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EDITORIAL.

IT SOMETIMES happens that students accustomed only to the regular routine of school work, fail to appreciate that part of our college instruction which takes the form of lectures. They seem to look upon lecture day as a sort of holiday, and regard the required attendance upon the lecture a mere form, if not an unmitigated bore. Now, though the foreign method of giving all instruction in this way would hardly be advisable here, yet no part of our work should be regarded as of more importance, or may be made of more real value. In these lectures we receive the result of years of study and thought, on the part of able men, in a form not to found in books. They have collected from various sources, with much patient labor, a vast amount of material, selecting, condensing, and arranging it, with a view to making it of practical use to us, and enriching it with the fruit of their own thoughtful reflection upon the subject in hand.

Ordinary courtesy requires us to listen with at least outward attention and respect. No lady or gentleman would do otherwise. But while we may thus escape the contempt that must always fall on those guilty of rude and discourteous conduct in the class-room, we often fail to secure the
actual benefit to ourselves that we easily might. The lecture must fail to accomplish the purpose for which it is designed, unless students will learn to give strict heed to the speaker, taking as full notes as possible for future reference, and, moreover, actually referring to them from time to time afterwards. It ought not to take a student two or three years to discover these very obvious facts; yet some pass through their whole course without an idea, apparently, that they are losing anything by failing to appreciate and utilize this means of acquiring knowledge.

"A MAN is known by the company he keeps," says the old adage, but a surer test of character is found in the amusements he chooses. One may be compelled by circumstances to engage in work utterly distasteful to him; he may be thrown unavoidably into the society of uncongenial companions; he may appear a thousand times better than he really is, or a thousand times worse; but watch him in his moments of relaxation from business, of freedom from restraint, discover the sources from which he draws his enjoyment, and you have the key to his character. However strong and manly he may appear, if he derives pleasure from trivial things only, he is morally and mentally weak. However irreproachable he may seem in business life, if he evinces a taste for low amusements, there is a fatal flaw in his character.

Not only do our chosen diversions reveal our true selves to others, but all amusements have a reflex action upon character. Hence the importance of cultivating a taste for healthful and elevating enjoyments. Learn to appreciate really good music, good lectures, and good books. Let out-of-door recreations be pure and manly, calling forth the best qualities of mind and body. Cultivate a taste for games of skill rather than games of chance. Look for pleasure in wise, witty, helpful conversation, rather than low jests and meaningless gossip. How we amuse ourselves in our idle moments may seem of little consequence, but it is morally impossible for one who spends his leisure time unworthily to develop a strong, manly character.
the student's education, is rather the failure to enforce his knowledge than a faulty educational system. For the student knows what is correct, but has not the energy to correct himself. Teachers can criticise only in the classroom, and there the student is both more careful in his grammar and more likely to follow the expressions of the text-book. It is only by constant watchfulness of one's self that the habit of faulty expressions can be avoided. This may not be easy, but very few really valuable things are easy to attain, and the prize to be gained is certainly worthy to excite great effort, for with correct grammar, correct pronunciation is almost sure to be attained, and correct pronunciation is always a symbol of culture. The college student, then, and especially the Bates College student, should take care that he not only has something worth saying but is able to say it properly.

From the experience the college has had thus far with the new arrangement for conducting its public declamations and debates it would seem that there is very little to criticise. The wisdom of the Faculty in asking the whole student body to unite in an effort to free such entertainments from all disturbance is very much to be commended. The four committees, consisting of three men from each of the classes, have thus far discharged their duties with zeal and manliness, and at the time of this writing they have had practically no difficulty. Speaking in behalf of the joint committee we believe they wish to express their thanks that no student has treated them otherwise than with the utmost respect. We believe that this is practical demonstration that the student body, at any rate an overwhelming majority of it, will prove themselves worthy of much responsibility in the general government of the college whenever the proper occasion is given them to do so.

We wish some arrangement might be made to avoid crowding into the last weeks of the fall term so many public exercises. The present plan seriously interferes with the regular work. Four or five evenings devoted to Freshman declamations, and more than that number to Sophomore debates, together with the two public society meetings, and an occasional lecture, crowd the last two or three weeks so full, that an evening for study becomes the exception. To be sure, attendance on these exercises is not made compulsory, but we are expected to attend as far as possible, and it is only right to show so much interest in the work of our fellow-students. They spend much time in preparation, and ought to receive at least the encouragement of a good audience. But aside from this consideration, not a few of the students are obliged to be present. Those who serve on committees of award cannot absent themselves; and when, as often happens, the music is furnished by the college band, all its members must not only attend the exercises, but spend much time in rehearsals. To keep up the regular school work,
and make ready for examinations, under such circumstances, is well-nigh impossible. We would suggest that a part of this general work be transferred to the winter term, when much less is going on; or if that seems impracticable, why could not either the declamations or debates come earlier in the term? For instance, by doing a part of their preliminary work in the summer term, the Sophomores might easily have their debates finished by the middle of the fall; and their regular work would suffer less than under the present arrangement. It is surely worth while to consider the matter.

ACCURACY is the foundation stone to the highest success. There is a growing tendency, not only among students, but in every vocation, to sacrifice accuracy to speed. "All work done with neatness and dispatch" too often means that the emphasis shall be upon the last word. The artisan may, perhaps, in many instances profitably sacrifice accuracy to speed, but the student never. To do so would be to violate the first principal of scholarship. "Make haste slowly" is the rule that should be written upon the first leaf of every text-book. The danger of being inaccurate, perhaps more than any other, threatens the over-crowded student. The college course being so short for the amount of work that is needful to be done, he is almost driven to the habit of superficial preparation. He hastens through the book with an idea that at some time in the future he will review it thoroughly. But experience brings out the fact that future reviews are apt to be tainted with the old habit of inaccuracy. This habit if not early overcome will lead to a superficial life, but it can only be overcome by a firm determination and constant struggle beginning in the present and extending even to the most insignificant matters.

LITERARY.

CHOOSING THE QUEEN.

By M. S. M., '91.

The sunlight pours like wine through the rifted trees,
Where the golden-hearted lilies rise out of the river deeps;
Here, on the bank where the evening primrose sleeps,
The sweet wild rose is in bloom, and the harebells ring to the breeze,
And the willows bend and dream,
Where the line of silver creeps.

'Twas here one day that I came in the noon-tide calm;
For I a secret had learned from the frolic breeze,
That haunts the dell and talks with the flowers and trees;
At noon the place would be under an elfin charm,
For the flowers were to choose their queen,
At this hour of mysteries.

