The Bates Student

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No. 4.
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Editorial.

We are entering upon the busy term of the year. A thousand and one things within and without our study demand attention. We must do the regular routine work in class, society, and literary paths. Nature urgently invites us to a stroll for meditation and observation. The social side of life would be unwisely neglected. Preparation for Commencement and Ivy exercises is inevitable. Athletics, which during the winter were neglected even beyond the permission of health, must be given proper attention. But above all we must find time to prove ourselves Bates men. The intercollegiate contests of Maine occur during this term and as loyal students we must show a live and persevering zeal in every turn of college life. We
must find moments for cheering the boys in their practice. We must keep on hand a supply of courage to inspire our representatives even in the face of defeat—whose cheek we must not kiss.

A magnificent tennis cup and a proud base-ball pennant it is our honor to defend. Whether successfully depends upon each individual student. Upon our hearty and unfailing support even more than upon the base-ball or tennis material depends the destination of the trophies of 1893. By the way, would it not be well for the students to get together a few times each week and practice the yell before business begins? Good leaders should be permanently chosen to see that the forces are properly drilled and marshalled. In this way the inspiration would be made more effective, and undesirable "yagging" could be more easily suppressed. Let every Bates man remember that he is in the fight.

Since the last issue of the Student we have passed through the convulsions and upheavals of our various examinations, and with the exception of a few unfortunates are now rejoicing. Accordingly, at this time, the old question of the advisability of examinations naturally presents itself, and we find ourselves asking, "Does the examination serve its intended purpose? Does it indicate the quality of the students' work? Does it stimulate him to greater industry?"

That, as now conducted, it gives but little indication of the relative faithfulness and work of the individual, is painfully evident. For the lazy and careless student is almost as likely to secure a high rank as he who has really mastered the subject. Is this the fault of the professor? No; he gives a fair examination, and ranks all with equal strictness. Is it the fault of the student? Not often. To be sure "eribbing" is sometimes practiced, but this alone will not explain the difficulty. Where, then, is the failing? It is in the system itself. For an exhaustive examination of a term's work in ten or twenty questions is impossible. A test can embrace at most only a few of the important principles. A few hours of solid study immediately before the examination, and the idlest student can pass with flying colors. But the finer points of the subject, the points that require the hardest labor and the greatest discrimination, these are wholly neglected. If such a system as this can give any true idea of the individual's work and ability, the writer fails to see it. Nor is its effect as a stimulant to greater industry any better. The ambitious man will strive to excel under any circumstances. The idler could not ask for a better method of avoiding work. It seems to us that if those students who should attain a certain rank in their daily recitations should be exempted from examinations, and those who should fall below such rank should be required to pass a thorough examination, the results would be far more satisfactory. There would then be an encouragement to better daily work, a standing threat against idleness, and less of this superficial "cramming" at the end of the term.
THAT the bill granting women the right of suffrage in municipal affairs should pass one house of the Maine Legislature and fail in the other only by a few votes was a surprise to its friends as well as to its opponents. It surely indicates that, unless all signs fail, this privilege will be granted to the women of Maine at no distant day. It is not our purpose to discuss the merits of the measure, or to indicate our predilection. But all will admit that this change is destined to come. In view of this, the attitude taken by the early friends of Bates, with reference to the higher education of women, seems to be vindicated and to have been prompted not only by feelings of justice but by prophetic foresight. If woman is to be allowed municipal suffrage, the public good demands that she exercise it understandingly; and the work of Bates College in the education of woman, and its uncompromising policy in offering her equal facilities with man has done much to produce a type of woman qualified to receive the ballot. Perhaps its influence has gone beyond its own walls, and through its example and the instrumentality of its alumnae it may have done much to improve the educational facilities for young women elsewhere.

IT IS a good indication of the progress of Bates that so many electives are being added to her course. This greatly increases the benefit to be derived from the latter part of the four years' work. While all realize the importance of buildings and their equipments to the success of Bates, first of all she needs just that course of study which will bring the greatest possible benefit to her students, and this course must vary in many details for different students.

To be sure there are some studies of such importance that they should be pursued by all, but in many cases where one student would derive great benefit others would not be helped at all. A judicious choice of elective work on the part of the student helps him also to outline his purposes in life more definitely. However, we are glad that Bates does not seem to be falling into the error so common among small colleges, of having more studies in the curriculum than can be handled properly by the number of professors they have. Let us rather have few studies thoroughly mastered than many studies, if some of them have to be passed over in a careless and unsatisfactory manner.

Perhaps no other college in the United States sends out so large a per cent of its graduates as teachers as Bates College. Perhaps nowhere else is the custom so prevalent among needy students of teaching a part of the time during their college course. Thus Bates, through her representatives, comes into direct contact with a large number of people at that age when they are most easily influenced.

It is possible for these teachers to create in their pupils high ideals and noble purposes. It is possible, by a few words of timely advice, to point out the advantages of a liberal education. He who persuades one worthy young man to take a college course
confers a benefit, not only upon that man, but upon the world. While it should be the first aim of the teacher to inspire his pupils with a love of knowledge and a purpose to obtain it, he can legitimately point out the advantages of Bates, to needy students especially. Why should teachers do this? First, because it helps the college, and second, because it is for their personal interest to do so.

The chief strength of any college is in the number, character, and good-will of its alumni. The more students a college has the more alumni will it have. While students of a questionable character are an injury to any institution, one of our professors claims that every good one is worth $5,000 to the college. According to this statement, if each one now in college could, during his course, bring one student here, they would do more for Bates than the men who founded it.

Again, it is for the advantage of our teachers to send students here because every advance made by the college gives an added value to its diplomas, gives a higher position to its graduates.

The number of "cuts" per year to which a student is entitled at some of the leading colleges is as follows: Yale, 24 to Seniors and Juniors, to Sophomores and Freshmen, 18; Williams, 30; Dartmouth, 21. At Amherst and Wesleyan, a student must be present at nine-tenths of the recitations, while at Harvard, Ann Arbor, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins, the attendance is optional.

THE close of last term ended the social season of 1892-93 at Bates. For the Owl this brilliant period of social enjoyment and development opened with a "taffy-pull" at the home of our boarding mistress and ended with a "feed" at Sam Hibbert's. The former was very enjoyable. It was co-educational. The latter was not co-educational, but was nevertheless enjoyable. It filled a "long-felt want." The intervening months between these two events we guess must have been lent—mostly to study. Any way, social communion was practically forbidden. That of the first sort, by lack of opportunity; that of the second sort, by impending bankruptcy, or a metallic drouth, as you choose. We had rather expected a conversational spell in the "gym" before the end of the term, but it did not come, or rather it was not a "go."

THE Owl has long been considered a bird of superior wisdom, but we never fully realized the cost of greatness till we came before the public as a candidate for journalistic honors. Immediately men, women, and children beset us with difficult questions and hard sayings. Institutions of learning from the "deestrict skule over to Punkin Holler," to great universities,
sought our services. Needing funds to carry on our great journalistic enterprise, we accepted the following offer:

Mr. Owl

Sir, would you like to teach our school the coming winter if you would like to engage you. As you taught here last and the district was well pleased with the school

yours receptful

D—— March 23rd

In view of the flattering deference paid to our supposed wisdom, we had never considered the possibility of an examination. But the officials had decided that their school demanded a teacher of education, experience, and ability. They had heard only good reports of us, yet they could not think of risking the "children's money" by employing even a college student without first examining him for themselves.

For two days, from 9 A.M. till dark, we answered list after list of questions, covering the subjects usually taught in high schools and academies. At last the examination came to an end and the coveted certificate was ours.

School opened under favorable circumstances. Wishing to get some idea of the scholars' proficiency, we proceeded as follows: "Where is Boston?" Answer. "In California." "For what is Utah noted?" "As the home of the Last Year Saints." This last answer was questioned by one especially brilliant pupil who said it was the home of the All Day Saints. (We began to fear we should need to become an All Day Saint to enjoy that school, but said nothing.) "How many pecks in a bushel?" we asked of a lusty young farmer of twenty-one. "Sixty-three," was the unhesitating answer. "To what race do you belong?" "Don't know." "Do you belong to the African race?" "Don't know."

Another young man of seventeen tried to convince us that four oranges at three cents each would cost fourteen cents, while still another, equally brilliant, missed seventeen of the twenty words in his spelling lesson, after a whole afternoon's study. We next asked another of the larger boys to read the following verses from the Testament: "Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other." The following was the startling response: "Then saith he to the man, Scorched forth thine hand. And he scorched it forth and it was roasted whole, like as the other."

