

THE  
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.  
BRUNSWICK, MAINE.  
1895-96.

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 1, 1895.

No. 1.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

### EDITORIAL BOARD.

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### TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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With this number the ORIENT enters upon its twenty-fifth volume, the close of a quarter century of prosperous existence. No change from the preceding volume is made in the heads of the editorial and business departments, a situation new to the history of the publication. While there is a certain satisfaction and pleasure to us in this, there are also duties and responsibilities that must not be lightly estimated, but which are little understood by most. The hearty co-operation of all in college is continually necessary to make the college paper successful and truly representative, and only with such earnest help can we keep the paper up to the worthy standard set by previous editors, can we continue and strengthen each of its existing departments, and make it to each Bowdoin man, under-graduate and alumnus, truly a part of the grand old college for which all have so much affection and pride. The editors will promise to do their best, but they cannot do all. With this number a change is made in the designation of the editorial head of the paper, it being changed from Managing Editor to Editor-in-Chief. This change, which breaks the established custom of a quarter of a century, is not made because the new title is more expressive or significant of the bearer's duties, but mainly to avoid the complications which have con-

tinually arisen from the confusion of the terms "Managing Editor" and "Business Manager."

**W**HAT are Bowdoin's prospects in athletics this spring? In the several lines of spring sports, base-ball, tennis, rowing, and field and track work, it is now time to have some idea of what we can do this season. On the whole the outlook is good, and we can confidently expect a measure of success that will add materially to the good record we hold. In base-ball the number of new men on the team makes it rather an uncertain quantity at first, but we feel sure that there is plenty of good material and that the nine will settle down to steady, telling work, and if we do not win as many victories over the strong teams outside of the State as we did last year, nevertheless we hope to win some, and to get into trim so that in the race for the Maine pennant a creditable attempt may be made to win another trophy to hang beside that won in '93. Let us give enthusiastic encouragement and united support to the team, for we know that manager, captain, and players will do all in their power to win victories for their college. The field and track athletes have three field days before them this spring, and the prospects are bright that work of which the college may well be proud will be done in all. Interest is high, and candidates for the team are working hard, but there cannot be too much interest or too many candidates. More points than last year must be won at Worcester, the three other Maine colleges must be beaten at Waterville, and our own field day must be a record breaker. This must be accomplished this year, and with the new track to work upon next year much better work still can be done in all three field days. In tennis everything is also bright. Nearly a dozen courts are in order and the cracks are working daily. Since tennis has been played in

the Maine colleges Bowdoin has been far in the front, and though '94 took away some of our star players, there are star players still here, and we are confident they will prove worthy successors to those who have won our cups in the past. The college tournament will soon be under way, and June brings the State tournament. In rowing, the lower classes are looking forward to the annual class race on the river, but seem to be in no hurry to decide whether it shall be a four-oared or eight-oared race, or to get their crews selected and actively in practice. Bowdoin seems to have dropped out of inter-collegiate rowing for good, but the class race is a fixture, and the Sophomores and Freshmen must awake to a realization of what is to be done in this line.

**T**HE ORIENT would like to know: When the Glee Club is going to favor the college with the long-promised concert.

Why the members of the choir do not wait and come out of chapel with their respective classes, as they ought to do, instead of hurrying out, as they often do, Sophomores, Freshmen and all, ahead of the Seniors themselves.

Why the Sophomores and Freshmen do not straighten out matters in regard to the annual class boat race.

Why our team is not going to win more points at Worcester than last year.

What college has a more beautiful campus than old Bowdoin.

If there is any reason why we cannot be the proud possessors of the proposed quarter-mile track.

How many engaged men there are in college.

What student is the hardest worker in college.

If the old saying, "A bad beginning makes a good ending," will hold true of the present base-ball season.

If Harvard, in view of its recent base-ball defeats, will now decide that this sport is also too rough for its students to indulge in.

Why college men do not read more in the magazines and papers, and, in general, keep better informed on the matters and questions of the day.

If Appleton Hall is to undergo repairs, *a la* Maine, the coming summer.

When that trial is coming off.

And much more, part of which will be mentioned later.

**T**HIS is the pleasantest term of the three that make up the pleasant college year. It may not be so at all colleges, but it is certainly so at old Bowdoin. The renewed freedom of out-of-door life amid the beautiful surroundings of our college home, the activity in various branches of athletics in which all are interested, either as earnest participants or as enthusiastic spectators, the more frequent holidays, so welcome to most students as occasions of extra work or extra pleasure, the gala occasions that throng so thickly toward the end of the term—these are a few of the numerous circumstances that make the present term the most attractive and enjoyable of the college year. Our work, too, falls less heavily upon us in the spring. This is due in part, no doubt, to the wisdom of the college powers that be, and in part to a buoyancy of feeling within us, born of the happy, light-hearted spring-time, that prevents us from taking too seriously the matters of text-books and lectures, recitations and examinations. The tennis courts have an attraction for many, and the meandering paths among the grand old pines around the campus lure the student away from his desk. It is very pleasant even if we are not actively engaged in athletics, as many more of us ought to be, to watch the base-ball practice and the occasional games, to note the progress made by the field and track athletes, or to

stroll down to the boat-house and watch the oarsmen on the river and examine the shells that have won such glory for Bowdoin in the past. It is a delightful walk—and none should fail to take it—down to the proposed site of the quarter-mile track and athletic field that is very soon to be the scene of our practice and contests. All this is well. Let us enjoy the spring, and be out-of-doors all we can. Nature has claims upon us which we can ill afford to neglect. Athletics are a truly essential and beneficial part of our college course. But let us still in the spring term, as in the others, place our regular college work first and above all else. There is no occasion to neglect this for the many pleasures of the term. There is plenty of time for both, and it is no excuse for carelessness and indifference in our studies that the skies are blue and the grass green.

### Bowdoin's Proposed Athletic Field.

**A** YEAR ago it was proposed to build a cinder track on the college delta, and use the space enclosed by it for base-ball and foot-ball.

A survey showed that, to get room for a quarter-mile track of the proper form, it would be necessary to clear about one acre of pine land on the side of the delta toward Harpswell Street. The plan received the enthusiastic support of the under-graduates, but was so strongly opposed by the Faculty and many of the alumni, on account of the involved sacrifice of pines, that it was finally abandoned.

This year the need of an athletic field is still more pressing. Bowdoin is the only college without a running track that attempts to make any showing at Worcester. Of the colleges in the Maine league, Colby has the funds pledged for a track and has already begun work. Cinder paths are being talked of at Bates and Orono; and unless Bowdoin

is content to be last in the list, some immediate action must be taken. Foot-ball and base-ball are also feeling the need of a suitable athletic field. The foot-ball field on the delta is ten yards too short, and the pine trunks and roots at the east end of the field add an unnecessary element of danger to the game. We need a new field for games and 'varsity practice. The field on the delta is needed for the practice of the second eleven and the class teams.

Base-ball is quite as badly off as foot-ball. The undergrowth of pine has shortened the field, so that a long hit to right field or center is likely to be a home run.

Again, our new elective system renders such an arrangement of recitation hours necessary that, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when games are usually going on, it is impossible to get nines together for practicing until four o'clock in the afternoon; and then we have only one field for 'varsity, second nine, and class nines. There is not even room enough for the 'varsity and substitutes to practice batting and fielding at the same time. The lack of a good second nine has always been a serious handicap to the success of base-ball at Bowdoin, and we have never had a good second nine because we have had no place for the men to practice.

A quarter-mile track, built of clay and cinders, with the space enclosed fitted to be used for base-ball and foot-ball, would be of the greatest benefit to the athletic interests of the college. Bowdoin can build such an athletic field very cheaply, for not ten minutes walk from the college there is plenty of dry, level land, needing no grading or under-draining, that can be bought for five dollars an acre. The refusal of one lot of forty acres has been obtained. This land is situated about one-third of a mile from the college, on the Gurnet road, very near its junction with the Harpswell road.

The cost of building an athletic field here has been estimated as follows:

Forty acres of waste land, . . . . .	\$200
Quarter-mile track, built of clay and cinders, . . . . .	700
Preparing land inside track for base-ball and foot-ball, . . . . .	300
Fence around the field, . . . . .	500
Grand stand, . . . . .	300
Total, . . . . .	\$2,000

The above estimate makes no provision for dressing-rooms or facilities for bathing. We could do without for a time, but should hope to get them later on.

The under-graduates feel that something must be done at once. The members of the Faculty share this feeling, and have already pledged two hundred dollars, enough to buy the land. It is proposed that any property that may be purchased shall be given to the college, to be held for the purposes of an athletic field. Under this condition, Hon. S. J. Young, as treasurer of the college, will receive subscriptions for building the field and will audit the accounts.

Subscription papers are being circulated among the students, and it is probable that if enough money can be raised the land will be purchased and one hundred yards of the track built this spring. This hundred-yard stretch can be built in a fortnight, and our track-athletic team can have three weeks' use of it this season. For raising the \$1,500 that will be necessary for the completion of the work we shall be obliged to rely mainly upon the alumni of the college, and judging from the experience of other colleges, we can hardly be disappointed.

The cost of the Dartmouth field was \$15,000. The money was raised entirely by their alumni. Most eastern colleges have athletic fields, ranging in cost from the Rutgers field, costing \$5,000, to the Amherst field, costing \$27,000; and in the majority of cases these fields have been gifts from alumni.



During the years when Bowdoin was interested in rowing, our alumni never failed to give generously whenever there was need. More recently the under-graduates have felt that they ought to meet their yearly athletic expenses without asking outside aid. But this is a special attempt to permanently better the athletic prospects of the college and to put Bowdoin on an equal footing with other colleges of her class.

### The Summer School.

**B**EGINNING July 9, 1895, and continuing for five weeks, the following courses in science will be conducted by instructors in Bowdoin College at the Searles Science Building.

- (1) A course in Elementary Chemistry.
- (2) A course in Advanced Chemistry.
- (3) A course in Physics.
- (4) A course in Biology.

These courses are designed especially for teachers, but are open to all earnest workers. It is believed that they will be well adapted to the needs of any student of natural science, giving, for example, an excellent introduction to the study of medicine or pharmacy. They will also be valuable to those who, either as teachers or scholars, are preparing to meet natural science requirements for admission to college. They will consist largely of practical work in the laboratory, and it is doubtful if any college laboratories in the country have superior facilities for this purpose.

Each elementary course will consist of lectures and laboratory work for two hours a day on five days of the week. No exercises will be held on Saturdays. Students in the advanced chemistry course can work in the laboratory as many hours a day as the instructor thinks advisable. A student in a single elementary course is not entitled to more than the regular time of work for that

course. The fees for the course, paid invariably in advance, are as follows:

For two or three elementary courses, \$20.

For a single elementary course, \$10.

For advanced chemistry, \$15.

Occasional evening lectures on scientific topics of a general nature may be expected from the different instructors. The courses in Chemistry will not necessarily be uniform for all, but each student may pursue quantitative analysis, either organic or inorganic, or carry on such special investigation as he may choose.

The course in Chemistry will be under the instruction of Professor Franklin C. Robinson and Warren R. Smith, Ph.D. (University of Chicago).

The course in Physics will cover the subjects of Mechanics, Heat, Light, and Electricity. Lectures will occasionally be given upon the above general topics, but the work will mainly consist of quantitative experiments in the laboratory.

The laboratories are equipped with sets of apparatus sufficient to enable twenty students to work at the same experiment at once, and with every convenience for the best work. The course will be conducted by Professor Charles C. Hutchins.

The course in Biology is primarily designed for those who teach Zoölogy or Physiology in the schools, but can also be taken by those who wish an introduction to the science. Some of the important types of animals will be studied by which a general knowledge of the animal kingdom may be obtained. Special attention will be given to methods of study, particularly in the use of the microscope. The work will be largely in the laboratory, and only such lectures will be given as may be necessary for the proper understanding of laboratory methods. The biological laboratories are spacious and well equipped with microscopes

and other apparatus, as well as with materials for study.

The student should provide himself with a dissecting and a drawing outfit. These can be obtained at the laboratory at low prices.

The course will be conducted by Professor Leslie A. Lee.

Students who intend taking the courses should send their names to one of the professors as early as July 2d.

## The Social Problem.

SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZE ORATION.

BY GUY B. MAYO.

A FEW months ago, the civilized world was startled by the news that Carnot, the President of France, had been struck down by the hand of an anarchist assassin. The deed was not in secret as murders are usually done, but openly to attract attention and cause alarm. France was not engaged in war, nor troubled with serious internal disputes. Why, then, was her President slain? The murderer admitted that he had no personal wrong to avenge. He was not even a citizen of France. He had the heart of an anarchist and recognized no law, while his victim was the representative of liberty regulated by republican institutions.

But the anarchist and the spirit of anarchy are not confined to Europe. They are abroad in our midst; and the chief menace to our peace and the stability of our institutions may be found in the social conditions which confront us to-day.

Recently in our chief inland city, a band of these human vultures, hesitating not to murder, nor to excite by frantic appeals to passion, the frenzy of ignorant and brutish men, were tried, convicted, and sentenced according to legal procedure. But what a spectacle follows! The public authority in

the state is changed from one political party to another, and a Governor is found to pardon the violators of law and order, an act of authority which will forever blot the pages of our history; and herein is exposed an element of danger in our government by political parties.

The anarchist, however, is not the legitimate result of our institutions, founded, as they are in theory, upon the moral and intellectual education of the masses. The ranks of anarchy are recruited, not from Americans, but from the horde of lawless immigrants annually poured out upon our shores; men who are woefully ignorant; whose reasoning faculties are blunted; whose passions and instincts are beyond all moral restraint. Most of them are from those foreign countries where individual freedom is restricted, where class distinctions are marked, where poverty and ignorance go hand in hand. Such men utterly fail to appreciate the advantages accruing to the individual under our system, and are the first, when admitted to citizenship, to abuse their new-found privilege, and seek to over-ride existing law and order. They are mere puppets in the hands of the demagogue; and their votes are in the market to the highest bid of a candidate or political committee. It has been our boast that we are an asylum for the oppressed of all nations; and to the lover of liberty regulated and protected by law, let us still open our gates. But let us also exercise the right of a host, to make choice of the guests we admit. Give to this country proper immigration laws and rigorously enforce them, and this disorderly element will become less powerful and the social conditions rapidly improved.

It may be said that because the anarchist is not the legitimate outgrowth of our system, founded upon written constitutions, that we have nothing to fear. But written constitutions are not enough. The frequent recurrence of the strike and boycott, actually

assuming the proportions of social war, shows that we are drifting into conditions which will foster the spirit of anarchy.

Less than a year ago occurred the largest strike in our history, and scarcely a section of the country escaped its influence. When the American Railway Union assumed its management, and undertook to enforce a boycott on all the roads entering Chicago, it lost its original character and became sympathetic. As such, there was little chance for settlement except by force of arms. In this instance, the power for mischief of an arrant, lawless demagogue was fully exemplified. For a time Eugene V. Debs held his hand upon the throat of commerce. He issued orders, and men usually peaceable and law-abiding joined the ranks of disorder, and became instinct with the spirit of destruction. In vain the citizens of a great city called upon their state for protection to life and property. The state seemed helpless; but not so much through inability to restore and maintain order, as through the manifest sympathy of her executive with the cause of the rioters. Order was again restored only by the intervention of the military power of the nation. Then followed the spectacle of a Governor complaining that the rights of his state had been invaded, and the constitution and laws of the land violated. Not so much, it is to be noted, by the rioting strikers as by the intervention of national authority to quell the disorder. "Put none but Americans on guard to-night," was the command of Washington at a critical time for the safety of the patriot cause. Does it not behoove the American people to take care that no more Altgelds are vested with the executive authority of our great commonwealths?

We are told that by arbitration all disputes of this character can be amicably settled. But it is useless to hope for arbitration by agreement. It must be by law which is sufficiently popular to be sustained

in enforcing an award. Nor can arbitration avail except as between the original parties to the controversy. When a strike or outbreak becomes sympathetic in its nature, only the arbitrament of arms can quell the mutiny against the social order.

Again we are told that the great panacea is to be found in Socialism, the ownership and direction of all means of production by the state. This means the total overthrow of existing customs. It means the formation of a new society in which each individual looks out for the specific welfare of his neighbor. It is, in short, a Utopian condition, which is contrary to all human instinct, habit, or custom, and from its very nature impossible to be accomplished. It would place laziness and ignorance at a premium, and would be the first step in a series of retrogressions, which would ultimately land the state in chaos.

Great enterprises require the massing of capital under one control, which makes the corporation necessary to interests of greatest production. In enterprises which are warranted by the needs or economic conditions of the people, corporations are entitled to a just return for capital actually invested. But at this point they should be stopped by the same law which grants them the franchise under which they exist. They must not be permitted to grind down labor to earn dividends on "watered" stock. On the other hand, the labor union must not come forward and say, as in effect it does: You must employ us at our dictated terms, or we will destroy your plant. We will even commit murder, if you do not accede to our demands. Managers of labor and capital must learn that these are mutually dependent; that they are necessary, one to the other, to the full fruition of both; that an injury to the one shows a like effect upon the other. Again there are the great monopolies, not intended to furnish necessities or luxuries at

the cheapest rates. Their objects are quite the contrary. The control which these engines exercise over legislation is undisputed, and this in itself tends to aggravate the social unrest.

Just and equitable administration is the remedy for these evils. Indeed it has been well said, "That is the best government which is best administered," and the present conditions may well suggest the inquiry: Are we having the best administration of justice as between conflicting interests and contending parties? It is not a good government, certainly not a good administration of government, that can only quell the rioting striker, but cannot reach and correct the evils of the trust. Poor indeed is the power that can create the corporation, but cannot prevent the manipulation of stock by the managers of its own creation. Some power must be found to shatter the combinations which corner wheat, or raise the price of sugar, as well as to disperse the mob of striking rioters collected in the public streets.

There is another destructive influence confronting us to-day. It is the tendency among the higher classes to shirk duty in public affairs. This shows itself particularly in the cities; and it is in these centers of population and industry that reform must begin and be maintained, if it is to be successful. The rapid growth of business enterprises since the war has so engrossed the attention of the better educated that municipal control has passed over to a lower class, a class of men bent entirely on making all they can for themselves at the expense of the community. The corruption so common in our politics is accounted for by the fact that honest men have held themselves aloof from public affairs. The growth and influence of a Tammany Hall could never have become so far-reaching had it not been for this neglect of public duty. These men have

sacrificed the good of the state in their pursuit of individual interests.

There is no cure for this evil, unless it come from an awakening of these Epicureans to a performance of this public duty. The right of suffrage is not simply a privilege to be exercised or waived as fancy or pleasure seems to dictate. It involves a duty always to be performed for the public good. As government, municipal or state, is necessarily by the association of individuals into parties, the primary meeting is of more importance than election day. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and liberty is best secured by good government. Had the good citizens of New York, in years past, done their full duty both at the primaries and at the polls, they might have been spared the recent disgraceful disclosures of a Lexow Committee. Let every energy of men who are not social parasites be given to the cause of good government, and the results cannot fail to be good and permanent.

The great force which is to bring this better administration of law, and this performance of public duty, is education. We need more of that education which teaches men that individual good depends solely on social advancement; more of that force which fosters wisdom in legislation, and patriotic self-denial in the citizen. A republic without intelligence is an impossibility. The Declaration of Independence asserts that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Consent of the governed does not mean the passive submission of a dull and ignorant mind which takes impressions as a piece of wax. It means the intelligent and reasoning consent which marks the difference between the freeman and the slave. Plato taught that only the ruling classes need be educated, and the republic of Greece fell. Modern democracy depends entirely upon the education of the

masses, and upon this does its continuity depend. The offering of courses in Economics and Social Questions in our more modern institutions is a step forward in useful education. There is still room for the dead language in our schools; but power to grasp and deal with existing conditions is what we need; and he who shapes his study so that he can assist in the solution of the Social Problem, whether he be engaged in public life or live in the quiet of a country home, will confer a greater benefit upon humanity than he who labors to decipher an ancient manuscript or the hieroglyphics of an Egyptian monument. Intellect and reason rather than emotion or fancy must guide this country. The public school and the college, teaching good morals and liberality in religion, as well as science and literature, are the springs which will preserve this nation. "We must educate or perish."

Society, as it exists to-day, is a result of evolution. As the great steamship has grown from the frail canoe of the savage, so has the present condition of society evolved from the primitive state which existed at the dawn of history. Only by this same process, working throughout the centuries, will a state of perfection be attained. The law of "The Survival of the Fittest," which has brought man to what he is to-day, will lead him triumphantly to his appointed destiny.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Angel and the Child.

*(From the French of Jean Reboul.)*

An angel form with gleaming brow  
 Watched o'er an infant's dream,  
 And saw her own fair self below,  
 As mirrored in a stream.

"O little child with my own face,"  
 She said, "O come with me,  
 And we will find a better place;  
 The earth deserves not thee.

"For here is never joy complete;  
 Here souls from pleasure die;  
 The hour of mirth has much not sweet,  
 And happiest its sigh.

"And fear is always at the feast;  
 And ne'er a day all fair  
 But portents of the morrow's blast  
 The passing breezes bear.

"O, why should shame and woes and fears  
 E'er stain thy brow's fair hue?  
 Or in a bitter tide of tears  
 Be bathed thine eyes of blue?"

"No, no, into the fields of space,  
 With me, come fly away;  
 It is by God's most loving grace  
 Thou dost no longer stay.

"And let no one in mourning be  
 Around the sad home hearth;  
 But welcomed be this hour for thee,  
 As was thine hour of birth.

"And let not clouds their brows obscure,  
 Or death be there confessed;  
 When one, as at thine age is pure,  
 The last day is the best."

And then, with outstretched wings of white  
 The angel upward sped,  
 Up to those happy homes of light,—  
 Poor mother, thy child is dead!

### Phases.

Beside the lonely woodland way  
 The robin's liquid note is heard,  
 Prophetic of a brighter day,  
 By sullen winter long deferred.

Its velvet buds the willow shoots,  
 O'erhanging still the silent stream.  
 The May-flower spreads its tender rosetts  
 Amidst the turf now turning green.

Along the paths in dell and dale  
 Steals April. Wrapped as in a dream,  
 Her fragrant presence through a veil  
 Of silvery mist but dimly seen.

The white-robed hills recede from sight,  
 Escaping from the rising sun,  
 And clouds aglow with warmer light  
 Foretell the summer soon to come.

### Spring.

O Spring, most beautiful time of the year,  
When the grass is growing green,  
When the flowers and the trees are budding—  
Is heaven a fairer scene?

O Spring, thou art surely unto us all,  
And forever more shall be,  
The promise of life's new dawning  
In heaven's eternity.

### After Reading Lucile.

With a smile on her lips she goes from our sight  
Mid the gloom and the mists of the autumn night.  
She goes to her duty to soothe and to heal,—  
The loving, the gentle, sweet-hearted Lucile.  
Her life and her love have been crushed to the sod,  
But her soul is the pure, living smile of her God,  
And her heart is still happy in spite of the pain  
That has lashed it, and pierced it, and torn it again.

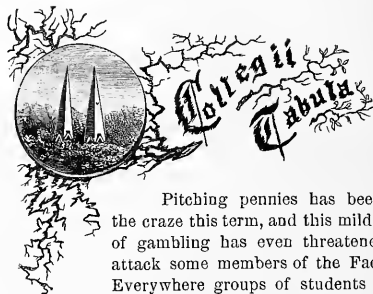
But from us who have met her, and clasped her  
hand,

And seen in those eyes that soul so grand,  
And marked all her wondrous beauty and grace—  
Ah, never again can she move from the place  
She has won in our hearts; not into the night  
Can the form of Lucile ever pass from our sight.

And since we have met her our life is more fair;  
New angels now hover about us in air.  
The world has grown larger and better; more grand  
Is the break of the morning all over the land.  
More calm is the fever that burns us within;  
More longed-for the freedom that never knows sin;  
More sacred has grown the grand passion of love;  
More close is the heaven that arches above.

O, oft on our brow and our heart may we feel  
The soft, loving touch of gentle Lucile.

There seem to be as many reasons for Cambridge's successive defeats at the hands of Oxford as there are for the many games lost on this side of the water. Too great interference on the part of the graduates in the management of the crew; college politics, by which men from one college are kept out of the boat; and unfair treatment of Eton men who go to Cambridge, a fact which drives the best Eton oars to Oxford, are the suggestions up to date. One man objects to having the Oxford crew coached by a Cambridge graduate.



Pitching pennies has been all the craze this term, and this mild form of gambling has even threatened to attack some members of the Faculty. Everywhere groups of students have been busy during the opening weeks tossing cents at a knife stuck in the ground, and then excitedly scrambling for the spoils.

Boom the new track.

The grass is fast growing green.

Bliss, '94, attended the '68 speaking.

Shay, '93, was on the campus recently.

The Juniors are through with theme work.

We are getting toward the heart of spring.

Brown, ex-'96, spent a few days about college.

May-flower parties have been numerous of late.

Churchill, '95, spent the holidays about Boston.

'97 has challenged '98 to an eight-oared boat race.

Those who own bicycles are in their element now.

R. W. Mann, '92, visited friends in college recently.

Coggan, '97, came back to college on Monday the 22d.

Minott, '98, has been confined at home with the mumps.

The conclusion of the chess tournament is not yet.

Mayo, '95, visited relatives in Bangor during vacation.

The Maine Central Institute nine plays here Saturday.

McKown, '98, was initiated into Z & Y on last Friday night.

Quimby, '95, and Peaks, '96, have been ill at home with the mumps.

E. E. Spear, '98, spent the vacation in Warren, returning on the 22d.

Borden, M. S., has been coaching the Portland High School athletes.

Dennison, '95, was laid up with the mumps last week at his home in Jay.

Pope, '95, who spent the vacation in Massachusetts, has returned to college.

Haines, '97, and Shute, '97, spent their Easter holidays in Boston and vicinity.

Bucknam, '93, spent a few days about college the latter part of the winter term.

Over 200 volumes of French and German literature have just been added to the library.

Professor MacDonald has been unable to meet his classes this term, but expects to be out soon.

Eames, '98, is back again, having finished a very prosperous term of school teaching in West Bethel.

A party of students visited Bath on the 4th to attend a private party and dance. Some lost the train.

Kyes, '96, remained in Brunswick through the holidays on account of the work to be done on the *Bugle*.

The various squads, delegations, and clubs, all had their pictures taken to take home with them at Easter.

The Freshmen delegations have been busy of late putting the fraternity courts into shape for spring.

The new edition of the college regulations and articles of agreement has been distributed to the students.

Subscription papers for the support of base-ball, field and track sports, and tennis, have been in circulation.

A favorite occupation among the students during the first week of the term, was watching the base-ball practice.

About twenty-five or thirty students remained in town during vacation. This is greater than the usual number.

Members of the Class of '95 have been congratulating one of their classmates upon his engagement, recently made public.

A majority of '95 already have posed for their photographs, and they report that Reed is doing work of the highest class.

President and Mrs. Hyde went to Connecticut last week with the remains of Mrs. Hyde's mother, Mrs. Hibbard, who died here, April 20th.

Rev. J. S. Williamson, of Augusta, exchanged pulpits with Dr. Mason, and gave the students a very interesting and helpful talk in chapel, April 21st.

Prof. Johnson has been engaged recently in making a catalogue or inventory of the works of art and many objects of interest in the Walker Art Building.

Doherty, '95, has been elected the Bowdoin member on the executive committee of the Maine Inter-collegiate Athletic Association in place of Robiunson, '96, resigned.

By Saturday morning, the 6th, the campus was deserted, save for a few students who stayed over. Among these were Doherty, '95, Dewey, '95, and Newbegin, '96.

*Life* is indebted to the ORIENT for the poem, "A Chemical Tragedy," which is published as original in last week's issue. It appeared in the ORIENT October 3, 1894.

The number of books taken from the library during March was 849; the average daily number was 31. On March 5th, 73 books were loaned; this was more than on any other day of the month.

The King of Siam has just sent 39 volumes to the Bowdoin library, a very interesting addition. The books are the "Tripitaka," being a collection of the sacred writings of the Southern Buddhists.

P. D. Smith, '95, was taken sick with the grippe while at home during vacation. This was followed by a severe attack of the mumps. He recovered, however, so as to return to college on the 23d ult.

The Freshman Class sent a petition to Prof. Woodruff, asking that they might take up the Greek New Testament, instead of the *Odyssey*, during the spring term. The petition was granted.

There are many May-flowers in the surrounding woods now. Several of the boys have brought back quite large bunches as results of their forest excursions. May-flower parties have been numerous.

The Worcester field day will be May 18th instead of May 22d, as was first arranged. The Maine intercollegiate field day at Waterville will be June 8th. Our college field day will be June 13th or June 15th.

We are having quite a plentiful sprinkling of holidays this term. The Fast-Day one was fully appreciated, and plans are already being made as to how to spend Arbor Day, which will come on May 10th.

Morelen, '95, has for several weeks been confined to his home in Pemaquid by a quite serious case of chronic pneumonia. But at last accounts he was recovering, and will probably be with us again soon.

The first themes of the term for the Sophomores are due April 30th. The subjects are: "Should Cuba be Annexed to the United States?"; "An Experience in School-teaching"; "An Afternoon in the Library."

Mr. Mitchell will be absent next year on a leave of absence, and will employ the time in special study. It is understood that his place will be filled during the year by C. S. Rich, '92. Mr. Rich will graduate from Andover Theological Seminary this spring.

The Freshmen have been acquiring recently quite a good deal of grace and agility, especially the latter. Notwithstanding this, not a few of them have encountered more or less moisture. But then, ought not one to suspect even a pleasant sky in deceptive April?

The remarkable height reached by the Androscoggin during the freshet called all the students to the river daily till the floods subsided. Considerable damage was done, and at one time wild rumors were in the air that the college boat-house was about to be washed away.

The campus has received its usual overhauling. It presented quite a different appearance at the commencement of this term than at the close of last, as during the vacation the remaining snow disappeared and the mud dried. Mr. Booker and his able corps of assistants have been rendering most efficient service.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, held on the 22d, it was voted to have a Commencement Concert, thereby reviving the custom which was dropped last year on account of the Centennial celebration. A committee of three was appointed to attend to the management of the class banquet. It consisted of Mayo, Fairbanks, and Roberts. Also it was decided to wear caps and gowns on Sunday afternoons at chapel.

Two exciting games of ball were played on the delta, Fast-Day. In the morning a team of '98 men defeated a picked nine by a score of 18 to 15. In the afternoon the Independents defeated the Invincibles 12 to 9, in a hotly-contested nine-inning game. Knowlton and Libby and Dewey and Haskell were the batteries. Good plays abounded on both sides, and considerable unknown material was brought to light. It is said several men lost all chances of playing on their Senior teams.

The Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association held a meeting at Hotel North at Augusta, Saturday, April 13th. Bates College was admitted to

membership. It was decided to hold the annual field day at Waterville, June 8th, and to buy a championship cup immediately after the meet. W. W. Robinson, of Bowdoin, resigned his position as secretary, and J. N. Haskell, of Bowdoin, was elected to fill the vacancy. The four colleges, Bowdoin, Bates, Colby, and Maine State will send teams to compete, and interest is high.

Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., of Boston, has presented our library with a fine lot of books. They are about four hundred in number, and were a part of the private library of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, an honorary graduate of Bowdoin, who has recently died. Among them are some valuable historical works, eleven volumes of the *Museo Borbonico*, *The Harvard Book* in two large volumes, two editions of Shakespeare, and others. Several of them are presentation copies and most of them contain Mr. Winthrop's autograph.

In accordance with the new regulations, the following have been appointed to prepare commencement parts, which are to be handed to the President by May 15th, and from which six will be selected for delivery: A. G. Axtell, F. W. Blair, E. T. Boyd, B. L. Bryant, L. S. Dewey, F. L. Fessenden, G. H. D. Foster, L. C. Hatch, H. E. Holmes, W. S. A. Kimball, C. E. D. Lord, E. S. Lovejoy, G. B. Mayo, H. A. Moore, R. T. Parker, J. B. Roberts, J. S. French, G. E. Simpson, F. O. Small, H. P. Small, P. D. Stubbs, H. W. Thayer, G. C. Webber, E. R. Woodbury.

The '68 prize speaking took place in Memorial Hall on the evening of April 4th. There was a good-sized audience, and the speaking was excellent. The programme was as follows:

Will the Pulpit Survive?

\*Ernest Roliston Woodbury, Castine.

Realism and Romance. Allen Leon Churchill, Houlton. Lessons from the Centuries.

George Curtis Webber, Auburn.

The Poetry of the Dawn.

Harvey Waterman Thayer, Gray.

The Social Problem. Guy Bennett Mayo, Smethport, Pa. Seventy Years of Liberty and Union.

Louis Clinton Hatch, Bangor.

\*Excused.

The prize was awarded to Guy Bennett Mayo, and the judges were Dr. Mason and Barrett Potter, Esq., of Brunswick, and Dr. Gerrish of Portland.

A mass-meeting of the students was held in lower Memorial, April 24th, to consider the matter of the proposed quarter-mile cinder track and athletic field. Dr. Whittier was present and addressed the meeting, speaking of the needs and advantages



of such a track, and of the plans already made. Kimball, '95, Doherty, '95, and others spoke, and much enthusiasm was manifested. It was voted that the athletic committee appoint a committee of five, representing Faculty, Alumni, and Students, to take the whole matter in charge and push it through to completion. Dr. Whittier has been selected to represent the Faculty, and Crawford, '95, and Minot, '96, to represent the student body. Two members to represent the Alumni are yet to be selected. The committee are already busy, and funds are being collected to begin work at once. The question of a site is an important one to be settled. The subject of the track is discussed at length elsewhere in this issue. With a little manifestation of enthusiasm and energy Bowdoin men will soon have an athletic field that will enable the college to add much to its good record in all branches of college sports.

## Athletics.

### BASE-BALL.

Portland, 17; Bowdoin, 1.

The active base-ball season of '95 opened on the delta, Tuesday afternoon, April 23d, with a game between the college nine and the Portland League team. It was only a practice game, to be sure, but the practice resulted much the more satisfactorily to the league men. Neither team was in good condition, and Bowdoin's fielding was very loose. Each team tried three pitchers in the box. The following detailed score tells the story:

#### PORTLAND.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slater, 2b., . . . . .	4	2	2	2	6	1	0
Spill, s.s., . . . . .	4	1	2	3	1	1	0
Leighton, c.f., . . . . .	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Goodhart, c., 1b., . . . . .	5	2	1	1	10	1	0
Gannon, r.f., p., . . . . .	3	3	0	0	0	1	0
Magoon, 3b., . . . . .	5	2	2	3	1	3	1
McManus, 1b., c., . . . . .	4	3	0	0	6	0	0
Demill, l.f., . . . . .	5	3	2	3	3	0	0
Ashe, p., r.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	2	0	1	0
Daniels, p., . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals, . . . . .	40	17	10	14	27	9	1

#### BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	4	1	2	2	3	3	1
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Perkins, 2b., . . . . .	2	0	1	1	3	1	3
Haines, r.f., c., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	3
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	4	0	0
Wilson, c., r.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	2	0	1
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	3	0	2	2	1	1	0
Willard, 1b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	9	0	2
Lovejoy, p., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Harris, p., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	2	1
Bodge, p., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals, . . . . .	27	1	5	5	24	9	12

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Portland, . . . . .	7	5	0	0	2	1	2	0	x-17
Bowdoin, . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Two-base hits—Spill, Magoon, Demill and Ashe. Base on balls—Slater 2, Spill 2, Leighton, Goodhart, Gannon, McManus, Hull and Perkins. Hit by pitched balls—Gannon 2. Double plays—Spill and McManus, Spill, Slater and McManus, and Perkins and Willard. Time, 2 hours. Attendance, 300. Umpire, Mr. Kelley of Lewiston.

Lewiston, 9; Bowdoin, 4.

Wednesday, April 24th, our nine met the Lewiston league team on the delta, and put up a game that was a very refreshing contrast to the exhibition of the previous day. The fielding was much more sharp and steady, and the batting was harder and more timely. The most noticeable weakness was careless base running, and this cost several runs. The pitching and batting of Mains was a feature of Lewiston's work. Bodge did effective work in the box, and Coburn's star catch won much applause. Fairbanks and Leighton did good work, and most of the new men showed marked improvement. The detailed score follows:

#### LEWISTON.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flack, l.f., 3b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	2	1	1
Pattee, 2b., . . . . .	5	0	0	0	6	0	1
Jack, r.f., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Lehane, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	3	0	0
Slattery, c., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	3	1	2
Bradley, s.s., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	1	1	2
Burke, c., . . . . .	3	2	2	3	7	0	0
Quinlan, 3b., c., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	4	2	0
Mains, p., l.f., . . . . .	4	1	4	5	0	8	0
Viau, p., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	5	0
Totals, . . . . .	35	9	10	12	27	18	6

#### BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	5	1	2	2	3	1	1
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Perkins, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	1	2	2
Haines, c., . . . . .	2	0	1	1	3	0	0
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	2	2	1	0	1
Harris, r.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	4	1	1	2	3	4	1
Willard, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	8	0	0
Bodge, p., . . . . .	2	1	1	2	1	5	0
Toothaker, p., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	1	0
Wilson, c., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	3	1	0
Totals, . . . . .	37	4	10	12	24	15	5

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Lewiston, . . . . .	2	2	3	0	2	0	0	0	x-9
Bowdoin, . . . . .	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1-4

Two-base hits—Burke, Mains, Leighton and Bodge. Bases on balls—Flack and Bradley. Hit by pitched ball—Jack. Struck out—by Mains 7, by Viau 2, by Bodge 3. Passed balls—Wilson 2, Haines. Wild pitch—Bodge. Double plays—Slattery unassisted; Bradley, Pattee and Lehane. Time, 1 h. 50 m. Umpire, Mr. Kelley of Lewiston.

Portland, 11; Bowdoin, 3.

On Fast-Day, April 25th, Bowdoin played the Portland league team in Portland before nearly 3,000 people. The college team made a better

showing than in the first game, but still did not have a true pennant-winning pace. Both Bodge and Harris did well as pitchers and held the league batters down in fine style. Bowdoin's fielding errors were frequent and costly. Leighton led at the bat. The detailed score follows:

PORTLAND.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slater, 1b., . . . . .	3	4	1	1	7	1	0
Spill, s.s., . . . . .	4	2	0	0	3	1	1
Leighton, c.f., . . . . .	5	3	2	2	1	0	0
Lauder, 2b., . . . . .	6	1	2	3	2	3	1
Goodhart, c., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	4	1	0
McManus, c., . . . . .	2	0	1	1	2	0	1
Demill, i.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Magoon, 3b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	3	0	0
Gray, 3b., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	1	2	0
Mann, r.f., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Ashe, p., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hannifin, p., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Gannon, p., . . . . .	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Daniels, p., . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	40	11	8	9	27	9	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	1	3	1
Hull, i.f., . . . . .	3	2	0	0	0	0	1
Perkins, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	4	1
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	4	0	2	3	2	4	2
Haines, c., r.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	5	0	2
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Williard, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	12	0	4
Bodge, p., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	2	4	0
Harris, p., r.f., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Wilson, c., . . . . .	2	1	1	1	3	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	34	3	7	8	27	15	12

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Portlands, . . . . .	3	1	0	4	2	0	0	1	0-11
Bowdoins, . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	3

Earned runs—Portlands 1. Two-base hit—Lauder, W. Leighton. Sacrifice hit—J. Leighton. Stolen bases—Slater 3, Laudier, Goodheart 2, Demill, Magoon 4, Hull, Haines, Coburn. Bases on balls—by Hannifin, Wilson; by Bodge, Slater, Spill 2, Demill, Mann; by Harris, Demill. Hit by pitched ball—by Ashe, Hull; by Bodge, Slater 2; by Harris, Gannon. First base on errors—Portlands 7, Bowdoins 1. Passed balls—Haines 2. Wild pitch—Bodge, Harris. Struck out—by Ashe, Willard; by Daniels, Harris; by Bodge, Laudier, Magoon, Spill, Goodheart; by Harris, Gray, Mann 2. Time, 1 hour 50 minutes. Umpire, James E. Hassett.

*Bowdoin, 6; Boston College, 1.*

On Saturday, April 28th, our nine played its fourth game of the week, defeating the Boston College team 6 to 1. The game was called in the seventh, that the visitors might catch the Boston boat at Bath. Bowdoin put up a star fielding game,

its three errors all being on very hard chances. The batting was timely but not hard. Leighton accepted nine chances at short without an error. Dane was tried at second and did well. Harris pitched a most satisfactory game, and the visitors could not get hits when they were needed. The detailed score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	3	2	1	1	1	0	1
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	7	2	0
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	0	0	1
Bodge, 1b., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	8	0	0
Hull, i.f., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	0	0	1
Perkins, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	2	1	0	0	2	1	0
Wilson, c., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	3	2	0
Harris, p., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	0	8	0
Totals, . . . . .	27	6	5	5	21	14	3

BOSTON COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bergin, 3b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	4	0	1
Kerrins, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	2	2	6	0	0
McDermod, c., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	2	1	1
Walsh, 2b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	2	2	3
Murphy, i.f., . . . . .	3	0	1	2	1	0	0
Hartz, s.s., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	2	1	4
Farrel, c.f., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	1	1	0
Wefers, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	0	0	1
O'Brien, p., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	5	0
Totals, . . . . .	28	1	7	8	18	10	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoin, . . . . .	1	1	0	1	3	0	x-6
Boston College, . . . . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	0-1

Two-base hit—Murphy. Passed ball—McDermod. Wild pitch—Harris. Base on balls—Fairbanks, Dane, O'Brien. Struck out—by Harris 4, by O'Brien 1. Double play—Hartz, Walsh, and Kerrins. Time—1 h. 15m. Umpire—Merrill.

FIELD AND TRACK.

It is indeed a pleasure to note the interest which the candidates for the Athletic Team are showing in their work. This is as it should be, and though there is room for more men and more enthusiasm, we may rest content with the knowledge that honest work is being done and that certainly some amount of success will be the result.

The training for the team is not the most attractive and alluring work, rather it is to the contrary. Day after day the men must go out and do their proper and needful work, and rarely, if ever, are they encouraged by the cheering of their college mates. It is certainly monotonous, but on the other hand the reward is great. The pleasure for their pains comes in the full consciousness of

work well done, and the knowledge that in this one way, through this one channel, they have helped to make the name of their *Alma Mater* even fairer in the close scrutiny of the outer college world. So, when the training seems to become almost too hard, and through a small fissure in our armor of courage and hope, a bacillus of discouragement and even of despair creeps in, "take a brace"—as it were—and be fully assured that all this hard labor and denied pleasures are equipping you not only for some one athletic event but for the life struggle which has need of all possible fortitude, strength, and skill. Remember that the whole college body, Faculty and students, and our patriotic graduates are with you heart and hand, and that your success means more than a medal won or a record made.

The appended list of candidates is doubtless inaccurate and incomplete, but at this stage of the season this must be pardoned.

#### 100-YARDS DASH.

Doherty, J. S. French, Andrews, Kyes, Murphy, McMillan, White, '97, Kendall, Stanwood, Moulton.

#### 220-YARDS DASH.

Knowlton, Doherty, Shaw, Andrews, Horne, Pierce, '98, Stetson, '98.

#### 440-YARDS DASH.

Doherty, Wiley, Shaw, Kyes, Murphy, Booker, Shordon, Stetson, '98, Kendall, Stanwood.

#### ONE-HALF MILE.

Plumstead, Ordway, Booker, Hall, Bisbee, Pierce, '98, Moulton.

#### MILE RUN.

Soule, '95, Oakes, Ordway, Fogg, C. G., Bass, Smith, '97, Lamb, Bisbee, Wiggin.

#### TWO-MILE RUN.

Soule, '95, Bass, Hall.

#### MILE WALK.

Fogg, C. G., Bradbury, Warren, '96, French, '97, Pettengill.

#### 220-YARDS HURDLE.

Doherty, '95, Shaw, Horne, Kendall.

#### 120-YARDS HURDLE.

Lord, '95, Horne.

#### HIGH JUMP.

Borden, Bates, Smith, Kendall, Stanwood.

#### BROAD JUMP.

J. S. French, Lord, '95.

#### POLE VAULT.

W. S. A. Kimball, Bates, Haskell, Smith, McMillan, Stanwood, Minott.

#### 16-POUND SHOT.

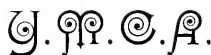
G. L. Kimball, Bates, Baker, Stone, White, '97, W. W. Spear.

#### 16-POUND HAMMER.

G. L. Kimball, Bates, Baker, Stone, Worthing, White, '97, W. W. Spear.

#### TWO-MILE BICYCLE.

Colby, Stearns, McIntire.



The Thursday evening meetings will be led by members of the Senior Class for the remainder of this term.

Mr. Eddy, one of the traveling secretaries for the Students' Volunteer Movement for Missions, will visit our Y. M. C. A. on May 4th and 5th. Mr. Eddy is a graduate of Yale, '92, and is deferring his preparation for work in India that he may deliver his message to college students. He will probably address the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon, May 5th. He is an interesting speaker, and all should come to hear him.

The Y. M. C. A. committee for the ensuing year are as follows:

Committee on Work for New Students—J. G. Haines, '97; H. M. Bisbee, '98; J. E. Rhodes, '97.

Committee on Religious Meetings—H. O. Clough, '96; J. G. Haines, '97; A. W. Blake, '98.

Committee on Finance—A. P. Cook, '97; J. P. Russell, '97; E. T. Minott, '98.

Committee on Intercollegiate Relations—C. C. Smith, '98; C. G. Fogg, '96; C. F. Kendall, '98.

Committee on Missions—C. B. Lamb, '97; H. M. Bisbee, '98; A. W. Blake, '98.

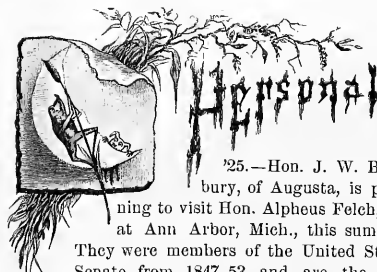
Committee on Hand-Book—A. P. Cook, '97; J. E. Rhodes, '97; J. W. Hewitt, '97.

"Alas! if I have been a servant at all I have been an unprofitable one; and yet I have loved goodness, and longed to bring my imaginative poetic temperament into true subjection. I stand ashamed, and almost despairing, before holy and pure ideals. As I read the New Testament I feel how weak, irresolute and frail I am, and how little I can rely on anything save our God's mercy and infinite compassion, which I reverently and thankfully own, have followed me through life, and the assurance of which is my sole ground of hope for myself, and for those I love and pray for."

—J. G. WHITTIER.

Professor Dana, who died a few weeks since, was an eminent scientist and a recognized authority. He was very conservative, and he was not inclined to accept the theory of evolution when it was first advanced by Darwin. Further study and research, however, not only convinced him of the probable truth of the theory, but enabled him to reconcile it with the account of creation in Genesis. The short chapter, in his *Manual of Geology*, devoted to Cosmogony, is well worth reading by all who are interested in the opinion of a conservative but able scientist. The chapter closes with these words:

"The record in the Bible is, therefore, profoundly philosophical in the scheme of creation which it presents. It is both true and divine. It is a declaration of authorship, both of Creation, and the Bible, on the first page of the sacred volume. There can be no real conflict between the two Books of the Great Author. Both are revelations made by Him to Man,—the earlier telling of God-made harmonies, coming up from the deep past, and rising to their height when Man appeared; the latter teaching Man's relations to his Maker and speaking of loftier harmonies in the eternal future."



'25.—Hon. J. W. Bradbury, of Augusta, is planning to visit Hon. Alpheus Felch, '27, at Ann Arbor, Mich., this summer. They were members of the United States Senate from 1847-53, and are the only survivors of that senate. It is interesting to note that both are Bowdoin men, and it goes to show that graduates from the old Maine College have healthy bodies as well as strong minds.

'49.—Joseph Williamson, Esq., of Belfast, the well-known historian, has been working for some time on a bibliography of Maine, in which the names of all Maine authors and the titles of their works are to appear. While fugitive pieces in daily and weekly journals must of necessity be omitted, brief monographs, published essays, sermons, and memoirs will be included. It is understood that this book, which will be invaluable as a work of reference, is soon to be published.

'52.—Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, of New York City, will deliver the address in Brunswick, on Memorial Day. All students remaining in town should not fail to hear this honored graduate.

'57.—Bowdoin has lost another of her prominent sons, the Rev. Henry R. Howard, who died at Tullahoma, Tenn., on March 20th. He was born in Portland, Me., May 5, 1838, and was a son of Judge Howard, who was mayor of Portland at the time the Prince of Wales was in the city. He was graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of '57. After leaving college he became rector of the Episcopal Church, Hallowell, Me., and later at Potsdam, N. Y., and Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Howard received the degree S.T.D. from Saint Stephens College, N. Y. He was a leading Mason, having been Grand Master of the Grand Council of Tennessee. The body was brought to Portland for burial and was met at the station by Governor Cleaves, who was his kinsman, and a delegation of Masonic officers.

'61.—Hon. C. B. Rounds has just closed his third term as judge of the municipal court of Calais, and now retires from that position. Mr. Rounds resigned the office of attorney for Washington County to accept this position about twelve years ago. In the former office he had been very successful, losing only three cases for seven years, and during the last four years that he acted as county attorney no indictment was lost in any manner, and no case was carried to the law court. Such a record has never been surpassed before or since in Washington County, and probably has never been equaled in this state. In his office as judge, he has tried and disposed of over 5,500 cases, and out of that large number only four cases have been appealed and tried in the Supreme Judicial Court and in no case on exceptions to the law court or on appeal, have his judgments been overruled upon evidence such as appeared before him. These facts speak well for the care, ability, and judicial fitness of Judge Rounds for the important office he has filled.

'62.—Frank R. Hill, the new secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, has just issued his first annual report.

'63.—Rev. Newman Smyth has an article in the April *Forum*, entitled, "Suppression of the Lottery and Other Gambling." Dr. Smyth as president of the New Haven Law and Order League is carrying on a vigorous and successful crusade against the gamblers in that city.

'75.—Rev. G. C. Cressy, Ph.D., has just published through the press of Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, an attractive little book called "The Essential Man;

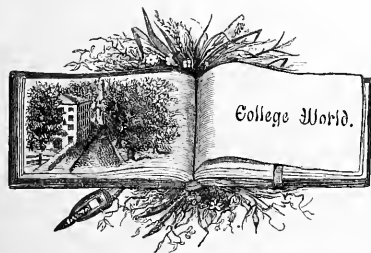
a Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason." Mr. Cressy is now pastor of the famous old Unitarian Church of Salem, and has won a high name as an able writer on theological subjects.

'77.—Dr. John F. Hill, Med. '77, and Judge J. A. Peters, Hon. '85, are being mentioned prominently among those who may be the next Republican candidate for Governor of Maine.

'89.—James L. Doherty, who has been practicing law in Old Town, has moved to Springfield, Mass., instead of Pittsfield, as was stated in the last ORIENT. His new address is 34 Court Square Theatre Building, Springfield, Mass.

'93.—George W. Shay, who has been studying law with Baker & Staples of Augusta, has gone to York, where he will teach a ten weeks' term of the High School.

'94.—F. A. Frost is now on the staff of the *Lawrence Daily Eagle*.



He wrote a verse on "Trilby,"  
To keep up with the fad;  
The editor declined it  
Because its feet were bad. —*Ex.*

Joseph Jefferson's lecture at Harvard will probably be given some time during May.

The joint debate between Pennsylvania and Cornell at Philadelphia resulted in victory for Pennsylvania.

The jurisdiction of the athletic association at Johns Hopkins has been limited to tennis, indoor athletics, and track contests.

#### MULTUM IN PARVO.

"One swallow does not make a summer,"  
A long-forgotten poet sings,  
But I have seen a small grasshopper  
Make half a dozen springs. —*Ex.*

Harvard's 'varsity crew, in training this season, will be given long walks of eight or ten miles, instead of runs as heretofore.

A student excursion has been arranged by the University of Pennsylvania by which two months can be spent in England, Scotland, and Germany for \$250.

The Harvard Freshman base-ball team will play sixteen games, of which ten will be on the home grounds. They will have a training table from May 1st till the close of the season.

The Yale-Harvard whist tournament will be held at Cambridge on May 22d.

#### A USURPED PREROGATIVE.

The men in jokes no longer lose  
Their collar buttons, as of yore,  
But the modern maid with stiff shirt-waist  
Now gropes around on the dusty floor.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

The students of St. Johns College, Shanghai, China, publish a paper printed in English.

It has been finally decided that the University of California will send a team of athletes to the East this spring. All arrangements have been made, the money collected, and several of the men picked. Some of them have made first-rate performances, especially in the shorter distances.

Mrs. Leland Stanford proposes to enlarge Stanford University to three times its present size.

#### IN APRIL.

All day the grass made my feet glad;  
I watched the bright life thrill  
To each leaf-tip and flower-lip:  
Swift winds that swept the hill,  
In garden nook, light lingering, shook  
The budding daffodil.

I know not if the earth have kept  
Work-day or festival:  
The sparrow sings of nesting things,  
Blithely the robins call;  
And loud I hear, from marsh-pools near,  
The hyas at night-fall.

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

The student body at Vassar has voted to establish an Athletic Association, and a committee has been appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws.

Nine students were recently expelled from the Illinois University for kidnapping some Freshmen and thus detaining them from a banquet.

Yale is considering the advisability of giving up compulsory chapel.

There are in the Yale Trophy Room forty-seven base-balls won in the games with Princeton, forty-six in games with Harvard, and fourteen in games with Pennsylvania.

There are from 1,500 to 2,000 American students in France.

New York City has \$16,000,000 invested in school sites and buildings.

He belonged to the Fifth Army Corps,  
And was just going out of the corps,  
When a big iron weight  
Fell down on his peight;  
'Twas dreadful the way that he sworps.

—Ez.

Columbia boasts eighteen college publications.

A gun club has been organized at Columbia College.

Arithmetical notation by the nine digits and zero was used in Hindostan in the sixth century.



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VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 15, 1895.

No. 2.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The ORIENT would like to know:  
Any reason why all Bowdoin men should not read President Hyde's new book.

If it is not time for evening concerts on the Art Building steps.

Why it would not be a pretty custom for the Seniors to wear caps and gowns the last month or two of the spring term.

Any good reason why quite a number of Bowdoin athletic records will not be broken this spring.

Why Bowdoin men do not appreciate more the many beautiful walks in the immediate vicinity of the campus.

What college has a more universally and deservedly popular Faculty than Bowdoin.

Chapel excuse there can be for cutting chapel this term.

If it is true that no more stone ivy leaves, bearing the class numerals, will be allowed on the college buildings to mark the spot where each Junior class plants its ivy.

Why the custom of a Sophomore prize debate shall not be made permanent, until from it spring public inter-class and college debates, and then Maine intercollegiate debates.

Why more quiet and respectful behavior would not be much better than that which so often marks our attendance at chapel.

When that trial is coming off.

What series of assemblies has ever been more successful and enjoyable than that which we have had this year.

Why those Freshmen don't brace up and show a little spunk and spirit in putting a crew on the river.

And many more things, part of which will be mentioned later.

WE rejoice in every evidence of alumni interest in our athletic work. Success in athletics now does so much to establish the standing of a college in public opinion, and to attract young men, that alumni can well afford to take a keen interest in a matter of so much importance to their *Alma Mater*. They cannot but realize the change since their day, when, if it were very far in the past, athletics were a much less important phase of college life. Even if they sometimes grumble at the extent to which athletic interests are occasionally carried, they are nevertheless pleased at every contest won by the representatives of their old college and chagrined when defeat is met. Thus the best of motives inspired our Boston alumni to send their recent spirited communication concerning base-ball, and we think the student body appreciated the situation and received it in the same spirit in which it was sent. The inauspicious opening of our base-ball season and the two defeats of our Massachusetts trip, have not been a source of pride to the students any more than to the Boston alumni, but we feel sure the latter are much mistaken in the reasons they assign for our defeats. Some of these reasons may have been true of the past, but not of the present. Yet the suggestions of the communication are good, and it is helpful to know they keep so close a watch over our teams. We trust they are equally mindful of the work we have done and are doing in other branches of athletics, as foot-ball, tennis, field and track sports, and row-

ing. Our base-ball team this year is weaker than usual, weaker than it ought to be, yet to strengthen it in the manner in which so many college teams are made strong, to use the means used by so many colleges in winning victories, would not, we are sure, meet the approval of our alumni in Boston or elsewhere, while to strengthen it by more legitimate methods is a slower and less sure task. It may not be modest to parade our virtues, but the ORIENT claims that Bowdoin's record in athletics is a pure and clean one, that no just charge of professionalism or semi-professionalism can be brought against members of our base-ball or other teams, that no man is paid or otherwise "induced" to come here to take part in athletics, and that we are prouder to receive defeats with our present team, honestly composed of Bowdoin students, than we should be to win victories with a team composed as are so many of the so-called college teams whom we meet. Other colleges promise "scholarships" to athletes, make them "presents," see that their tuition or room or board does not cost them any money, and in various other ways attract athletes from fitting schools, and hire them to play on the college team. Bowdoin does not indulge in any such methods, and many athletes who have vainly sought for such inducements here have, in the past few years, gone to other colleges. To this, more than to any other cause, the present relative weakness of our college in base-ball is due. If our Boston alumni wish us to strengthen our team in the way our opponents often do, one course is open to them; a course, however, which we think they will refuse to take. In '93, we wish also to remind our Boston alumni, our team won the Maine championship; and last year, not being in the league, it won five victories, and met but two defeats, among the strong Massachusetts teams. This year we certainly made a poor begin-



ning, but in spite of the serious handicap mentioned above, we feel confident our team will yet give a good account of itself before the close of the season. In behalf of the college the ORIENT thanks our Boston alumni for their deep interest in our athletic welfare as expressed in their letter. It would be a vast help to us if closer relations existed between alumni and students concerning our athletics. Other colleges get great benefit from the oversight of graduate committees, and the resulting moral and financial support. Bowdoin should profit by their example. Perhaps if the alumni were asked once in a while, instead of not at all, to contribute money to the support of our athletic interests, it would arouse their enthusiasm and bring about the desired closer relations. An opportunity in this line is given them, now that we are trying to build an athletic field, and we trust the alumni will prove equal to the occasion.

IN connection with the work on a college paper nothing is more pleasant and beneficial than the perusal of our exchanges as they arrive issue after issue. We are thus brought into contact, as it were, with many scores of educational institutions, large and small, all over the continent, learning much about them, their lines of thought and work, their sports, and the general life of their students. We thoroughly appreciate all our many exchanges, and hope the ORIENT is as welcome to their sanctums as is each one of our visitors to ours. Some years ago, when exchanges were fewer and college editors apparently had more time than now at their disposal, the exchange department was conducted in a different manner than it is now. Now it is filled, in nearly all college papers as well as the ORIENT, with bits of borrowed verse and items of general interest to the college world, but then it was filled with comments, eulogistic or condemnatory, of

articles in exchanges, or of happenings in other colleges, often leading to sharp controversy between editors, and making the department a medium of communication between them. While this might have been helpful and interesting to the editors, it made the department of little interest to the readers. Now it would be an endless task to say the many kind words we gladly would of our individual exchanges, or to follow up the quarrels that would surely arise if a start were made in the line of adverse criticism wherever it is needed. But we wish the student body might get more benefit from our exchanges than is now possible. With the exception of a few on the ORIENT staff no student reads, or knows anything about, the scores of publications we receive, so ably representative of the colleges and universities of the country. It would be a pleasure and benefit to us all to have a more intimate knowledge of our sister colleges of New England and the East, to say nothing of the more distant seats of higher education in the West and South. It would make us broader in our views and more truly college men, and at the same time increase our loyalty to our own college. Since the ORIENT was deprived of its office, on the remodeling of Maine Hall, there has been no suitable place where our exchanges could be kept on file, easily accessible to all students. There seems to be no room in the reading-room or library, and the prospect for a general office or headquarters for the ORIENT is still dim indeed. We hope some place may be arranged soon, so that all in college can enjoy the ORIENT'S exchanges. In the meantime we ask all to feel free in examining them in the rooms of the exchange editor or the editor-in-chief.

ARE the Freshmen dead or sleeping, that they do not buy their shell and put their crew on the river in preparation for the annual class race? The Sophomore crew is

hard at work, and '98 will be the laughing-stock of the college if it does not manifest more spirit and energy. There is no excuse for the delay that is proving fatal to their athletic standing and their good name as a class in Bowdoin.

**T**HE annual meeting and banquet of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association will be held at Worcester, on the evening of May 18th. The ORIENT has received a kind invitation to send delegates, but will probably not be represented this year. This association is an influential organization, and is of much benefit to the college papers belonging to it.

**T**HE ORIENT has been favored with a copy of the advance sheets of the '96 *Bugle*, and can assure the many who are anxiously awaiting its appearance that our college annual this year will be of an unusually high standard of excellence. The volume is much the largest that has ever appeared; it has many original features, and all the usual departments are strengthened. The *Bugle* is now in the hands of the binders, and will be ready for distribution in a few days.

### Molly.

**P**EALS of girlish laughter resound in the morning air. The artist, amazed at this abrupt reminder of civilization, starts involuntarily to his feet, and, in his alacrity, overturns the easel before him, thereby causing sad havoc among his brushes, pencils, and other artistic paraphernalia. As he stands, unmindful of the destruction his impulsive haste has wrought, he suddenly becomes aware that a remarkably pretty, if rather saucy-looking, representative of humanity is regarding him with evident amusement. Yet before the bashful youth can regain his self-possession, this fairy-like maiden murmurs an inaudible excuse, and,

followed by a huge mastiff—her sole companion—immediately disappears from view. The next instant, the shy and timid artist, Rorie Adell, is engaged in pursuing a fleeting vision of loveliness.

It is the latter part of April. Peeping from beneath the snow, fast melting in the morning sun, are tiny patches of grass, whose brilliant color of green produces the sharpest contrast with the bleak surroundings. In the distance, the lofty mountains of the Presidential Range stand like grim sentinels, guarding Mother Nature in her winter's sleep. But the beauties of landscape are lost to our impulsive artist: he beholds but one object—the Daphne of his Apollo-like pursuit. Yet it is extremely doubtful if the god of mythological repute was more bewildered at the transformation of the coquettish nymph than was the insignificant Rorie when, overtaking the object of his chase, the young lady turns a pair of mild blue eyes upon him, as if demanding an explanation of his intrusion. Confused, as he undoubtedly is, the peculiarity of her expression—half defiant, half playful—strikes Rorie, even then, as strangely familiar.

Suddenly his thoughts go back to those merry days of college life when he, the lawless sophomore, was the spoiled pet of a neighboring "fem. sem." He recalls the lavish banquets, unknown to "prex" or faculty; he remembers the merry maidens of the seminary, who, with their quaint beauty and bewitching smiles, won the tender heart of many a susceptible youth; and, oddly enough, he beholds, as in a vision, the romping, fearless, fun-loving Molly. She had been his companion in the many adventures that college life is heir to, until, detected one fatal evening in the act of entertaining the young ladies of the seminary at a midnight symposium, she had been unceremoniously expelled.

For an instant Rorie stands gazing at the

girl, as if unwilling to believe the evidence of his eyes, then he exclaims: "By Jove! It is Molly."

At this the girl, unable longer to control her features, laughs merrily.

"Oh, Rorie!" she says, after greeting the comrade of her school days, "Oh, Rorie! you'll be the death of me."

"Judging from your laughter," the young man replies, "I have not a doubt of it." Then after a slight pause, he continues, "So this is the mountain home whose beauty you were so fond of extolling in the days of 'auld lang syne.'"

Thus, at her side Rorie wanders on, all unconscious of his neglected and half-finished sketch, which the vision of the beautiful Molly has completely obliterated from his mind. At length the mountain path terminates, and he beholds, situated in the center of the broad and level expanse below, the summer residence of his fair companion.

There is little need of mentioning that the days which followed were more often devoted to Mollie than to the pursuance of Rorie's chosen profession. They walked, sailed, and drove together. All scenes of picturesque and historic interest were visited in their woodland rambles, for the most secluded glen of the remotest mountain was not unknown to Molly. All too quickly the days passed, and Rorie still remained entranced by the blue eyes and golden hair of this bewitching maiden.

It was now the first of May—a day destined to be long remembered by the inhabitants of this romantic summer resort. Rorie, mounted on his fiery steed—a spirited animal obtained from the village livery stable—patiently awaits the appearance of Molly. She arrives ere long, and together they ride away at a terrific pace equaled only by Molly's buoyant spirits. The morning is warm and delightful; the sky clear, save for a few fleecy clouds floating lazily

and aimlessly about. In truth, it afterward seemed that fickle and inconstant Fate had decked Mother Earth in her most gorgeous apparel, the better to deceive deluded mortals.

An hour's ride along a rough bridle path brings Rorie and his companion to a deep ravine, where, as Molly confidently asserts, grow the choicest May-flowers. High walls of stone hem in the gorge, and huge boulders, projecting from the cliff above, seem each moment about to fall to the ravine below. Rorie, first entering the ravine, rides on in advance, when a low murmuring, not unlike the rumble of distant thunder, is borne to his ears. He hears a sharp cry of warning from Molly; as in a dream, he beholds an enormous boulder crashing along the brink of the ledge above; his horse, turning, plunges violently forward, and the next instant, impelled by the approaching rock, horse and rider are hurled to the earth. What follows seems to Rorie, ever after, a confused nightmare. Louder and louder grows the distant rumbling, and, though in a state of semi-consciousness, he becomes aware that Mollie is bending over him.

Crash!

The entire mountain trembles beneath them. Hearing Molly's agonized shriek, "A land-slide! Quick, Rorie, for our lives!" he realizes how devotedly he has learned to love this girl, and would willingly sacrifice his life for her. Gladly would he rescue her from impending Fate; crushed and mangled, he lies helpless. "Leave me," he cries, "while there is yet time for escape."

It is not a time for false pride, and the girl urges him to make an effort for her sake. With almost hurculean energy, she assists him to the saddle of her mare, Zephyr, for Rorie's horse lies stunned by his fall. With all possible haste, she mounts behind him, and, giving loose rein to the mare, urges her onward, bearing her double burden from

the jaws of Death. Once during that race for life, consciousness returning, Rorie knows that this frail girl is supporting his almost lifeless body with strength quite super-human.

On sweeps the avalanche, bearing to a horrible death all creatures in its path. How unavailing is human power to check its swift descent! With every nerve strained to its utmost tension, the fleet Zephyr springs forward, obeying the command of her young mistress. Down the steep mountain path she flies, undaunted by the streams and boulders which blockade her way. Onward, over bridge and mossy bank, she speeds, until there remains but one long hill, sloping gradually to the level meadow below. The land-slide, as though borne on Death's swift pinions, is almost upon them.

Even now masses of ice and stone fall thick and fast, heralding its dreaded approach. Molly, breathing a prayer to Heaven, raises her whip and strikes the mare with quick and cutting blows. Zephyr, unused to this cruel treatment from the hand of the gentle Molly, rushes onward with renewed vigor. Down the path she flees, understanding, with almost human instinct, that on her speed depends the fate of her fair mistress. The avalanche is close upon them: an instant more and they will be swept to the earth, bruised and mangled. With a terrific burst of speed the mare has gained the meadow. On, on she flies, nor pauses till safe from the land-slide's fury. The next moment this seething mass of earth and snow descends crashing to the plain.

The rest is briefly related. Thanks to the ministrations of tender and loving hands, Rorie soon recovers from the disastrous effects of his adventure, and when some months later he returns to his city home, he is accompanied by his fair young bride, Molly.

A tiny streak on the side of a far distant mountain, even now, can be plainly descried

from the little summer resort in which all this took place. It resembles a huge ledge, or bank of snow unmelted by the summer sun. Many tourists conjecture with respect to its strange appearance, yet few have heard the story of the land-slide, or take the trouble to visit this remote spot and observe its path.

