together with
his smooth and pleasing style, made his
writings both interesting and beneficial.

The influence of his college life was
always elevating, and the record of his
true manliness will ever remain in the
hearts of his classmates and school
associates. He was graduated from
Bates with the Class of '98, receiving
first honor in English.

While in college he was troubled some
with asthma, but none of his classmates
supposed it was of a serious nature.
He never complained, always bearing
his pains and sorrows with a manly heart
and a Christ-like disposition, always
greeting his classmates and friends with
a smile and a word of cheer. After
graduating he was elected principal of
the High School at North New Port-
land, but his health would not permit
him to perform the work for which he
had so well equipped himself, and after
two weeks he was compelled to resign
his position and return to his home,
and there he remained until called by
his Heavenly Father to cross the still
waters and enter the great school be-

Just before Commencement week
last June, I received a note from him
asking me to write him everything of
interest about our Commencement week,
as he would be unable to attend, yet he
stated no reason. Thinking that noth-
ing but sickness would keep him from
a reunion of his class, to which he was
so much devoted, and the commence-
ment exercises of his college, I called
to see him the following week, and when
he approached me he tried to greet me
with the same smile he was always
accustomed to, but in place of that
sunshine and gladness which generally
characterized it, there were the lurkings
of sorrow and sadness. We chatted to-
gether for some time about the class
reunion and our school-days and then
we parted, little thinking as we did so
that that would be the last time we
should meet on this earth, but some-
times the great monster, death, creeps
in silently and removes from our midst
those whom we love, without much
warning. Thus it was with Howard.
The first of July he took his bed, and
about five weeks from that time he was
called to that home where sorrow and
sadness cannot enter. All through
his sickness he was very patient and
thoughtful. His last moments were
free from pain, and death came to him
as to one

"That wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We cannot penetrate the future; it
must forever remain to us as a blank.
Yet when such a young life, filled with
high hopes and great promises, is taken
from us, there is certainly a strong con-
viction that we shall meet our friends
again.

Classmates, we have lost a dear
brother. No more shall we meet him
on this earth, but let each of us so strive to mold our lives that when we receive the summons to cross the still waters, we may be prepared to go, and join our classmate who has preceded us, and may we thus be reunited by the strong ties of heavenly love.

His home has been deprived of that sunshine which only a child can give to a home, yet in God alone can they find solace and comfort.

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

I feel sure I speak for the whole class when I say we have suffered a great loss, and that we feel the deepest sympathy for his father, mother, and sister who mourn his death.

"The better days of life were ours; The worst can be but mine; The sun that cheers, the storms that lurk, Shall never more be thine."

The silence of that dreamless sleep I envy now too much to weep; Nor need I to repine That all those charms have passed away I might have watched through long decay."

E. L. P., '93.

SOCIETY RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, An all-wise and merciful Father has seen fit to remove from our society a loyal member and faithful friend, Howard Burton Adams, be it

Resolved, That the members of the Polymnian Society deeply regret the loss from their number of one so talented and so highly esteemed;Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family and friends our earnest and heartfelt sympathy;

Resolved, That a copy of the above be entered upon the records of our society and also be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

H. N. Knox,
A. B. Howard,
J. A. Marr,
Committee.

College Exchanges.

Nor private grief nor malice guides my pen; I hold but kindness to my fellow-men. — Whittier.

O ur desk is literally buried beneath exchanges. From out this chaotic mass of foot-ball reports, old orations, new ideas and original poems we are to select a very limited number, read them carefully, and kindly state their merits or demerits.

In the Haverfordian read " Gottfried August Bürges."

Read the second editorial of the October number of the Kenyon Collegian.

In the Brunonian is an article worthy of careful perusal, entitled "The Vagabond."

The Stylus: After a long absence the Stylus has returned to our table. We greet it as an old friend. A change in its form would improve it. A sixteen page magazine thirteen by ten inches is out of proportion. We would suggest that there be a little less length and breath and more thickness.

The Red and Blue: This magazine will hereafter appear as a monthly and be devoted entirely to literary work. We quote from an exchange a criticism of one of its articles, as it expresses our own idea. "Fiedric Francois Chopin" (a study) in Red and Blue "is well worth reading for the beautiful expres-
sion of the effect of close scrutiny into the character of one whose controlling spirit was 'All that is beautiful, all that is high and noble, is worth striving after in the realm of art—.'

*The Brown Magazine:* The "Passing of Autumn" in the last number deserves especial mention for its fine touches and true poetic genius. Autumn, in addressing the flowers, is made to say:

"Ah, yes, I know the summer was sweet,
And the long, long days were dear,
But Summer could not stay alway,
And Winter will soon be here.

"His voice is rough, and heavy his tread,
His very touch is death;
Your beauty and sweetness to him are naught,
He will wither you all with a breath.

"My arms are open; I love you all;
Softer than down is my breast.
You have played all summer, children dear,
Come. I will lull you to rest."