Truly, not only the whole world but every age is akin, for these young Americans much resembled Solomon inasmuch as they found study a weariness to the flesh.

The above is an exact copy of a letter lately received and now in the possession of a Bates student. Each of the questions and answers is genuine and literal. Unthinking persons regard college students who teach winters as gay and careless, having no higher purpose than to start a flirtation with some country belle. The hard work is unappreciated by them. The anxiety, the disappointments, the failure to create that enthusiasm in the school, so necessary to success, are all carefully concealed by the teacher. Thoughtless persons see only the pleasant side.
Let who will prate about the lazy life of the district school teacher, the Owl prefers his old, accustomed perch in Parker Hall.

* * * * *

THE Owl often smiles. But he invariably does a real broad grin when at the close of each term he sees one dignified upperclassman or another don his tall silk hat and start woodwards for his native vill. “How neighbor Zebadiah and old Uncle Hezekiah will stare to see farmer Hankerson’s young son coming home and promenading the cow lane in a brand-span huckleberry black silk hat fourteen inches high and eight inches across the top!” he probably thinks to himself. “By hum scum, that there Bates College must be a great place for these young sprouts,” he imagines a neighbor saying, “Only a few years ago and that there gentleman was no more than the rest of us. Right here digging potatoes barefooted with his overalls held up by a shingle nail.” “Then there is Reub Sargeant’s pretty daughter and the other neighborhood belles. They are sure to be smitten. They are not used to such a rig as this.” Yes, they probably will be smitten—with laughter, for what more simple than a tall silk hat towering above a puerile face, or resting upon a low and sloping forehead. Let neither majority nor seniority persuade you of growing dignity. Strut about the city in a tall hat once in a while if you wish to. We are used to it and do not mind. But don’t start out on a conquest of the North Pole, or if you do, please remove the garnet flyer from your vest and that copy of the last Student from your overcoat pocket.

* * * * *

"WHAT the Owl Saw on Skates," or "An Episode of the Frog Pond Freeze-over," is the title of a book soon to be issued. This is not to be construed merely as what the Owl on skates saw, but rather as what the Owl on skates saw on skates. This may seem like a see-saw, but it is only what he saw—See? Rather hazy, eh?

* * * * *

THE Owl was disappointed not to hear Dr. Trueblood speak upon the "Military Condition of Europe." Two causes prevented. In the first place the lecture came together with the other public exercises of the term during test week. In the next place we were diverted from our “plugging for tests” that very afternoon to attend the midwinter meet of the Cynescans in the Gym. The young ladies did very creditable work. No records were broken, most of the time being devoted to work of a light and calisthenic nature, some of it even suggestive of the terpsichorean art. We would enjoy making particular mention of the individual work, but you know we were not supposed to be there, and it would hardly be gallant to take further advantage of our Owlish privileges. However, the cake and chocolate served by the Cynescans to their lady friends were much enjoyed by all—except the Owl.

* * * * *

THE principle of co-education is as dear to the heart of the Owl as is that other principle of woman’s suffrage, yet in its practical workings
there are many interesting and highly amusing incidents. For example, each entering class gives blossom to a few "buds of innocence" of the "Oh dear! how nice I am" kind on the one hand, while to match her comes the frank, open-hearted boy who has never deigned to dispute his mother's assurance that he is the handsomest and brightest of all darlings. The two soon meet. On the campus, in the recitation room, the society hall—yea in chapel devotion itself the lines of parallelism begin to manifest themselves. The angelic maiden, whom his native hamlet failed to produce, has appeared to him—as if guided by Providence—right here in his own college class. All is divinely pleasant. In the study the thought of her is an inspiration. In recitation her inspiring presence is an assured ninety-nine and nine-tenths even for an uncertain preparation. The first term of college life passes like a dream.

But now come six weeks of cold, frosty, old-time winter vacation days. They must be separated. She can never forget his charms! But oh! she contemplates a visit to the Hub. Can this be hazarded? What if some ill-omened nymph, inspired of Satan, during the hours of wonted repose such baneful words should speak: "Oh maiden of a thousand charms; oh damsel lithe in figure and bewitching in glance; oh heroine of a thousand unfavored proposals, listen to these words of man-mellowing Venus: "On

the morrow, in this mighty metropolis of the land of yesterday's Puritan, you will meet amid the glare and brilliancy of the gaudy hop, a youth. Behold! he is thy appointed Adam! To whom thou first shall be presented to him reveal this message of love and future happiness. His letters in the remaining years of thy study shall lighten thy burdens and inspire thy talents. Look not upon that other youth who deigned think himself thy equal."

Stern reality of a hardened heart, cold despondency of a blighted hope! Yesterday my charms were her admiration, and her love was my inspiration. To-day I am a victim of blighted aspiration, of unfulfilled expectation, for "she never speaks as she passes by." Oh time, thou faithless servant! Oh woman, thou heartless serpent.

The University of Michigan has almost twice as many living alumni as any other American educational institution. Harvard is second and Yale third.

Less than one per cent. of the voters of the United States are college graduates, yet they hold over fifty per cent. of the highest offices.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the best entrance examinations to Chicago University were passed by a young colored lady.
SIR GIBBIE.

BY GRACE P. CONANT.

THE ethical novels of George MacDonald make the delineation of Scotch life complete. Scott introduces us to the heroic in national types, Burns acquaints us with the home-life of the peasant amid its simple surroundings, while MacDonald, ushering us into a realm of which the others give, at most, only glimpses, reveals to us the Scotch mind in its deeper religious emotions.

Sir Gibbie is no exception to other works of this popular novelist. It portrays the simple, trusting faith of the humble Scotch peasant, hints at subtle influences of by-gone superstitions, and shows some of the corrupting influences that are creeping into modern "theology." The portrayal of the life of Gibbie presents a psychological study of the development of a pure, innocent, child-mind, untainted in good, untainted with evil, untrammeled by restraint, as, coming to a knowledge of divine things, it slowly grows and expands until, at last, it unfolds into wonderful beauty and perfection.

The one great purpose of the novel is to show that sincerity of life, thought, and action is the only criterion by which the world should estimate true worth, and that religion itself is nothing that can be assumed, for it must come from the heart. Time and place chosen are peculiarly suited to its development. Plot, incidents, and strongly contrasted characters unite in impressing its truth, showing how many a poverty-crushed wretch, whom the world ignores or despises, is less contemptible in the eyes of the great Judge of all, than the "rich deceiver," whom the world lauds and honors, but whose soul is absorbed in self and dwarfed by insincerity.

We are made to feel that more true religion is hidden beneath the ragged coat of a "wee Sir Gibbie," in the heart that has the very essence of Christianity itself,—love to God and man,—than under the clerical garb of the parish preacher, whose religion is his "profession," and whose life in its shallowness and insincerity never grasps the deeper meaning of the truths he tries to teach; greater worth is buried in the knowledge-hungry soul of a Donal Grant, a poetry-breathing herdsman, tending the sheep on the lonely hill-side, than in the satisfied breast of a Fergus Duff, a "pyrotechnist of human logic," an ecclesiast whose highest ambition is seeming, and whose soul thirsts, not after righteousness, but for eloquence; more real nobility is found in the humble cotter and his wife, poor in this world's goods and this world's knowledge, but rich in simple faith, "loving kindness, and homely plenty," than in the selfishly proud laird of Glashruach, bartering his very soul for flattering approval.

A great charm of the book lies in these finely-developed character sketches. They are exaggerations,
is true, and sometimes make their subjects act rather to meet the needs of the author's purpose than according to the laws of nature, yet they are alive, are distinct, and delineate with wonderful clearness some striking characteristics in human nature.

The plot of the story is simple. The suspense is good but less sustained than in most of MacDonald's works. The great improbability of the novel, as well as the occasional lack of proportion in some of its parts, detract somewhat from its highest artistic effect. The character of Donal Grant, finely conceived as it is in the novel which bears his name, is not in this novel wholly complete and satisfactory. The ending of the book itself does not fully sustain what goes before it, yet, notwithstanding these few defects, Sir Gibbie does not lack strength. At every turn some precious gem of thought or experience gleams forth. Real dramatic touches appear in the vivid description of the flood, and in the account of the death of Sambo. The few traces of sarcasm are forcible, and the pathos, that plays so important a part throughout, is touching and beautiful.