### The Ghostly Hand.

ON the eve before Thanksgiving, in the year 1881, we were seated around a blazing fire in the broad open fire-place; father, mother, my two brothers, three sisters, and that personage who was at that time engaged in shaping the destinies and moulding the educational character of the rising generation, to wit, the schoolmarm. I was half-sitting, half-lying, against mother's lap, listening to their talk as it drifted from one thing to another, and finally they spoke of the next day, when all people were to render thanks to God for His goodness and mercy to them.

"And that reminds me," said father. "Come, Frank, you hold the lantern for me, so I can get those turkeys; they are quiet by this time and I can get them without any trouble."

I at once lighted the lantern and we started for the barn. I was ahead, and as we entered the great barn, I could not help feeling queerly. There came over me a strange sensation of something, I knew not what, and had not father been with me, I should have started post-haste for the house.

We passed down the long barn floor, our bodies casting grotesque shadows on the great mows of hay, and our heights almost equalling Gulliver's "sixty-footers." Down by the horse-stalls, until we came to the sheep-pen. Leading along one side of this, and connecting the two barns, was a walk about five feet wide and seven feet from the floor below. As I stepped on to this walk

and looked down, I noticed that the sheep were huddled together at the lower end of the shed, and almost involuntarily I flashed my light down to see what the trouble was. The sight I saw I can never forget; perhaps it was not very blood-curdling; perhaps the reader may smile when I tell what I saw; perhaps it wasn't worth getting scared at; but the impression it made on my youthful mind can never be effaced. Directly underneath me was a man's hand grasping a sheep's leg. Had I seen his whole body I should not have been so badly frightened, but there appeared to be something weird, something ghostly and uncanny, about his long bony fingers, and innumerable ghost-stories and visions of grave-yards flashed across my mind. I had just sense enough left to run to the house, call my brothers, and fall fainting on the lounge.

When I came to, my first words were: "Have they got him?"

"Hush! don't speak so loud," said mother. "He will hear you. They have bound him in the other room, and have gone after an officer."

When the officer came they found out that they had captured an old offender, wanted for crimes in several States. He said he had become hungry, and thought he would take a sheep to his camp, back in the woods, for his Thanksgiving dinner. He was taken to jail, tried, and is now paying for his mutation in the State's prison.

Thus ended the episode in which I played so fleeting a part. But for years afterwards I did not dare go to that barn alone after dark. And often in my sleep I would cry out, thinking I saw a ghostly hand about to grasp me.

The celebrated Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard was one hundred years old last winter. During commencement week a most elaborate centennial will be observed.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Freshman's Song of Spring.

Now vanished are the wintry snows;  
The robins joyous sing,  
And gently now the zephyr blows,  
For this is gladsome spring.

All Nature's decked in colors gay,  
And mortals now are glad—  
The Freshman groans in blank dismay,  
For he alone is sad.

The floods descend upon his head;  
His life is damp and drear;  
His timid soul is filled with dread;—  
Yes, merry spring is here.

### Hero and Leander.

Leander was a young gallant,  
Who once did woo, they say,  
Fair Hero, maid of beauty rare,  
In quite a novel way.

Upon each night at dusk, 'tis told,  
It was Leander's whim  
To leap into the foaming deep,  
The Hellespont to swim.

He braved the perils of the sea  
Without a sigh or moan;  
He knew that on the sandy beach  
His Hero pined alone.

When they'd caressed each other long,  
As only lovers may,  
He'd dash again into the main,  
And homeward swim away.

But in the wild tempestuous sea,  
Where breakers roar and bound,  
Upon one dark and gloomy night  
This noble lad was drowned.

Leander's corse poor Hero found  
Upon the beach next day,  
And with one last despairing cry  
She plunged into the spray.

No more, upon the sandy shore,  
They shall again meander—  
Such, the fate of the lovers true,  
Hero and Leander.

### Colonel and I.

Come, Colonel, fill your briar up;  
Come, sit before the fire,  
And, as the coal burns lower down,  
Our smoke goes curling higher.

Tobacco is a solace dear  
That conquers care and sorrow;  
A satisfaction warms within  
Nor troubles o'er the morrow.

We do not wish for tedious talk,  
For far more eloquent  
To friend and friend the soothing puffs  
Go curling outward sent.

No studious care shall touch us here,  
No mirth or ill-timed joke—  
We look each otherward and feel  
The sympathy of smoke.

My college friend, you are a friend  
That's very dear to me,  
The very smoke seems pleasanter  
When that I smoke with thee.

So, though the wind hold rout without,  
Around our own bright fire  
We sit and watch the fragrant rings  
Go higher, ever higher.

A college friend, a briar pipe,  
An arm-chair, and a fire,  
The silence still your heart will fill  
The while the smoke goes higher.



The May number of the *American University Magazine* has an illustrated article on the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York. This magazine is rapidly developing and is winning high favor. The May number has many articles of interest to all college men.

Magnificent moonlight nights.

Four weeks more before Ivy Day.

Memorial Day is our next holiday.

Dudley, '95, has returned to college.

The *Bugle* will appear in a few days.

Baldwin, '93, was in town last week.

Sunday trips to the coast are popular.

Lord, '97, presides over the reading-room.

Hicks, '95, returned to college last Sunday.

Z ♣ is holding a society tennis tournament.

Dennison, '95, came back about a week ago.

Summer temperature was reached last week.

Sub-Freshmen are numerous on the campus this term.

Manson, '81, was calling on friends in college recently.

C. M. Brown, '96, expects to return to college next fall.

The Freshman Class has much good tennis material.

The Seniors and Juniors have begun to practice marching.

Eames, '98, has been added to the list of victims of the mumps.

Andrews, '96, was sick at home the first three weeks of the term.

The Freshman nine will play Hebron Academy, at Hebron, May 29th.

Professor MacDonald resumed his work with his classes May 6th.

C. G. Fogg, '96, was one of the mumps victims, but returned May 9th.

French, '97, returned last week after a long illness of typhoid fever.

Badger, '95, returned May 9th after a three weeks' illness with the mumps.

The members of Δ K E are wearing tasty Eton caps, made up in their fraternity colors.

Scott, '98, was welcomed back last week, upon his recovery from quite a long illness.

Bowdoin men will anxiously await the news from Worcester next Saturday evening.

Arbor Day coming on Friday, many improved the occasion to pass a few days at home.

Tennis is the game just now, and all of the dozen courts are occupied most of the time.

Peaks, '96, recovered from his sickness so as to get back to college on Monday, the 6th inst.

Swan, ex-'96, is teaching in the Westbrook High School. He hopes to return to college next fall.

Frost, '96, is teaching in the Eliot High School.

Lord, '95, has been coaching the Thornton Academy boys for the Maine Interscholastic Field Day.

Crittenden, M. S., was called to his home in Haverhill recently by the sudden death of his mother.

The classes in English Literature had several adjourns last week while Professor Chapman was in Bangor.

Marston, '96, is at home and will not join his class this term. He spent several days on the campus recently.

"Where will you spend the vacation?" and "What will you do this summer?" are already getting to be common questions.

Several of the members of the Faculty have succumbed to the popular passion for wheeling and the number is increasing steadily.

A party of students went to Bath a week ago last Monday night to hear Robert Ingersoll lecture on "What Shall I Do to be Saved?"

Chapel at 8.20 this term makes the mornings seem long. Many say they would rather have chapel at 7.40, the usual hour in the spring term.

Max Nordau's book on "Degeneration" is one of the books which has recently been purchased by the library. Another is "A Primer of Evolution."

At a meeting of the Reading-Room Association last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Blodgett; Manager, Lord, '97; Directors, Ordway, Libby, Pierce.

There was a dance given in the court room on May 7th, for the benefit of the High School base-ball team. Quite a number of college boys were present and they unite in reporting a most enjoyable time.

Many of the students spent Arbor Day away. In addition to this holiday the Freshmen had an unusual number of adjourns last week. So some went home early in the week, to return not until Monday.

The following '96 men have been appointed to take part in the Junior prize speaking, Monday evening, June 17th: Bates, Clough, Dane, Gilpatric, Knight, Kyes, Libby, Minot, Small, Ward, and Willard.

The subject for the Pray English Prize competition this year is "Villainy in Shakespeare as Depicted in the characters of Shylock, Macbeth,

Richard III., Edmund, and Iago." The articles are due June 1st.

It is claimed the hydrant water is now pure H<sub>2</sub>O, and fit to drink, but it is very difficult to live down old prejudices, and look upon it as anything but an instrument of certain death if used for drinking purposes.

Professor Little meets all who wish to be present, every Monday evening at the library, for a short talk about new books or subjects connected with them. A week ago last Monday night the subject was "Jingoism"; last Monday, "Maps of Maine."

Quite a number of the students are to assist in the "Frogs of Windham" entertainment, which is to be given this week. Among them are: Dewey, Ordway, Willard, Coggan, Remick, Warren, '97, White, '97, and Hamilton.

Five hundred and sixty-one books were taken from the library during April; this gives an average of nineteen a day. On the 6th of the month seventy books went out. So about three hundred more books were loaned during March than during April.

Professor Woodruff and Professor Houghton have been in Boston the past week attending the meeting of the Commission of New England Colleges on Entrance Examinations. So there were no Latin or Greek recitations from Wednesday till Monday.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs are to give a concert on Wednesday, the 15th, for the benefit of track athletics. Considering the use to which the money is to be put and that most of us have not even yet heard the entertainment, the college ought certainly to be well represented.

A feature of the Arbor-Day holiday was the morning game on the delta between the Independents and the Archangels. The former proved victorious, 14 to 3. The batteries were Knowlton and Libby, Shaw and Horne. A triple play was a feature of the Independents' fielding.

The second themes which the Sophomores are to write this term will be due May 16th. These are the subjects: "Arctic Expeditions: What Aid Have They Rendered to Civilization?" "A Pleasant and Profitable Way of Spending a Half Holiday;" "What is Bowdoin's Most Urgent Need?"

The trees are getting well leaved out now; grass of a deep green tinge carpets the campus; the clip of the lawn-mower is heard, and straw bats are in order. While tennis is still as attractive as

ever, the shady depths of the forest are also alluring, and one is well repaid for time spent in these rambles.

The fourth and last Junior Assembly was held on Thursday, the 2d, at the Town Hall. There was a greater than usual number of young ladies from out of town, and this is thought to have been one of the best of a very pleasant series. '96 is to be congratulated upon the success which has attended these assemblies.

## Athletics.

### BASE-BALL.

Tufts, 16; Bowdoin, 8.

April 30th Bowdoin played Tufts at College Hill, the first game of the season outside the state. Tufts had revenge for its defeats by Bowdoin in recent years. Bowdoin played ball in the second inning and then got listless and careless, both at the bat and in the field. The detailed score follows:

#### BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	2	1	1	3	3	1
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	5	0	1	2	3	1
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	0	0
Bodge, p., . . . . .	5	1	1	0	4	1
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	4	2	1	0	0	0
Haines, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	1	1
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	4	2
Wilson, c., . . . . .	4	1	0	7	3	1
Willard, lb., . . . . .	5	1	2	12	0	3
Totals, . . . . .	37	8	9	27	18	10

#### TUFTS.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Corridan, s.s., . . . . .	5	3	3	2	6	1
Foss, c., . . . . .	4	2	0	6	1	1
Johnston, p., . . . . .	5	2	2	0	2	1
Maguire, lb., . . . . .	4	1	1	11	0	0
Smith, l.f., . . . . .	5	1	2	1	0	0
Pierce, 2b., . . . . .	5	2	0	4	3	0
Richardson, 3b., . . . . .	4	1	1	3	1	1
Holbrook, c.f., . . . . .	4	2	1	0	0	0
Ray, r.f., . . . . .	3	2	0	0	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	39	16	10	27	13	4

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	8	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-8
Tufts, . . . . .	6	0	3	0	2	2	0	0	3-16

Two-base hits—Corridan, Smith, Dane, Haines. Sacrifice hits—Foss, Ray. First base on balls—by Bodge 9, by Johnston 7. Passed balls—Wilson 2. Struck out—by Bodge 6, by Johnston 3. Double plays—Corridan, Pierce,

Maguire; Leighton, Dane, Willard. Umpire—Nason of Boston University. Time—2 h. 15 m.

Andover, 23; Bowdoin, 6.

The next day, May 1st, the Bowdoin boys played at Andover and suffered an even worse defeat, after a game that was far from being creditable to our team. The detailed score follows:

#### BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	4	0	1	3	3	3
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	5	0	1	1	2	1
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	3	0	2
Bodge, p., . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0
Harris, p., . . . . .	4	0	1	3	3	1
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	5	1	2	0	0	1
Haines, r.f., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	0	2
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	3	2	0	1	5	0
Wilson, c., . . . . .	3	1	1	4	2	0
Willard, lb., . . . . .	4	1	2	9	1	3
Totals, . . . . .	35	6	9	24	16	13

#### ANDOVER.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Drew, c., . . . . .	5	3	3	9	1	1
Boston, lb., . . . . .	6	3	1	5	0	1
Sedgwick, p., . . . . .	4	3	2	0	2	0
Greenway, l.f., . . . . .	5	2	2	1	0	0
Wardell, r.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	0	0	0
Elliott, 3b., . . . . .	5	3	3	0	2	0
Dayton, c.f., . . . . .	4	3	1	1	0	0
Davis, s.s., . . . . .	4	3	2	6	2	2
Harper, 2b., . . . . .	5	2	1	2	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	41	23	16	24	8	5

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Andover, . . . . .	7	0	7	3	2	2	0	2-23
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	0	4	0	1	1	0-6

Three-base hit—Greenway. Two-base hit—Drew. First base on balls—Harris, Haines, Dane, Wilson, Coburn, Sedgwick, Greenway, Davis 2, Harper. Hit by pitched ball—Sedgwick, Wardell. Passed balls—Wilson 4. Wild pitches—Sedgwick, Harris 2. Struck out—by Sedgwick 9, by Harris 3. Umpire—John Boones of Andover.

M. C. I., 19; Bowdoin, 11.

There is no need to tell the story of this game of May 4th. The Bowdoin nine put up the worst exhibition of ball seen on the delta for many years, and probably the worst that will be seen here in many years to come. Everybody had an off day, and it was simply a tragic comedy of errors. The Pittsfield boys won through no virtue of their own batting or fielding. The game was given them, and they could not help winning. Bodge and Fairbanks did the most creditable work for Bowdoin. The rain interfered with the game, and stopped it in the



eightth inning. The detailed score gives an idea of the fun the visitors had:

M. C. I.									
	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Ferguson, l.f.,	6	3	2	2	2	1	1		
Chadbourn, 3b.,	6	1	1	2	2	1	0		
Graves, 2b., s.s.,	5	2	1	1	1	2	2		
Moore, c.f.,	5	1	0	0	1	0	0		
Friend, 1b.,	5	2	0	0	8	0	1		
Tibbetts, r.f.,	2	3	0	0	2	0	0		
Orcutt, s.s., 2b.,	5	2	0	0	0	1	2		
Somers, c.,	5	3	0	0	7	2	1		
Mildram, p.,	5	2	1	1	1	10	0		
Totals,	44	19	5	6	24	17	7		

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, r.f., 3b.,	5	3	2	4	4	1	2
Leighton, s.s.,	5	2	1	2	1	2	9
Coburn, c.f.,	5	3	1	1	0	0	0
Bodge, p.,	4	1	3	3	0	10	1
Hull, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Willard, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	9	0	3
Dane, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	1	3	4
Wilson, c.,	4	2	1	1	8	3	1
Perkins, 3b., r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	2
Totals,	39	11	10	13	24	20	22

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
M. C. I.,	1	1	0	3	2	1	4	7-19
Bowdoin,	3	2	0	0	2	1	2	1-11

Two-base hits—Chadbourn, Leighton. Three-base hit—Fairbanks. Passed balls—Wilson 5, Somers 1. Wild pitches—Bodge 2. Struck out—by Mildram 7, Bodge 7. Base on balls—Graves, Moore, Friend, Tibbetts. Hit by pitched ball—Tibbetts 2. Double play—Fairbanks, Willard. Time—2h. Umpire—Kelley of Lewiston. Attendance—200.

Bowdoin, '98, 17; Lewiston High School, 4.

The Lewiston High School team was easily defeated by the Bowdoin Freshmen on the college diamond Wednesday afternoon, May 8th. The score was 17 to 4, and the Freshmen outplayed their visitors at every point. Lewiston got but three hits off Stetson and Stanwood. The detailed score follows:

BOWDOIN, '98.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Moulton, l.f.,	6	3	2	2	2	0	0
Perkins, 3b.,	6	5	2	2	2	0	2
Wilson, c.,	5	2	2	2	6	3	1
Sargent, s.s.,	4	1	2	2	0	2	1
Stanwood, r.f., p.,	5	1	1	1	4	5	0
Knight, c.f.,	6	1	1	1	3	1	0
Hunt, 2b.,	5	0	1	1	4	0	0
Stetson, p., r.f.,	6	1	2	2	1	1	2
Gould, 1b.,	3	3	0	0	5	1	0
Totals,	46	17	13	13	27	13	6

LEWISTON HIGH SCHOOL.

	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCarthy, l.f.,	5	2	1	1	1	0	2
Minnehan, s.s.,	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Murphy, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	6	8	2
Lowe, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	10	1	2
Joyce, 3b.,	2	0	0	0	1	2	4
Grant, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Shea, p.,	4	0	0	0	1	6	1
Oliver, c.,	3	1	0	0	5	2	0
Kelliher, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	2	1	0
Totals,	29	4	3	3	27	21	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin, '98,	4	3	2	0	2	0	1	0	5-17
Lewiston H. S.,	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0-4

Passed balls—Wilson 4, Oliver 3. Bases on balls—Sargent 2, Hunt, Gould 3, Minnehan, Lowe 2, Joyce 2, Oliver, Kelliher 2. Hit by pitched ball—Wilson, Stanwood. Struck out—by Stetson 2, by Stanwood 2, Shea 3. Time—2 h. 10 m. Umpire—Libby.

Bowdoin, 10; Kent's Hill, 6.

Arbor Day, May 10th, the Bowdoin nine went to Kent's Hill and defeated the strong seminary nine of that place 10 to 6. Our boys put up a good game except in the third inning, when loose fielding proved costly. Bodge pitched a fine game throughout. Lufkin, of the Kent's Hill team, held our hitters down well. Harris was tried at second and short for the first time and did sharp work. The detailed score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b.,	3	1	0	1	1	1
Leighton, s.s.,	2	0	0	0	2	1
Wilson, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0
Coburn, c.f.,	5	1	1	2	0	0
Bodge, p.,	4	1	2	0	4	1
Hull, l.f.,	3	2	2	1	1	0
Willard, 1b.,	4	1	0	9	0	1
Dane, r.f., 2b.,	5	2	2	1	3	0
Harris, 2b., s.s.,	5	1	1	3	2	0
Haines, c.,	4	1	0	10	2	2
Totals,	38	10	8	27	15	6

KENT'S HILL.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Roderick, 1b.,	4	1	0	10	3	1
Gould, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	0	0
Tyler, 2b.,	4	2	1	2	0	1
Lufkin, p.,	4	0	0	2	6	1
Jones, s.s.,	4	0	0	2	2	2
Sinclair, r.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0
White, c.,	3	0	1	9	4	2
Crafts, c.f.,	3	0	0	1	0	1
Farwell, l.f.,	3	1	0	1	0	2
Totals,	32	6	2	27	15	10

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin, . . . . .	2	0	0	1	5	0	0	2	0-10
Kent's Hill, . . . . .	0	0	5	0	1	0	0	0	0-6

Double plays—Roderick and White, Bodge, Dane and Willard. Struck out—by Lufkin 9, by Bodge 12. Hit by pitched ball—Farwell, Fairbanks. Earned run—Bowdoin. Bases on balls—by Lufkin 5, by Bodge 5. Two-base hit—Bodge. Passed balls—White 3. Umpire—Bennett. Time—2h. 15m.

### THE WORCESTER MEET.

The entries for the annual field day of the New England Intercollegiate Association at Worcester, Mass., May 18th, have closed and have been announced. The University of Vermont is the only one in the ten colleges in the Association which has failed to enter a team. The list of entries is larger than ever before, and the meeting promises to be the most successful in the history of the Association. The Bowdoin list is not large, but it contains some men who will be heard from next Saturday. We expect our team to make a good showing, and bring back every possible point. The most conservative estimate of any Bowdoin man places our number of points above that won last year, when we won six points and ranked sixth among the ten colleges. How much better we can do it is impossible to tell, but our hopes are high. Following are the Bowdoin entries:

100-yard dash—D. B. McMillan.  
 220-yard dash—T. V. Doherty, J. G. Knowlton.  
 440-yard dash—C. F. Kendall.  
 880-yard dash—H. M. Bisbee, L. F. Soule.  
 Two-mile run—L. F. Soule.  
 120-yard hurdle—J. H. Horne, C. E. D. Lord.  
 220-yard hurdle—J. H. Horne.  
 One-mile walk—M. Warren, C. S. Pettingill.  
 Two-mile bicycle—F. A. Stearns.  
 Pole vault—F. B. Smith, E. T. Minott, J. N. Haskell.  
 High jump—C. B. Borden.  
 Broad jump—J. S. French.  
 Throwing 16-pound hammer—J. H. Bates, G. L. Kimball.  
 Putting 16-pound shot—G. L. Kimball, J. H. Bates.

### TENNIS.

The annual college tennis tournament is now under way, playing having begun last Wednesday. There were 38 entries in singles and 20 in doubles, and interest is unusually high over the contest to win the college honors, and see who shall represent Bowdoin in the annual intercollegiate tournament in Portland the first of June. Our college lost its star players in the last graduating class, but it is evident that they have worthy successors in college who will still keep Bowdoin at the front in this popular branch of athletics. The tournament will

probably not be completed until the last of next week. Interest in tennis is unusually high this spring, and all of the dozen or more clay courts are occupied most of the day. The Freshman Class has some good material. The following list of contestants and scores is the record of the tournament up to last Saturday night, all the preliminaries and part of the first round having been played then:

### SINGLES.

Pulsifer vs. Pratt. . . . .	6-4, 8-6
Dane vs. Eastman, '96. . . . .	13-11, 6-3
Ives vs. Drake. . . . .	6-3, 9-11, 6-4
Webster vs. French, '95. . . . .	6-1, 6-2
Dana, '98, vs. Soule, '96. . . . .	6-1, 6-2
W. W. Fogg vs. Fitz. . . . .	6-4, 6-0
Oakes vs. Warren, '97. . . . .	7-5, 6-2
Kyes vs. Coburn, . . . . .	6-2, 6-3
Ordway vs. Fessenden. . . . .	Forfeited.
P. W. Davis vs. Stubbs, '95. . . . .	Forfeited.
Littlefield vs. P. W. Davis. . . . .	6-1, 6-1
W. W. Spear vs. Leighton, '95. . . . .	6-3, 6-2
W. S. A. Kimball vs. Warren, '96. . . . .	6-4, 6-3
Blair vs. Randlette. . . . .	Forfeited.

### DOUBLES.

Warren, '96, and Smith, '96, vs. } . . . . .	6-3, 4-6, 6-4
Ward and Ordway. . . . .	
Dana, '98, and Ives vs. } . . . . .	6-1, 6-2
Warren, '97, and Andros. } . . . . .	
Pulsifer and Pratt vs. } . . . . .	10-8, 6-2
Stubbs and Moore. } . . . . .	

The Overman Wheel Company has donated a splendid Victor racquet as a prize in the tournament. It is high grade in every way.

Wright & Ditson have also donated a Sears Special, Horace Partridge an American Tate, and Owen, Moore & Co. a Bowdoin racquet, all to be given as prizes in the college tournament now going on.

**U. M. C. A.**

Mr. Eddy, who was expected to visit the Association on the fourth and fifth inst., was unable to come. The death of a near relative has made it necessary for him to cancel all engagements for the rest of the college year.

Mr. Robinson, of the Colby graduating class, addressed the Association Sunday, the fifth inst. His subject was constancy as an essential element of Christian character. Many good thoughts, showing an intimate knowledge of college men and college life, were brought forward.

History teaches that the general current of thought in successive periods has a tendency to

vacillate from one extreme to the other. In many respects this may be compared to a huge pendulum swinging constantly, but with uneven momentum. It is equally true of political, moral, and religious questions. In religion the vacillation is toward the side of emotion and enthusiasm, then back toward the side of rationalism and conservatism. At the present time it seems to be far over towards the side of reason, especially among college students. In the natural sciences there are many steps which have not yet been reasoned out; still the general truth of the sciences are not doubted. Some vital points have been proven beyond a doubt, and it is possible to fill in the gaps between these points by deductive reasoning.

Is it too much to ask that the same method be applied to religion, which, because of its ethical and spiritual character, is far more difficult to reason out than any natural science? In other words, ought not faith as well as reason to be applied to religion? The greatest expounder of the gospels has written: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God."

Robert Browning, in a very beautiful stanza, has shown the necessity of uncertainty in order that faith may exist, and in the same stanza he has given expression to his own great faith and trust in God:

"You must mix some uncertainty  
With faith if you would have faith be.  
So long as there be just enough  
To pin my faith to, though it gap,  
Only at points: from gap to gap,  
One hangs up a huge curtain so,  
Grandly, nor seeks to have it go  
Foldless and flat along the wall.  
What care I if some interval  
Of life less plainly may depend  
On God? I'd hang there to the end."

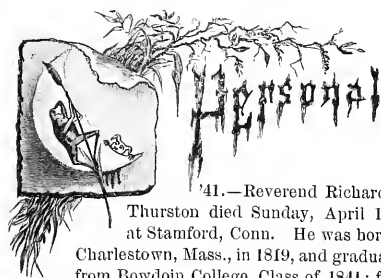
In these days when so much is said about the "all-round man," the college student should see to it that his reason is not developed at the expense of his faith. Both faith and reason must be developed side by side in order to preserve the equilibrium of a strong, manly, Christian character.

The Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association has decided to send a team to Canada this summer to compete with the large colleges and athletic clubs.

The annual Intercollegiate field-day, between Stanford and California, was won by the latter by a score of 66 to 46.

## Book Reviews.

(*Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America, 1775, and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration, 1825, with introduction and notes*, by A. J. George, A.M. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. These are two neat little volumes of 98 and 34 pages respectively, which have just been added to Heath's English classic series. Two most popular efforts of the two great representative orators of England and America are here reproduced in a very attractive manner, with helpful introductions and notes. For school use the edition is an ideal one, and these masterpieces of oratory ought to be familiar to every American school-boy. The volumes are sold for 30 and 20 cents respectively.



'41.—Reverend Richard B. Thurston died Sunday, April 14th, at Stamford, Conn. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1819, and graduated from Bowdoin College, Class of 1841; from Bangor Seminary in 1846. His first charge was Waterville, Maine, where he remained until 1855. After that he had pastorates at Chicopee Falls, Waltham, Mass., Fairhaven, Greenwich, and Stamford, Conn.

'54.—The appointment of Hon. Franklin A. Wilson of Bangor, as a trustee of the Maine General Hospital, is one that will meet with general approbation. Mr. Wilson is one of the strongest men in the state, and a man of rare experience and ability. The hospital is fortunate in securing him upon its board of trustees.

'56.—Prof. Jonathan Y. Stanton, of Bates College, is giving a course of lectures on local birds to the school children of Lewiston.

'60.—Gen. John M. Brown, of Portland, has returned from an extended trip in Southern Europe and India.

'60.—Hon. William W. Thomas, Jr., delivered

the oration at the annual Swedish May festival at the Auditorium in Chicago, last week.

'64.—The commission for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States contains one well-known Bowdoin man. Hon. Charles F. Libby, of Portland, is one of the ablest lawyers at the Maine Bar. He was a member of the Senate in 1889-90 and 1891-2, serving as President of that body the latter session, with distinguished ability and success.

'65.—Joseph A. Locke, Past Grand High Priest, installed the Grand Officers at the Masonic Convention in Portland, May 7th.

'76.—Prof. A. E. Rogers, of the Maine State College, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial Day address at Bar Harbor.

'76.—The school committee of Belfast has voted to increase the salary of Superintendent Evans, from \$1,000 to \$1,200.

'77.—Most people are aware that there has been a political house cleaning in the Chicago municipality, and Mayor Swift has been swift to effect the purposes for which he was elected. The Chicago dailies have commented on the need of a strong man for corporation counsel and it seems that this appointment received much consideration from the mayor. On May 7th, however, he decided on a Bowdoin man for that place and the newspapers of that city concur that it was a good appointment. The Chicago *Tribune* says: William Gerrish Beale, the new corporation counsel, is the son of William and Lucinda Beale, and was born at Winthrop, Me., September 10, 1854. He was educated at Waterville Classical Institute, Hallowell Classical Academy, and Bowdoin College, the Class of '77. Immediately after he graduated he came to Chicago and became the principal of the Hyde Park High School. In the meanwhile he studied law, and in 1881 was admitted to the bar. For many years he has been a member of the firm of Isham, Lincoln & Beale and has been actively engaged in many cases of importance. He was one of the attorneys in the last stages of the litigation on the estate of Walter L. Newberry, and in the great foreclosure suit of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railway Company before Judge Gresham. He at one time was president of the board of education and declined to be a member of the board for a second term. He is a member of the Chicago Union, Union League, Literary and Washington Park Clubs, and frequently has been an officer or director in them.

'81.—Rev. A. G. Pettengill has received a call to the Unitarian Church at Hyde Park, Mass.

'82.—Mayor Curtis, of Boston, will pass his summer at Merry-Meeting Cottage, Small Point, Me.

'88.—Professor Larrabee, the retiring principal of Bridgton Academy, became principal there in the fall of 1893, at which time the school was in a critical condition. During his brief principalship of two years the attendance has increased over 50 per cent.

'90.—Thomas C. Spillane, Esq., acted as toast-master at the recent meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters, in Lewiston.

'91.—L. A. Burlleigh, of Augusta, has been elected treasurer of the Kennebec Valley Base-Ball Association, whose team is now cutting quite a figure in the New England Association. He evidently keeps up his interest in the sport in which he was so prominent while in college.

'92.—Rev. H. W. Kimball has received a call to the Congregational Church at Skowhegan, Me.

'94.—Emory H. Sykes is teaching in the Mitchell Boys' School at Billerica, Mass.

'94.—A. J. Lord, now in Andover Theological Seminary, spends his Sundays in Boston and is connected with the work at Berkeley Temple. He has organized two male quartettes, and Sunday afternoons they visit the various hospitals and sing to the patients. The work is a most excellent one and has proved a great comfort to many a sufferer.

'94.—R. H. Baxter has been elected clerk of the Portland and Cape Elizabeth Ferry Co.

R. L. Shape has been elected captain of the Cornell boat crew, which is to go to England this spring. There is a widespread interest in the crew, and the work it will do in the English race.

#### HOME.

A man once sought around the world  
To find him sweet content—  
A spot of happiness supreme—  
And many years he spent

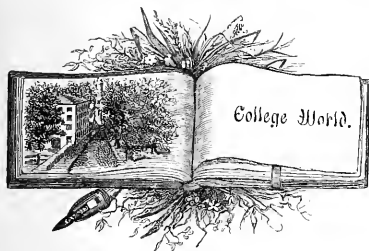
In this long search. At length,  
Wearied and old, he woke one morn  
To find that spot of blessedness

In the humble home where he was born.

—*University Courier.*

The University of Wisconsin had an enrollment during the past year of 1,529.

Ground was broken, April 29th, for the foundations of the Butterfield Museum, and for the opening of the new quadrangle at Dartmouth.



#### KNOWING THE ROPES.

The tight rope walker who essays  
To teach beginners, ought  
To bear in mind this simple fact—  
The rope must first be taut.

—Trinity Tablet.

Alpha Delta Phi at Yale, formerly a four-year society, has been admitted as a junior society.

The preacher's a saint and the gambler's a sinner,  
Yet both are alike at the heart's inner core;  
When either you find quite content, be certain  
He held a full house but the evening before.

—Brunonian.

The University of Chicago enrolled 1,019 students during the last quarter. This was an increase of 271 over the attendance of the autumn quarter of 1893.

#### SUNT GEMINAE SOMNI PORTAE.

There are two gates of sleep—so sang of old  
The Mantuan bard of those deep-seeing eyes—  
This plainest horn, that ivory and gold;  
Yet thro' the first all truthful visions rise  
And all their promise and their hope unfold,  
While thro' the other pass deluding lies.  
In dreams I conned the future, fate, and fame;  
I woke and sighed—I knew not whence they came.

—University Beacon.

Vassar has a collection of birds worth \$30,000. It is said to be the largest and most valuable in the world.

While in college he was "sporty,"  
As an athlete, beat them all,  
Never found he any equal  
As a pitcher in base-ball.

He became a local preacher,  
Blessed his practice on the nine;  
All the people flocked to hear him  
His delivery was so fine.

President Eliot of Harvard has returned from a four-months' trip abroad. The greater part of the time was spent in Egypt and in Italy.

Ex-President Harrison will deliver a series of lectures before the law students of the University of Michigan.

She was a fine girl,  
With hair all a-curl,  
Sweet dimples, a fairy-like foot,—  
But her lovers all fled,  
And when questioned, they said  
That she had a fine father to boot.

—University Herald.

According to a recent investigation of games, foot-ball was supposed to have been played as early as the eighth century by the Japanese, who considered it suitable for training soldiers.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 29, 1895.

No. 3.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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C. C. SMITH, '98.

### TERMS.

Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions should be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The next number of the ORIENT, as is the custom, will be the Ivy number, and consequently it will be a week later than usual.

THE ORIENT would like to know:

What spot is more beautiful than the campus of old Bowdoin in June.

What sound is more musical than the notes of the chapel bell after a victory.

Where the sunsets are more beautiful than those we see here.

If the croakers have anything to say against the work our team did at Worcester.

If Bowdoin has not talent enough to produce and put on the stage an operetta of its own.

Why Bowdoin students should not go in a body to Waterville, June 8th, and cheer our field and track athletes on to victory.

Why more students do not avail themselves of the privilege of calling often on the members of the Faculty.

If a publication superior to the '96 *Bugle* has ever been issued by the student body of our college.

If it would not be appropriate for Bowdoin, with so glorious a war record, to have some part in the observance of Memorial Day.

If something in the line of the debates

to be had in the political economy class might not be profitably extended to other branches.

If it is true that "dot leedle German band" applied in all seriousness for the job of furnishing music for the college commencement week.

If it is best, all things considered, to have the college Field Day on the morning of Ivy Day, as has been proposed.

How it would seem to drop back here during the summer and see the fair "school marms" of the summer school in possession of the Bowdoin campus.

If our ball team cannot put on a winning pace now, and capture the remaining league games.

And many more things, part of which will be mentioned later.

THE '96 *Bugle* has appeared and has won the warmest words of praise from all who have seen it. It seems to be the universal expression that Volume L. of our college annual is the best that has yet appeared, and the ORIENT is very happy to congratulate the Juniors on their marked success. The board of editors was carefully chosen and made truly representative of the best ability in the class, and all have been untiring in their efforts to make the '96 *Bugle* a model college annual, strengthened in every department, containing much of permanent value, and portraying truly the phases of college life at Bowdoin. Though the *Bugle* has many more pages than any of its predecessors, the editors have successfully attempted improvement in many other lines than that of mere enlargement. Many new features have been added, and the volume has an artistic finish, a balance between departments, and a systematic and uniform arrangement that have been lacking in our previous annuals. It is of 228 pages, with 50 pages more of advertising, all in the back part, and

is very prettily bound in crimson and silver gray, the class colors. The volume is dedicated to Prof. Henry Leland Chapman, D.D., the senior member of our Faculty, who so deservedly commands the love and respect of every Bowdoin man. An excellent half-tone portrait of Professor Chapman opens the volume, facing the illuminated frontispiece. A group picture of '96 faces the prologue. The alumni department is opened with pictures of four of Bowdoin's famous sons, Hawthorne, '25, Longfellow, '25, Fuller, '53, and Reed, '60. Following is a picture and sketch of Rev. Elijah Kellogg, '40, whose modest and unpretentious life has been so full of noble and immortal work. The undergraduate and fraternity departments contain the usual cuts, histories and lists, unusually well arranged, and with numerous new features added that all will appreciate. One of the best of the score of half-tones in the book is that of a dozen of Bowdoin's athletic cups which introduces the department of athletics. This is an especially full and exhaustive record of the year's work in all lines of athletics, and has numerous pictures of nines, elevens, crews, teams, and squads. Naturally enough considerable attention is paid to the '96 drill squad, which has won the prize cup at three successive athletic exhibitions. The numerous literary and social events of the year are recorded next in a very attractive department. Under the head of miscellaneous organizations are grouped the many college organizations that cannot well be classified, and here the '94  $\Phi$   $\Psi$   $\chi$  men, the Glee Club, and the *Bugle* and ORIENT boards are immortalized in flattering half-tones. Next is a new department that will prove of great permanent value, and the preparation of which has necessitated much laborious research. It is a record of the prize awards and popular honors since their establishment in the college. The literary department follows, opened with a sketch of Professor Chapman's



life. An exhaustive history of foot-ball at Bowdoin, by Dr. Whittier, is a carefully prepared article of much historical value. This department also contains fifteen poems by members of the class, valuable tables of college data, a dramatic sketch of especial interest to '97, copies of "The Bowdoin Roaster" and "Thebathin Dependent" and many other productions of college wit and wisdom. The sparkling pages devoted to "Grinds" follow, and no doubt prove the most interesting part of the book to many. Few fail to receive attention here, but there is little to give offense or injure the feelings of the sensitive. The calendar which closes the volume is a very full record of college happenings for the past year, and as usual has much fun mixed in with its facts. From cover to cover there is system, accuracy, completeness, and a careful attention to each of the numberless details that go to bring the volume up to its high standard. Typographically the book is a triumph, and the Lakeside Press has left nothing to be desired in its part of the work. Bowdoin, as well as '96, has good reason to be proud of our latest annual.

A STRANGER who visited the college recently was, in common with all others, enthusiastic over our beautiful campus, and our magnificent new buildings, but he had one suggestion to make which the ORIENT thinks is worthy of careful consideration. He said: "How much fairer this would all be to me if I could see an American flag flying somewhere on the campus. That would make this spot a perfectly ideal college home for American young men. I suppose, however, it is 'Jingoism' in these days, to love the old flag and to wish to see it flying so that none may forget the great lessons it teaches." The visitor, who was well advanced in years, talked earnestly in this line and his words sank deep into the hearts of the two

or three students who heard him. Why, indeed, should not the flag float over old Bowdoin's campus? Are we above the need of the inspiration which the continual sight of the loved emblem of our country cannot but give? Is the recent flag-raising movement to be confined to the schools of a lower grade? Where, in our State, can the nation's flag more fittingly float than over Memorial Hall, with its bronze tablets bearing the names of the three hundred Bowdoin men who fought to keep its stars undimmed and its stripes untarnished? It is a strange and unpleasant fact that there is no flag-staff here, and that the flag never flies on the campus, except with other bunting as a part of the decoration of Commencement week. Yet Bowdoin men are as patriotic as any equal number of Americans living. Perhaps it is feared that the sight of the flag would remind the college of the days when military drill was compulsory, or that, like the stone ivy leaves, it would not be an artistic ornament to the campus. If it is "Jingoism" to have a spirit of intense Americanism, to strongly love our flag, to have firm faith in its power and its future, and to have a desire to keep constantly in mind its grand significance and its glorious history, then the ORIENT pleads guilty to "Jingoism" of the most pronounced type. We wish the flag might float daily all through the year, either over Memorial, or from a flag-staff on the campus. A year or two ago Trinity College celebrated "Flag-day," with most imposing and elaborate ceremonies. A flag was raised on a very lofty campus staff, and the occasion was dignified by an oration, music, and impressive exercises. A song, written for the occasion by an alumnus, was sung by an immense chorus, and the event was a gala day for the college and its friends. Many other colleges keep the flag waving over their buildings or grounds, but the college of the whispering pines has no flag. Why not?

### The Psi Upsilon Convention.

THE Sixty-Second Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held this year with the Psi Chapter, at Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., on May 8, 9, and 10. On the evening of Wednesday, the eighth, an informal reception and smoker was held at the Psi Upsilon House at Clinton. All of Thursday, as well as Friday morning, was occupied by business sessions in the "Stone Church," at Clinton. On Friday afternoon occurred the literary exercises, consisting of a prayer by Bishop Mallalieu, Wesleyan, '57; an address by Senator Hawley, Hamilton, '47, president of the day; an oration by Edward W. Packard, D.D., Bowdoin, '62; and a poem by Dr. H. S. Durand, Yale, '81. The dinner, which concluded the convention, was held at the Butterfield in Utica, on Friday evening. Judge Albion W. Tourgéé, Rochester, '62, acted as toast-master, and about one hundred and thirty Psi Upsilon men were present. The convention was most enjoyable and business of importance was transacted. Alfred Mitchell, Jr., '95, represented the Kappa. An elaborate ball which had been arranged for Thursday evening was necessarily given up on account of the very sad and untimely death of Professor O'Brien, of Hamilton, who was chairman of the committee of arrangements for the convention. Next year the Fraternity will probably meet with the Phi Chapter at the University of Michigan.

### The Alpha Delta Phi Convention.

THE Sixty-Third Annual Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity was held in New York City, May 17, 18, and 19, under the auspices of the Executive Council.

Thursday morning, at 10 A.M., the convention was called to order by Clarence A. Seward, President of the Fraternity, at the Masonic Temple, 23d Street and 6th Avenue.

The delegates representing the twenty-one chapters were in secret session until noon, and after a recess met again in the afternoon. At eight-thirty in the evening a reception was tendered the visiting delegates at the New York City Alpha Delta Phi club-house, by the alumni of the city and vicinity. Good music, songs, speeches, and a supper all combined to make the evening an enjoyable one, and the delegates and their hosts did not leave the cozy club-house until a late hour.

Many prominent Alpha Deltas were present at the reception, among them Collin Armstrong, James C. Carter, Joseph H. Choate, Jefferson Clark, Everett P. Wheeler, Clarence A. Seward, Ellis H. Roberts, the Rev. Dr. Matson, Charles E. Sprague, and Robert S. Rudd. A similar reception was held the same evening at the rooms of the Manhattan Chapter, on 42d Street, which many of the delegates attended.

Friday, the convention resumed its business sittings at the Masonic Temple, presided over by President Seward at both the morning and afternoon sessions. The dinner at Delmonico's in the evening was one of the jolliest and most enjoyable of feasts. The industrious orchestra played whenever a chance to do so presented itself, which was not often, so close were the cheers from one college answered by responsive cheers from the other colleges, while the fraternity songs were all sung with a vim.

It was not until nearly ten o'clock that Mr. Seward arose and made a brief address to the two hundred and fifty Alpha Deltas assembled. When the gray-haired president of the fraternity arose from his chair he was saluted with a burst of cheers and applause which lasted for some minutes. Professor George B. Newcombe, of Williams College, spoke on "Alpha Delta Phi as a Social Influence;" Talcott Williams, of Philadelphia, on Alpha Delta Phi as a Civic Influ-

ence;" Charles L. Easton, of Chicago, "Our Western Brothers;" Charles L. Colby, "The East is Still in Existence;" and the last speaker, W. L. Foss, of Baltimore, on "The East and West in Alpha Delta Phi—Extremes Meet."

A great amount of business was transacted during the three convention days. The action of the Yale chapter in becoming a Junior Society was ratified by the convention. Nine applications for charters were received, but none were acted upon. The next convention will be held at Detroit, Mich., under the auspices of the Peninsula Chapter, which will then celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of that chapter.

Bowdoin was represented by Horace C. Pinney, Warren L. Foss, and Albert S. Hutchinson, and from the under-graduate were present, John G. W. Knowlton, Joseph B. Roberts, '95, D. Weston Elliot and William F. White, '97, Arthur L. Hunt and Dwight R. Pennell, '98.

### The Lost Receipt.

IN the fall of 1894 I was teaching school in a small town in Maine. My scholars ranged all the way from the young man with the ambitious mustache, and the young lady with society curls, to the tow-headed youngsters on the front seat. One of my largest scholars in particular attracted my attention. There seemed to be something different about her. Her refined and lady-like manner was in marked contrast to the behavior of her associates. In school, too, she was always industrious, of remarkably good scholarship, always helping some one, and trying to influence the scholars to make it pleasant for me. Her name was Bessie Fentiman, and I learned that she was the only child of her widowed mother, and that they lived together in a pretty little house, which I

passed morning and night to and from school.

In a few weeks I called on them one evening, and found the home just as I expected to; everything neat and cheerful, the mother a woman of middle age, her face tinged with sadness and yet lighted up with a smile, which showed that she had found a peace beyond that of earth.

One afternoon, near the middle of the term, I was hearing the second class in geography. I had just asked the question, "What is the capital of Texas?" when looking up suddenly I saw Bessie wiping away a tear, and on watching her I saw that she was troubled, although attempting to appear cheerful. After school I contrived to detain her and inquired for the cause of her trouble. This is the story she told me; I will give it in her own words as nearly as I remember them. She said:

"Mother and I will have to leave our home unless we find a certain receipt before next Saturday. Do you know Squire Whitney?"

"Old Whitney, do you mean?" I asked. "At least that is all I have heard him called."

"It's the same man," she replied. "Well, a number of years ago father hired money of him, and mortgaged to him everything he had in the world. By careful saving father was able to pay back the money, but he never took up the mortgage. He trusted the Squire, you know, and as long as he had the receipt it was all right. We have lost that receipt somewhere, and now the Squire is going to foreclose. O, it is so hard to leave our dear home! Mother says God will make it all right; if it is His will that we should lose it, she is willing. But I can't think so; I can't think of giving up my dear old home."

Here the poor girl broke down and wept as though she would die from grief. I tried to comfort her, by telling her that they could

probably find the receipt somewhere; that the Squire would not dare to foreclose after he had received pay for the mortgage.

I found out, however, that he did dare to do it, for the next Saturday the mortgage was foreclosed, and everything they possessed, except their trust in God, was put up at auction. I suppose the Squire would have put that up too, but not having any such trust himself, he did not consider it valuable.

Although my heart ached for the poor widow and her daughter, I was unable to help them, but went to the auction, hoping that some help would come at the last minute, that the receipt might be found, that the Squire might repent, or that something would happen. Nothing happened. Only in stories does it happen that a long-absent lover, or a sailor boy, or some one almost raised from the dead, appears just at the climax, and bids off everything. I was obliged to see everything disposed of to the highest bidder. However much people blamed the Squire for his action, they did not intend to let a chance for getting a good trade pass unimproved. Before the auction commenced the women crowded around everything in the house, feeling, squinting at, and even smelling of the household goods, in their eagerness to see if they were all right. I noticed two elderly ladies examining a silk table-scarf. One said, "Why, that's all silk, ain't it?" The other one replied, "I guess it be; such extravagance!"

Soon the auctioneer mounted his stool and announced that the auction was about to begin. Of the details of the auction I will not speak. The mother and her daughter watched it all from a window. What thoughts must have come to their minds as they saw their possessions sold! What memories must have been brought back as they saw the cradle in which the mother had rocked her dear child sold for fifty cents; the tools of the dead husband and father

commented upon and sold to the highest bidder.

I wished for the pocket-book of a Vanderbilt, but I was painfully aware that my cash in pocket amounted to very few dollars. Everything was sold. The widow and her daughter went to a neighbor's to stay until they could find quarters elsewhere.

The thought came to me: Which is wealthier, the Squire with his ill-gotten gains, with no thought beyond to-day, or the widow and her daughter trusting and enjoying each other's love, and with the assurance of a larger life where receipts are not needed, nor mortgages foreclosed? Which one, O reader, is the wealthier?

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## Bowdoin Verse.

### In Style.

"O, the Vere de Veres are *comme il faut*,"  
The artless maid relates,  
"I've heard it said by those who know  
That they dine from fashion plates."

### An Ode.

"How well Jack gets along," said she,  
"His income is quite trifling, though;"  
"O well," said Tom most guardedly,  
"He owes much to his friends, you know."

### No Verdure There.

"What are grass widows, ma, I pray?"  
Ten-year-old Tommy pleads,  
At once the lady answers, "They  
Are widows without weeds."

### The Fall of Phaëthon.

There lived, the legend runs, in days of old,  
When fiery steeds drew Phœbus' car of gold,  
Apollo's son, a most presumptuous clown,  
Who, on one fatal day, conceived the thought  
Thro' skies to guide his father's chariot,  
And, by this daring deed, gain wide renown.

Tho' Phæbus feared to grant this bold request,  
The audacious youth so flattered and caressed  
His noble sire that leave was soon obtained.  
When in the purple east smiled early Dawn,  
Out from the palace gates drove Phaëthon  
And o'er celestial ways his chargers reined.

Too late the youth this direful deed did rue;  
The steeds their rash and unskilled driver knew;  
Departing from well-traversed routes they run,  
And in their frantic haste soon reach the land,  
When Earth prays Zeus to raise his mighty hand  
In vengeance for the dreadful outrage done.

Unto this prayer the all-wise Father yields,  
And with his strong right hand the thunder wields.  
In vain does the son on great Phæbus call;  
Struck by a thunder-bolt, quicker than thought,  
The driver is hurled from his chariot—  
Thus, runs the legend, did Phaëthou fall.

### Out on the Foam.

To A. F. H.

Off and away, where the free winds are leaping,  
Out on the wild, bounding ocean to roam,  
Out where the swing of the surges is heaping  
The strength of the on-sweeping billows afoam.

Off and away. Off and away.  
Out where the spirits are calling from far,  
Swift to reply to the flash of their smiling,  
Hasten, and do not delay.

Out where the storm-bird is circling and wheeling,  
Glad in the song of the gale and the wave,  
Rushing to meet the dark waters, and reeling  
Downward, the dash of the breakers to brave.

Out in the strife. Out in the strife.  
Out in the swirl of the eddying flow,  
Flying before the swift blast of the tempest,  
Out where the tumult is rife.

Pleasant it is when the shadows are falling,  
And the bright stars softly gleam from afar;  
When the still voice of the ocean is calling,  
Gently to float o'er the faint ripply bar.

In with the tide. In with the tide.  
In with the glory of sunset's farewell,  
Drifting along in the glow of the twilight,  
Into the twilight to glide.

Dark lie the waters save where the quick flashing  
Answers the heavens, the stars of the deep.

Hushed every murmur, save where the low  
washing  
Of inflowing tide lulls the havens to sleep.  
Sweet dreams shall be. Sweet dreams shall be.  
Memories of pleasure, and vigor assured.  
Gentle and strong is the power that sustains us,  
Calm in security free.



The pretty operetta "The Frogs of Windham," was most successfully presented by local talent at Town Hall on the evenings of May 16th and 17th, and was repeated in Bath, May 20th. Bowdoin was well represented in the cast. Willard, '96, who was to have a leading part, that of Uncas, the Mohegan chief, was taken sick two days before the presentation. It was a difficult task to fill his place, but Coggan, '97, proved equal to the occasion and proved a most capable substitute. In his first part of Elder White, Coggan also scored a decided hit. Warren, '97, as Lord Linwood, "the howling London swell," ably sustained an important part. His songs were features of the evening. Dewey, '95, as Sam Larrabee, the lover, won merited applause for his singing and acting. McIntire, '98, as Lim Berger, Remick, '97, as Captain Follett, and Smith, '96, as Colonel Elderkin, left nothing to be desired. Among the Indians and soldiers Bowdoin was represented by Christie and Shaw, '95, Ordway, Libby, Coburn, and Ward, '96, Holme's, Stetson, and White, '97, and Stetson and Hamilton, '98. The hall was filled each evening and the public library will net quite a sum from the proceeds. Two-score of the Brunswick young ladies were in the operetta, which accounts for its success and popularity.

Two weeks before Ivy Day.

Coudon, '97, is out teaching.

Hall, '98, is back after a short absence.

Sewall, '97, has been at home for two weeks.

Stackpole, '71, was on the campus last week.

The '96 Bugle arrived for distribution May 23d.

To row or not to row was the vital question last week.

The Seniors have been enjoying many adjourns of late.

Willard, '96, has been sick at home with the mumps.

Many are planning to spend Memorial Day out of town.

Chapman, '91, spent a few days in Brunswick recently.

The Junior prize speakers are at work on their selections.

Bliss, '94, was here a few days with friends recently.

Spillane, '90, of Lewiston, came down to a recent ball game.

Evening concerts are growing more numerous as spring advances.

Bates, '96, visited friends in New Haven after the Worcester meet.

Chester C. Kent, Wesleyan, '97, visited friends in college last week.

Now for the Maine Intercollegiate Field Day at Waterville, June 8th.

Not easy work to devote our attention to study some of these afternoons.

Baxter, '98, spent last week in the Moosehead region with a fishing party.

The Gardiner carnival, last week, attracted quite a number of students.

The chapel bell pealed out merrily when the news arrived from Worcester.

The Junior mineralogists now spend considerable time in the Cleaveland cabinet.

After starting in at a torrid clip May developed some decidedly frigid tendencies.

Marshals Dewey and Stone are keeping their respective classes steadily at work.

Editor Plummer, '87, of Bath, is on the campus frequently and seldom misses a ball game.

The members of the Junior History division have 2,000 word themes to write this term.

Professor Robison is to be one of the lecturers for the summer school for teachers at Saco.

May, '93, stopped here a day on his way to Boston. He is now in the Jefferson Medical College.

The z & tennis tournament is getting to be very interesting, as the closing games are being played.

Photographer Reed already has quite a large and handsome collection of the '95 class pictures.

That new electric light on the corner of Bath and Harpswell Streets makes one part of the campus much lighter than hitherto.

Wheeler, special, has gone to North Conway, where he will serve as night operator for the Maine Central Railroad for the summer.

Quite a number of Bowdoin students will go to Bangor Saturday to the annual Field Day of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association.

At the meeting of the Ministers' Association of Maine, at Augusta, last Thursday, President Hyde presented a paper on "The Foundation of Belief."

Fitz, '97, has won the prize of a suit of clothes offered by A. F. Hill & Co. of Portland to the Bowdoin student who should write the best ad. for them.

Certain parties interested have sent the ORIENT the following communication, which is self-explanatory:

"Those rooming on the ground floor of South Maine Hall respectfully request the persons whose fortune it is to be situated on a higher level to cease utilizing the lower hall as a repository for general garbage."

Many of the strangers who were disappointed in seeing the Bates game on the first day, took advantage of the opportunity to look over the college buildings.

Woodbury, '95, got back to college on the 13th. He has been absent quite a while, having been principal of the high school in Denmark for the past term.

The students in Political Economy, who are devoting the term to the tariff question, are planning on several debates before the close of the term. The first one comes on Friday.

The *Waterville Mail* takes to task those Colby students who might contribute to the college success in athletics and refuse to do so. More college spirit is good advice for all the Maine colleges.

Plaisted, '94, has been here a few days on his way home from a winter in the South. He donned his old base-ball suit, and all were glad to see his familiar figure in the afternoon practice on the delta.

Willard, '96, has been at his home in Newcastle, sick with the tonsillitis. He has also recently had an attack of the mumps. Wilson, '98, took his place on the ball team, and Coggan his part in "Frogs of Windham."

Robert E. Lewis of Boston, secretary of the intercollegiate Y. M. C. A., is to address our association on Wednesday evening of this week. This will take the place of the regular Thursday evening meeting.

The more interesting games of the college tennis tournament have drawn many spectators during the past week or two. Several more courts have been fixed up, but, notwithstanding this, they are almost always well filled.

The last themes of this year were due on Tuesday of this week. These are to be written by the Sophomores. The subjects are: "The Work of College Settlements in Our Large Cities;" "The American Associated Press; Its Organization and Work;" "What Should Be the Purpose of the Novel?"

The Glee and Banjo Clubs, assisted by the college orchestra, gave their long promised concert in Town Hall, May 23d. The club was weakened by the illness of Leader Willard, but gave a good concert, nearly every number receiving deserved encores. A fair crowd was in attendance, and a good sum was cleared for the benefit of the Athletic Association. After the concert a social dance was enjoyed.

The annual election of officers of the Bowdoin Republican Club was held last Friday afternoon. The following officers were elected: President, J. C. Minot, '96; Vice-Presidents, H. E. Griffin, '97, and A. P. Cook, '97; Secretary and Treasurer, H. R. Blodgett, '96; Corresponding Secretary, C. G. Fogg, '96; Executive Committee, the president and secretary *ex officio*, and W. S. Bass, '96, and Preston Kyes, '96. J. C. Minot, '96, is the Bowdoin representative on the executive committee of the New England division of the National College Republican League.

Much interest centers in the triangular baseball league, recently formed within the college. The teams composing it are the Dewdrops, Archangels, and the Independents. Each has some good players, each some of questionable ability, and each a large supply of enthusiasm and numerous supporters. The games cannot fail to be exciting and interesting. The first game of the series was played Wednesday, May 22d, between the Independents and the Dewdrops. The former were victorious, 14 to 4. The batteries were Ordway and Libby, and Dewey, Lovejoy, and Haskell.

The question of the annual class boat race is still unsettled, and it is not fully certain what the

outcome will be. The Freshmen have shown very little enthusiasm and unity in their desire to keep up the custom and race with the Sophomores, and, after making spasmodic attempts to get a crew to work, they let matters drop, giving as their excuse that the Juniors, whose shell they wished to buy, asked too high a price for the boat. A mass-meeting of the college boating association was held in Memorial May 23d, and the situation was discussed. Several speeches were made, representing all classes and all sides of the matter. It seemed to be the general sentiment that the custom of the class races ought not to be given up under any circumstances, that the Freshmen ought to show more life and spirit in the matter, and that the Juniors ought to ask only a reasonable sum for their shell. It is certain the Juniors want to sell their shell, and if the Freshmen had been very anxious to buy a shell and race, there would certainly have been no trouble. It is hoped the matter may be at once straightened out to the satisfaction of all, and a race assured. The Sophomore crew has been on the river all the spring. It is composed, as last year, of Thompson, Sewall, Rhines, and Shute.

## Athletics.

### BASE-BALL.

*Bates, 17; Bowdoin, 11.*

May 16th, after one postponement on account of rain, our first game was played with Bates on the delta. In view of the weakness of our team this year and the much-boasted strength of the visitors, the result was not all Bates had hoped for. But we were beaten, and lost the game on inexcusable infield errors, each man, except Williams having two or three of the most razzle-dazzle kind of errors. Bowdoin batted well, and with half-decent fielding could have won. The score:

#### BATES.

	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wakefield, 1b., . . . . .	3	3	0	0	14	0	0
Douglass, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	1	6	1
Penley, s.s., . . . . .	6	0	1	2	0	2	2
Pulsifer, 3b., . . . . .	5	2	2	2	2	2	4
Burrill, r.f., . . . . .	5	3	2	2	0	0	1
Gerrish, c., . . . . .	5	3	2	3	8	1	0
Campbell, l.f., . . . . .	6	2	1	2	0	0	0
Slattery, p., . . . . .	6	3	2	2	0	9	0
Bennett, c.f., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Total, . . . . .	41	17	11	14	27	22	6

BOWDOIN.									
	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	5	0	1	1	0	0	3		
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	0	5	3		
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	5	1	2	3	0	0	0		
Bodge, p., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	1	7	2		
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	2	0	0		
Williams, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	11	0	0		
Dane, r.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	2	2	0	0		
Harris, 2b., . . . . .	3	2	1	1	0	2	2		
Haines, c., . . . . .	3	3	3	4	8	1	4		
Totals, . . . . .	38	11	11	14	24	15	14		

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates, . . . . .	1	4	4	2	1	1	4	0	x-17
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	3	0	1	1	3	0	0	3-11

Two-base hits—Penley, Gerrish, Campbell, Coburn, Dane, Haines. Passed balls—Gerrish 2, Haines 2. Wild pitches—Slattery 2, Bodge 2. Bases on balls—by Slattery 5, by Bodge 8. Struck out—by Slattery 6, by Bodge 5. Hit by pitched ball—Pulsifer, Hill, Harris, Haines. Time—2h. 30m. Umpire—Kelley of Lewiston.

M. S. C., 7; Bowdoin, 5.

The Maine Intercollegiate League series was commenced at Orono, May 18th, when the Maine State College boys defeated Bowdoin 7 to 5 in seven innings. Bowdoin lost through poor fielding, bunching errors in the first inning, when the home players made two hits, and not being able to overcome the lead. Both pitchers were effective, but Bowdoin gave Bodge poor support, the errors of Harris being particularly costly. Coburn and Haines batted well and Welch fielded brilliantly for M. S. C. The catching of Palmer and Haines was most praiseworthy.

Manager Holmes, unknown to the captain or team, had arranged for a seven-inning game. This arrangement, when announced at the close of the game, aroused much dissatisfaction among the Bowdoin players who were putting up a steady, gaining game, and were confident of pulling out a victory in the remaining two innings. It is much to be regretted that the manager made such an arrangement. The score:

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bass, p., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	0	2	0
Frost, l.f., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	2	0	3
Palmer, c., . . . . .	4	1	2	2	9	1	1
Cowan, r.f., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
DeHaseth, 1b., . . . . .	3	0	1	1	7	0	0
Brann, c.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Welch, 2b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	2	3	0
Farrell, s.s., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	1	3	0
Dolley, 3b., . . . . .	1	2	0	0	0	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	29	7	6	6	21	10	5

BOWDOIN.									
	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	3	2	0	0	3	2	1		
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	4	1	1	2	1	0	0		
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	4	1	2	4	2	0	0		
Bodge, p., . . . . .	3	1	1	2	0	1	1		
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	1	2		
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	6	0	1		
Dane, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	0	0		
Harris, 2b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	1	4		
Haines, c., . . . . .	3	0	2	4	6	1	0		
Totals, . . . . .	30	5	6	12	21	6	9		

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
M. S. C., . . . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoin, . . . . .	1	0	1	0	0	0	1-7

Two-base hits—Leighton, Bodge. Three-base hits—Coburn, Haines. Stolen bases—Fairbanks, Bodge, Dolley 2. Struck out—Leighton, Wilson, Dane, Harris 2, Bass, Brann 2, Farrell, Dolley. Passed ball—Palmer. Wild pitches—Bass 2. Hit by pitched ball—Hull, Harris. Time—1h. 30m. Umpire—S. J. Kelley of Lewiston.

Bowdoin, 27; M. S. C., 10.

Bowdoin and M. S. C. played their second game May 20th, at Brunswick, and our boys had a walk-over. It is hard to understand how they allowed M. S. C. to beat them the Saturday previous. They batted three M. S. C. pitchers as hard as they pleased, and played a game in the field that was a refreshing contrast to most of their previous work. Harris was very effective except when he let up in the third inning. Wilson, a new man on first, did well. The batting and fielding of Fairbanks was a feature, and Dane did pretty work on second. The detailed score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	7	3	4	7	3	3	1
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	6	3	1	1	1	4	3
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	5	3	0	0	0	0	0
Bodge, r.f., . . . . .	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	6	3	3	5	1	0	0
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	6	3	2	2	13	1	1
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	5	4	1	1	2	4	0
Harris, p., . . . . .	6	2	2	2	0	9	0
Haines, c., . . . . .	5	4	2	3	6	2	1
Totals, . . . . .	50	27	17	23	26*	24	6

\* Welch forced out.

M. S. C.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bass, p., l.f., . . . . .	4	3	1	3	0	8	2
Frost, l.f., 1b., p., . . . . .	5	1	4	4	4	2	3
Palmer, c., . . . . .	5	2	0	0	6	0	1
Welsh, 2b., . . . . .	5	0	2	2	2	5	2
Farrell, 3b., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	1	0	3
Cowan, r.f., . . . . .	5	1	0	0	1	0	0
DeHaseth, 1b., p., . . . . .	5	0	2	2	8	0	1
Brann, c.f., . . . . .	4	1	2	5	2	0	1
Dolley, s.s., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	0	1	2
Totals, . . . . .	39	10	12	17	24	16	15



SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bowdoin, . . . . .	8	12	0	5	0	0	1	1	x	—27
M. S. C., . . . . .	1	0	7	0	0	0	0	2	0	—10

Two-base hits—Fairbanks, Haines, Brann. Three-base hits—Fairbanks, Hull, Bass, Brann. Passed balls—Palmer 5. Bases on balls—by Harris 3, by Bass 2, by DeHaseth 2. Hit by pitched ball—Dane, Bass, Dolley. Struck out—by Harris 6, by Bass 5. Double plays—Frost, Welsh and DeHaseth, Dolley, Welsh and DeHaseth. Time—2h. 20m. Umpires—Miller and Toothaker.

Colby, 8; Bowdoin, 7.

It was the same sad story of wretched fielding and still more wretched base running when Bowdoin and Colby met for the first time this year, at Waterville, May 22d. Colby won on our poor work, not by their own good work at bat or in the field. Bodge proved much superior to the widely-advertised Patterson. We made over twice as many hits as Colby, with three times as many bases; and Bodge struck out 9 men to Patterson's 5. And yet Colby made more runs. Our inexcusable infield errors and childish base running lost this game as it has several others. Fairbanks did some magnificent work at the bat. The detailed score follows:

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Thompson, 1b., . . . . .	5	0	1	1	7	1	1
Burton, c.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Patterson, p., . . . . .	5	1	0	0	1	6	1
Coffin, c., . . . . .	4	2	1	2	8	1	0
Brooks, r.f., . . . . .	4	0	2	2	0	0	0
Jackson, s.s., . . . . .	4	2	0	0	0	4	2
Austin, 3b., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	3	2	2
Watkins, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	5	1	1
Hanson, l.f., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	39	8	5	6	27	15	7

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	5	2	4	7	1	4	4
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	5	0	2	2	1	1	3
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	5	0	1	1	2	0	0
Bodge, p., . . . . .	5	2	0	0	0	1	1
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	4	2	2	4	1	0	0
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	8	0	2
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	5	0	2	2	5	1	0
Harris, r.f., . . . . .	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Haines, c., . . . . .	5	1	0	0	8	5	1
Totals, . . . . .	43	7	12	17	26	12	11

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Colby, . . . . .	0	2	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	—8
Bowdoin, . . . . .	2	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	—7

Earned runs—Bowdoin 2. Two-base hits—Coffin, Fairbanks. Three-base hits—Fairbanks, Hull. Stolen bases—Burton, Jackson, Brooks, Hanson, Fairbanks, Wilson,

Hull, Haines. Double play—Patterson and Austin. Base on balls—Wilson, Coffin, Jacksou. Hit by pitched ball—Austin, Hull. Struck out—by Patterson 5, by Bodge 9. Passed balls—Haines 2, Coffin. Time—1h. 50m. Umpire—Kelley.

Bates, 8; Bowdoin, 6.