*Hamilton College Monthly:* The exchange editor of this magazine, Miss Katherine Shropshire, in commenting on the literary merit of the *Bates Student* asks which we "consider the more literary, student productions or Presidents' addresses?" and adds that the address of President Chase has no place in our columns. We do not agree with the critic. The *Student* does not have the chance of publishing a President's inaugural address very often, and one advocating such sound educational principles as that of President Chase was surely worthy of a place in our columns, and we gladly surrendered space that others might have the pleasure of reading it. We wish to add that the address has received very flattering criticism not only from college editors but from college professors.

*The Dartmouth Lit:* The June number contains a sonnet of the true poetic touch. As it can speak best for itself we quote it in full:

**The Isle of the Sirens.**

The waves that ripple on that peaceful shore
Laugh in the gay delight of wanton hate;
With watchful malice, patiently they wait
To catch the distant sound of plashing oar,
And then the laugh becomes an angry roar,
The Siren's heavenly song, the call of fate,
The waters gape, revealing hell's dark gate,
That opens, closes, opens nevermore.
But ah, the rapture of that wondrous song
Is sweeter far than all the joys of light,
Is bliss more deep than all the pain of death.
Who hath not heard it, live he ne'er so long,
His life is short; his death is calm and bright.
Who sinks to sleep lulled by the Sirens' breath.

—K. Knowlton.

We are gratified to find so many favorable notices from magazines of unquestioned merit from the largest colleges. Now and then we are sharply criticised. Once we had our ears boxed until they rang merrily, for advocating the exclusion of all matter which was not strictly literary. We will say, however, that we have not changed our minds in the least and trust that our successors will increase the order of merit till the *Bates Student* stands on a par with the *Dartmouth Lit* and the *Nassau Magazine*. When such colleges as Brown, Cornell, and Princeton place a premium on literary productions, offering as high (in the case of Cornell) as a hundred dollars for the best contribution, we feel that we are not alone when we ask for reform in college journalism.

After nearly a year's personal acquaintance with college publications we turn instinctively to those most pleas-
ing, discarding many for obvious reasons. To those who have read the exchange columns of the Student this year it is needless to say that choice is given to those magazines whose literary merit is of the highest degree. We have frequently stated, and now repeat, in order that a magazine may truly represent a college which claims recognition as a classical, literary, and progressive institution, it should be a pure literary production, not an athletic bulletin nor one in which several columns are devoted to local slang, as is the case of the Niagara Index in its department entitled "Index Rerum." The Student falls short of our idea in many respects, but it is the aim of its editors to increase its literary value.

Magazine Notices.

The November number of Lippincott's is of special merit. Under the heading, "Ten Dollars a Day—No Canvassing," Philip G. Hubert, Jr., discusses some queer circulars and the dubious opportunities of wealth they offer. W. S. Walsh collects a number of interesting anecdotes of dignitaries and others who have gone about "Incognito." E. J. Gibson explains the labors of "The Washington Correspondent," and Frederic M. Bird discourses on "Magazine Fiction, and How Not to Write It." Passing to distant lands, we go "Bargaining in Russia" with Isabel F. Hapgood, and learn about "Rabbits in New Zealand" from J. N. Ingram. The fiction is bright and entertaining, and comprises the complete novel by Lady Lindsay, entitled "Dora's Defiance," and several short stories.

One article in the November Atlantic deserves particular notice, and that is "The Academic Treatment of English," by Horace E. Scudder. It discusses the part that English literature plays in one's education, and the author says, "In all this consideration of the academic treatment of English, it has been assumed that the result to be aimed at is, not the training of men of letters, but the true growth of the student, so that he may finally come into the harmonious activity of his own power." We read of Japanese customs in the leaves "From My Japanese Diary," by Lafcadio Hearn. Among the other important articles are "Seward's Attitude Toward Compromise and Secession," by Frederic Bancroft; "The Growth of American Influence Over England," by J. M. Ludlow; "Hadoian's Ode to His Soul," by William Everett; and "Maurice Maeterlinck: A Dramatic Impressionist," by Richard Burton. The first part of a two-part story by Mary Hallock Foote, entitled "The Trumpeter," will be read with pleasure. We get a good idea of Sicilian customs in the story of "Rosa," by G. Pitré.

The November Education offers a paper by George E. Gardner of the Classical High School, Worcester, which might be read in connection with the article by Scudder in the Atlantic. The title of the paper is, "Should Power to Create or Capacity to Appreciate be the Aim in the Study of English?" The two writers seem to have nearly the same views as regards this important study. Prof. Franklin B. Samuel gives us an interesting and amusing account of his search for the shamrock. It appears that "A Hunt for the Shamrock" in its native country proved a failure. Prof. F. W. Ryder states the advisability of "The Uniforming of School Children," and Edward F. Buchner shows us "Froebel from a Psychological Standpoint."
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