The descriptions of nature, too, can hardly be surpassed. In them, as in his portrayals of character, MacDonald is interpretative. He acquaints us with his characters by revealing to us the purposes and motives that prompt their words and actions, by giving us glimpses of the main-springs of thought and sentiment that move their lives. He acquaints us with Nature by revealing to us the impressions and the feelings which she produces. Every trembling flower, every bubbling brook, every fleecy cloud, every rugged height, breathes into his sympathetic soul a new inspiration and reveals to him a new token of the Infinite.

In its plot and in the cast of its characters, Sir Gibbie is not unlike many of George MacDonald's other works. An ideal youth, a staunch true-hearted Christian, a beautiful maiden, a bearer of a half-recognized title, and a cruel, money-grasping oppressor are some of the essential characters in most of his writings.

Gibbie, caring for his father, Sir George, the drink-wasted remnant of a baron, and befriending the homeless and forlorn, is but another Robert Falconer, sheltering a Shasgar and searching to recover a degraded father; or a Cosmo o' Glenwarlock devotedly spending his every thought for the comfort of a parent, and the help of the poverty-pinched cottagers. He is but a type of an Alister Macruadh, a landless chief, guiding and guarding the interests of his poor and dependent clan; or even a Margaret Elginbrod, a beautiful maiden, sweetly protecting a Euphrasia from the treacherous hands of a Count Halkar. Joan, in all the simplicity of her trust, in the richness of her faith, in the sincerity and staunch integrity of her life, is but a representative of the class of peasants who may well be called "the glory and strength of Scotland," and of whom MacDonald is so fond of writing.

The author shows in this work, also, his strong conviction that in the depths
of every human soul there lies buried
a germ of something noble and true,
a spark of the divine, that a breath of
human love may yet stir into life. Sir
George, the wretch whom drink had
nearly consumed, body and soul, never
loses, even in his worst condition, his
inborn sense of honesty, for about the
poor remnants of the man to whom there
once had come noble dreams, the author
tells us, "the stuff of which such dreams
are made, still fluttered in parti-colored
rags," and he adds with beautiful
touch, "color is color even on a scare-
crow." Mistress Croale, keeping her
"decent" saloon, still cherishes a
vague sense of obligation to "live up to
the respectability of her ancestors,"
sells no liquor on the Sabbath, and
always "mothers the poor bairns who
will have drink."

In every particular MacDonald has
woven into this work his own strong
personality. His profound hatred of
cant and insincerity, his large faith in
the possibility of humanity, his broad
love and sympathy for those whom
misfortune has caused the world to
despise, his high appreciation of the
nobleness of life, all deeply influence
and impress the reader. Sir Gibbie,
in its mastery of thought and feeling,
in its lofty conception of ideals, in its
power to touch the deeper chords of
the human heart, is a novel that is as
inspiring as it is beautiful. It appeals
to the truest and best in the thoughtful
mind of to-day.

With the exceptions of Harvard and
Yale, Dartmouth has the largest endow-
ment of any college in New England.

THE MAINE COAST.
BY FANNIE A. WHEELER.

OF ALL the celebrated coast scenery
in the world, none, in bold and rugg-
ed beauty, surpasses that of Maine.
Broken by innumerable bays and har-
bors, dotted with countless islands, it
presents between two and three thou-
sand miles of varied and romantic
scenery that one might travel far and
still find unequalled.

A little while ago all this wealth of
beauty was scarcely known; but now
that it has been recognized it is rapidly
growing in favor, and every summer
finds our coast thronged with visitors
from all points of the compass.

In Mount Desert, which but a few
years ago was generally thought of as
in truth a desert, we have one of the
most popular summer resorts in the
country. And well does it deserve
this popularity. An island containing
about one hundred square miles, it
combines the distinctive attractions of
sea-shore and inland. Its thirteen
mountain peaks, broken and irregular,
are scarcely more impressive than its
charming valleys, its wild mountain
passes and gorges, and its beautiful
fresh-water lakes, all within sound of
the murmuring sea.

But to recount all the beauties of the
Maine coast would be well-nigh impos-
sible. We can notice only a few of
the most interesting.

We have already mentioned the
wonderfully varied scenery of Mount
Desert. Portland, although in every
way unlike this gem of islands, has
a beautiful situation, and a harbor un-
surpassed by any on the Atlantic
coast. Indeed, it is stated that Maine furnishes more good harbors than are to be found from Chesapeake Bay to the Rio Grande.

But the coast of Maine is interesting for its associations as well as for its beauty. About fifty miles in a direct line from Portland, is Pemaquid, formerly the home of the Indian chief Samoset, who welcomed the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1620. Opposite Pemaquid is Monhegan, a low, flat island of considerable size. Here in 1614, Capt. John Smith landed. On this island is what is sometimes taken for a Runic inscription in the rock. But it is to be doubted if the Norsemen ever left any memorial here. Between Pemaquid and Monhegan occurred in 1813 the fight between the Enterprise and the Boxer, which resulted, after a severe conflict, in the Boxer becoming a prize to the United States.

A few miles farther north, at the entrance to Penobscot Bay, is Rockland, chiefly noted for the lime burned there and exported in immense quantities. Northeast of Rockland and across the bay, we come to Castine, named for the Baron Castine who came here from his home at the foot of the Pyrenees and gained considerable power, having married the daughter of the savage chief Madaackawando. It is the same Baron Castine whom Longfellow has celebrated in verse. This is an interesting town, beautifully situated on the southern slope of a hill on whose summit the old earth-works stand out prominently.

These are but a few of the many interesting places on the Maine coast. It would scarcely be possible to find a spot along our entire sea front which would not be more or less attractive from one cause or another.

On the coast of Maine are fifty or more light-houses, not to speak of the fog-whistles and numerous bell-buoys. Among these, one of the most important is Portland Head-Light. Built on a massive ledge, it lights at night the dangerous entrance to the harbor and defies the wind and the waves, which sometimes dash far over the rocks.

"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Light-house lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day."

Another important light is that on Half-way Rock. This is a single rock rising from the water, and affording scarcely more room than is taken by the light-house.

Mount Desert Rock resembles Half-way Rock in lying out in the ocean alone, and in having no room to spare. Whittier thus speaks of it:

"And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turret in the air—
Seen from afar like some stronghold,
Built by the ocean kings of old."

We hear much of the scenery in foreign lands; of the Isle of Wight, of the Mediterranean coast, and of many other remarkable places. But it has been said, and truly, that we have almost within sight of our doors every variety of mountain and coast scenery; most of it equal, if not superior, to that of foreign countries. Why, then, should we go so far in quest of ocean scenery, when we have close at hand what the whole world might well envy.
Poets' Corner.

MARCH AND APRIL.
One, passing through the land with sword and spear,
Laid waste the earth, and blight and ruin left
Behind him as he went; but softly came
The other, clothed in silver robes that shed
A balm upon the air like incense sweet;
And as she marked the ruin he had made,
From her soft eyes there fell a shower of tears,
That healed the bruised and aching heart of earth;
Then lo, she smiled, and earth's scarred face
was veiled
With the warm sudden glory of the flowers!
—M. S. M., '91.

CUPID ASLEEP.
As in all ages bards have sung
Their tenderest songs in love's sweet praises,
Perhaps you will not think it wrong
If on this scene I gaze too long,
Where Cupid sleeps among the daisies:
One little hand above his heart—
His eyes close shut in peaceful slumber;
Beneath him lies his unstrung bow,
Whose dart has oft caused tears to flow,
Has broken gay hearts without number.
Ah, Cupid, some may feel thy sting
And never from the wound recover;
Yet sweetest dreams are still of thee,
And in those dreams, bright joys we see,
That ever round thee seem to hover.

So on thy sacred shrine I place
This humble offering of verses;
Here's to true love that never dies,
But purer, nobler, yet shall rise
Through all life's blessings or life's curses.
And now may zephyrs softly breathe,
Sweet Cupid, here where thou art sleeping.
I will not wake thee from thy rest,
Calm sleep for thee perhaps is best,
With flowers their silent vigils keeping.

AT SUNSET.
The brooding hour of twilight,
And the sunset color's gleam,
Through the far-arching elm boughs,
Make a quiet, peaceful scene.
Looking through the lofty elm boughs,
Outlined against the blue,
A longing thought comes o'er me
Of a song so earnest and true.
A thought of the beautiful sunset light
With its crimson, purple, and gold,
And of a song I fain would write,
In which these colors should be told.
The gold, the sincere, noble thought,
Unprejudiced, broad and free;
The crimson, purple, changing shades
The fitting imagery should be.
—N. G. W., '95.