The Bates College team defeated Bowdoin for the second time this season on the grounds of the Lewiston league club, May 25th. The game was won by Bates by superior fielding and base running and on costly Bowdoin errors at critical points. Bodge was not hit hard but was wild at times. Bowdoin's first two runs were made on a pop fly that Burrill and Gerrish allowed to drop between them, with two out. Their other four they earned by good hitting. It was a hard-fought game from start to finish and ought to have been a Bowdoin victory. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.
Douglass, 2b., . . . . .	5	1	2	1	1	2
Penley, s.s., . . . . .	3	1	1	2	2	0
Pulsifer, 3b., . . . . .	4	1	1	2	4	1
Burrill, p., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	2	0
Wakefield, 1b., . . . . .	3	1	0	9	0	0
Gerrish, c., . . . . .	5	0	0	8	1	0
Campbell, l.f., . . . . .	4	2	0	3	0	3
Slattery, r.f., . . . . .	4	2	2	0	0	0
Hamilton, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	36	8	7	27	10	6

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	5	1	1	3	1	3
Leighton, s.s., . . . . .	5	1	2	0	2	1
Coburn, c.f., . . . . .	5	1	3	1	0	0
Bodge, p., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	1	1
Hill, l.f., . . . . .	5	0	0	2	0	0
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	1	8	1	1
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	1	3	4	1
Warren, r.f., . . . . .	2	1	1	0	0	0
Harris, r.f., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0
Haines, c., . . . . .	3	1	1	10	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	38	6	10	27	10	8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates, . . . . .	0	0	0	0	3	2	3	0	0	—8
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	—6

Earned runs—Bates 2, Bowdoin 4. Two-base hits—Slattery, Fairbanks, Haines, Warren. Stolen bases—Douglass 3, Pulsifer 2, Penley 2, Campbell, Slattery 4, Leighton, Coburn 2, Haines. Bases on balls by Burrill—Bodge, Haines; by Bodge—Penley 2, Wakefield 2, Campbell, Slattery. Struck out by Burrill—Coburn, Bodge, Harris, Warren; by Bodge—Douglass, Burrill, Wakefield, Slattery, Hamilton 2. Double plays—Penley and Wakefield, Dane and Wilson. Hit by pitched ball by Bodge—Pulsifer. Wild pitches—Bodge, Burrill. Passed balls—Haines. Time—2h. 10m. Umpire—J. M. Scannell.

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

For the past few weeks the annual tennis tournament has been in progress, and has been the center of great interest. Last Friday the tournament proper closed, Philip Dana, '96, having won the championship in singles, and Philip Dana, '96, and W. W. Fogg, '96, the championship in doubles. Those defeated by these winners are now playing off for second place in singles and doubles. The champions and those winning second place will make up the team to represent Bowdoin at the annual tournament of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association in Portland next week. Following is the complete score of the tournament for the college championship in singles and doubles:

## SINGLES.

Pulsifer, '97, vs. Pratt, '97, 6-4, 8-6.  
 Dane, '96, vs. Eastman, '96, 13-11, 6-3.  
 Ives, '98, vs. Drake, '98, 6-3, 9-11, 6-4.  
 Webster, '98, vs. French, '97, 6-1, 6-2.  
 Dana, '98, vs. Soule, '96, 6-1, 6-2.  
 Fogg, '96, vs. Fitz, '97, 6-4, 6-0.  
 Oakes, '96, vs. Warren, '97, 7-5, 6-2.  
 Kyes, '96, vs. Coburn, '96, 6-2, 6-3.  
 Ordway, '96, vs. Fessenden, '96, forfeited.  
 P. W. Davis, '97, vs. Stubbs, '95, forfeited.  
 Littlefield, Med., vs. P. W. Davis, '97, 6-1, 6-1.  
 Spear, '98, vs. Leighton, '95, 6-3, 6-2.  
 Kimball, '95, vs. Warren, '96, 6-4, 6-3.  
 Dana, '96, vs. Cook, '97, 6-0, 6-3.  
 Harris, Med., vs. Webber, '95, 6-3, 6-1.  
 Fairbanks, '95, vs. Haskell, '95, 6-1, 1-6, 6-3.  
 Ives, '98, vs. Oakes, '96, 6-3, 6-2.  
 Kyes, '96, vs. Dana, '98, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3.  
 Ives, '98, vs. Kyes, '96, 6-3, 6-0.  
 Dane, '96, vs. Spear, '98, 9-7, 6-4.  
 Pulsifer, '97, vs. Russ, '95, 6-3, 6-1.  
 Webster, '98, vs. Ordway, '96, 6-2, 6-4.  
 Blair, '95, vs. Randlett, Med., forfeited.  
 Littlefield, Med., vs. Moore, '95, forfeited.  
 Dana, '96, vs. Flagg, '96, 9-7, 6-3.  
 Kimball, '95, vs. Blair, '95, 6-2, 6-4.  
 Littlefield, Med., vs. Pulsifer, '97, 6-2, 6-4.  
 Harris, Med., vs. Fairbanks, '95, forfeited.  
 Dana, '96, vs. Ives, '98, 6-4, 6-2.  
 Webster, '98, vs. Kimball, '95, 6-0, 7-5.  
 Dane, '96, vs. Harris, Med., 6-2, 6-0.  
 Dana, '96, vs. Webster, '98, 6-1, 6-3.  
 Dane, '96, vs. Littlefield, Med., 6-3, 6-2.  
 Dana, '96, vs. Dana, '96, 6-0, 6-1, 6-4.

## DOUBLES.

Warren, '96, and Smith, '96, vs. } 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.  
 Ward, '96, and Ordway, '96,  
 Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, vs. } 6-1, 6-2.  
 Warren, '97, and Andros, '97,  
 Pulsifer, '97, and Pratt, '97, vs. } 10-8, 6-2.  
 Moore, '95, and Stubbs, '95,  
 Dane, '96, and Cook, '97, vs. } 6-1, 6-0.  
 Warren, '96, and Smith, '96, }

Dane, '96, and Cook, '97, vs. } Forfeited.  
 Haskell, '95, and Randlett, Med., }  
 Dana, '96, and Fogg, '96, vs. } Forfeited.  
 Fairbanks, '95, and Boyd, '95, }  
 Eastman, '96, and Stetson, '98, vs. } 6-1, 6-8, 7-5.  
 Doherty, '95, and Christie, '95,  
 Stetson, '95, and French, '95, vs. } 6-1, 6-4.  
 Shaw, '95, and Coburn, '96,  
 Pulsifer, '97, and Pratt, '97, vs. } 6-0, 7-9, 6-2.  
 Eastman, '96, and Stetson, '98,  
 Spear, '98, and Webster, '98, vs. } 6-3, 9-7.  
 Lord, '95, and Kimball, '95,  
 Leighton, '95, and Soule, '96, vs. } 4-6, 6-4, 6-1.  
 French, '97, and Fitz, '97,  
 Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, vs. } 6-3, 7-5.  
 Pulsifer, '97, and Pratt, '97, }  
 Dana, '96, and Fogg, '96, vs. } 6-3, 6-0.  
 Dane, '96, and Cook, '97,  
 Spear, '98, and Webster, '98, vs. } 6-2, 6-1.  
 Stetson, '95, and French, '95,  
 Leighton, '95, and Soule, '96, vs. } 6-4, 6-2.  
 Russ, '95, and Webber, '95,  
 Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, vs. } 6-4, 6-2.  
 Leighton, '95, and Soule, '96,  
 Dana, '96, and Fogg, '96, vs. } 6-4, 6-2.  
 Spear, '98, and Webster, '98, }  
 Dana, '96, and Fogg, '96, vs. } 6-2, 10-8, 6-3.  
 Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, }

## THE WORCESTER MEET.

The ninth annual field day of the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held on Worcester oval, Saturday, May 18th. For the third year Bowdoin was represented, and for the second time we won sixth place among the ten colleges. Our team of nine men won ten points in four events, and commanded the respect of every contestant and spectator. Soule won the two-mile run; Horne was second in the low hurdles; Kimball was third in the hammer throw, and Borden third in the high jump. It is regretted that Soule did not also try the mile run, as he would doubtless have had an easy victory there. In putting the shot, Bates made a put of 36 feet, 10 inches, which was four inches better than the put which won second place, but to the surprise of all, Bates' put was declared a foul. The Bowdoin men present declare that this was unjust, and that three points were thus lost. Our other representatives, French in the broad jump, Haskell in the pole vault, Pettengill in the mile walk, and Kendall in the quarter-mile run, all did creditable work and were all close to the winners.

Dartmouth won first place with 33 points, of which 15 were won by the star hurdler and jumper, Chase. New records for the association were made in the high hurdles, broad jump, hammer throw, and 100-yards dash. The day was cold and windy, and the track was heavy. Over 2,000 people were present, and everything passed off most smoothly.

The *Boston Herald* spoke as follows of the Bowdoin men:

"Soule of Bowdoin spread-eagled his field, as he did last year, in the two-mile run. He had half a lap to the good, half way to the finish, and could have apparently kept up the rate he was going for a week. He finished as fresh as a daisy, regretting he had not tried the mile as well. His time was very good, considering the heavy track. His college made a remarkable spurt at these games, capturing places in four events in this, their second serious try for honors. Horne, their low hurdler, is easily in the rank of first-class athletes, as was evidenced by his heating out such a good one as Hurd."

Following are the winners and records:

100-yard dash—Won by S. H. Patterson, Williams; A. W. Grosvenor, second, Amherst; E. De K. Lefingwell, third, Trinity. Time—10 1-5s.

Half-mile run—Won by C. E. Bolser, Dartmouth; H. C. Hull, second, Brown; G. K. Buck, Williams, third. Time—2m. 4 4-5s.

120-yd. hurdle race—Won by Stephen Chase, Dartmouth; Ben Hurd, Jr., M. I. T., second; E. A. Sumner, M. I. T., third. Time—15 3-5s.

2-mile bicycle race—Won by G. L. Gary, Dartmouth; W. C. Marmon, M. I. T., second; J. T. Burns, M. I. T., third. Time—6m. 14 4-5s.

440-yd. dash—Won by M. C. Allen, W. P. I.; W. A. Sparks, Trinity, second; W. H. Ham, Dartmouth, third. Time—54 2-5s.

Mile run—Won by H. Cummings, M. I. T.; J. N. Pringle, Dartmouth, second; F. A. Tower, Wesleyan, third. Time—4m. 49 1-5s.

220-yard hurdle race—Won by Stephen Chase, Dartmouth; J. H. Horne, Bowdoin, second; Ben Hurd, Jr., M. I. T., third. Time—26 1-5s.

220-yard dash—Won by H. S. Patterson, Williams; A. W. Grosvenor, Amherst, second; P. H. Dayter, Williams, third. Time—23s.

Mile-walk—Won by H. F. Houghton, Amherst; W. B. Bliss, Williams, second; E. E. Tytzer, Brown, third. Time—7m. 17 3-5s.

2-mile run—Won by L. F. Soule, Bowdoin; H. A. Sutton, Wesleyan, second; J. N. Pringle, Dartmouth, third. Time—10m. 29 3-5s.

Pole vault—Won by E. L. Morgan, Amherst, 10 ft.; W. A. Wyatt, Wesleyan, second, 10 ft.; M. D. Denning, Amherst, third, 9 ft. 6 in.

Putting 16-pound shot—F. E. Smith, Brown, first, 38 ft. 2 1/2 in.; F. E. Mason, Dartmouth, second, 36 ft. 6 in.; M. H. Tyler, Amherst, third, 36 ft. 5 in.

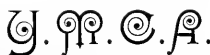
Throwing 16-pound hammer—F. E. Smith, Brown, first, 113 ft. 1/2 in.; Cooms, Brown, second, 112 ft. 3/4 in.; Kimball, Bowdoin, third, 104 ft. 8 in.

Running high jump—S. A. Macomber, Brown, first, 5 ft. 8 in.; M. H. Tyler, Amherst, second, 5 ft. 7 in.; C. K. Borden, Bowdoin, third, 5 ft. 6 in.

Running broad jump—Stephen Chase, Dartmouth, first, 22 ft. 3 in.; R. D. Farquhar, M. I. T., second, 21 ft. 1 in.; J. R. Allen, Williams, third, 20 ft. 5 1/2 in.

The score by points is appended, first places counting five, seconds counting three, and thirds one.

EVENTS.	Bowdoin Orient						
	Dartmouth,	Brown,	Amherst,	M. I. T.,	Williams,	Bowdoin,	Wesleyan,
100-yard dash, . . . . .	1	3	5	1	1	1	1
Half-mile run, . . . . .	5	3	1	1	1	1	1
120-yard hurdle, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
440-yard dash, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Mile run, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Two-mile bicycle, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
220-yard hurdle, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
220-yard dash, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Mile walk, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Two-mile run, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Pole vault, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Putting 16-lb. shot, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Running high jump, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Throwing 16-lb. hammer, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Running broad jump, . . . . .	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	33	22	19 1/2	17	16 1/2	10	8 5 4



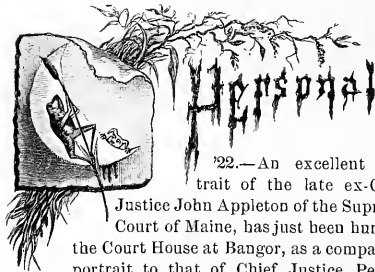
To know how to be ready—a great thing—a precious gift—and one that implies calculation, grasp, and decision. To be always ready, a man must be able to cut a knot, for everything cannot be untied; he must know how to disengage what is essential from the detail in which it is enwrapped, for everything cannot be equally considered; in a word, he must be able to simplify his duties, his business, and his life. To know how to be ready is to know how to start.

It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with the thousand and one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which nevertheless wind us about with their spider threads and fetter the movement of our wings. It is the lack of order which makes us slaves; the confusion of to-day discounts the freedom of to-morrow.—*Henri Frederic Amiel.*

The longer on this earth we live  
 And weigh the various qualities of men,  
 Seeing how most are fugitive  
 Or fitful gifts at best, of now and then,  
 Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,  
 The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty  
 Of plain devotedness to duty,  
 Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,  
 But finding amplest recompense  
 For life's ungarlanded expense  
 In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—James Russell Lowell.

"In an important sense all education must be self-education. The best master one ever has is his own will and high purpose. The secret is within the soul, and, once seized, all things become possible. 'Perhaps the most valuable result of all education,' writes Prof. Huxley, 'is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson which ought to be learned, and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson he learns thoroughly.' Another eminent educator used to say to his classes: 'He who will become a scholar must learn to command his faculties.' The same thought was put by Milton in another way: 'He that reigns within himself and rules his passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.'"



'22.—An excellent portrait of the late ex-Chief Justice John Appleton of the Supreme Court of Maine, has just been hung in the Court House at Bangor, as a companion portrait to that of Chief Justice Peters.

'29.—Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Hugh McCulloch died May 24th, at his country home near Washington. The cause of his death was a general breaking down of the system due to extreme age aggravated by lung trouble. Hugh McCulloch was born in Kennebunk, Me., December 7, 1808. He entered Bowdoin in 1825, but left on account of illness in 1826 and taught until 1829, and then studied law in Kennebunk and Boston. In 1833 he went to the West and settled in Fort Wayne, Ind. In 1835 he was elected cashier and manager of the branch at Fort Wayne of the State Bank of Indiana, and at the expiration of its charter in 1856 he became president of the bank of the State of Indiana, which post he held until May, 1863. He then resigned to accept the office of comptroller of the currency, which was tendered to him by Secretary Salmon P. Chase. In March, 1865, on the resignation of William P. Fessenden, Mr. McCulloch was appointed by President Lincoln, Secretary of the Treasury, at which time the government was in

great financial embarrassment. His was an enormous task, but he accomplished it well. From the chaotic condition of the national finances he brought order. More than \$1,000,000,000 of short time obligations was converted into a funded debt, and its reduction begun. Secretary McCulloch held office till the 4th of March, 1869. From 1871 till 1878 he was engaged in banking in London. In October, 1884, on the resignation of Water Q. Gresham, he was again appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and continued in office until the expiration of President Arthur's term, 4th of March, 1885, being the only man that has held that office twice. Since his return he has resided in Washington, D. C., and on his farm in Maryland. Mr. McCulloch has contributed articles on financial and economical questions to the magazines and public journals. Though not a Bowdoin graduate, he was a Bowdoin student, and thus we have a claim on him as a son of our college, and we may well be proud of his illustrious and honorable career. Bowdoin conferred on him the honorary degree of A.M. in 1863, and of LL.D. in 1889.

'43.—Daniel Osgood Quimby died December 23, 1894, at Haverhill, Mass., from paralysis of the brain. Mr. Quimby was born December 22, 1821, at Amesbury, Mass. He was prepared for college at Dummer Academy and at Hampton Falls, N. H. After graduation he studied law at Gray, Me., and at Ossipee, N. H., and practiced his profession a short time at Amesbury, Mass. He soon turned his attention to teaching; was principal of Norwich Academy, Norwich, Conn., from 1846 to 1850, of the French and Classical Institute, New York City, 1853 to 1861, and of Union Hall Academy, Jamaica, N. Y., 1864 to 1868. He also taught in the high schools of Melrose, Mass., Dover, N. H., and Watertown, Mass. Later in life Mr. Quimby interested himself in chemical research and became proprietor and manufacturer of patent medicines, doing business in Boston and Lynn. Mr. Quimby married, November 23, 1847, Clara Belle, daughter of Dr. Alvah and Mary (Dalton) Moulton of Ossipee, N. H. He had one son and four daughters, all of whom with their mother preceded him in death.

'47.—The following is a sketch of Hon. Wm. C. Marshall, recently appointed state assessor: William Colburn, son of the Hon. Thomas and Susan (Colburn) Marshall, was born in Belfast, August 17th, 1827. He fitted for college at the Belfast Academy and entered Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1847 with the highest honors of his class. After graduating he studied law with Hon. Solymon

Heath and the Hon. Woodbury Davis. He was admitted to the Bar in 1850. In that year he emigrated West and began his practice at Racine, Wis. On the death of his brother, Col. Thomas H. Davis, '48, which occurred in 1861, he returned to his native city, where he has since resided, engaged in mercantile and other business. In 1871 he was chosen mayor of Belfast with hardly an opposing vote, and was re-elected in 1872 and 1873. During President Hayes' administration he was collector of customs for the Belfast district and again under President Arthur. Mr. Marshall has always been interested in Bowdoin; since 1870 he has been a member of the board of overseers. He married, in 1859, Miss Lois Rhodes of Cleveland, Ohio. They have had three children, of whom only one is alive, William R. Marshall of Sioux Falls, S. D.

'49.—Rev. George A. Perkins, who died in Wendall, Mass., recently, graduated from Bowdoin College, Class of '49, and later from Bangor Theological Seminary. In July, 1854, he went to Turkey as a missionary and remained several years, then returned to this country. In 1863 he again went to Turkey as a professor in Robert College, Constantinople. His health, however, failed and he was obliged to return home; and after a time in a family school at Gorham he went to Massachusetts, where he preached for many years. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, and of  $\Phi \beta \kappa$ .

'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard has declined the presidency of Norwich University at Northfield, Vt. Having made his permanent residence in Vermont, he will deliver an annual course of lectures at that institution.

'60.—Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., returned home, last week, after a very extensive and successful lecture tour in the West. Since he has been absent he has lectured in fifty cities and towns, and fifteen different states. At all his lectures his audiences were large and enthusiastic, and on several occasions they numbered 2,000 or 3,000 persons. In Chicago he addressed 5,000 people. No lecturer has had greater success during the past season, and the ovations he has everywhere received from our Scandinavian fellow-citizens show that his efforts to draw more closely together the United States and the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway in the bonds of friendship and good-will are appreciated.

'60.—Among the commissioners appointed by Governor Cleaves for the Mexican Exposition to be held in the City of Mexico in 1896 were John M. Brown, '60, and Frank L. Dingley, '61.

'61.—General G. A. Forsyth has an article in

*Harper's Monthly* for June, entitled "A Frontier Fight," which tells the story of the death of one of Bowdoin's bravest sons, Frederick H. Beecher, of the Class of '62. Mr. Beecher was a lieutenant of the 3d U. S. Infantry. He served gallantly in the Civil War and was wounded at Gettysburg. He was killed on the 18th of September, 1868. The writer of "A Frontier Fight" speaks of Mr. Beecher as an energetic, active, reliable, brave and modest man, a splendid specimen of a thoroughbred American, and a most valuable man in any position requiring coolness, courage, and tact." He says that by his death the United States Army lost one of its best and bravest officers. All should read the account of the fight, as it shows the heroism of one of Bowdoin's sons.

'71.—Rev. E. S. Stackpole, D.D., delivered an address on "The True and False in Missionary Life," at the meeting of the Maine Ministers' Association, held in Augusta last week. Rev. Mr. Stackpole is now located in Auburn, after several years in Florence, Italy.

'72.—The wedding of Dr. W. C. Shannon, U. S. A., whose home is in Boston, to the daughter of Gen. A. J. Poppleton, one of the most eminent Nebraska citizens, took place at Omaha a short time ago, and was the leading society event of the year there.

'73.—Dr. D. A. Robinson, of Bangor, will deliver the address at Monroe, Memorial Day.

'76.—Professor C. D. Jameson has resigned the chair of Civil Engineering at the University of Iowa, and will practice his profession.

'88.—William T. Hall, Jr., has left Somerville, Mass., and is at present in the employ of the Waterville Electric Company, Waterville, Me.

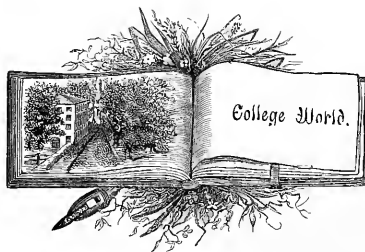
'88.—John H. Maxwell, A. T. Ridley, '90, and Joel Bean, Jr., '92, were admitted to the bar in Lewiston the 11th of May. Judge Walton highly complimented the young men on their proficiency in the study of law. Mr. Bean was admitted at 11 o'clock in the morning. Three hours later he had his cards out and his office bired. At four o'clock his sign hung out from the block where he is to do business. Bowdoin men have a way of hustling.

'88.—Dr. W. H. Bradford of Portland, recently went to Colorado Springs, Col., to attend an invalid on his journey.

'93.—Mr. Reginald Goodell is pursuing a course at the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

'84.—Rev. George C. DeMott was married to Miss Frances Stuart, of Richmond, a Wellesley '94

graduate, in Boston, Wednesday, May 15, 1895. After a short trip Mr. and Mrs. DeMott will reside in Ticonderoga, N. Y., where Mr. DeMott has a settled pastorate.



#### HIS FOUNDATION.

"If K O H on red litmus I pour  
I'll get blue litmus instead.  
Have I any foundation for this?" he asked,  
"At least, you've a base," she said.

—Vassar Miscellany.

The trustees of the U. of P. have passed rules to investigate the standing of any student to determine his right to take part in athletics.

Yale has won eleven championships of the Intercollegiate Base-Ball League, as against two each for Harvard and Princeton.

#### THE NEEDFUL THING.

"Oh, ye plains of broad Sahara,  
Rich in witchcraft's cunning art,  
Pray tell me how to win a kiss  
From her who holds my heart."

Then the plains of broad Sahara  
Sent an answer to me, and  
This the whole of what they told me,  
"Come and get a little sand."

—Yale Record.

Harvard athletes have been forbidden to run in scant athletic clothing on the streets of Cambridge.

The race between the Yale and Harvard Yacht Clubs will take place Thursday, June 27th.

#### SUPERSTITIOUS.

I am very superstitious,  
And protest most loudly when  
There are thirteen at the table,  
And there's only food for ten.

—Concordiensis.

The World's Student Conference will be held at Northfield, Mass., from June 29th to July 9th.

Lacrosse is coming more and more into favor as a college sport, and it has already entered several colleges in the east.

Cornell's musical clubs will make a trip through England, Scotland, and Ireland this summer. They will sail about the middle of June and will give about twenty concerts.

The habit of touching the hat to a professor, besides being an appropriate mark of politeness, is a time-honored custom of the college and worthy of being most carefully preserved. We would respectfully suggest that, for the continuance of this custom, certain professors return the salute.

—The Dartmouth.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

IVY NUMBER.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 19, 1895.

No. 4.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

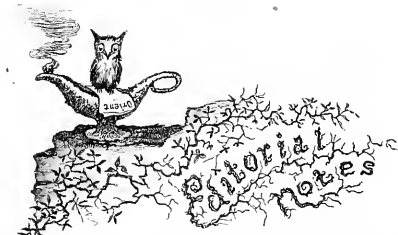
Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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Another Ivy Day with its pretty exercises and impressive ceremonies has come and gone, and the ORIENT, following the usual custom, presents in full the literary parts of the day. The Juniors may well take pride in their successful Ivy Day. It was the gala-day of the year for them and their hundreds of friends who came from away. Of the many customs and traditions held sacred by Bowdoin men, and the many ceremonies, public and otherwise, observed by them, Ivy Day holds a high place in the hearts of all, and is sure of perpetuation.

A PUBLICATION gladly welcomed by all Bowdoin men and friends of the college is the Descriptive Catalogue of the Bowdoin College Art Collections, by Professor Henry Johnson, curator, which has just been issued from the press. It is a neat little pamphlet of 80 pages, containing a wealth of information of great value to all interested in the magnificent art collections of our college. Its preparation has involved much time and arduous research, but it has been a labor of love for Professor Johnson and the results cannot but be extremely gratifying to him. The work will be of great service in drawing increased public attention to

these treasures of the college, and will be of much permanent value in leading to a better appreciation of them by both our graduates and under-graduates. In place of the scanty and not always fully reliable catalogues and fragments of catalogues which have been prepared from time to time during the past ninety years, Professor Johnson has prepared a full and accurate catalogue, systematic and concise in its arrangement, of all the hundreds of valuable paintings, drawings, casts, and art objects of which old Bowdoin is the fortunate possessor. The catalogue opens with a full historical account of the various collections, the story of the many munificent donations made the college, the fortunes and misfortunes of the collections since in the possession of the college, and careful mention of the various catalogues which have been attempted. A chapter is devoted to a description of the Walker Art Building, and then follow in turn departments devoted to Sculpture Hall, the Sophia Walker Gallery, the Bowdoin Gallery, the Boyd Gallery, the Assyrian Room, the Chapel, Memorial Hall, and Massachusetts Hall. This catalogue should be in the hands of every Bowdoin man, that we may take better advantage of the grand opportunity offered us by our Art Building and our large and valuable collections.

**T**HE annual report of President Hyde to the trustees and overseers of the college has been made public and has much to interest all of us. At the opening, mention is made of the death of Barnabas Freeman, Esq., in term of service the senior member of the Board of Overseers, who had served since 1857. No changes in the Faculty are anticipated this year, except that Mr. Mitchell will have a leave of absence for the year. The changes introduced into our course of study last year by the division of the department of history and political economy have

been fully justified. The additional courses in history, economics, and English literature which this change made possible have proved to be among the most popular courses which the college offers. No further extension of the course of study is contemplated at present. The one important step forward which the college ought to take this year is the provision for a broader, not a lower or easier, basis of admission. This is the main issue to be considered at the next meeting of the Boards. Three years ago President Hyde recommended that the Faculty be authorized to offer an alternative for the requirement in Greek. This year he urges the importance of this step much more strongly. This step, which was then urged in order to keep the college in the front of educational progress, is now absolutely essential to prevent it from falling to the rear. Every college in New England to-day offers a four years' course for admission to which Greek is not a requisite, except three colleges in Maine. Furthermore, the Faculty of the college is in favor of the change now to an extent which it was not three years ago. The new Science Building and its workings are described in detail, and the plans for the summer school are explained. Appreciative acknowledgment is made in the report of the recent additions to the art collections. The need of a recitation hall for the literary departments and of a new athletic field are explained. The report says that the great and pressing need of the college is increase of its general productive funds. Appleton Hall requires immediate and thorough renovation. The grading of the campus, made necessary by the new buildings, should be completed as soon as possible. The smooth lawn, with its broad walks of white sand, in front of the Searles Building, is a revelation of the possibilities of the campus. The fence around the college grounds should be removed; or else replaced by one that is unobtrusive. The



need of a common dining-hall increases with the growth of the college. This is the tenth year of President Hyde's connection with the college, and he makes a brief review of the progress which has been made during this period. He modestly attributes this progress to "the generosity of our benefactors and the progressive times in which our lot has fallen," but we all know that it has been due in no small degree to the energy, liberality, and clear-sightedness of our brilliant and popular young president. In these ten years our Faculty has grown from 11 to 17. The students have increased from 113 to 229. The courses of study, taking a course given four times a week for one term as a unit, have increased from 68 to 90. The elective principle has been extended from one-sixth to two-thirds of the course. The library has increased from 35,000 to 55,000 volumes; its circulation from 3,800 to 6,100; and the number of hours it is open each week from 24 to 60. One building has been thoroughly renovated; memorial tablets have been placed in Memorial Hall; an organ has been placed in the chapel; and extensive additions have been made to our art collections. Four new buildings have been erected at a cost of about \$350,000. The productive funds of the college, including funds for scholarships and special purposes, have increased from \$350,000 to \$550,000.

**B**OWDOIN is justly proud of its library, and its future is a subject that comes very near to us all. Thus the annual report of Librarian Little, just issued, which deals at length with the condition of the library and its pressing needs for the near future, is most interesting reading. The number of volumes now in the library, inclusive of 3,600 books belonging to the Medical School, is 55,169. The accessions for the past twelve months have been 2,039. Of these, 694 were purchased at an average cost of \$1.72; 145

were obtained by binding periodicals and pamphlets, 19 at the expense of the Department of Biology, 6 by exchange of duplicates, and 1,135 were presented by various donors. These gifts exceed in number, as well as in value, those of any previous year in the history of the library with but two exceptions. Among the more notable, mentioned in order of their reception, are the following: Bound volumes of the Boston Daily Advertiser from Mrs. Lucy S. Dodge of Cambridge, Mass.; a set of the Collections of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan from Hon. Alpheus Felch, LL.D., Class of 1827, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; upwards of 100 volumes from the Longfellow homestead in Portland, presented by Mrs. Anne Longfellow Pierce; 37 valuable books on art from the Misses Walker, for reference use in the Walker Art Building; over 100 recently published books from George Haven Putnam, M.A., of New York City; a large number of medical and other periodicals, of bound pamphlets and annotated historical works relating to this state obtained, through the kind services of Ernest B. Young, Class of 1892, from several sources; the writings of Charles Sumner in fifteen volumes, from Hon. Edward L. Pierce of Milton, Mass.; the Tripitaka in 39 volumes from his Majesty, the King of Siam; and, most important of all, a collection of upwards of 300 volumes selected from the library of the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., and presented by Robert C. Winthrop, Jr., Esq. Among the purchases of the year may be mentioned a set of the Dublin Review; 36 volumes of the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London; Handwörterbuch der Staatswissenschaften in six volumes; Lesser's Atlas der gerichtlichen Medicin; and 100 volumes of recent standard German literature. Professor Little announces the generous gift of \$1,000 from George Sullivan Bowdoin, Esq., of New York City for the maintenance and increase of a

collection of Huguenot literature. For a century the Bowdoin library has been the largest and most valuable collection of books in Maine, and it is strongly urged that the annual appropriation be increased, or at least restored to what it was a few years ago, that this position and our relative standing among the colleges of the country may be maintained. The report sets before the college boards the imperative need of more shelving, demanded by the growth of the library, and asks that the South Wing be made fire-proof with steel stacks for 40,000 volumes. A new library building cannot come to us too speedily, and in the meantime every possible step should be taken to make our present quarters convenient and safe. The importance of our library as a factor in the work of instruction cannot be overestimated. The cost of the proposed improvements is relatively slight, and it is sincerely hoped the Boards can see their way clear to take the steps so earnestly recommended by Librarian Little.

## '96's Ivy Day.

FRIDAY, June 14th, was observed as Ivy Day, and never in the thirty years since this beautiful custom was instituted at old Bowdoin have all the ceremonies and exercises of the day passed off more pleasantly and successfully. The weather was all that could be desired; the beautiful campus, in all its luxuriant June verdure, was never more attractive; crowds of friends from far and near were present; and the exercises, which were of an unusually high order, passed off very smoothly and with much credit to all participating. The Class of '96 may take just pride in its highly successful Ivy Day. All regretted that the usual Sophomore-Freshman boat race did not take place in the morning, but otherwise, day and evening, it was an

ideal Bowdoin Ivy Day. Upper Memorial was filled to its utmost capacity at 3 P.M., when the famous Germania Band of Boston struck up a march and the Juniors, in cap and gown, marched slowly, in close order, the length of the central aisle and took seats on the semi-circular stage. The marching and evolutions on the stage were perfectly executed under the leadership of Marshal Willard. The following programme, occupying about two hours, was then carried out. The literary parts, which are given below in full, were, without exception, well delivered and won many well-deserved words of praise. Owing to the inability of the class soloist to respond this presentation was omitted, and the audience was left to guess who the soloist was.

Prayer.	MUSIC.	H. Gilpatric.
Oration.	MUSIC.	R. O. Small.
Poem.	MUSIC.	J. C. Minot.
Address by President.	MUSIC.	F. C. Peaks.

### PRESENTATIONS.

Plugger—Oil-can.	G. T. Ordway.
Soloist—Rival.	?
Fop—Eye-glass.	R. M. Andrews.
Interrogator—Interrogation point.	A. G. Hebb.
Backslider—Spurs.	H. R. Blodgett.
Charmer—Snake.	S. Fessenden.
Popular Man—Wooden spoon.	J. H. Bates.

### IVY-DAY ORATION.

#### MANHOOD MAKES THE MAN.

By ROBERT O. SMALL.

When out of confusion and emptiness the present fabric of the world was made to arise, and from the chaotic state of the beginning creation dawned; light was divided from darkness, life originated, and man, clothed with authority to rule as visible head and monarch of the world, was made. When the first human being, quickened by the breath of the Maker, received the implanting of the immortal soul, the superhuman distinction between man and beast, manhood was first made possible.

The low estate of primitive man we must inev-

itably accept. Crude and few in number must have been the possible attributes of this primary manhood if, indeed, we can find any which, when viewed by our criterions, can be considered essential or necessary properties of manhood. The embryo was there, however, and we are debtors to civilization and all its ameliorating adjuncts for what of development there has been in the original type. Experience, reliable teacher of manhood, was all to be acquired by the infant pioneers of our race; life's sea all unexplored, could not be known as the stormy waste which it sometimes proves to be.

That the conceded essentials of true manhood have passed through a series of evolutions, a glance back over historic time gives proof. On the west bank of the Eurotas in "hollow, lovely Lacedæmon," Spartans, in the fifth century B.C., trained their youths simply with reference to warlike exercises; mechanical labor, husbandry, and commerce were despised and neglected. The highest type of manhood to a Spartan connoisseur was exemplified in the warrior who fought the longest and strongest or in silence suffered the most excruciating torture. Scipio, defeated at Thapsus, left the "younger Cato" walled up in Utica, and the Cato who had inured his body to endure all hardships, the frugal, pblegmatic statesman and general, fell upon his own sword rather than pass into the hands of Rome. So respected was such manhood that Cæsar, when news of the act reached his ear, is reputed to have exclaimed, "Cato, I begrudge thee thy death, since thou hast begrudged me the glory of sparing thy life!" From the 10th to the 15th centuries, chivalry was the dominant power in European history. Brave knights, encased in helmet, cuirass and greaves, rode forth from castle gates, quitting the pleasures of court to protect the weak, redress the wrongs of the injured, and help wrest the Holy Land from the lascivious grasp of Mohammedanism. To courage is now added courtesy and refinement; chastity and temperance in theory at least. In "Quentin Durward," Scott has well portrayed the manhood of the mediæval age. Needless it is to tell you the difference between the age last cited and our century; in sharp contrast with those knights the manhood of Washington and Lincoln stands forth.

It is becoming for us to ponder somewhat on this theme of manhood, and as I reflect upon the changes which the world has experienced within the last two thousand years, the names of various leaders, worthy the attention of a few moments, come before me. Some are military leaders, others

statesmen and spiritual guides. Julius Cæsar, Rome's standards to the front, is now bending sinew to sinew with the hardy Briton, wresting Britannia from the sway of the Druids. William the Conqueror, by inheritance the Duke of Normandy and by virtue of his genius King of England, conquers at the battle of Hastings, subjects Briton to his mastery, and alters her whole subsequent history. Miles Standish, of Flanders valor, now helps repulse Indian attacks and lay the foundation of that Puritan New England of which we so proudly boast. Washington shares the rigors of a winter with the revolutionary troops at Valley Forge, and as commander-in-chief of the American forces receives the sword of Cornwallis from the hand of O'Hara; the British soldiers lay down their arms, deliver up their standards, and the United States of America becomes possible. Franklin, the journalist, diplomat, statesman, and philosopher, publishes "Poor Richard's Almanac," plays with the electric charges from God's magnetic storms, represents the colonies of America at the polished court of Louis XIV., and becomes a member of the constitutional convention that framed our charter of government. Toussaint L'Ouverture, son of a swarthy chief of Africa's sable race, liberates the slaves of Hayti and, as a general, places his name side by side with that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Dr. Charles Parkhurst wields the mighty influence of a godly man and strikes destruction and overthrow at the roots of a "lying, perjured, rum-soaked, and libidinous city government."

These names carry with them a certain amount of concentrated manhood, of high quality; how varied the life-work of them all; what a contrast between Parkhurst and Cæsar. Why this survey? Because it is good, before we start to view manhood in its present status, to look back through time and see what man and manhood have achieved. It is but a proof of the evolution of manhood which we see in this change. Experience, instructed well by theory and example, completes the work of natural qualifications. We, the living, breathing enjoyers of the nineteenth century civilization, have the benefit of all previous tests and models to aid us in choosing our ideal. What shall it be?

Day after day courses by, time comes and time goes, on wags this busy world, ever growing older, and never abating its demands on human energy. They tell us that this planet is fast becoming a better place to live in. Doubtless this is the cause of the high premium on life. It is just as hard to die out of the world now as it ever was; the vital

spark was never dearer to any generation of people than it is to our own. Despite the fact that there never was a time when a man could be more of a man than he can to-day, I fear that at times we rely too much on the gilded age into which we have been born and lay too complacently back in the traces, trusting that those about us will keep on pulling and tugging in the harness of civilizing influence. To produce those vibrations which move the masses, we must strike on the chords that formerly called forth those thrills—aye, but the same stroke does less to-day than it did even fifty years ago. As the state of things grows more complicated the implements to be effective must be improved in like degree.

Though my subject is susceptible of being embellished and theorized upon, idealized beyond our customary experiences, I prefer to treat it in a common-sense, every-day manner, looking at manhood as an oft-met-with property of mankind—something we are all capable of, something the majority attain to. There is not a person in the hall who has not a concept of the qualities requisite for manhood, and yet I doubt if the ideal make-up given by any one of you would completely and sufficiently satisfy every other person present. There has ever been a tendency on the part of the world to consider him the man who showed great prowess as a fighter; a leaning still stimulated by the admirers of those bruisers, popularly conceived as hastening the millennium by perpetuating the manly art of self-defense. To be sure courage is one requisite to manhood, but "Dream not helm and harness the sign of valor true; Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew." Yes, indeed, by the American people of our era other attributes than mere courage to fight are required for the highest, noblest manhood.

Youth is the time when the mind expands and it is the time when that inner man is most susceptible to worthy impulses and appeals for manly deeds. During youth the ideas are, as it were, in the gristle, are pliable, and may be moulded with scanty reference to manhood or may be broadly modeled on the plan and with appreciation of the many illustrious examples of it which time has afforded us. The gristle will soon be grown into bone and then it must be broken rather than bent to any new conception of man and his relations to man. When once we realize the necessity of improvement along any line, then, and not until then, are we likely to strive for such betterment. So it is true in regard to manhood; when once we have awakened to the

full appreciation of a high ideal, then have we a nucleus around which may be gathered the characteristics of the highest and most lovable human nature. The germ of manhood is deep-bedded in the make-up of our inner nature, and as truly as exercise is the means to develop the physique, even so there are practices which will develop or retard the growth or even the appearance of manhood. A good healthy condition of manhood is more indispensable to man than is a well body; the two together make a more comfortable existence, but give me the former if I can have but one. Manhood signifies completed growth of body and a development of mind beyond the childish and the youthful age. Underneath our whole life should be clear, well-defined principles upon which we can build; then believe intelligently, work diligently, and there must be some reward; it is moonshine to think that in the future there will be no guerdon.

Do you infer that I would have a man copy all his manhood from those who have lived exemplary lives and from what he sees about him? No. That is noblest which is new, if true. Nothing should be more despised than imitation for sake of appearance. Patterning after need not necessarily be copying. Attend personally to the make-up of your own manhood. Have views of your own even at the risk of being called a crank, a term much in vogue to-day. "An old lie is as good as a new;" but so long as a man acts sincerely as he thinks, even new ideas put into action are worthy of our notice. You can't fool the world, some one will take you at your real value. Fear not mere flippant criticism of your acts; what is the use of mere outward appearance if there is something deeper which is true? The subtle alchemy of public opinion ends at the last mile-stone; the doings of a man and not his appearances are graven upon his eternal soul. J. G. Holland has said, "Power in its quality and degree is the measure of manhood;" look to it well that the quality is good, the degree can be developed.

Do not lose all confidence in the manhood of the people in this world because of experience with apparent recreants and dastards. There is not a man who was created without a soul; it is from the soul that all manhood springs. Though the individual at hand may be the most calloused, apathetic criminal who breathes God's free air, though he be the most abject, sordid coward that ever stooped to perpetrate a sneaking deed, still it is better to think that possibly all manhood is not gone. At any rate don't condemn the universe because of your experience with such. Show your own manhood by using

your best influence to set things right; don't blunt it by turning a deaf ear to the promptings of your conscience, because a similar mentor does not prompt your brother. We may never free our country, never make silver-tongued statesmen, but we can earn honest livelihoods and be men. Let us live our lives, wherever they may be cast, like men. Then we do our best; we can do no better.

Disappointment and failure seem to be the natural and indisputed heritage of the human race; but it is over the ruins of castles built in air, if not above the wreck of real enterprise, that every great man has come on. Courage to face hardships and dangers, prudence to guard against accident, carefulness and thoroughness in preparing for every need and emergency, are all qualities of developed manhood. Cultivate the power to foresee chances, use skill and adroitness, promptness, energy, and decision to overcome seeming impossibilities. Have wisdom to submit gracefully when the odds are really overwhelming, and do not waste energy on what is really hopeless or not worth the trouble it will cost. Though nothing succeeds like success, still it shows true manhood to stand up under disappointment and then to tower over defeat in ultimate victory. Meet the world with a smile, though mental anguish and heart-breaking sorrow at times bear you down; put self behind the scenes, and before the footlights of this world's stage act nobly the part of a man who bears his affliction without a murmur.

Manhood begins at home with childhood; it begins with, and is strengthened by, respect shown to parents, obedience to their wishes, and deference for their views. Father and mother may be a little behind the times in some of their ideas, but it should be remembered that, since they have lived a life longer than ours, their experience bids fair to have been more varied. To them we owe our all; to them our first duties are due. The household gods of the pagans were their most sacred trusts. The maintenance of the family unit is the salvation of our nation; no more hallowed duty appeals to thinking men.

Our country calls for manhood, the very noblest which has yet been evolved. The soldier, who in time of war, that last argument of kings (would that I could believe we shall never again be involved), marches from home to defend the land he loves, and if need be, lays down his life to save that land; that statesman who, with stentorian voice and perspicuous reasoning, helps guide the ship of state between the rocks and crags of apparent

dangers and across the shoals and flats of occult treachery: the citizen, be he professor, practitioner, artisan, merchant, or day laborer, one of the many who make the whole, the indispensable member of a commonwealth—all these our country needs. It needs their manhood, exemplified in the soldier by his bravery, self-sacrifice, and unswerving patriotism, in the statesman by his integrity of purpose in framing our jurisprudence and his strength of conviction in directing the machinery of our government, in the citizen by his law-abiding spirit, intelligence in using the franchise, and in being an all-round man, upright, downright, and all right. Manhood is the wealth of our nation, the shield and buckler of a sure defense.

There is one satisfactory consolation which we may usher into our silent, if not spoken, thoughts. We may house it there to comfort us whenever we feel the danger of becoming pessimistic. It is this. The records of current events and the history of the ages bear us out in the belief that right will ultimately conquer. Manhood is none the less surely destined to be victorious.

Whoever believes in a hereafter must also believe in the pattern of manhood exemplified by that Nazarene—the One Perfect Man. To approach such manhood other help than that of will power or sense of right from wrong must be secured. Human aid furnishes but a portion of that which helps make us men, it does not even give us the start. Who shall say that the longing after a better, nobler life is not the promptings of a spirit Maker? Religion and morality are the two great supports upon which manhood rests; even those who claim not to accept religion as it is preached, must fall back upon morality as a prop to sustain them. Perfection in this life is not considered attainable; the nearest approach to it of which we are aware falls far short of the conception which our finite minds can comprehend. Shall not those who have striven to live like men ever have a chance to reach the ideal manhood which they have been pleased to picture in their moments of thought, which approach to the sublime. I believe that nearly every one has twinklings of a manhood higher than that lived on earth. Whence does this come? Are they mere fancies of the brain's own making? Will there never be a chance for this imperfect life of ours to be perfected more fully? Does manhood or that which prompts us to sit atop the grave and perish with the natural body?

The acceptance of a God, the ruler of the universe, is a test of manhood. The faith of a child is

no more beautiful than that of a man who, failing by means of human insight to fathom the mysteries of the world, still has an unshaken faith in one Supreme Author of the whole. Faith is manhood's test. There are things which the mind of man can never comprehend and it takes manhood to admit it. Not far distant to every one of us is a stopping-place, as far as life in the present state is involved; death will make all equal here below, and should there be "a house not built by hands" constructed ready for our coming, what better pass-word to enter its portals wide than "*trusting manhood.*" Though our names be writ in water on the pages of the world's history, our deeds of true manhood may somewhere, somehow, be graven in adamant. Manhood makes the man.

#### IVY-DAY POEM.

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT.

Ivy Day at Bowdoin and mine a song to sing;  
High indeed the honor on one so low to fall.  
Shall I say my lyre is broken and my harp has lost  
a string?  
Such excuse were useless; it would never do at all.  
The world is full of liars that have often made a  
break,  
And yet keep up their music upon the same old  
strain;  
And often lively dancing upon a string we take  
And wish the string would vanish, and only wish  
in vain.  
Such excuse were useless; so, as in Freshman year  
When we furnished dance and music at others' beck  
and call,  
To-day we find our pleasure mixed with a doubt  
and fear;  
For Juniors are but Freshmen a little bit grown tall.  
But let us plant our ivy and trust that it will grow,  
And reach its spreading tendrils far up the sacred  
wall;  
Nor let it crush our ardor that we this fact must  
know:  
While thirty have been planted but three have lived  
in all.  
Yet long years in the future, when we have gone  
away,  
May jolly classes follow, all clad in cap and gown,  
Observing still the customs of the happy Ivy Day,  
And never think of failure when they plant their  
ivies down.

For youth is full of promise and hope is ever green,  
And, clinging to life's framework, it never falls or  
dies;

The ivy vine must perish; its beauty is a dream;  
But hope, still climbing upward, at last must reach  
the skies.

And planting now our ivy we feel within our heart  
That it will thrive and prosper in the sunshine from  
above;

That bonds are thrown around us when its little  
tendrils start,  
To bind us fast to Bowdoin and to the class we love.

And with this pleasant fancy we meet this summer  
day;

The orator has spoken; the poet's place is mine.  
Alas, upon Parnassus I found a rocky way,  
The place was void of Muses; like us, it had no  
nine!

Now, since the time of ancients, an owl with solemn  
eye

As the symbol of all wisdom has blinked on in the  
dark;

But from the modern college we hear one common  
cry:

"Youth is the hour of morning; O, give us then  
a lark!"

So I will not speak with wisdom (I could not if I  
would);

Nor trouble mighty problems, nor wrestle with the  
creeds;

Nor settle all the questions of evil and of good;  
Nor show the nation's dangers and what it chiefly  
needs.

Nor will I bore my classmates with any classic lay,  
Some tale of by-gone ages when all the world was  
young;

It would be an empty story unsuited to the day,  
That many other singers in better verse had sung.

I have but a lowly tribute to place upon the shrine  
Of our loved *Alma Mater*, in plain and simple verse;  
And if the halting meter and faulty feet be mine,  
Mine also the affection; my motive might be worse.

Bowdoin the queenly,  
Deathless her fame;  
Bowdoin our mother,  
God guard her name.

Now we salute her,  
Kneel at her feet,  
Asking her favor  
Loving and sweet.  
Proudly we hail her  
First 'neath the skies;  
Tender her accents,  
Love-lit her eyes.  
Bowdoin the regal,  
Queen of our hearts;  
Bowdoin our mother,  
Whence our life starts.

Crown her with ivy,  
Laurel, and bay;  
Crown her with clearest  
Sunlight of day.  
Bright be her scepter,  
Firm be her throne,  
Endless her reigning  
Over her own.  
Ever may whispering  
Pine trees around  
Charm her with fragrance,  
Soothe her with sound.  
Ever may flowers  
Spring at her feet,  
Song birds flood 'round her  
Melodies sweet.

Grand in a century's  
Triumphs she stands;  
Grander the present  
Filling her hands;  
While in the heavens,  
Flooding the sky,  
Brighter the future's  
Promises lie.

O, the immortal  
Sons she has reared!  
Honor the living;  
Honor the dead.  
Statesmen and soldiers,  
Scholars and bards,  
Leaders in thinking,  
Actions, and words.  
Leaders forever  
Where duties call;  
Standing, however,  
MEN first of all.

Weak is the tribute  
Speech gives, or song;

Noble the tribute,  
Manly and strong,  
Given by living  
Lives that are true;  
This as her tribute  
Bowdoin holds due.

Bowdoin the queenly,—  
Where is the queen  
Richer in birthright,  
Fairer in mien?  
Bowdoin our mother,—  
Never had men  
Nobler a mother;  
May we be then  
Sons that are worthy  
All that she gives;  
Guarding her honor,  
Each while he lives.  
Bowdoin the queenly,  
Deathless thy fame;  
Bowdoin our mother,  
God guard thy name.

## ADDRESS OF CLASS PRESIDENT.

BY FRANCIS C. PEAKS.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of the Class of '96:*

I am very much pleased to greet you in behalf of the class on this, our Ivy Day.

It is an occasion which closes an important epoch in our history, standing like a mile-stone to remind us that three of the precious four years allotted here at Bowdoin are passed. They have been years fraught with pleasures and disappointments, joys and sorrows intermingled, and as we have gone together through these experiences ever-increasing ties of tenderest affection have been twining about our hearts, binding us firmly together and culminating in the strong bonds of fraternal union which completely and closely surround the hallowed associations of our beloved class.

While this day is one of unbounded pleasure and satisfaction to us: pleasure rightly felt in the accomplishment of the work of another year; satisfaction at the character of our attainments for the three years upon which we can justly look with pride, yet there comes a feeling of sadness when we realize that one more year alone remains to us of connection with our cherished *Alma Mater*—one short year of the associations here at dear old Bowdoin which have come to be so much a part of our lives.

But joy must to-day shine supreme, illuminating even the shadow which the thought of parting

casts upon us; for this is the day of all the year to which we have looked forward, and nothing must be permitted to mar our complete enjoyment of it. You are all too familiar with the significance of Ivy Day for me to attempt any explanation regarding it. Only let me say that it is the one day when perfect freedom of speech is not out of place, when modesty is for a time laid aside, and we speak proudly, even egotistically, of our class and its individual members.

I say we shall speak proudly, and have we not reason to feel elated over the achievements of our course thus far? When, three years ago, our glorious Class of '96 first graced the halls of old Bowdoin, did we not then make an impression most favorable upon Faculty and under-graduates alike, and has not the old saying that "First impressions are lasting" been eminently true in our case?

As the class assembled for the first time after its advent into the college, an interested observer could not fail to note the nobility of character and earnestness of purpose which marked the faces of its members. Unmistakable signs of future presidents and statesmen, sages and philosophers were there, showing the class at the outset to be possessed of great mental strength.

This superior intellect was immediately recognized by all, and pangs of jealousy were felt on every side. Filled with envy and bitter resentment, the whole student-body proceeded to make our career as uncomfortable as possible. Such was their unworthy aim, and so far as chiding and banter could avail anything, they did their best to make existence miserable. But thanks to good sense and a forgiving disposition, the chaffing of our tormentors fell upon our heads like water upon the duck's back, only to roll off as it had come, leaving not the slightest trace of its presence, and like the duck we passed unharmed through the troubled waters, chiefly Androscooggin, of our first college year.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year, as we viewed in retrospect the time of our verdancy, we were able for the first time to appreciate fully the blessings that had been showered, yea, poured upon us. Our generous hearts were straightway touched, and we resolved that inasmuch as we, like delicate plants, had been unceasingly tended and watered through our Freshman year, it would now become us to manifest a magnanimity equal to our blessings, and take upon ourselves the culture and care of the new Freshmen.

We had always believed and practiced the old

adage that "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," and in this new undertaking we did not swerve from our firmly-established principle. In fact, so zealous were we in our work, so thorough even in the minor details, that the Faculty felt it their duty to interfere in our behalf, as our philanthropic deeds were requiring too much of our time. Thirteen of the most ardent of the class were summoned to the President's house and informed that henceforth they would be relieved of all the responsibility which they had assumed, as the Faculty had generously consented to take upon themselves for the future the entire management of this department of training.

The winter term was made memorable by the departure of two of our members from these halls of learning. Impelled by an ardent desire for physical development they had unwisely frequented the "gym" until, by the advice of their physician, Dr. Whittier, they were persuaded to take a vacation of a term's duration, in which time it was hoped they would come to see the folly of their ways, and upon their return profit by their dearly-bought experience.

Accordingly, on the 12th of December, they proceeded to the railroad station to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," accompanied by a body of sympathizing classmates.

Of the class as a whole it is sufficient to say that up to this time we have won unprecedented laurels, both in scholarship and athletics, and can justly lay claim to the palm as winners of class contests which our repeated victories, particularly in baseball and squad work, clearly prove.

And now, as we come to the close of our Junior year, we realize, as never before, that the wide world awaits us; that soon the tender associations of class and college will be broken, and the members of our dear old class will go their several ways in search of fame, which I am sure is in store for every one.

The political signs of the times point almost unmistakably to the election of a son of our *Alma Mater* to the highest office in the gift of the people. If the graduate of 1860 shall be the President-elect of the United States in 1896, what may not be possible of some members of our class in thirty-six years after graduation? Some of you who to-day smile at this half-prophecy may yet live under an administration which has for its head a member of the Class of '96 of Bowdoin College.

But whatever great distinction or good fortune may be attained by its members, I am sure the old



fondness for the class will never lessen, the tender recollection of the happy days here never be blotted out, nor the friendships here formed never be entirely severed.

I have now, in accordance with the custom, to make a few appropriate presentations. It has been a difficult matter to select from the class those to whom honors shall to-day be given, for there are many equally deserving of notice. But it is to some of the more striking characters that I wish to call attention, and it is very proper, therefore, that I should speak of one who, by his conscientious and untiring diligence in the performance of his college duties, has won the admiration and praise not only of the class but of the entire Faculty as well. Not infrequently has he been known to spend the entire night, even to the morning hours, in preparation for the work of the following day. Honors in Mathematics, Latin, and Physics have in turn been showered upon him, even though his modest and retiring nature would fain have thrust them aside.

Mr. Ordway, in behalf of the class I present you with this token, symbolical of the midnight oil which you have consumed in your ceaseless research. I might also suggest that it be used in lubricating the wheels.

#### RESPONSE OF CLASS PLUGGER.

By GEORGE T. ORDWAY.

*Mr. President and Classmates:*

This is a most auspicious occasion and I deem that I have been accorded a rare privilege in being allowed to express my thanks for this gift, the victor's crown of laurel.

How many of my classmates have been aware that I have so hidden this devotion to study. To some it cannot appear but as a miracle, but it is the truth. I am the only one of this glorious class who can possibly lay claim to the title which has been given me. Temptations, however, have not been lacking. Often have the leaders of deviltry, Gilpatrick and Clough, come to me and with their most enticing wiles tried to make me a participant in their midnight escapades. Nay! Nay! I could not do so.

Again, too, has the handsomest man in the Glee Club approached me, endeavoring to persuade me to go to church with him. As my "ice factory" is not situated in Brunswick, how useless it would have been for me to sit during divine service eagerly gazing upon the entrancing chorus of Brunswick's many beautiful belles.

For this opportune and useful treasure, Mr. President, I heartily thank you. Long will I cherish it, and this day will be marked in my calendar as bearing vividly the colors of crimson and gray. Again thanking you and with the words of Jonathan Swift, "May you live all the days of your life."

*The President:*

In the varied and rushing course of human existence, some are destined to remain in comparative obscurity, while others gain notoriety and become conspicuous.

A pardonable pride to be becomingly attired is inherent in the greater part of humanity, but when attire is made use of to gain conspicuous position, then the end does not justify the means.

I refer to one who has so thrust himself before our notice by his showy dress and affected manner, that I need hardly speak his name. Modesty and reserve are to him unknown quantities. Vain ostentation and self-praise are his attributes. Since the very beginning of the Freshman year he has been continually sounding his own praises and recounting his own achievements.

At times when this gaudily bedecked youth has entered the class-room, even Professor Moody is said to have been disconcerted for a moment, and Professor Hutchings one night mistook the huge diamond sparkling in his shirt front for the long-expected comet.

Mr. Andrews,—you need only this eye-glass to make you a typical fop of the nineteenth century.

#### RESPONSE OF FOP.

By R. M. ANDREWS.

*Mr. President and Classmates:*

It is with the most intense gratification that I receive this mark of your esteem, knowing as I do how entirely it has been deserved. It is of course a great distinction to be in any way first among such a class, but to excel at an art of which we have so many devotees, to overcome so many experts, to surpass in nicety of dress the men whom I see before me, this indeed is an honor such as comes to a man but once in a life-time. At this happy moment my heart swells with a just pride, and the pleasure of the glory I now enjoy prompts me to yet greater efforts in the future.

And what a future might be mine; in how many ways my talents might improve and ennoble the land. I might start a male dress-reform movement,

so that the modern man should completely outshine the new woman. My well-known energy and self-reliance would make it certain of success, and I should expect my classmates to be my first disciples. Or I might succeed Ward McAllister, and dressing the four hundred in a costume of my own devising, raise them so high above the masses that even the comic papers should reverence them.

But let no man think that I have arrived at my present eminence without a struggle. With such a prize to contend for there were of course many candidates, but from the first my own pre-eminent fitness for the position made me an odds on favorite over the field. One by one my competitors gave it up and betook themselves to fields more suited to their abilities. Soon Mr. Homer Blodgett was the only one with courage to contend against me, and his chance of success, if he ever had any, vanished in smoke when I discovered him openly wearing his eye-glass in his right eye when I had just received private intelligence that the Prince of Wales, on account of a troublesome pig-sty, had shifted his to his left.

There is one mournful consideration which detracts from the pleasure I feel on this otherwise proud and happy occasion. It is that the custom of the day compels me to hide the beauties of my raiment under this sombre gown.

I am sorry for this partly on my own account, but mostly for the sake of the audience. It seems too bad to deprive them of such a spectacle.

You know, classmates, how I have begged, how I have pleaded with you that I might not wear the horrible disguise, that I might remove it for one brief instant only, and stand before you clad in the tasteful and elegant costume which I have prepared for this occasion. But you would not allow it, you felt that should your friends see me thus the contrast would be too striking, and although admitting my superiority, you could not bear that I should publicly triumph over you.

And so I have yielded to the wishes of the class, but when these ceremonies are over I shall be free, I need no longer conceal my glories. I shall present myself publicly on the campus, where I may be seen of all, without money and without price.

#### *The President:*

Fortune has been extremely kind to us as a class, often allowing her smile to rest benignly upon us, and in many ways showing to us that we have been her especial charge.

For all this we are deeply grateful, but especially do we recognize her goodness in giving to us one who, by the most characteristic methods, has made himself of inestimable value, gaining for us information and knowledge which, but for him, could never have been ours.

The professors, under his magnetic influence, have been induced to impart of their knowledge to an extent that no former class has ever enjoyed.

Mr. Hebb, it is to you that we feel this gratitude, and in addition to your efforts in selling the class shell and in buying the caps and gowns, I cite as an example of your untiring zeal for the class, the day when you kept the Biology division fifteen minutes after time, plying Prof. Lee with question upon question, in order to satisfy your own inquiring mind.

When in after years you look at this significant memento, may you be reminded of your college days and of your invaluable service to the Class of '96.

#### \* RESPONSE OF INTERROGATOR.

BY A. G. HEBB.

*Mr. President, Classmates:*

I thank you for this gift. I thank you for your words of praise and commendation, and I feel grateful to you for the expression of your appreciation of my valuable services.

You do me great honor on this occasion—an honor doubly appreciated, Mr. President, as I look into your face, beaming with joy and gratitude, which tells me more plainly than words that you have spoken in all sincerity. I am drinking in solid enjoyment, Mr. President, and I make no secret of the fact that I am most delightfully happy.

From my earliest infancy my parents imagined that I was created to become a great man, in which idea they did not have a complete monopoly, for I soon shared it with them. But, classmates, I have far exceeded their wildest ambitions. For to be recognized as the greatest interrogator in the Class of '96 is the highest honor to which any man can reasonably aspire.

We are a class of interrogators, and as students of Bowdoin College what more praiseworthy can I say of you? It indicates thought; it proclaims active minds; it gives evidence of reasoning; it promotes understanding, and is a sure road to distinction and success.

Newton saw the apple fall, and immediately he asked himself, why did it fall? And the result of this interrogation was the discovery of the force of gravitation.

Leverrier saw the planet Uranus did not move precisely in the path computed for it by the most skillful scientific men of the day, and he asked himself, why is it? Why this discrepancy between theory and observation? And the result, after a laborious mathematical investigation, was the discovery of another world which is many times larger than our own.

But, Mr. President, I will not take the time to relate any more historical facts concerning great discoveries, any more than to say that in the Class of '96 there has been discovered those rare qualities which lead to fame. We do not expect to discover new forces, we do not expect to discover new worlds, but we have our Bass, we have our Eastman, we have our Dana, our Fessenden, our Ordway, our Blodgett, our Andrews, and many others whose names shall go down to future generations, and whose lives shall be held as bright and shining examples to which dear papas and loving mammas will reverentially point their offspring. And now, Mr. President, in future years when you sit by your own fireside, gather your little ones about you and tell them about your illustrious classmates; tell them about our caps and gowns and how I got them, and about this, our Ivy Day; tell them about our class shell, our annual boat race, our annual field day, and inspire within them a love for the customs and traditions of Old Bowdoin.

Mr. President, again I thank you for this gift, so symbolical of my great powers. I shall prize it not only as a beautiful work of art, but as a token of esteem and gratitude from the Class of '96.

#### *The President:*

It is very disappointing, to say the least, to find that confidence has been misplaced. Faults which can be seen are readily forgiven, but deception is most humiliating to those upon whom it is practiced.

I regret to say that we have been deceived in one of our number. When we entered college we knew him to be a man of the most upright character, of the strictest morality and refinement, and we have not had the least suspicion of his downfall. In fact, but for our President we might never have discovered his blackness of heart, so closely has he drawn about himself the cloak of morality. Needless to say, surprise and consternation pervaded the class when the truth became known. But as the offender appeared before the judgment seat, summoned on the charge of general misconduct, he wore, not the abject mien of a criminal, but rather that bland and peaceful smile which has always characterized his countenance.

Mr. Blodgett, in behalf of the class, renowned as it is for the noble and virtuous conduct of its members, I present you with these spurs, hoping that they may prove a stimulus to your flagging zeal. The way of the transgressor is hard, but I feel sure that the loving sympathy in which these are offered will prove a greater prick to your slumbering conscience than the spurs themselves to the flesh, and in time may you regain the high esteem of the class, which was formerly yours.

#### RESPONSE OF BACKSLIDER.

By H. R. BLODGETT.

*Mr. President and Classmates:*

Honors come to many men, great honors come to but few, and among all the honors that may fall to the lot of a human being there is none equal to that of "Champion Backslider" of the Class of '96.

There never has been, never will be, never can be, a class so highly endowed, of such transcendent genius and brilliant achievements. Men may try to tell her story, but they will fall far short of the true record, and as to her future, the inspired voice of an Elijah would fail to do her justice. Way back in Freshman year with a class-existence of a few short months we chose a prophet. He entered upon his work full of hope and anticipated success. But the work was too vast, the task of unfolding the mysteries of the future years was too great, and he straightway fell a victim to brain fever.

Mr. President, in selecting me from this remarkable group you have shown yourself eminently wise. There is no one in the class who can approach me in the contest for this honor. It has cost me a great struggle to make this admission. For one so modest and retiring, so quiet and unobtrusive on all occasions, to acknowledge his excellence before a great audience like this is extremely trying. Only a stern sense of duty and the courage of a martyr have brought me here.

But of course you are all anxious to know the secret of my success as a "backslider." It is a quality that cannot be cultivated, it must be inherited. In the early colonial days there lived a famous warrior,—King Philip of the Narragansetts, who was renowned far and wide for his skill in the art of backsliding. As a lineal descendant of that illustrious chieftain, it is perfectly natural that I should follow in his footsteps.

My conduct, Freshman year, was that of an innocent and guileless youth. The Professor in Greek was completely captivated by my "Homeric" name. The others used to point me out to the class as one who walked constantly in the straight and narrow

path. I went to church every Sunday. The library I shunned as a plague-spot, for there the translations were kept. I even refused to attend the Class Day exercises for fear that the smoke from the "Pipe of Peace" might contaminate me.

By these and many other acts I succeeded at the end of the year in creating a very favorable impression upon Mr. Booker, and the other leading members of the Faculty.

When Sophomore year opened all things changed. Relying too much upon the good reputation that my previous saintly behavior had secured for me, I got careless. I visited Topsham Fair, attended the Methodist socials, and was frequently seen at the merry-go-round. I took to reading cheap yellow-covered literature, particularly the Bath *Independent*. Becoming bolder, I joined in the festivities of Halloween. In the investigation that followed I was caught in the official drag-net, confronted with my misdeeds, and at last found out.

Mr. President, I thank you most heartily for these spurs. I feel that I have won them fairly and honestly. I shall ever keep them in grateful remembrance of you and of the class, and as a further mark of esteem I shall wear them to-night at the Ivy Hop.

*The President:*

In selecting the charmer of the class, only one name could possibly offer itself, for the owner holds undisputed sway in his sphere of action. Few persons are so audacious as to attempt to rival him. He is indeed a wonder. The world is at his feet. He numbers his conquests by the score, and has yet to discover one fair lady who will not yield to his power. In face and figure he exhibits a type of beauty "over which spring poets rave, and which causes Apollo to tear his ambrosial locks with envy." Beside him all other aspirants sink into utter insignificance.

Mr. Fessenden, your experiences have been very varied. Your praise resounds from the wooded hillsides of fair Aroostook, sung by the nut-brown maidens as they wield the hoe amid the flowering potato fields. The sound is caught by the gentle zephyrs and wafted to the uttermost parts of the world. Even now I can almost hear the returning breeze whisper "Topsham Fair," again I catch "New York," and still another zephyr brings the words "Waterville and Fairfield."

Knowing your ardent desire for new victories, that your keen eye is ever on the alert for new worlds to conquer, I present you, the Class Charmer, with this victim upon which to practice your perfected art.

RESPONSE OF CHARMER.

BY STERLING FESSENDEN.

*Mr. President:*

It is with infinite pleasure that I accept this truly remarkable testimonial of your appreciation of my charming personality, and I beg you to observe with what ease and facility my irresistible nature triumphs over this the least sentimental of my victims. It gives me added pleasure that one whose judgment and discriminating sense of the appropriate stands, like the shaggy peaks of a mountain range, above that of his colleague, should thus make manifest his confidence in my most flattering accomplishment. I should indeed be ungrateful should I fail to compliment you upon your choice, for not in the annals of Bowdoin's history is there recorded the existence of an individual so irrepressibly charming as myself. Graced with the form of an Apollo, the strength of Sandow, the chivalry of Raleigh and the character of a Romeo, to say nothing of a tenor second only to Taber Bailey, I soar into realms known only to a favored few.

At parties, in the ball-room, and especially at Topsham fairs, gushing and sometimes designing maidens look into my admiring eyes only to succumb to their entrancing gaze, just as the dew of a summer morning coyly scatters a thousand rainbows in the face of the rising sun and, ere an hour has passed, slowly fade before his increasing splendor.

But notwithstanding all this I have felt a keen pang of envy when on a clear and cloudless night, as the silvery moon was slowly marking the midnight hour and the wind sighed softly among the trees, a member of the Faculty lingered for a moment to say good-night while a cruel curtain played shadow pictures.