Then faint sounds came to my ear or my listening heart;—
It was as if on the air low music broke,
So strange and sweet, that the sleeping waters woke,
Then, awe-struck, their murmurs hushed, for now, apart,
Pleading her cause with pride,
The water-lily spoke:—

"Lo! I was queen of the nymphs; my dwelling
Was fashioned of pearl and of crystal rare;
And the cool clear waters, around it swelling,
Would brush the gems from the silver stair,—
"That I might walk to my palace-garden,
Where the choicest flowers of the water-world
Still fadeless bloom, till their petals harden
To gems of the deep; how the light waves curled

"Round the silver boats of the nymphs, that gled
Through the swaying crystal tides, to meet
Their queen, as she in her place abided,
Awaiting their greeting, merry and sweet.

"Who better should rule o'er those pale flowers yonder
Than I, who have watched the waters sweep
O'er the boundless reach of my realm of wonder,
That lies in the heart of the silver deep?"

Then another music breaks
On the air like a sigh,
As sweetly a new voice speaks;
'Tis the wild rose nigh,
That has leaned from her bank to hear,
As the breeze passed by;--

"And I," she said, "I, too, was a queen;
I ruled in the border realm, that lies
The land of the fairies and earth between;
Ah, that land was the wild flowers' paradise!

"For they were a troop of bright-faced elves,
That dwelt in my kingdom, wide and fair,
List! they will tell you the same themselves;
Hear what the harebells are saying there."

"Yes, we were the trickiest elves of all;
We haunted Earth's hill-side places;
The mossy dells, where the pine-cones fall,
Knew well our merry faces;

"For the hill-trolls wild are our cousins dear;—
Their wisdom is past the telling,—
So we love to dwell on the hill-sides, near
The portals of their strange dwelling.

"And our souls steal out of our azure bells,
When we hear their voices calling,
To visit them there in their rocky cells,
When the shades of night are falling.

"Now turn to the rose, each cup and bell!
For the queen of the dreamland bowerers,
Who ruled in her kingdom, long and well,
Is queen of the earth-born flowers."

Then a babel of voices rose, near and far,
But were silent every one,
When the primrose opened her pale gold star,
As a cloud slid over the sun.

Once more, upon the air low music broke,
As with her quiet voice, softly, she spoke;--

"Queen Night dwells far in the silent places,
At the gates of Shadowland;
All tribes of the earth her sway acknowledge,
When she comes with her elfin band,—

"With her cooling dews, and her stars, and music,
And her healing charm of sleep;
With balm for the souls that are sad and troubled,
And the sorrowful hearts that weep.

"Fair queen is she, and a royal maiden
Was I, in her palace dim;
Now I dwell on the earth as a lowly maiden,
Yet glad is my vesper hymn.

"Enough for me is this humble service,—
To make dull places bright,
Perchance to bring to the earth some gladness,
In the falling shades of night."

Then I saw that the fair flowers, every one,
Had turned to the primrose pale
With looks of love and reverence sweet;
Low murmured the sleeping gale,
Then wakened to greet, as the new made queen,
The humblest flower of the dell;
And the waves on the shore as they, too, rejoiced,
In music rose and fell.

NON-CONFORMITY A VIRTUE.
By N. G. H., '91.

HERE are in every man, I believe, certain characteristic qualities that might render him of value to the world. In every nature there is some good that is sure to assert itself, if the man does not thwart the purpose of the Creator by conforming to the ways of others. As the requirements of life are varied so are the people designed to meet them, and all should be com-
plete and harmonious. Each of us has his own personality, and our worth and influences are proportional to our power and willingness to use our own ideas. Too long has the world catered to popular whim and prejudice, and too long have men of genius cramped their minds into narrow, dogmatic beliefs and theories. The spirit of discovery is now pervading the gloomy recesses of thought, and life and energy are awakening to healthful activity. Men are the factors that make up the great mass of humanity, and, therefore, men should be represented by their own individual acts, unrestrained and independent. The past is too plainly characterized by examples of dependency and slavish obedience to inferiors. Tyrants have trampled upon the rights of their followers, and worth has bowed to folly simply because men have been afraid to use their own minds. The masses have followed the direction of the few, who have dared to use the powers that God had given them. Deep in the breast of every honest man lies some noble purpose; yet too often do circumstances and the public voice repress the thought of independent action, and thus the world loses many an impetus to advancement. Fear and superstition have always been the greatest enemies of progress, and the dependent mind is forced to reverence both, for he does not dare to make a departure from the long-established lines of thought.

Hemmed in by the fear of attack from his contemporaries, many a man of genius has confined himself to very narrow limits, and has thus dwarfed his usefulness. Thousands have spent their lives in pondering over the worthless theories and exploded notions of the past, because they were afraid to advance whatever of original thought they had. Energy demands advancement, and pays her devotees in a royal manner. Sloth and stupidity, which are the firmest supporters of the timid soul, offer nothing but dissatisfaction and remorse.

There are new fields in every branch of science, and ample opportunities for success for every intelligent man who will think for himself and assert his right to his own ideas. To-day there is too much conformity. Men are afraid of the displeasure of the world and restrain their honest thoughts—they fear to advance a new idea lest it contradict some popular notion and thereby invite criticism. The dread of incurring the wrath of the ignorant should not serve to keep a free man from acting as his conscience prompts. The thousands who shrink from duty, present and well-defined, in order to curry favor with the rabble, sooner or later discover their folly and bitterly repent. We should be ourselves. Our own private thoughts and experiences are real and can be reported by us with accuracy, while the attempts to reproduce the thoughts of others often result most disastrously, both for the reflector and for the world upon which he reflects these broken ideas.

We often speak of assimilating the thoughts of others—better speak of appropriating the thoughts of others. The ideas that a man has once presented to the world are his by right, and all
who attempt to assimilate with a view of using the ideas as their own are guilty of theft, full and simple. The innate tendencies of an intelligent man, if left to take their course, will bring out his worth and accomplish the end for which he was created.

The prevalent idea that the people should look to the so-called great minds for direction is fraught with direful consequences. The new and useful are made secondary to the old and worthless, originality to worn-out theory, and independence to subserviency. To follow will destroy every spark of genius and render a man weak and effeminate. To lead will arouse in him those dormant fires that, bursting into flame, will illumine the sphere in which he moves, and bring to his active mind satisfaction and contentment. To follow is to throw aside all the powers that God has given and to rely on the judgment of those whose natures may be perverted or even depraved. Vice and crime live and acquire enormous proportions because of our lack of confidence in ourselves.

The boy conforms to the ways of men and like them often rue the day he sought to copy. The sensible man learns the nature of everything before he believes. He grasps the reasonable and real and discards the unreasonable and unreal. He accepts nothing that is not plainly presented to his mind. He is honest with himself and honest with the world. He states his own ideas as they really appear, and does not, like the ready conformist, hamper every thought with qualifications that will please the people. Time is the actions, and its decision is sure and only just judge of human true. The present may shower honors upon the partisan and servile reflector, but time will truly honor him who gives his fellow-men the benefit of his own mind’s work. When timidity and the love of popular applause shall no longer find place in the breasts of intelligent men, when thought shall come directly from the mind of him who employs it, and when the world shall demand sincerity of all, then will the great object of man’s creation be truly reached.