HER TRIUMPH.
The Freshman gazed in the mirror bright,
And gayly she did sing,
"That Senior girl would tear her hair
If she knew I wore his ring."
—J. B. H., '94.

YEARNING FOR KNOWLEDGE.
I stood on the shore at midnight,
Where the land and the waters meet;
And the wild Sea moaned before me,
With deep sighs kissed my feet.
I spoke to the throbbing ocean
As it tossed its white arms in air,
Tell me, oh restless Ocean!
What secrets dost thou bear?
Teach me the infinite wisdom
Of the life that is yet to be,
Teach me the purpose of living,
And what death holds in store for me.
And a strange voice made me answer,
While my whole frame shook with fear;
From the caverns dim and ghostly,
Came the answer deep and clear.

"Since the fiat of Jehovah
Fell on Eden till to-day,
Man has sought to learn the secrets,
Hid by God from him away.

"Since thy parents seized the fruitage
Of the garden of the gods,
Angel sentries bar forever
The approach of mortal clods.

"For thy God has bid thee labor,
Eat thy bread with sweat and tears,
Serve the end of thy creation
Till the crowning of the years.

"When broken lies life's golden bowl,
And loosed is its silver cord,
And all thy trials and triumphs fly
At the presence of the Lord,

"Then thy soul shall cease its yearning,
God shall grant thy earnest prayer,
Lead thee to the tree of knowledge,
Bid thee all its fruitage share."

—'94.

College News and Interests.

"WISE AND OTHERWISE."
A recent article in the Boston Sunday
Globe excited considerable comment
about the college. The following com-
munication, taken from a later issue of
the same paper, is self-explanatory:

A COLLEGE NERD.

"In the Globe of March 19, I read an
article concerning the wearing of caps
and gowns for commencement. It was
evidently written by some indiscreet
junior. I hasten to reply to this
article.

"First, I will ask the writer to remem-
ber that he does not stand as a type of
the body of Bates students; on the
contrary, that many of the students
are indignant at the article he wrote.

"The students in a body do not con-
demn the action of the faculty con-
cerning the wearing of caps and gowns.

"A large portion of the students
approve of this same action. The
writer said that what Bates College
needed was a young man at its head in
touch with modern ideas. General
indignation is felt at this statement.
I would ask him if the wearing of the
hideous gowns he approves of is a
modern idea.

"What Bates College needs, are stu-
dents of common sense who know
even to heed the 'counsels of the
wise.'"

AN UNDERGRADUATE.
Bates College, Lewiston.

As the above directly implicates a
single class of the institution, the writer
has found it proper to investigate in
regard to the writer, and can state
positively that its author is not con-
nected with the college, and we deem it
a privilege to vindicate the student
body.

By the way, one man is uncharitable
enough to inquire how many years ago
"Undergraduate" (?) received his
diploma.

LOCALS.

OUT AT FIRST.
To get high rank he does not care.
He says that prizes are a snare.
At all things social he is lame.
To play base-ball his only aim.
He can not field, he can not bat,
We'd like to know where he is at!

Rather muddy!
The summer term! Last but not
least of the year.
Nearly all of the Juniors have elected
the work in Advanced Physics under Prof. Hartshorn.

H. L. Knox, '95, who was absent last term teaching, has rejoined his class.

Is your racquet in good condition? Remember that Bates has a record to maintain in intercollegiate tennis.

We are glad to welcome back to college E. G. Campbell, '95. We hope his health will permit him to elect base-ball.

H. H. Field, ex-'94, visited his brother, D. F. Field, at the college last week. Mr. Field is engaged in the banking business at Phillips.

Robert S. Baker, ex-'93, spent a few days in town last week, and called at the college several times. While here he was the guest of W. B. Skelton, '92.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Gracia Prescott, '96, has very nearly recovered from her long and serious illness. She will rejoin her class very soon.

Some of the tennis courts will soon be ready for business. Bates has some good players left yet, and the interest in this game promises to be good this season.

Arrangements are being made with G. W. Simmons & Co., of Boston, to furnish the caps and gowns to be worn by the Junior class at their coming Ivy Day exercises.

First day in Zoology class. The professor exhibits a specimen of animal life preserved in alcohol for several years. Inquisitive Junior: "Is it alive?"

And it is now that the Senior loafs half the time and wonders what studies he ought to elect in order to get the biggest snap out of the other half. Oh to be there!

Any one wishing extra copies of the March number of the Student containing Prof. Chase's article on the "First Graduates of Bates," can obtain them of D. F. Field at the bookstore.

ALAS! 'TIS USELESS.
Psychology, Geology,
The Calculus, or Bain's,
Won't make the Senior's whiskers grow,
Or give the Sophie brains.

Wednesday evening, March 29th, Dr. Trueblood, of Boston, lectured in the chapel on the "Military Strength of Europe." Those who attended report a very able and interesting discourse.

Capt. Hoffman, of the ball team, had a narrow escape from serious injuries during vacation week. He was thrown by a vicious horse and was quite badly lamed, but is fast recovering from the effects of the accident. A more serious injury would have been fatal to the interests of our ball team.

The diamond will soon be in the best of condition. The boys are getting in some good practice every day, and as things look now will be able to put up excellent ball when the season opens. There is talk about a game with Tufts later on. And several games are expected with local and other teams to put the boys in practice before the games begin.

Miss Lucy Little, youngest sister of Miss Charlotte B. Little, '93, died at
THE BATES STUDENT.

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the home of the family on College Street, Monday morning, April 3d, after a long illness from scarlet and typhoid fevers. The deceased young lady was a general favorite among her friends and schoolmates, and the sad event cast a gloom over the entire community. The deepest sympathy is felt for the bereaved family.

The Junior's Soliloquy: Part I.—“I’ve got to take Chemistry anyhow. So that’s settled.” Part II.—“I shall take the work in Physics because there will be no test. That’s settled, too.” Part III.—“Ay, there’s the rub.” Shall I take German, and with coach and span ride lazily over the smooth paved courses of the Jungfrau? Or shall it be Zoology? Then I’ll active be and with canvas bag and lantern dark—wander at night o’er Baby Patch, capture the lurking cat, and lie me home to my secret chamber, there, when chloroform has done its deadly work, to carve her feline form in the interests of Science. Which shall it be? The rub, indeed? Which shall it be?

It is now fully settled that the leading attraction of the Commencement Concert this year will be Cyril Tyler, the famous boy soprano. All music-loving people in Lewiston and Auburn cannot fail to be delighted with the prospect of hearing him. Another feature will be the famous Temple Quartette of Boston. This quartette has lately been thoroughly reorganized and is meeting with great success wherever it appears. The violinist and reader have not as yet been decided upon, but taken altogether this concert cannot fail of being one of the most excellent Commencement Concerts ever given in Maine.

The annual Senior Exhibition took place at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Friday evening, March 31st. Committee of Arrangements: Alma G. Bailey, M. Josephine Hodgdon, George M. Chase. Music by Payne's Orchestra. The following was the programme:

The Effects of Prejudice. Annie L. Bean.
The Learner. George M. Chase.
The Englishman and the American.
*Charlotte B. Little.
Music.
Some Methods of Human Progress.
Nathaniel C. Bruce.
Music.
The Dark Ages and Their Influence.
*Arthur C. Yeaton.
Our National Outlook as Forecast by Experience.
Edgar L. Pennell.
*To thine own self be true.
James B. McFadden.
Music.

* Excused.

A meeting of the managers of the Maine Intercollegiate League was held at Hotel Atwood, Saturday afternoon, April 18th. M. S. Clifford represented Bowdoin; H. T. Jordan, Colby; A. D. Hayes, Maine State; and W. C. Marden, Bates. The principal discussion of the afternoon was relative to the admission of Maine State College into the League. Mr. Marden, acting upon the general sentiment of the boys at
Bates, advocated the admission of that team. Mr. Clifford opposed the measure, while the Colby representative was practically on the fence. Mr. Clifford finally agreed to admit Maine State College on the condition that he should be supported by the Bowdoin association. It was voted to adopt the National League rules. Kelley, of Lewiston, was made official umpire for all games in Lewiston, Waterville, and Brunswick. The following officers were elected: W. C. Marden, President; H. T. Jordan, Secretary; M. S. Clifford, Treasurer. The following schedule was prepared:

April 29—Bowdoin vs. Bates, Lewiston; Colby vs. M. S. C., Waterville.
May 3—Bowdoin vs. Colby, Brunswick; M. S. C. vs. Bates, Lewiston.
May 6—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., Waterville; Bates vs. Colby, Waterville.
May 10—Bowdoin vs. Bates, Brunswick; M. S. C. vs. Colby, Bangor.
May 17—Bowdoin vs. Colby, Waterville.
May 18—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., Bangor.
May 24—Bates vs. M. S. C., Bangor.
May 27—Bowdoin vs. Colby, Lewiston.
May 31—Colby vs. M. S. C., Waterville.
June 3—Bowdoin vs. M. S. C., Waterville.
June 7—Bates vs. Colby, Brunswick.
June 10—Bates vs. M. S. C., Waterville.