Of recent years I have been conducting an extensive investigation in a subject not distantly remote from the science of Biology. I had not only gained new evidence in connection with the well-known idea that the human eye exerts a strange influence over the lower animals, but was upon the point of giving to the world some interesting developments in regard to the power of the eye to charm, but an unforeseen circumstance prevented. In pursuit of opportunities to conduct these interesting experiments I lingered one night near the footlights of the Town Hall to watch some pretty girls perform a gypsy dance. A pair of bright eyes had just begun to attract my attention when a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder and a man whom I also knew to be well versed in Biological science requested my absence as well as that of my friend Robby New-

begin. With a sad heart I rose to go, but as I lingered for a moment my gaze rested an instant upon my rotund rival. He seemed absorbed in something beyond the stage. An expression of peaceful and calm content rested upon his countenance as though his thoughts were waited to a distant southern clime where dusky beauty reigns supreme, and his lips seem to murmur the words:

"Hand in hand on the edge of the sand  
We danced in the light of the moon."

Mr. President: I shall always cherish this gift among my choicest possessions, and in the future when the ladies vote and elect me their ideal charmer and ladies' man as Governor, I shall always look upon this trophy as the kismet of my success. But if, when the ladies vote, Her Excellency, the strong-minded woman, shall occupy the gubernatorial chair while men remain at home to attend to social duties, then while the storms of public discussion rage against the legislative hall and the shrill voice of the backwoods spinster who occupies the speaker's chair can no longer be heard above the fluttering of ribbons and the rustling of crinoline, and the matronly sergeant-at-arms, with her bonnet perched jauntily upon the side of her head, strolls down the aisle and, giving an extra hitch to her bloomers, endeavors to silence two refractory female members who are disputing as to whether the speaker's new coat is genuine seal or only imitation, then I shall sit by the fireside and, fondly viewing this trophy as it rests above the blazing grate, tell to some curly-headed cherub the exploits of the champion charmer when a student of the noblest old college in the world.

#### *The President:*

The one remaining presentation to be made differs entirely from those that have preceded. The humorous element so far displayed in them is wholly wanting in this, which I make in all seriousness and sincerity.

The choice of popular man is the greatest that a class can bestow, for in him must be combined all those rare qualities which endear a student to his fellows. We have a conspicuous example of such an one in the Class of '96. Early in our course was his popularity established. By nature he is a scholar and an athlete, and his modest and unassuming manner, his devoted interest for class and college, combined with these qualities, have given him the right to claim the proud title of Popular Man of the Class of '96.

Mr. Bates—with the best wishes of the class,

please accept this emblem of our high regard and affection.

#### RESPONSE OF POPULAR MAN.

By J. H. BATES.

*Mr. President and Fellow-Classmates:*

To-day you have called upon me to respond as the recipient of this coveted wooden spoon.

Dear classmates, what can I say different from the heartfelt responses of those who have had this honor in previous years? Do not all persons receiving a token of esteem from dear friends share common thoughts and feelings? Yet at such a time we care not for original thoughts, affected epithets and beautiful form of diction; we only insist that the words come spontaneously from the heart. And in this light I can truly call this day the happiest of my course; for I am led to believe from this simple token that I have many dear friends in the glorious Class of '96.

It is most fortunate to possess friends at any time or place, but what increased significance is added to that word,—friendship, in this little cosmos of our own. In our bustling American life very few of us will form warm and permanent ties of friendship after our college days are over. Here it is that we are able to experience the full strength of those ties, and may it be that the hand of Fate shall never sever a single uniting bond of Bowdoin, '96.

Yes, the stranger sees only the plain wooden spoon, but, classmates, you and I behold in its visions of our glorious Past, our few defeats, our many victories and not least, the good-will, honor, and integrity which has characterized all our dealings with each other. If I have ever added a bit to our glorious record as a class, then I am more than fully compensated by this honor, the highest in your power to bestow.

I feel a deeper sense of gratitude to you than words can express, but, classmates, I think I voice your sentiments in saying that there are many more in our number to whom you would gladly present a wooden spoon; since custom allows but one, I am pleased to consider myself a sharer only in this outward symbol of popularity. In this light, allow me to act as custodian of our wooden spoon.

Thanking you once more for this honor, I will close with best wishes and reciprocal feelings to the Class of '96.

Immediately after these enjoyable literary exercises the class marched from the hall and proceeded to plant its ivy near the right

of the main entrance of Memorial. C. E. Baker was the class curator. The following Ivy Ode, written by C. G. Fogg, was then sung to the air of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

#### IVY ODE.

Clear is the dawn of the glad summer morning,  
Fair is the smile of the sunshine and flower.  
Graces of beauty and bloom are adorning  
Strength ever growing and promise of power.  
Emblem of constancy, virtue unceasing,  
Ivy, we hail thee, and make thee our own.  
May thy firm branches, in vigor increasing,  
Weave for our memory a beauteous crown.

Drawing thy life from thy cherishing mother,  
Heaven's free bounty thy worth shall assure.  
One be thy branches, each aiding the other,  
Joy in thy glory, thy future secure.

Here, *Alma Mater*, we hail thee and greet thee,  
Render our tribute of love freely given.

May we be proved, like our offering we bring thee,  
Sons of our mother and sunshine of heaven.

Then came the class picture, taken on the steps of the Science Building, by photographer Reed. By this time the crowd was filling the chapel to witness the pretty and impressive ceremony of the Senior's last chapel. As usual the chapel was packed to overflowing. The Juniors occupied the Walker Gallery. President Hyde read from the scriptures and offered prayer, and a quartette, consisting of Messrs. Peaks, McIntyre, White, and Willard rendered excellent music. Then the Seniors, in a closely-locked, swaying body, marched slowly the length of the long chapel and between the uncovered ranks of the three lower classes, drawn up in order outside to receive them. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung as they marched, and it was a very impressive ceremony. All felt deeply the significance of the occasion. The marching was led by Marshal Dewey. Once outside they cheered the college and each of the lower classes, and the latter united in cheering '95.

#### Ivy Hop.

THE annual Ivy Hop was held in Town Hall, Friday evening, and was one of the most brilliant and enjoyable social affairs that Brunswick has known in recent years.

It was preceded by a concert by the Germania Band, which furnished unsurpassed music for the long order of dances. There were over eighty couples of merry young dancers, and the gallery was crowded with spectators enjoying the beautiful scene below. Supper was served in the Court Room by Murray, of Waterville.

Following was the order of dances:

Waltz—Robin Hood. . . . .	DeKoven.
Schottische—Old Missip. . . . .	Tracy.
Two-step—Volunteer. . . . .	Meta.
Waltz—Paul Jones.	
Two-step—Light Brigade. . . . .	Weingarten.
Lancers—College. . . . .	Loomis.
Polka—Excelsior. . . . .	Tracy.
Two-step—Belle of Chicago. . . . .	Sousa.
Waltz—Artist Life. . . . .	Strauss.

#### INTERMISSION.

Waltz—Poor Jonathan.	
Schottische—Cake Walk. . . . .	Braham.
Two-step—Brownella.	
Portland Fancy—Medley.	
Waltz—Love's Dreamland.	
Two-step—2d Conn. . . . .	Reeves.
Schottische—Lovely May. . . . .	Ross.
Two-step—Parade. . . . .	Rollinson.
Waltz—Auf Wiedersehen.	

Three extras were added to this, and it was dawn before the memorable Ivy Hop of '96 was over. The patronesses were Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Files, Mrs. MacDonald, and Mrs. Hutchins. E. H. Lyford was floor manager, and his aids were A. P. Ward, M. Warren, J. H. Libby, and G. T. Ordway.

Two thousand six hundred sick excuses have been presented at Harvard during the present college year, representing an absence from college duties of over 16,000 days.

Dartmouth has graduated forty college presidents, sixty members of congress, twenty-four governors of states, and two hundred college professors.

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

## Bowdoin Verse.

### Gale River, Franconia.

To Mrs. Etta H——.

Tripping o'er the shining ledges, greeting with its  
voice the sunlight,  
Flying down the precipices, flinging off the shiver-  
ing spray.  
Shouting in its wanton madness, hasting down to  
seize its birthright,  
Dashing down the ringing pathway, singing over  
on its way.  
Hurrying always, leaping its barriers,  
Reckless it rushes, rejoicing in freedom.  
Calling to the clouds about it, staying never, down-  
ward plunging,  
Hurrying down the livelong day.

Darting into darkening shadows, running round the  
granite boulders,  
Rippling o'er the bubbling pebbles, resting in the  
quiet pool.  
Out again: in careless blindness flung from off the  
massive shoulders  
Of the stolid, mighty rock wall, where the mossy  
caverns cool,  
Trying to hide it, but echo its laughter.  
Springing to light, it exults in its gladness.  
Twinkling down, the tinkling liquid of its melody  
proclaims it,  
As it hastens to its goal.

Roaring through the gloomy gorges, now it leaves  
the rugged mountain:  
Glides into the peaceful valley; slower now it flows  
along,  
Ling'ring by the whispering alders: trilling rill and  
flashing fountain  
Join the music of their voices merged and mingled.  
Clear and strong  
Rises the harmony, as the glad river  
On through Franconia's beautiful valley  
Strays, and yet delays to leave it, for it loves to sing  
the beauty,  
In the worship of its song.

O thou, blest of all the rivers! Where thy crystal  
waters, scattered,  
Flash and sparkle in the sunlight, there is nature's  
wonderland.

Lafayette, the queen of mountains; Kinsman's giant  
wall; the shattered  
Towers of Eagle Cliffs; and all the others are thy  
guardians grand.

And fairer than dreamland, Franconia's vale  
Receives thy full homage, the gift of thy song,  
Full expression of thy nature, nature-song of thy  
grand birthright,  
Song thy lovers understand.

### "Those Homely Tales of Simple, Friendly Folk."

How sweet the tale of common folk,  
When told by those who love them;  
How fair their humble country homes;  
How blue the skies above them.

How beautiful the hillsides are,  
When love gives soul to labor;  
How soft the rocky road becomes,  
When trod to help a neighbor.

How musical the river's song,  
Beyond the hillslope rushing;  
What wondrous message from the East  
In sunrise glory flushing.

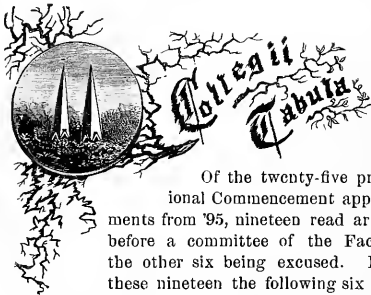
How fragrant is the breath of June;  
How golden autumn's glowing;  
How gently fall the tears of spring;  
How soft and still the snowing.

And they who dwell in simple homes,  
With fields and woods around them,  
Though they may be but common folk,  
Uncommon grace has found them.

What pleasant paths their footsteps find  
Across the hills called Living;  
How quick their honest hearts to feel  
The meaning of Thanksgiving.

How fair the gardens of their lives  
Where summer flowers forever  
In fragrant beauty show to all  
The blessed sunshine's Giver.

O simple, friendly, common folk,  
The strength and soul of nation;  
God bless the kindly hand that draws  
The grandeur of your station.



Of the twenty-five provisional Commencement appointments from '95, nineteen read articles before a committee of the Faculty, the other six being excused. From these nineteen the following six have been selected to appear on the Commencement stage: A. G. Axtell, B. L. Bryant, L. C. Hatch, G. B. Mayo, H. A. Moore, and R. T. Parker.

Senior vacation this week.

Now for Commencement week.

Cary, '87, was here several days last week.

Everybody missed the boat race on Ivy morning.

Tennis is the game which is most popular just now.

The '98 banquet takes place some evening this week.

Dole, '97, has returned to college after a long absence.

Hull, '97, has been elected base-ball captain for next year.

Bodge, '97, has been given a trial as pitcher by the Lewiston League team.

No college field day this year; no boat race. It made quite a difference in Ivy week.

The question of electives for next year is now an all-important one with each student.

The Commencement concert next Wednesday evening will be the musical event of the year.

Θ Δ X's flower bed has been tastefully arranged about the large elm in front of North Appleton.

The Sophomores took their examinations for the Sewall Latin prize on the afternoon of the 11th.

Robinson, '96, is quite seriously ill at his home in Deering. He is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Varrell, '97, has been elected secretary and treasurer of the Boating Association in place of Horne, '97, resigned.

Boyd and Churchill, '95, spent Memorial Day with Kenniston, '92, and Blair, '95, at their homes at Boothbay Harbor.

The triangular flower garden between Massachusetts and Memorial Halls was never more beautiful than this year.

President Peaks, of the Junior Class, gave an informal but very delightful reception to his classmates in his room after the Ivy exercises.

The following kind words were spoken of the ORIENT by one of our Western exchanges:

"The best verse of the week is found in the BOWDOIN ORIENT, which, besides its other well-filled departments, contains a very good story, 'Molly.'"

The Maine college field day at Waterville, June 8th, was so nearly a straight Bowdoin field day that the annual field day at Topsham was not held this year.

A new game has been introduced upon the campus. The residents of North Appleton of late have been amusing themselves playing quoits with horseshoes.

The vocal selection by the quartette on Ivy Day at seniors' last chapel was extremely well rendered, and received favorable comment from many of the visitors present.

The new descriptive catalogue of the Bowdoin College Art Collections, prepared by Prof. Johnson, was issued June 13th. Copies may be obtained at the Art Building.

Professor Files entertained the Senior division in German at his home on the evening of the 5th. A very pleasant evening and one long to be remembered was indulged in by all.

Mr. Booker and assistants are very busy just at present trimming the lawns, setting out the flower beds, and making everything in general look in fine condition for Commencement week.

Some of the young alumni who were present Ivy Day were Royal and Pendleton, '90; Bucknam, Goodell, Barker, and Payson, '93; Knight, Bliss, E. Thomas, Jr., and W. W. Thomas 2d, '94.

The river is commencing to offer many attractions now. The weather is now warm enough to usually ensure good swimming and there have also been quite a number of boating excursions.

Dewey, '95, Minot, '96, and Horne, '97, were three of the officials at the fifth annual field day of the M. I. S. A. A. at Bangor, June 1st. Bangor and Portland High Schools were tied for first place with 39½ points each.

Quite a good deal more going on nowadays. The campus presents a lively appearance. By the



way, the latter has been much ornamented by the filling up of that large flower-bed near Massachusetts Hall. The walks have been trimmed up, too.

E. R. Mayo, '60, whose son is a member of '95, visited the college last week. He visited his old room, 15 A. H., for the first time in thirty-five years and found his name plainly legible on the closet door where he wrote it with pencil in 1859.

Several Bowdoin men took the examination for West Point at Lewiston last week. Thompson, '97, ranked second in a long list of applicants, and Haskell, '96, ranked third. The former has been nominated as alternate. W. G. Glidden of New-castle, a Harvard student, ranked first in the examination.

The Senior base-ball game was held Thursday, June 6th. It consumed most of the forenoon and as usual was the occasion of unbounded fun. The costumes were a feature. The "Taffies" beat the "Little Billees" 17 to 13 after a most exciting contest. Dennison and Dudley were the pitchers. The features were too numerous to mention.

The Misses Walker, who donated the Art Building to the college, are soon to leave on an extended European tour. They have again shown their generosity by presenting to the town of Peabody, Mass., a large tract of land to be used for a public park, which, with land previously given by other friends of the town, will procure for Peabody one of the finest parks in the country.

E. W. Wheeler, who was to be one of the principal disputants in the Sophomore debate, has been obliged to leave college this term before he expected to, in order to take the position which he fills during the summer, that of telegraph operator at North Conway. The absence of Wheeler, together with that of Condon, who is teaching in the northern part of New Hampshire, has occasioned a postponement of the debate till the fall term.

The college has recently come into possession, by gift from the heirs, of the large collection of minerals made by the late Dr. Caleb Strong Whitman of Gardiner, Me. It has not yet been thoroughly examined, but consists of more than one thousand specimens, and is undoubtedly the most important addition to our collection since Professor Cleaveland's death. It will be arranged in cases in the Cleaveland Cabinet as rapidly as possible, and known as the Dr. Caleb Strong Whitman collection.

The last examinations of '95 were held June 10th, 11th, and 12th, and on the evening of Wednes-

day, June 12th, the Seniors' banquet was held at Hotel Atwood, Lewiston, Me. Nearly 40 members of the class attended, and it was a most enjoyable and memorable occasion. The banquet was a sumptuous one. Albert Mitchell, Jr., was a most efficient toast-master. The following toasts were responded to: 'Ninety-five, A. H. Stetson; Faculty, J. B. Roberts; The Ladies, G. C. Webber; Brunswick, J. E. Hicks; Our Alma Mater, W. M. Ingraham; Our Athletes, H. L. Fairbanks; Our Future, G. B. Mayo.

## Athletics.

### BASE-BALL.

*Bowdoin, 13; Tufts, 12.*

The most exciting game of the season was played with Tufts on the delta, May 29th. Tufts led until the last inning, when the terrific batting of the home team won us the victory. Hull's home run was the first of the season for the team, and the only one made by any player on the delta this season. A phenomenal catch by Haines was a feature. The score follows:

#### BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	6	2	3	5	2	0	4
Leighton, c.f., . . . . .	2	2	0	0	1	0	0
Coburn, s.s., . . . . .	5	1	1	3	0	3	2
Bodge, p., . . . . .	6	1	2	4	0	3	1
Hull, c., . . . . .	4	2	3	7	10	0	1
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	4	3
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	12	0	0
Haines, l.f., . . . . .	5	2	2	3	1	0	0
Warren, r.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Harris, c.f., . . . . .	2	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	44	13	15	29	27	10	11

#### TUFTS.

	A.B.	R.	1b.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Corridan, s.s., . . . . .	4	2	1	1	0	7	2
Maguire, 1b., . . . . .	5	2	1	1	17	0	1
Pierce, 2b., . . . . .	5	1	0	0	2	5	2
Smith, c., . . . . .	5	0	1	3	4	1	0
Johnston, 3b., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	1	2	1
Holbrook, c.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	2	1	0	2
Ray, l.f., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	2	0	0
Richardson, p., . . . . .	2	1	0	0	0	4	0
Clark, r.f., . . . . .	4	3	2	2	0	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	40	12	8	11	27	19	8

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	1	5	0	4	0	0	3-13
Tufts, . . . . .	1	3	1	1	1	0	5	0	0-12

Earned runs—Bowdoin 4, Tufts 2. Two-base hits—Hull, Haines, Holbrook. Three-base hits—Fairbanks, Coburn, Bodge, Smith. Home run—Hull. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 5, Tufts 4. Double play—Richardson, Pierce, and Maguire. Bases on balls—by Bodge 7, by Richardson 2. Struck out—by Bodge 9, by Richardson 3. Passed balls—Hull 5, Smith. Time—2h. 15m. Umpire—S. J. Kelley.

*Bowdoin, 8; Colby, 5.*

June 4th, Bowdoin defeated Colby on the delta in a hard-fought and exciting game, by the score of 8 to 5. Colby led until the eighth inning, when the Bowdoin boys got in their work with the bat and pounded out the game, bunching six hits in that inning, with a result of six runs. Patterson pitched a magnificent game and was a puzzle to Bowdoin except in this inning. Bodge was only found for four scattered hits, but was rather wild. Among the features were a star catch by Haines in left field, the catch of a difficult foul by Wilson, the base running of Fairbanks, and a pretty double play by Coburn, Dane, and Wilson. Brooks made some difficult steps on first. The detailed score :

**BOWDOIN.**

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	2	3	1	1	1	2	1
Coburn, s.s., . . . . .	5	1	1	2	1	4	1
Bodge, p., . . . . .	5	0	2	2	2	2	2
Hull, c., l.f., . . . . .	5	0	1	1	4	2	0
Harris, c.f., . . . . .	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	4	3	1
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	1	2	9	0	0
Warren, r.f., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	1	0	1
Haines, l.f., c., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	4	2	0
Totals, . . . . .	37	8	8	10	27	15	6

**COLBY.**

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Brooks, 1b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	8	0	0
Burton, c.f., . . . . .	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Patterson, p., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	2	0	1
Coffin, c., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	10	3	0
Desmond, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Jackson, s.s., . . . . .	4	1	1	2	0	3	1
Watkins, 2b., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	1	1	1
Hanson, l.f., . . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Austin, 3b., . . . . .	3	1	1	1	0	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	33	5	4	5	*22	8	4

\*Fairbanks out, interference with thrown ball; Coburn out, infield fly.

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	6	x-8
Colby, . . . . .	0	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	0-5

Two-base hits—Coburn, Wilson, Jackson. Passed balls—Hull, Haines. Wild pitch—Bodge 2. Base on balls—by Bodge 7, by Patterson 5. Hit by pitched ball—Coffin. Struck out—by Bodge 5, by Patterson 10. Double

play—Coburn, Dane, and Wilson. Time—1h. 50m. Umpire—Toothaker.

*Portsmouth Athletic Club, 11; Bowdoin, 9.*

June 5th Bowdoin played the team of the Portsmouth Athletic Club at Portsmouth, and was beaten 11 to 9, by hard luck in the eighth inning. The score follows:

**P. A. C.**

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Whalen, l.f., . . . . .	4	1	2	2	0	0	2
Donahue, 2b., . . . . .	5	2	1	4	1	2	0
Tufts, 1b., . . . . .	5	0	2	2	10	0	1
Lerouche, p., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Mates, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	2	1	1
Mahoney, c., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	12	0	1
Eaves, s.s., . . . . .	2	2	0	0	0	3	2
Woods, r.f., . . . . .	3	3	0	0	0	0	0
Crishan, 3b., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	2	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	34	11	7	10	27	7	8

**BOWDOIN.**

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	3	2	1	1	3	3	1
Coburn, s.s., . . . . .	5	2	3	5	2	2	2
Bodge, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	2	4	0	0	0
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	5	1	0	0	3	0	0
Harris, p., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	0	3	0
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	5	1	2	2	3	3	0
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	9	0	2
Warren, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	0	3
Haines, c., . . . . .	5	2	3	4	4	2	0
Totals, . . . . .	37	9	11	16	24	13	8

**SCORE BY INNINGS.**

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
P. A. C., . . . . .	0	0	0	1	2	0	2	6	x-11
Bowdoin, . . . . .	1	0	3	2	0	1	0	1	1-9

*M. S. C., 19; Bowdoin, 2.*

Our team relinquished, without a struggle, all claim to the pennant in its game at Waterville with Maine State College, June 10th. The game was slow and spiritless, and M. S. C. won hands down. It proved a decided "off day" for our team, as have so many previous days when it was expected to play ball. The score follows, and the hit and error columns tell the sad story.

**M. S. C.**

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	F.O.	A.	E.
Bass, p., . . . . .	6	0	2	2	1	2	0
Frost, l.f., . . . . .	7	2	3	3	1	1	0
Palmer, c., . . . . .	6	3	2	2	8	2	0
Welsh, s.s., . . . . .	7	2	1	1	5	2	2
Farrell, 3b., . . . . .	3	4	1	1	1	2	2
Emery, r.f., . . . . .	6	3	2	3	0	0	0
DeHaseth, 1b., . . . . .	5	2	3	5	9	0	0
Brann, c.f., . . . . .	3	2	0	0	0	0	1
Dolley, 2b., . . . . .	5	1	2	2	2	2	1
Totals, . . . . .	48	19	16	19	27	11	6

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	5	0	1	1	7	1	3
Leighton, c.f., . . . . .	5	1	0	0	0	0	1
Coburn, s.s., . . . . .	5	1	2	5	1	6	2
Bodge, p., . . . . .	4	0	2	2	0	8	2
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	3	0	0
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	2	1	1
Wilson, 1b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	10	0	2
Warren, r.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Haines, c., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	4	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	37	2	8	11	27	17	13

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. S. C., . . . . .	6	0	0	2	3	2	0	1	5-19
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0-2

Earned runs—M. S. C. 1, Bowdoin 1. Two-base hit—Emery. Three-base hit—DeHaseth. Home run—Coburn. Stolen bases—by Palmer 2, DeHaseth 2, Farrel 2, Brann 2, Leighton, Bodge, Hull. Double play—Frost and Welch. Bases on balls—by Bass 1, by Bodge 10. Struck out—Bass, Frost, Welsh, Brann 2, Fairbanks, Leighton, Coburn, Hull, Dane, Warren, Haines. Passed balls—Palmer 3, Haines 1. Time—2h. 30m. Umpire—Kelley.

Colby, 8; Bowdoin, 6.

On the next day, June 11th, the Bowdoin and Colby nines came to Augusta and played their third closely fought game of the season, the last one of the league series. Our nine put up a much better exhibition than on the preceding day, but still it was not winning base-ball, and Colby, which is represented by its weakest team for years, pulled out a victory in the eighth inning. The score:

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brooks, 1b., . . . . .	5	2	1	11	0	2
Burton, p., c.f., . . . . .	5	2	4	2	3	0
Patterson, c.f., p., . . . . .	5	0	2	1	0	0
Coffin, c., . . . . .	4	0	0	6	0	0
Jackson, s.s., . . . . .	3	1	0	1	1	0
McLellan, 2b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	2	0
Watkins, l.f., . . . . .	4	1	2	2	1	0
Hanson, r.f., . . . . .	4	1	2	1	0	0
Austin, 3b., . . . . .	4	0	2	2	2	1
Totals, . . . . .	37	8	14	27	9	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fairbanks, 3b., . . . . .	5	2	4	2	1	1
Leighton, c.f., . . . . .	5	0	1	0	0	0
Coburn, s.s., . . . . .	5	1	1	1	1	2
Bodge, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	2	8	0	1
Hull, l.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	0
Dane, 2b., . . . . .	5	0	0	6	4	0
Harris, p., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	2	0
Warren, r.f., . . . . .	4	0	0	1	1	1
Haines, c., . . . . .	1	2	0	5	2	0
Totals, . . . . .	36	6	9	24	11	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby, . . . . .	0	1	0	0	2	2	0	3	x-8
Bowdoin, . . . . .	0	0	1	1	3	0	1	0	0-6

Earned runs—Colby 1, Bowdoin 3. Two-base hits—Brooks, Patterson, Fairbanks, Coburn. Stolen bases—Colby 3, Bowdoin 9. Double plays—Watkins and McLellan. Bases on balls—off Burton 3, Patterson 1, Harris 1. Bases on hit by pitched ball—Haines. Struck out—by Burton 3, by Patterson 2, by Harris 3. Passed balls—Coffin 2. Umpire—Kelley. Time—1h. 50m.

SUMMARY OF BASE-BALL SEASON.

Bowdoin has nothing to be proud of in this branch of athletics this spring. In the Maine league we are tied with Colby for last place, since M. S. C., as it has been aptly said, has won both first and second places.

	Won.	Lost.	Played	Per ct.
Maine State College . . . . .	5	1	6	833
Bowdoin . . . . .	2	4	6	333
Colby . . . . .	2	4	6	333

Our two victories were won on the home grounds. In games outside the league we have beaten Tufts, Boston College, and Kent's Hill, and have lost games to Andover, Bates, Maine Central Institute, Tufts, Portsmouth, and the Portland and Lewiston league teams. May next season bring us a succession of victories that shall completely wipe out the memory of this year's inglorious record.

MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE FIELD DAY.

The first annual Field Day of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held on the new quarter-mile cinder track on the Colby campus, Saturday, June 8th. As was expected it proved a complete walk-over for the Bowdoin athletes, and we left only a third of the points to be divided among the other three colleges. Over one hundred Bowdoin men accompanied the team in special cars, and Bowdoin owned Waterville for that day and evening. It was a gala-day for the wearers of the white, and shows well our relative standing in Maine in the most popular branch of athletics.

Bowdoin scored in 14 of the 15 events, won 13 firsts, 8 seconds, and 10 thirds. Soule in the long runs, Horne in the sprints and hurdles, and Bates in the field events did the great work of the afternoon. The puncturing of Stearnes' tire prevented us from scoring in the bicycle race. New Bowdoin records were made in the pole vault, 120-yard hurdles, and throwing the hammer, and in the latter Kimball also broke the New England Intercollegiate

record. The day was perfect for the meet, and a large crowd was in attendance.

The following were the officers of the day: Track Events—Referee, E. H. Carlton; Judges of Finish, Professor A. J. Roberts, J. F. Larrabee, Dr. Dyer; Timers, Mr. Knight, E. T. Wyman, P. B. Gilman; Judge of Walking, Elias Thomas, Jr.; Starter, Dr. Whittier; Clerk of Course, Dr. W. S. Bayley; Scorer, W. L. Waters. Fixed Events—Measurers, E. E. Gibbs, R. L. Thompson; Judges, Prof. H. B. Jackson, Lieut. Hersey; Scorers, J. W. Crawford, W. L. Gray. Marshal, Ralph Plaisted.

The summaries:

100-YARDS DASH.

Won by Horne, Bowdoin; Bolster, Bates, second; Fairbanks, Bowdoin, third. Time, 11s.

HALF-MILE RUN.

Won by Soule, Bowdoin; Hubbard, Colby, second; Bisbee, Bowdoin, third. Time, 2m. 13½s.

120-YARDS HURDLE.

Won by Horne, Bowdoin; Lord, Bowdoin, second; Merrill, M. S. C., third. Time, 17s.

TWO-MILE SAFETY BICYCLE RACE.

Won by Hartborne, Colby; Ellis, M. S. C., second; Pratt, Colby, third. Time, 5m. 42s.

440-YARDS DASH.

Won by Kendall, Bowdoin; Wiley, Bowdoin, second; Barker, Colby, third. Time, 53½s.

MILE RUN.

Won by Soule, Bowdoin; Holyoke, M. S. C., second; Bass, Bowdoin, third. Time, 4m. 52½s.

220-YARDS HURDLE.

Won by Doherty, Bowdoin; Lord, Bowdoin, second; Horne, Bowdoin, third. Time, 30½s.

220-YARDS DASH.

Won by Horne, Bowdoin; Palmer, M. S. C., second; Stetson, Bowdoin, third. Time, 23s.

MILE WALK.

Won by Pettingill, Bowdoin; Merrill, M. S. C., second; Warren, Bowdoin, third. Time, 8m. 23½s.

TWO-MILE RUN.

Won by Soule, Bowdoin; Walker, M. S. C., second; Hall, Colby, third. Time, 10m. 29½s.

POLE VAULT.

Won by Bates, Bowdoin; Minott, Bowdoin, second; Haskell, Bowdoin, third. Height, 9ft. 8in.

PUTTING 16-LB. SHOT.

Won by Bates, Bowdoin; Kimball, Bowdoin, second; Cutts, Bates, third. Distance, 35ft. 1in.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Won by Borden, Bowdoin; A. A. French, Bow-

doin, second; Bates, Bowdoin, third. Height, 5ft. 4½in.

THROWING 16-LB. HAMMER.

Won by Kimball, Bowdoin; Bates, Bowdoin, second; A. A. French, Bowdoin, third. Distance, 113ft. 6in.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Won by Bolster, Bates; J. S. French, Bowdoin, second; Lord, Bowdoin, third. Distance, 20ft. 2½in.

	Bowdoin.	M. S. C.,	Colby,	Bates,
100-yard dash, . . . . .	6			3
Half-mile run, . . . . .	6		3	
120-yard hurdle, . . . . .	8	1		
440-yard dash, . . . . .	8		1	
Mile run, . . . . .	6	3		
Two-mile bicycle, . . . . .	0	3	6	
220-yard hurdle, . . . . .	9			
220-yard dash, . . . . .	6	3		
Mile walk, . . . . .	6	3		
Two-mile run, . . . . .	5	3	1	
Pole vault, . . . . .	9			
Putting shot, . . . . .	8			1
Running high jump, . . . . .	9			
Throwing hammer, . . . . .	9			
Running broad jump, . . . . .	4			5
Totals, . . . . .	99	16	11	9

MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS.

The fourth annual tennis tournament of the Maine colleges was held in Portland June 4, 5, 6, and 7. Bowdoin was represented by Philip Dana, '96, and Benjamin Webster, Jr., '98, in singles, and Dana, '96, and Fogg, '96, and Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, in doubles, these being the winners of first and second places in our college tournament. The tournament was unusually close and exciting, and the result, for the first time in the four years that the association has been formed, is not gratifying to Bowdoin men. Our representatives have never before failed to bring home at least two of the three cups, but this year two cups went to Bates and one to M. S. C. Following is the score of the tournament:

FOR FIRST PRIZE IN SINGLES.

Dana, Bowdoin, beat Hilton, Bates, 6-4, 6-3. Pettigrew, Bates, beat Gibbs, M. S. C., 6-2, 6-2. Webster, Bowdoin, beat King, Colby, 6-3, 6-4. Haywood, M. S. C., beat McFadden, Colby, 6-4, 6-2. Pettigrew, Bates, beat Dana, Bowdoin, 6-6, 6-1, 10-8. Haywood, M. S. C., beat Webster, Bowdoin, 2-6, 6-2, 6-4. Haywood, M. S. C., beat Pettigrew, Bates, 1-6, 6-2, 3-6, 6-4, 6-4.

## FOR SECOND PRIZE IN SINGLES.

Pettigrew, Bates, beat Webster, Bowdoin, 6-2, 6-2.

## FOR FIRST PRIZE IN DOUBLES.

Dana and Ives, Bowdoin, beat Boothby and Stanley, Bates, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.

Dana and Fogg, Bowdoin, beat Haywood and Gibbs, M. S. C., 6-0, 2-6, 6-4.

Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates, beat Foss and Alden, Colby, 6-2, 4-6, 6-1.

Dana and Fogg, Bowdoin, beat Dana and Ives, Bowdoin, 6-0, 3-6, 6-3.

Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates, beat King and McFadden, Colby, 6-2, 6-2.

Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates, beat Dana and Fogg, Bowdoin, 6-6, 6-1, 6-2, 5-7, 6-3.

The winners of the championships up to date are as follows:

## SINGLES.

1892.—N. W. Howard, Bates.

1893.—F. W. Dana, Bowdoin.

1894.—F. W. Dana, Bowdoin.

1895.—H. H. Haywood, M. S. C.

## DOUBLES.

1892.—Pierce and Pickard, Bowdoin.

1893.—Pierce and Pickard, Bowdoin.

1894.—F. W. Dana and Pickard, Bowdoin.

1895.—Pettigrew and Hilton, Bates.

## SECOND PRIZE SINGLES.

1892.—F. W. Dana, Bowdoin.

1893.—J. H. Pierce, Bowdoin.

1894.—Haywood, M. S. C.

1895.—Pettigrew, Bates.

It will be noticed that Bowdoin has won five first places, Bates two, M. S. C. one, and Colby none. This year is just an exception to prove the rule that Bowdoin is as far superior to the other Maine colleges in tennis as it is in foot-ball and field and track sports. Next year the cups will return to Bowdoin.

## College World.

## TREED.

A spruce young man adored a maid—  
His love she did decline;  
And this young man, so spruce before,  
Turned quick as thought to pine.

—U. of P. Courier.

Princeton held her 148th annual commencement during the week beginning June 10th.

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

It is said that in Vassar they call gum an elective because they needn't take it unless they chew.

At a recent discussion as to the relative merits of the patriotism of Harvard and Yale in the Civil War, the following figures have been brought to light: Harvard sent 965 graduates and 265 undergraduates to the war. Yale sent 600 graduates and 229 under-graduates.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JULY 3, 1895.

No. 5.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

### BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

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Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1021, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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Another college year has passed and another eventful Commencement week is over. The members of the large and strong Class of '95 are no longer undergraduates, but are enrolled on the long list of old Bowdoin's alumni. When this ORIENT reaches its readers the halls and dormitories will be silent and deserted, asleep for the long summer months, and their occupants will be scattered far and wide over many States. The year that has passed has been a pleasant and profitable one for us all, full of progress and prosperity for our loved college, and a fitting beginning for the new era and the new century that have opened for it. In contrast to last year's Commencement week, with its grand centennial celebration, its great gathering of dignitaries and loyal alumni, its imposing exercises in the church and on the campus, the present Commencement has seemed rather quiet and uneventful. Also the inclement weather, which unfortunately continued throughout the week, was a disappointment to many and helped make it an "off year." But the reaction was not so great as was expected. Many alumni were back, visitors were numerous, interest and enthusiasm were high throughout. The literary exercises were all of an unusually

high order, and it will stand as a successful Commencement week. It is to be regretted that more lower-classmen did not remain over to enjoy the exercises of the week, and to get the pleasure and inspiration that always come from such occasions. To all, the ORIENT wishes a happy vacation. May our loved brothers of '95, who have severed forever active connection with Bowdoin, find flowers and sunshine along the way as they start out on the road of life; and may those of the other classes all return in September to begin the work of another year and to welcome our new brothers of '99.

**F**OLLOWING the usual custom, this number of the ORIENT is made strictly a Commencement number, and the attempt is made to give a full account of Class Day, the graduating exercises, and the numerous other events of the closing week of the year. The important literary parts are given in full. Extra numbers of this issue can be obtained by addressing John B. Thompson, care College Library, or Byron Stevens, Brunswick, Me.

**O**UR college took a step in the right direction when the governing boards voted last week to offer certain alternatives for the admission requirements in Greek. President Hyde strongly recommended this in his annual report, and the Faculty earnestly supported the proposed change. That the alumni approve the renovation was conclusively shown by the speeches at the alumni dinner. The step is a progressive one, a broadening movement, and yet Bowdoin's characteristic conservatism is shown by the terms of the change as given in another column. It fixes Bowdoin's position still more firmly at the front. While the step is an important one, its importance and significance have doubtless been greatly over-esti-

mated by many not familiar with the conditions of the vote. It is far from being an assault on Greek, and that language and literature will hold no less high and important a place than formerly.

## Commencement Exercises.

### Baccalaureate Sermon

BY REV. WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CLASS OF '95, AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BRUNSWICK, ME., JUNE 23, 1895.

Howbeit I must go on my way to-day and to-morrow and the day following. Luke xiii., 33.

There is no more pitiful creature than the man who tries to live on his past achievements. In the soldier it degrades the honest and heroic patriot whom we all admire almost to the point of reverence into the claimant for unfair privileges and the clamor for dishonest pensions whom we can scarce endure.

Thus the athlete, whose splendid physical development and magnificent prowess is the glory of his undergraduate days, sometimes degenerates into the graduate who hangs about the college after his student days are over, and feeds on the dry crumbs of his ancient fame, when he ought to be about some honest business.

So the student, whose prizes and honors are the fitting crown of faithful student days, if he tries to live on his college rank, and make capital of his academic honors and degrees, becomes the disgrace of the college from which he comes and the laughing-stock of the world to which he goes. Past achievement is not a life preserver on which a man may float forever on the stream of life. The value of past achievements, the worth of your college course, is simply the purpose and power it has developed, with which to breast and buffet the oncoming waves.

We must remember the remark of Plotinus who, when he was told that the shade of Hercules in the meadow of asphodel rejoiced in the great deeds that he had done, replied that the shade of Hercules might thus boast to shades, but that the true Hercules accounted all past deeds as naught, "being



transported into a more sacred place, and strenuously engaging, even above his strength, in those contents in which the wise engage."

In one aspect the great problem of life is the correlation and co-ordination of the successive parts of time so as to make a coherent and consistent whole. Edward Rowland Sill has happily expressed the problem and its true solution in his little poem entitled "Life :"

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—Forenoon,  
And afternoon, and night,—Forenoon, and—what ?  
The empty song repeats itself. No more ?  
Yea, that is Life : make this forenoon sublime,  
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,  
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is wou.

To-day and to-morrow and the day following—these days that seem so commonplace, that succeed each other so monotonously, that fly so swiftly—these are the stuff that life is made of. Is there any way to bind these fleeting, fragmentary bits of time together so that each shall stand related to every other, and nothing shall be lost ?

We have three elements to put together: to-day, to-morrow, and the day following. And there are three ways of doing it, according as we start with either of these three terms. There is the way of the child, who makes the most of to-day, heedless of the days to come. There is the way of the practical man of the world, who looks out for to-morrow, scornful of laborious to-days, and unconcerned about days which may follow when to-morrow has come and gone. And third, there is the way of the mystic, who lives for the days that shall follow when these days of time are ended; unconcerned alike about the actual present and the immediate future. Let us examine one by one the way of the child, the way of the practical man, and the way of the mystic. In apprehending clearly their shortcomings, we may get a clue to the true solution.

The child's life is a simple series of to-days. No thought of to-morrow, no concern about the day following, disturbs the equanimity with which he sucks the sweetness of to-day. This whole-heartedness with which the child gives himself to the pursuit of present pleasure and the gratification of immediate appetite is, in a large measure, the secret of his charm. It is so refreshing to the careworn and anxious mind of the mature man and woman to see this sublime assurance of the child that somehow he is going to be taken care of, that we all agree with Jesus that there is something in it which we older folks must get if we are ever to enter a state of existence worthy to be called heaven.

And yet we all see that this absolute surrender to immediate impulse, which is so charming in the child, will by no means of itself solve the problem of the man. Indeed this blissful unconcern, which is the glory of the child, is possible only because the forethought of the father and the devotion of the mother stand behind the child's serene to-day as the pledge and promise that he shall have as happy a to-morrow. Left to his own resources and devices, as alas too many an orphan is, the child must take on prematurely the burden and anxiety of life, or else not all his winsome ways will save him from starvation.

Thus there is a truth and an error in the child's attitude. The truth is that we must live wholeheartedly in the actual to-day. The error lies in forgetting that to-day stands in definite and casual relations with to-morrow and the day following. Let us drop the error, but hold fast to the truth: for this truth must be an element in our final view of life. This then is the lesson which the little child must teach us:—Live fully, freely, joyously, effectively, to-day; but remember that no single day can stand apart, unrelated to the days that follow.

The man of affairs fancies that he is wiser than the child. He fixes his eye upon to-morrow; for to-morrow will be a reality when to-day has ceased to be. Thus the man of affairs scorns delights and lives laborious to-days in expectation of easy and luxurious to-morrows. In thus escaping the child's fallacy he falls into a greater of his own. For after all, of the two, to-morrow is less real and certain than to-day. To-day, indeed, is fleeting and fugitive: but it is at least real while it lasts. To-morrow, on the other hand, is an ever-receding goal, and remains just so far beyond us, however hard we may try to lay hold upon it. Hence the man who locates his satisfaction in the future is always deluding himself with a teasing and elusive object. He never has the child's complete contentment with the present; nor does he succeed in grasping the future for which the present is sacrificed. The habit of forecast, the attitude of anxiety, the disposition to postpone enjoyment grows upon him, until genuine restfulness and peace and contentment in the present and actual becomes for him impossible. Each to-morrow, as soon as it arrives, is converted into one more worried, anxious, unenjoyable to-day. Such is the bitter fruit of this anxious living for to-morrow, even in those cases where the attempt is moderately successful. And then how much more bitter is the disappointment,

when these cherished plans for the future fail, as fail they so often must. One man labors for wealth, only to see the hard-earned fruits of long laborious years swept away in an instant by foolishly signing the note or bond of a son or relative or neighbor. A man devotes a life-time to clearing and developing a farm; and the advent of a pest compels him in old age to abandon it. A man works all his life to develop a business, and just as he is ready to settle down and enjoy his leisure, and leave the business to his sons, a new invention, or a change in popular demand, makes the business worthless, and turns out father and sons alike to make their fortunes anew, or sink back into the ranks of the discouraged and unemployed, which the rapid march of economic progress is, in ever increasing numbers, leaving behind as stragglers along the industrial highway. Fond parents place their hopes upon their children; and death bereaves them of their only hope and stay; or dissipation and dishonor turn their sweetest hopes into the most bitter disappointment.

The fearful risk involved in exchanging the sure and present happiness of the child-like heart for the uncertain objects of manly ambition is an old story, and perhaps was never more clearly set forth than in a conversation which Plutarch narrates between Pyrrhus and Cineas. Cineas, seeing Pyrrhus intent upon preparations for war against Italy, drew him into the following conversation: "If it pleases Heaven that we conquer the Romans, what use, sir, shall we make of our victory?" "Cineas," replied the king, "when the Romans are once subdued there is no town in all the country that will dare oppose us, but we shall immediately be masters of all Italy." Cineas, after a short pause, continued, "but after we have conquered Italy, what shall we do next, sir?" Pyrrhus, not yet perceiving his drift, replied, "There is Sicily very near, and stretches out her arms to receive us, a fruitful and populous island, and easy to be taken." "What you say, my prince, said Cineas, is very probable; but is the taking of Sicily to conclude our expeditions?" "Far from it," answered Pyrrhus, "for if Heaven grants us success in this, that success shall only be the prelude to greater things. Who can forbear Libya and Carthage, then within reach? And when we have made such conquests, who can pretend to say that any of our enemies, who are now so insolent, will think of resisting us?" "To be sure," said Cineas, "they will not; for it is clear that so much power will enable you to recover Macedonia, and to estab-

lish yourself uncontested sovereign of Greece. But when we have conquered all, what are we to do then?" "Why then, my friend," said Pyrrhus, laughing, "we will take our ease, and drink and be merry." Cineas, having brought him thus far, replied, "And what hinders us from drinking and taking our ease now, when we have already those things in our hands, which we propose to reach through seas of blood, through infinite toils and dangers, through innumerable calamities, which we must both cause and suffer?" Plutarch adds that "this discourse of Cineas gave Pyrrhus pain, but produced no reformation. He saw the certain happiness which he gave up, but was not able to forego the hopes that flattered his desires."

The certain sacrifice of to-day and the very uncertain satisfaction of to-morrow; and the inevitable disposition, which this habit of mind involves, to turn even the satisfactory to-morrow, as soon as it arrives, into simply one more anxious and laborious to-day, combine to show that after all the practical man is not so very much wiser than the child. The child to be sure does not have his cake long; but at least he has had the satisfaction of eating it. The practical man neither eats it nor has it; but deceives himself with the one mere expectation, by no means always well founded, that he is going to have it by and by.

And yet we all see that in spite of its demonstrable folly, there is a grain, yes, there are several grains of truth in this practical man's attitude. A man dissatisfied is after all better in some ways than a child satisfied. Pyrrhus was nearer right than Cineas, although apparently Cineas got the better of the argument. Man is more than the mere creature of the moment, and demands something more than the gratification of immediate desires, before he can be really satisfied. Here again we find both an error and a truth. The error consists in denying the reality and worth of the present. The truth in the affirmation that man's true satisfaction lies in something more than immediate appetite can grant, and something larger than the passing moment can contain.

At this point enters the mystic, with his far-away look, and his other-worldly air. "Yes," he says; "the child sacrifices the long to-morrow for the brief to-day. The hard-headed man sacrifices the real to-day for the fictitious and ever-receding to-morrow. And then after all to-morrow is only a little longer to-day. All our to-morrows become to-days, and then they vanish into irrevocable yesterdays. Come with me and I will teach you to live

for day after to-morrow ; for the heavenly life which is to come when all these earthly days are ended." And so the mystic despises alike the pleasures of to-day and the anxieties that beset to-morrow. He renounces alike the fleeting present and the soon to be fleeting future ; and appeals to a state of permanent beatitude beyond them both. You may find these counsels, dressed and served to suit your taste ; with a dash of heresy in the writings of Spinoza ; with a flavor of piety in the imitation of Thomas à Kempis ; with an aroma of pessimism in the pages of Schopenhauer. Mysticism is an exaggeration of both the truths and both the errors we have discovered in the preceding attitudes. It reduces to nothingness and worthlessness both the present and the temporal future, and pours contempt alike upon the joys of the child and the aims and ambitions of the man. This is its error and mistake. It declares that man demands an object and aim larger and more enduring than either the pleasures of the moment or the attainment of any merely individual and finite end. This is its partial and distorted witness to the final truth.

The child, the man of affairs, and the mystic, each make one of these three terms real at the expense of the other two. And in doing so they take away from the one aspect of time which they strive to realize the greater portion of its reality and worth. The child's happy present is, or would be were it not for the parent's intervention, made comparatively worthless by the reckless disregard of the future. The man's concern for the immediate future is vitiated by the barrenness of all his successive to-days, and the insecurity of his temporary ends. And the mystic's emphasis upon the day after to-morrow is made an empty and unreal thing, because we all see that the man who has developed no keen appetite for earthly pleasures and no stout heart for the conflicts of the world, will find himself poorly prepared to enjoy the heavenly banquets, and ill fortified to "endure the fervors of the eternal morn."

Is there then any way to bind these three aspects of life together, so that we shall have the child's joy in to-day, the man's hope for to-morrow, and the mystic's confidence the day following ? Can enjoyment and service and sacrifice be so united, that each shall be an ever-present, all-controlling, and eternally-enduring element in one consistent and coherent whole of life ?

In the life of Jesus we find these three elements united. He came eating and drinking ; was present and participating in festivities and feasts ; was suf-

ficiently free and joyous in his mode of life to bring upon him the accusation of being a glutton and a wine-bibber. He was always ready to meet the concrete duty of the hour ; and when his disciples would have prevented the little children from bothering him, he rebuked them, and suffered the little children to come unto him. He recognized the wretched invalid who touched him in the crowd, and had the time and strength and sympathy and attention for each individual whenever and wherever his claim might be presented. He did not make the mistake so common to busy men intent on high ends, of losing the individual in the mass, and forgetting the concrete duty of the moment in devotion to the general cause. He lived as wholly and generously and genuinely in each moment as the most thoughtless child.

At the same time he had the large outlook and shrewd forecast of the man of affairs. He never lost sight of the great work he had to do. He never forgot his mission. He was always saying, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." He waited and watched the opportunity to accomplish his great mission. He would not go before his time ; and to those who tried to urge him to premature action he said, "My time is not yet come ;" and when the time came he was ready and determined, and said to the fond friend who would have held him back, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

And he also had the serene and tranquil outlook of the mystic. He could lay down life itself in the confident assurance that all would be well both with him and with his work after his labors were ended and his earthly life was over. He was sure that even in being lifted up upon the cross he would draw all men unto him. The mere fact that Jesus combined these points of view, however, means little to us, unless we at the same time learn the secret which enabled him to do it. We do not want to be mere imitators of the outward deeds of Jesus ; we want to catch the inner spirit and purpose which produced those deeds in him, and will enable us to reproduce their like in ourselves.

The secret of this consistent and coherent life of Jesus was in the intensity and breadth and reach of the purpose which he cherished. Jesus could bind together to-day and to-morrow and the day following because he had a way to go that led him right straight through them all. What was this way, this purpose, which bound together into one the successive days of Jesus' life ?

Jesus looked out upon the world of nature and

saw all things in it beautiful and harmonious and fair and orderly; and behind all this beauty and harmony and order and law he saw the thought, the will, the life, the love of its Creator. He looked out on human life, and there he saw deformity, disease, suffering, and shame; and in all this he saw the violation of God's laws, the perversion of God's gifts, the corruption of God's children. Jesus looked down into the hearts of men; and there he saw, buried and obscured, encrusted and conventionalized, capacities, aspirations, affections, ideals, which, once liberated, developed, and enthroned, would banish sin from human life, and make the moral and social life of man as beautiful and harmonious and sweet and glad as is the ongoing of the starry heavens and the unfolding of the blossoming and fruitful earth. And Jesus consecrated himself to the high task of drawing out these latent spiritual capacities of the human heart; of bringing the laws of God into the daily life of man; and so of making human hearts the conscious dwelling-place of the Spirit of God, and human society the expression of the Father's beneficent and loving will.

This purpose to redeem the world by bringing men to a consciousness of God and an obedience to his just and beneficent rule; this purpose to establish a kingdom in which the one great law of love to God and man should supersede all necessity for minor rules and petty regulations; this purpose to make society peaceful and happy by first making its individual members kind and good;—this was what bound the days of the life of Jesus together into a consistent and coherent whole. This was the way on which he went to-day, in loving service to the sick, the outcast, the poor and the oppressed; this was the way on which he proposed to go to-morrow in defiance of that corrupt and mercenary ecclesiasticism which he knew would put him to death in the vain attempt to check the spread of his pure and simple tidings of mutual good-will; this was the way in which his conquering Spirit was to go marching on in a renewed and uplifted humanity on through all the days which should follow his crucifixion. This strong thread of a cherished purpose to bring God's laws down to men, and to lift men's lives up into obedience to God;—this was what held together the separate heads of the to-days and the to-morrows and the days following in Jesus' life.

It is by sharing this great purpose of Jesus that we may bring into our own lives the coherence and consistency they lack. Every duty that calls us, every joy that comes to us, every

relationship into which we enter, every circumstance in which we are placed, has its part and place in this great plan which we may share with Jesus. Our homes, our business, our friendships, all that go to make up the sum and substance of our daily lives, stand in important relations to that great plan which Jesus came to realize and that kingdom which he came to found. And whether that kingdom comes in its fullness into these homes and offices of ours depends on the fidelity with which we do our daily duty and practice his blessed law of love. This thought that everything we do may be so done as to extend the kingdom of God; that every person with whom we have to deal may be treated as a brother and sister in the one great family of the Heavenly Father; that every relationship of life may be filled with that goodness and beauty and truth which is in the heart of the Father, and which Jesus came to make the ruling principles in the hearts of men;—this participation in the great purpose of Jesus will lift even the humblest life out of its insignificance, and to even the most common tasks impart a dignity and joy. This partaking in the purpose of Jesus, and this participation in the kingdom of righteousness and service which he came to found, will give to the most humdrum and monotonous of days an interest and a delight akin to that which Jesus found in taking the little children in his arms, and cleansing the lepers, and healing the sick, and comforting the mourners as he walked about in the humble villages, and entered the modest homes of his native Galilee. By accepting these things as the very things which of all others God has given us to do; as the little province of his kingdom which he has committed to our rule; as the little group of his children towards whom we are to manifest his kindness, we may fill out to-days as they fly past will, with that delight in loving service which was the secret of Jesus' joy, and with that whole-souled absorption and devotion to the immediate thing in hand which we saw to be the charm and glory of the little child. Thus will this spirit and purpose of Jesus, reproduced in our daily lives, make each to-day sufficient to itself. With this to inspire and guide us, we can with gladness and contentment go on our way to-day.

What then about to-morrow? If this purpose of Jesus gives us the child's complete contentment in to-day, can it give us the practical man's sagacity and courage and endurance to think out the problems, and face the dangers and bear the losses which to-morrow may have in store for us? Yes.

To be sure it is not always easy to see just what is good and true and right. But it is a great deal easier to see what is intrinsically true, what is absolutely right, what is good for the public, than it is to see what is merely expedient and profitable and popular from one's own private and personal point of view. The man who is looking out for himself has two problems to solve; first, what is true and right; and second, how far he can depart from that with safety and profit. And this second problem, although it looks easy, is really a very difficult one; and he who tries to solve it is sure to make mistakes. Now the man who follows Jesus, and shares his spirit and purpose, has to consider only the first of these two problems. And furthermore he has the benefit of the precept and example of Jesus and all good men to help him to the right decision. He has only to keep to the great moral highways, where the good and great have gone before. To be sure he has to apply those great and recognized principles to new cases and new circumstances; but it is of immense advantage to have the great principles, the major premises of all his practical judgments, settled in advance. The merely selfish man has no such guiding principle, no reliable and universal major premise which can form the basis of every practical decision. Every new case is not only new in its details, but calls for a fresh judgment as to how far it is safe and expedient to ignore the principles which society professes. Therefore the selfish man is sure to err; while the man who follows Jesus in a sincere desire to get God's righteous will accomplished, and God's beneficent plan for human well-being realized, can never go far astray. Like Wordsworth's happy warrior, he

"Plays in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won;  
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.  
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpass."

This devotion to the will of God, conceived as ever seeking the highest and largest good of man, which was the inspiring and animating purpose in the life of Jesus, taken up into our hearts and minds, will solve the problems of our individual lives much more satisfactorily than blind and petty selfishness could ever do; it will enable us to face the unknown dangers and difficulties of our immediate future lives as calmly and serenely as Jesus went on his way up to Jerusalem, to lift his message of love to God and man from the personal and

provincial plane to which it had previously been confined on to the plane of national and world-wide significance which it ever since has held. Jesus knew that he went up there "to be mocked and spitefully entreated, and spitted on, and scourged and crucified." And yet he went up to meet and suffer these things willingly; because all this was incidental to the world-wide proclamation of his message, and the universal spread of that kingdom of goodness, truth, and love which he came to establish. If you want courage and strength to face the dangers, and take the risks, and bear the trials of the unknown to-morrow, you will find it nowhere so surely and completely as in taking this purpose of Jesus for your own, and resolving that in and through whatever hard problems and fateful decisions and painful crises the future may have in store you will, to the extent of your opportunity and ability, promote that kingdom of goodness, truth, and love, of which God is the King, and of which Jesus was the Herald and Messiah. Yes. This spirit and purpose of Jesus will give you the man's courage and constancy with which to face to-morrow, as well as the child's happy enjoyment of to-day.

And how about the day following? Shall we find the mystic's truth here too? Yes: and without his error.

The man who heartily enjoys to-day, and looks resolutely upon to-morrow, because he has a God-given purpose to realize in both, need have no concern about the day following;—not even about the long day that follows the day of death. For as to-morrow, when it comes, is but a fresh to-day; so the day following will be but a continuation of our to-days and to-morrows; and if these are filled with gladness and service, so will be the day following. The man who has here and now Christ's purpose in his heart, is joint heir with him in the blessedness of his eternal life. For he can never be where God is not and where the Spirit of Christ is not; nor where each moment may not be heartily enjoyed and each future problem bravely faced through the peace and the power which this divine and Christ-like purpose of loving service can impart.

The great secret of Jesus, that which enabled him to go on his way joyfully in each to-day, steadfastly toward each to-morrow, and serenely confident that the day following would bring peace to his heart and victory to his cause, was this devotion to the great, divine mission of making human society a kingdom in which God's loving will should be brought out, and human hearts a home in which that love of God should dwell. It is an open secret

which he invites us all to share. Nothing less than this will bind our days and years together into the coherent and consistent whole they ought to be. Shall we not then welcome anew this purpose of Jesus to our own hearts; and enter with renewed devotion upon that life of service to God and man which will enable us, as it enabled him, to go on our way rejoicing in the good things of to-day; resolute toward the unknown problems of to-morrow; serene in the assurance that victory and peace shall be our portion on the day following.

Members of the Graduating Class: The days of college life are over. The to-morrow of Commencement, to which these days have all been leading, is at hand. Soon the to-days and the to-morrow of college life alike will be things of the past. How much do you carry forward out of these days into the days that are to follow? Certainly not the mere pleasures of the passing hours. Not the mere offices and prizes, and rank and honors you have won. The great world outside cares little for these things. If in and through these passing days; if over and above the rank and prizes of the college course, there has been maintained throughout an intellectual purpose; that purpose, and the training and power it has developed, will live on into the days that follow. It will not bring back the happy days that are no more: but it will fill the days that are to come with a joy and interest of their own. It will not convert college honors into coin the world will care for; but it will crown the coming years with honors based on usefulness and service. Not what one has enjoyed or done, but what one means to be and do is the measure of one's worth. To cling to past joys and past achievements as a life-preserver is certain death. What you have done in these four years has value just in so far as it is stored up in the form of power and purpose to do better work in years to come. This truth which we all feel so keenly as we stand at this point where the to-days and to-morrows of college life pass irrevocably into the long days of actual life that follow, is no less true of life as a whole. All your days must be bound together by a consistent purpose, if they are to be rescued from that oblivion which stands ever ready to engulf them. And the only purpose large enough to hold the whole of life together is that generous purpose to serve God and one's fellow-men, which was the characteristic quality of the spirit of Jesus, and, under great difference of name and diversity of form, is the heart and core of Christianity. Thus, accepting the opportunity of to-day, the problem of to-morrow and the promise

of the day following in the light of this purpose to serve God and man to the utmost of your powers, thus, and only thus, will each to-day bring you a new joy; each problem of the morrow call forth fresh confidence and courage; and the prospect of the unknown beyond be crowned with that peace which passeth understanding, and which the mere natural self-seeking of the world can neither give nor take away. The college which for these four years has been your outward guardian can guide your feet no longer. And so in parting it commends to you that inner guidance and guardianship of the Spirit of Christ which is the spirit of service: confident that with such a Guide and Guardian your usefulness and honor is assured through life; and that each of you will take leave of it in the brave spirit of our grandest modern poet, as

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,

Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,

Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time

Greet the unseen with a cheer!

Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,

"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
There as here!"

### Junior Prize Declamation.

THE Junior Prize Declamations of '96 were held in Memorial Hall, Monday evening, June 24th. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and all thoroughly enjoyed the excellent speaking. The Bowdoin orchestra furnished excellent music, and so often have these contests been without music that all appreciated this feature. The judges were Weston Thompson, Esq., J. A. Roberts, '70, and G. F. Freeman, '90. The first prize was awarded to Robert O. Small, and the second to John N. Haskell. The programme follows:

Death of Charles IX.—Moore.

Herbert Otis Clough, Kennebunkport.

Old Ace.—Anon. Alfred Perley Ward, Freeport.  
The Pilot's Story.—Howell.

Howard Gilpatrick, Biddeford.

The Miser's Punishment.—Osborne.

Francis Smith Dane, Kennebunk.

- The Chariot Race.—Wallace.  
Robert Orange Small, Berlin Mills, N. H.
- Nomination of Blaine.—Ingersoll.  
Jerre Hacker Libby, Fort Fairfield.
- Against Flogging in the Navy.—Stockton.  
Charles Arnold Knight, Brunswick.
- Daniel Webster.—Hoar.  
John Clair Minot, Belgrade.
- The Death of Rienzi.—Lytton.  
Preston Kyes, North Jay.
- First Bunker Hill Oration.—Webster.  
Bertelle Glidden Willard, Newcastle.
- Selection from King John.—Shakespeare.  
John Harold Bates.
- The Victor of Marengo.—Anon.  
John Newman Haskell, Newcastle.

### '95's Class Day.

#### MORNING EXERCISES.

FOR the first time in many years cloudy skies greeted a Bowdoin Class Day, Tuesday, June 25th, and the rain that fell at times during the day was far from being welcome on the campus. The exercises usually held under the Thorndike oak were held in Upper Memorial, and the "dance on the green" was held in Town Hall. Yet in spite of the inclement weather the exercises were all well attended, and everything passed off most smoothly. The Salem Cadet Band furnished the best of music day and evening. At 10 o'clock the class of fifty-two men, led by Marshal L. S. Dewey, took seats on the platform, and the following programme was carried out:

Prayer.	MUSIC.	A. G. Axtell.
Oration.	MUSIC.	F. O. Small.
Poem.	MUSIC.	H. W. Thayer.
	MUSIC.	

The speakers were introduced by President F. L. Fessenden, and each reflected much credit on himself and class. The oration and poem are given here in full.

#### CLASS-DAY ORATION.

BY F. O. SMALL.

*Mr. President, Classmates of 'Ninety-five, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

On this occasion, the class day of the Class of 'Ninety-five, and just before graduating from a college ranking among the first in educational matters, and before so intelligent an audience—interested in whatever tends to make mankind better and nobler, it seemed not inappropriate to speak concerning—

#### THE ETHICAL CLAIMS OF THE VOCATION OF TEACHER.

Nearly three centuries ago there were driven out from England by the religious intolerance and terrible political persecutions of the early Stuarts, many men imbued with a spirit of individual freedom that made submission impossible. The doors of the western world were open to them. Rather than sacrifice their truest convictions to the arbitrary will of a despotic sovereign for the hope of a free community where each man could educate his children and worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, those heroic men, braving the dangers of the treacherous sea, like Æneas of old, sought the destined land.

This was the beginning of our nation—a crude, undeveloped germ of liberty, struggling for outward expression, brought here deeply buried in the manly breasts of those early settlers. At first the growth of this spirit of freedom was slow, being hindered by the very struggle for existence. There were the Indians, the wild beasts, and the forests to subdue—and all the while colonial jealousies and a grasping mother country to be contended with. Then came the throwing off of this foreign oppression in the wars for independence, and the cementing of the rival sections into the United States. The new country had scarcely time to get itself upon a firm industrial basis before this principle of equal individual rights, started up afresh in the slavery agitation—the settlement of which in the Civil War made this nation second to none.

But under a republican or representative form of government like ours, there is danger from dishonesty and ignorance; and the policy maintained in the past towards foreign immigration, making this country an asylum for the imbeciles and outcasts of the whole earth, has made a great opportunity for political corruption among this unassimilated, un-American, illiterate mob in the large cities—which condition of affairs is always a menace to free institutions.

Ambitious men of to-day are wont to sigh for those early days of warfare and great events, when a man could do some heroic service for his country, when it was possible to win world-wide renown by achievements in battle. War, no doubt, brings to the front men who otherwise would be obscure and makes them the preservers of the nation; yet, in times of peace, there is work for the man anxious to be a benefactor to the race. All opportunity for national service was not lost with the surrender of Lee. To-day we have before us questions vastly more difficult than those whose solution was fought out in the past—questions demanding the most strenuous efforts, far-seeing intelligence, and sound judgment which, unless solved, threaten to overthrow this temple of liberty erected by the struggles of the past two centuries.

Every highly-civilized nation has a similar history. There is a stage in which the customs and morals of the people are taking form; then follows a period in which outer and inner forces are balanced, traditional morality is received as the moral code and firmly entrenched behind every institution of church and state. It is an era characterized by great activity and by most brilliant achievements in literature, science, and art, and distinguished by marvelous industrial improvements and inventions.

As a nation's experience is extended, the balance of internal forces is undermined by intellectual progress. To use the language of Muirhead, the people are "disconcerted by the apparent baselessness of the forms and institutions upon which society has hitherto seemed to rest; the moral law, the fabric of the constitution, religion itself, seem shaken to their foundations." This last is the "stage of reflection," into which we as a nation are now entering. It is a time of general unrest.

Owing to new industrial conditions which have arisen, the old relations between employer and employed are no longer adequate or just. The unquestioned authority of the church, which satisfied our fathers, is giving way, under the sharp eye of criticism, to a kind of agnosticism which is spiritual chaos. The home, the family tie, no longer has the charm and sacredness it was wont to have.

How can these relations be adjusted? How can the church creeds be revised so as to reconcile the old religious faith with reason and the indubitable revelations of science?—and revised they must be or fall to the ground. How can the apparent antagonism between the greatest happiness of the individual and the duties of citizenship be overcome?—These are some of the questions that must

be solved by the present and following generations—questions which give ample opportunity for him who is ambitious to be of service to his country.

It is for the man of trained intellect to discover the means of adjusting the established institutions to these changed conditions. And any one who has had the advantages of an education in a college or university, who from his infancy has enjoyed the protection of the laws and customs of a Christian community, yet who feels under no obligation to render a return to society, but thinks only of his own individual preference, sacrificing everything for that end, is not worthy the name of man. On the other hand, he who is imbued with the spirit such culture ought to carry with it, will look upon his opportunities and privileges only as so much received from others for which he is bound to make some return, to contribute something to the advantage of society.

With this idea of service to mankind uppermost in his mind, he ought carefully to weigh the circumstances in which he is placed, the most pressing needs of the social order, and his own inclination and fitness for some field of work,—then and only then can he legitimately decide upon his profession or vocation in life.

We have a society in which the majority of the citizens put the individual self first in every undertaking; a social order in which public trusts are looked upon as means to an end—and that end self-advancement; a political condition in which official positions are too often thought of as plums to be picked by the spoilsman. The cause of it all is the lack of an enlightened conscience in the great mass of the people. To remedy this it is necessary to instill into the minds and hearts of men those ethical principles which are at the basis of all moral and religious teaching. It cannot be done at once nor with the present generation. To embody in the very thoughts and minds of a people such principles as will cause a man always to do as he would be done by, or as Kant put it, to act as if the maxim from which he acts were by his will to become a universal law of nature, it is necessary to begin with the rising generation, upon whose instruction depends the welfare of our country.