THE NEW PUPIL AT DISTRICT No. 2.

Oh, Cousin Alma, I’m just dying for an adventure. I do wish something or somebody would come to break up the monotony of things if it’s only a hand-organ grinder and a monkey.”

Cousin Alma looked up from her sewing and surveyed the speaker in mild surprise.

“Why, Edith,” she said, “what has come over you so suddenly? It was only this morning that you said you thought Belmont the loveliest country place in the world and you would be willing to stay all the year round.”

“Oh, I know it,” said Edith sitting down on a very low cricket at her cousin’s feet and folding her hands in an attitude of despair; “but I must have something to do if I am to stay in this morsel of a village; and my vacation is only half gone. I have been good just as long as I can, Alma, really, and you must tell me something
THE BATES STUDENT.

to pass away the time or I shall get wild and unmanageable, and she looked up with such a serious expression that the elder lady laughed outright.

"Well, dear," she said, smoothing the soft hair, "you might go to school with Allie. You don't look a bit too old to go to a district school, and I suppose I am responsible for your training while you are here."

Edith started lightly to her feet, and her eyes began to sparkle like dark waters touched by sudden sunshine.

"That's just the thing! I'm going and if I get into trouble remember you suggested it, Alma," and she was out of the room before her cousin could say a word.

"What is the child going to do?" asked Alma of herself. "I hope I haven't put any mischief into her head."

A few minutes later the door opened and a demure little girl stepped in and stood before the astonished Alma with a quaint little courtesy. She wore a plain calico dress with a yoke and belt, a large white apron and a broad-brimmed straw hat, and carried a satchel of books in one hand. Her hair was twisted into long curls and tied back with a bit of ribbon. Her small figure, her quaint dress, and the absence of the stylish structure of hair had changed her wonderfully. She looked the pretty bashful country child to perfection.

"Why, Edith Lyle, where are you going, for mercy's sake," said cousin Alma, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry, for Edith's eyes were full of mischief, and she looked the very image of another Edith, who once went with her pet cousin Alma, a care-free girl of fifteen, to that very district school-house visible from the window.

"Why, I'm going to school, to be sure," said Edith. "you said I might."

"Well," said Alma, laughing, "I don't know what harm it can do, unless you frighten old Mr. Collins to death. He has the school this term. Does he know you?"

"No," said Edith, "nobody knows me, and I'll promise to be a model pupil. I shouldn't want to be guilty of slaying an aged bachelor afflicted with bashfulness."

"Well, go then," said Alma, laughing, "your mind evidently needs improving."

"Why, Edith Lyle, is that you?" said a little girl of fourteen coming into the room with her clean white apron and satchel of books.

"Certainly," said Edith, "I'm going to school with you, Allie. You must say that your cousin is staying with you and wants to go to school while she is here."

Allie's blue eyes opened wide for a moment, then entering into the joke she said gayly.

"Well, I will. Won't it be fun! But what do you suppose they'd say if they know you were twenty and went to college?"

"They won't know it, so they won't say anything. Come, we must go. It's quarter of nine."

The pupils of District No. 2 were assembling at the little red school-house. A brisk fire—it was a cold, wet day—was sending forth clouds of
smoke from the chimney. Inside about twenty scholars of all ages and sizes were standing around the stove or lounging over the benches. A group of girls in new print dresses and elaborately starched aprons were speculating about the master and talking about studying "algebra," which had just been introduced into the school. Two boys were wrestling in front of the teacher's desk. Two small girls were playing "Wash the lady's dishes." One long, lank youth of eighteen, sitting in a grasshopper-like attitude with one leg drawn up to an oblique angle, the other extending over the two nearest benches, was entering into negotiations concerning a broken jack-knife, the property of a smaller lad whose hair was of such a flaming red that at first glance his head appeared to be enveloped in a halo.

Edith and her cousin divested themselves of their cloaks and hats in the "girls' entry" and came into the school-room. The country girls looked askance at the stranger who, though she was dressed just as they were, did not look exactly like one of them. But finding that she was pleasant and social, and to all appearances just like the rest of them, they received her with favor, while several great boys stared sheepishly at her and remarked to each other that there was "a new gal come."

A sudden silence fell over the various groups, and looking up to learn the cause, Edith saw, to her amazement and consternation, the new master, not the staid, elderly villager she had supposed was to have the school but a young man of about twenty-three, well dressed and with something about him that made her say to herself in dire dismay: "A college student, as true as I live!"

However, it was too late to retreat now. He was ringing the bell and the scholars were taking their seats. Feeling somewhat quenched, Edith went to a seat in the corner and put the books she had brought into her desk.

After calling the school to order the young master stood for a moment behind his desk glancing over his assembled pupils. Edith, quick at reading expressions, saw that he was placidly conscious of knowing more than his scholars, and expected to make a profound impression upon them. Her audacity rose again as she remarked this. If he had been nervous or ill at ease she would have felt uncomfortable to think of taking advantage of him. But that little flavoring of self-conceit that she detected quieted her conscience.

After the usual morning exercises the classes were called. "First class in reading will please come forward," said the master, and a motley collection of big boys and girls filled the front seats. Edith took her place with the others. She decided after she had heard two or three of the scholars read that it would never do to read in her ordinary manner. It would betray her at once. But she was a capital mimic, and moreover had lately been practicing with her elocution teacher a piece supposed to have been spoken by a bashful girl on the last day of school. So when it came her turn she rose and, falling into a school-
girl attitude, read the stanza in a murderous sing-song and with a rapidity that would have been appalling to one unaccustomed to district-school elocution.

The master looked up at the commencement of her reading somewhat puzzled, for there was something about the reader's face and voice that, in spite of her disguise, distinguished her from the others. But she had such an air of perfect unconsciousness that he could not suspect her of being a masquerader, even if such an idea had entered his head. So the recitation proceeded, and in due time the class was dismissed. By this time the spirit of mischief had taken complete possession of our reckless heroine. Her disguise, she flattered herself, was perfect and she determined to use it for a while longer.

After all the reading classes had been called and dismissed the pupils in arithmetic and algebra were classified. Edith enrolled herself with the first class in arithmetic and the beginners in algebra. She was careful not to display more knowledge than a country girl might reasonably be supposed to possess, but the master, whose eyes in his unemployed moments for some reason strayed often to the desk where his pretty pupil sat, noticed that she played with her books, and while pretending to be busy, in reality did nothing. How was it that she got her lessons without studying? he asked himself, and finally decided that she was one of those exceptionally bright pupils that he knew by experience are sometimes to be found in districts schools.