The prize declamations of the Sophomore class which occurred during the latter part of last term were very excellent, in general. The prize division declaimed in the College Chapel, Thursday evening, March 30th. Music by Callahan’s Orchestra. The following programme was carried out:

**MUSIC.**

Selection.—Longfellow. Ethel E. Williams.
The Legend of the Androscoggin.—M. S. Merrill, ’91.
Lotta E. Neal.

Extract.—Clay.

King Robert of Sicily.—Longfellow.
Emily B. Cornish.

**MUSIC.**

The First Settler’s Story.—Carleton.
Ray Summerbell.
McDonald’s Charge at Wagram.—Headley.
Fred A. Knapp.
Back from the War.—Talmage.
Ralph E. Files.
Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold.—Lippard.
Frank T. Wingate.

**MUSIC.**

The Voiceless Chimes.—Fox.
Helen M. Willard.
The Black Horse and His Rider.—Shepherd.
W. S. C. Russell.
The High Tide.—Ingelow. Alice W. Collins.
Napoleon and Washington.—Headley.
Frank R. Springer.

**AWARD OF PRIZES.**

Committee of Award: N. W. Harris, Esq., Rev. T. H. Stacy, F. L. Noble, Esq. Committee of Arrangements: N. R. Smith, F. R. Springer, Alice W. Collins. The prize for ladies was awarded Miss Emily B. Cornish. Mr. Russell received the gentlemen’s prize.

**COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.**

Rev. C. F. Penney, D.D., will deliver the address before the alumni of this school at their annual meeting in connection with the graduating exercises in June.

Rev. C. E. Mason, ’85, Bates, ’82, gave a very practical and suggestive talk in the chapel recently on “The Minister’s Obligations Outside of the Pulpit.”

Rev. S. D. Church, who received the honorary degree of A.M. from Bates College in 1871, gave his lecture on “The Bible an Exotic” in the chapel,
March 24th. The lecture was a literary production of great merit.

L. S. Williams, '93, has received and accepted a call to the Free Baptist church in Clinton, Me. He will supply the pulpit fortnightly until August 1st, and then will begin his regular work there.

Two articles from the pen of Professor Anthony, of especial interest and value to Bible students, have appeared recently in the magazines. "The Fourth Gospel" in the Biblical World for March, and "The Gospel of Peter" in the Homiletic Review for April. To the latter article the New York Observer calls attention, considering it a substantial contribution to the theological literature of the time.

After hearing from the banker and the doctor we were all glad to listen to the lawyer. W. H. Judkins, Bates, '80, in a scholarly way spoke on "The Value of the Study of Law," before the students, Friday, March 17th. His point touching the use of original sources in the investigation of truth was especially well taken and instructive.

Rev. John Clifford, D.D., of London, now that Spurgeon is dead, is probably the foremost Baptist preacher of England. His character and work are well described in the Review of the Churches for March. To the Bates man the most interesting clause of the article is the following: "The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon him (Mr. Clifford) by Bates University in America."

The friends of Professor Rich will welcome his new volume, issued in March, entitled "Quaternio," being "An Interpretation of Four Regal Psalms." It is a metrical version of Psalms 2, 110, 45, and 72, with introductions and notes. The book has already received favorable notice. Hon. Nelson Dingley, on the eve of his departure for Europe, briefly reviewed it in the Lewiston Journal. Among other things Mr. Dingley said: "In these four psalms is a graphic and poetic view of the Messiah as interpreted in the most intelligent and advanced period of Hebrew national life. The task of Professor Rich was to reproduce, so far as possible in the simple and rhythmic speech of the Authorized Version, the poetic idea as well as the poetic form of the original. The Professor, it seems to us, has done a service to Bible readers as well as to Bible students in bringing to the front the fine literary charm as well as the fervid religious spirit of the master minds of Hebrew poetry."

Sixty thousand students this year enjoyed the benefits of University Extension lectures given by Oxford professors. Four thousand of them were artisans.

HER POSTSCRIPT.

A Postscript she wrote at the end of her letter.
'Twas but a short note,—
A postscript she wrote,
On her postscripts I dote,
(Ten pages or better!) A postscript she wrote
At the end of her letter.

—U. of P. Courier.
REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION TO COLLEGE; SHOULD THEY BE MODIFIED?

THIS is a period of transition. This is no less true in educational methods than in politics, industrial arts, and religious creeds. The long established is asked to prove its right to remain established or give place to new foundations.

At a recent meeting of the voters of a New England town a radical educational measure was under discussion. An orator from the backwoods, in opposing the measure, exclaimed with impassioned eloquence, "Gentlemen, evolution is better than revolution." Despite this epigram of the disciple of Darwin, the revolutionists carried the day.

During the past few years the educational revolutionist has been extremely busy. He first attacked the primary school. The A, B, C method yielded to the rat-cat method. The restless energy that found vent in bending a pin for the neighbor's seat and making crayon portraits of the teacher was once thought indicative of total depravity. It is now hailed with enthusiastic delight as prophetic of mechanical and artistic genius. The poverty stricken grammar school course has been enriched by singing and sewing, cooking and carpentering, drawing, gymnastics, and supplementary reading, and yet the educational reformer is not satisfied. He would make the idle student of the grammar school hunt for the fleeing value of the unknown quantity, encircle the square, analyze the flower, chloroform and dissect the cat, and converse in idiomatic French.

Then the high school course received his attention. He insisted that the hand should be educated with the brain; that original investigation should supplant memorized texts; and that natural methods of learning language should take the place of the time-honored custom.

He has been audacious enough to invade the precincts of the classical college and demand changes in the very stronghold of conservatism. While we of the former generation subsisted on an educational diet of prescribed quality and quantity, the modern college student may feast "on the European plan."

A former pupil recently informed the writer that he intended to enter College to take a course in Chemistry and base-ball. It was afterwards learned that his rank in the latter far excelled that in the former. A postgraduate course leading to a degree of B.B.B. (Bachelor of Base-Ball), with rich scholarships attached, may be announced in some college catalogues of the future.

Let the revolutionist revolutionize. The fittest will survive. Natural conservatism will prevent him from carrying his pet theories to absurd extremes, and by the test of experiment and experience mere fads that delight the visionary will be exploded and abandoned.
This article is written from the standpoint of a teacher in the preparatory school who feels that a change in the traditional requirements for admission to college would be expedient.

The importance of a liberal education for a larger number of American youth needs no emphasis. That the per cent. of college graduates does not keep pace with the growth of the population is a lamentable fact. Less than one in a hundred of the American school children ever go to college, and less than five in a hundred go to high school. Of the graduates of a typical Massachusetts high school, four per cent. go to higher institutions; of a typical Connecticut high school five per cent. In many academies the per cent. may be larger.

In looking over the catalogues of the leading New England colleges we find the requirements for admission to be Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Roman and Greek History, French or German, and English. Four languages! Three-fourths of the time of a high school or an academy student preparing for college must be spent on the study of language. Nearly eighty per cent. of the period of preparation on ancient languages. Granting all that may be said in favor of the ancient classics as disciplinary studies, is not the discipline too narrow and one-sided? For admission to the college course leading to the degree of A.B. the following scheme is suggested:

1. English.
3. Latin.
4. History and Geography.
5. Greek or French, or German or Natural Science.

In this scheme English, and not an ancient language, occupies the position of honor.

Harvard and Cornell reports show that candidates for admission make the least per cent. of failures in Latin and Greek, and the highest per cent. of failures in Mathematics and English. The complaints of college professors that a large majority of candidates come to college poorly prepared in the study of English, lacking power to use the mother-tongue with accuracy, clearness, and force, and have only a slight acquaintance with its literature, is well-nigh universal.