Education is the salvation of the race. The human soul instinctively reaches out after knowledge; and in the beneficent presence of truth, the birthright of humanity, it expands like the violet unfolding its petals in the spring sunshin; and no one has a right to withhold from the awakened intelligence of youth its just inheritance. To be



sure, natural fitness and environment must be taken into consideration by a man choosing an occupation for life; but there is one vocation, above all others, in which the individual works directly for the general education of the masses,—a profession that out of the inherited propensities and natural characteristics of children, by the moulding power of an educated mind and through the enthusiasm born of true knowledge, endeavors to make nobler men and better citizens, fully equipped intellectually and morally for the manifold exigencies of life. I refer to the work of the school-teacher. This is a vocation in which there are not many babbling streams with flowering banks, down which one may float in ease and luxury. No, there is not money enough to entice him who is seeking wealth; not leisure enough to attract him who is looking for a life of ease; too much quiet, unnoticed work to allure the man anxious to gain notoriety and the blare of public applause; but to him who desires to use the powers and resources at his command for the benefit of the human race—to the earnest, whole-souled man, what opportunities it offers! What a sacred trust it is! Men in other walks of life are dealing with problems and phases of questions that in a few years will have passed away and been forgotten; but the instructor in the public school is building not for to-day but for all time. It is his work to develop in the children entrusted to his care a strong, vigorous, American manhood which, when the labor of others is lost in the obscurity of the past, shall remain a lasting monument to his memory and a bulwark for the safety of the nation.

The most divine attribute in man is the intelligence seeking for truth, and every faithful school-teacher ministers, however humbly, to the fulfillment of this noblest of human aspirations. For him it is to raise the great mass of the people—in whom is the future of our country—to a higher intellectual and moral level where they can breathe the sunlight of a purer atmosphere, can see more to life than the mere struggle for existence. It is for him to bring man into touch and sympathy with nature where his soul will go out in rapture at the gorgeous sunset, or at the delicate flower, and his very heart beat in unison with the song of the bird or the splash of the water-fall, and himself be lifted up into a full and appreciative accord with that rational force which is behind all and in all,—God, the creator of "heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is."

In doing this, in living a life so full, so large, so helpful, the teacher, by the very nature of his

work, in going out of himself and taking up into himself the interests and welfare of others, verifies the truth that whosoever shall lose his life in good works, the same shall find it. And when humanity is so advanced that every one will seek to do what is just and beneficent, when each man regards his neighbor's interests as sacred as his own, when these vexed questions which now distract us have passed away under the rational institutions of a completely educated people, then has the teacher accomplished his mission, then will the light of the celestial countenance shine upon humanity and the divine purpose will be fulfilled in the earth.

#### CLASS-DAY POEM.

BY H. W. THAYER.

To-day the years are gathered in a sheaf;  
Fair Youth brings here its autumn-painted leaf;  
The book is closed, the last white milestone passed,  
For all life's perfect dreams of joy are brief.

Soft breezes from the future 'round us throng,  
And whisper that the parting comes ere long,  
And while we linger for a fleeting day,  
We ask the singer for a farewell song.

I fain would climb the poet's lordliest height,  
The Harp of Greece, fair Avon's strength, the might  
Of him whom Virgil led in land unknown,—  
Would they were mine, so might I sing aright.

I long for nobler words than these, and yet  
'Twere well, if by one thought here haply set  
Ye hold the ashes of to-day more dear—  
Though singer and the song ye soon forget.

Pale night had softly laid her shadowy hand  
Upon the thousand hills. The day-spent land  
In voiceless silence, dreaming lay asleep,  
Save where afar, beneath the rugged steep,  
A worn and footsore knight, with cruel tears  
Toiled on a weary way of thorns. Dark fears  
For future days and passionate regret  
For hopes long dead, and paths with toil beset,  
Has chased the princely glory from his face;  
The wondrous tints of faith, the matchless grace  
Which Youth but yesterday had painted there  
With tender hand; and so in bleak despair  
He wandered on, uncaring where his feet  
Might stray, and longing never more to greet  
The dawn, he cried, "The quest is not for me."  
Far cliff and cavern echoed, "Not for thee."

Deep lost in pain for noble deeds undone,  
He courted death, and that dark-vested One

Had trod the path with him awhile, till far  
 Upon the crag, so high it seemed a star  
 Itself among the myriad worlds, a light  
 Shone forth, a wavering glimmer dimly bright;  
 And all that made life seem a hollow show  
 Grew strangely sweet with sudden change, and lo!  
 His life no more was endless death, and death  
 A fairer life, but Hope's enchanted breath  
 Seemed blowing from the Isles of Peace,  
 Where throbbing hearts are still and struggles cease.

"Ah, that may yet," he cried, "of hope foretell,  
 Perhaps it be a lonely mountain cell,  
 Where, ever free from life's rude-fettered thrall,  
 Some holy man has lost himself and all  
 The world in God. There haply may I stay  
 The fluttering soul within my breast, till day  
 Upon the distant peaks again shall set  
 Its lamps of gold, and tell if life hath yet  
 For me some paltry barren years in store,  
 Although my quest is lost forevermore."

So upward struggling toward the gleaming sky  
 He climbed, by wildering paths the eagle's eye  
 Alone had seen, until a taper dim  
 Shone out before his feet to welcome him,  
 And entering thence a weird dark chamber, wrought  
 Of stone, he found it e'en as he had thought.  
 And yet, though dim the taper burned, the eyes  
 That gazed thereon were dimmer still, the prize  
 Of prayer-told months and years were almost won;  
 Life's little candle burning low, the sun  
 Of life, low sinking in a silent sea.  
 To fading eyes, the fair knight seemed to be  
 The shadow of that vanished Youth, which long  
 Ago set forth upon the hills, with strong  
 And steadfast will to fight the world, at last  
 To hide it 'neath a monkish cowl. The past  
 With all its grave-deep memories surged upon  
 His brain,—fair forms which long ago had gone  
 Into the silent land; the winsome time  
 Of childhood's dream, and manhood's bloom sublime  
 With rose-hued hopes, all seemed transfigured now  
 With a celestial light. One could but bow  
 Before the Unseen Presence there, and so  
 The knight, in awe, forgetting half his woe,  
 And longing that the dying one might breathe  
 O'er him a holy prayer, knelt there beneath  
 The shadow of the lifted Cross,—blest shade  
 In weary lands, and soft the dying laid  
 His withered hands upon the waving hair  
 Of gold, as stretching into sunlight fair,  
 The long dark shadow-fingers silent fall  
 From passing summer clouds, and warning call

The nestlings home. His very face seemed glorified  
 With thought, and lo! with death-choked voice he  
 cried:

"Come back! oh, Youth with golden heart,  
 Thou dream of long-forgotten spring.  
 Come back, ere sunset's rays depart,  
 And life's long faded laurels bring.

Oh, give me back one golden day,  
 And all the world were at my feet;  
 The treasured wealth, the monarch's sway,  
 A heritage of Joy complete.

Ah, I have truly sought amiss  
 The ways wherein my feet have trod  
 Apart from men, and losing this  
 Poor world, I have all but lost God.

Life's noblest acts are never known,  
 Life's heroes oft no garlands wear,  
 The lowliest seat is highest throne  
 If but a king be seated there."

The voice grew still, and lo! the weary feet  
 Were treading on the far-off hills and sweet  
 Elysian fields, where countless lilies bloom;  
 Where shining ones in white were straying, whom  
 He loved so long ago. The living man  
 Grew strong, and turning from the dead to scan  
 The star-gemmed night without, he stood upon the  
 brow

Of the dark world, and gazed where he but now  
 Had toiled with bleeding feet and cheerless wept  
 Alone, where soft-eyed stars their vigils kept  
 Upon our little slumberous-dreaming world,  
 And whispering of their morning song, unfurled  
 Their wings for flight. He watched the darkness hold  
 Its long death-struggle with the light; the old  
 Dark robe of grief was now forever thrown  
 Aside; the strength of thousands was his own,  
 For Hope was his. With lifted eyes he turned  
 To meet the day. The dying words had burned  
 Upon his heart. "This is the only worthy quest,"  
 He fiercely cried, "to still the wild unrest  
 Of broken hearts, not seeking wondrous deeds  
 Of might, nor pondering hollow creeds  
 In cloistered gloom, nor craving Joy, to live  
 Is but to serve, and Joy a fugitive."

To-day we meet, oh friends long tried, the ties  
 Are severed now, and broke the charm-wrought spell.  
 We longing look in one another's eyes,  
 And sadly clasp our hands in long farewell.

We greet ye here, oh friends to me unknown;  
 Unknown,—yet each by golden chains is bound

To one of these, whose very life has grown  
A part of mine,—and truest faith has found  
This flawless truth,—The quenchless light which lies  
Like sea-entangled beams from stars above  
Deep-hidden in the depths of tender eyes  
Is sure a semblance of immortal life.

All are not here we love, a restless tide  
At midnight bore their fragile barks away,  
Till straining eyes across the ocean wide  
Saw but a gleam along the verge of day.  
E'en now we know not what or where they be,  
We only know they sailed somewhere beyond  
Our sight, upon this world-deep boundless sea  
Of love which holds us all, and though the fond  
Lone hearts may wild with grief and anguish grow,  
May toss upon its waves till all but spent,  
Although its spray may dim our eyes, we know  
That there 'tis well with them, and rest content.

To-day we leave a palace fair, where all  
That filled the cup with sweet delight was ours.  
But now the lights are flickering on the wall,  
The music sobbing over fading flowers  
Which once crowned Joy, and in the hollow wind  
We stand reluctant at the half-closed door,  
And tearful cast a lingering look behind,  
For there our feet may never enter more.  
And oh, ye fairy-footed golden days,  
Oh, gentle-hearted, fond-eyed ghosts, ye seem  
Since hand in hand sweet joy has trod your ways  
With us, the children of a happy dream,  
That vanish cloudlike down the dawn-star's track,  
And leave us quivering in this world of pain.  
We cry and stretch vain hands to call them back,  
But—fluttering leaves, they never come back again.

A little while beside the sunny shore  
And then, while far the fragrant breeze blow,  
The ships are yearning for the sea, far o'er  
The billow hills come voices calling low  
Though dewy morning run with golden sands,  
And though at dawn the summer day seems long,  
Behold, the flowers are withered in our hands  
And shadow-clad we kneel at even-song.

That sea of life, whose far-off rhythmic beat  
Was once melodious in our boyish years,  
A siren voice, is rolling at our feet  
And all the glory of the swift-winged years  
Has fled away. Oh golden-hearted youth,  
Thou art the fairest gem of all the earth,  
Thou rosy guide toward the eternal truth,  
Years are not lost if we but learn thy worth.

And Youth is ours, though manhood wildly call  
Immortal Youth, though sunny hair turn gray  
And footsteps fail, its fountain flows for all.  
Its waters are the joys we leave to-day.

The cloud-capped peaks of thought, where never man  
Yet trod, here loomed before our eyes, the powers  
Of earth, the secret of life's little span,  
The crash of worlds, have here in dreams been ours.  
The men of old in garments shadow-wrought  
Have crept from the Unseen and tarried here,  
Their deep eyes burning with unfathomed thought,  
Their foreheads silver-starred, and crystal-clear  
Their voice, and we have strayed, through fair earth's  
prime

With them, through gardens of Hesperides  
Have dreamed of purple grapes and hills of thyme,  
And heard the distant murmur of Ægean seas.

These are not left, for all our lives shall be  
More sweet, the very world more wondrous fair,  
Far sun and star more bright, the mighty sea  
More strangely grand, for memory dear where'er  
We go, will walk with us, and days now fled  
Will seem illumined by a light divine  
Because of noble thoughts, of kind words said,  
Of friends whose love has been the very vine  
Of joy to thirsty hearts. Oh vanished days  
Of youth! Fadeless your glory evermore,  
E'en when life's midnight dark arrays  
Our world, when afterdawn steals on that shore  
Man knows not of; while life with life entwine  
Through fairest joys of earth and bitterest tears  
In realms unseen, unknown, your light shall shine  
With changeless glow, through the eternal years.

#### AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Not under the branching arms of the old  
Thorndike oak as usual, but in Memorial,  
the following afternoon programme was  
carried out. The parts were all of high  
excellence, and were followed with deep  
interest by the crowd which packed the hall.

Opening Address.		H. E. Holmes.
	MUSIC.	
History.		C. S. Christie.
	MUSIC.	
Prophecy.		J. W. Crawford.
	MUSIC.	
Parting Address.		G. E. Simpson.
	MUSIC.	

## OPENING ADDRESS.

BY H. E. HOLMES.

*Mr. President, Classmates, and Friends :*

We are to-day in a peculiar position in relation to our college; we have not graduated, nor are we any longer undergraduates. It is a position which has always called forth much merriment among classes; but it is also a position to which much sadness and much reflection attaches. We are hanging by a thin, invisible thread between two spheres, the sphere of college life, with its quiet and repose, its little rewards and punishments, and the sphere of the great world, with its noisy activity, its terrible struggles, and its prizes of life or death. We are standing with one hand grasping the little college world which, for four years, has been our all in all, and with the other touching that great world which has been a vista gradually and steadily widening and growing plainer to our vision, and now our grasp upon college life is loosening, while the din of the world, our future life, grows louder and louder in our ears. We are standing upon the threshold, and a moment is given us to pause and consider. What has our preparation fitted us for?

We are presently to go out and enter upon this life-struggle which never ceases till the grave opens and receives us; and they are momentous questions which we must ask ourselves to-day. We can no longer throw the weight of our responsibilities on some other; we must carry them ourselves. These responsibilities are graver than those of the man who is not college educated. We have received greater advantages, and more is expected of us. This reflection should make us (though it may seem at first sight paradoxical) at one and the same time fearful and proud; fearful lest we may be found wanting, lest we may not be equal to our responsibilities, and proud that we have such advantages, and that the world looks upon us with favorable eyes.

For it is true that the world smiles upon the college man who is able to take up his burden with the rest. He inspires more respect and confidence, and the great positions in life are most willingly conferred upon him.

A short word of four letters—"Duty"—cannot be too often spoken or too often called to mind. One of England's poets, speaking of a great career in England's history, says:

"Not once or twice in our fair island's story  
The path of duty was the way to glory."

We have received many advantages from our college education, but all our advantages, all our

education, only make it so much the more necessary that we should follow closely the "path of duty." And the path of duty to a college man is wider and longer than it is to another. He owes more duties,—duties that are not even dreamed of by the ordinary man. It is the old parable of the talents. The more talents that are given to a man, the more responsibility he has, and the more is due from him. The talents given to us are the superior advantages of a college training. Sooner or later we will be called to give an account of these talents; we must "make our returns," and show that we have put them to interest.

There are, however, two plain and obvious duties which devolve upon us as men, and are intensified by reason of our position as college men. One of these we cannot too often bear in mind. It is duty to parents,—to parents whose kindly beneficence is the direct cause of the advantages which we now possess; to parents who for four years have watched over our course here, who have rejoiced with us at our successes, and sympathized with us in our reverses, and who will continue to give us their support and encouragement throughout life. It is a sacred duty, classmates, and one that cannot be shirked without incurring the curse of base ingratitude.

There is another duty which is greater than all, and includes all. It is the first duty of every Christian man and every Christian people: Duty to God. Without a true recognition of it the most successful life is barren and empty; all earthly fame that can possibly be acquired is hollow, and the fruits of success turn to ashes; with it the life, apparently most barren of rewards, is fruitful in the highest sense of the word.

James Russell Lowell says: "When men founded their first society, they instinctively recognized in the priest and the law-giver the supreme fact that intellect is the divinely appointed lieutenant of God in the government of the world." The discovery of this great western world was brought about by religious influences; a monk, a woman, and a sailor caused the sailing of that expedition from Palos. The motive that prompted the settlement of the original thirteen colonies was religious. Conscience impelled men and women to give up the comforts of civilized life and to endure all the hardships incident to a life in the wilderness. Can we too often recall the religious spirit of the New England settlers? We may not agree with their severe tenets; we must admire their sacrifices and respect their sincerity.

The founders of our government were men fully

imbued with a firm faith in the Christian religion. They were not mere theorists and experimenters, but sound and serious thinkers. After the war of the revolution and the peace of Versailles came the meeting of the constitutional convention. When it came so near to dissolving and accomplishing nothing, it was only the strong appeal of Dr. Franklin to the religious spirit of the assembly that averted the grave danger and kept the convention together.

I need not go on mentioning these facts of history so well known to us all. Every page of our history is an incontestible witness to the religious spirit of our country. The sayings and writings of those great men who founded this republic by their bravery and guarded its infant days with their wisdom are imperishable evidence of the Christian spirit that pervaded their every act and word.

The duty to religion is especially important to college men. It has been truly said that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A little knowledge of science and a small acquaintance with the surface of philosophy has a strong tendency to make one look sneeringly at religion as a very small factor in this great world.

In these days when the unholy disciples of a godless faith are filling the land with their perverted views, it is, above all, necessary for the college man to stand firm for conservatism. There are times when it is a grievous sin to society to be over-conservative; but when everything that is good and beautiful, everything that has made society and civilization what it is to-day, is attacked, as the remnants of a barbaric superstition, we cannot be too conservative, and too suspicious of these noisy preachers of a liberty which, like that of the nihilist, is but a license to blow up everybody of a contrary opinion from their own.

Religious bigotry is as dangerous to national life as is the lack of religion. The anarchist, with his bomb, the nihilist with his murderous weapon, is not more baneful to society and more destructive to liberty than is the "A. P. A.," with its seductive platform, its carefully worded, lying circulars, and its real purpose so murderous to personal liberty and religious freedom. It is a foreign-born monstrosity, and draws its sustenance from the low and humid soil of the foreign-born population of the West. Thank God, it finds but poor ground in the rough and rugged soil of New England. Were the real purpose of this organization to obtain liberty, that sacred word, which they profane, would be a

by-word of reproach; a stigma of shame in this country to the whole world. Nay, more than that, liberty itself would be dead, and in its place would be erected a tyranny more baleful in its effect than any that has ever yet darkened the pages of history, a despotism like a demon from Hades overshadowing this fair land from end to end. But in reality such societies as the "A. P. A." never live long in this country. We saw an attempt some forty years ago to keep such an organization alive, and it had but to state plainly its purposes when it was ignominiously crushed, and obliterated from the ranks of politics, and from that time to this the term "Know-Nothing" has been one of scorn and derision. History repeats itself. The American people, naturally fair-minded and liberal, will not be long in rebuking the infamous organization.

It is from among college men that this quasi-political organization is looking for its proselytes; and it is college men whose duty it is to discourage the society and its object. We may be grateful that it has not yet found one convert among the sons of old Bowdoin; and the Class of '95 is not apt to furnish any.

My classmates, upon the walls of Memorial Hall are inscribed the names of the brave sons of Bowdoin who freely gave their service to the defense of their country in her hour of danger. We have pondered those names often, and often thought what greater honor could come upon us than to have our names written where they will remain as long as one gray stone stands upon another. Truly it is a great honor, but there is one greater. These men fought with the arms of war to save the Union from dissolution; let us fight with the arms that education has given us to save society from the dangers of socialism and anarchy, and the nation from sectional prejudice and religious bigotry. And while our names will not be inscribed upon tablets of bronze, they will be written upon the imperishable dome of eternity,—the names of those who served the great cause of humanity.

Friends of the Class of '95, we bid you welcome to our closing exercises. We appreciate the kindness which brings you here to-day; and to me is the honor of thanking you in the name of the class. May the good wishes for our success, that are attested by your presence here to-day, follow us throughout life and be the lode-star that shall ever guide us to be an honor to our *Alma Mater*, Old Bowdoin.

## CLASS HISTORY.

By C. S. CHRISTIE.

The ancient custom of transmitting to posterity the actions and manners of famous men has not been neglected even by the present generation. In former times, however, as there was a greater scope for the performance of deeds worthy of remembrance, so every person of distinguished ability was induced to record deeds of virtue; but in these days of degeneration it would be considered a culpable arrogance for one to undertake such a task, except that he were appointed so to do by some duly organized and powerful body.

So, only after much deliberation and extended conference with Professor MacDonald, it was decided by our nominating committee, which had appropriated all the most desirable offices to itself, to bestow this honor upon me. And, as I have since learned, this was done all on account of the remarkable ability which I had shown as an authority upon history during the spring term of Junior year. Without doubt Louis Hatch would have been chosen instead, had he not asked to be excused on the plea that he intended to soon publish his book entitled, "The Nations of the Earth as Seen by Me on the Midway."

The task of writing the history of such a class is no easy one, for it is so difficult to determine which of its great achievements shall be noted and which omitted.

Men are naturally disgusted with the time-serving historian, while spleen and calumny are received with a greedy ear, for flattery bears the odious charge of servility, while malignity wears the imposing appearance of independence. The historian who enters upon his office with the profession of inviolable integrity must not allow himself to be influenced by affection or antipathy in delineating any character, and so, although I have had a great inclination to particularly eulogize one of our instructors on account of the many favors shown me while studying history under him, I shall, nevertheless, endeavor to keep to the barren facts in all cases.

I have even had intimations to the effect that it would be to my advantage to make particular mention of the athletic prowess of Boyd, Blair, Churchhill, Doherty the hurdler, and Kimball the strong, also Smith the gymnast and Shaw the coach; but after due deliberation I have decided that such a course would be unwise, as it must necessarily stir up envy in the breasts of such men as Pope, Holmes, and

many others who have been such devoted students under Dr. Whittier.

Our career in college represents an era of infinite pleasure to us and unbounded profit to all who have come in contact with us.

It was early in September, '91, that we as a class first struck the campus which was then not more verdant than we. During the first week Fairbanks, Stetson, Shaw, and Knowlton were the only men who made their presence really felt. The above, with the aid of the upper classes, persuaded us that it was the proper thing to cut recitations the entire week; but the President's ideas did not exactly coincide with theirs, so after careful consideration, and when Webber advised that a committee consult the President on the subject, we concluded to return to the gentle care of Professor Moody.

During the first week the Sophomores made it very pleasant for us, calling on us nightly and treating us to fruit, confectionery, and cigars, purchased always with our own money.

The rope-pull was ours easily, although Professor Moody said we came within a co-tangent of losing.

The foot-ball game was also awarded to us; but when we came to base-ball our weakness was at once demonstrated, although we thought the umpire was roasting us when he refused to allow Pope four strikes. Nevertheless, I fear that a reversal of decision would not have saved the day for '95, for when the dust and smoke cleared away after five innings the score stood 26-0 against us.

This was the last great event of the term with the exception of the ducking of Father Badger (who thought himself immune from the effects of water, because he had been elected to serve on the jury) until the great Rugby contest between '94 and '95.

In this game we began for the first time to realize what a powerful class we really were, and the college, I think, appreciated our worth more than ever before, if possible.

The result of the game was a tie, yet this indicates very little as to the comparative worth of the two teams. During this year we had but two men on the 'varsity regularly; but on account of the ability which our team showed in this game five of them played permanently on the 'varsity the following year.

After this game strife and warfare ceased by common consent, until Professor Lawton aroused the belligerent spirits of our foes by endeavoring to introduce one of his ideas which he had evolved while preparing articles for the *Atlantic Monthly*,

viz., to give a reception to the entire Freshman Class, assisted by the other members of the Faculty who took part in our childish instruction.

All passed off very smoothly, each man, with the exception of Billy's Natural Leaders, resigning themselves to the tender ministrations of "Old Morpheus," while the Professor read his Homeric poem "Nausicia."

It has been rumored that this reading acted as an opiate upon Pope, from the effects of which he has never fully recovered. However, we all passed a very enjoyable evening, many taking away souvenirs of the occasion, and full of spirits and ice-cream we all marched boldly toward the campus to the tune of "Old Phi Chi."

This chant was suddenly silenced when we found each door solidly barred and guards stationed at each window ready to assault us with coal ashes, water, ancient fruit and other things too numerous to mention.

Finally, through the Herculean efforts of Big Kimball, Fairbanks, Boyd, Louis Hatch, and Dewey, and after Dennison had threatened to trash the whole college, we effected an entrance to every end except North Appleton; here Tolman appeared on the scene, but his "salams" were not sufficient to overcome the barriers which had been erected to impede our progress, and it was only when the President appeared that we were enabled to effect an entrance, and then not before the supply of ducking material had been exhausted on the head of another than a Freshman.

The remainder of this year was uneventful; the only occurrence of moment was the attempt of Badger, acting as representative of the President, to inveigle the class into signing a no-water and anti-hazing agreement.

The advent of Sophomore year proved our wisdom in this act as in all other things which we have done while in college.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year we were reinforced by Mayo from Hobart College, who came to us highly recommended, and he has proven himself all that he was represented and much more, especially in the art of "chinning." Quimby also made his appearance to strengthen the bind which we already had on the 'varsity foot-ball team. We were fortunate in securing Archie, who has endeared himself to us all by his winsome and innocent ways. F. H. Haskell also concluded to grace our ranks with his smile, which was not duly appreciated by '94.

Our Sophomore year passed away very quietly,

its monotony being broken only by the occasional ducking of an unwary Freshman. Our discipline was always severe, as '96 will testify, although it was so carefully administered that the President interfered not once. The Sophomore-Freshman games of this year were uneventful. The football game was ours; the rope-pull went to the Freshmen, aided by the upper-classmen. In baseball we were obliged to succumb to the lower class, which was aided by the efforts of Ledyard, who had already had much experience in such matters; however, the swelling of the head which '96 had suffered on account of this victory was entirely reduced when they met us on the gridiron, where they suffered defeat to the tune of 76-0.

All remained quiet until Halloween with its restless spirits approached, when nearly all the class participated in the decoration of the campus with paper ornaments and the beautiful frescoing of college property. The result of this act was the despatching of many letters to fond parents informing them of the horrible atrocities which had been perpetrated by their innocent darlings. However, all was adjusted by assessing the culprits \$3.87 *per capita*.

In the spring we did a little missionary work among the members of '96, judiciously spilling a few pails of water wherever they were most needed. So passed away Sophomore year, full of water and bloody encounters, and, as we thought, the much-talked-of Junior Ease awaited us; but how grievously were we disappointed by the noted gentleman lately from the West, who attempted to govern us according to the ideas which he had gained by his associations with the cow-boys; but it was only at the approach of the hot season that affairs took their worst form. The least movement on the part of an offending Junior was sufficient to send the professor off in a paroxysm of rage, from which he never recovered until every man had left the room. The culmination came when the arch offenders received notice from the President that these hostilities must cease, as people were beginning to inquire what the college kept in Memorial Hall.

Beside instruction in the regular subjects we received instruction in class-room etiquette and the method of costuming, as practiced at Harvard, where our learned instructor had so lately received his degree. Furthermore, those who wish to teach may profit by the professor's method of ranking, viz.: according to personal likes and dislikes. Finally we bade farewell to Junior year and pre-

pared to enter upon the more sober and practical duties of Seniors.

Our number has been increased by the addition of two members, one of whom could find no other class worthy to receive him on account of the lack of foot-ball men which they all so plainly showed, and the other came to us because of our intrinsic worth in every respect.

In the three previous years, having shown our merit so clearly, we have during this year carried everything before us. Even Psychology, Philosophy, and Ethics had no terror for us, and many new ideas in these branches were advanced by such stars as Hicks, Mayo, and Webber.

Following are our class statistics :

Average age, 23 years 5 months. Oldest man, 32 years; youngest, 19 years 10 months.

Average height, 5 feet 9 inches. Tallest man, 6 feet 3 inches; shortest, 5 feet 5 inches.

Average weight, 148½ pounds. Heaviest man, 202 pounds; lightest, 89 pounds.

20 men will study law, 15 medicine, 9 will teach, 2 will enter journalism, 3 business, and 3 are undecided.

There were 27 Congregationalists, 8 Universalists, 7 have no preference, 3 Episcopalians, 3 Unitarians, 2 Roman Catholics, 1 Methodist, and 1 Free-Will Baptist.

In politics there are 34 Republicans, 14 Democrats, 4 Independents, and no Prohibitionists.

12 men are engaged, but only four will own up to it.

The time which we have spent here together has been apparently very short and uneventful; but when we take a glance into the past and allow the events, which have transpired, and the experiences through which we as a class have passed, to float before our minds, it hardly seems possible that so much could have been crowded into such a short space of time. We certainly have an enviable record to leave behind. We have always been the first to do away with despicable customs and to introduce reforms. We have fulfilled all of Professor Lawton's predictions, and accomplished many things of which even he did not think us capable.

Our stay in college has been an era of unprecedented prosperity to the institution. Its wealth has been doubled. It has received the gift of two of the finest buildings of their kind possessed by any institution in this country.

In athletics we have ever held foremost position, being well represented in base-ball by Leighton and Fairbanks. In foot-ball we have simply been unri-

valed. We might, excepting Freshman year, have easily defeated any team which the remainder of the college could have mustered. We have never had less than two men on the eleven, and during the past season ten of our men played in entire games. During the seasons of 1894 and 1895 the eleven was captained by sturdy sons of '95.

In track athletics we have been no less active, winning the cup at each field day, which has been held by the college during our course, and scoring more points than any other class at Maine Intercollegiate meet, where the New England Intercollegiate record for hammer throwing was broken by G. L. Kimball, who has captained our team two successive seasons at Worcester.

In scholarship we have a record of which we may be justly proud, exactly half of our number receiving appointment to the provisional list.

May we continue in the busy active world, into which we are so soon to be unceremoniously precipitated, in the same course which we have pursued while in college, and ever contend for the honor of class and college as zealously as we have during the years so pleasantly and profitably spent here together.

## CLASS PROPHECY.

BY J. W. CRAWFORD.

Did you ever want to escape some calamity and yet knew you had gone too far and could not turn back? If so, between us there exists a common bond of sympathy. I have felt all along that it would have been much better to have allotted this part to some astronomer. Not that a telescope is necessary to distinguish our twinkle, for we are all of such a magnitude as to be clearly discernible to the naked eye. But in an entire class of stars it seemed to me that one skilled should attack such a brilliant galaxy.

The position of Prophet being obtained, the victim has a short time to reflect. He thinks first of the old saw, which I will not repeat, about a prophet having no honor in his own country. He thinks of the pleasure enjoyed by the prophet of old, which the scarcity of bears puts out of his own reach. Then, aghast at the number whose futures he is to juggle, he resolves to kill off half the class at the first blow.

Every class prophet, and at this time of year their name is legion, racks his brain for some novel and hitherto unthought of method of prophecy. But after all he settles down to his work and grinds out something like this, which it is your unhappy lot to hear.



I imagine every prophet's first recourse is to dreams, and so with me. It has always been said that if the mind is concentrated on some particular thing before sleep overtakes one, that thing will appear in one's dreams. The horrors of one week's trial reduced me to such a state of exhaustion as to necessitate my absence from gymnasium work for a considerable time. Hoping for light, I took to wandering about in uncanny places at uncanny hours until one night, being mistaken for a burglar, a bullet whizzed unpleasantly near my head. It was about this time that a well-known mind-reader, or rather readist, visited the town. I grasped the opportunity and repaired to her immediately. Upon making known my wishes concerning the Class of '95, the medium threw herself into a trance, and after several minutes exclaimed in awed tones, "The heat grows oppressive and the odor of burning brimstone assails my nostrils." The scene was too vivid, and hurriedly grabbing my hat, I fled.

Thus it was, the time slipping smoothly by in an exasperating manner, and I with 52 futures on my hands and no way to dispose of them. To make it worse, two or three times a day some one would ask, how are you getting along? And I would smile and say, "nicely," or "first-rate." And the respect shown me was something to be wondered at. From the day of election down to the peroration you get the cream of everything. I never could see the pleasure in a prophet's life before, but I can now. I chanced to be walking through the woods one afternoon after the snow had gone, trying to conjure up a scheme, when something struck me, which, although not an inspiration, answered the purpose as it afterwards proved, completely. When I came to, on the following morning, they told me I had been hit by a falling limb, and was found insensible with the limb across my body. Mine was a case of the man who never knew what struck him, for although really lying there insensible in the woods I seemed to keep right on walking, and although I knew that things looked and were different, somehow I didn't feel any wonder at what I saw. Here was a good broad street with rather stately structures on either side, differing considerably in architecture from those to which I was accustomed. Also a great many people passing to and fro whose clothes I thought must be of the latest spring style until, chancing to glance down at myself, I saw that I was clad in a similar costume. Led by some instinct, I moved along until I had crossed another large thoroughfare, and stood looking at a building which somehow seemed strangely familiar. Slowly it dawned upon me that it was the Science Building, but consider-

ably altered by additions. While I stood looking with something akin to amazement, a man with full black beard approached me, and putting out his hand asked in a hoarse voice if I wasn't Jim Crawford. I supposed he was a bunco steerer, but told him yes and asked him how he knew. *Then he laughed.* There was no mistaking *that* laugh. Time and time again I had heard it in recitation increase from a low gurgle until the air fairly danced, and every fellow in the room laughed from very sympathy. I grasped Mayo's outstretched hand, and waited for the explanation which I seemed to feel would come. "You are the greatest stranger of us all," he began, "and time has dealt with you harshly, for twenty years have whitened your hair and beard and left the stamp of care and sorrow upon your face." Twenty years, thought I, so then I must be another Rip Van Winkle. I made a rapid calculation, learned while with Professor Moody, and found the year must be 1915, but here my reflections were broken by the Herr. "We learned that you went as correspondent on the South Polar expedition soon after graduation, but as nothing has ever been heard of the vessel that was sent it was supposed all were lost. To-day is the twentieth century reunion of the good old Class of '95, so come along and see the boys." We threaded our way among innumerable paths, he plying me with questions and I answering as best I could. When I told him as reply that I was not married, it called forth another ripple of laughter. "You have it on Parker," he said, "for as the last, consistent to the last, and supposing himself to be the last, he was the last to get spliced last year." Just then we came upon a scene which I can only liken to vague mind pictures, which I had formed of some of Æneas' feats with his companions. A long structure, yet so airy and light withal that it could scarce be called a structure; innumerable pillars which seemed really to support nothing, for neither roof nor covering was to be seen except that furnished by the many overhanging trees. Along the centre of this Greco-Roman building stood a goodly table, covered with all a gormand could desire, while around this, reclining on couches, in fitting harmony to the scene, were a company of forty or more of men, all apparently in the prime of life. On our appearance a shout went up which I found was pretty nearly continuous, as new arrivals were constantly coming. Mayo piloted me to an empty bench through a guantlet of outstretched hands, and presently the meeting was called to order. The master of ceremonies was Tom Doherty, the same old Tom, no change. He made a few remarks to the point; as

usual, the Bowdoin yell, followed by that of the class, was given with a vim, showing that twenty years hadn't affected many lungs among us. Then came the roll call. All were there but one, and even as the last echoes of Woodbury's "present" were dying away, a commotion was heard outside, and Parker came slowly into view. Good old R. T. It certainly did seem like old times. After his disturbance had subsided, it was decided that, beginning with my worthy guide, each in turn should give a short account of his life.

The Herr arose, cleared his throat, and proceeded on his way. His life, he said, had been one of migration, a constant changing from one line of business to another, although he had been strangely successful in everything he had undertaken, even as at college, yet he could not settle down. At present, he held a position under the government, that of tester of tobacco. He was married, and had three children, the oldest of whom would enter Bowdoin the following year. Again his laugh welled up and trickled over, and he sat down.

There was no mistaking the next individual who arose, even if the head of the table had not recognized him with "Mr. Wehber." It was evident that George had grown neither up nor down since the long ago, but this evidence was wholly lacking in other directions. Also, he had a moustache, and a cunning little imperial. He had accepted, soon after graduation, a position on a division of the financial bureau, and had, through his all-fired persistency and hard work, become head of the financial department. It was through the adoption of his method that the hard times of 1900 had been averted. Just here a long-drawn yawn was stifled and Ed Lovejoy was restored to a state of subjection.

For me there was little need of introduction to the following speaker. Born and brought up in the same town, and thirteen years a classmate, had indelibly stamped his features upon my mind. As Buzz Mitchell modestly spoke of his triumph in the medical profession, my heart was glad, for had I not at our high school graduation, prophesied this life for him? There was but little change. Smooth faced as of old, one could scarce see alterations except perhaps that practice had brought coolness and decision.

F. O. Small was next, and, like Buzz, had changed but little, save that his forehead was much higher. He, it seemed, was teaching the young idea how to shoot, not hirsute, you understand, for he could not comb to that. He had drifted away up into Alaska, which had become, as I learned, the thriving portion of Uncle Sam. "The pay was excellent up there,"

he said, and when he had salted down a little more of that commodity which through its universal sought-after-ness, had become money, in that locality, he intended to bring his family back and settle down for life.

The form which next arose provoked my admiration, and the face was new. But when Tom called him Dudley, I knew it must be Herbie. Yet how changed. What had in the olden days been a seemingly sufficient rotundity must now certainly have reached its largest circulation. Dud was selling a corn salve and eradicator of his own preparation. Hot piper Small had invented a new kind of shoe, and Herbie had established a branch firm wherever these shoes were sold, and the ducats were rolling in fast. Dud subsided, and two forms arose,—the one great, the other Small. After a moment's hesitation, the larger stretched himself again on his couch, and watched with rapt attention the features of the other. This it turned out was our representative of the genus Smith. He, and his twin, Pope, who had formed the Romulus and Remus of our class, had, it seemed, both studied medicine, gone West, married sisters, and settled in adjoining houses with a back gate between. Here with an anxious care they looked after each other's welfare, and here they, like many another of their classmates, helped to keep up to the average the enormous death rate, and keep down to its proper limit the increasing population. As Perley had so kindly given the history of both, Seth found it unnecessary to rise, and giving his other self a tender smile, made one think of the old couplet, "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

We now gave ear to Stet. He had found it so much to his taste to manage things while in college that he had adopted this as his profession. He had managed everything from a dime museum to a first-class opera house, from a barn-storming sensational drama to a company playing 1,000 night stands. He had managed base-ball, foot-ball, cricket, tennis, rowing, boxing, trotting, running, and tournaments of all kinds. In fact, everything, until there was nothing he couldn't manage, and over and above all he had managed to make lots of money.

And now arose one whom we have often seen form the tip of the wedge when our eleven went forth to do battle. Denny, having been as we all know a strong opponent or supporter of protection and free trade, had felt on leaving college that the stump was the place for him. After a few years his views changed with the changing time, and, figuratively speaking, he came down off his perch and was soon after made Judge. This position he was holding,

he said, at the present day, and had great cause to thank himself that he had while in college always expressed himself in a clear, precise, and emphatic manner, as it had helped him much in his present position.

Lon Morelen took the floor. He had raised a nice set of the type known as Bazulas. Shortly after leaving *Alma Mater* he had gone as missionary to savage wilds and had labored long and earnestly. He had twice been doomed to the kettle, but the savages, finding it impossible to fat him up, had finally regarded him as a god and accepted his teachings. He had left his flock under his prime minister and come back to meet the boys once more.

Now Old Solus had had he said a hard time deciding on his profession. Of course he knew as we all know that he could run, but still there didn't seem to be much practical use in running. The war between China and Japan had been settled, and even if it hadn't, the Chinese had plenty of men who could run and run well, too, on the slightest provocation. He wanted to teach, but he wanted to be so thundering square that the scholars didn't like him. Finally he had thought of his attempt at arbitration on a squad question of white duck pants. He was in favor of giving us something, even if it wasn't more than one leg or rather pant apiece. So he had become an arbitrator. In his line he was like Stet. He could arbitrate anything. And it paid well, too, for he was honest enough to see that he got his share.

Bryant, to judge from his remarks, had had a pretty easy time on the whole. He had started in as a specialist in surgery, but finally gave it up for newspaper work. Twenty years had placed him in the chair of editor-in-chief of a big daily, with his name known throughout the country. Shortly after graduation he had suggested a new plan for the publication of the *ORIENT*, which when adopted proved very successful. He also worked out a scheme by which subscriptions for the above might be collected. I have no doubt that half the class like myself are in arrears, and having always wanted to do some generous act in behalf of my classmates, I will consummate it now by keeping this scheme of Bryant's a buried secret.

Place was now given to Mead, who on rising gave one of his expansive smiles. Mead's smile is the same to its class as Mayo's laugh is to its, one of those smiles that, starting from the eyes, spread over the face and disappear where all good smiles go. He had speculated in timber lands in the New England States, and becoming successful in this, he had pushed his transactions farther and farther until he

was one of the largest lumber kings in the country. He said he was satisfied and sat down.

And now Phil Stubbs rises smiling until there are but two wrinkles where his eyes should be. His advancement had been sure. Engaged at first as a minor official in a large banking establishment he had risen from one position to another until he had held the President's chair. Soon after, his income being assured, he had resigned and become a director and was at the present time traveling with his family throughout the whole wide world.

The next comer looked familiar, but I couldn't place him. He began in an easy, but carefully selected strain, as one who was used to weighing his words. Directly he spoke I knew him for John French, alias "Mike Kelley." He had become a lawyer. He was settled in a far Western State. He had been very successful, he said, and had had but one pester, and that was Stet. Stet was always getting into some scrape or other in his management and running to him for advice. One day he would hear of Stet's being in Madagascar superintending a cock fight or some such, and the day after he would drop in on him all smiles and apologies and John would have to fix him up. John became seated and Alphabet Lord arose.

He looked just as sweet as ever. He had become a physician, a heart disease specialist. He said that he had found most heart troubles are in the stomach or caused by love. He went into a somewhat lengthy dissertation, but Edly Lovejoy yawned again and R. T., who never believed in love, rolled off his couch, and thus brought Charlie's remarks to a close.

Harvey Thayer was the next up. I knew it was Harvey although he had some nice mutton-chops to give him dignity. After leaving college he had spent four years as theolog at Andover, and accepted a nice parish in New York. He was still there and very much liked, as I learned. He had a boy in Bowdoin who was like all ministers' children, full of the very spirit which his good father labored against, but Harvey was not an "out-and-outer" and the views on religion had changed. So he seemed to have little fear for his son's future welfare. He gave us all a cordial invitation to his home and was somewhat startled when it was unanimously accepted.

The next speaker rose, thrust his hands into his pockets, assumed a Monte Cristo air, and began. The words flowed as smoothly from his tongue as cold molasses. Honeyed words too, words that it did you good to hear, and such a voice—a voice that would have been called a Tribby voice in the old days, I think, he prattled on so easily! He was

Churchill who, after years of fruitless flitting from one editor to another with that hoary-haired old moss-covered chestnut of a spring poem, had finally become recognized, and now had all he could do to supply the demand. In connection with poesy he had been a literary critic of no little notoriety.

And now came one Moore. Permit me to say that this pun is not original with me. It took me nearly my whole course to get used to the insatiable calls of the professors for "Moore." Moore had somehow got into politics and become a diplomat and goodness knows what all. At present he was holding a position of ambassador among a people who dwelt on an island in the Pacific which had been thrown up by an earthquake a few years after our graduation. It was said that as Moore was always very positive in his remarks the people respected him much, and it was rumored that he would soon sever his connections with his native country and become ruler where his views would be appreciated.

Way back in '95 I could tell a dude by the cut of his clothes, but fashions had changed and I was somewhat at a loss, but I reckoned the man getting up next was a dude. He had that air about him which marks the fop in all ages, whether his costume be a fig-leaf or a Parisian dress. He began to talk in a soft, low voice which showed perfect training. His name was Boyd. He was one of the class triplets. There had been three of them. Job-lots Churchill, Sluggar Boyd, and Hair Blair. Boyd of course had got married; as I remarked before they were all married. He had been too wicked for a minister and not wicked enough for a lawyer, and anyway he was too slow for a lawyer. He didn't know what to do, and finally, while walking through a tanyard one day he had dropped into a vat, and when they had brought him to, his business in life was settled. He invented some new tanning vats, started a yard for himself, and supplied H. P. Small's shoe factory. Right here I may as well unite the histories of H. P. and Chick in one. Bud coming in contact with H. P., who was inventing, developed a tendency that way also, and they had gone at it together. They invented everything you could think of, a flying machine that wouldn't fly and a machine for making eggs. They had completed also the machine for bleaching ice which Major Poore had formerly begun. Then H. P. had his big shoe trade and through it all they had made money, H. P. looking at things in a philosophical light and Chick in his smooth and oily way.

Next is Double United States Army Kimball. He reached into an inner pocket and every man except

one dodged. They thought he was going to pull out another *Bugle* assessment. Allen Quimby didn't dodge. He threw up his hands, having lived in the West and learned that custom. Kimball was a doctor, too. He had started in as a veterinary surgeon, but the horse had become nearly obsolete, and he had taken to people. He had become famous through a discovery that by removing one of the small bones of the ear so that it could be readily wagged and attaching a whisker to said ear, bald people could be made exceedingly comfortable during fly time. Bald people were getting daily more numerous, even as Dr. Hyde has prophesied, and his thanks and wealth grew with their numbers.

And now arose Thomas at the head of the table, of the house of Doherty. There wasn't much he said that he could say for himself. Finding that he had a good head for the management of business affairs, he had started in trade soon after graduation, and being successful and business increasing, he had now one of the largest stocks in his section of the country. He had six children and felt that his life had been a success.

And now a round and rosy eye-glass face of Joe Roberts beamed upon us. Joe hadn't had to work, he said, a nice legacy had dropped into his hands, and besides looking after his money he had nothing in the business line to do. He had become an after-dinner speaker of great fame and was the Chauncey Depew of his day. It came so natural that he easily glided into some rich old stories which filled the air with roars of laughter and nearly put the Herr into convulsions. After Joe had prattled on a while without any sign of whoaing, Thomas gently brought him to with the remark, "There are others."

Jerry Simpson, otherwise known as Sockless Jerry, next arose, with that anxious look which he always wore. George had settled right down in his native town and had won the affection and esteem of all who knew him. He had been principal of the high school for years and it had grown under his hands to efficiency and completeness. Now he was taking a long and much-needed rest.

Charlie Christie was married, also a doctor; nature having supplied him with a great gift of gab, he had gone into the Indian doctor business, that paying best. He traveled with a kind of little show of his own and sold medicine incidentally. When he had first learned of the reunion, he had been way down in Montevideo. His stock of tape-worms had given out about that time, so he had packed up and come home bag and baggage. He had brought his menagerie along to town with him, and even now he was fast lapsing into the cow-boy dialect when Tom

suggested that he draw to a close, and which he accordingly did.

And now arose one bronzed as to hair by the tropic sun and hide-hardened by many an Arctic winter. Little need to introduce to us Hile Fairbanks. He, it proved, had been the Sindbad of our class. In one capacity or another, he had been all over the globe, when, in 1900, he went to the great Paris Exposition. Returning, he had come by the Cape of Good Hope route and the steamship when a few days out had been sunk, and being unable to get into the boat Hile had floated for days on some wreckage. He finally reached an island of savages, fought his way into their esteem, killed their chief and took that office upon himself. He was called Rufus, and his tribe was known as the Rufi. He had at last come home and started an exchange scheme on Wall Street, known as two quarters for a half. This is but a brief sketch of his remarks. He said he was young yet, and if there was anything he had not been through he would like to have it mentioned. As all knew Hile's capacity for traveling, no suggestions were made and he sat down.

Joe Shaw, known as Coach Shaw, Show Jaw, etc., after trying almost everything and finding in his own mind that he was capable of anything, established a general bureau of information. He had with him some kindred spirits from the classes of '96 and '97, and what one didn't know another was sure to, so they were seldom at fault. They had settled all the old enigmas, found the northwest passage, the north pole, and communication with Mars. I say found,—he had told explicitly how they might be found. At the head of such an aggregation was it any wonder that Joe should be the picture of corpulent ease, happiness, and wealth?

Ernest Woodbury had become a minister. He was more an itinerant than anything else, going whithersoever the winds of destiny blew him, and doing an immense amount of good. He would bury himself for long periods from public view, only to at length come forth, having accomplished some splendid work. He had made it a point to make a tour of the class every year that our morals, which in the olden time were so high, might not backslide. In Tank Savage's Band he had met with a great rebuff and had come East to recuperate.

Eddie Lovejoy said he was an enigma to himself. He had never cared for anyone except himself and had always been suited with his own views; he had done what he pleased, and if people didn't like it they would have to lump it. He was up in all branches of business and yet he didn't care for them. At present he was silent partner in a Deaf

Mute establishment, where nothing broke the stillness but his long-drawn yawn.

Like the grand old State of Maine '95 had its Dora Wiley. He had become a surgeon, and after several years' practice had joined an Arctic expedition in that capacity, and after ten years of frigid wandering had just returned. There had been two others of the class on that same expedition, and as their accounts were similar I will give them as one. Secretary Russ had gone in the capacity of civil engineer and Dridley for the mere love of adventure. These latter had made themselves conspicuous for their supposed discovery of the north pole. One day while climbing over the ice floes Ridley had come across a good-sized pole reaching to considerable height and frozen in the ice. He was immediately certain of his discovery. Hurrying back to the vessel he had obtained Russ and his instruments, first swearing them to secrecy, and taking a large steel axe, started off. Upon reaching the pole the Secretary arranged his paraphernalia, Ridley standing by with the axe. Much to their surprise and delight the deflection of the needle showed that the pole had indeed been reached. In his enthusiasm Ridley hurled the axe far from him, while the needle, released from its attraction, swung merrily around and grounded at a point many miles from the earth's axle. It is said on the way back they tried to find the hole to drop into, but they couldn't, and they couldn't cut ice for it was too thick, and so—

You all remember Dewey, how he starred in the local opera. That, as I found, had been his downfall. Roy always considered himself as good as any one and when he became a star in a branch separate from the rest of the class, that is double his magnitude, he was lost. There is something undefinable about the stage, an attraction that is not to be gainsaid. And to this Roy had listened. Upon reaching his freedom in college he had collected a brilliant aggregation of his own and started out. He had introduced something akin to living pictures and has been much loved by his company for his willingness upon the absence of any member to take their place. There was money in it, Roy said, and if there was any member of the class who wanted a position he would willingly take him.

And now arose one with black beard and blackest of black, black hair. I might have been in doubt, but when he threw out his chest, that chest like a carrier pigeon, I knew him. Blair had studied for an M.D., but had instead become a D.C. His love for the sea had overpowered him and he had become captain. But he wasn't a captain now, oh no. Fort-

une had decreed that he should clear up one of the mysteries of the past, and he had done it. One happy day he had been luffing his top-gallant mainmast in longitude  $2\frac{1}{2}$  latitude  $4 \times 6$ , when the sea serpent had been discovered. After much manoeuvring, the animal had been captured alive and Capt. Blair's fortune was made.

Then there was our Little Billee, not Bagot, but Leighton. We all loved him. He was so small and inoffensive. He had struck it as rich as Blair. He settled down on Cape Cod, started a thriving business shipping sand. Whenever there was a war anywhere he always looked happy, for he generally supplied both sides. Then he retailed it in small quantities for foot-ball and base-ball players, for these games had become so rough that forts were built for the spectators to occupy. While digging to a considerable depth one day some of his workmen found Capt. Kidd's treasure, and so Bill, through having the sand to work the sand, had raised the dust, and Bill was small and the Kidd stuff was big enough for him.

Kimball, puny Kimball I mean, had also gone into the show business. He had had a play written for him entitled "Samson," and into this had been worked all the ancient features and several modern ones. He said his first performance had nearly ruined him. He had been unable to find anyone to take the part of Jackass, but finally, bethinking himself that a selection might easily be made from the class of '97, he picked out a man. When he tried to break the ass's jaw in the evening he found the muscles forming the cheek to be so tough as to defy him, and it was only by happily mentioning in the animal's ear the peanut drunk of '98, that he was able to slew his thousands.

Ab Badger, also known as Honest Ab, had just returned from an extended tour to central Africa, whither he had gone to collect material for his great work entitled, "The Unforeseen Whichness of the Why as Depicted in the Nambizumas of Darkest Africa." While there he had captured the heart of a Nambizuma maiden and consequently been obliged to leave the country very suddenly, which had suggested the title of a new book, "Fleeting Glimpses of the Jungle; or All for Love of Her." Ab said he was tired of travel and had accepted a chair of philosophy in one of the Western States.

John Greenleaf Whittier—Knowlton, often otherwise playfully called by me, had become head of the Bath Iron Works, having as I learned shown sufficient brass in his nature to make a suitable alloy. For eight years after his graduation he had been traveling abroad and was winding up his trip in Ireland

passing himself off for the Prince of Wales, when he had been mobbed by the irate natives and barely escaped with his life. In spite of all his adventures he still retained his ruddy face and hair.

George Foster had gone directly to Paris and in time become connected with the famous hypnotic hospital just outside that city. He had remained there for the entire twenty years, making this his first return to this country. He was requested by several members of the class to give some examples of his wonderful powers, and cheerfully acquiesced. He made Dewey assume a modest air and actually endeavor to retire from view. He caused George Webber to make a speech in which he acknowledged that the other members of the class did know something. He caused the anxious look to disappear from Jerry Simpson's face and that gentleman to sing in a delightfully sweet manner. He made Ostrich Kimball deliver a stirring speech for protection and Louis Hatch to repeat a whole sentence consisting of words of one syllable. Such wonderful feats of mind over matter filled the class with admiration and Foster sat down covered with blushes.

Axtell had become a professor. He had been called from one situation to another and had finally dropped professing and dabbled in politics a little, enough, however, to get sent abroad as minister to Russia. A man was wanted who could handle the language well, and Archie, having a strong pull with the President, had happily secured the position. So imbued had he become with the Russian lingo that it was with some difficulty that his hearers understood him. He wound up by remarking, "I thoughtski begoshki I mine ownski langovitch had forgotten I don't think."

As the next speaker arose a band concealed somewhere about struck up "Hail to the Chief," and looking a little close, lo! I perceived it was Bill Ingraham, otherwise known as Gringram. He was Chief Justice of the United States, too, and without his muzzle. Bill had become first a lawyer. It always seemed to me that he was too honest to enter that profession, but evidently he knew himself better than I. I wanted to ask him if in his venerable position he had forgotten Destruction, Shorty, Lovuschowski and the rest, but I was afraid I should get him laughing, and when William once got started, you might as well try to dam the waters of the Amazon as his laugh.

Much was expected from the members of our class, but that one of our number should make the discovery of the age was certainly gratifying. While Fred Fessenden had been traveling in the western wilds on a pleasure trip he had, while camp-

ing over night in a curiously shaped valley, noticed a singular electrical tendency and his curiosity being piqued, he had made investigations and found that the bottom of the entire valley was strongly charged with electricity. He went east, bought the land and took back some experts. These, without being able to explain the cause, found an evenly balanced flow of currents. Fred immediately set up a plant and was at the time of the reunion supplying nearly the whole country with power.

Tank Savage had become leader of a band, not an instrumental band or a band of robbers, but a band akin as to its exodus to Brigham Young's. They were not a religious sect, but were those who were sorely troubled by "that tired feeling." They had a retreat away off in the mountains, no outsider knew where. From this haven of rest small detachments were allowed to return to the world for a period, that the customs of civilized man might not be forgotten. Tank earnestly endeavored to persuade Parker, Pope, Lovejoy and some of the others who were often troubled with the disease to come with him, but whether he prevailed or will prevail upon them or not I am unable to say.

Like Jo Roberts, Walter Haskell has not been obliged to work, but his life had been by no means an idle one. He had made himself the unseen, unknown source and power of many philanthropic works and was enjoying in his quiet, unassuming way the success of his undertakings.

Holmes had closely connected himself with Foster. He had become a criminal lawyer, but his work was more nearly in the line of a detective. With Foster's hypnotic assistance he had solved some of the hardest and most intricate cases which the world had ever known. He had, I think, so nearly identified himself with Mr. Doyle's "Sherlock Holmes" that I am inclined to think that that personage was not indeed a myth and that Herbert is a descendant in a direct line.

When I started this nightmare I firmly resolved to do no roasting. I did want to be witty, but in that I have failed. Several times I have mentioned Parker, and under such circumstances as would lead one to believe that he was a freak. Because R. T. said what he thought and lived as he believed he was called a cynic, a skeptic and goodness knows what all. He took to lecturing, and since Bob Ingersoll, no man has been able to draw as large an audience as he.

Even before graduation, Frank Haskell was in demand as a teacher, consequently he made that his life work. He was holding an excellent position as principal in a large normal school. He beamed

upon the assembled audience with a few expansive smiles and stretched himself upon his couch.

We remember well when Jim Hicks was called our interrogation point. The boys smiled then. Even four years developed in him great capacity for business. As he rose and told of his success as a business man it seemed after all what a logical outcome! The business that he handled was what brought down the house, so as to speak. He had got married and had been singularly successful in his domestic life. Seven children had come to bless his home. Nightly gambols on the carpet with youngest after youngest and daily jauntings behind baby carriages built for one, two, and three, had set his active mind to working. He had finally invented a baby carriage that could take care of itself, and a night walker ditto. From this he went into baby fixings and enlighteners altogether, and it can readily be conceived what an enormous business he was doing. Selah.

Allen Quimby had a snap. He had had more or less to do with the Indians in a government way all his life. In the course of time danger threatened that the Indian race would be wiped from the face of the earth and there would be no supply for wild west shows, dime museums, etc. Uncle Sam looked around for a man competent to take care of his original children. Allen seemed to be the man. He was selected, accepted, and during the last fifteen years had been nourishing with tender care a last remnant of the noble red man.

And now the circle of the table had been nearly completed. Only one beside myself remained. This was Louis Hatch. Of course I knew who it was, for he had been giving me information concerning the boys all along. He arose with his usual alacrity and made the old familiar sweep with his eye-glass arm. I was a little surprised, however, at the cheer that was given him when he arose, when they told me that he was none less than the president of our great republic and I had been talking with him for upwards of three hours and never knew it. Well, I was so busy trying to think what I should say that I lost most of Louis' cyclopedia selection, but I know that it was good.

He sat down; and as for a moment I hesitated, looking around on all the faces grown dear to me the scene burned itself into my memory. The noble pillars and the grand old trees with their thick foliage, the long table covered with its viands already fast disappearing, and the faces. I grasped my couch, and, ashamed of my delay, sprang up. I was sitting in my own bed, the doctor, my folks and several neighbors standing around with anxious

looks upon their faces, having given me up for a lost case. Classmates, friends: I am exceedingly sorry for this infliction which I have caused. If my part should seem to lack in aught, please consider it as due to the blow.

#### PARTING ADDRESS.

By G. E. SIMPSON.

Again has time in its rapid flight marked off a year. And to-day the Class of '95 in its turn is assembled here on this old historic spot, so replete with memories of the past, to bid its last farewell to Bowdoin. Four years have we been here together, following paths which run side by side, urged on by a common purpose directed towards a common end. Each year have the bonds of friendship which have sprung up between us become stronger and stronger, until to-day, our purpose accomplished and our end attained, we are gathered here to hold the last exercises, which as a class of under-graduates we shall ever hold, and to pay the last tribute of respect to these bonds of friendship which must now so soon be broken.

As we pause here for a moment at the end of our college course, and reflect upon the last four years, thoughts of the many happy hours spent here together and of the many pleasant events which have occurred break in upon us, while the reverses, the moments of darkness which have of necessity come to each of us from time to time, are, upon this occasion of mingled joy and sorrow, quite forgotten.

One portion of our work is finished. We have passed with credit through the period of preparation for the responsibilities of the future. To-day we lay aside this college life of careless ease in order that to-morrow we may assume our parts in the strife and turmoil of the busy world.

Last year with the graduation of the Class of '94 one long chapter in the history of Bowdoin's existence was completed. And upon the pages of this history one can read the names of many famous sons. To '95 belongs the honor of being the first class to leave these halls since Bowdoin entered on her second century. Whether or not we shall add a single name to the honor roll of Bowdoin's alumni, time alone can tell. If we do, we shall have reason to be justly proud. If we do not, there will be no cause for despair. The genius is the exception. Rare it is to find his name upon the alumni roll of any college. Doubly rare to find two such names as Longfellow and Hawthorne in the same small

college class. We look back over the history of the past and are dazzled for a moment by the brilliancy of the deeds of individual men. But all such deeds combined account for but a small part of the progress which the world has made. If we look more closely to find the source from whence this progress comes, we discover beneath these meteoric flashes of brilliancy a stream that flows steadily on and on, quiet, yet with an irresistible force, derived from the united and persistent efforts of men who possess but average ability.

Classmates, it is hard to realize that our college days are over, yet such is indeed the truth. And as we separate, each going to his chosen task, let us take with us an ever-abiding sense of the obligations we are all under to the college and to the world. The value of a college education does not consist alone in the amount of knowledge gleaned from the textbook from day to day. Every class is composed of men from various sections of the country, representing many conditions of life and holding a great variety of creeds. For young men differing from one another in so many respects to be intimately associated during their college course can not but have its results. Liberal as the education may be which they obtain from books, yet equally liberal is the education which they receive in respect to human nature. They acquire a power which enables them to come into closer touch with a far greater variety of people than they otherwise could do. It is by reason of this power that college men wield, in whatever community they settle, an influence beyond that of any other class. This being the truth, it falls on us as college men, who are about to enter upon the battles of life, to set an example which shall be above reproach. Let each of us picture to himself his own ideal and then strive on every occasion to maintain his standard.

Old Bowdoin, our *Alma Mater*, to-day we bid thee farewell. Never can we repay the debt of gratitude we owe thee for thy kindness and thy fostering care. As the time we have spent here together has been pleasant, so is our parting sorrow most sincere. And now, as we leave these familiar scenes so dear to us, to enroll ourselves in that broader school, the world, may the influence of these surroundings go with us to inspire us to our noblest deeds. And whatever may be our position in future life, to whatever sphere of activity we may be called, may we always prove faithful to the trust thou hast reposed within us, and show ourselves at all times loyal sons of Old Bowdoin and the Class of '95.



## SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

Still keeping their seats on the platform the class proceeded to smoke the pipe of peace, a ceremony watched with a conflict of feeling by anxious relatives and friends in the crowd. Much difficulty was experienced in getting the pipe lighted, but finally it was handed to Mr. Fairbanks, and amid great applause, he succeeded in lighting it. Then it was sent around the circuit, and most of the half hundred men showed a remarkable familiarity with its use and a reluctance to hand it over to the next man. Then the class marched from the hall, in the same perfect form that distinguished all its marching for the day, and in front of Memorial sung the following Class Ode, written by H. B. Russ:

## CLASS ODE..

TUNE—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

Farewell we must say to thy halls, dear old Bowdoin,  
As sadly, forever we pass from thy care;  
Farewell to thy campus, thy walks so inviting,  
Farewell to thy whispering pines ever fair.  
The years spent in our search after knowledge  
Were too happy to last and can never return;  
How joyous the days that we spent here in college,  
Too late, ah too late, their value we learn.

## CHORUS.

Farewell to old Bowdoin,  
Farewell, friends and classmates,  
Farewell to the pleasures of old 'Ninety-five.

The century past of thy life, beloved college,  
Was honored by laurels thy children had won;  
May glories as great and fame quite as lasting,  
Descend on thy name in that now begun.  
The years that for us are the span of a lifetime  
But add to thy youth and thy vigor anew;  
Thy course is as sure and thy future as certain  
As the river that flows to the ocean so blue.

## CHORUS.

All honor and glory in days of the future  
Will cling to thy name as in days that are past;  
Thy sons now as ever to thee will be loyal,  
Forever the love of old Bowdoin will last.

And may we, the latest to leave thy protection,  
Bring joy unto thee and add to thy fame.  
But never will we 'mid the waves of life's ocean  
Be false to thy faith or dishonor thy name.

## CHORUS.

## CHEERING THE HALLS—FAREWELL.

With the band at their head the class marched to the various buildings and halls, giving three hearty cheers for each. Then the class formed in a circle around the Thordike oak, and, after cheering the tree, the farewell ceremony took place, each man in the class shaking the hand of every other man. Then, with more cheering for old Bowdoin, the afternoon exercises closed with the ringing '95 yell.

## COMMENCEMENT BALL.

Tuesday evening, '95's Commencement ball was held in Town Hall, and was a most delightful occasion. About seventy-five couples enjoyed the dancing until a late hour. The hall was very prettily decorated. Salem Cadet Band furnished the music, and Johnson, of Waterville, the supper. The patronesses for the dance were Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, Mrs. Franklin C. Robinson, Mrs. Stephen J. Young, Mrs. William A. Houghton, Mrs. George T. Files. W. M. Ingraham was floor manager, and his aids were C. E. D. Lord, J. S. French, Allen Quimby, and G. H. D. Foster. Following is the order of dances:

Waltz—La Fiancée.	Waldeufel.
Two-Step—The Grand Commandery.	Missud.
Schottische—Pretty Little Daisy.	Christie.
Lancers—Amoritta.	Czibulka.
Waltz—Kaiser Imperial.	Strauss.
Two-Step—On the Move.	Bailey.
Polka—Marjorie.	Bednarz.
Two-Step—Nickersonian.	Fulton.

## INTERMISSION.

Waltz—Danube Waves.	Ivanovici.
Schottische—Golden Hours.	Rollinson.
Two-Step—2d Conn. Regiment.	Reeves.

Waltz—España.  
Portland Fancy—Old Melodies.  
Two-Step—The Directorate.  
Waltz—Popular Melodies.

Waldteufel.  
Tracy.  
Souza.

### Graduation Exercises.

**W**EDNESDAY at 10 A.M. the usual Commencement procession was formed in front of the chapel, with Col. Plummer, '67, as Marshal. Headed by the band and graduating class it marched to the church where the exercises were held. A large-sized crowd was in attendance, and the able parts delivered by the six speakers commanded the closest attention of all.

MUSIC.

Prayer by Rev. E. B. Palmer.

MUSIC.

The "First" in Education.

Archie Guy Axtell, Winthrop.

The Mechanical Theory of Life.

Bert Lewis Bryant, Lowell, Mass.

Seventy Years of Liberty and Union.

Louis Clinton Hatch, Bangor.

MUSIC.

Essentials of Manhood.

Guy Bennett Mayo, Smethport, Pa.

"America for Americans."

Hoyt Augustus Moore, Ellsworth.

The Agnostic and the Dogmatist.

Ralph Taylor Parker, Farmington, N. H.

MUSIC.

Conferring of Degrees.

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

The Goodwin Commencement Prize, for the best written and spoken part, was awarded to Mr. Parker, whose oration follows.

#### THE AGNOSTIC AND THE DOGMATIST.

By R. T. PARKER.

This is an age of investigation. The searchlight of truth is turned into every department of knowledge. But nowhere more than in religion are the old ideas giving place to the new. The temple of faith has been shaken from its foundations. Will it stand before the storm of criticism? Or do the facts force us to acknowledge the claim of the agnostic

and the materialist that Christian civilization, having gained the whole world, has lost its own soul?

It is the boast of agnosticism that Religion is vanishing before the progress of scientific knowledge like an unhealthy mist before the rising sun. The philosophy of Herbert Spencer has defied science, and the eloquence of Ingersoll and Huxley proclaims the world's emancipation from the chains of a Christian mythology. Everywhere we hear the echo of the agnostic battle-cry. Behold the conflict between science and religion!

What has religion to answer to this attack? The church of the last generation allowed itself to be frightened into the belief that science was the natural enemy of religion. Hence its only answer to agnosticism was to hurl the anathema of the church against all science. This unwise, idiotic course bore its logical fruit in the decay of religion during the last half of this century. The refusal of the church to recognize the discovery of Darwin has done more harm to the cause of religion than all the infidels that ever lived.

But to-day the leadership of the church is passing into the hands of men who meet the great questions of unbelief in a calmer spirit, men whose faith is deep enough to see that if there is any truth in religion it will pass through the furnace of criticism like pure gold. A new spirit animates the church. The scales of mediæval superstition have fallen from its eyes. Theology is being reconstructed according to the discoveries of science and to meet the complicated social problem of the twentieth century. It is in the light of this modern conception of religion that the boast of agnosticism must be answered.

From the point of view of the larger theology, a conflict between science and religion is as impossible as a collision between the earth and Mars. Let science push its investigations to the very heart of the universe; let it proceed from the origin of the species to the ultimate constitution of matter; let it reduce the whole cosmos to a single algebraic formula. Has God vanished when law and order are found in nature? But it is not for science to say whether there is a God or not. Its realm is the material world. The business of science is to formulate the laws of nature. When science has laid bare the deepest secrets of nature, it has solved only one side of the great mystery of life.