The forenoon passed quickly enough to Edith for she had never been in such an atmosphere before and was greatly amused by the words and ways of the awkward boys and girls, their mingled brightness and stupidity, their perfect simplicity and Yankee shrewdness. She was an enthusiastic student of human nature, and had that quick sympathetic interest in others that makes a person understand even untrained country boys and girls. She observed with indignation a certain slight tone of superiority that was now and then discernible in the young master's words. It was very slight, for he was a gentleman in spite of the self-conceit natural to a young man who stands first in his class at college, and is the ideal of an admiring circle at home, but Edith, quicker than he to penetrate through the disguise of ignorance and awkwardness, and see the real worth of these country boys and girls, said to herself scornfully, "He thinks his college learning and experience raise him above these scholars. He has not sense enough to see that there are dozens of them that with his training would be far above him."

This judgment may have been severe, but our heroine was young herself and had not yet learned to make allowance for the follies of youth.

Edith's appreciativeness and quick sympathy made her a favorite before the day was over, and she found that she could make herself useful in various ways. She noticed just in front of her a blond-haired girl who, with a large slate having a long pencil and sponge ingeniously attached to the
frame by a string, was wrestling with her "algebray." Evidently she was being worsted in the struggle, for presently she leaned her head despairingly upon her hand, and Edith saw a tear steal out from under the lowered lashes.

"Please may I speak?" said Edith in a meek school-girl voice, raising her hand as she caught the master's eye. He nodded, and in a minute the brown head was bent down beside the blonde one, and two girls were hard at work with slate and pencil upon the refractory "examples." In half an hour they were all correctly worked and Edith had gained an enthusiastic friend and admirer.

Edith deliberated within herself whether she should go back to school the next day. At first she decided she would not. But it was raining, there was nothing to do, and cousin Alma was going away for the day, leaving her quite alone. So she decided to go. The next day was dull also, and Allie, who was very fond of her cousin, nearly cried with disappointment when Edith said she was not going back to school; so she yielded and went. So the days slipped by. Edith was enjoying her opportunities of studying human nature to the utmost, and thought what a fund of enjoyment the memory of this experience would be to her when she got back to her city home. The spirit of mischief, too, was strong in her and she greatly enjoyed the part she was playing. She was somewhat disgusted to find that the master had evidently singled her out from the rest and persisted in asking her all the questions the others could not answer.

"Why can't the simpleton let me alone and not make me conspicuous in that way," she said to herself, and she began to wonder if she could have betrayed herself in any way, as she remembered how often she had looked up suddenly to find him studying her with evident curiosity. He had a way, too, when he was not otherwise occupied, of placing himself in an empty seat near her and remaining there till his duties called him away.

One day he seemed more than usually interested in her proceedings, and she looked up several times to find him watching her with something in his look that made her slightly uncomfortable. She could not tell why. She busied herself with her books and remained very quiet, but mentally decided that she had had enough of her acting and that District No. 2 should know her no more.

Late in the afternoon she was leaning her head on her hand, her eyes resting upon a page of "Barnes' History of the United States," when the teacher, who for the last half hour had been in his favorite seat, rose and coming to her side leaned down and asked some trifling question about the lesson. Edith looked up in some surprise into the face above her. There was a look in his eyes—not a grave teacher's look, but an expression of unmistakable admiration—admiration that did not attempt to disguise itself, such a look as a stylish young city gentleman might give an unsophisticated country girl who he knew would not object to a harmless flirtation. He had had experience with country girls and knew
they were not averse to admiration. But this time he was surprised. Edith raised her head and the beautiful eyes flashed straight back into his a look that made him straighten himself suddenly and walk away, without waiting for an answer to his question, to another part of the room where he bent down to examine the work of a very small boy who was writing a copy. The small boy evidently required considerable attention, for the young master did not turn round for full five minutes. Then he walked to his desk and called the first class in geography, much to their surprise, as they had already recited their lesson.

Two persons went home from District No. 2 that night somewhat disturbed in mind. Edith, escaping from the others, walked swiftly home, went straight to her room, threw her satchel of books on one chair and herself on another, saying disdainfully, "What simpletons men are! But it serves me right for being such a mad-cap. I'll never go near that school-house again."

Meanwhile Mr. Wentworth was walking toward his boarding place meditating somewhat confessedly as he went. "Is she a witch?" he said to himself. "She acts just like the other scholars in reciting and all that, but once in a while I see a look on her face like that of a full-grown woman, and not a common woman either—one of those lofty creatures that make a man feel as if he were small enough to crawl into his own boots. Why did she look at me like that when I smiled at her, and where did she get all those graceful ways and movements that are as natural to her as breathing? By Jove, if she is a country girl she's a rare specimen; and she must be older than she looks, too."

And when he reached his own room, the first thing he did was to look at his record book where the scholars had written their names and ages. Edith Lyle,—there was the name but the opposite space was blank. Edith had feared that her twenty years would betray her.

Mr. Wentworth's dreams were haunted that night by a vision with a sweet face and star-like dark eyes, that floated to and fro through a strange realm of dusty benches, blotted copy-books, and broken slates. The next day Edith's place was empty, and Mr. Wentworth, though after what had passed he was more comfortable with her away than he would have been otherwise, was conscious of a vague discontent. And when the days passed and she did not come, he made up his mind (desire overcoming his fear of that extraordinary young lady who had resented his admiring glance) that, as her teacher, he had a right to see what had become of her. Perhaps it did not occur to him that he might have questioned Allie and saved himself the walk to the farm-house. At any rate one evening just at dusk he knocked at the door and asked to see his pupil.

"Do you mean Allie? She has just gone out," said Cousin Alma, who knew well enough what he wanted but was desirous of shielding Edith.

"No, I mean—her cousin—Edith."

"Edith!" The owner of the name
in the adjoining room started to her feet, hardly knowing whether to laugh or not. It was too ridiculous to be treated like a child by this young stripling of a student.

"He's coming in," she said to herself, in dismay. "The wretch! What shall I do?"

"You'd better go and explain, Edith," said Alma, appearing before her horrified relative. "It's the only way to get rid of him. He's as slow as—Simple Simon."

A minute later, Mr. Wentworth, seated in the parlor, heard the door open. He looked up and Edith Lyle was standing before him, not his pupil but the beautiful, well-bred city girl from the shining crown of hair to the silken slippered foot.

He rose to his feet and stood looking at her in incredulous astonishment till she spoke, flushing slightly but speaking with the dignity that, sweet as it was, always repelled familiarity.

"I want to apologize to you, Mr. Wentworth, for the part I have been playing. I was restless with having nothing to do, and was carried away by the spirit of mischief. I am not one of your pupils—only a visitor in the place."