A writer in *MacMillan's Magazine* shows us the wonderful spread of the English language. In Germany it is supersed ing French as the first to be learned after the native language. In Russia it is more popular than French. In Denmark, Norway, and Sweden a person is not considered educated who does not speak English. On the coast of Africa it has driven out all other European languages. In India and Japan it is gaining a strong foothold. Indications seem to justify his prophecy that the language of the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon nations will become the universal language of the globe. It has a noble history, a rich literature, and its study gives a mental power and moral insight unexcelled by any language.

The requirements in Latin, Mathematics, and History would be the same, emphasis being placed on quality rather than quantity, on results obtained rather
than number of books read or problems solved. In the proposed plan, Greek is made optional with a Modern Language or Natural Science, or both.

While the writer yields to no one in his admiration for the Greek language as one of the finest instruments of human thought, and thus possessing great value as a disciplinary study, yet he finds himself in sympathy with the views of a head-master of one of the large preparatory schools in Massachusetts who says: “I should hail with delight the proposal to drop Greek from the list of studies required for entrance to college. We find Greek the great bugbear of our pupils, and while I enjoyed it in the days when I was teaching it more than any other study, I would gladly see it made optional with Science. I suppose I am heterodox on the Greek question, but I find myself in a respectable and constantly growing number.”

The large minority of the headmasters of preparatory schools of conservative England who favor this view of the Greek question is indeed significant. The current is evidently moving strongly in that direction. Two New England colleges have already adopted this plan. The substitution of the Natural Sciences for Greek is meeting with added favor. They make provision for the training of the perceptive powers of the mind while the present requirements do not. A college professor of Biology recently remarked, “Most college boys come to my class positively blind. I give them beautiful specimens for them to examine and ask them to tell me what they see. They see nothing. They are blind.” If the power to see is not a necessary part of a liberal education, what is?

The proposed change in the requirements for admission would doubtless necessitate change in the college curriculum. Elementary and Advanced Greek would become a college elective. With less emphasis placed on the Ancient Classics more time can be devoted to Civics, Economics, Sociology, History, Ethics, subjects of growing importance in these days.

The proposed changes in requirements for admission would attract a larger number to the higher education for which the college stands. It would increase the numbers and raise the standard of scholarship in the secondary schools. Note the average youth entering the high school or academy at the age of fourteen or fifteen. He is restless, ambitious, eager to get into real life as soon as possible. College is an unknown, far-off, undesired thing. The four years’ “grind” in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics to prepare for it are prospective torture.

Commercial schools, with their one-year courses and the promise of a fine position at the close hang out their alluring temptations and his imagination is captured. The short-cuts across lots to professional and technical schools seem inviting. To these—through these—into active life is the course that commends itself to him and his practical parents. The professional and technical schools will soon be obliged, in self-defense, to raise their standard of admission to an equality with the college requirements.
With the changes made in college requirements as suggested, what follows? The path across lots to the professional or technical school is walled up. Greek, the biggest bugbear is removable at pleasure. To Latin he submits with a mild protest. French or German is a living language and presents some attractiveness. The utility of Mathematics he does not question. English and Natural Sciences commend themselves to his judgment as practical and even necessary. Nearing the end of his course scholarly ambitions stir within him. His horizon broadens. College looms up, approaches, invites. It is not too late to accept. His previous course is in the line of direct preparation. Should circumstances prevent his taking the college course, he has a splendid preparation for life's work.

Whether he decides to enter college, professional school, or directly upon his work as a bread-winner his preparatory course has been broad, suggestive, and practical. For the sake of the multitude who ought to press on to the lofty ideals inspired by the college, we are led to ask the colleges to open wider their doors—without lowering their standards—that more may come in.

H. S. Cowell, '75.

IN MEMORIAM.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

NEWS has reached me of the death of Henry Beecher Nevens, of the class of '81. This is sad news and unexpected; for when last I saw him on Christmas of 1892 he was well, and since then have not heard from him. Though not regularly corresponding with him of late years, I have deemed him a near friend. Doubtless some one of his classmates will prepare a regular obituary notice of him for the Student, as is proper; but I, too, wish to testify to his worth. Let this, then, be written less formally; let me speak of him familiarly; for I knew Mr. Nevens very well; better, perhaps, than did many of his own class. I deem it a great good fortune that my own class, '79, came between two of the best classes Bates ever had, '77 and '81. Without derogation to the good qualities of other classes with which we were associated during our course, I count it an especial good to have known the men of these two classes. This is the feeling, I am sure of the whole of my class; and between these two classes and '79 a close friendship existed. What served, largely perhaps, to draw these classes together was the great interest taken by all of them in baseball. From the fall of 1875, when we entered, till '81 graduated, Bates held the State championship,—six successive years; and during the four years of my course, '77 and '79, and later '79 and '81 furnished nearly all the men for this champion team. Mr. Nevens was a member of the team a part of this time and, as an ardent friend of the sport, here I first learned to know him.

After his graduation, Nevens, Sanborn, and Robinson of '81, and myself had rooms in the same house in Boston for more than a year. That period of
companionship will ever be a bright spot, I think, in the memory of all of us. From this time I date a very close friendship with these men. Poindexter, who entered Bates after my graduation but soon left on account of his health, and later died from consumption, was a member of our charmed circle part of this time. During this time Mr. Nevens and myself regularly attended the church of Dr. James Freeman Clarke, and on the long walks to and from church we talked freely of the spiritual life; for Dr. Clarke's preaching awakened a new faith and life in both of us. Ever a youth of the most exemplary habits, from this time especially, Mr. Nevens was filled with an earnest desire for the noblest living. We never met in after years that we did not recur to that experience and naturally fell to talking upon the themes of the higher life. So I feel that I have good grounds of knowledge in testifying to his purity of life and moral earnestness. I count it a great gain to have known him thus intimately and feel a corresponding loss in his death. 'Eighty-one has lost a noble member, Bates a worthy son, and his friends a true companion. How glad we are at such times that death does not end all; how glad that friendship is stronger than death, and shall reassert itself when we have passed through death's experience.

RODNEY F. JOHNNOT, '79.
Oak Park, Ill., March 16, 1883.

SECRET SOCIETIES IN BATES.

I UNDERSTAND that there is a growing sentiment at the college in favor of organizing one or more of the Greek-letter societies, so-called. There are two considerations that would cooperate to give such a movement popularity. In the first place, it would be a radical innovation, and we are apt to hail almost any kind of a change with favor. Then it is a secret society, and, above all, a college secret society, a real, genuine, Greek-letter fraternity, with all the fascinations and traditions that time and a varying degree of mystery has woven about these organizations.

Before the promoters of such an enterprise allow it to receive much of an impetus they should carefully weigh both its advantages and disadvantages, what it will cost and what it will secure,—and it is to this that I wish to call your attention in an informal manner.

Of course the chief claim for the college secret society, and, in fact, substantially the only one outside of the "fun" it will furnish, is the tendency to draw the students together, ally their interests more closely, keep up college associations, and possibly bring the students into closer relation with those of other institutions. I am not aware that these do not practically cover the claims made for such organizations.

Let us consider their weight. Will it draw the students of the local college more closely together than the present institutions do? I say, No. In the first place the introduction of the

The object of education is the formation of character.—Prof. Huxley.
Greek-letter society will necessarily lead to the formation of several different fraternities with no interest in common, and with a tendency to draw their members ever farther apart, leading to a wholesale disregard of class interests, and ultimately here, as it has invariably done elsewhere, to the subversion of base-ball and other athletic interests, to those of society, so that a man must strive, not so much to play good ball as to ally himself with the most powerful society, if he would be given a trial on the team without first proving himself a "phenom." This is the unqualified confession of members of similar societies in other places.

Thus, while it must be admitted that it would form a close union between the members of each respective society, it would shut them up to almost an equal extent from those of all others and divide the students, not into two rival groups, as at present, but into more, thereby curtailing the associations of each and defeating the very purpose it strives to secure. And that, too, I believe, without making the fraternal feeling any more marked than that now engendered by the constant rivalry of the two literary societies.

Again, I do not believe it would bring the students of our college into a closer relation with those of others. It surely could be only one clique with the similar clique in the other college. If relied upon at all, outside of that, it would only result in the same disagreeable way as at home. And even the benefits of a closer relation with these few could be enjoyed only by the two or three delegates whose expenses, at the intercollegiate banquet table, the rank and file of the members had the inestimable pleasure of paying. No one ever heard of any general good derived from these intercollegiate gatherings, made up of one or two representatives from a place, who see the sights, have the fun, derive the benefit, and hand in their bills when they get home.