There is another side above and beyond nature, which defies the scientific method and which may be called the supernatural. The moral and spiritual forces, the laws that obtain in the mysterious realm of mind, the relation between the reason of man and the Infinite Reason—these are the supreme questions

which it is the business of religion to solve. But while independent of each other, science and religion both pay allegiance to the imperial throne of philosophy. Both occupy little plots in a vast field of investigation which aims to interpret and unify all knowledge according to a consistent theory of the universe. Both are tenants holding their titles from a higher power. On the one hand philosophy furnishes the presuppositions of time and space, which form the premises of science; on the other, religion plants itself upon the conclusions which philosophy has arrived at in its investigation of the spiritual aspect of the world.

If, then, we accept the proposition that science and religion occupy opposite corners of the philosophical field, how can they come to blows? Where is the ground of quarrel? There is none. Science is not religion and religion is not science. Between them is a great gulf fixed which neither can pass over without falling into the bottomless pit of falsehood.

When the scientist proceeds from the fact that man is related to the brutes to the assumption that he is no more than the brutes that perish, he has left the domain of physical phenomena where his authority is supreme and passed over into the realm of pure philosophy where he has no right to trespass. On the other hand religion has no more authority to deny the smallest fact of science than science has to assume the materialistic interpretation of the world.

The whole trouble is that neither science nor religion will mind its own business. Arrogant agnosticism insists that science has supplanted religion; while stupid dogmatism answers that the Bible is infallible. The church is passing the treacherous strait between the Scylla and Charybdis of dogmatism and materialism. Let no one fondly imagine that a wreck in the whirlpool of dogmatism will be less disastrous than if the ship be sucked into the hungry vortex of materialism.

However absurd and irrational agnosticism may seem, it is but the extreme protest against the bigotry and superstition of the church. The worst enemies of religion are always within its own bosom. The real cause of all the disasters that have overtaken the church is the wolf of bigotry that Christianity has hugged to its heart. It has gnawed at the vitals of religion for eighteen hundred years. It has made infidels, burned saints, suppressed science. Priestly corruption, furious controversy, civil war and the cruel Inquisition mark its bloody career. Always clad in sheep's clothing, this ecclesiastical wolf has held the highest places in the church. Bigotry has sat upon the throne of St. Peter and ruled the world;

it has dragged the Juggernaut of an infallible Bible over the prostrate form of Protestantism; it has stabbed the tender conscience with cruel creeds, and opened Pandora's cursed box, from which a legion of hostile sects have issued to plague the world; it has promulgated the barbarous doctrines of predestination and infant damnation. And so deeply has this viper buried its fangs in the fair bosom of religion that after centuries of struggle the church is not yet free from it.

Agnosticism is not slow to take advantage of this weakness. The great popular addresses of Mr. Ingersoll are all attacks upon the intolerance and superstition of the church. All the power of his matchless eloquence is devoted to prove the astounding proposition that Christianity and the parasite that feeds upon it are one and the same thing. What a pitiable lack of historical insight is here displayed! In their eagerness to lay all the evils of this wicked world to the door of religion, Mr. Ingersoll and the Agnostic school ignore the struggle for freedom within the church itself, and are blissfully unconscious of the fact that science owes anything to religion.

But the Agnostic is no blinder than the dogmatist. The stumbling-block of both is the fact that in religion as everywhere else it is only by the stern sifting process of evolution that the wheat can be separated from the chaff. The conflict between the two great antagonistic tendencies of the human mind—conservatism and reform—makes up the history of religion as well as that of politics and literature. This long, bitter, but inevitable struggle is the condition without which a pure church, an immortal literature, or a powerful state would forever remain an empty and fruitless dream.

"The present is the child of all the past" is a principle which, while uttered by Mr. Ingersoll, is really the greatest argument against his position. If this be true, then we must turn to the pages of history for the motive force which has carried the world onward in the march of civilization. What do we find? We find that when the barbarian flood overwhelmed Rome and the lamp of learning seemed extinguished, it was the church that preserved the spark, which, cherished in the monasteries during the long winter of feudalism, was rekindled in the Christian universities, and at length blazed forth into the brilliancy of modern science. The agnostic, like Prometheus, has stolen his fire from heaven.

During the whole period of the middle ages, when the world seemed relapsing into a blacker night than that which preceded the day of Greek and Roman civilization, the church alone was the great

civilizing leaven by which the huge lump of mediæval barbarism was slowly raised to the position of civilized nations.

But at this point we pass from the mistake of the Agnostic to the blunder of the traditionalist. Dogmatism is also a refusal to recognize the significance of history. It is the assumption that the white robe of religion, which was dragged through the bog of the middle ages, is now free from every trace of corruption, that the church has at last outgrown the intolerance and superstition of the past, and that in the light of modern knowledge the last word has been said in religious matters.

Obstruction has always been the business of the dogmatist. "The world moves" is a proposition that he denies to-day as much as he did in the time of Galileo. He cannot see that a system of theology, which will satisfy the needs of one generation, cannot possibly be crammed down the throat of the next. The history of the church is the record of his futile attempts to chain down reason with worn-out creeds. The Reformation was the first great revolt against the oppression of an antiquated theology. It was the first step in the process of reconstruction by which theology has been revised to meet the needs of each succeeding age.

The so-called conflict between science and religion is the last stage of the reformer against the stronghold of ecclesiastical bigotry. The monastic conception that the Bible is a scientific text-book is the citadel where the shattered forces of conservatism rally for the last stand. But even here the dogmatist has been forced to yield point after point before the attacks of the reformer. First he was compelled to accept the Copernican theory. Next he had to admit that a Christian might consistently believe in the law of gravitation. Now that science has demonstrated the theory of evolution, dogmatism raises its ugly head again and hisses "Heretic," in the old-fashioned way. But it is the last time. The lingering opposition to evolution is the despairing cry of defeated dogmatism. The battle is won. It only remains to secure the fruits of victory.

The coming century will witness a revolution in religious thought that will sweep away the last vestige of intolerance and superstition.

But while frankly admitting that Christianity is only just emerging from the blackness of mediæval barbarism, we must not forget that it is the lamp that has lighted the feet of progress in all ages. The Agnostic boast that civilization has outgrown Christianity is the insane delusion of Pessimism.

Christianity and civilization are nothing less than cause and effect. Christianity is the air that civiliza-

tion breathes. It is the atmosphere of light that pervades all thought. In it bloom the fairest flowers of science, literature, and art. Beneath its radiant beams sit all the nations that have "Progress" painted on their banners. Without the pale of its benign influence the white sail of commerce is seldom seen; the busy hum of industry never heard; the blessings of political freedom are unknown. The church is the Rock of Ages to which science and literature cling like the clambering ivy upon the ancient monument. From this rock blazes the beacon which has lighted the centuries and which alone casts a gleam over the dark and troubled waters of the future. The storms of unbelief may beat upon it; the dogmatist may disfigure its face with the rust of worn-out creeds; but the waves of agnosticism cannot shake it; and the hand of Freedom will wipe off the scars which superstition has scratched upon it. Its foundations are laid so deep in the heart and mind of humanity that it cannot be shaken. Christianity! the faith of the past, the hope of the future, it is divine.

#### COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

At noon, Thursday, immediately after the exercises in the church, the procession of the band, graduates, college officers, and alumni re-formed and marched to the Sargent Gymnasium, where the annual Commencement Dinner was served. Over 500 were present and enjoyed an excellent dinner served by Caterer Johnson of Waterville. Though the rain, which had been threatened all the forenoon, now begun to fall and fell steadily all the afternoon, there was plenty of sunshine in the gymnasium, where the loyal sons of the old college met in merry reunion to feast, to revive the happy memories of the past, and to eulogize in eloquent words their proud *Alma Mater*. After the dinner the good old college hymn was sung with a will, Professor Chapman leading. Then President Hyde made a brief address of welcome to the alumni. He said that this occasion seemed like the reunion of a family group in contrast to the elaborate and formal celebration of Bowdoin's centennial last year. He spoke of the responsibilities that the opening of the new era brought to the col-

lege and explained at length the change in the admission requirements. He dwelt upon the progress the college is making, upon its financial condition, and its promising outlook for the future.

In conclusion, President Hyde said: "While Bowdoin has been governed almost exclusively by boards composed of its own alumni, occasionally other colleges have been represented among their governing officers. Recently our Board of Trustees has been strengthened by an infusion of the blue blood of Yale;" and then as he introduced Chief Justice Peters to respond for the Trustees of the college, the applause made the building shake. The alumni sprang to their feet and gave a rousing three times three for the Judge, showing the strong hold he has on the hearts of Bowdoin men. The crowd had fresh in mind his famous speech at the centennial dinner. When at last the applause subsided, he began one of his characteristic speeches, inimitable in delivery, sparkling with wit, full of sense, and rising at times to truest eloquence. "I love Bowdoin," he said, "and intend to be here to speak at its glorious second centennial. It is the ideal college for a Maine boy. I admire its conservatism, and yet am glad for the step just taken in broadening its admission requirements. I believe in the soundness of old Bowdoin, and feel that it will stand as long as any college in the country and that its future will be even more full of honor than its past." He spoke of the impressive and touching ceremony of the Seniors' last chapel, which he witnessed Ivy Day, and said that the spirit of true brotherhood manifested on that occasion was characteristic of Bowdoin and Bowdoin men. Such a sight as that could not be seen at most universities, whether they be real or pretended ones.

Oliver Crocker Stevens, '76, of Boston, responded ably for the Board of Overseers.

He drew a striking picture of the changes at Bowdoin within a score of years. He spoke of changes soon to come and dwelt, amid much enthusiasm, on the subject of an athletic field and a new library building. In view of the recent change in admission requirements he offered this toast in closing: "To the Bowdoin graduate of the future, may he be an honor to his college, though he know little Latin and less Greek."

James McKeen, '64, of New York, spoke for the general alumni association of which he is president. He eloquently rehearsed some of the reasons why the name of Bowdoin is so respected throughout the world, and paid a glowing tribute to the character of Bowdoin men.

Hon. J. A. Locke, '65, of Portland, was the first representative of any class to be called upon, and his speech was worthy the noble class he represented. He said his class entered 48 men, but its members went into the army till but 20 remained to graduate. Of these, 14 are now living, and 9 of the 14 are here to-day, 30 years later, to pay their respects to their loved *Alma Mater*. Its members are scattered all over the world and have all done well. Mr. Locke spoke feelingly of the instructors of his time, and closed with a tribute of rare eloquence to the old college.

D. S. Alexander, '70, of Buffalo, N. Y., spoke for his class, the graduates of a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Alexander is an orator of great power and eloquence and his speech was a feature of the afternoon. He said he much regretted that his class could not have been represented among the speakers by Hon. James A. Roberts, 25 years ago a poor boy working his way through Bowdoin, now holding one of the highest and most honorable positions in the gift of the people of New York, that of State Comptroller, and with the most brilliant future before him. Mr. Roberts was in town, hav-

ing a son in the graduating class, but was kept away from the dinner by illness. Said Mr. Alexander, "From the days of the great orator, Sergeant Prentiss, '26, until to-day Bowdoin men, who have gone by hundreds to distant States, have become in every worthy line the leading representative of those States." He dwelt upon the pleasure it gave him to read in the *ORIENT* Mr. Mayo's prize oration in last winter's '68 oratorical contest, dealing in so comprehensive and masterly a manner with the most intricate and vital social questions of the day. He paid a high tribute to the ability of the writer and to the educational methods of the college where students are capable of such work. His eloquent eulogy of President Hyde in closing won long applause.

President Hyde called upon F. L. Staples, '89, to respond for the younger alumni, and the brilliant young Augusta lawyer was equal to the occasion, making one of the best speeches of the afternoon. He said: "It is a pleasure and an inspiration to the young alumni to make this annual pilgrimage to our loved *Alma Mater*. I never knew a Bowdoin graduate who did not have a heart full of love for the college. We most emphatically approve the step just taken in broadening the standard of admission. The strength of Bowdoin is in the rank and file of her less famous graduates, as well as in the long list of her immortal alumni, and I pledge you the love and loyalty and best service of us who are reckoned among the young graduates."

Judge William L. Putnam, '55, was the next speaker. He discussed chiefly the change in admission requirements, and while commending the change just made, he spoke glowing words for the old Greek literature and its great importance in the study and life of civilized nations.

Principal Henry K. White, '74, of the

Bangor High School, spoke for the fitting-schools of the state. He strongly commended the new departure in offering an alternative for Greek, and urged that an even more radical stand be taken. He did not see why a knowledge of Greek, or even of Latin, should be possessed by the recipient of the degree of A.B.

Hon. Joseph A. Moore, '65, of Thomaston, was called upon and proved a most interesting speaker upon the topics of his class, and the general welfare of the college.

The last speaker was Dr. D. A. Robinson, '73, of Bangor, who was asked to respond for whatever had not been spoken for. His three-minute speech, full of wit and eloquence, was a fitting conclusion to the successful exercises of the alumni dinner.

### Medical School Graduation.

The Commencement exercises of the Class of '95, Medical School of Maine, were held in Upper Memorial Hall at 9 A.M. Wednesday, June 26th. The hall was well filled and the exercises commanded the closest attention of all. The programme was as follows:

	MUSIC.
Prayer.	Rev. Geo. F. Adams.
	MUSIC.
Address.	Rev. Jonathan L. Jenkins, D.D.
	MUSIC.
Oration—Medical Progress.	
	James Edward Keating, A.B.
	MUSIC.
Presentation of Diplomas.	
	President William DeWitt Hyde.
	MUSIC.

We regret that we cannot present the brilliant address of Rev. Dr. Jenkins of Portland. It was a most able effort, deep and thoughtful, yet sparkling with wit, and for an hour held the closest attention of the crowded hall. In presenting the diplomas, President Hyde announced that the five lead-

ing men of the class were R. W. E. Bucknam, T. W. Luce, J. E. Keating, B. L. Noyes, and L. C. Bickford. The members of the class number 31, as follows:

Merton Wilmot Bessey, Louis Charles Bickford, Lendall Hall Brown, Ernest Linwood Burnham, Ralph Waldo Emerson Bucknam, George Wesley Blanchard, George Russell Campbell, Harry Hayford Colburn, Jesse Eugene Cook, Charles Pearl Field, William Byron Flint, Clarence Winfield Pierce Foss, Willis Elden Gould, John Eugene Gray, Arthur Eugene Harris, Robert Ambrose Holland, James Edward Keating, William Beaman Kenniston, Thomas Warren Luce, Frank Wilson Lamb, Arthur Loring Macomber, Harold Charles Martin, James Lawrence McAleney, Alfred Mitchell Merriman, Albert Wilson Nash, Benjamin Lake Noyes, George Earle Parsons, Harry Gilman Reed, Amos Elwyn Small, Wallace Edgar Webber, Charles Sumner Fremont Whitcomb.

The class officers are as follows:

President, Thomas Warren Luce; Vice-Presidents, Harold Charles Martin, William Byron Flint, Clarence Winfield Pierce Foss; Secretary, Louis Charles Bickford; Treasurer, Frank Wilson Lamb; Orator, James Edward Keating; Marshal, Robert Ambrose Holland; Executive Committee, Ernest Linwood Burnham, chairman, Willis Elden Gould, George Earle Parsons, Arthur Loring Macomber.

The graduating oration of the class was an unusually able effort and was well delivered by Mr. Keating. It is given below in full:

#### MEDICAL PROGRESS.

BY J. E. KEATING.

The philosophic mind, as it reviews the history of the ages, dwells not on the old heroes and demigods, so often the subjects of story and song, not on the dynasties which in times past have guided the destinies of nations, and which have ceased to be, not on the customs and habits of by-gone generations, but dwells rather on the works of the sages and law-givers who devoted their energies and lives to the advancement of their fellow-man and the good of posterity.

Such are the ones who engaged in the solution of the problems of progress, and the giving of impulses for good have linked together the chains of the past and the present. Their zeal and steadfastness have made possible the wonderful changes in art and science which have characterized modern days.

Progress is not a plant of rapid growth. The history of the world proves that no new idea can at once take root in the human reason and attain its full growth in a night. The mind of man furnishes but poor soil for all the ideas, theories, and plans which at times have agitated the world and shaken it even to its foundations. Finding a temporary resting-place in the hot and seething brain of mad enthusiasts and visionaries, they have soon withered away in the chilling atmosphere of reason.

Progress belongs to no one period, nation or clime. All peoples and times have contributed to its growth or conservation. Antiquity can boast of names never surpassed in the annals of fame. The libraries and museums of ancient days have yet to be equaled. The middle ages, unjustly called dark, were the conservators of the knowledge of the past.

Progress is not a conflict between the ideas of the past and the present. Not by rejecting all the teachings of the past has the world advanced. In the evolution of thought many ideas have perished. New avenues of thought and new truths discovered, but the truths of old still remain as the truths of to-day.

To give the past its just due robs not the present of any of its glory. The nineteenth century has been indeed the century of wonders. From its inception it has been marked throughout by wonderful changes in the mental, moral, and physical progress of mankind. Discoveries and inventions have so closely followed one another that nothing to-day appears in the nature of surprise. The present age has witnessed the extinction of human slavery amongst enlightened peoples. Autocratic governments in civilized communities have practically ceased to exist. The freedom of speech and press, almost unknown a half century since, except in our own favored country, has invaded all parts of the Christian world. Liberty, justice, and equality before God and man, are of right demanded by all nations, and where the demand has not already been heeded, it will soon be met. In that mighty nation of Europe, where progress and science last found a foothold, the spirit of the times has been abroad and the last quarter of a century has seen marked amelioration in the condition of its people. It is not too much to expect that even the declining of the century will witness the doom of absolute autoeracy under the reign of a monarch imbued with liberal ideas and actuated by a sincere desire for the welfare of his subjects. Rulers are recognizing that failure and destruction alone await that country where the administration of justice is uncertain, where the wishes of the majority are ignored, where the natural resources of a coun-

try cannot be developed, where illiteracy is the rule, and where the interests of people and rulers differ.

Despotisms in the past have been overthrown, only to be succeeded by despotisms.

The government of the future must always be a rule of education.

To speak alone of the inventions of the century is to almost mention the material progress of the world. The triumphs of steam, electricity and their kindred forces are almost innumerable. The names of most of these inventors are forgotten, but the principles they enunciated are destined to live for all time. In the realms of the natural sciences the men of the present day have not been wanting in adding their quota to the world's store. Astronomy has discovered new worlds in the boundless confines of space and has explained the changeless laws governing their actions. Natural philosophy has forced nature to become subservient to and to administer to the wants of the human intellect. Over and over has chemistry multiplied its few original elements, and even within a few months has added another to its already long list. From the elements and compounds it has evolved numberless new combinations which to-day are contributing so much to the needs, comforts, and health of mankind. With this advance in intellectual thought and material growth, despite the statements of those who ignorantly proclaim its lack of progress, the study of medicine has kept pace.

For centuries, hampered and restricted by the ignorant fears and superstitious prejudices of those whom it most benefited, it has leaped the barriers and burst the bonds which bound it and is to-day truly fulfilling its glorious mission. Out of an almost countless array of facts, collected at so much care by the students of the past, it has solved in a great measure the causes of disease and the laws governing them. From empiricism it has advanced step by step until it has become firmly fixed amongst the sciences of the world. Not an abstract science for the dreamer alone, but one dealing with what of human affairs most concerns mankind.

The discoveries of Jenner in the closing hours of the last and their application at the dawn of the present century, marked the beginning of the conflict between the Science of Medicine and contagion.

Slandered and traduced when first his discoveries were announced, to him was given, as it is given to few, to live to see the beneficial results of his work and to receive the gratitude and approbation of his fellow-men. Variola, which before his day devastated all countries and destroyed the lives of countless millions, and which was never absent

epidemicly in some part of the world, has almost disappeared.

To-day it can only exist when nurtured and fostered by ignorance and superstition. Repeatedly has a similar course been since instituted in other diseases and attended always with gratifying results.

When the autumn months last appeared, bringing with them their attendant train of diseases, the labors of Roux and Behrings in a similar line resulted in a discovery which brought back to many homes the happiness apparently so soon to depart. The close of the century has furnished a fitting climax to the work of the opening.

Probably no event of modern days has been fraught with more importance to mankind than the renewal of the investigations into the Science of Bacteriology. The knowledge of the existence of bacteria and micro-organism in disease dates back hundreds of years, following close upon the invention of the microscope. But to the scientist of the present generation belongs the honor of discovering the true relations existing between them and disease processes.

Pasteur, Koch and their fellow-workers have demonstrated in a large percentage of cases the absolute identity of these with the cause of disease. Their researches have progressed sufficiently to establish a well-founded belief that most disease is preventible, due as it is to a germ existing without. Of but little practical benefit would these results have been had their investigations ended here.

Later it has been abundantly proven that the entrance of these destructive germs into the human system could be prevented and in many cases where an entrance had been effected, that they could be exterminated or dislodged.

The principles of asepsis and antiseptics have become the very essence of the practice of medicine. Hygiene, which before its introduction was almost barren of results, has accomplished little less than the marvelous.

Contagion and infection have been confined to their birthplaces. Epidemics formerly ceasing only when material was exhausted, have been strangled at their inception. Regions alone have severely suffered where through the ignorance or cupidity of rulers, these principles have been ignored.

Two summers have not yet elapsed since we were startled and alarmed by the news flashed over the wires that cholera, the scourge of the East, was thundering at our doors for admission.

Frequently it had invaded our shores and its march was from ocean to ocean, unopposed, leaving in its train desolation and woe. But the progress of



the age had learned the causes of the pestilence and had found weapons to combat it. Again and again it renewed its assaults upon us only to be repulsed. At length, baffled and despairing, it slunk away to its native home upon the banks of the Ganges.

Under the guidances of these principles and improved methods following as a result of them, the feats of surgery have approached the miraculous. Operations are performed daily at which even a decade since the rashest would have shrunk aghast.

The field of action of the successful surgeon embraces the entire human system. No cavity, no organ is too sacred to admit of his interference in disease.

Knowledge has begotten a confidence in the successful surgeon. Boldness, not rashness or timidity, characterize all his actions. In all branches of medicine has the same tendency to advance been noted. The good of the past has been preserved and new and valuable methods and remedies for the treatment of disease been found.

Through the better knowledge of the laws regulating the functions of the system and compliance with the principles of Hygiene, the span of life has been prolonged half a decade even in our generation. The home and business life of the community have been rendered healthier and have added not a little to its comfort and happiness.

Fellow-classmates, the time is now come when we must enroll ourselves in the ranks of our chosen profession, and immediately arises the question, what part are we to have in the advancement of Medical Progress? Are we to rest supinely with minds living only in the past, oblivious to all about us, or are we to dwell in the living present, moulding our thoughts and shaping our actions to benefit the present and possibly generations yet unborn?

To all men has been given some talent and with it the obligation of properly using it. They are among the worst of suicides who wantonly stab their own fame by not availing themselves of the gifts God has given them. Equally culpable with them are they who, buried in the seclusion of the closet, selfishly use them for their own gratification only.

The arduous labors and self-sacrifice of our predecessors have undoubtedly made our task an easier one, yet the responsibilities resting upon us have grown proportionately.

To but few come the happy fortune of making startling discoveries in any art or science, but to the disciples of all branches of knowledge come the privilege of availing themselves of these discoveries and utilizing them for his own and humanity's ben-

efit. On the roster of fame more often are inscribed the names of those who, grasping the ideas of another, have pushed them to a successful completion.

For us the didactic lectures are over, but the broader field of study lies before us. Students we are and students we must be if success is to be ours. The printed page and the interchanged thought will always be to us an attraction.

Through observation, reflection, and sympathy will come the rounding out of our knowledge and the bringing of it to maturity. Neglect to seize opportunities for advancement when so many present themselves is positively criminal.

The times forbid dull mediocrity in any profession or calling. Firm in our convictions, yet tolerant of the opinions of others let us be, for in the constant changes going on around us it will be our lot, as it has been of all classes before us, to see that which appeared to be immutable and destined to exist with the ages, overthrown in a day. Ideas ruling the world to-day may fall into oblivion to-morrow. Frankness and sincerity must be our guiding stars.

The mantle of secrecy enshrouding the form of the physician of old has been rudely torn aside and all his actions exposed to the public gaze.

Reverence for the medical profession is not extinct, as scoffers would have us believe, but it is a reasoning reverence and one more given to individuals than to the profession as a body. Upon the worthy only is it bestowed.

But the words of farewell must be spoken, and as we look about us and bid adieu to old scenes, associations, and friends, our thoughts revert at once to our noble corps of instructors. Their uniform kindness, unflinching courtesy, and grateful words of encouragement have ever made our burden lighter. With them as architects we have laid a foundation firm, secure, and substantial. It now remains for us to rear the superstructure. Strict adherence to the plans draughted and explained by them can only result in a work noble, imposing, and complete in all particulars.

In the years to come they will be with us, soothing and sustaining us in the hour of difficulty and rejoicing when we rejoice. Our happiness will be their happiness, our success their success.

Brothers, we too must part. The old ties which have bound us through the years now past must in a measure be sundered, but the friendships contracted here will know no end.

We bear with us now the hopes of kindred and friends. Let no fault of ours so mar our lives that these hopes cannot be realized. And let us pray

that we shall have so lived that when the Angel of Death shall have visited us and the heart shall have gone cold and silent to the grave, we shall have left behind us the memory of a life admired for its ability, honored for its uprightness, and loved for its gentleness and charity.

#### PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

The reception of President and Mrs. Hyde was held in Memorial Hall Thursday evening, and in spite of the stormy evening was largely attended. It was a most pleasant occasion for all. Johnson served refreshments. The hall was prettily decorated and illuminated, but the rain prevented the proposed campus illumination.

#### MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Maine Historical Society was held in Massachusetts Hall at 9 A.M., Wednesday, and the following officers were elected:

President—James Phinney Baxter, Portland.

Vice-President—Rufus King Sewall, Wiscasset.

Treasurer—Stephen Jewett Young, Brunswick.

Corresponding Secretary and Biographer—Joseph Williamson, Belfast.

Recording Secretary, Librarian, and Curator—Hubbard Winslow Bryant, Portland.

Standing Committee—Henry Sweitzer Burrage, Henry Leland Chapman, John Marshall Brown, Edward Payson Burnham, Samuel Clifford Belcher, Henry Ingalls, and Charles E. Nash.

The following members were elected resident members: James W. Black, Waterville; D. F. Davis, Bangor; T. D. Freeman, Yarmouth; L. P. Moore, Saco; Frank L. Staples, Augusta; B. B. Thatcher, Bangor; Charles E. Waterman, Mechanic Falls; A. H. Wright, Portland. Corresponding members, Hon. George Lockhart Rives, New York; Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, Lexington.

It was voted to hold the annual Field Day at Castine.

#### HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

##### CLASS OF 1895.

Harvey Waterman Thayer.

Elmar Trickey Boyd, Bert Lewis Bryant, Fred Lincoln Fessenden, George Henry Dunton Foster, Walter Frank Haskell, Louis Clinton Hatch, Herbert Edgar Holmes, Walter Scott Abbott Kimball, Edward Sweet Lovejoy, Guy Bennett Mayo, Hoyt Augustus Moore, John Langdon Quimby, George Eaton Simpson, Harlan Page Small, George Curtis Webber, Ernest Roliston Woodbury.

Archie Guy Axtell, Frank Weeks Blair, Leroy Sunderland Dewey, John Shaw French, Charles Edward Dimmock Lord, Alfred Mitchell, Jr., Ralph Taylor Parker, Joseph Banks Roberts, Fred Ossian Small, Philip Dana Stubbs.

Following is a full list of the names and addresses of the members of '95 who have now received their degree of A.B. and have severed their active connection with old Bowdoin:

Archie Guy Axtell, Winthrop; Abner Anderson Badger, Farmington; Frank Weeks Blair, Boothbay Harbor; Elmar Trickey Boyd, Bangor; Bert Lewis Bryant, Lowell, Mass.; Charles Sumner Christie, St. Albans; Allen Leon Churchill, Houlton; James Winchell Crawford, Brunswick; Ami Louis Dennison, Jay; Leroy Sunderland Dewey, East Machias; Thomas Vincent Doherty, Houlton; Herbert John Dudley, Pembroke; Hiland Lockwood Fairbanks, Bangor; Fred Lincoln Fessenden, South Bridgton; George Henry Dunton Foster, Portland; John Shaw French, Norway; Frank Herbert Haskell, East Windham; Walter Frank Haskell, Westbrook; Louis Clinton Hatch, Bangor; Herbert Edgar Holmes, Lewiston; William Moulton Ingraham, Portland; George Lincoln Kimball, Waterford; Walter Scott Abbott Kimball, Portland; John Greenleaf Whittier Knowlton, Bath; William Elston Leighton, Deering; Charles Edward Dimmock Lord, Biddeford; Edward Sweet Lovejoy, Augusta; Guy Bennett Mayo, Smethport, Pa.; Frank Herbert Mead, Bridgton; Alfred Mitchell, Jr., Brunswick; Hoyt Augustus Moore, Ellsworth; Alonzo William Moren, Pemaquid; Ralph Taylor Parker, Farmington, N. H.; Seth Ellis Pope, Gardiner; J. Langdon Quimby, Gardiner; Allen Quimby, North Sandwich, N. H.; Edward Turner Ridley,

Topsham; Joseph Banks Roberts, Buffalo, N. Y.; Harry Bertram Russ, Freeport; Sewall Reeves Savage, Augusta; Joseph Thompson Shaw, Gorham; George Eaton Simpson, North Newcastle; Fred Ossian Small, Madrid; Harlan Page Small, Biddeford; Lewis Franklin Soule, Phillips; Arthur Harvey Stetson, Bath; Philip Dana Stubbs, Strong; Harvey Waterman Thayer, Gray; George Curtis Webber, Auburn; Arthur Goodwin Wiley, Bethel; Ernest Roliston Woodbury, Castine.

#### PRIZES AND AWARDS.

Following is a list of the prizes and awards announced during the spring term:

*Goodwin Commencement Prize*—Ralph Taylor Parker.

*Pray English Prize*—Louis Clinton Hatch.

*English Composition*—Louis Clinton Hatch and Harvey Waterman Thayer, first prizes; Allen Leon Churchill and Ernest Roliston Woodbury, second prizes.

*Brown Extemporaneous Prizes*—Guy Bennett Mayo, first prize; Harlan Page Small, second prize.

*Junior Declamation Prizes*—Robert Orange Small, first prize; John Newman Haskell, second prize.

*Smyth Mathematical Prize*—Harry Maxwell Varrell.

*Sewall Greek Prize*—Joseph Williams Hewett.

*Sewall Latin Prize*—David Dana Spear.

*Goodwin French Prize*—Charles Cogswell Smith.

#### PHI BETA KAPPA.

The Phi Beta Kappa held its annual meeting Wednesday afternoon in Adams Hall. The following officers were elected: President, Henry L. Chapman, '66; Vice-President, H. H. Burbank, '60; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. F. C. Robinson, '73; Literary Committee, Prof. G. T. Little, '76, G. C. Moses, '56, J. A. Locke, '65, Charles F. Libby, '64, and H. C. Emery, '92. The following were elected delegates to the triennial convention at Saratoga next September: James McKeen, '64; W. V. Wentworth, '86, and Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66.

The following from '95 were elected members: H. W. Thayer, E. R. Woodbury, G.

H. D. Foster, L. C. Hatch, W. S. A. Kimball, H. P. Small, H. A. Moore, J. L. Quimby, G. E. Simpson, F. L. Fessenden, B. L. Bryant, G. C. Webber, H. E. Holmes, and G. B. Mayo.

#### BOARDS OF OVERSEERS AND TRUSTEES.

Several meetings of the Boards of Overseers and Trustees were held during the week and much routine business was transacted and several matters of importance came up. C. S. Rich, '92, was elected instructor in rhetoric and elocution for a year during the absence of Mr. Mitchell. It was voted that no honorary degrees be conferred this year. It was voted to rescind the vote passed a year ago by which elementary French was made a part of the requirement for admission. The most important step taken was the change in admission requirements by which an alternative is offered for Greek. This was strongly urged by President Hyde and the Faculty and is a progressive movement that places Bowdoin still more strongly in the front. It was voted that either of the following four requirements be accepted as a substitute for the requirement for admission in Greek:

1. Three years of French.
2. Three years of German.
3. Two years of Physics and one year of Mathematics.
4. Two years of Chemistry and one year of Mathematics.

Provided, that the degree of A.B. shall be given only to those who shall have taken the amount of Greek now required for graduation, and that opportunity for the beginning of Greek be provided within the college curriculum; and that the degree of B.L. or B.S. shall be given to those who complete a four years' course which does not include Greek. The vote also provided in detail the requirements in each of the branches which may be substituted for Greek.

## LIST OF ALUMNI PRESENT.

The following is as nearly a complete list of the alumni back Commencement week as could be obtained. Doubtless there are many names omitted.

- 1835.—Josiah Crosby, Wm. Flye.  
 1836.—Geo. F. Emery.  
 1839.—C. F. Allen.  
 1841.—Henry Ingalls.  
 1844.—Geo. M. Adams.  
 1848.—John Dinsmore, Seward F. Humphrey.  
 1849.—John S. Parker, M.D.  
 1850.—S. P. Buck.  
 1852.—John H. Goodenow, Joshua L. Chamberlain.  
 1853.—J. E. Adams.  
 1854.—D. C. Linscott.  
 1855.—B. P. Snow.  
 1856.—E. B. Palmer.  
 1857.—Henry Newbegin.  
 1858.—I. P. Smith.  
 1860.—Sam'l M. Came, Philip M. Stubbs, Horace H. Burbank, E. R. Mayo, A. H. Davis.  
 1861.—F. L. Dingley, Chas. O. Hunt, G. B. Kenniston.  
 1862.—H. O. Thayer, S. W. Pearson.  
 1863.—Thos. M. Giveen, F. C. Remick.  
 1864.—Enoch Foster, James McKeen.  
 1865.—M. J. Hill, Chas. Fish, J. A. Locke, Henry W. Swasey, J. E. Moore, S. W. Harnon, M. C. Stone, C. R. Brown.  
 1866.—Frederick H. Gerrish, Henry L. Chapman.  
 1867.—Stanley Plummer, Geo. P. Davenport, I. S. Curtis, Winfield S. Hutchinson.  
 1868.—S. W. Rundlett, Chas. A. Ring.  
 1869.—Clarence Hale, Henry B. Quimby, Edwin P. Payson.  
 1870.—Wm. Edwin Frost, D. S. Alexander, J. A. Roberts.  
 1871.—E. S. Stackpole.  
 1873.—D. A. Robinson, Franklin C. Robinson.  
 1874.—Wm. H. Moulton, Henry K. White, Henry Johnson.  
 1875.—Frederick H. Powers, Myles Standish, R. L. Stanwood, Seth L. Larrabee.  
 1876.—E. H. Kimball, Arthur Perkins.  
 1877.—Curtis Perry, H. V. Stackpole.  
 1878.—Geo. C. Farrington, Barrett Potter.  
 1880.—E. C. Burbank, Walter P. Perkins, A. H. Holmes, F. O. Conant, John Scott, W. S. Whitmore.  
 1881.—William King, M.D.  
 1882.—W. H. Moody, M. S. Holway, Chas. H. Gilman, Arthur F. Belcher.  
 1883.—S. T. B. Jackson, C. C. Hutchins, J. E. Dinsmore, H. E. Cole.  
 1884.—F. P. Knight.  
 1885.—Alfred W. Rogers, John F. Libby, O. R. Cook, Eugene Thomas, Walter Mooers, Eben W. Freeman, John R. Gould, J. S. Norton.  
 1886.—Levi Turner.  
 1887.—Arthur W. Merrill, Merton L. Kimball, Francis L. Talbot.

1888.—James L. Doolittle, A. C. Shorey, Horatio L. Card.

1889.—O. L. Rideout, Frank L. Staples, Sanford L. Fogg, L. J. Bodge, Geo. T. Files, Fremont J. C. Little.

1890.—W. B. Mitchell, W. T. Dunn, W. R. Smith, Geo. H. Blanchard, A. Vincent Smith, Thos. C. Spillane, E. P. Spinney.

1891.—Henry S. Chapman, Ralph H. Hunt, W. G. Mallett, C. S. F. Lincoln, C. V. Minott, Jr., Dennis Bangs, Edward H. Newbegin, E. G. Loring, Edwin C. Drew, C. H. Hastings.

1892.—Leon M. Fobes, John C. Hull, Alfred M. Merri-man, Edward H. Wilson, Fred V. Gummer, William B. Kenniston, John F. Hodgdon, E. B. Young, F. H. Cothren, H. C. Emery, Harold R. Smith, Chas. M. Pennell, Geo. Downes.

1893.—Geo. S. Machan, J. Shepherd May, Albert Jones, Chas. H. Howard, Chas. C. Bucknam, Joel Bean, Jr., B. F. Barker, R. R. Goodell.

1894.—Geo. A. Merrill, Wm. E. Currier, P. F. Stevens, C. E. Michels, B. B. Whitcomb, C. E. Merritt, Frederick J. Libby, Chas. A. Flagg, Edgar M. Simpson, Arthur Chapman, F. C. Chapman, H. C. Wilbur, F. G. Farrington, J. W. Anderson, Alfred V. Bliss, F. W. Pickard, H. S. Bagley, Leon L. Spinney, W. P. Thompson, J. A. Levensaler, R. H. Hinkley, Jr., R. P. Plaisted, Norman McKinnon, E. H. Sykes, W. W. Thomas, 2d, Elias Thomas, Jr., Fred Glover.

## Commencement Concert.

THE concert in Town Hall, Wednesday, under the auspices of the Class of '95, was the musical event of the year in Brunswick. The hall was filled, and the concert furnished two hours of thorough enjoyment to all. Mr. George Riddle and the Boston Philharmonic Club, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," were the attractions, and they were assisted by the Salem Cadet Band. It was a musical treat such as is seldom offered to a Brunswick audience, and was one of the most successful events of the week.

## Class Reunions.

CLASS reunions were not so numerous this year as usual, as nearly every class took advantage of the large attendance at the centennial celebration last year to indulge in a reunion, whether it happened to be its regular year or not. But as usual informal reunions were held everywhere and at all times, and were one of the most interesting

features of the week. '94 had nearly 30 men back, and they were a most enthusiastic crowd, their ringing yell sounding out loud and often both by day and night. '75 had a reunion in Knights of Pythias Hall Thursday afternoon, with an attendance of about a dozen. '65 had a reunion Wednesday evening at the City Hotel, and 9 of the 14 surviving members were present and passed a most happy evening. '67, a famous class for reunions, having one every year, met at Conant's Wednesday afternoon with 7 men present. '60 celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its graduation in Portland, Thursday evening, with 10 men present. Several other classes had reunions of a more or less formal nature; and everywhere were knots and groups of old classmates renewing the youth of their college days, and reviving the happy memories of "auld lang syne."

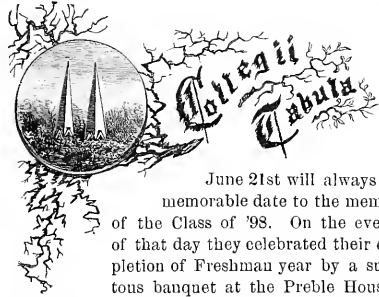
### Fraternity Reunions.

**W**EDNESDAY night after the concert was devoted, as usual, to the annual reunions of the Greek-letter fraternities, and the halls of the various chapters were well filled with the "old boys" for whom this occasion is always one of the best of the week. In most cases they made very late hours of it, and the reunions were not only occasions of great pleasure to the loyal alumni, but of inspiration and profit to the active members.

The Faculty of the University of Wisconsin have prohibited Freshmen from playing on any Varsity team, except by special permission of the Faculty.

The Missouri Legislature has appropriated \$11,200 to the Missouri State University for athletic use. It will be used in fitting up a general athletic field.

According to an article by Professor C. E. Thwing in the *Forum*, the average annual expenses of a Harvard student have increased during the last fifty years from \$188.10 to \$687.50.



June 21st will always be a memorable date to the members of the Class of '98. On the evening of that day they celebrated their completion of Freshman year by a sumptuous banquet at the Preble House in Portland. According to the usual custom they marched up from the station singing "Phi Chi" and other songs. They stopped and cheered Longfellow as they went by his monument, and gave the Bowdoin yell. The banquet was of about three hours' duration and was hugely enjoyed by every one present.

The literary programme was as follows:

#### TOASTS.

"'98,"	E. E. Spear.
"Athletics,"	P. P. Baxter.
"The Faculty,"	W. W. Lawrence.
"Relations with '69,"	E. W. Wheeler.
"Bowdoin,"	C. L. Lynch.
"Our Future,"	H. M. Bisbee.
"Our Class,"	T. J. Murphy.
"Opening Address,"	A. B. White.
"Poem,"	W. P. McKown.
"History,"	E. F. Studley.
"Closing Address,"	H. H. Hamlen.

McIntyre ably presided as toast-master. For the great success of the event much is due to the committee of arrangements, which was composed of Pierce, Baxter, and Pennell. Most of the boys returned the next day, leaving the impression in Portland that '98 was one of the best classes that ever held its class dinner in that city.

Now for the long vacation.

Eyes, '96, will remain for the summer school.

It is probable that '99 will have about seventy men.

The first real stormy Commencement week for years.

Very few members of '97 and '98 remained over Commencement.

An unusually large number of students will canvass this summer.

The final packing up was a mournful and solemn occasion for the '95 boys.

The engagements of several Bowdoin boys were announced at the close of the term.

The *Lewiston Journal* says that Colby will probably be granted a chapter of  $\Phi B K$ .

Elliot has been elected editor-in-chief, and Andros, business manager of the '97 *Bugle*.

Wood, ex-'95, spent Commencement here, and participated in part of the exercises of the class.

Professor and Mrs. Robinson gave a most delightful reception to the Class of '96 Thursday afternoon, June 26th.

"The political skies are so clear that he who runs will Reed," said Dr. Robinson, '73, at the alumni dinner.

Many sub-Freshmen were here last week, and were the recipients of much kind attention from various "fishermen."

At Union College last week the honorary degree of Ph.D. was conferred upon Professor MacDonald of Bowdoin. Professor MacDonald was Bowdoin's representative at Union's centennial celebration.

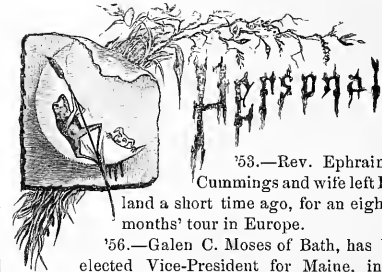
A sample of the fire-proof book-stacks, of which mention has been before made, has been placed in the library for the inspection of the trustees. It is hoped that the South Wing may sometime be entirely fitted with them.

About sixty men passed the examinations for '99, from the papers sent to the various fitting-schools. This number will be largely increased by the twenty-eight who took examinations here last week, and by those at the first of next term.

Dr. F. N. Whittier, '85, and Miss Skolfield, of Brunswick, daughter of the late Captain Alfred Skolfield, were united in marriage, Monday, June 24th. The *ORIENT* extends sincerest congratulations to Bowdoin's popular gymnasium director and his bride.

The alumni ball game was played Wednesday afternoon, and was witnessed by a large crowd. The college nine was minus several of its best players, but found good substitutes, and an interesting game resulted with the strong alumni nine. The teams at the start were made up as follows: Alumni, Plaisted, p.; Moulton, c.; Downes, 1b.; Jones, 2b.; Cook, s.s.; Sykes, 3b.; Talbot, l.f.; Chapman, c.f.; and Anderson, r.f. Bowdoin, Coburn, p.; Wilson, c.; Fairbanks, 1b.; Dane, 2b.; Dana, s.s.; Rounds, 3b.; Libby, l.f.; Leighton, c.f.; and Stubbs, r.f. Bucknam, '93, acted as umpire, and gave satisfaction to all. Only five innings were

played, and the score stood 6 to 5 in favor of the college boys of the present day. There were many good plays, and the usual amount of enthusiasm among the spectators.



'53.—Rev. Ephraim C. Cummings and wife left Portland a short time ago, for an eighteen months' tour in Europe.

'56.—Galen C. Moses of Bath, has been elected Vice-President for Maine, in the New England Free Trade League.

'57.—Thomas Hubbard is one of the Advisory Board of the new college publication, *Bachelor of Arts*.

'61.—A new law firm under the style of Libby, Robinson & Turner. The partners are Hon. Chas. F. Libby, '61, Judge Robinson, and Levi Turner, '86.

'61.—Judge L. A. Emery of the Maine Supreme Court and Mrs. Emery, of Ellsworth, sailed the 15th inst. from New York on the North German Lloyd steamship Ems, for Genoa and other points in Europe. Judge Emery's condition is very much improved, and with care he will be in very good health.

'74.—Dr. F. H. Dillingham of Bangor, has received the appointment of adjunct professor of dermatology in the Polytechnic Medical and Surgical Hospital of New York.

'83.—John Edward Dinsmore has resigned the principalship of the Lincoln Academy at Newcastle, where he has taught successfully for several years.

'85.—Howard L. Lunt was a member of the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian church at Pittsburgh, Penn.

'88.—J. H. Maxwell, Esq., has settled in the practice of his profession at Livermore Falls, Me.

'88.—Wm. T. Hall, Jr., is in the employ of the Waterville Division of the Maine Water Co., instead of the Electric Company as stated in the last number of the *ORIENT*.

'89.—Dr. John R. Clark, who has just graduated from the Columbia Medical School, New York City, will become junior course physician at Roosevelt Hospital, N. Y., on January 1, 1896. Dr. Clark at-

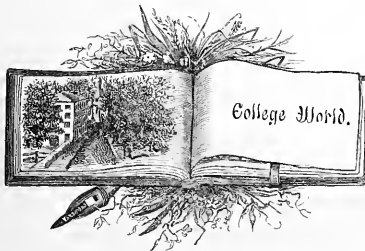
tains this honor by ranking among the first four in a competitive examination for places at the hospital.

'90.—A. S. Ridley, Esq., has accepted a lucrative position in Boston.

'92.—John C. Hull has resigned the principalship of the Fryeburg Academy, where he has taught since his graduation.

'94.—Harry E. Andrews, who is taking a post-graduate course at Harvard, is in Europe spending the summer.

'94.—Albert J. Lord, who has been studying at the Andover Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to the assistant pastorate of a Congregational church at Roxbury, Mass.



JOAN OF ARC NOT IN IT.

But, after all, the modern girls

Joan of Arc onto;

Joan wore but the coat of male,

But they his trousers too.

Governor Flower of New York has signed the anti-hazing bill passed by the legislature. The bill imposes a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$100, or imprisonment of not less than thirty days nor more than a year upon all students caught hazing or aiding the affair in any way.

"Oh hum!" yawned young Willieboy,

Waking one morn,

And his watch ticked at ten and a quarter;

"I find if I would

Be up with the sun,

I mustn't sit up with the daughter."

—Student Life.

The athletic prizes of the late Walter Dohn have been presented to Princeton by Mrs. Dohn. They consist of twenty-five medals, most of which are of gold, and eight silver cups, one of which is especially handsome.

Of the 1,801 students enrolled at Cornell University, 1,003 came from the State of New York.

At a meeting of the Union College alumni, held at Albany recently, there was considerable discussion concerning the removal of the college from Schenectady to Albany, where the departments in Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, and the Dudley Observatory are already located. It is not improbable that this step will be taken in the near future.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 2, 1895.

No. 6.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

### BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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After the long vacation with its rest and labor, its change and travel, again the merry college boys have come thronging back to the beautiful campus of old Bowdoin to enter upon the work and pleasure of another year. The halls, the groves and delta are awake and teeming with life once more after the long summer sleep. The strains of "Old Phi Chi" have made the campus resound at noon and midnight, and have struck the usual needless terror to the hearts of a large incoming class. It is very pleasant to be back again among the attractive surroundings of our loved college home, to exchange the fraternal grip with friends, to participate in the varied festivities of the opening week, to don the foot-ball suit or to stand on the side lines and cheer on the contestants in the exciting game, to start out on explorations in the new fields of study, and in general to get settled down to the labor and enjoyment of a college year. With the exception of the inevitable change in outgoing and incoming classes, and the sudden death of Treasurer Young, we find the college and our campus surroundings little changed since last commencement week. A little difficult we find it at first to accustom ourselves to our new class relations. The members of the large Class of '95, so active in every branch of college work, are deeply

missed, but we rejoice that so many of them have shown their loyalty to their *Alma Mater* by returning to the familiar scenes during these opening weeks. The Class of '99 is large and promising, and '97 and '98 have also received substantial additions, so that now Bowdoin has more students than at any previous time in its history. The only change on the Faculty is the absence of Mr. Mitchell on a year's leave of absence, his place being filled by Mr. C. S. Rieh. The college was never more prosperous, never better fitted to carry on the great work for which it was founded, and there is every prospect that the year upon which we have now entered will prove a very successful one. The ORIENT extends to all its cordial greetings, with the sincere hope that the year may prove a profitable and pleasant one to all sons of old Bowdoin, both here and throughout the world.

THE foot-ball season is not yet actively under way, although the team under an efficient coach has been hard at work since the opening of the term. A good schedule of games has been arranged and there is every prospect of an exciting season for Bowdoin on the gridiron field. The graduation of '95 deprived our eleven of most of its men, the veterans who have won our victories for the past few years. But to the old players remaining in college is added much good new material, and there is every promise of a strong team. We are especially fortunate this year in having as our manager and captain men who are popular with all and who are eminently fitted for their positions. Under their able leadership, with the material on hand Bowdoin ought to have a team this fall that will be a credit to the college and that will add new laurels to its record in this branch of athletics. But the responsibility of the season's success is also with every player and every student, and all

must unite every effort to the one desired end. It is rather early yet to risk a prophecy on what the team will do or what its strength will be compared with former seasons. The final make-up of the eleven is yet undecided, and all of the numerous candidates will be given a chance to show what there is in them. It is feared the team will be a little lighter than we would like it to be, but the presence of a better coach than usual and the strong competition of the candidates for positions may more than offset this. Let every player do his level best to uphold the Bowdoin banner on and off the field, let the college to a man give the team its hearty and united support, moral and financial, and let every game, whether won or lost, reflect credit upon our college, and the success of the season is assured. Here's hoping the fall's foot-ball may prove the best yet in the history of this sport at Bowdoin. A schedule of the games, and an account of the candidates for the eleven, is to be found in the athletic department of this issue.

AT the national council of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, recently held in Syracuse, N. Y., several petitions for new chapters were granted, among them being that of our sister Maine institution, Colby University. The other charters for new chapters were granted to University of Syracuse, Swarthmore, Johns Hopkins, the State University of Iowa, and the State University of Nebraska. Applications for chapters were refused to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Bernard, Wabash, University of Cincinnati, and the University of Illinois. The petition of Colby received the hearty support of the Bowdoin Chapter, and Professor Chapman, its representative at the council, was mainly instrumental in securing the grant of the charter. The Colby Chapter will probably be organized at once. Colby is to be congratulated upon this high recog-

dition from the oldest and most honored college society in the country. For seventy years Phi Beta Kappa has maintained a proud existence at Bowdoin, electing from each class at graduation its leading scholars. The honor of admission to this ancient literary order is one highly cherished by every ambitious student, and now that the leading scholars of Colby as well as those of Bowdoin can write its charmed initials after their names, the two colleges will be brought into a closer relation and their ties of friendship strengthened.

AS usual a copy of this number of the ORIENT is sent to each member of the incoming class, and unless the business manager is notified to the contrary the names of all will be kept upon the list and they will be considered regular subscribers. The least you can do for your college paper is to subscribe for it, and it is hoped no member of '99 will be unwilling to do this. But the ORIENT asks and expects more of the Freshmen than this. Its columns are open to the college, and contributions of every nature suitable to its pages are solicited from the members of any and every class. Do not wait for a personal invitation from the editor, but send in stories, articles, poems, or matter for any of the departments, and do your part toward making the ORIENT a paper truly representative of old Bowdoin.

SINCE the close of last term Bowdoin has suffered an irreparable loss in the sudden death of its loved and honored treasurer, Hon. Stephen J. Young. A graduate of the college, Mr. Young devoted his whole life to the advancement of its interests. Combining a thorough knowledge of the intellectual needs of the institution with a rare financial ability, he was eminently fitted for the position he filled so long and so faithfully. The advancement and prosperity of Bowdoin are

due in a great measure to his untiring efforts, and the place left vacant by his death will not be easily filled. In all his relations Treasurer Young was a noble, upright, Christian man, whose memory will long be cherished in the hearts of all who knew him. Not only Bowdoin but also Amherst and Williams have each lost their treasurer during the summer vacation.

THERE was no horn concert this year. While a few lamented, or pretended to lament, the giving up of this old custom, the college as a whole is very glad to see it go. The Sophomore Class took a decided step in the right direction in abolishing a custom which had lost all its early significance and was in no sense a fair class contest or test of strength, but which had become merely a free fight, disgraceful and barbarous. It is hoped that '98 will show as much moral courage in other lines as in this matter. The Bowdoin horn concert is a thing of the past and probably will never be revived.

LIEUT. ROBERT E. PEARY, Bowdoin, '77, has returned safely from the far North, and is well after two years' absence under the midnight sun. The general belief, which is based upon insufficient knowledge, is that the expedition proved a failure. At least it is not a failure which has left the bones of the hardy explorers to whiten upon the ice expanse, and it is fair to assume that considerable knowledge, geographical, ethnological, and in natural history has been obtained. Indeed, Peary did not set out to discover the North Pole, an undertaking which of itself could add nothing of value to the knowledge that science already possesses. His was not a foolhardy expedition. It was carefully planned and its purposes were as laudable if not more so than most Arctic expeditions have been. Peary himself has struggled against the obstacles of insufficient

money, has devoted his uncommon abilities to the work of securing the funds and has made the bravest kind of a fight to overcome obstacles among the ice caps of Greenland, obstacles that could not be provided against. Whatever of failure may have attended the expedition it should not be attributed to the bold explorer, who is deserving of as great praise as has ever been accorded to those who had the hardihood to penetrate the land of eternal ice for whatever slight recompense the undertaking could afford.

### The Story of John Brown.

**A**MERICAN history, so full of romantic and mysterious actors, has none around whom more romance and mystery cling than John Brown, the red-handed murderer of the Kansas border; the serene, inspired martyr of the Virginia gibbet; the last of the Puritans; the successor to the sword of Washington; the fanatical traitor, and the grim, gray herald of the awful conflict that exterminated slavery. The most gifted orators of the age have eulogized him with their richest eloquence; the hearts of oppressed millions have enshrined him as an idol; the greatest and grandest armies that ever formed for battle have fought, and marched, and bivouaced with his name in song on their lips. And then, on the other hand, mountains of denunciation, condemnation, and vituperation have been heaped over his humble grave in the bleak Adirondacks. Ink has turned to vitriol and frenzy has supplanted reason when he has been the theme.

The story of John Brown seems taken from the chronicles of another age. It has no counterpart in American history. The striking singularity of his life has made its outlines familiar, but how little we can say with justice of the motives and results by which it should properly be measured. He lived and died in a cloud of mystery. He

had few friends, and was never a popular leader. He never held a position of power, yet the sound of his name froze thousands of hearts with terror. He was the first man executed in the United States for treason, yet his name became the watchword of millions of devoted patriots. "Madman," he was called by some, and "the tool of fanatical Northern cowards," by others, but it is certain that he was neither.

John Brown was made of the stuff that heroes and martyrs are made of. An ancestor of the same name was burned at the stake in Ashford, England, during the early persecutions under Henry VIII. He was the sixth in direct descent from Peter Brown, who signed that immortal compact in the cabin of the Mayflower. His grandfather died in the army of George Washington. And John Brown's simple Christian faith, his rugged, honest manhood, his intense love of liberty, his sturdy, fearless independence, his tireless persistence, his earnestness and sincerity, his uncompromising opposition to wrong, his kindness of heart, and his heroic powers of endurance, made him a worthy son of a noble line.

His life was full of varied fortunes. Born in Connecticut in 1800, he soon lived in Ohio, then in Pennsylvania and New York, and in other States, and was for a time in Europe selling American wool. He married twice and reared a large family, and later his sons and sons-in-law fought and died at his side. He tried many vocations—was tanner, preacher, herdsman, farmer, and merchant,—and unlike most sons of New England, did not make a great success in any of them. But all his life from boyhood was filled with one overpowering purpose, to help the slave to freedom. He hated slavery as an institution accursed of God, and he had no sympathy with the prevailing spirit of compromise. He was a radical abolitionist, eager for instant action. For many years he

succored fugitive slaves and brooded over plans to free the millions of blacks in the South.

At the outbreak of the Kansas troubles he left his wild home in the Adirondacks and went to the Territory, where four of his sons were among the Free-State settlers. The border war was on, and human life was cheap. Soon his name was a terror to every pro-slavery man, for the lesson of his Pottawatomie murders was too terrible to be forgotten. His following was small but true; his movements always mysterious and inconceivably rapid; his blow always sure and bloody. He was not a recognized Free-State leader, but when he raised his arm the cause of freedom took courage, the Missouri ruffians halted in their outrages and depredations, and Kansas, blood-stained and smoke-obscured, was won for liberty. But a price was on the head of old John Brown. The government which did not notice the murder of abolitionists was bound to punish the murder of pro-slavery men, and six hundred soldiers, with four cannon, were sent to take him, dead or alive. He passed out of Kansas, in the mysterious way so peculiar to him, and for a time the country heard no more of him, except that he had escorted a large party of escaped slaves from Missouri to Canada.

His next appearance on the stage of action was his final one, and was the most dramatic and startling of all. Mystery and romance cloud the story of his famous raid on Harper's Ferry, and the whole truth can never be known. With a score of men he hovered for weeks in the mountains near the village. His plan was to seize the United States arsenal, escape with the arms and ammunition to the mountains, enlist slaves in his band, strike occasional unexpected blows at slave-holding districts, and by freeing slaves and terrorizing slave-holders, render slave-holding insecure and unprofitable. He claimed that

a score of men, lodged in the forests of the Alleghanies, could break slavery to pieces in two years. His enterprise failed at the outset, and it is useless to speculate what the result might have been.

It was on the dark, wet night of October 16, 1859, that John Brown and his army, eighteen strong, left the Kennedy farm-house where they had been concealed for several weeks, and marched into the village of Harper's Ferry. The bridge watchman was seized, the railroad station watchman shot, the armory occupied without resistance, and numerous leading citizens captured as hostages. And still the village slept. Brown and his band might easily have escaped to the mountains, but they delayed at the arsenal. He said later that he "wished to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill." Morning came, and the news spread. Laborers coming to the arsenal found themselves prisoners. The village was furious but helpless. Brown might yet have escaped, but did not attempt it, and remained to be caught in the trap he had entered. Crowds gathered and soon fire was opened on both sides. By noon the militia arrived and surrounded his position, and the battle went on in earnest. The unerring rifles of Brown's men did fearful execution among the militia and citizens, but soon they were compelled to fall back with their hostages to the little brick engine house, which they fortified for a last stand. The fight was fiercer than ever when, in the evening, a company of marines, led by Robert E. Lee, arrived from Washington. Two-thirds of Brown's men were dead; the few remaining wounded and exhausted, but there was a contemptuous refusal to the demand to surrender. That was a terrible night in the crowded little engine house. With morning came a determined assault from the regulars. The engine-house door was battered in, and Brown, standing over the dead

body of his son, and wounded almost unto death, was overpowered by force of numbers and lodged, with his six surviving followers, in Charlestown jail.

Judged as the world is accustomed to judge, John Brown's master stroke had failed, but he felt before his death, and we know it to be true to-day, that his failure was his success. John Brown the guerrilla might have been crushed and forgotten, but John Brown the martyr was invincible and immortal. The nation was electrified by the story of his deed. Wonder gave place to the admiration which his heroism commanded. The North felt the fire of a new inspiration flood its veins. The South felt a dread foreboding of the awful vengeance impending when he walked to the gallows on the morning of December 2, 1859, stopping on the way to kiss a little negro babe, and met his death with the divine composure and gentle dignity that had marked his imprisonment and trial. The climax of the great slavery controversy was reached. Between the North and the South stood his gibbet. Henceforth it was slavery or union.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Fatal Hour.

Evening's breath so warm and tender  
Now has kissed the dying day,  
While the moon, with golden splendor,  
Casts o'er all its mystic ray.

'Tis the hour when Freshmen, trembling,  
To their chambers' refuge hie,  
While they listen, fear dissembling,  
To the strains of "Old Phi Chi."

### The Freshman's Plea.

I'm a lonely little Freshman,  
And I don't know what to do.  
Can't you love me just a little,  
Let me nestle down by you?

### When Dolly Smiles.

When Dolly frowns my heart is sad;  
The whole world's in dark sorrow clad;  
But all is bright with mirth and glee,  
And every creature's glad and free  
When Dolly smiles.

When Dolly smiles the world is gay,  
And life's a joyous holiday;  
While Cupid, with his wond'rous wiles,  
To happiness my heart beguiles  
When Dolly smiles.

### Loyal Till Death.

Air—*Wake, Freshman, Wake.*

While bright skies were o'er us  
And life lay before us  
'Neath Bowdoin's pines we gathered far and near;  
So, filling our glasses  
And pledging all classes,  
We'll drink a toast to *Alma Mater* dear.

#### CHORUS.

Clink, clink; drink, drink, drink!  
Smash the glass in splinters when you're done!  
Bowdoin Beata,  
O dear *Alma Mater*;  
There is no fairer mother 'neath the sun.

When manhood has found us  
And children surround us,  
Our college life and friends we'll still recall  
With heart-felt emotion  
And deathless devotion;  
We'll send our sons to Bowdoin in the fall.

When age gray and hoary  
Has filled out our story,  
The tender memories swelling back again,  
Loyal forever,  
Until death shall sever,  
One glass to *Alma Mater* we shall drain.

So, comrades together,  
In fair and foul weather,  
Your glasses fill to Bowdoin and her fame;  
For, howe'er we wander,  
Stronger and fonder  
The tenderest ties shall cling about her name.



The assistants in the Science Building this year are: H. P. Small in the Physics department, B. L. Bryant in the Chemistry end, and W. S. A. Kimball up-stairs among the bacteria bacilli. All are members of last year's graduating class.

The campus is glorious now in its autumn foliage. Christie, '95, has been in town for a week or more.

Machan, '93, is studying with Dr. Gerrish in Portland.

Governor Cleaves was in Brunswick one day last week.

Topsham Fair and initiation are great events in the near future.

Hicks, '95, is coaching the Portland High School foot-ball team.

Quite a party of Bowdoin men enjoyed Melba's singing in Portland.

Burbank, '96, has been appointed curator of the Cleaveland Cabinet.

Professor Files's new house on Main Street is fast nearing completion.

Sewall, '97, is teaching a ten-weeks' term of the Bristol High School.

W. R. Smith, '90, is teaching the sciences in the New Bedford High School.

Ackley, formerly of '96, has come back to join '97. He has been teaching.

C. E. Chamberlain, '68, was looking over the college the first of the term.

Bass, '96, has been tutoring in Mathematics this fall up on the Rangeley Lakes.

Professor Johnson, who has been in Europe this summer, is now on his way home.

*Oliver Smith's* translation of *Andocides* is in great demand with the Freshmen.

The dormitories—the old ones—were placed in good condition during the summer.

Hamlin, '98, has been in attendance at the Art Building during the summer vacation.

"A Thoroughbred" was much enjoyed by a rather slim attendance of college boys.

Hamilton, '98, presides at the chapel organ now, while Willard, '96, still leads the choir.

A Freshman was heard, recently, to inquire at the library for the works of Silas Marner.

The Freshmen enjoyed two recitations a day in Greek for a time at the opening of the term.

Hatch, '95, passed Sunday before last on the campus, leaving for Harvard, Tuesday morning.

Mitell, '95, and Smith, '96, have been acting as sewer construction inspectors during the summer.

"Rube Tanner" is another play that catered to our theatre-goers during the first week of the term.

The foot-ball team have adopted a new style of sweater, white with black border and black letter B.

Stetson, '95, who was on the campus the early part of the term, is at Boston University, studying law.

President Hyde and Professor Woodruff attended a portion of the Congregational Conference at Westbrook.

'Ninety-six is the only one of the three upper classes whose numbers have received no additions this year.

The Freshmen have elected Veazie as their foot-ball captain, and also as their representative on the Jury.

The Senior German division has been forced to postpone its evening sessions for a time, because of lack of gas.

Professor Robinson was delayed in getting back to town, and in consequence his classes enjoyed an adjourn or two.

Bliss, '94, was on from Andover this week to preside at the organ at the marriage of J. E. Dunning and Miss Forsaith.

C. S. Rich, '92, is in charge of the classes in Rhetoric during the absence of W. B. Mitchell, the permanent instructor.

Veazie, '99, was the recipient of an anarchistic-looking package the other day, which proved to be a Dr. Parkhurst Electric Battery.

During the annual rope-pull, Dutton, '99, cut a bad gash in his forehead, that, but for prompt treatment, might have been serious.

At a special meeting of the Foot-Ball Association, September 23d, Warren, '97, was elected treasurer in place of Hagar, '97, resigned.

Among the possibilities for the coming winter is a choral club under the leadership of Sanglier, who made a success in Bath last year.

Third year, or Junior Physics, attracts but a small division this year. The first text-book is Thompson's "Magnetism and Electricity."

The shut-down of the gas plant has kept the electric linemen hustling. A particularly hurried job was done on the Congregational Church.

Many of the Freshmen went home over Sunday, eagerly accepting an opportunity to escape from the over-zealous attentions of the Sophomores.

Yes, '96, was the only regular Bowdoin student who remained to attend the summer school. He reports a very pleasant and profitable summer.

Returning students made haste to avail themselves of the pleasure of social calls on the fair maidens of Brunswick, Bath, Bowdoinham, etc.

A noticeably large number of students were in town the Saturday before term opening this year, evidently drawn by the early arrival of the foot-ball men.

The fraternity fishing season is over, and the Freshmen delegations of the various fraternities are practically settled upon. Contentment is observed on all sides.

The position of chapel organist is still open to competitors, but Hamilton, '98, doubtless will be elected to fill the situation, and he is very competent to do so.

Some hustling members of '99, going by the motto, "There is no time like the present," organized and carried out a very successful pea-nut drunk on the evening of the 17th.

I. P. Booker, formerly assistant treasurer of the college, is acting as treasurer *pro tem.* until a successor is elected to fill the vacancy caused by the demise of Stephen Young.

Those who are interested in current French literature will be glad to know that Rev. E. C. Guild has presented to the library about thirty recent volumes of the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

The remaining books of the Winthrop gift were received at the library during the past summer. While not, on the whole, so valuable a lot as the other, it is much larger, numbering 700 volumes.

The Brunswick gas plant has shut down, causing some temporary embarrassment at the college as well as elsewhere, chiefly in the Science Building

laboratories. But electricity will probably soon have taken its place almost entirely.

The Dr. Whitman Collection of Minerals, received during the summer by the college, is now being unpacked. The cabinet will probably be placed in the Cleaveland Museum by the end of the term.

Professor Robinson is making arrangements to put a set of new folding stools into the laboratories in his department. The stools swing on brackets inside the closet of the desk and are held in position by a hinged leg.

As Professor Johnson has not returned from Europe, there have been no French recitations thus far this term. On account of his absence the Freshmen are getting double rations in Greek, much to the apparent distaste of many of them.

Hall, '99, was the successful competitor this year in the examination for a position as assistant in the library; so Professor Little's staff is now composed of the following students: Thompson, '96; Hewitt and Vining, '97; Loring and C. C. Smith, '98; and Hall, '99.

This year a course in Physics has been offered the Seniors, giving a four-years' course in this branch, where previously two years was all. They will study Maxwell's "Theory of Heat," doing laboratory work at the same time on other subjects. Four men have elected the course.