Mr. Wentworth was still staring at her as if she had been an apparition.

"Well, who are you, then," he asked, in honest perplexity, quite forgetting to be ceremonious.

"I am Edith Lyle, Mrs. Maynard's cousin," answered Edith, her eyes sparkling with merriment in spite of herself at the young man's bewilderment. "I always wanted to go to a district school, and my disguise deceived you so completely that I couldn't resist the temptation to go on. I hope you will forgive me."

That was the beginning but not the end. Three weeks later Miss Lyle went away. Mr. Wentworth called to say good-bye. It was not the first time he had called in these three weeks; it was quite natural for the schoolmaster to make calls in the district where he was teaching.

"You must have seen it," he said, as they stood together at the close of an earnest conversation, "but I can't let you go away without saying it."

"Well, please don't say it again," said Edith, decisively, "I don't want to hear it. I am sorry and ashamed to think that my foolish fun has ended in this way."

And there was nothing for Mr. Wentworth to say but "Good-bye."

But it seemed that these two were destined to see more of each other. When Edith went to spend her next vacation with relatives in a neighboring city, she found, strangely enough, that Mr. Wentworth was there visiting his relatives, and during the next few months these two young people seemed to meet very frequently.

One evening they were standing in the parlor of the house where Edith was staying. Mr. Wentworth was evidently continuing the conversation broken off several months before.

"I have waited so long, Edith," he said, pleadingly (doubtless he thought he had, though as a matter of fact it had been only three months). "Can't you give me a little reward? Tell me
at least that you don't hate me.” And he looked at her so imploringly that Edith turned her face away from him—all she could do since both of her hands had been taken prisoners.

“No, I don’t hate you,” she said, slowly, “and I don’t think I ever did—” She forgot the rest of the sentence, for with sudden boldness he drew her nearer and looked down into her eyes.

“Edith, I know it now,” he said, exultingly. “You needn’t look away from me. I am so glad—” Just there he, too, forgot what he was saying, and it was half an hour later that Edith, remembering the broken sentence, asked, “What were you going to say a few minutes ago—that you were so glad of what?”

“That I taught school at District No. 2,” he answered.

CRITICISM ON CHAUCER.

BY A. A. B., ’91.

ANCIENT writers, unlike modern, do not attempt to screen themselves behind their works. No one of them exemplifies this more than Chaucer. Even in the “Prologue” where he avowedly limits himself to painting the character of others, he paints his own. In the opening lines he shows himself a fervent admirer of nature. For who but a lover of nature would pay such an unconscious and delicate tribute to her power? It is one great proof that he is advancing beyond the thralldom of the Dark Ages. Even this is a lesser improvement compared to the one it introduces: that of insight into man’s motive. He sees clearly the working of the human heart without dryly philosophizing over it. He presents it at every turn with an unsurpassed accuracy. He does not pretend that his pilgrimage is an offspring of religious devotion but ingeniously points out the true impulse—a quickening of life in the spring-time. He again proves the possession of this power by the verses on the “Prioress.” He tells of her mock French ways as though he thought them natural until the last, then discloses under the guise of a compliment that he understands her superficiality,—“She pains herself

Bringing into many a home
Peace and comfort as they roam
On through time,
Telling of that outward day,
When our cares are put away,
And we leave this home of clay
For that elme?
—W. L. N., in West Pitch Echo.

A THOUGHT.

Once upon a summer’s day
I was lying on the hay
In the barn,
Watching swallows, swift of flight,
Build their nests by that dim light
On the dingy rafters height
Safe from harm.

As I upward turned my gaze
I beheld the pencil rays
Of the sun
Streaming through a chink at noon,
Lighting up the inward gloom,
Where the swallow had her home
And her young.

As I looked upon the ray,
Telling of the outward day,
Day so fair,
Quick the thought then came to me,
Shall my life ’mong mortals be
As the sunlight that I see
Shining there;
to be stately and worthy of their admiration.” In the power of penetration and in the appreciated art of helping one discover a plain truth without saying it, he is almost unsurpassed.

He loves society, too. For, as he tells us, he soon wins the fellowship of the band of pilgrims and speaks to them every one. He does not, however, join the group with eyes shut and mouth open. We can almost see him retired to a comfortable corner and passing an unerring judgment on his new found companions. He will almost make one respect the honest yeoman; then in one line show you how to rank him, “A Christopher was on his breast of silver sheen.” In this one verse he tells the whole story of Saxon superstition. No veneer conceals a real character from him. Even the prioress asserts her charms in vain. Chaucer is no recluse to be trapped by the shy smile of the demure nun. We know he has had too much experience with the world to be either a hermit or even an esquire. For none but a man of the world could judge character so well. He is both a scholar and a traveler. He can tell in alphabetical order the shrines of the saints, the guiding stars of the sailors, or the doctors of renown. He knows not only the learned astrologer that fools the patient, but he can analyze the patient’s case better than that professional. He knows every trick of the church, of friar, pardoner, or priest. And, although he was probably a Catholic, it can hardly be said that “he unto that order was a noble post.” A few more posts like him, and the Roman Church would have sooner fallen, where it eventually did,—into the mire.

He is by no means a religious dupe or fanatic. Could Wycliff have jeered more at the relics of pig’s bones and the “pardons hot from Rome?” Yet he is not without morality. Many a moral lesson he gives that would have shortened his stature by a head, had he been more serious. But Chaucer is seldom serious. The nobles hear the truth from him as they would from the court fool. And Chaucer deliberately places himself in that position which now seems about the most manly and independent one of the Middle Ages. He is a thorough humorist. How artfully ambiguous is his verse on the monk: “Now certainly he was a fair prelate: he was not pale as a wasted ghost.” The monk can take that deceptive epithet fair as a compliment on his person or his prelatichip; while those who are keen as Chaucer can laugh at the joke on both. The prioress, too, is gravely complimented on her tender heart. “She would weep if but she saw a mouse.” It is at once a delicate compliment and a sharp thrust of ridicule. The merchant, too, gets a sly tweak. “He is very worthy, but yet I know not how men call him.” That is, whether John or James, or else whether good or bad. Chaucer can shield himself under either meaning that suits best. For he is eminently prudent.