But what about the advantages of the college fraternity to the graduate, for which I understand that the most is claimed? He will not be out of college long before he will find that there is many a man who never held converse with Homer and Plato, Virgil and Cicero, in their native tongue, who never discussed conic sections and electrical motors, but whose friendship is worth as much as the best scholar in his class. This man, the man of practical ideas, whether a college graduate or not, who has no time for theorizing, who blurts right out that it is a fine day instead of reluctantly informing you that "it is quite propitious weather," who has long since ceased to think that men of all creeds, save his own, wear a tail, and that a poor, deluded Roman Catholic is fitted out with claws and all, who has no time to sit back and prove that the world is rapidly coming to an end, but hustles around and takes things as they are,—this man will make your best friend, and it is his friendship and confidence you should win. Consequently, while the college secret society, though more or less of a curse in college, may facilitate your associations with some men after you have graduated, it is evident that there are other societies that will do the same work
then, and at the same time cover a much broader and more productive field, thus doing away with the demand for them.

So much for their benefits. Outside of their detrimental effects on intercollegiate enterprises already referred to I will take time to call your attention to but one or two further objections.

You now have two excellent literary societies that are doing a work of inestimable value. Set your secret societies in motion, with their gilt-edged fascinations and peculiar influences, and you will have no stable literary society. Our own general observation will teach us that. The experience of other colleges prove it. Take Bowdoin, for instance. With all her students and her ability, she cannot maintain a debating society two winters in succession, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, they generally look consumptive by the beginning of the first spring.

And let us not trust that the work of the secret society will cover the field now cultivated by the public literary society. Nothing fosters work of that sort like the rivalry engendered by a public examination and public comparison of the methods in use and results obtained. This stimulus would be entirely lost. Then we know that, with the formalities of the ritual and the general routine business, there would be little opportunity left for whole-souled devotion to literary work. Besides, the well-meant, but too often abortive attempts of the colleges which boast of secret societies to keep the breath of life in a literary society, give the lie to the assertion that the former really does the work of the latter.

These things should be considered before any rapture, born of a desire for something new, leads us to adopt a system already rapidly falling into disfavor and disrepute, where it has been the longest in vogue, and which threatens to crowd out that which has already proven so satisfactory.

W. B. SKELTON, '92.

THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY OF MOMENTS.

To the Editors of the Student:

I was rash enough to say yes to the request of your Editor for a communication for the Student. When I did so I threw away all the teachings of experience, and fully supposed that several weeks’ time would be ample to prepare something. I suppose my experience is different from that of others of your readers, but even when I said the imprudent word I knew perfectly well that this time, which looked so large to me then, and of such goodly proportions from which I might expect so much, would gradually slip through my hands and become a perfect dwarf.

And now when I think of the ras- cally way in which this well-promising servant has used me I am inclined to talk about him and see if after all I cannot make him help me out. This fellow is in some respects one of our worst enemies. We don’t realize it at first, he looks so pleasant and promises so much. But after a while the disguise begins to fall off, and we know him little by little for what he really is.

We can’t get over a horizontal bar, nor run bases, nor throw a base-ball
as we used to do. We begin to find spectacles convenient. We occasionally find problems of life which we can’t solve off-hand as we could when we were in college. And who is to blame but Time? A friend of mine has been for some years making a gallant fight against Time. When the foe attacks in one direction and opens up a bald spot on the top of his head, he wears a more youthful hat. As the wrinkles become plentier and plainer on his face his coat is jauntier and conforms more closely to the style of the fashionable young man of the day. He habitually steps quicker, and in twenty ways tries to present a bold front.

But after all Time wins, and we who are looking on, see just how he does it with our neighbors, especially with those who are a little older than we. But we really can’t see that in just the same way the game is going against us. We might as well decide once for all to watch every move he makes and play our best game. Like other foes he is best met by dividing his forces. It is in anybody’s power to do this. For all his array comes into position for attack, minute by minute, one at a time, and if we are ready for them as they come there isn’t much to be feared. But if a man fails to settle each minute as it goes by it straightway begins to help every past and succeeding minute to trouble him.

Thus, you and I have something to write for a paper, perchance. Time sends up, one after another, minutes for us to deal with. We think they are not very important and let them pass into such positions as they see fit to take. We did that yesterday, or last week. To-day, other minutes each have to receive attention for themselves, and those we have missed are making it harder to stop those now upon us. And yet, is Time so bad? Those minutes we lost are positively insufferable. They torment us. They burden us with work. They even make all work distasteful. But the minutes we take care of as they come along are pleasant and friendly. They really, notwithstanding each one that comes takes us so much farther toward the end of the battle, are firm and strong allies. It is perfectly amazing what we can accomplish with their aid. They become our servants almost. They are like the capital which the economical man gathers, cent by cent, dollar by dollar, gradually accumulating until it becomes a power in his hands.

You will notice that the man who is sure to be successful financially is the one who puts his spare coppers, dimes, and dollars promptly into some savings bank or similar institution as soon as he gets them. Generally the interest is small. In fact he knows of no other way to invest, and really the amounts he handles are so insignificant that no other way is open to him. But as the days go by the amount gradually rolls up. The first thing you know he quietly buys a bond or a corner lot, or as time and experience qualify him he takes a hand in the more extensive financial transactions of the day, and is counted, perchance, among the wealthy.

Time counts for the student in about the same way. The trouble with most
of us is that we look for a chance to make a large investment to start with. We have all lost more opportunities in our lives because we didn't look out to save and invest our capital of Time which came to us in minutes and hours, than in any other way. Such small matters we did not regard as of much importance, and rather thought of the results of months and years employed in some large intellectual undertaking.

But in fact the great thing is to be sure and take care of Time as it comes along. It is not of so much consequence how we do it, at first, as to make sure that we do it. Thus you and I have often regretted our use of the college library. Though we spent many hours within its walls, and read many books from its shelves, I am satisfied that we did not really get inside it, and probably the average student fails as much as we did. The trouble was that we allowed our efforts to be confined to following special courses of reading in one direction or another, very largely as the requirements of essays and college work demanded, but did not carefully and systematically use the short periods which were at our command to do our own individual regular reading. I think it would make but little difference where one should start. All roads lead to Rome in literary life. Every step takes one nearer the great center. Every step makes one better able to judge where to plant his feet next time.

Did you ever read Anthony Trollope's autobiography? It is the life of a man who, without much apparent intellectual capital to start with, invested his time and efforts in such a way as to accomplish almost miraculous results, doing an immense amount of work, and attaining for himself a high place among the literary men of his day. He was never idle. Even when he traveled he converted the railroad train into a study and worked with hand and brain. As I said, it doesn't make very much difference where we start, if only one works honestly and thoroughly. The trouble with us mostly is that we are impatient for results. We do not care to trust this Time, which we thus make our ally, to accomplish for us what he has never failed to do for others. Really, no matter how dry and useless the work which we really do may be, if we persist in it we shall find it fresh, and vigorous, and expanding, and productive more and more the farther we go. The truth is that one cannot go far with real work without coming to one or another intersecting way which will be pleasant to his feet; which perhaps he of all men, is best able to travel. Have we ever tried it? Have we ever laid on our table some book which should have its regular reading at regular times, and which should be at hand for a place of deposit where we may invest our spare moments?

Take for example the most ponderous and driest of histories of our country. Pick it up and go through with it in this fashion. Never mind if it be dry. Never mind if we remember consciously but very little of what has been read by us. Useless though the work may seem to be in the way of
acquisition, if particular facts escape us; if we lack the generalizing power of the experienced scholar; if the whole thing seems "weary, stale, and unprofitable," yet one may be sure that he is taking steps to train his historical perception, and he will be sure to find the results when he has gone far enough and gained knowledge enough so that his mind has means within itself of holding one historical fact up against another for comparison.

Step by step, history, biography, art, science, and literature unfold before him and sooner or later he finds himself really and truly in the world of the library. He has found how to associate with books. Literary thoughts and judgments, and facts and sayings have taken their proper place in his mental equipment. From a mere small depositor in the bank of wisdom he has become a capitalist. After long dependence on others for his accumulations he suddenly finds that he himself has the power of the scholar at his control. He belongs to a new world, and when he retraces his steps and inquires how it has been done, it is just this same villainous Time, who, as his enemy, has so annoyed him, but who now become his friend, has so wonderfully stood by and assisted him. And indeed, even if he does inevitably bring the gray hairs, and the feeble body, and the final destruction of things of sense, yet for the scholar, even as the evening of life approaches, Time has been a true friend, and for the scholar, the things which Time destroys are really the things which are of the least consequence. The mind is his kingdom, and his good servant Time has grandly fought for him in enlarging its borders.