As usual the amount of studying done the first week was rather small, but the time was well occupied with the long-established programme of rushes, base-ball and foot-ball games, etc. The only deviation from the "customs" of the college was the abolition of "horn concert" by '98.

Graduate foot-ball players have been back in gratifying numbers this term, and have materially helped in coaching the eleven. Knowlton, Fairbanks, Hicks, and Mitchell have been on the delta several times. This is what foot-ball at Bowdoin wants—the coaching of graduate players.

The annual reception of the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. on Thursday evening, September 19th, was well attended and was a very pleasant occasion. Remarks were made by President Hyde and Professors Chapman, Robinson, and Rich. Refreshments were served, and a most enjoyable social evening passed by all.

The classes in Biology, Geology, and Comparative Anatomy are making collecting trips in the various lines around Brunswick and Topsham.



Almost everything from a grasshopper to a dog is legitimate prey, and in consequence the bag of a collector is a sort of traveling museum. The Geology division takes a trip some time this week to Orr's Island.

The College Jury will be made up as follows this year: G. T. Ordway, '96; T. L. Pierce, '98; W. T. Veazie, '99; R. W. Leighton,  $\Delta \Phi$ ; J. H. Libby,  $\Psi \Upsilon$ ; J. C. Minot,  $\Delta K E$ ; J. N. Haskell,  $Z \Psi$ ; E. L. Bodge,  $\Theta \Delta X$ ; J. E. Frost,  $\Delta \Upsilon$ ; '97 and the non-fraternity men have elected no representatives yet. Ordway is foreman and Minot secretary for the ensuing year.

The following resolutions of the Jury were read in chapel by President Hyde early last week: Article I.—We, the Jury of Bowdoin College, have resolved that all hazing, viz., interfering with the liberties of Freshmen, shall be punished by suspension of not less than two, nor more than four, months. Article II.—For aggravated offenses the penalty shall be expulsion.

After the long-drawn yell of "Foot-Ba-a-a-all" had been given by the upper-classes three mornings after chapel on the opening week, the usual Sophomore foot-ball rush took place Friday morning. The ball was thrown among them by Sturgis, '99. The rush was the shortest for years, but was not wholly without its exciting features. Within ten minutes the ball was secured by Blake, '98, in his room in South Maine, and the rush was over.

The first foot-ball game of the season was played in Portland last Saturday by the Portland High School team and the Bowdoin, '98, class eleven. The game was well played and resulted in a victory of 20-0 for '98. The following is the *personnel* of the Bowdoin eleven: Hills, center; Baxter and Pettigill, guards; Gould and Wilson, tackles; Dana and E. E. Spear, ends; McIntyre, quarterback; Stanwood and Smith, halfbacks; Ives, full-back.

The following is a fairly accurate list of alumni who have been back this fall for one reason and another: '91, Bangs, Burr, Chapman, and Smith; '92, Mann, Hodgkins, and Swett; '93, Barker and Machan; '94, Andrews, Allen, Bagley, Bliss, Dana, Pickard, Plaisted, W. W. Thomas, Thompson, and Wilbur; '95, Bryant, Christie, Crawford, Dennison, Fairbanks, Foster, Hatch, Hicks, Holmes, Ingraham, W. S. A. Kimball, Knowlton, Mitchell, Morelen, Russ, H. P. Small, Stetson, and Webber. This is an unusually large number and shows an in-

creased after-interest in their *Alma Mater*. Many have been here to aid in coaching the foot-ball team.

The first themes for the term are due Monday, October 7th, the subjects being, for the Juniors:

- I. The Motive of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."
- II. The Aim of a College Education.
- III. The Young Man in Politics.

For the Sophomores:

- I. Kingsley's "Alton Locke."
- II. Some Advantages of the Country College.
- III. Bowdoin's Foot-Ball Prospects.

The library has been enriched this year by some peculiarly well-chosen books, some of which are the following: Personal Recollections of Sixteen Presidents, by Richard W. Thompson, edition de luxe, 2 volumes; Edgar Allan Poe's works, collected by E. C. Stedman and George E. Woodberry; Life of Daniel Defoe, by Thomas Wright; a new translation of Don Quixote, by H. E. Watts, a very beautiful edition of four volumes; another volume contains a life of Cervantes, by the same author; George William Curtis, in the American Men of Letters series; Fast and Thanksgiving Days of New England, by W. DeLoss Love, Jr.; Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by E. H. Coleridge.

Following is a list of the Freshman Class and of the additions to the other classes. It is as accurate a list as can be made out to date. Those who are pledged to the various fraternities are indicated on the list.

#### CLASS OF 1899.

Fred H. Albee, $K \Sigma$ ,	Sheepscot.
Francis W. Briggs, $\Delta K E$ ,	Pittsfield.
Walter L. Came, $\Psi \Upsilon$ ,	Alfred.
Edward B. Chamberlain, $\Delta K E$ ,	Bristol.
Preston B. Churchill, $K \Sigma$ ,	Winthrop, Mass.
Walter B. Clarke, $Z \Psi$ ,	Damariscotta Mills.
Lincoln L. Cleaves, $\Theta \Delta X$ ,	Bridgton.
Royal S. Cleaves, $\Theta \Delta X$ ,	Bridgton.
Archer P. Cram, $\Delta \Phi$ ,	Mt. Vernon.
Harold F. Dana, $\Psi \Upsilon$ ,	Portland.
Frank L. Dutton, $\Delta \Upsilon$ ,	North Anson.
Arthur P. Fairfield, $\Delta K E$ ,	Saco.
Frederic A. Fogg, $\Delta \Upsilon$ ,	Saco.
Edward R. Godfrey, $\Delta K E$ ,	Bangor.
Edwin S. Hadlock,	Portland.
Drew B. Hall,	Brunswick.
Truman L. Hamlin,	Brunswick.
Philip C. Haskell, $\Theta \Delta X$ ,	Westbrook.
Alton A. Hayden,	Presque Isle.
Louis L. Hills, $\Delta K E$ ,	Scarboro.
Loton D. Jennings, $\Delta \Upsilon$ ,	North Wayne.

Walter S. M. Kelly, ♀ γ,	Bath.
Henry W. Lancey,	Pittsfield.
Frank L. Lavertu, Δ γ,	Berlin, N. H.
Leon B. Leavitt, A Δ Φ,	Wilton.
Arthur S. Libby,	Corinna Center.
Lucien P. Libby, Θ Δ X,	Stroudwater.
Willard T. Libby, A Δ Φ,	Auburn.
Fred R. Marsh, Δ K E,	Eastis, Fla.
Henry E. Marston, Δ γ,	North Anson.
Roy L. Marston, Δ K E,	Skowhegan.
Charles H. Merrill, Δ γ,	Kennebunkport.
Waldo T. Merrill, Θ Δ X,	Newport.
Willis B. Moulton, ♀ γ,	Portland.
Arthur H. Nason, Δ K E,	Augusta.
Harry B. Neagles, Z ♀,	Lubec.
Edwin M. Nelson, ♀ γ,	Calais.
Fred O. Orcutt,	Asbland.
S. C. Pattee,	Belfast.
Charles C. Phillips,	South Brewer.
William V. Phillips,	South Brewer.
Bert S. Philoon, A Δ Φ,	Auburn.
George I. Piper, K Σ,	Parsonsfield.
Sumner C. Poore,	South Bridgton.
Robert E. Randall, Z ♀,	Freeport.
John C. Rogers, Jr.,	Pembroke.
Albert M. Rollins,	Wesley.
George M. Rounds, ♀ γ,	Calais.
Joseph D. Sinkinson, ♀ γ,	Portland.
Ralph G. Smith, A Δ Φ,	Brewer.
Winford H. Smith, Θ Δ X,	Westbrook.
William D. Stockbridge, Θ Δ Φ,	Freeport.
Cony Sturgis, Δ K E,	Angusta.
Edward F. Swett,	Auburn.
Roy H. Thomas, K Σ,	Yarmouthville.
William L. Thompson, ♀ γ,	Portland.
Sammel Topliff, A Δ Φ,	Evanston, Ill.
Everett W. Varney,	Fort Fairfield.
William T. Veazie, Δ K E,	Bangor.
Hanson H. Webster, A Δ Φ,	Portland.
Wallace H. White, Jr., A Δ Φ,	Lewiston.
Jacob E. Wignott, K Σ,	Natick, Mass.
Edmund P. Williams,	Topsham.
Carl V. Woodbury, Θ Δ X,	Woodfords.

## ADDITIONS TO CLASS OF 1897.

Frank K. Ellsworth (Bangor Theo. Sem.),	Brockton, Mass.
Harry E. Dunnach (Bangor Theo. Sem.),	Boston, Mass.
Hugh McCallum (Bangor Theo. Sem.),	Pawtucket, R. I.
Samuel Ackley,	East Machias.

## ADDITIONS TO CLASS OF 1898.

B. S. Browne.	
Guy Howard, Δ γ (Tufts),	Farmington.
Ernest Laycock,	Brunswick.
Stephen Young, ♀ γ (Yale),	Brunswick.
Clarence W. Proctor,	North Windham.

## SPECIAL STUDENTS.

George Blair,	Boothbay.
Gilman H. Clough,	Dexter.
Richard Shields,	Auburn.
Ernest Wentworth,	Auburn.

## Athletics.

## SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN SPORTS.

With the opening week of the Fall Term came the usual series of contests between the two lower classes. 'Ninety-eight put on the war-paint of Sophomoric glory and started in confidently against the poorly-organized forces of the new Freshmen, '99. But the usual order of things was destined to be overthrown, and the Freshmen came out of the week victorious in foot-ball rush, rope-pull, and base-ball game. The classes are about the same size, but fate and the upper-classmen were arrayed against the Sophomores. The ghost of the late lamented "Phi Chi" breathed a little inspiration into the Sophomores, and by day and by night during the week they endeavored to educate the Freshmen according to the accepted traditions in these lines. In their attempts they were more or less successful, but when the class contests came, '99 showed no lack of understanding, but, on the contrary, that it was fully able to look out for itself.

The Sophomore-Freshman foot-ball rush was held on the delta at 3 p.m. Friday. Both classes were out in force. The Freshmen hinged the ground closely under the big pine in center field, while from the branches overhead waved an artistic banner, prepared for them by the Juniors. The Sophomores, most fantastically arrayed and grotesquely painted, marched upon the field of battle led by McKown. A struggle ensued, during which the Freshmen were assisted to arise and their banner finally torn down, and then the classes lined up for the contest over the ball. Willard, '96, was referee; Warren, '97, was judge for '98; and Bodge, '97, judge for '99. The rush was one of the longest and most exciting for years. The Fresh-

men won two goals, and then '98, after a hard struggle, placed two to its credit. Thus far the upper-classes had been on the field and had had a lively hand and foot in the affair, but now they were cleared from the field and the two classes left to win or lose the rush on their merits. It was a hard fight, but finally the '99 boys forced the ball over the foul-line fence, which was the '98 goal. A hot contest ensued over the possession of the ball. At last Dutton, '99, secured it and escaped with it, in spite of close pursuit, to his room on Cleaveland Street, where he divided the trophy among his friends.

On Saturday morning, after Chapel, came the rope-pull. There was the usual fun watching the Freshmen try to pull up trees and hydrants, and the upper-classes all wanted to be in it. But at length, when the two classes had had a chance to pull against each other fairly, the Freshmen proved themselves the stronger and were declared the winners in two straight pulls.

The ball game was held Saturday forenoon, that it might not interfere with foot-ball practice in the afternoon. It proved another Waterloo for '98. The Freshmen won, 11 to 1, the only Sophomore score being obtained on a wild throw by the '99 third baseman, who otherwise played a very pretty game. The pitching of Libby for '99 was the feature. He struck out eighteen men, while only one hit was made off him, and that a scratch one. Philon supported him well. It looks as though '99 brought some good base-ball material. Several exciting rushes enlivened things during the game. Hull's umpiring gave perfect satisfaction. Following is the detailed score of the game:

FRESHMEN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clark, i.f., . . . . .	4	1	1	2	0	0	0
Orout, 2b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Libby, p., . . . . .	4	2	2	2	2	1	0
Philon, c., . . . . .	4	3	0	0	17	2	0
Came, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	4	0	0
Haskell, 3b., . . . . .	4	1	2	3	2	2	3
Randall, c.f., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cleaves, s.s., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	2	0	0
Dana, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals, . . . . .	33	11	7	9	27	5	3

SOPHOMORES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Moulton, i.f., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Wilson, c., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	7	4	2
Stanwood, p., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	1	2	0
Perkins, 3b., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Sargent, s.s., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Kendall, c.f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Melntyre, r.f., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hunt, 2b., . . . . .	1	0	0	0	5	3	1
Gould, 1b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	9	1	1
Totals, . . . . .	31	1	1	1	27	12	6

Bowdoin, '99, . . . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin, '98, . . . . .	3	0	0	1	1	0	6	0	0-11

Two-base hits—Haskell, Clark. Passed ball—Wilson. Bases on balls—by Libby 2, by Stanwood 9. Struck out—by Libby 18, by Stanwood 6. Time—2 hours. Umpire—Hull, '97.

FOOT-BALL.

The foot-ball season opened a week earlier than usual this fall. Manager Ordway and Captain Bates, together with fifteen men, were back to prepare to battle against the other New England colleges and the honor of "Old Bowdoin." We were especially fortunate in securing Mr. William C. Mackie, who played guard for four years on the Harvard team, as coach. Mr. Mackie has shown his ability as a coach, and has infused a new life into the men which has never characterized their work heretofore. It was very pleasant to the undergraduates to find, when they returned Monday afternoon, thirty men on the field falling on the ball, passing and kicking it about. On Wednesday they lined up for the first time, but no regular eleven was picked out until the ability of every man out could be judged.

The following men are out every day: Stone, Shute, Bates, French, Eastman '96, Baker, Merrill '98, Newbegin, Coburn, Murphy, Spear, Pettingill, Wiggin, Frost, Libby, Stearns, Wilson, Stetson, Moulton, Stanwood, White '97, Horne, McMillan, Clark, Warren '96, Bailey, and Veazie.

The first game of the season will be at Portland, October 5th, with Dartmouth as an opponent. The probable line up of the men will be: Bates, l. g.; Spear '98, r. t.; Stoue, c.; French, r. g.; Murphy, l. t.; Libby, r. e.; Veazie, l. e.; Stetson, q. b.; White '97, r. h. b.; McMillan, l. b. b.; Warren, f. b., with Eastman, Merrill, Newbegin, Coburn, Baker, Pettingill, Stanwood, Moulton, Stearns, and Horne, as substitutes.

The management is to be congratulated on having secured such a hustling treasurer in Warren, '97. His enthusiastic work has won encomiums from all. The way that the undergraduates have subscribed to the foot-ball fund surely shows that the college is behind the team, and every candidate now has every reason for showing what foot-ball stuff there is in him.

The schedule is not completed, owing to games cancelled by M. S. C. and B. A. A. As incomplete, it is submitted:

- Oct. 5—Dartmouth in Portland.
- " 9—Andover at Andover.
- " 12—Exeter at Brunswick.
- " 16—Dartmouth at Hanover.

- Oct. 23—Exeter at Exeter.  
 “ 26—Tufts at Medford.  
 “ 30—Amherst at Amherst.  
 Nov. 2—Boston Combination at Brunswick.  
 “ 13—M. S. C. at Bangor.  
 “ 20—Brown at Providence.

Games are under consideration with Harvard '99, on October 19th, in Brunswick, Harvard Varsity at Cambridge, Boston University, Colby, Tufts, and M. S. C., all at Brunswick, with the possibility of a Thanksgiving game with some strong college team, in Portland.

## Y. M. C. A.

The tenth annual World's Students' Conference held at Northfield, Mass., last June, proved to be not only the largest but also the most successful one ever assembled. Over five hundred delegates, representing one hundred and eighteen different institutions, were present, to say nothing of the multitude of interested spectators from Northfield and vicinity. The daily programme consisted of a general platform meeting, a missionary institute, training and devotional Bible classes, and a conference on college work in the morning; in the afternoon, recreation; while the evening was given up to an out-of-door meeting on "Round Top," another platform service, and delegation meetings.

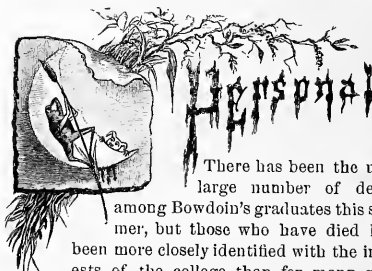
The Fourth of July was observed in a most fitting way by the enthusiastic students. In the evening the vast auditorium presented a sight never to be forgotten in student life. The immense hall was decorated with college banners of every color and description arranged in order about the room, while underneath their respective colors sat the various delegations, vying with each other to see which could silence the rest in cheering. After the oration by President Stryker of Hamilton College, the usual college yells and songs concluded the evening's fun.

The conference was fortunate in having so many able men to conduct its meetings. Among the speakers were such men as President Patton, Bishop Hall of Vermont, Doctors Cuyler, Chapman, and Pierson. Mr. Moody was warmly greeted every time he stepped on the platform.

A feature of the conference was the frequent pleasant gatherings of the members of the various

fraternities represented. Δ KE with twenty-one men had the largest delegation.

We are glad to say that Bowdoin sent her quota of delegates, being represented by Lamb and Haines, '97, and Bisbee, '98.



There has been the usual large number of deaths among Bowdoin's graduates this summer, but those who have died have been more closely identified with the interests of the college than for many years past. The college mourns the loss of Stephen J. Young and Llewellyn Deane, who for many years have been actively identified with the advancement of their *Alma Mater*.

'43.—Dr. Augustus Hannibal Burbank died at his home in Yarmouth, Thursday, June 27, 1895. Dr. Burbank, both as physician and citizen, has long been a prominent citizen of Cumberland County. He may be said to have inherited both his love for his profession and his sturdy citizenship. His father was Dr. Eleazer Burbank and his mother Sophronia (Ricker) Burbank, he being their only son. He was born January 4, 1823, in Poland, Me. After a boyhood spent in Poland he was prepared for college at North Yarmouth Academy, and graduated from Bowdoin in the year 1843 and received his medical degree at Harvard College in 1847. As soon as he received his degree Dr. Burbank commenced the practice of his profession at Yarmouth, where he has since remained continuously in the duties of his profession. He was a member of the First Congregational Church of Yarmouth, of which his father was for many years deacon.

He was twice married: first to Elizabeth R., daughter of Dr. Elias and Lucretia P. Banks, of Portland, November 25, 1850. Of this union was born one daughter, Annie. His wife died January 4, 1868. For his second wife he married Alice N., daughter of Greenfield and Nancy Thompson, of Yarmouth. The children of this marriage were Elizabeth R. (deceased), Hugh, Eleazer, and Marjorie. Dr. Burbank has always been regarded as an

authority in medical matters, and was held in high esteem throughout his county.

'45.—Rev. George W. Durell, pastor of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Somerville, Mass., died Monday, August 12th. He was born May 1, 1820, at Kennebunkport, Me., graduated from Bowdoin College in the year 1845, and served four years as principal of Limerick Academy. Following this he was graduated from the Theological Seminary of Virginia and was ordained at Brunswick, Me., by Bishop Burgess. At Calais he founded the most easterly parish of the United States and built a church of unusual beauty. Here he remained eleven years, serving all the while on the school board of the city. He was chosen rector of Grace Church, Bath, Me. In the fall of 1866 he went to Somerville, having been called to Emanuel parish, and on July 1, 1869, became rector of St. Thomas parish. He was chaplain of John Abbott Lodge, Royal Arch Chapter, and council of Royal and Select Masters, and prelate of Knights Templar.

'49.—Jewellyn Deane was born in Ellsworth, Me., April 23, 1829, and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1849. For many years he was closely identified with Maine politics and was a warm supporter of Blaine. He served in the Legislature of Maine for many years. Just before the war Mr. Deane went to Washington as principal examiner in the Patent Office, which place he held several years, and finally relinquished it to take up the practice of law and the soliciting of patents. He had been recognized for many years as one of the leading patent attorneys in Washington. In late years his son, W. W. Deane, has been associated with him. Mr. Deane was an earnest church worker and one of the pioneers of the First Congregational Church of Washington. He organized the Bowdoin College Alumni Association of his chosen city, and was always a prominent figure at the annual gatherings of the members of that organization, being a brilliant talker and a most pleasing entertainer. He was a man of distinguished bearing and polished manners, possessing also a great deal of personal magnetism. He possessed sterling qualities, and one of his most marked characteristics was his unselfishness of nature, that led him to be always doing something for others. Mr. Deane's first wife died at Kensington, Md., and he afterwards married Miss Sarah M. Benedict, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent families of New Haven, Conn. He was buried at the Congressional cemetery.

'53.—Judge Henry Clay Goodenow died June 28,

1895, at Bangor. He was born in Alfred, June 23, 1834, being the second son and third child of Judge Daniel Goodenow and Sarah Ann (Holmes) Goodenow. He prepared for college in Alfred and North Yarmouth Academies, and entered Bowdoin College in August, 1849, being graduated in 1853 in the class with Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court. After graduation he taught the High School at Davis Mills, Newfield. On January 7, 1854, he began the study of law in Alfred. He was admitted to the York County Bar in September, 1856, and began practice in the following November in Biddeford. He removed to Lewiston in 1858 and became a law partner of Hon. Charles W. Goddard. When Mr. Goddard was appointed Consul-General to Constantinople in 1861 the partnership was dissolved. He served on Common Council and Board of Aldermen. He moved to Bangor in 1866 and served on school committee, also as City Solicitor. He was Judge of the Municipal Court for a number of years. In 1860 he married Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Walter and Sarah (Quinby) Brown, of Bangor, who survives him, together with three sons, Dr. Daniel Goodenow of Bangor, Walter B., and Frank, who is a student at Dartmouth College, and two daughters, Annie and Grace, both of whom live in Bangor.

'59.—Stephen Jewett Young, who died on Tuesday, July 16th, was perhaps the greatest loss the college has met with for many years. He was about 55 years of age. He was born in Pittston, Me., his father being one of the leading business men of that section, who by signal ability built up a large fortune. He graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of 1859, and although the class contained many brilliant scholars, Professor Young led them all and was the class salutatorian. Upon graduation he made an extended study of modern languages in Germany, taking a degree at Berlin University. He was one of the most accomplished linguists and philologists in New England. His knowledge of both French and German was most complete, but he was master of the grammar of twenty-eight different languages and was a proficient Hebrew scholar. He succeeded Prof. Joshua L. Chamberlain as Professor of Modern Languages in 1862, a position he faithfully filled until 1876. He was also in charge of the library for a part of that time. In 1870 he was elected treasurer of the college, a position for which he possessed a peculiar ability. He had served the college in this capacity nineteen years at the time of his death, and to him is due much of the financial success of this institution. He had made a study of the liter-

gation connected with the legacies left Bowdoin and had displayed rare executive skill in his management of Bowdoin's interests in these matters. He was a prominent Republican, and in the Legislatures of 1878, 1879 and 1880 he made his rare genius felt for the good of the town. He was a brilliant speaker, and represented Cumberland County in the Senate. He was socially most genial and affable, as those who knew him most intimately can testify. He was a staunch friend of the Unitarian church and a leader in all public enterprises. In 1864 he married Mary Emerson of Bangor and has five children, all of whom are at home. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. C. Guild and Prof. H. L. Chapman.

'70.—Dr. Lucien Howe has an interesting article on "Art and Eyesight" in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly*.

'87.—Edward C. Plummer, who has been for two years city editor of the *Bath Times*, will retire from the paper, and his place will be taken by Harry Owen, ex-'96, who for a year or more has been in charge of the counting-room.

'89.—William M. Emery, for nearly five years connected with the *New Bedford* (Mass.) *Evening Journal*, in various capacities, has become night editor and one of the editorial writers of the *New Bedford Morning Mercury*, which is not only the oldest paper in that flourishing city of 55,000 inhabitants, having been established in 1807, but also the only morning daily in Massachusetts south of Boston. Mr. Emery's new appointment comes in the way of a promotion.

'89.—Frederick W. Freeman, for several years Principal of the Brewer High School, has accepted the appointment of Principal of the Westbrook High School. His position in Brewer is filled by R. R. Goodell, '93.

'90.—Warren R. Smith, for the past year at Bowdoin, has been elected teacher of the sciences in the New Bedford (Mass.) High School, at a salary of \$1,500 per year.

'90.—Born, July 16th, to Professor and Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, a daughter. This young lady is said to be the class baby of '90.

'92.—Harry F. Linscott, who graduated last year from Chicago University, has entered upon the duties of Professor in Greek and Sanskrit in Brown University, Providence, R. I.

'94.—Howard A. Ross, for the past year gymnasium instructor in Manchester, N. H., is serving in a similar capacity at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H.

The Class of '95 is scattered far and wide in many vocations, as the following list will show :

Axtell, teaching in Massachusetts.  
 Badger, Principal of High School, Warren.  
 Blair, Principal of High School, Bluehill.  
 Boyd, Assistant in High School, Bangor.  
 Bryant, Assistant in Chemistry, Bowdoin.  
 Christie will study medicine.  
 Churchill, with the *Youth's Companion*.  
 Crawford, working in Brunswick.  
 Dennison, at home.  
 Dewey, Principal Cherryfield High School.  
 Doherty, studying law, Houlton.  
 Dudley, studying law, Boston University.  
 Fairbanks, insurance, Bangor.  
 Fessenden, at home.  
 Foster, at home.

French, post-graduate work, Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Haskell, F. H., teaching, Falmouth, Me.  
 Haskell, W. F., at home.  
 Hatch, post-graduate work, Harvard.  
 Hicks, coaching, Portland High School.  
 Holmes, studying law, Lewiston.  
 Ingraham, studying law, Portland.  
 Kimball, G. L., coaching foot-ball, Bridgton Academy.  
 Kimball, W. S. A., Assistant Biology, Bowdoin.  
 Knowlton, at home.  
 Leighton, sick, Maine General Hospital.  
 Lord, teaching, Biddeford.  
 Lovejoy, at home.  
 Mayo, studying law, Smethport, Pa.  
 Mead, at home.  
 Mitchell, working, Brunswick.  
 Moore, Sub-Principal, Wilton Academy.  
 Morelen, teaching.  
 Parker, Andover Theological Seminary.  
 Pope, at home.  
 Quimby, A., Sub-Master, Laconia, N. H., High School.  
 Quimby, J. L., Congregationalist minister, Gardiner.  
 Ridley, Principal High School, Gorham.  
 Roberts, teaching, Hartford, Conn.  
 Russ, studying law, Brunswick.  
 Savage, at home.  
 Shaw, journalism, New York City.  
 Simpson, teaching.  
 Small, F. O., Principal Bethel Academy.  
 Small, H. P., Assistant Physics, Bowdoin.  
 Smith, Harvard Law School.  
 Soule.  
 Stetson, at home.  
 Stubbs, studying law, Strong.  
 Thayer, post-graduate work, Harvard.  
 Webber, teaching, Jonesport, Me.  
 Wiley, Principal Norway High School.  
 Woodbury, Principal Fryeburg Academy.

It has been arranged to admit high school graduates at the University of Chicago without examinations.

## IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THE KAPPA,  $\Psi$   $\Upsilon$ , }  
 September 25, 1895. }

*Whereas*, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Stephen Jewett Young, of the Class of 1859, be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow to the will of the Divine Being, we deeply mourn the loss of one whose interest in the fraternity has always been deep and sincere, and whose services to the college have been long and devoted; and be it

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

JERRE HACKER LIBBY,  
 HENRY STANLEY WARREN,  
 WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE,

*Committee for the Chapter.*

HALL OF THE KAPPA,  $\Psi$   $\Upsilon$ , }  
 September 25, 1895. }

*Whereas*, We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of our beloved brother, Henry Clay Goodnow, Class of 1853, be it

*Resolved*, That the Fraternity suffers an irreparable loss in one always so loyal and devoted to its interests, and who has always manifested so much cordial sympathy to college and Fraternity, and

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

JERRE HACKER LIBBY,  
 HENRY STANLEY WARREN,  
 WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE,

*Committee for the Chapter.*

HALL OF THE KAPPA,  $\Psi$   $\Upsilon$ , }  
 September 25, 1895. }

*Whereas*, Since the close of the last college term, has passed away Llewellyn Deane, Esq., Class of 1849, a loyal and beloved brother in Psi Upsilon,

*Resolved*, That in him the Kappa loses a member who for nearly half a century has maintained an interest and attachment to the Fraternity undiminished by years or distance, and second to that of no active brother; and

*Resolved*, That in deploring the death of our venerable brother, we, the active members of the Kappa Chapter, will endeavor to attain to his measure of usefulness and devotion to college and Fraternity; and

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late brother, to the Psi Upsilon Club of Washington, and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

JERRE HACKER LIBBY,  
 HENRY STANLEY WARREN,  
 WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE,

*Committee for the Chapter.*

HALL OF DELTA Upsilon, }  
 September 27, 1895. }

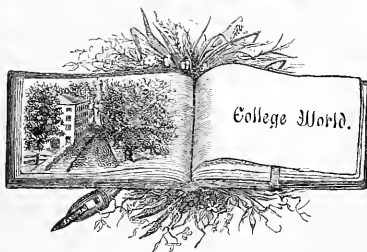
*Whereas*, Our all-wise and merciful Father has, in his divine wisdom, seen fit to remove from us our brother, James L. Phillips, Class of '60, a man beloved and respected by all, whose life was consecrated to the service of his Master,

*Resolved*, That while bowing to the decree of Divine Providence, we mourn the loss of a loyal and devoted member of our fraternity; and be it

*Resolved*, That the Chapter's sympathy be extended to the family bereaved, and that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

ROBERT O. SMALL,  
 GEORGE S. BEAN,  
 CLARENCE F. KENDALL,

*Committee for Chapter.*



In a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly*, Mr. Julian Ralph had an interesting article on co-education, written by him after a study of the system prevailing at the University of Michigan.

The United States Government lost its suit to recover \$15,000,000 from the Stanford estate, much to the joy of the friends of Stanford University.

It is stated in the newspapers that Yale is negotiating with Harvard for a game to be played on November 9th or 16th.

The Dartmouth-Exeter foot-ball game, sched-

uled for Saturday, was not played, the reason given being that the Exeter Faculty will not allow the school's team to play at Hanover.

It is said that the Williams line will be composed almost entirely of new men, while the backs are veterans.

There are 35 candidates for the Princeton team in training.

Lehigh promises to put on the field an exceptionally strong team this year.

Cornell has several big foot-ball games to play, including matches with Harvard, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania.

The Freshmen and Sophomores of Dartmouth have had two rushes, both of which were won by the Freshmen.

At Dartmouth and Bates, as well as at Bowdoin, the Freshmen beat the Sophomores at base-ball.

Maine State College has an entering class of 116.

At Colby the entering class has 28 young men and 20 young ladies. Dr. Butler will become President of Colby in January.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 16, 1895.

No. 7.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

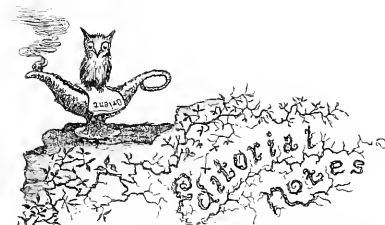
Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The Garcelon bequest case, which has been going from one court to another for several years, is now being tried before the United States Court at San Francisco. It is probable that this trial will settle the matter finally, and as the sum of \$400,000 is at stake to be won or lost by Bowdoin, every friend of our college is anxiously awaiting the result. May the fates be propitious and Bowdoin get the money which is justly due her, so that she may no longer "suffer from poverty due to her riches." It will be remembered that the case against the college was for a time conducted by a Californian lawyer who had graduated from Bowdoin, but who did not possess the virtue of loyalty, and who had so completely forgotten the great debt of gratitude, not to mention financial help received while in college, owed to his *Alma Mater*, that he was now using all his energies to injure her interests. It is true that he has since withdrawn from the case, but we cannot suppress a certain feeling of malicious delight when we hear that he is now out of favor with the whole Californian bar, and is looked down upon with the contempt which the manifestation of such a spirit deserves. Bowdoin is justly proud of the loyalty of her sons, and among the thousands scattered all over the world who worship her as *Alma Mater*, the disloyalty of this graduate stands

out as the one exception which proves the rule. May the rule stand proven forever without the aid of another exception.

THE Bowdoin Club of Boston, embracing the younger element of the Boston Alumni Association, meeting each month, has not only for its object the cherishing of memories of the past, but is also intent on matters of the present and future as relating to its *Alma Mater*. This club is manifesting an interest in Bowdoin athletics which can only prove of great advantage to the college. Last week a member of the club was here, a prominent alumnus, Class of '61, and as the representative of the club, conferred with those at the heads of the various branches of athletics. He assured them that the club, having closely at heart the interests of the college in all lines of its work, was keenly interested in Bowdoin athletics, and was willing and anxious to render the students material aid in the support of their teams. He said that lack of proper coaching had often been a source of weakness to us in the past, and that here seemed to be a field where the club could aid the college. Nothing definite was settled, but it was given to be understood that the club wants to come into closer relations with the athletic interests of the college, and is willing to stand behind those interests shoulder to shoulder with the student body. This is as it should be, and the ORIENT sincerely hopes this may be the opening of a more prosperous era for Bowdoin athletics. Bowdoin has long felt the need of active alumni participation in its athletic affairs. Many other colleges have been benefited greatly by this, and there is no reason why Bowdoin should not profit by their example, considering the host of loyal alumni and the proximity of hundreds of them to the college. It is not asked that the alumni entirely or in great part support college athletics. Such a course would be

extremely disastrous to their success; it would defeat the very end it tried to attain. But if a lively interest is shown, and some financial and a great amount of moral support given by the alumni, then will Bowdoin teams in all branches of sports be better able to win a long list of victories, surpassing the proud list of those they have won in the past. In this way our athletic field can be a proud reality before another summer, and our baseball record can be made as creditable as our record in foot-ball, field and track sports, tennis and rowing. More alumni interest will mean more undergraduate interest, and the movement once started will gain strength from year to year, until Bowdoin clubs all over the land, growing from the alumni associations, shall have the advancement and prosperity of their loved college, in athletics and all other lines, as closely at heart as when their members played on the teams and cheered from the sidelines. We hope the Boston club will follow up the stand it has taken, and that the student body may do its part to bring about the hoped-for closer relations. The ORIENT is anxious to do all it can in this work, and has room in its columns for any communications from alumni or students on the matter.

FRATERNITY life is a great feature of the American college, its importance often being little recognized or else much misunderstood by the general public. Fraternity associations are remembered as long as are college and class ties, and are often held more sacred. The influence of a fraternity upon its members during their college course is great and nearly always for good, and never ceases with graduation. In this college, with its seven Greek-letter representatives, the fraternities are strong and play an exceptionally active and important part in the course of four-fifths of our students. It is at this season that the new members

are taken in from the Freshman Class, and as usual the "fishing" season has been short and the mysterious ordeal of initiation has followed close upon it. All the societies are satisfied, all the candidates have survived initiation, and are settling down to the life of active members. The ORIENT congratulates the societies upon their choice of delegations and the delegations upon their choice of societies, and hopes that in no case will there ever be regret or dissatisfaction. By the initiates a very important step has been taken, and to the fraternities the occasion is one of vital importance. The fraternity system has its dangers to a college as well as its advantages, and the new members in all the chapters here must see that they make their fraternity a blessing and help to their college and not a bar to its progress and prosperity.

THE second eleven and the class elevens are important organizations in the football season. Not only do they supply the practice which furnishes the 'Varsity its main source of strength and make possible the class game or series of games which is a feature each fall, but also by playing with fitting school teams much benefit in many lines results to both fitting school and college. Boom the second eleven and the class teams. Let every player come out and do all he can that they may be truly representative and bring all the credit possible to class and college. But we should be more careful what kind of teams we send to play with fitting schools and outside teams. It is dangerous business to send out a picked team of students, who may be good fellows but not good players, who want to make a trip to some neighboring city or fitting school "just for fun," but who, as foot-ball players, are neither representatives of the college or a class or anything else. They are extremely likely to meet with a defeat which will bring

discredit upon their college and humiliation upon themselves. They may have the "fun" of the trip, but there are other things to be thought of. At the school or city visited it is very unlikely that press or public will make allowance for the fact that the team has not played any together, and is not truly representative of the college or any class in it. No good and much injury to the college is likely to result from the exploits of such teams. Let us then be more careful than in the past, and place the good name and athletic interests of our college above our selfish pleasure when games with fitting schools are being arranged.

IT is a fact we can scarcely be proud of that members of the Faculty have had to speak to the various classes condemning the practice of reading in church, which prevails to so large an extent among the students. Novels, magazines, text-books, and Sunday newspapers are usually nearly as numerous as the students in the galleries at the church, and all are industriously perused through music, prayer, and sermon. This is an insult to the pastor and congregation, and a disgrace to the students. It would never be done in the home church, or in the body of the church here, and it is no excuse for the practice that we are all seated together in the galleries. To be sure it is done through thoughtlessness rather than through real lack of reverence for the time and place, but if a student *must* read or study on Sunday morning he had far better "cut" church and remain in the seclusion of his own room.

THE foot-ball season, which is now well under way, has had a most auspicious opening, and the prospect was never better for a very successful season. In spite of the large amount of new material, or perhaps as a result of it, the eleven made a showing in the Dartmouth game that was a revelation

of its possibilities. The second game, which was with Andover, was a decided victory, but the score was not the source of so much satisfaction as our tie game with Dartmouth. The systematic training of Mr. Mackie, the best coach a Maine team ever had, and the constant practice against a strong second eleven has made our eleven this year, in the opinion of most, the strongest that has represented Bowdoin on the gridiron field. It is the lightest, to be sure, but it knows the game well and goes into each play with the snap and determination that count more than beef. If the team works as faithfully all the season as it did at the start, it is certain that in the remaining half-score games to be played a record will be made which will ensure the recognition of Bowdoin as a prominent factor in the foot-ball world; not only the easy victor over the other Maine college teams, and a few outside, but a worthy and dangerous opponent of any foot-ball team in the field. Bowdoin to the front in foot-ball, now the greatest of American college sports, means the advancement of the college in other and greater lines, and a foot-ball victory over the strong team of another college is more than a mere occasion for undergraduate cheering. So let the team do its best, working faithfully, and not allowing itself to be handicapped by over-confidence, while the student body gives it enthusiastic and united support, and Bowdoin's foot-ball record for 1895 will be by far the best yet.

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### A Summer Experience.

**I**T was early in the summer of 1892, Commencement was over, and the Class of '92, M. H. S., having become somewhat accustomed to being alumni, had settled down to the various pursuits which were to engage them for the summer.

Four members of the class, including myself, induced by the pleasant weather and

by the desire of outdoor life which is inherent in the breast of the average boy, decided to spend the next two weeks in camping out.

After some delay, we at last reached the pleasant place we had selected, which was a pond about four miles from M—. We had picked out a spot for our camp on the other side of the pond some time before, so now we had only to carry our things across. As we had only one small punt this was a rather dangerous undertaking, but was accomplished in safety. We soon got the camp in a satisfactory condition and things went along smoothly for several days.

About the third night, however, something exciting enough happened. Between two and three o'clock, one of the boys being unable to sleep on account of the mosquitoes, had gone down to the shore of the pond. The pond was narrow at this point and directly opposite from our camp was the road from M—. While standing there he had seen a group of men bearing a small box between them come down to the shore on the other side. Their appearance at such a place and time excited his suspicions and he quickly aroused the rest of us, who, getting up, quietly stole down to the shore of the pond to watch the proceedings. They conversed in low tones a few moments and then one started towards the upper end of the pond, and soon he came back in a small boat. It was evident that they intended to cross directly towards our camp, which would be the first object to strike them on climbing the steep bank.

As we did not relish an interview with these strange visitors, we decided to take down the tent and conceal ourselves in the thick undergrowth. This was soon done, and covering the tent with brush, we crept into the bushes and awaited developments.

Soon we heard a boat grate upon the beach, and immediately after four men climbed up the bank, bearing a small box.

They stopped a short distance from us and one, returning to the boat, brought a spade with which they soon dug a hole, in which they placed the mysterious box.

We gathered from their conversation that they had robbed a bank at M—, that the stolen money was in this box and that they were going to hide in Boston until the affair quieted down. We watched until they had been gone about two hours, and then leaving two of our number to watch, we started for M—, which we found in a state of great excitement.

The bank had been robbed of \$25,000, and our story gave the first information on the subject. We soon conducted a party to the spot and there were informed by our friends that everything was exactly as we had left it. The box was dug up and removed to the bank, where it was opened in the presence of the bank officials. When opened it was found to be full of small stones—not a cent of money was found in it.

The mystery remained unsolved for several months. At the end of that time one of the thieves was arrested in New York and confessed the whole affair. It appeared that three of the men became suspicious of the one whom we had seen to go after the boat, thinking he intended to get out of the scrape by giving evidence against the rest. So, while he was gone for the boat, they, intending to make sure of the money at least, hid it in a hollow tree by the shore and filled the box with stones, intending to come back for the money when the affair had blown over. He directed the officers where to look for the money, and there it was found untouched. So the affair closed, which, although it created a great deal of excitement at the time, is now only a memory.

A rule is announced at Harvard which limits the trips of the musical organizations to places to and from which the students can travel in one day.

### Reine.

REINE was a little French girl with bright, dark eyes, who sold flowers on a busy street in a great American city. Her mother was dead, and she lived with a drunken wretch who claimed to be her father, and who supported himself upon the child's scanty earnings.

A wealthy merchant who passed her daily on his way to his business and was attracted by the bright little face, rarely failed to stop and speak a kind word to her, and passing on, soon forgot the little flower girl. She, however, put a far greater value upon this friendship, and the few words daily exchanged with "Mon Ami," as she called him, were all the sunshine of her life.

One day Reine sat at her accustomed place watching eagerly for her friend, who soon appeared, accompanied by a little girl of her own age. This, as Reine correctly surmised, was his daughter. "Mon Ami" stopped and spoke to her kindly, and after buying some of her flowers, passed on. Reine felt the contrast between herself and the daughter of the wealthy merchant, and wondered why the good things of life were so very unevenly distributed.

Finally, becoming weary, she crept under some back stairs in a secluded alley and fell asleep. She dreamed that she was the daughter of her beloved "Mon Ami"; that she lived in a beautiful house and had everything she could desire.

Suddenly, she awoke with a start. It was dark, her flowers had wilted, and she had almost no money to take home. To return to her father in that condition was out of the question. What could she do? The words "Mon Ami" flashed across her mind. Yes, she would go to him. She knew where he lived, and hurried on, regardless of her weary feet, until she reached the stately mansion of the merchant. It was ablaze with lights, and the sweet strains of an orchestra resounded

through the low, open windows, while within a company of young people of about Reine's age were preparing to dance. It was the birthday celebration of the child of fortune, and she stood at one side of the room talking with her guests, all unconscious that a pair of dark eyes looked wistfully at her from a dark corner of the piazza.

Directly above the little hostess, upon a costly bracket, stood a heavy bronze statue two or three feet high, and Reine noticed that it had in some way become moved from its firm position and that a slight jar would knock it down.

While she thought of the terrible results its fall might cause, a tall figure entered the room, in whom she recognized her only friend. Her mind reverted to the purpose with which she had come, and she sprang through the open window, crying, "Oh! Mon Ami, take me and let me live with you; let me be your child too."

A frown darkened the merchant's face. Befriending a poor little French girl on the street was a far different affair from having her in his costly house in the midst of the sons and daughters of his aristocratic neighbors, and he exclaimed in a harsh voice: "What do you want here, child? Go away immediately." As he spoke these words he stamped his foot on the floor. Instinctively Reine cast her eyes up at the statue. It was just upon the point of falling, and directly in its path stood the dainty little figure of the merchant's daughter.

With a cry, Reine threw herself against the child and pushed her out of danger, only to put herself in the very path of the heavy mass. One of the sharp corners of the statue struck her fairly upon her white temple, and she fell to the floor, the sorrows of her little life ended forever.

The little body, placed in a costly casket, was lowered into the family lot of the mer-

chant prince. As the last shovelful of earth was cast upon the grave, he seemed to feel a pair of dark eyes read in the depths of his soul, "You are a murderer."

### A Summer Picture.

THE last faint rays of the summer sun just touched the tops of the distant eastern hills. In the west a gild-edged, wavering line showed the horizon, distinct and clear. The fading glory of the clouds and the lengthening, dusky shadows, proclaimed the death of another perfect day.

A dreamy silence pervades the air, broken only by the far-off chimes of the old cathedral bell, tolling the angelus, and once in a while by the drowsy chirp of a cricket, and the melancholy singing of the frogs, in their evening choral.

Afar in the east, slowly climbing the sky, rises the silver moon, a thread-like crescent. The daylight has gone, and evening is at hand. The flowers close their petals and droop their sleepy heads, and a faint, cool zephyr lightly stirs the leaves of the forest trees.

Day is done. The fairy moon mounts higher and slowly higher, in "the spacious firmament on high," and one by one blossom the infinite stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Chapel Ivy.

In the soft June days the green ivy grew,  
And ever crept upward by day and by night,  
And over the walls of the old chapel threw  
Its mantle of verdure to left and to right.  
In masses of green were the trees standing nigh,  
And a carpet of green had the campus below;  
So the green all around and the blue of the sky  
Were all that the eye of the passer could know.

The bountiful spring-time had flooded the air  
 With fullness of freshness and musical sound ;  
 " O never a spot was more pleasant and fair,"  
 Said the heart of the youth who lingered around.

The autumn days came when the summer had  
 died,  
 And the ivy no longer climbed green on the wall ;  
 But royally purple it clung to the side,  
 And robed the old chapel so grim and so tall.  
 And fair was the sight at the close of the day,  
 When the mellowest light shed its peace from  
 the sky  
 On the ivy of purple and chapel of gray,  
 And the bright gleaming gold of the tall maples  
 nigh.

The gray stranger paused in the fast fading light,  
 Where once he had lingered a youth long before,  
 " How royal my queen-mother is to my sight,  
 With the purple and gold to be hers evermore."

### The Watchers on the Shore.

The sun shone fair on the sea ;  
 And the surf on the sandy shore  
 Was laughing and dancing in glee,  
 To a measure the same o'er and o'er.

And beyond, on the breast of the bay,  
 The blue waters slept so fair  
 That it seemed in some hidden way  
 The heavens had settled there.

And a youth who stood on the strand  
 Felt a thrill in his heart at the sight ;  
 He dreamed that he could command  
 The sea with his skill and his might.

And he said to his friends beside :  
 " I will battle to-day with the sea,"  
 And rushed out into the tide,  
 While the white surf laughed in glee.

For the waves, so peaceful and blue,  
 And the surf, so soft and white,  
 Had a different task to do  
 When the swimmer opposed their might.

Yet the sea was as blue as before,  
 And the surf as white on the sand ;  
 But the swimmer came back no more  
 To the watchers who stood on the strand.

Their eyes were dripping with tears,  
 And their hearts were crushed with pain,

But through days and months and years  
 They waited and watched in vain.

O ye watchers along life's shore,  
 Ye who wait and weep by its sea,  
 May ye know God's love more and more,  
 While ye pray for what never can be.

### The Bowdoin White.

Lo! the Bowdoin white above us !  
 See the spotless banner fly ;  
 No more thrilling sight can move us,  
 None more welcome greet the eye.  
 All its grandeur and its glory  
 Floods the heart with living fire ;  
 All the world can read its story,  
 Never banner floated higher.

While blue skies are o'er us bending,  
 Let the Bowdoin white on high  
 Wave in folds of beauty, blending  
 With the blueness of the sky.  
 Let it wave, and wave forever,  
 Kissed by heaven's fairest light ;  
 Stains shall come upon it never ;  
 Never fade its luster bright.

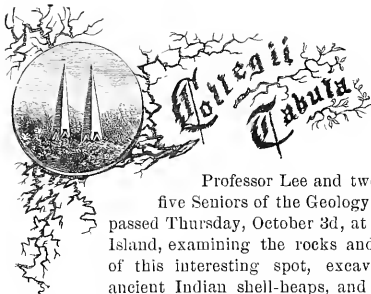
### A Dream.

With blithesome laugh, so light and gay,  
 The dewy lawn she treads ;  
 With 'witching glance, her lonely way  
 Thro' flow'ry paths she threads.  
 The maid bright flowers plucks in glee,  
 As to my side she trips,  
 But brighter far appears to me  
 The tint of ruby lips.

With many a sly, coquettish pout,  
 She lifts her face to mine ;  
 I see there lurks both fear and doubt  
 Within those eyes divine.  
 How fraught with love's transcendent bliss  
 Those fleeting moments seem !  
 Her ruby lips I strive to kiss,  
 And wake—'tis but a dream.

Amherst, Dartmouth, Williams, Brown, and An-  
 dover have adopted the Yale-Princeton rules.

A traveling scholarship of \$2000 has been founded  
 at Columbia with the condition attached that the  
 holder must spend two years abroad, most of which  
 must be passed in Italy and Greece.



Professor Lee and twenty-five Seniors of the Geology class passed Thursday, October 3d, at Orr's Island, examining the rocks and soil of this interesting spot, excavating ancient Indian shell-heaps, and incidentally enjoying a very pleasant day on the beautiful and picturesque island. The party started in carriages and a large barge, directly after chapel, and reached home at the edge of evening. The ride was nearly thirty miles. It was a profitable as well as a pleasant trip. Certain of the members of the party discovered in the course of their explorations that the pearls of the island were not all confined to the period of which Mrs. Stowe wrote so charmingly.

The leaf-harvest will soon be under way.

'97 has had its class picture taken for the *Bugle*.

Professor Houghton made a trip to New York last week.

Ralph M. Greenlaw, of the Boston Law School, has joined '99.

Drummond, '98, of Colby, joined with Δ Κ Ε in their initiation.

Professor Files' new house is apparently fast nearing completion.

Walter C. Merrill, Dartmouth, '94, was an attendant at the Ψ Υ initiation.

W. B. Perry, of Brown, was with Zeta Psi during the initiation ceremonies.

J. L. Jenkins, D.D., Yale, '51, was the guest of Psi Upsilon on the night of initiation.

There has been quite a good deal of discord of late between students and "yaggers."

Austin, Joslin, Pierce, and Wilson, all of Colby, '98, were with the Zeta Psi the evening of initiation.

The Sophomore Greek division had several adjourns recently, on account of the absence of Professor Woodruff.

The heavy rain storm that finally arrived last Saturday was badly needed in this section, and indeed all over Maine.

Lewis B. Hayden, son of Rev. C. A. Hayden of Augusta, who was a special student here last year, has entered the medical department of Tufts.

The observant traveler sees about the Brunswick railroad station grewsome evidences that the Medical School has opened.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The traveler must indeed be a very observant one. He evidently misinterpreted the signs, as the Medical School does not open for several months yet.

Following are the subjects of the second themes of the term, due October 21st:

For the Juniors:

- I. Books that Have Helped Me.
- II. "Consistency is the Hobgoblin of Little Minds."
- III. The Work of M. Pasteur.

For the Sophomores:

- I. The Humor of *Puck* and *Judge*.
- II. Fakirs at the Fair.
- III. Oratory of the Present Day.

The college library has received several hundred volumes from the medical library of the late Dr. Salter, a gift from Miss Edith Agnes Salter of Boston.

Quite a number of students were present at the lecture on Scotland, by the Rev. J. D. Graham, a week or more ago. Professor Lee manipulated the stereopticon.

The Sophomores who elected French, are reading Corneille's "Le Cid." The Juniors in German are reading "Minna Von Barnhelm," and the Seniors are taking up Heine's Prose.

Professor Woodruff was in Boston last week in attendance on a meeting of representatives of New England colleges. The requirements for admission was the subject under consideration.

The number of books taken from the library during September was 338. This makes an average of about 25 books a day after college opened. 52 books, however, were taken out on the last day of the month.

Professor George T. Ladd, of Yale, who was professor of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin in 1879-81, is supplying for a year the place of Professor George H. Palmer, of Harvard, who is absent for a year.

Minot, '96, Hebb, '96, Russell, '97, and Kendall, '98, are field officers of the Maine Interscholastic Foot-ball League, and are called to various Maine cities to act as umpires or referees nearly every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.



A large number of books, which are duplicates of some already in the library, have been removed to the Cleveland room in Massachusetts Hall. It is hoped that Professor Chapman and the classes in English Literature will find them of value.

Professor in Rhetoric (after asking what Cadence is)—“How then, Mr. V—, should a long, suspended passage be properly concluded?” Sophomore (uncertainly)—“By a period, I should think.” General applause indicates that this opinion has wide support.

The trees are beginning to look bare of leaves. This is a sure sign that before very long the weather will be such that we shall be very glad, after chilly promenades to the post-office, to draw our chairs up before the crackling fire-place or the more prosaic radiator.

Last Saturday a picked team from '99 went to Saco, where the Thornton Academy eleven defeated it by the score of 20 to 0. Several of the best players among the Freshmen were unable to go and the eleven had had little or no practice together. The academy boys outplayed them at every point.

The first fall meeting of the Bowdoin Club of Boston was held Saturday evening, October 5th, at the Copley Square Hotel. The number of graduates of the old Maine college, in Boston and its vicinity, is larger than ever before, and a large number of them were present. George R. Swasey, '75, president of the club, called the meeting to order. At the conclusion of the dinner, matters of interest to the club and college were discussed at length, and several important measures were adopted.

President Hyde preached the sermon in the Congregational Church last Sunday. His text was the 58th verse of the 15th chapter of I. Corinthians: “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.” There were more than a hundred students in attendance. This is an unusual number, but all apparently felt well paid for any efforts they may have made to be there.

The Bowdoin and Colby Chapters of Delta Upsilon held a joint initiation and banquet at Hotel North, in Augusta, Thursday evening, October 9th. About 55 were present, and the affair was most enjoyable and successful in every respect. At the banquet Hamilton, Colby, '96, was toast-master, and McIntire, Bowdoin, '98, was choragus. The after-

dinner speakers included the following from the Bowdoin Chapter: Clough, '96, Delta Upsilon in Bowdoin; Bradbury, '96, Eve's Fair Daughters; Condon, '97, Great Men in Delta Upsilon; Scott, '98, What We Owe to '99; Harriman, '97, Strikes.

A large photographic copy of an engraving of Professor Cleveland has been presented to the college by Miss Ellen Chandler of Boston, a granddaughter of the late Professor Cleveland, and has been hung in the biological lecture room. It is an excellent likeness, representing in early life the great scientist who was for half a century a Bowdoin professor. Other pictures recently hung in this lecture room are those of Dr. Chas. A. White of the Washington National Museum, Prof. Alpheus S. Packard, Bowdoin, '61, now of Brown University, and Edwin S. Morse, the eminent naturalist, of Salem, Hon., '71.

Topsham Fair last week drew the usual large number of students, and was the occasion of adjourns Thursday afternoon. Triangle, for some reason not announced, failed to trot, much to the disappointment of the expectant Freshmen. A lively “scrap” was the feature of Thursday afternoon, when a muckerish crowd of “yaggers” tried unsuccessfully to rush some students who were singing. The police, as usual, directed their stupendous energies against the college boys, and by the united efforts of three of them one Freshman was finally put under arrest. Excitement ran high for a time, but the prisoner was soon released and the cruel war was over.

Dr. Whittier is now engaged each evening in the physical examination of the Freshmen. E. R. Godfrey, who was examined last week, passed a remarkable examination, breaking all previous Bowdoin or Maine records. His brother, the late Henry Prentiss Godfrey, '91, with a total strength of 1056 and a condition of 469.8, had established a college record that had been unbroken. Godfrey, '99, showed a total strength of 1121.8, and a condition of 526.1. His strength of lungs was 28, of back 240, and of legs 340. He dipped 32 times and pulled himself up 15 times. He is 17 years old, weighs 187 lbs., and is 6 ft. 4 in. in height. He was wholly unprepared for the examination, as he has been doing no gymnasium or regular work of late. With systematic training this powerful young athlete will make a record, before his course ends, which will win much honor for himself and his college.

The Congregational Church was filled to its utmost capacity Wednesday evening, October 2d, on the occasion of the marriage of James E. Dunning of Bangor and Miss Ada A. Forsaith of Brunswick. Mr. Dunning, who is now on the staff of the Bangor *Commercial*, was a special student in Bowdoin a few years ago, and was then on the ORIENT staff. He is a brilliant and popular young man with a host of friends here, and the bride is one of Brunswick's most charming young ladies. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. B. Mason, D.D., and the march was played by A. V. Bliss, '94, who came from Audover, Mass., for the purpose. The best man was F. S. Dane, '96, and the ushers were C. C. Bucknam, '93, J. H. Libby, '96, Sterling Fessenden, '96, and R. H. Palmer of Bangor. The bridesmaids were the Misses Ethel Webb, Ada Whitthouse, Frances Mitchell, and Belle Smith, and the maid of honor was Miss Isabel Forsaith. It was a very pretty wedding, the elaborate floral decorations adding greatly to the beauty of the church. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the residence of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Dunning will reside in Bangor.

The initiation ceremonies of the Greek-letter fraternities were held last Thursday night. The following is the *personnel* of the different delegations:

Psi Upsilon.—Stephen Young, Brunswick, '93; W. L. Came, Alfred; H. F. Dana, Portland; W. S. M. Kelly, Bath; W. B. Moulton, Portland; E. M. Nelson, Calais; G. M. Rounds, Calais; J. D. Sinkinson, Portland; W. L. Thompson, Portland, all of '99.

Alpha Delta Phi.—'99: A. P. Cram, Mt. Vernon; W. T. Libby, Auburn; B. S. Philoon, Auburn; R. G. Smith, Brewer; Samuel Toppliff, Evanston, Ill.; H. H. Webster, Portland; W. H. White, Lewiston.

Delta Kappa Epsilon.—'99: F. W. Briggs, Pittsfield; E. B. Chamberlain, Bristol; A. P. Fairfield, Saco; E. R. Godfrey, Bangor; L. L. Hills, Welsh, La.; F. R. Marsh, Enstis, Fla.; R. L. Marston, Skowhegan; A. H. Nason, Augusta; Cony Sturgis, Augusta; W. T. Veazie, Bangor.

Theta Delta Chi.—'99: L. L. Cleaves, Bridgton; R. M. Greenlaw; P. C. Haskell, Westbrook; L. P. Libby, Stroudwater; W. T. Merrill, Newport; W. H. Smith, Westbrook; W. D. Stockbridge, Freeport; C. V. Woodbury, Woodfords.

Zeta Psi.—'99: W. B. Clarke, Damariscotta Mills; H. W. Lancey, Pittsfield; H. B. Neagles, Lubec; F. O. Orcutt, Ashland; R. E. Randall, Freeport.

Delta Upsilon.—'98: E. K. Welch, Temple. '99: F. L. Dutton, No. Anson; F. A. Fogg, Saco; L. D. Jennings, No. Wayne; F. L. Lavertu, Berlin, N. H.; H. E. Marston, No. Anson; C. H. Merrill, Kennebunkport; E. W. Varney, Fort Fairfield.

Kappa Sigma.—'99: F. H. Albee, Sheepscot; P. B. Churchill, Winthrop, Mass.; G. I. Piper, Parsonsfield; R. H. Thomas, Yarmouthville; J. E. Wignott, Natick, Mass.

On the whole, the number of returning graduates at the initiations of the various societies, was rather small; but of course they made up in spirit for their lack of numbers. The following is a complete list: W. D. Northend, '43; Edwin Stanwood, '61; Dr. F. H. Gerrish, '66; John Scott, '80; A. W. Merrill, '87; A. C. Shorey, '88; S. L. Fogg, '89; C. L. Hutchinson, '90; E. C. Drew, '91; H. T. Field, '92; J. F. Hodgdon, '92; R. W. Mann, '92; Geo. S. Machan, '93; G. W. McArthur, '93; H. E. Andrews, '94; C. E. Merritt, '94; R. H. Baxter, '94; F. W. Pickard, '94; C. S. Christie, '95; Alfred Mitchell, '95; G. E. Simpson, '95; H. B. Russ, '95; J. E. Hicks, '95; E. R. Woodbury, '95; W. M. Williams, ex-'96; H. W. Owen, ex-'96.

## Athletics.

### FOOT-BALL.

*Bowdoin, 10; Dartmouth, 10.*

Bowdoin's first game of the season was played with Dartmouth in Portland, Saturday, October 5th. The result, a tie, with the score 10 to 10, was regarded as virtually a Bowdoin victory, and was the cause of great Bowdoin rejoicing. No person had thought we could beat or tie Dartmouth this year, few thought we could even score, and all had looked for a larger score against us. Our team, as played that day, had seven new men, and with its average weight of 159 pounds was the lightest that ever represented Bowdoin on the gridiron field. But in quick play and as an exhibition of the true snap and spirit that is bound to win, the work of the team was a revelation. Dartmouth was dazed and Bowdoin amazed. The game was the best ever seen in Maine, and was witnessed by nearly a thousand enthusiastic spectators. About one hundred students accompanied the team and cheered it on to victory. It was Dartmouth's fourth game of the season, Harvard having beaten them the week before by the close score of 4 to 0. Dartmouth could do nothing around the Bowdoin ends, and made its gains by pounding slowly ahead through the line, where its beef told. Neither side scored till well toward the end of the first half, when, after a display of splendid center playing,

Ryan was pushed across the line for a touchdown. Eckstrom kicked a goal and the half closed with the score 6 to 0 in favor of Dartmouth. Bowdoin stock had risen greatly through the magnificent showing of our team, and new confidence and determination marked the work of our men in the second half. After some sharp playing, McMillan with splendid blocking circled Dartmouth's left end for 50 yards and planted the pigskin behind the goal posts. Stanwood kicked the goal and the score was tied.

Bowdoin was now playing a brilliant game. Its backs were outplaying Dartmouth at every point, and the linemen were holding well and often breaking through their heavier opponents. In less than two minutes after this touchdown, McMillan made another phenomenal dash around the end and scored four points more. It was a hard try for goal and Stanwood missed it.

Bowdoin was now in the lead and the crowd went wild, cheering itself hoarse and filling the air with hats and canes. Dartmouth made a desperate brace in the few remaining minutes and forced Bowdoin slowly back, making short gains through the line. Just as time was called Eckstrom made a touchdown. It was an easy try for goal, but he missed it, and the game remained a tie, 10 to 10.

The game was a very clean one, and was free from injuries. Both teams remained as they first lined up, except that Perkins replaced McCornack at quarter for Dartmouth. Perhaps the happiest man after the game was W. C. Mackie, to whose splendid coaching the remarkable work of the Bowdoin eleven was in great measure due. The line to a man put up a fine game against hard odds, and the four backs, all new men to the Varsity, were steady, quick, and sure in both offensive and defensive work. Stanwood kicked fluently, and McMillan's dodging and sprinting was a feature. Moulton at quarter used good judgment, passed accurately, and was in every play. The line of the teams was as follows:

BOWDOIN.		DARTMOUTH.
Stearns.	Left End.	Lakeman.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	Clark.
Bates.	Left Guard.	Bowles.
Stone.	Center.	Turner.
French.	Right Guard.	Marshall.
Spear.	Right Tackle.	Lewis.
Libby.	Right End.	Cavenagh.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	{ McCornack.
		{ Perkins.
Stanwood. }		{ Ryan.
McMillan. }	Halfback.	{ Eckstrom.
Ives.	Fullback.	Crolius.

Score—Bowdoin 10, Dartmouth 10. Touchdowns—McMillan 2, Ryan, Eckstrom. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood and Eckstrom. Referee—E. H. Carleton. Umpire—Douglass. Linesman—Marsh. Substitutes—Baker, Eastman, Newbegin, Warren, Shutte, White, Stetson, and Veazie, for Bowdoin; Randall, Kelley, Perkins, and Bartlett, for Dartmouth.

*Bowdoin Fourth Eleven, 10; B. H. S., 0.*

On Wednesday, October 2d, a picked team of Bowdoin boys, known as the fourth eleven, some of whom could play foot-ball and some of whom could not, went to Bath and defeated the Bath High School eleven 10 to 0. It was easy work and furnished them with a pleasant afternoon in the Shipping City. The players and positions were:

BOWDOIN.		BATH.
Dana.	Right End.	Clifford.
Smith.	Right Tackle.	Turner.
Rhines.	Right Guard.	Simpson.
Hills.	Center.	Getchell.
Russell.	Left Guard.	Dunton.
Sturgis.	Left Tackle.	Black.
Pulsifer.	Left End.	Sillsby.
Fitz.	Quarterback.	Donnell.
Cook. }		{ Gould.
Keohan. }	Halfbacks.	{ Murphy.
Nickerson.	Fullback.	Gilmore.

*Bowdoin, 18; Andover, 10.*

Bowdoin's second game was played with Andover at Andover, October 9th, and resulted in a victory by the score of 18 to 10. This was more satisfactory than our close margin of victory last year and our defeat of the year before, but was not so complete a victory as we would have won with fair treatment at the hands of the officials. Nor did Bowdoin play with the snap and determination shown in the Dartmouth game. Its defensive play was weaker, Andover making many gains through the line, though it could do nothing around the ends. The backs all put up a sharp, steady game. McMillan's lame leg troubled him, and he was replaced by Stetson for the second half. Stearns was slightly injured soon after the game opened, and Veazie, who was tried at end, put up a fine game. McMillan's dash of 60 yards for a touchdown was a feature of the game. Holman and Schrieppe did the best work for Andover. Following is the line-up and score:

ANDOVER.		BOWDOIN.
Young.		Libby.
Newcombe. }	Right End.	
Wickes.	Right Tackle.	Spear.
L. Durston.	Right Guard.	French.
Barton.	Center.	Stone.
Johnson.	Left Guard.	Bates.

Greenway.	Left Tackle.	Murphy.
Schrieppe.	Left End.	{ Stearns.
Wentworth.	Quarterback.	{ Veazie.
		Moulton.
Holman. }	Halfback.	{ Stanwood.
Douglass. }		{ McMillan.
		{ Stetson.
Butterfield.	Fullback.	Ives.

Score—Bowdoin 18, Andover 10. Touchdowns—McMillan, Spear, Ives, Holman, Butterfield. Goals—Stanwood 3, Wickes. Referee—Chadwell. Umpire—Ward. Linesman—Churchill. Time—40 minutes. Attendance—600.

#### FOOT-BALL SCHEDULE.

Two games of the schedule, as given in the last ORIENT, have been canceled. After hearing of the Bowdoin-Dartmouth game, Tufts decided to cancel the game arranged with us for October 26th. This deprives Bowdoin of the pleasure of another victory over Tufts. Exeter canceled the game which was to be played here October 12th, but a game will probably be arranged for a later date. Wednesday of this week Bowdoin was scheduled to play Dartmouth at Hanover. Games with Bates and Colby will soon be arranged. Bowdoin will play Exeter at Exeter, October 23d; Amherst at Amherst, October 30th; Boston Combination at Brunswick, November 2d; M. S. C. at Bangor, November 10th; Brown at Providence, November 20th. Games are under consideration with several other strout teams, and it is hoped that two or three good ones can be had on the home grounds. No game was played last Saturday.



Rev. C. L. Merriam of Lowell, Mass., will preach the sermon before the Y. M. C. A., in the Congregational Church, on Sunday, October 27th. The following Monday evening, October 28th, he will give a humorous art lecture in the Chemical Lecture Room. It is necessary to use the lecture room because there is no means of lighting Memorial Hall. Mr. Merriam comes to us highly recommended as a lecturer and artist, and, as the number of tickets is limited, those who wish to enjoy a pleasant evening should secure tickets from the committee as soon as possible. Messrs. Haines, C. G. Fogg, and Hewitt have the entertainment in charge.

The work of the Association has progressed finely thus far this term. About one hundred students and several members of the Faculty attended

the reception of the Freshmen, September 19th. Fourteen members of the Class of '99 have already joined the Association and probably several more will come in later. So many Freshmen room outside that the work and time required for canvassing the class are greatly increased.