Although he jests at priest or friar, he really respects the good. His ideal of manhood, as shown in the knight, would need but little remodeling for the nineteenth century. No better sermon ever came from Luther’s lips
than this. "Christ's words he taught, 
but first he followed it himself."
None but a nature really loving 
truth could body forth such a 
sentiment. And then he has wide 
charity. He makes us smile at his 
companion's folly and have only pity 
for their weakness. Compliment and 
reprimand, jest and truth, are so 
mingled that we know he was no self- 
appointed judge going about to reprim-
and the world. But why does he so 
lightly jest at evil? Is it that he has 
such broad sympathy, or because he 
does not care? Does he try to conceal 
his true sentiment, or does he have 
spurts of morality? The question of his 
morality is hardest to decide. He is 
certainly in advance of the fickle 
Norman but has lost some of the shrewd-
ness of the Saxon. He, like Jack 
Frost, give all a sly twinge, yet they 
rather like it. He is a mixture of French 
and English, now sturdy, now capricious. 
A stalk of maize, whose sap mingled but 
not assimilated, turns one kernel of its 
ear white, one yellow. There is moral 
certainty nowhere. Yet he is our first 
great humorist, satirist, Protestant, and 
poet.

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OBITUARY.

WALTER H. DAVIS, of the class 
of '84, who died October 24, 1890, 
was a man who would not care to have 
vain things said about him at his death. 
He did not consider himself remark-
able for anything in particular. He 
ever anticipated either wealth or fame. 
He considered himself a man of aver-
age abilities, who could hope for fair
With his "matter-of-fact nature" was a nervous temperament which insured him against being a plodder. He made friends and held them. Few Preceptors of Alfred Academy ever made more and warmer friends in the town than he did while there. On leaving Alfred Academy he became Principal of the Brewer High School, where he remained till called to become Principal of the Skowhegan High School, to succeed Professor Taylor who went to Waterville. Here he remained till failing health led him to go to Colorado. He returned from Colorado a few months since, and was at his father's home in Poland at the time of his death. His wife was Miss Fannie Tefft, daughter of Dr. Frank Tefft of Bangor, and granddaughter of Rev. Dr. B. F. Tefft, a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and the United States Minister to Sweden under him. His own family is one of the oldest and most respected in the town of Poland. His wife and one child survive him. He was my roommate in college and I remember his once saying to me, "If you ever write my obituary don't try to make me out great." As I said before, in college he was not particularly remarkable. Up to the time of his failing health he had succeeded in life as well as any one need care to succeed. He was a communicant of the M. E. Church.

AARON BEEDE.

LOCALS.

"Did you pass?"

Heard '93's new class yell?

Mason,'91, Beal,'91, and Nickerson,'91, have returned to their class.

The Freshman colors are blue and garnet.

At the Observatory: Interested Senior—"Where is the Swan?" Professor—"Just at the right there." Student—"Oh yes, it is in Cygnus isn't it?" And he wondered what the joke was.

The College Band is doing unusually fine work this term. Dutton, '93, was elected leader.

The Sophomore debates, this fall, show thorough work. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Bruce, Miss Bean, Mr. Fanning, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. Hoffman, and Mr. Adams.

The alumni dinner will be held in Boston, Tuesday, December 30, 1890, at Young's Hotel. Alumni intending to be present should send their names to the Secretary, George E. Smith.

Prof. (in astronomy)—"Now, Miss B., if three planets were each a million miles from the other, how far apart would the two outside ones be?" Miss B—"Did you say each was a million miles apart!"

First Student—"I say if there are three pounds of water in four pounds of beef what makes this steak so tough?" Second Student—"Well, there are different kinds of water; the kind in this is evidently hard."

The editors of the Student for the
following year have been appointed as follows: Wilson, Skelton, Small, Howard, Walter, and Miss Meserve. Manager, Blanchard. All success to you, and may honor not be your only reward.

Stoyan K. Vatralsky, a native Bulgarian, gave an address to the students November 6th. He gave an interesting account of Bulgarian life, manners, and government. He has just been graduated from Howard University, and is to return to his own country as a missionary.

Saturday, November 1st, George Kennan lectured at Music Hall. A large delegation from Bates was present, and even after being "coached," were able to find few mistakes in the orator's address. The opportunities for listening to first-class lectures are on the increase and the students should make the most of them.

The Public Exercises of the Polymnian Society this year were held November 7th. The programme was as follows:

Piano Duet. Misses Getchell and Fairbanks.
Vocal Solo. Miss Emma Merrill.
Declamation—Public Opinion. C. N. Blanchard.
Piano Solo. Miss Marion A. Getchell.
Discussion—Will the republican form of government continue one hundred years in France? Aff.—G. K. Small.
Neg.—N. W. Howard.
Vocal Solo. Miss Emma Merrill.
Oration—Non-Conformity a Virtue. N. G. Howard.
Poem—Choosing the Queen. Miss M. S. Merrill.
Xylophone Solo. E. J. Lord.
Paper. A. D. Pinkham, Miss V. E. Meserve.

November 11th the Freshman prize declamations were held in the college chapel. Two first prizes were given this year. They were awarded to Miss E. I. Cummings, and to Mr. E. J. Hatch. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.
Address at Gettysburg.—Connors.
Frank L. Callahan.
Oratory.—Beecher.
J. C. Woodman.
Lord Chatham as Secretary of State.—Henry Grattan.
W. A. French.
Gaulberto's Victory. Manoe A. Hill.

MUSIC.
National Injustice.—Theodore Parker.
G. G. Osgood.
Daniel Periton's Ride.—Tourgée.
Evelth I. Cummings.
National Recollections.—Everett.
E. M. Jordan.

MUSIC.
Extract.—Grady.
J. B. Hoag.
Extract.—Burke.
L. J. Brackett.
The Ballad of Carmilhan.—Longfellow.
E. J. Hatch.
Becalmed.—Kowan. Elizabeth J. Elliott.

The Eurosophian Public Meeting was held Friday evening, November 14th. The following was the programme:

PART I.
Overture.—Boettiger.

PRAYER.
La Traviata.—Verdi.
Oration—Independent Thought.
F. L. Pugsley.
Selection from Macbeth (in two scenes).
F. S. Libbey, Miss Grace P. Conant.
Clarinet Solo—Aria, from Attila.—Verdi.
A. P. Irving.

PART II.
Discussion—Should the Federal Election Bill, as passed by the House of Representatives, become a law?
Aff.—Scott Wilson.
Neg.—R. A. Small.
Poem—L'Angelas. Miss Grace Bray.
Violin Solo—Fantasia from Guillaume Tell.—
DeBeriot. F. L. Callahan.
Cornet Duet—Good Night.
W. M. Dutton, F. S. Libbey.

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'72.—Among the "Alumni Articles" in the Morning Star we noticed some time since a paper by Prof. J. S. Brown of Doane College, Crete, Neb., on "What Church and State Owe to the Laboring Classes."

'73.—Charles B. Read, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, and wife, are making a tour of the Pacific Coast with the Senate Committee.

'73.—L. C. Jewett, M.D., has located in Auburn.