SPECIAL NOTES.
Fifteen different classes have been represented at the ten lunches of the Bates Lunch Club in Boston.

The alumni are contributing quite generally and liberally toward the baseball fund for the present season. There is still room.

Mason, formerly of Bates, Harvard’s great catcher and batter, is prevented from playing this season owing to illness. We understand that Emery, of the Medical School, Bates, ’92, was urgently invited to enter into practice for the position, but refused for lack of time.

The officers of the College Club are busy laying plans for their next year’s work. It is yet undecided whether a system of prizes similar to this year’s will be offered, or whether their money will be expended in another direction.

GRADUATES IN TOWN.
As usual, many of the schools and colleges of New England enjoyed several days’ vacation near the first of April, and we were pleased to notice many Bates graduates in the city. Among others were Garcelon and Neal, ’90, Howard and Emery, ’92, of Harvard University; Plummer, ’91, of the Winthrop High School; Emerich, ’91, of the Norway High School; Roscoe Small, ’92, of the Lincoln (Mass.) High School; Dr. F. L. Day, recently of the Bellevue Hospital Medical School, New
York City, who will spend two months at his home on College Street before assuming his duties in Bridgeport, Ct.

PERSONALS.

'71.—Hon. J. M. Libby, a member of the Maine Senate from Androscoggin, achieved a gratifying triumph when the bill creating the new town of Mechanic Falls was before the Senate. The opponents of the bill had been exceedingly active. When the measure came up for passage, Mr. Libby addressed the Senate for an hour, after which the bill was passed unanimously. This speaks well for Mr. Libby's influence among his colleagues.

'73.—Though a Republican, Charles B. Reade has been retained as assistant sergeant-at-arms in the United States Senate. Mr. Reade is also attorney for a big Brooklyn terminal company.

'76.—Walter C. Leavitt died Saturday morning, March 11th, at Minneapolis, Minn., of consumption. He went to Denver, Col., and thence to New Mexico, in December, with the hope of regaining his health, but was obliged to return to Minnesota. Mr. Leavitt was an excellent attorney and a worthy man in all ways.

'81.—Apropos to President Hyde's article in the Forum on "Impending Paganism," Rev. B. S. Rideout, of Norway, contributes a timely and interesting article to the Christian Mirror on church attendance in the farming districts.

'83.—A recent number of the Portsmouth Times contains a very interesting account of his trip through Scotland, written by O. L. Frisbee.

'85.—F. A. Morey, Esq., has been re-elected city solicitor of Lewiston.

'85.—B. G. W. Cushman, M.D., has been appointed city physician of Auburn.

'87.—F. Wallace Chase has been elected principal of the Lewiston Grammar School to succeed Mr. Dunton, of the same class, resigned. Mr. Chase also succeeded Mr. Dunton as principal of the Belfast High School.

'89.—Miss M. S. Little is assistant in the High School at Deering, Me.

'89.—A. L. Safford has been elected Superintendent of Schools at Beverly, Mass.

'89.—Daggett and Emerson are members of the Austin Law Club of the Harvard Law School.

'90.—F. S. Pierce recently took a prominent part in an opera given at Springfield, Mass.

'90.—F. L. Day, M.D., received his degree from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in March. Dr. Day was successful in a competitive examination, and will serve as house physician in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Hospital for the year beginning January 1st.

'90.—A. N. Peaslee has received two stories from undergraduates in competition for the college club prize. We hope many more are in preparation.

'90.—F. S. Pierce is teaching music in the schools of New Britain, Conn.

'91.—A. C. Chapin has been teaching in Noble, Mich., with excellent success.

'91.—W. B. Cutts will remain next year at the Haverford College Grammar School with an increase of salary.

'92.—Scott Wilson remains another
year at the Haverford College Grammar School and will teach Mathematics and Physical Culture. His work will be arranged so that he can take lectures in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania; he will also enter the office of Terry, Jenkins & Wordsworth, in Philadelphia. During the summer he will come back to Portland and study with Symonds, Snow & Cook.

'92.—H. E. Walter intends to go to Germany to study next year.

'92.—In the mid-year examinations in the Harvard Medical School, E. W. Emery was one of nineteen in a class of one hundred and twenty-five who had attained sufficient daily rank to be excused from taking the examination.

### College Exchanges

SEVERAL of our exchanges appear this month under new editorial management. Among these the College Rambler is especially creditable. An article entitled "Byron and Burns, Two Magnificent Failures," is well worth a careful reading. The same number contains the letter of an alumnus discussing the relative advantages of small colleges and universities. From this we clip the following:

A census of the trained and influential minds of the country, both in professional and business ranks, will, as I believe, prove the truth of the statement that the smaller colleges "need not hesitate to compare their courses of study with parallel courses of the larger institutions," and that "the average college man need not fear to compete with the average university man upon equal terms." . . . In proportion to the means employed, in capital, apparatus, and personal labor, the smaller institutions are turning out more thorough scholars than their more ambitious rivals. One reason for this is, that thorough scholarship is largely a matter of personal effort on the part of the student himself; and when he has learned to depend upon his own powers, he has mastered one of the first and most essential principles of intellectual development. Were the means now being poured into the coffers of some of the "newly rich" institutions under the influence of example and love of notoriety, distributed among the less liberally endowed, but firmly established colleges of the land, the real service to the cause of scholarship, both in point of numbers and thoroughness, would be vastly increased.

The variety of subjects that engross the attention of the undergraduate world is quite remarkable, and can be appreciated only by an exchange editor. Occasionally an article of more than usual novelty attracts special attention. The Tuftonian, of March sixth, contains a learned disquisition on "Courtship," which we perused with much pleasure, and we trust with much profit. We are glad to see the beneficent results of co-education assert themselves so early in our sister college, and we say of this, as of every great reform, let the good work go on.

"England’s Stand in the Battle of the Books" is the subject of an interesting article in the March number of the Miami Student. The writer discusses the conservatism of the English universities and fitting schools with respect to the introduction of modern
languages and sciences, and shows the demands of the present day for a modification of the old English basis of education.

The *Owl* comes to our table this month with even more than its usual excellence. Its pages contain a large quantity of literary matter of exceptional quality. Two articles in particular, “Ballad Poetry of Ireland,” and “Cosmopolitanism and Cosmopolitans” are of especial merit.

The *Hamptonia*, a publication by the New Hampton Literary Societies, is always a welcome visitor. Its exterior is attractive, its numerous articles thoughtful and well written. It is the best of our fitting school exchanges, and compares more than favorably with many of the regular college papers.

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**Magazine Notices.**

The *Cosmopolitan* is noted for the great number and excellence of its illustrations. Perhaps none of our magazines can boast a finer display in this line. The April number contains matter of more than usual variety and intrinsic value. The leading article is “Omega, the Last Days of the World,” by Camille Flammarion. The scene is Paris in the twenty-fifth century. A comet has been discovered which scientific writers declare will destroy the earth on a certain date. This is a vivid description of scenes and events as they are supposed to occur in the days immediately preceding the earth’s destruction. Students will be more interested in “The University of Chicago,” by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. This article gives a summary of the scope, methods, and equipments of this new university, that the author claims is soon to take first rank in America. There are several poems, one of them, “Sohni,” by Sir Edwin Arnold.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for this month contains the fourth and last chapter of “Old Kaskaskia,” by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. “My College Days,” II., by E. E. Hale, is a reminiscence of life at Harvard fifty-five years ago. College students will note with interest the superiority of present customs and methods. Mr. Hale gives an interesting account of the rise and growth of the various Greek-letter societies. Alexander V. G. Allen contributes a comparative analysis of the character of Phillips Brooks as a preacher. He praises the broad liberality of the late bishop, and especially emphasizes the fact that his was not to pull down existing institutions, although he did not believe in them, but to build up and to reconcile. “Money as an International Question,” by E. Benjamin Andrews, advocates an international gold coin for the use of travelers, and also international bi-metallism. Biography is represented in “Vittoria Colonna,” by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge. This number also contains abundant matter of a lighter nature, besides several good poems, the best of which is “The Country Unexplored,” by Stuart Sterne.
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