'73.—Prof. Edmund R. Angell, of Derry, N. H., analyst to the New Hampshire State Board of Health, has been elected representative to the Legislature.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has been obliged to resign his pastorate at Pawtucket, R. I., on account of ill health. During his nine years' work there, says the Morning Star, a new house of worship has been built and dedicated, free of debt, and a large number added to the church membership. It is with great regret that his people accept his resignation.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy writes from San Francisco to the Lewiston Journal that Mr. Sandford, '86, and himself, had a delightful trip across the continent. They were to sail on the steamship "Belgie," October 21st, for Yokohama.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot, pastor of the Bates Street Universalist Church, was married November 5th, to Miss Rose A. Abbott of Rumford by Rev. G. B. Hannaford.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes has resigned his pastorate of the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church in Boston, having accepted a call to Minneapolis, Minn.

'82.—J. C. Perkins, now a Senior in the Cambridge Divinity School, will probably be appointed associate pastor with Rev. Dr. Hill, of the First Parish Church in Portland. The Portland Argus states that Mr. Perkins recently preached to a large audience in that place, making a very favorable impression.

'83.—Rev. O. H. Tracy has accepted the call of the Oakland, Cal., church, and will soon start for his new field of labor.

'86.—A very interesting letter from Prof. W. H. Hartshorn, who is now in Leipsic, Germany, lately appeared in the Lewiston Journal.

'86.—Rev. Charles Hadley and wife have sailed for India by way of the Suez Canal, and expect to arrive at Madras about the first of December.

'87.—F. W. Chase, principal of the high school at Belfast was chosen President of the Waldo County Teachers' Convention at the last annual session.

'87.—A. S. Woodman was admitted to practice as a member of the Cumberland bar at the October session of the Supreme Judicial Court. His office is 36 Exchange Street, Portland.
'87.—W. C. Buck, Clerk of the Census Bureau at Washington, D. C., has been spending a few days with his Lewiston friends.

'89.—A. E. Hatch is lecturing in New Hampshire with marked success. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch have a son, Roy Emerson, born September 30th.

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IN SYMPATHY.

Whereas, In the divine order of events, death has removed a former President and beloved member of the Polymnian Society, Mr. Walter Henry Davis, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Polymnian Society, hereby express our heartfelt sympathy with the family and relatives of the deceased;

Resolved, That recalling the noble qualities of the deceased, his thorough scholarship, his honorable ambition, and his earnest Christian manhood, we deeply deplore the loss sustained by the community in his early death;

Resolved, That it shall be our endeavor to keep our society true to the spirit of his life, that in the experience of its individual members may be realized the ideals that it was his constant endeavor to attain;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of the deceased, and that they be published in the Bates Student.

W. L. Nickerson,
F. W. Larrabee,
Vann E. Meserve,

Committee.

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EXCHANGES.

W. Isaacman, a native Russian, has an interesting article in the Dickenson Liberal, under the title of "The Laboring Man in Russia." Below we give our readers the benefit of its most interesting and instructive part:

"A farmer in Russia usually owns from one hundred to two hundred acres of land. One owning one hundred acres will hire about three men and two girls to do his work, the girls doing the same work with the men. The work is done almost altogether without machinery, as mowers, binders, threshing machines, horse-rakes, and horse-forks are almost entirely unknown there. Grass is cut with the scythe, and grain with the sickle. They are raked with a hand-rake and handled with a hand-fork. The grain is usually stored away until winter, and then is threshed with the flail and cleaned through a hand sieve instead of a fanning mill, as here. Nearly every farmer has a flock of sheep and raises his own wool, which he has spun and woven and knitted, making clothes for himself and family. As this work is also done at home it will readily be seen that there is no small amount of work for the five persons to do. The men rise at about three o'clock in the morning during the summer and work until dark, receiving from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per year, and in addition a suit of working clothes. The girls receive from ten to twenty-five dollars per year. The manner of hiring laborers is perhaps different in Russia from that in any other country. On certain days men wanting to hire men, and those wanting work, gather at the hotel, the farmer in one room and the laborer in another.
for it must be remembered that they associate together as little as possible; even at their homes they eat in separate rooms. The farmers do not bargain directly with workmen, but they have middlemen whom they tell what kind of men they want, and how many, and the middlemen go and hire the men for them, after which they are brought in and the bargain is usually settled by drinking together. The girls are hired in very much the same manner. The farmers there will have the best and finest of horses, cattle, and poultry, and large numbers of them, and as they have no fences, these are taken care of by boys. Each one takes his drove out and watches them all day, returning with them at night. Since the towns are so far apart there are a great many peddlers traveling through the country, mostly Jews, many of whom do a fine business. There are few stores, except in the towns, and therefore the peddlers have almost a monopoly of the trade; for the same reason tailors travel through the country instead of remaining at their shops in the towns. Rye is the most common article of food here, as well as being in great demand for distilling whiskey, while wheat is scarcely ever used. Drinking whiskey is almost a universal custom with the Russians. Almost everybody keeps it at home. They have no public schools, and consequently very few have any education; not even enough to read or write their own names. As Russia has no coal, wood is used instead, both for home use and in factories and machine shops. It is sold by the cord; a cord being there a pile seven feet cube and is worth from fifteen to twenty-two dollars."

The Home Market Bulletin gives us the following, under the title of "Dingbats from Dingley," from Gov. Dingley’s speech at South Framingham, October 18, 1890:

"I notice that the democratic candidate for Congress in the fifth district told the Waltham watchmakers that the democratic policy is to give them free copper and free nickel, but that the republicans in the McKinley tariff have refused to reduce the duty on copper and nickel. Considering that the McKinley tariff reduces the duty on copper from four cents per pound to one and one-fourth cents, while the democratic Mills bill made it two cents per pound, and transfers nickel ore and nickel matte from the dutiable to the free list, while the Mills bill imposed upon them a duty of ten cents per pound, the Waltham watchmakers will hardly recognize the democratic candidate as an authority as to democratic policy, and will be likely to stand by the republican party, whose policy not only gives them copper and nickel at lower duties than the Mills bill provided, but also ensures protection to the makers of watches [applause]; for the democratic theory that duties should be adjusted for revenue only, and not for protection, would invite a reduction of the duty on watches to the point where Swiss watches could come in and take the place of Waltham watches, unless the Waltham workmen would work for Swiss wages.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

The Outing for November is attractive as ever. The illustrations are numerous and very good. The reading matter is very interesting in this issue, especially to those of a sporting nature, but not entirely to them. Some of the most interesting articles this month illustrated are, "Turtling in Florida," "Foot-Ball Studies for Captain and Coach," "Athletics at Williams College," "Photographing Interiors," and "California on Horseback."

The new serial, by Frank R. Stockton, author of "Ruddy Grange," which opens the Atlantic Monthly for November, is entitled "The House of Martha." It abounds in that dry, whimsical humor, which is so difficult to analyze, and yet so easy to enjoy. The short parts which make up this installment are called "My Grandmother and I," "Relating to my Year in Europe," "The Modern Use of the Human Ear," "I Obtain a Listener," "My Understudy," "My Book." "The Legend
of William Tell " is traced to its early beginning by Mr. W. B. McCrackan; and Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an instructive paper on "Robert Morris." Dr. Holmes bids the Atlantic readers farewell all too soon in the closing paper of "Over the Teacups," in which, for a few moments, he steps before the curtain, and speaks in his own person. Kate Mason Rowland's bright paper on "Maryland Women and French Officers" must not be forgotten by any lover of amusing sketches of society at the time of the Revolution.

The Century for November has for a frontispiece "Lincoln and his Son Tad." The number is a particularly interesting one. John Hay has an article on "Life in the White House in the Time of Lincoln." "An American in the Thibet" is the account by W. Woodville Rockhill, of a journey through China to the Koko-nor.


Princeton has done more for football this season than all the other universities put together.

Mail and Express.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Elementary Psychology," with practical applications to Education and Conduct of Life for the use of High Schools, Normal Schools, and Academies, by James H. Baker, A.M.

This book attempts to present, with applications, the more important principles of Psychology in a clear and concise form.

The topics are selected for their essential importance and treated concisely. Such metaphysical discussion as does not belong to an elementary work is omitted. Exercises calculated to test the skill and invite the research of the student, are placed at the end of each subject. It is a very good book.

"Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced." A complete hand-book of difficulties in English Pronunciation including an unusually large number of Proper Names, and words from Foreign Languages. 16 mo. cloth, at $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The author of this excellent book, William Henry P. Phyfe, is a member of the American Philological Association. In this book he has endeavored to select such words only as, through inherent difficulty or carelessness on the part of the speaker are liable to be mispronounced. The number of proper names is unusually large for a book of this kind. The pronunciations are very carefully indicated. Prefixed to the "List of Words" is a chapter on the Sounds of the English Language. The book is a very handy, accommodating work which should be possessed by both teacher and student.

"Tabular Views of Universal History" is the title of another book by the same publishers as the above.

It is a series of chronological tables.
presenting in parallel columns a record of the more noteworthy events in the history of the world from the earliest times down to 1890.

Particularly to he commended is the arrangement here adopted of placing in parallel columns on facing pages the events occurring throughout the world at about the same period of time. This calls in the powerful assistance of association in enabling the memory to grasp and retain a hold of important dates by showing at a glance simultaneous occurrences in other countries. It also helps in teaching the lesson that the history of any one nation is only a part of the history of the world. The book should be in the possession of all who have occasion to refer to historical dates and events.

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**COLLEGE NOTES.**

It is expected that a summer school, including English Literature, Geology, and Botany and other branches of learning, will be held by college professors at Colebrook, N. H., next season.

—Ex.

At Harvard for fifty years no smoker has graduated with the first honors of his class.—Ex.

The pennant of '89 has been placed in the gymnasium, and boards are to be put up there on which are to be placed the records of Field-Day. It has been decided to preserve all the balls won hereafter by our team, and to place them with suitable inscriptions in a conspicuous place in the gymnasium. All these little things arouse an interest in athletics, and help to keep up an enthusiasm through the winter training.

Brown was refused admittance to the New England Base-Ball League, Amherst objecting on the ground of Brown's tendency toward professionalism, notwithstanding the fact that one of Brown's "professionals" for next year came direct from the Amherst team of last year.—Wesleyan Argus.

The $100,000 raised for a fund to establish a medical school for women at Johns Hopkins, will not be touched until by additions and interest it has reached $500,000, when the new department will be instituted.—Ex.

After so many centuries Constantinople is again coming in for her share in the world's means of education. What she once possessed she gave up for the benefit of Europe and all nations of the west. She is now feeling its reflex influence. In 1863 a charter was granted by the State of New York for the founding of Robert College in Constantinople. It was named in honor of Mr. Christopher Robert, a merchant of New York, who was then traveling in the East. At the time it was little more than an experiment, but it is now a flourishing institution. Many of its graduates occupy high government positions in Bulgaria. Others are scattered over Europe as professional men. The Faculty of the college now consists of nine professors, and all of these, including the President, are Americans except three. These are the Professors of the Bulgarian, Armenian, and Greek languages. Beside the nine professors there are eleven instructors.
POETS’ CORNER.

NOVEMBER.

BY N. G. B., ’91.

Sear brown leaves are falling, falling,
Leaving branches bare,
Good-bye to each other calling,
Thro’ the chilly air.

All the winds are sighing, sighing,
As the dead leaves fall;
All the summer flowers are dying,
At the Frost-king’s call.

Cold gray clouds are weeping, weeping,
O’er the blossoms dead;
Nature is her vigil keeping,
Sad, uncomforted.

Tiny buds are sleeping, sleeping,
Close to Nature’s breast;
Every tiny pulse is beating
In a dreamless rest.

Winter’s moan is ringing, ringing,
Thro’ the leaden sky;
In our hearts sweet hope is singing,
Spring comes by and by.

POT-POURRI.

A young woman sent to a newspaper a poem entitled “I Cannot Make Him Smile.” The editor ventured to express an opinion that she would have succeeded had she shown him the poem.—Ex.

At the husking bee, if you get a red ear, you may steal a kiss; while, on the contrary, under other conditions if you steal a kiss, you may get a red ear.—Ex.

At a medical examination a young aspirant for a physician’s diploma was asked: “When does mortification ensue?” “When you propose and are rejected,” was the reply that greeted the questioner.—Ex.

The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.—Locke.

First Boy to Second Boy (who has been fishing)—“Catch anything?” Second Boy—“Haven’t been home yet.”—Ex.

“Papa,” asked Johnny Withers of his father, who was a graduate of Boomtown University in 1858, “what is the meaning of ‘semper fidelis’?” “Always fiddling,” my son. It was a term applied to the Emperor Nero, who swam the Hellespont while Rome was burning, replied the old man.—Ex.

PRIZE ESSAY PROPOSAL FOR 1891.

NEW YORK, October 20, 1890.

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the undergraduate students of Senior classes of colleges and universities in the United States, a series of prizes for approved essays on “Effect of Protection on the Purchasing Power of Wages in the United States.” Competing essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer’s name to be sent to the office of “The League,” No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before March 1, 1891, accompanied by the name and address of the writer and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay. It is desired, but not required, that manuscripts be typewritten. Awards will be made June 1, 1891, as follows: For the best essay, one hundred and fifty dollars; for the second best, one hundred dollars; for third best fifty dollars. And for other essays, deemed especially meritorious, the Silver Medal of the League will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the awards. “The League” reserves the right to publish, at its own expense, any of the essays for which prizes may be awarded. The names of Judges will be announced hereafter.

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