Two Bible classes have been formed, taking two distinct lines of study. One class, made up of Seniors and Juniors, will study the parables of Christ, while the other class, made up of Sophomores and Freshmen, will study the life of Christ. It is hoped that these classes will become so large that a further division will become necessary. The time for study has not yet been fully decided upon, but it is the aim of the committee to choose the hour that will be most convenient to the greater number. All the students are cordially invited to join the classes, and full particulars in regard to the methods and hours of study will be announced as soon as the course is mapped out.

## Book Reviews.

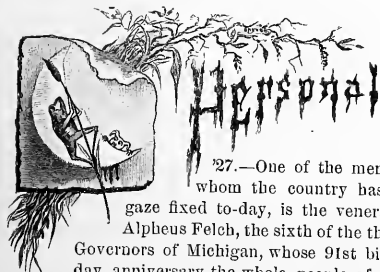
(*Le Nabab*, by Alphonse Daudet, abridged and annotated by Benjamin W. Wells. Ginn & Co., Boston.) This, the most characteristic of all Daudet's novels, has been condensed to a length adapted to its use as a text-book, by unravelling the story of the Nabab from its incumbering episodes, which from a student's standpoint, add nothing to the novel's value. The naturalistic social studies of the book are what its claims for recognition as a college text-book are based upon.

(*Selected Essays from Sainte-Beuve*, with introduction and notes, by John R. Efinger, Jr. Ginn & Co., Boston.) This little book, the latest addition to Ginn & Co.'s Modern Language Series, contains six of Sainte-Beuve's literary studies: Chateaubriand, Madame Recamier, Qu'est-Ce Qu'un Classique, Roman de Renart, Alfred de Musset, and Histoire de L'Academie Française. These sketches are the pith of the critical articles of one of the world's greatest critics. The notes are full and carefully prepared.

(*Academy Song Book*, published by Ginn & Co.) A new collection of songs for high school and college. The book contains all of the old favorites and many new ones which deserve that title. It is a neatly gotten up book, and contains an introductory portion, given up to scale and easy exercises.

(*Digest of Decisions and Precedents*, compiled by Henry Hyde Smith.) The digest relates to the powers and privileges of the Senate and House of Representatives, respecting their members and officers, and contains an account of all investigations into cases of contempt, bribery, etc., from the fourth session of Congress to the present date. The compiler is a Bowdoin alumnus and a distinguished member of the Class of 1854.

(*The Comedy of Fraud and the Merchant Prince*.) American dramas received through the courtesy of Dr. Crowe.



'27.—One of the men on whom the country has its gaze fixed to-day, is the venerable Alpheus Felch, the sixth of the thirty Governors of Michigan, whose 91st birthday anniversary the whole people of that state united in celebrating last month. Born in the autumn of 1805, the life of this honored man has been filled with incidents and events, the relation of which would read like a romance. Mr. Felch first saw the light of day in the little town of Limerick, Me., where his father was engaged in a mercantile business. Mr. Felch received his early education in the common schools of his native town, and in 1821 became a student in the old Fryeburg Academy. Upon graduating from Bowdoin in 1827, he began the study of law, and in 1830 was admitted to practice in Bangor. The present position of Governor Felch is unique. He is the oldest surviving member of the Michigan Legislature; the oldest and only surviving bank commissioner of the state; the oldest surviving Governor of the state; the oldest surviving judge of the supreme court, and with but one exception the oldest surviving member of the United States Senate. The exception in this last case is, remarkably enough, another Bowdoin man, the venerable J. W. Bradbury, '25. The people of Michigan have bestowed upon Governor Felch every honor within their gift, and now, as he has well entered his nineties, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is looked upon by all with reverence, respect, and love.

'40.—The residence of William Alexander, North Harpswell, was a scene of merriment last week, the occasion being the annual donation party to Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Bath and Brunswick were represented. The evening was pleasantly passed and Father Kellogg received many useful gifts.

'50.—General O. O. Howard had one of his ever interesting articles in the Boston *Sunday Herald*, of October 6th, entitled "Our Big Battles Fought Over To-day." Gen. Howard is now President of Norwich University.

'60.—James Liddell Phillips, who was graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of 1860, died in India the 25th of June. He was a son of Rev. Jeremiah Phillips, who went out to India in 1836 and opened a Free Baptist mission in Orissa. The son, James, was born at Balasore, on 17th of January, 1840. When twelve years old he came to America and fitted for college, from which he was graduated in 1860. After graduating he returned to India and took up the work in the Santali mission. His theological course was taken at the New Hampton Theological Seminary. He was in America during 1877 and 1878 as corresponding secretary for his missionary society. During these two years he raised money enough to endow a training college for evangelists and ministers at Midnapore, becoming first principal of the institution. In 1885 Dr. Phillips returned to America again, and for some time had charge of a church, and then was State Chaplain to the prisons of Rhode Island. In this work he showed the same faith, steadfastness, and hopefulness that characterized all his Indian missionary life. In 1889 Dr. Phillips became Secretary to the Evangelical Alliance of Philadelphia, and in 1890 he returned to India to take up his old work. He was not only an ordained missionary, but he had gained, when a student, the degrees of M.A., LL.B., and M.D. In addition, Bowdoin conferred on him the degree of D.D.

'61.—Edwin Emery,—“Emery first,” as the professors called him, died at his home in New Bedford, Mass., September 28th. He was born at Sanford, Maine, September 4, 1836. He learned the trade of a tinsmith; but having a determination to obtain an education, he fitted for college and entered the Class of '61, at Bowdoin. He is remembered by his classmates not only as among the first in scholarship, but as the first pitcher of a Bowdoin base-ball “nine.” He was proud of his trade, and at graduation gave to each of his classmates a tin diploma-case made with his own hands. He was, almost all his life, a teacher. He was principal of high schools

at Gardiner and Belfast, Maine; at Great Falls, N. H.; and at Southbridge and Northbridge, Mass. From 1877 until 1890 he was instructor of cadets on the revenue marine schoolship at New Bedford. His career as a teacher was interrupted but once in twenty-nine years. In 1863 he enlisted as a private—he could no doubt have had a commission by asking for it—in the seventeenth Maine regiment, and served until the end of the civil war. He was desperately wounded at Spottsylvania, and by his bravery won a commission as second lieutenant. During the last five years he has been in the insurance business. If one were asked to name the act which best illustrated his character, the answer must be: his enlistment in the army. It was, he felt, his duty to serve his country, and what that country needed was private soldiers. Bowdoin has given to the world many sons whose characters were built up of sturdy stuff; none more faithful to every call of duty than Edwin Emery.

Hon., '61.—Dr. Joseph Springall, who died at Dexter, Friday, October 4th, was born the 16th of July, 1811, at Great Yarmouth, England. He was an honorary graduate of the Class of 1861.

'70.—Mr. D. S. Alexander, of Buffalo, has been invited to deliver the address on the anniversary of the death of Indiana's war Governor, Hon. Oliver P. Morton, which occurs at Indianapolis on Sunday, November 3d. Mr. Alexander became acquainted with Governor Morton soon after leaving college, and until his death in 1877 was known as one of his closest political and personal friends.

'71.—One of the most potent personages in New York journalism to-day is Edward Page Mitchell of the *Sun*. He is a native of Bath, Me., is 43 years of age, and graduated from Bowdoin College in the Class of 1871. After working on several newspapers in this part of the country, including the *Lewiston Journal*, his bright, breezy writings struck the attention of Charles H. Dana, who secured Mitchell for the *Sun* forthwith. For several years he has been Dana's right-hand man. Some of the quaintest, most fantastic and most pungent contributions to the *Sun's* editorial page have originated, not with the famous editor-in-chief, as is popularly supposed, but from the fertile brain of Mr. Mitchell, between whom and Mr. Dana, it may be said, there are strong ties of mutual admiration. Mitchell gave a forecast of the successes of his after life when in college. He was an editor on the student publications and won prizes for essay writings. He was the winner of the '68 prize in his Senior year, his oration being "Trial by Ordeal."

'79.—Millard K. Page died in Denver, Col., of heart disease, Friday, September 27th. He was a lawyer and for a time private secretary to ex-Senator Tabor of Colorado. Mr. Page was born October 3, 1856, at Houlton. After graduating from Bowdoin he studied law at Columbian University, obtaining the degree of LL.B. from that institution in 1881.

'87.—W. L. Gahan is in Manchester, N. H., where he has accepted the position of gymnasium instructor for the Manchester Athletic Association.

'88.—Lincoln Academy is having a very prosperous term under the direction of Principal George H. Larrabee. One hundred students are registered, the largest number for several years.

'88.—Richard W. Goding, who has been practicing law in Boston, is out of health and has gone to Denver, Col., for the winter.

'90.—Frank P. Morse, who for several years has served as principal of the Freeport High School, is acting in a similar capacity at Bradford, Mass.

'90.—Henry W. Webb was ordained to the work of a missionary at the Congregational Church at Bridgton, Friday, September 24, 1895. Mr. Webb will go to Grand View, Tenn., to take charge of a training school of the American Missionary Association.

'90.—George Brinton Chandler, a former Managing Editor of the *ORIENT*, was married on June 5th, to Miss Mabel Ayers, at the home of the bride's parents, 522 Pendleton Avenue, St. Louis. Miss Ayers was very well known in St. Louis, socially and as an elocutionist. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler reside at the Berkeley, Minneapolis. Mr. Chandler is still Northwestern agent for Ginn & Co., the well-known publishers of school and college textbooks. His office address is 1,011 New York Life Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

'91.—Thomas R. Crosswell, for the past year at Columbia, is pursuing a post-graduate course in Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

'92.—F. G. Sweet has just returned to New Orleans from a visit to his home and college. He has a leading position on the staff of the *Times-Democrat*.

'93.—M. S. Clifford is editor of the *Bangor Daily News* since its recent change of ownership. During the past summer Mr. Clifford was united in marriage to Miss Godfrey of Bangor.

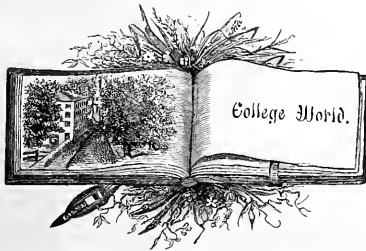
'93.—Albert M. Jones, who has taught two years at Cornish, Me., is serving as principal of the Howe School in Billerica, Mass.

'94.—P. F. Stevens has entered the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

'94.—H. E. Bryant is principal of the Hermon Center High School. During the past summer he was assistant editor of the *Old Orchard Sea Shell*.

'94.—C. A. Flagg has a position in the New York State Library at Albany.

Ex-'95.—The *Bath Times* reports the engagement of Mr. N. Gratz Jackson, principal of the Ninth Grade School of that city, and Miss Lizzie S. Farnham, one of Bath's popular young ladies.



The Coburn Cadets of the Maine State College, over 200 strong, had last week their annual tour of duty in camp, pitching their tents at Presquo Isle. The idea is to visit a different section of the State each season. Capt. W. S. Edgerly of the 7th United States Cavalry, military instructor at the college, was the commandant.

It was half and half at Bates this year, as thirty-nine young men and thirty-nine young ladies made up the entering class.

'Tis twenty years, and something more,  
Since, all athirst for useful knowledge,  
I took some draughts of classic lore  
Drawn very mild at — college;

Yet I remember all that one  
Could wish to hold in recollection,  
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun,  
But not a single conic section.

—John G. Saxe.

#### FOOT-BALL.

The foot-ball season now is here,  
The player, in his mirth,  
Doth ram his knotty head into  
The hard, unyielding earth.

He "bucks the center," "hits the line,"  
Nor other honor needs,  
For only through the struggling mass  
The "path to glory" leads.

—Ex.

The captains of some of the various college elevens for the year are: Harvard, A. H. Brewer; Pennsylvania, Williams; Cornell, Wyckoff; Princeton, Lea; Yale, Thorne; Amherst, Pratt; Michigan, Hennenger; Chicago, Allen; Illinois, Hotchkiss; Minnesota, Larson; Williams, Hinkey; Dartmouth, McCormack; Trinity, Langford; Virginia, Mudd; Lafayette, Boericke.

There are twenty-one fraternities now represented at the University of Michigan.

#### BLOOMERDOM.

The small boy looks with envy at  
Miss Jack Noowoman Gloomers,  
For he has heard she has at least  
Six pockets in her bloomers.

Little Miss Spider  
Was sipping some cider,  
Not having a fly to flay,  
When up came Miss Doomers,  
Arrayed in her bloomers,  
And frightened Miss Spider away.

He bought his wife brocades and silks,  
The richest importations,  
And statuettes and jewels rare  
From many foreign nations;  
Full-blooded steeds and poodle dogs  
To satisfy her humors,  
But when she was new woman crazed  
He drew the line on bloomers.

—The Student Life.

The existence of the Leland Sanford, Jr., University is hanging in the balance pending the decision of the court in the case of the United States vs. the estate of Leland Stanford. The amount involved is over \$15,000,000; practically the entire estate. For several years Mrs. Stanford has been paying the expenses of the University out of her own private fortune, which is said to be nearly exhausted.

Hereafter the *Tuftonian* will have two editions, a weekly to contain local news and announcements, and a monthly, to be of a distinctively literary character.

Heffelfinger, Yale's old guard, is coaching the University of Minnesota this fall.

An illustrated comic paper has been started at the University of California, called *Josh*.

McClung of Yale, who has been coaching Lehigh eleven, is training the Naval Academy team this season.

Butterworth, formerly fullback on the Yale eleven, is to coach the University of California football team this fall.

Eighty of the one hundred and three men who took entrance examinations this September for Harvard, have received conditions.

Work has been begun upon the new Veterinary College building at Cornell. There will be six buildings in all, which will cost over \$150,000.

The official figures of the registration of the different classes in Harvard College, as compared with those of the same time last year, is as follows:

	'94-'95.	'95-'96.
Seniors, . . . . .	320	357
Juniors, . . . . .	347	338
Sophomores, . . . . .	422	441
Freshmen, . . . . .	404	464
Specials, . . . . .	168	158
Totals, . . . . .	1,661	1,758



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 30, 1895.

No. 8.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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Here's to the health of the Portland Club of Bowdoin; may it live long and wax ever in strength. The organizers of this new club have taken the initiative in a good movement, and doubtless the representatives of other cities and fitting schools will follow their example. Not only will the cherished associations of the past be kept fresh by such clubs, but they will be in a position to do much good for their college. Collectively thus their members can much more effectively spread the true Bowdoin gospel in their home than they could individually. The Portland Club of Bowdoin starts life very auspiciously, and numbers in its membership men prominent in every line of college work. Portland has furnished many scores of Bowdoin's most loyal sons, and it is hoped the new club will be one means to make its record for the future an even more brilliant one.

**I**F you wish to wear the big B on your sweater, then earn the right to do so by winning a position on the college foot-ball or base-ball team. This seemed to be the prevailing sentiment when this subject was brought up at a recent mass-meeting of the students, and it is right that it should be. The athlete, whose hard work has won him a position on the 'varsity eleven or nine,

deserves at least the recognition given by the exclusive privilege of wearing publicly the college initial on his sweater. Let others wear their sweater of white or black, or of their class colors, but let the members of the team alone display the B. In nearly all colleges this rule is strictly followed, and it has been too little observed here in the past. The feeling recently shown on the matter shows that the rule is well established at Bowdoin for the future.

ON several occasions in the past few years a movement has been made among those interested to start a Bowdoin Press Club, but each time the matter has been allowed to drop, and the club has not yet been formed. The advantages of such an organization are many, and there is no reason why it should not exist as a power for good in the college. Many colleges have taken hold of this matter, and as a result, systematic and well-directed statements of matters of college interest appear constantly in the papers. To be sure, many Maine papers and one or two Boston papers have correspondents in college, but many papers are unrepresented, and many correspondents are not very active. We often fail to appreciate the importance to our college of having its affairs, which are worthy of mention, set forth frequently and at some length before the general public. The more this is done the more the enthusiasm of the alumni and the interest of friends are kept alive, and the attention of strangers excited. By the great mass of people the college is judged by what is read about it in the papers, and thus the responsibility which rests upon college correspondents is a serious one. They must see that all that is possible appears in print about their college and that it is written in the best possible manner. Papers at a distance, as well as in the state, must be supplied with news. The correspondent must

be first of all a loyal Bowdoin man, and not merely a correspondent for the few dollars he may gain. He must be careful and discreet and circulate nothing false, and nothing that would injure the good name of the college. All newspapers are glad to handle college news if well served to them, and a Bowdoin Press Club, well conducted, would find before it a wide field for work in the lines of improvement and extension. Systematic organization, as all must admit, would be much more effective than the free and easy method of individual correspondence that has always prevailed here. Among the many organizations existing here there is plenty of room for a Press Club, and if it is started on a practical working plan, none will be able to do more good for the old college that we all love.

IN the last number of the ORIENT mention was made of the active interest taken in current college affairs, and especially athletics, by the Bowdoin Club of Boston. This interest has taken a very practical form, and thanks to a subscription taken among the loyal young alumni composing the club, Bowdoin has, for the rest of the season, the services of a first-class coach to carry on the work so well begun by Mr. Mackie. The club has the sincere gratitude of the student body for this act. Such a manifestation of alumni interest means much for the college. It cannot but advance our athletic standing and give a new impetus to our sports. It can only prove an incentive to more determined work by our teams, and more united and enthusiastic support of them by the students. Alumni interest has been much needed in Bowdoin athletics, and now that the Bowdoin boys of Boston have taken the initiative, we hope the good work will go on. Let alumni and students stand shoulder to shoulder in support of our athletics, and share together the burden and the glory,

and as a result the burden will be much lighter and the glory much greater. We are proud of our foot-ball team this fall and the Boston alumni evidently share that pride, and are anxious to do their part to make the last part of the season as creditable as the first part has been; let us also do our share. We tip our hats to the Bowdoin Club of Boston.

THE pressing need of more shelf room for the regular accessions to the library, and the desirableness of better facilities for the study and consultation of books than the now over-crowded rooms can afford, has long been evident to those who use and to those who administer the college library. Last summer Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, President Hyde, Hon. James P. Baxter, Edward Stanwood, Esq., Oliver C. Stevens, Esq., and the college librarian, were appointed by the Boards of Trustees and Overseers as a special committee to take the entire matter under consideration, to formulate plans and take such action as might seem best. At their second meeting the committee decided that further attempts to increase the capacity of the present building were unwise, in view of demand for administration and study rooms, and determined to report that the erection of a new and commodious library building was the only feasible solution of the problem given them. They also agreed that a definite statement of the kind of a building needed should be brought to the attention of the friends of the college. Mr. Frederick A. Thompson, of Portland, has prepared preliminary sketches of such a structure, which are now on exhibition in the library. The plans call for a two-story building, 120 by 40, with two wings of 37 by 77 feet. The wings are to be fire-proof, and each capable of shelving 60,000 volumes. The cost of the entire structure and its furnishings would be in

the neighborhood of \$150,000. The need for more room for books already given or soon to be purchased is so urgent that the committee was in favor of erecting at once, should the necessary funds be secured, one of these wings. This, from the site and plan of the general building, could be built without prejudice to the rest of the structure, and, though planned for the especial purpose of a stack or book room, would by no means be an unattractive building in itself. Its outward appearance would be similar to that of the gymnasium, and its cost, including the two-tiered glass and iron stack, about \$25,000.

When it is remembered that Bowdoin alone of all the colleges that have celebrated their hundredth anniversary, has never had a separate library building, it seems at least fitting that the first decade of her second century should not pass without the erection at the southern end of the quadrangle of a structure so essential to the proper equipment of a literary institution. Our new library building *must* come. May it come soon.

YES, the leaf conflagration on the campus made a very beautiful spectacle last Thursday evening, and it was exceedingly amusing to see how the whole town was "pulled on" and "sold" by the flames, the shouts, and the bell ringing. It was a most successful "sell," a practical joke of the first magnitude, and yet, after we were through with our laughter, did not all of us feel somewhat ashamed of such a childish prank? It is easily possible to carry practical joking, especially in a college, too far; and to call out a fire department and arouse a whole town is not such a very funny thing after all. Of course it was not premeditated; it was mere thoughtlessness and the impulse of a moment on the part of some student on his way to supper, but thoughtlessness and

rash impulse are often disastrous. The next time the fire department is called to the campus it may be a case of serious need and not a false alarm, and remembering their past experiences, the firemen may not hasten about responding. Also, it is unwise for us to needlessly antagonize the feelings of the towns-people, since present relations are none too cordial. They are none too quick to appreciate any joke at their expense, and a joke that costs them cold cash is less easily forgotten and forgiven.

IT is unfortunate that any dispute over football matters should have arisen this fall between Dartmouth and Bowdoin. Our relations in athletics, as in all else, have always been most cordial, and the ORIENT sincerely hopes that the present unpleasantness may prove very temporary. But since the dispute did arise, with its charges and counter-charges, due to the "nerve" and persistence of the Dartmouth management and press correspondents, it is well that the affair received such a complete airing in the newspapers. The result was at once a complete vindication of Bowdoin's position and as complete an exposure of Dartmouth's unsportsmanlike and very questionable course. Bowdoin gained much and Dartmouth lost much by the controversy. The amount of the whole trouble was that Dartmouth, having canceled a game with Bowdoin on October 16th for the sake of playing Yale for more money, wanted Bowdoin to cancel a game with Exeter on October 23d for the sake of playing her. The Bowdoin sense of honor forbid any such course. Then Dartmouth tried to dictate, and said we *must* play them on that date, or all athletic contests ceased for the future between the two colleges. Although our agreement to play Exeter on October 23d was made seven months ago, Dartmouth claimed in the papers that we had broken a date with them for the sake of

playing Exeter, and even intimated (forgetting the lesson our team taught them on October 5th) that we did not dare to play them again. This was all nonsense, and when the Bowdoin side was presented in the papers the false and ridiculous position of Dartmouth was painfully exposed. Our schedule being full with games arranged months ago, it was very unreasonable and unsportsmanlike for Dartmouth to expect us to cancel a game for the sake of playing her. This was, indeed, adding insult to injury, after she had deliberately canceled a game with us for the sake of playing Yale. Bowdoin has been unfortunate in thus losing games by cancellation this year. Four other teams, including Tufts, which has done the same thing before, have broken engagements definitely made. But in spite of all this our football season is progressing remarkably well, and seems likely to prove the most successful in the history of the sport at Bowdoin. Four victories have been won, and half a dozen yet remain to be fought for.

#### Science Versus Nature.

"TWO-MORROW night," said Frank Folsom, "I am going to start on my annual hunting trip."

"Where are you going?" said his mother.

"Up in Maine where I have been for the last two years."

"Oh, Frank, take me with you," interrupted his sister, a tall, slender girl, with light brown hair and pretty eyes.

Eleanor Folsom was rather a pretty girl, about twenty-five years old. She had been through Bradford Seminary, and had been a leader in society since she graduated, but the last year had become interested in kindergartens. Her father was a well-to-do merchant, having made money in the West India shipping trade. His son Frank did most of the business now.

When Frank heard her remarkable request he laughed, and answered: "Wouldn't you feel nice up in a dirty hunter's camp, where forks are not used, and the tin dishes are all black with grease and soot. Then tramping through the underbrush and over fallen trees a woman is no use."

"I could wear my bicycle suit with short skirt and gaiters, and you know I can paddle as well as you, and shoot almost as well."

"You would be tired to death before you were there a day; you wouldn't see a man except Old Bill and myself."

In a less defiant tone she said: "I know I shouldn't; come, Frank, take me with you."

"All right, I will, but if you are home-sick do not ask me to come back with you before two weeks are up."

The next evening Frank and Eleanor took a sleeper out of Boston to Bangor, where they were to change for the Bangor and Aroostook road. They took their breakfast at Bangor, and got to Norcross at about eleven, where they were to branch out into the woods for twenty miles. Bill McPheters, at whose camp Frank had stopped the two previous falls, was at the station with his old white horse and a wagon that looked as if it might fall to pieces any time. The old hunter accosted him:

"Wal, Mr. Folsom, yure skin and bones are nigher together than when I seed you last; bin workin' hard?"

"No harder than usual, only I am growing older; Mr. McPheters, let me introduce my sister." Old Bill seized Eleanor by the hand, and said to Frank, "You didn't say nuthin 'bout havin' a gal with you."

"No, when I wrote you I did not know she was coming. I suppose you can put her up all right?"

"Sartin, but pritty poor hole for a lady; howsomever, we'll give her the whole er the owl's nest. Get into the wagon, while I git your traps."

They were soon bowling along over the rough, half-swamped road, and Eleanor had to hold to the wagon and brace her feet to keep from being thrown out when the wagon struck a boulder or a stump. They rode along in silence for some time, until the old trapper said, "I've got a young feller—at the diggins, thar. He goes round with his stockin's outside his breeches, and a big knit shirt, what he calls a sweater. He don't care much for fishin' and shootin', though he's a toler'ble shot. He has a big hammer and wedge, an' goes round breakin' off slices of the ledges all round. Says he's studyin' the g'ology of the regi'n. He's a pretty meaty lad, and can lug a canoe as easy as a mink can a perch."

"This is interesting," said Eleanor, "a young geologist at the camp where I am to stop. I hope he is good looking and agreeable." "Oh, he's a good sort, but he has a solem' and knowin' look, like an owl, but his eyes are as keen as a hawk's. I kal'late he don't set much by wimmin folks from what he's been tellin' me in front of the fire. He sez he's done a pile of studyin' in his day; bin through two or three big schools, an' has broke down his health, so he cum up in the woods to rest. He don't rest much, though. He tramps all day and figgers and kallates by the fire night time. He don't b'lieve in marriages nohow."

"What an agreeable man he must be. I shall be frightened to death of him."

"He's all right, only he's too knowin'."

"Most of these scientific fellows don't care for the girls. They think they are too superficial and frivolous," said Frank.

"It's worse than having no one to talk to, to have to talk on scientific subjects all the time," Eleanor said with a toss of her head.

They went along slowly, the loose joints of the old wagon making it much easier riding over the boulders and tree trunks.

"Dear me," said Eleanor, "I shall be lamer than when I fell off my bicycle, this road is so rough."

"Only two miles to the shake-down," said Old Bill; "We'll get there by four."

"I'm just dying to see it," said Eleanor.

"You'll be dying to see the last of it in two days," laughed Frank.

"No, I am going to study geology with Mr. —, what did you say his name was?"

"Evans," said Old Bill.

In a short time they came in sight of the camp, which was made of logs and covered with tar paper. "Lewis is out thumpin' rocks," said Old Bill, as they went into the camp. Eleanor was shown her quarters, which was a part of the camp separated by split cedar slabs, and lighted by one pane of glass, set in clay.

After going through the usual feminine habit of arranging her hair, she went out to take a look at the scenery. The camp was on the edge of Millinocket Lake, a large sheet of water surrounded by hard-wood ridges and evergreen-covered mountains. The water looked rather dark and gloomy. As she was gazing at the scenery thus presented, a man pushed through the trees. He had on a golf suit and carried a canvas bag over his shoulder, with a hammer handle sticking out. He also had a gun. He was of medium height, with good broad shoulders and a deep chest. He almost stopped when he saw Eleanor, but pushed on, taking off his cap as he passed by her into the camp. Old Bill, who was getting supper, introduced him to Frank, and then to Eleanor.

"You have good courage to come up here in this gloomy, desolate place," said Mr. Evans, laughing.

"I don't think it is gloomy; the trees are very beautiful in their colorings, and I do not find it so desolate as I anticipated," with a smile which caused Frank to frown at his gun.

"The trees are surely beautiful, and the lake is very pretty when the sun is shining, but the only people I have seen was a party of sportsmen who carried their canoes across from Ambogeges."

"You are a geologist, Mr. McPheters says."

"Yes, I am interested in geology, especially of this state, it is so peculiar. Maine is so largely covered with woods that there is no exact geological map of it. I am traveling around trying to get some idea of it."

"There must be some pleasure in doing work that has never been done before. It ought to make you famous," she said with a smile.

"It would be a very easy way of getting famous," he said, with a laugh which was extremely musical. "I do it because I like to be around in the woods, and because my doctor said I must take a rest." He then told her that he was a graduate of Bowdoin College, and had also received a degree from Johns Hopkins.

After supper they sat in front of the open camp-fire, and Eleanor was given the "deacon seat."

"You're the fust air wumun that has set in that deacon seat," said Old Bill.

"You see that you are queen of this place," said Evans, bowing. She drew herself up with mock dignity and said, "Will you get me that log so that I can toast my feet?"

"He's not so slow as he looks," thought Frank, as Lewis brought up the log and then sat down on one end of it near Eleanor. "To-morrow, Bill and I are going down to the outlet and try for a deer; do you want to go, Eleanor?"

"No, think I will stay around the camp to-morrow."

"I suppose no use to ask you, Mr. Evans?"

"No, I am going over on that hard-wood ridge, and look around." Lewis then turned

to Eleanor for a *tête-à-tête*, while Frank and Old Bill talked about the fish and game laws and their effect in increasing the number of deer and moose.

About nine Frank and Old Bill turned into their bunks, and Eleanor sought her apartment. She did not go to sleep at once, but laid awake a long time, thinking. "I rather like Mr. Evans, although he does look so scientific," she thought. "He seems to look right through me as if he knew just what I was thinking about; but still there is something fascinating about him." In the morning when she got up, Frank and Old Bill had been gone three hours; Mr. Evans had not gone, but was busily writing in the corner. When he heard her step he turned and said, "Good morning; you are rising quite early."

"Early for civilization, but not early here, evidently," she responded with a smile that made Lewis Evans forget his glacial theory for a month. After she had finished her breakfast, he looked up and said, "I am going across the pond in my canoe; would you like to go? It is a pleasant, warm morning, with no wind."

"Thank you, I should love to. It will be tiresome around here, and then I want to get used to woods-life." In a short time she emerged, dressed in a light brown suit with a short skirt, and gaiters to match. "I think my bicycle suit is just the thing for these trips in the woods."

"But yours is almost too pretty to run the risk of being torn by the sharp bushes and thorns."

"It is stout cloth and will not tear easily."

"Do you paddle at all?" "Oh, yes, I have been in a canoe quite a lot, and I enjoy it very much." She took up a paddle, but he said, "Please don't paddle; I want to talk with you, and if you paddle you will be facing the other way, so I cannot. I don't care

a cent about talking to any one when I can't see their face. It is like talking to one of those trees on the bank."

"Oh, indeed, don't you think I am more interesting than one of those trees?"

"Now, don't let us get to quarreling so early in the day, but you know I have not seen a woman's face for a month."

"I thought that all you scientific men do not care for women or their society."

"Oh, we care for them, but we leave them alone just like anything else that interferes with our work. James says, 'The philosopher and lady-killer cannot keep house together in the same tement of clay.'"

"The idea!" she answered spiritedly. "Do you think that woman's mind is so shallow that she has no logic or philosophy?"

"No, but I think the tendency of woman's mind is not to talk or think on such subjects. Man thinks altogether too much on the opposite sex. If he keeps away from them he will not think about them so much. 'All choice starts on the same psychologic level,' hence that selection which is strongest has been developed. There is no real need of a man giving so large a share of his thought to the opposite sex unless he cultivates them and their society. Now so-called society is a bad thing; it keeps the philosopher from stern and deep thought."

"Don't you think it does a person good to get away from himself, once in a while?"

"No, I think the philosopher who wants to obtain the best insight and purest judgment should be a recluse from society in general."

"I think a man who shuts himself up is more likely to become so narrow as to lose all judgment."

"No, a man who has mastered psychology and physiology and metaphysics in general, after he has observed human nature of all kinds and applied the rules of these sciences

to his observations, can get an almost spiritual insight into his own and other people's character and minds."

"Did any one ever get such an insight?"

"Yes, there are some mind-readers who possess it naturally in a slight degree, and I know two very scholarly men who have trained themselves, and bent every energy to that one purpose, so that they have a remarkable faculty of judging and reading people. I will tell you that I wish to reach that great goal, and am in my observing stage now. After I get through this stage, goodbye society and pleasure."

"My gracious! if you are applying the laws of psychology to everything I do and say, I shall be very quiet when you are around."

"You are so interesting that I forget all about my laws," said Lewis truthfully, "and there comes in the harm of woman's society."

"You spoil one pretty speech by an ugly one," she said, poutingly.

"I supplement one truth by another," with a smile.

They had reached the shore, and Lewis said, "Will you go on the ridge with me or stay here?" Eleanor wanted to be severe, so she said, "I will paddle along the shore, and wait for you."

She paddled a little, then brought the canoe ashore and grounded it. She sat on the canoe cushion against the thwart, and gazed over the water. She felt rather lonely, due, she thought, to the solitude and unbroken forest. She was not used to serious thinking at all, but as she looked over the water, she had an undefined feeling of sadness, of dissatisfaction. She thought Mr. Evans a very queer man, but withal, extremely agreeable. But why should his old scientific theories make her blue?

On their return the wind had come up, so she took a paddle to keep the canoe up to the wind. Directly after dinner Lewis took

his gun and went out. He wanted to think. He could decipher his feelings enough to see that this girl was making no ordinary impression on him. He had resolved not to marry, but to devote himself wholly to science, and work out, if possible, some of the great metaphysical problems. Here he was on the verge of falling in love. Two more days would complete his geological studies in this region. Then he would leave. Having decided this he thought he had settled the question, but he, like many another, had yet to learn the force of love's assertions. When he got back to camp, Frank and Old Bill had returned with a deer, which they were skinning in front of the tent. Eleanor was watching them intently.

The next day he started off to the foot of the lake to be gone all day. Eleanor remained around the camp, and Frank, who noticed her lack of spirits, said exultingly, "Didn't I tell you so? I knew you would be homesick. You don't find the professor very interesting, do you?"

"I am not homesick, only thoughtful. Great trees and the wind sighing through them make any one serious."

"Mr. Evans is enough to make any one serious and thoughtful with his heathenish ideas and notions."

"Mr. Evans is very interesting. I like to hear him talk immensely, and he is so polite and thoughtful." Frank looked at her rather strangely, but went out, saying nothing more.

Lewis had fully intended leaving as soon as his observations were finished. When the day came that he was to leave the girl he was becoming so much attached to, he hesitated, and was lost. He said to himself as if apologizing, "Oh, well, I might as well stay a while longer. I have got to leave all this foolishness soon enough any way; I might as well enjoy a few days. It is all in a life-time."



For the next week they were in each other's company constantly. Frank saw how things were going, but he thought it only an innocent flirtation. Every day Lewis and Eleanor went either fishing, hunting, or canoeing together. As the two poles of a battery placed near together ever increase their own charges by induction, so these two beings so much together, imperceptibly increased each their love for the other.

One day Lewis went to Norcross with Old Bill. Frank went over to a camp on Pumadamcook. Eleanor was left at the camp alone. She felt so lonely and dreary that after dinner she took her gun and went out. She had been out only a short time when she saw a deer. She fired at it, but it only leaped into the air and kept on running. She started after it, following by the trail of blood which it left behind. Down over the ridge into a swamp she followed it; across this, up another ridge and down into a thick evergreen growth. Here the poor wounded creature fell down, weak and exhausted. When Eleanor came up and saw the frantic efforts it made to regain its feet, her eyes filled with tears, and she felt the greatest remorse for killing such a lovely creature, and hastened to put it out of its misery. This done she felt her compass to go to the camp, to await help to bring back the deer. She felt in both her pockets, but it was not there. She had lost it in her wild chase through the forest. Then she came to realize that she was lost in the wild woods of Maine; the nearest town twenty miles away through unbroken forests. She had never had such a feeling of despair in all her life. In her pursuit of the deer she had followed devious windings, and the chances of her taking the right direction were twenty to one against her. The only thing to do was to remain still and fire her gun at intervals. Old Bill, Frank, and Lewis would look for her as soon as they found that she did

not come home by dark. She had a heavy hunting-knife that Lewis had let her take, and then there was the deer, so she need not starve. She could cut a few boughs to rest on, and make a fire to keep warm.

Lewis and Old Bill came back about five, and Frank a few minutes later. "The gal's gone out fer a shot," said Old Bill. "She had no business to go alone that way. It is crawlin' on towards night, and not a sign of her. These gals are too reckless these days," with a shake of his head.

"I tell you, your sister is lost," said Lewis to Frank.

"I'm afraid you're right: we must look for her."

Just then Old Bill came out and said, "The gal has lost her bearin's; we've got to trail her out."

"Which way had we better go?" said Frank.

"Wal, you go down that way, I follow straight out, and Mr. Evans, you go toward the south shore of Ambogegees. Fire your gun every hundred rods." Lewis ran to get his gun, and as he ran, he realized the depth of his love for her, now that she was lost. His anxiety and suspense as he thought what might happen to her was maddening; it seemed to spread over all his consciousness like fire over a forest. He went along slowly at first, until his eyes should get accustomed to the growing darkness, then he started on the trail, dodging the tree trunks and branches. He fired his gun frequently, but all the response he got was the hoot of an owl or other night creature. He heard the guns of his comrades, but no shot following them as if in answer. He was now in a swamp where the thickness of the small brush made him go slower. He lighted a match to look at his compass. He was headed all right. He fired his gun, and a half minute after there was a faint shot from the right. He felt a thrill through every

muscle, for he knew that Old Bill and Frank were to the left of him. He fired again; again a little later came the answer. He started headlong in the direction from whence it came. A projecting root caught him by the feet and threw him headlong, but he clambered to his feet and pushed on. After he had gone a quarter of a mile he was out of breath, and stopping, he fired his gun. This time the answer was distinctly nearer, and the echo and re-echo were not so great. He judged the distance to be about a mile. As he advanced he fired his gun, and every time the answer resounded louder and clearer. It seemed to him in his eagerness, that he had never made haste so slowly. What if it was not Eleanor? He could not bear the thought; but anyway it was some one lost. He stopped again to get his breath, and this time he shouted with all his lung power. His cry sounded like the shriek of a steam engine in the stillness and gloom, and he strained every nerve waiting for a reply. Nearer than he expected came what he was listening for, the sound of a woman's voice. Not waiting for more he dove into the underbrush and pushed forward. Over rotten logs and through the underbrush he rushed, only stopping to get his breath and shout. The second time he paused in his mad course he shouted, "Eleanor!" A hundred yards in front of him came the reply, "Right here!" and a moment later the form he knew so well stepped out of the gloom in front of him. His first impulse was to rush up and put his arms around her, but he restrained himself and said, "Thank God, I have found you! Are you all tired out?"

"I knew that Frank and Old Bill would hunt me up, but am sorry that you took so much trouble, but I lost my compass," said Eleanor, her sweet voice trembling a little with emotion. This speech was much like a heavy frost on a tender plant; it completely wilted him for the moment, but then his

well-controlled mind recovered its balance, and he said, "That was most unkind to think that I would count it a hardship to hunt for you. A man would do as much as that for his sheep. But come, let us get to the camp. You are a little lame," as she started.

"Yes, I turned my ankle on a fallen tree, but it is only a slight injury; I can go alone all right," as Evans hastened to assist her.

"Now do not be foolish, put your arm on my shoulder, and I will support you."

She felt the man's strong power, and could not resist. "I shot a deer back there," she said in a weak, exultant voice.

"You did well, but we came near losing a deer."

"I know this is rather romantic, but do not be sentimental. Listen, while I tell you how I happened to get lost." She related the details, but Lewis only heard half of them, so busy was his mind with its own thoughts. He was walking through space, he did not mind the logs and bushes,—did he not have his arm around the woman he loved? He forgot all his theories of love and matrimony. He unconsciously drew her closer, so exhilarating was the very touch of her hand. When she resisted gently it brought him to himself. She soon finished her story, but he was silent. His love for Eleanor had taken possession of his well-furrowed brain, like a flooded river over plowed land. Noticing his silence she said in a sympathetic voice, "You are tired, too."

"Tired, too!" How sweet that sounded to his ears; they had something in common. "Yes, tired in mind and body, both."

"You worked hard to-day on your theories and calculations?"

"Oh, bother theories! I have gone back on all my theories and principles; I have fallen in love," he said, in a desperate voice. So schooled was this society girl to repress all emotion that she said in a hard, clear

voice, "The object of your love ought to appreciate your sacrifice."

"Oh, Eleanor, don't you know to whom all my heart's love is given?" These words broke passionately from his lips, and he brought her face to face with him. "Darling, say you care for me a little." The hot blood mounted to her head as she looked into his eyes with eyes that answered him, and with a happy sigh she threw her arms around his neck, and murmured, "My Love!"

Professor Lewis Evans has become a very famous scientist and psychologist, but there is one thing he does not try to explain, *i. e.*, why "the interest in the opposite sex, arising as it does from the same psychological level with other interests, is so much stronger."

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Lesson of the Seconds.

Late I sat before the fire,  
In my room in Winthrop Hall,  
With no sound to break the stillness  
Save the clock upon the wall,  
Which, with ceaseless tick-tick-ticking,  
Ever seemed to say to me,  
As it counted off the seconds,  
"These make up eternity."

Then I fell into a dreaming,  
And I thought of days of yore,  
When the manly forms of others  
Bowdoin's halls were thronging o'er;  
Men who, in old Bowdoin's childhood,  
Were but boys as gay as we,  
And we feel they still are with us,  
Though they're in eternity.

I started up. "For us," then thought I,  
"Here's a precept grand and true—  
Life is short; waste not the moments,  
For there's work for us to do.  
Then, when in the distant future  
Other classes here shall be,  
They shall know our work and bless us,  
Though we're in eternity."

### Ariadne.

Brave Theseus, a youth of surpassing conceit,  
Once came, runs the legend, to Minos of Crete,  
And claimed in a boastful, presumptuous way,  
He could without effort the Minotaur slay.

The impudent lad in war's science was skilled,  
And, strange to relate, the fierce Minotaur killed;  
But after his victory, turning to flee,  
Was lost in the labyrinth's intricacy.

Ariadne, the daughter of Minos of Crete,  
Was vastly amazed at this wonderful feat,  
And, moved by compassion, the fair damsel led  
The youth from the mazes by means of a thread.

So joyful was Theseus once more to be free,  
From Crete he agreed with the maiden to flee;  
They hie to the island of Naxos in flight—  
There, while the maid slept, Theseus fled in the  
night.

Ariadne awoke to wail and to sigh;  
Her lover had left her in sorrow to die;  
And gazing afar o'er the wide, surging deep,  
With passion and anguish the damsel would weep.

While she was moaning the loss of her lover,  
Fortune caused Bacchus her plight to discover,  
And, knowing her lips with sweet kisses were rife,  
He wooed the fair maiden and made her his wife.

When closed are Olympian portals by night,  
And mortals deprived of Apollo's gold light,  
If the heavens above no lowering cloud mars,  
Ariadne's bright crown gleams clear 'mid the stars.

### A Slight Mistake.

"Oh! Polly, you are hard on me,"  
The Junior sadly cried.  
"Though I spent two hours with you last night,  
This morn I nearly 'died.'"

(We smile upon his sad distress;  
A love-sick boy, say we.  
But wait! he speaks of her again;  
Let's see who it may be.)

"Yes, Polly, I've made up my mind  
To let you slide," he said.  
(*"They've quarreled,"* we whisper to ourselves,  
And shake our knowing head.)

"You're the hardest course I have this year."  
The romance is all gone.  
For we thought he spoke of some tender maid,  
While 'twas only of "Pol. Econ."

### Evening.

"Phi Chi" now tolls the knell of parting day,  
The howling mob winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The Freshman thinks of home and tries to pray,  
As Sophs, without, sing so hilariously.

### To My Lady.

[From the German of Eichendorff.]

If I walk in shady places  
In the valley's cool retreat,  
Or on mountain-side's steep faces,  
My lady, queen of graces,  
A thousand times I'll greet.  
Within my garden find I  
Sweet flowers, choice and rare,  
From them sweet garlands wind I,  
And with them sweet thoughts bind I  
Of thee, my lady fair.

I may not give them to thee,  
Our lots are far apart.  
My flowers withered I shall see,  
But deepest love for thee will be  
Eternal in my heart.

All saddening thoughts forsaking,  
I work on, strong and brave,  
And though my heart be breaking  
I'll dig, nor mind its aching,  
Until I dig my grave.



The '97 Bugle board is getting down to business. Elliott,  $\Delta \Delta \Phi$ , is editor-in-chief, and Sawyer, non-fraternity, is business manager. The other members of the board are Andros,  $\Psi \Upsilon$ ; Varrell,  $\Delta \kappa \epsilon$ ; Randall,  $\Sigma \Psi$ ; Fitz,  $\Theta \Delta \chi$ ; Condon,  $\Delta \Upsilon$ ; Hewett,  $\kappa \Sigma$ .

Why not have a fall tennis tournament?

The devotees of tennis still cling to the courts. There are 23 students in college who hail from Portland.

The leaves have left, and signs of snow are not uncommon.

Hatch, '97, is confined to his room with an injured foot.

Double windows are being put on many of the dormitory rooms.

Professor Chapman addressed the college Y. M. C. A. last Sunday afternoon.

E. K. Hall, Dartmouth, '92, was the guest of friends in college over Sunday.

Rev. C. L. Merriman of Lowell addressed the students in chapel last Sunday.

Condon, '97, has been ringing the chapel bell during the absence of Gilpatric, '96.

Clough, '96, has been selected to preside over the chapel organ for the present year.

The annual college catalogue will be issued very soon, a week or two earlier than usual.

Plans for the Thanksgiving recess are already being made, especially by the Freshmen.

T. H. Soule of Freeport, formerly of Colby, '98, has entered college as a special student.

Several Seniors have been doing considerable work in out-of-door photography recently.

A large number of students attended the recent State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Bath.

At a special meeting of the Boating Association, Saturday, Baker, '96, was elected commodore.

E. F. Pratt, '97, has been elected foot-ball secretary and treasurer in place of Warren, '97, resigned.

Next week there will be two games here: Boston Combination, Wednesday, and Boston University, Saturday.

Halloween is due, and doubtless the usual amount of Sophomoric deviltry will accompany its celebration on the campus.

The members of  $\Theta \Delta \chi$  enjoyed a trip to Freeport in barges last Thursday evening, and partook of a supper at the Gem Cottage.

All regret exceedingly that Warren, '97, has decided to leave college. He has entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York.

Thompson, '97, and Hamlen and Lynch, '98, went up to the  $\Sigma \Psi$  initiation at Colby, and were also present later at the banquet in Augusta.

Fort Fairfield has twelve sons and daughters in Maine colleges. Fort Fairfield believes in raising something besides potatoes.—*Kennebec Journal*.

The Portland Club, the Hare and Hounds Club, and the proposed Temperance Club have made the

birth-rate of clubs sufficiently high, especially since they all belong to the same week in formation.

Bowdoin's strong man, Godfrey, '99, and his record-breaking feats of strength have been written up at length lately in the Maine and Boston papers.

Gilpatrick, '96, went to Greencastle, Ind., last week to attend the annual convention of the  $\Delta \Upsilon$  Fraternity, which was held with DePauw University.

Fairbanks, '95, was on the campus last Friday, on his way to Mississippi, where he will coach, for six weeks, the State University foot-ball team.

Bass and Minot, '96, Russell, '97, Hills and Gardner, '98, and Briggs, Marston, and Nason, '99, attended the initiation of Colby Chapter of  $\Delta \Kappa \epsilon$ , October 15th.

President Hyde and Professor Robinson will represent Bowdoin at the meeting of representatives of New England colleges, to be held in Hanover, N. H., next week.

The *Lincoln County News* recently published the following little story which all readers of the ORIENT will appreciate:

Eli Perkins, in his Waldoboro lecture, said he met an old man on the Knox & Lincoln.

"He was so old," said Eli, "that I called him father. His white hair waved in the wind."

"Father," I said, how long have you lived in Maine?"

"My son," he said, "I have lived in this State 86 years—" and then the tears came into his eyes as he continued, "Yes, 86 years, and I've spent 48 years of that time in Brunswick w-a-i-t-i-n-g f-o-r t-r-a-i-n-s."

The Freshman Class has elected the following officers: President, Woodbury; Vice-President, Moulton; Secretary and Treasurer, L. L. Cleaves. The class has selected crimson and white as its colors.

The Freshmen have been trying hard to arrange a game with the Colby Freshmen, but the latter will not play. '97 and '98, as Freshmen, had games with the Colby Freshmen, and it is hoped the custom can be kept up.

Chief Justice Peters was at the station for some time a week ago Tuesday, waiting between trains. While here he expressed the opinion to some one that Reed would be the Republican candidate for President in 1896.

At a meeting of the General Athletic Association, last Saturday, the following officers were elected: President, White, '97; Vice-President, Sawyer, '97; Secretary and Treasurer, Lynch, '98; Manager, Morse, '97; Captain, Horne, '97.

The Sophomores and Freshmen in the Y. M. C. A. have adopted, as a manual, James McConaughy's "Outline Studies in the Life of Christ." This is sure to be a very interesting course, and it will be more so in proportion as a greater number take hold of it.

The old sun-dial, that for scores of years did duty on the stone post in front of Massachusetts, has been again put in position there, and the boys devote considerable time in studying how to tell time by it. It is quite a curiosity, and has an interesting history. The post is exactly in the latitude  $43^{\circ} 53'$ .

A recent dispatch from Washington announces that Frank A. Thompson of Round Pond, Me., Bowdoin, '97, has been appointed to the West Point Military Academy, with J. M. Haskell of Newcastle, Me., Bowdoin, '96, as alternate. These two received the highest rank at the examination in Lewiston last spring.

George F. Sanglier, present organist of the Congress Square Church, Portland, proposes organizing a choral society at Brunswick, besides giving private lessons in music. Mr. Sanglier already has a number of scholars in music at Bowdoin and would like others. He is here twice a week and has a studio in the Y. M. C. A. building in Bath.

Professor Houghton gave a talk on "The Religions of Japan," a week ago last Sunday afternoon, in the Y. M. C. A. room. It was designed to continue his account commenced last spring. Nothing could be more interesting to the students at large than this information, coming as it does from one who is so thoroughly acquainted with everything pertaining to that country.

About a score of ambitious long-distance runners met at 16 A. H. on the evening of October 21st and organized the Bowdoin Hare and Hounds Club. Bass, '96, was made president, and Bass, Andrews, and Dane an executive committee. Each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon long runs across the country are on the programme, and the club is sure to grow in membership and popularity.

This is the heart of autumn. It is getting easier to study as the weather grows cooler, and from now on to Thanksgiving there will not be so much to distract attention as there has been so far. So, now, it behooves most of us to commence to make up for time wasted, while the few faithful "pluggers" would do well to bring the color to their pale cheeks by long excursions on the silent steed, or for those who prefer rather more violent, though hardly less

fascinating exercise, by joining the Bowdoin hounds in some of their semi-weekly runs.

The students in college, who either attended the Portland High School or who live in Portland, have formed a social club, to be known as the Portland Club of Bowdoin. All the members, twenty-three in number, are very enthusiastic over their new organization, and doubtless the students from other cities may form similar clubs. This club will promote a feeling of good-fellowship among Portland's sons, and it is entirely without class or fraternity distinction, as all classes and all fraternities are represented. The officers are: President, H. H. Pierce, '96; Secretary, Chase Eastman, '96; Treasurer, W. W. Lawrence, '98; Executive Committee, W. W. Robinson, '96, P. W. Davis, '97, H. H. Hamilton, '98. The members are: '96—Eastman, Pierce, Robinson; '97—Davis, Cook, Gribben; '98—Baxter, Dana, Blake, Ives, Merrill, Webster, Lawrence, Gould, Hamilton, Pierce, Verrill; '99—Dana, Webster, Thompson, Moulton, Sinkinson, Hadlock.

Not for years has there been so much sport and excitement on the old Bowdoin campus as there was Thursday evening. The college boys had the fun, while the whole town went wild with excitement and apprehension that the college was in danger of total destruction. It all happened in this way. The scores of maples and elms that cover the big campus are now bare of their leaves, which have covered the ground in golden and brown drifts. Thursday afternoon, just before six, a few students, tired of work over their books, thought of a brilliant scheme which promised, with the aid of these dry leaves, to furnish oceans of fun and wake up things in general. Forth they sallied from their rooms and applied a few lighted matches to the leaves thickly covering the ground, between Withrop and Massachusetts Halls. The fire quickly spread, and in a few moments burst into flames that mounted high. The wide campus paths on all sides prevented the possibility that the fire could do any serious damage, but the great mass of leaves furnished a truly splendid conflagration, and it was a handsome sight. The wild cry of "Fire!" was raised by a score of voices, and 250 students came rushing from their rooms to take it all in. Some one started wildly ringing the chapel bell, and this and the loud cries being heard down town, the alarm was given there and the town bell joined in the chorus, ordering out the fire department. The flames were burning over an

acre, making the whole campus light as midday, and, reflecting on the buildings and sky, gave the impression for miles around that an immense conflagration was raging and that the whole college was one seething holocaust. The whole town was in an uproar. All the bells and whistles kept sounding the alarm, and the whole population rushed toward the campus, where the students were all standing around the burning leaves, alternately screaming with laughter and yelling "Fire! Fire!" The Faculty were early on the scene and tried to enjoy the joke. The climax came when the hose companies and the hook and ladder trucks came dashing upon the campus. There was violent profanity from some of the firemen and the multitude of "yaggers" who followed in their wake, but most took it very good-naturedly and declared it was the best "sell" and "leg-pull" known in the history of the college. In ten minutes the fire was no more and darkness reigned over the campus. The firemen and towns-people departed; the students, after cheering the firemen and passing them a vote of thanks, went with laughter and song towards their clubs for supper, and the bells and whistles ceased their music. There was nothing, after all, very "funny" in it, except to the college boys, but to them the occasion was a merry one.

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## Athletics.

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### FOOT-BALL.

*Bowdoin Picked Eleven, 18; Lincoln Academy, 0.*

On Saturday, October 19th, a picked eleven, composed for the most part of North Maine foot-ball enthusiasts, went to Newcastle and defeated the Lincoln Academy team by the score of 18 to 0. The academy has a good eleven and the game was well played. Coggan kicked the three goals. Following is the line-up of the Bowdoin eleven: Welsh, center; Thompson and Kelley, guards; Hatch and Oakes, tackles; Coggan and Wilson, ends; McIntyre, quarterback; Haskell and Horne, halfbacks; Baker, fullback.

*Bowdoin, '99, 16; Bath High School, 0.*

An eleven from the Freshman Class went to Bath, October 19th, and defeated the High School team of that city by a score of 16 to 0. Clark and Fairfield did most of the work for the Freshmen, the latter's run of 60 yards with perfect interference

being a feature. Quite a crowd went down with the eleven. The '99 boys lined up as follows: Shields, center; Cram and Jennings, guards; Lancey and Albee, tackles; Hadlock and Haskell, ends; Randall, quarterback; Clark and L. L. Cleaves, halfbacks; Fairfield, fullback.

*Bowdoin, 36; Exeter, 0.*

Bowdoin's third game of the season was played with Exeter at Exeter, Wednesday, October 23d, resulting in a most satisfactory victory by the score of 36 to 0. It was Bowdoin's game at every point, and though the Exeter team was our equal in weight, it was greatly outclassed in playing. Yet Exeter played a plucky game—its best, so its supporters said, of the season. It had very few chances to rush the ball, and could gain absolutely nothing through Bowdoin's line or around its end. All the Bowdoin backs did magnificent work, and their long runs, amid superb interference, were the features of the game. Exeter was powerless to stop the Bowdoin backs when they were once fairly started. The Exeter center was firm, but its ends and backs were not at all in the same class with the Maine boys. Each Bowdoin man played a hard game, full of life and snap, and got into every play. Eastman, for the first time in a 'Varsity game, did finely at guard.

Exeter won the toss, and Stanwood kicked off 30 yards. Exeter punted it back 25 yards. Bowdoin set the ball in motion, big gains were made, and Stanwood, in just two and one-half minutes, dashed round right end for the first touchdown and then kicked the goal. The ball was again put into play, and Stanwood did the same thing over again. Murphy made the third touchdown, three minutes later, and Stanwood kicked the third goal. Before time was called for the end of the first half, McMillan's fine sprinting added one more touchdown to the list, but Stanwood failed to kick the goal.

McMillan scored the first touchdown of the second half almost as soon as the ball was put into play, and Stanwood kicked the goal. Warren scored the next touchdown with ease; Stanwood failed to kick goal. There were three minutes more left to play, and McMillan made the last touchdown. Warren kicked the goal, ending the game. Two of Exeter's most valuable men were crippled, Scannell and Gibbons, and Zimmerman took Scannell's place and Williams replaced Gibbons. Both these men played a very good game. The line-up was:

BOWDOIN.		PHILLIPS EXETER.
Stearns.	Left End.	Evans.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	Higbee.
Bates.	Left Guard.	Peyton.
Stone.	Center.	Kasson.
Eastman.	Right Guard.	{ Scannell.
Spear.	Right Tackle.	{ Zimmerman.
Libby.	Right End.	Connor.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Haggerty.
Stanwood. }	Halfbacks.	Stevenson.
McMillan. }		{ Bottger.
Warren.	Fullback.	{ Whitcomb.
		{ Williams.
		{ Gibbon.

Score—Bowdoin 36, Exeter 0. Touchdowns—Stanwood 2, McMillan 3, Warren, Murphy. Goals from touchdowns—Stanwood 3, Warren. Umpire—Winsor. Referee—Ross. Linesman—Pendleton. Time—40m. Attendance—300.

*Bowdoin, 5; Colby, 0.*

Bowdoin's first game on the home grounds was played Saturday, October 26th, with Colby as the opposing team. It was generally expected that Colby would prove as easy a victim as in former years, and that the usual large score would be run up against her. But Colby's eleven this year is much stronger than any that has ever represented that college before, and the rush line is the heaviest that Bowdoin has run up against for some time. It was a contest between science and beef, and science won, but by a small margin. The five points earned early in the first half by a goal from the field, handsomely kicked by Stanwood, represented Bowdoin's total score, and it was certainly not a victory that caused any feeling of great elation here. The choice of last year's rules was the secret of Colby's good showing. With eight or nine men back of the line, they pounded away all the game through the Bowdoin center, for short but sure gains. Their great superiority in weight made the odds enormous against our light team, but by magnificent work Bowdoin held them every time when the goal was in danger. Great credit is due the Bowdoin team for keeping Colby from thus scoring, but on the other hand Bowdoin has no excuse for not making the score greater. Several times the ball was lost by fumbles when it had been forced by end runs close to the Colby goal, and touchdown seemed certain. Our interference was not so good as usual, and long gains were few. It was the most exciting contest ever seen on our delta.

Bowdoin had the ball on the kick-off and Stanwood kicked to Colby's 10-yard line, Paterson securing the ball and making a good gain before he was downed. Colby lost the ball on downs, and Bow-

doin by a series of round the end plays carried the ball to the five-yard line, where the ball was lost on a fumble by Moulton. Colby punted, Stanwood failed to catch the ball, and Brooks of Colby fell on it in the center of the field.

After several good gains had been made through Bowdoin's line Colby was held for four downs. Failing to gain the requisite five yards in three downs, Stanwood dropped back as though to punt, but instead dashed around Colby's right end and sprinted thirty yards before being downed. Good gains through the line were made by Murphy and Warren, a run for fifteen yards around the right end by McMillan, and Bowdoin again had the ball on Colby's five-yard line, where it was lost again on a fumble. Bowdoin had now lost two good chances to score, and her supporters were disappointed.

Colby forced the ball back to the 35-yard line, when it went to Bowdoin on downs. Stanwood dropped back to try for a goal from the field. The ball was way over on the right-hand edge of the field, and the try for a goal was a difficult one, but Stanwood was equal to the occasion, and kicked a beautiful goal, scoring five points for Bowdoin, the only ones made during the game.

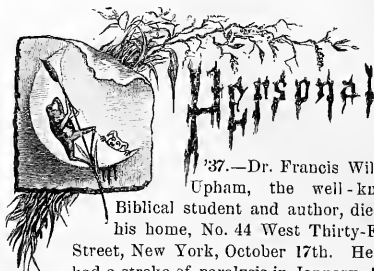
It looked as though Bowdoin would add to its score in the second half, as splendid gains were made around the ends by McMillan and Kendall, but the ball was fumbled at critical times, and Bowdoin could not score. Bowdoin men look for a larger score when the teams next meet at Waterville, November 14th. The line-up:

Bowdoin.		COLBY.
Libby.	Left End.	Shannon.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	Putnam.
Bates.	Left Guard.	Brooks.
Stone.	Center.	Hamilton.
French.	Right Guard.	Thompson.
Spear.	Right Tackle.	Chapman.
Stearns.	Right End.	Pike.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Watkins.
McMillan.		
Stanwood.	Halfbacks.	{ Paterson.
Kendall.		{ Alden.
Warren.	Fullback.	Holmes.

Score — Bowdoin 5. Goals from field — Stanwood. Umpire — Clark of Colby. Referee — Ward of Bowdoin. Linesman — Coggan of Bowdoin. Time — 20-m. halves.

There are from 1,500 to 2,000 American students in France.

A fine observatory is being constructed for the University of Pennsylvania.



'37.—Dr. Francis William Upham, the well-known Biblical student and author, died at his home, No. 44 West Thirty-Fifth Street, New York, October 17th. He had had a stroke of paralysis in January, 1894, and had been confined by ill-health to the house, and most of the time to his room, ever since. The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst conducted the funeral, assisted by the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin. Services were also held at Mount Auburn Cemetery, Boston, where the burial took place. Dr. Upham was a member of a well-known Massachusetts family, which had given six members as officers to the Continental Army during the Revolution. His father, Nathaniel Upham, served three successive terms in Congress as a Representative from New Hampshire. Of Dr. Upham's brothers, one was a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire and a United States Commissioner in London, and another, Albert Gallatin Upham, Bowdoin, '40, a well-known professor. Dr. Upham was born in Rochester, N. H., on September 10, 1817. He received a preparatory education at Phillips Exeter Academy, afterward entering Bowdoin College when he was only fourteen years old. After being graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of '37, Dr. Upham studied law in Boston, and was there admitted to the bar on proposal by Rufus Choate. He became a member of a well-known law firm there. However, after a few years' practice of law he became deeply interested in the defence of the Bible against what has been called "the higher criticism," and devoted the rest of his life to studying in the original tongue and publishing works defensive of holy writ. Dr. Upham had lived in New York more than thirty-five years, devoting his entire time to his valuable works. He had traveled in Palestine and elsewhere abroad, and he was a member of the Victoria Institute, London, Eng. In politics he was a Republican. He belonged to the Congregational church, although he attended Dr. Parkhurst's church. A widow, who was a daughter of the late Isaac C. Kendall, survives him. Dr. Upham's published works include



"The Debate Between Church and Science," "The Star of Our Lord," "Thoughts on the Holy Gospels," "St. Matthew's Witness," and "The First Words from God." Dr. Upham received the degree of LL.D. from Union College in 1869. His work, "The Debate Between Church and Science," was published anonymously in support of Professor Taylor Lewis's "Six Days of Creation." Professor Lewis, "disappointed and saddened by the attack which nominal brethren had made on him," as some one said, found suddenly an unknown defender, who appeared as the champion of one who had not asked his aid, and without fee or reward, against the distinguished critics of Professor Lewis's book. Dr. Upham's work was highly praised by critics and students, and the *North American Review* called it "an important and remarkable book."

'72.—Hon. George M. Seiders was Maine's representative speaker at the meeting of the Lincoln Republican Club in Boston, October 17th.

'82.—On Monday evening, October 21st, Arthur G. Staples and Miss Jane Lambert Dingley were united in marriage in Lewiston. The bride is the daughter of Frank L. Dingley, '61, now editor of the *Lewiston Journal*. Mr. Staples has been for ten years past the city editor of the *Lewiston Journal*, and is one of the ablest and best known newspaper writers in Maine. During his Senior year in Bowdoin he was at the head of the ORIENT board. Mr. and Mrs. Staples left the city on the midnight train for a tour to Atlanta, Washington, etc. They will be at home at No. 220 College Street, Lewiston, after December 1st. Cards are out for a reception in City Hall, November 18th.

'91.—Dr. Ralph H. Hunt, one of the most brilliant of Bangor's young men, has been appointed assistant surgeon at the National Soldiers' Home at Togus.

'92.—Thomas R. Nichols, who, after leaving college, took a post-graduate course at the Clark University, Worcester, Mass., is now Professor of Mathematics in the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

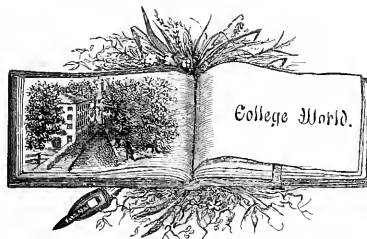
'93.—Milton S. Clifford, who for something less than a year has been editor and part owner of the *Daily News* of Bangor, has left that paper. Mr. Clifford will resume the study of law in the office of General Henry L. Mitchell in Bangor, and will later apply for admission to the Penobscot Bar.

'94.—The many friends of Ralph P. Plaisted will regret to learn that he is ill with typhoid fever at the home of his father, ex-Governor H. M. Plaisted, at Bangor.

'94.—W. W. Thomas, 2d, son of Elias Thomas, Esq., will spend the winter in California, at Palo Alto, where he will study law in the Leland Stanford University.

'95.—John G. W. Knowlton is studying medicine in the Harvard Medical School.

'95.—Alonzo W. Morelon is principal of Bridge Academy, Dresden, Me.



#### VERY ROCKY.

"Did you ever," said the fair young thing,  
As they gazed on the star-lit heavens,  
"Did you ever stand at night  
On a rocky bluff—" "You're right,"  
Said he, "I've stood on a pair of sevens."

The Yale Law School has organized a new debating club, called the Wayland Club. It will be run in co-operation with the Kent Club, and only members of the Kent Club will be eligible to the Wayland.

The Senior Class of Brown has petitioned the Faculty to abolish term examinations.

The large cities of the country are thus represented in the Class of '99 at Yale:

	ACAD.	SHEFF.
New York,	30	14
New Haven,	28	8
Chicago,	17	9
Brooklyn,	17	4
Hartford,	6	10
Cleveland,	10	2
Buffalo,	7	4
Cincinnati,	7	1
St. Louis,	7	0
Philadelphia,	1	1
Boston,	1	0

Columbia College has entered upon its one hundred and forty-second year with an attendance considerably larger than last year. Among the appointments to the Faculty are James R. Wheeler, University of Vermont, as Professor of Greek; John B. Clark, Amherst, as Professor of Political Economy.

The Chicago papers are giving a good deal of room now to descriptions of Chicago University's eleven, calling it everything from "excellent team" to "best in the West," according to the enthusiasm and affiliations of the correspondents.

**THE FAD FOLLOWER.**

I've followed the fads of the day,  
But none seem to come to stay;  
The new woman's position soon will be  
In the rear with Napoleon and Trilby,  
So tired, wearied, sore, and perplexed,  
I'm watching and waiting for what's coming next.

—*The Lafayette.*

Through the recent efforts of a former Northwestern University professor, graduates from colleges of good standing in America are now to be admitted to French institutions simply upon presentation of diplomas or credentials.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 13, 1895.

No. 9.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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### TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

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Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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A week more and another foot-ball season will be ended. Thus far we have much to be proud of in the record of our eleven, and we are confident the closing games will bring it additional glory. All regret exceedingly that so many games have been canceled by our opponents this fall. Over half a dozen have thus been lost after arrangements were fully made. Bowdoin has not canceled a single game, but the teams with whom we have had dates have had, in too many cases, very little of that sportsmanlike spirit and sense of honor that forbids them to cancel a date unless for some better reason than to escape a defeat or accept a better offer elsewhere. It is very exasperating to be treated as we have thus been treated in several cases this season, and it not only tends to dampen the ardor of the players and their supporters, but also seriously handicaps the management in its finances. It would be well if bonds were given when games were arranged, and then managers would not be so free and easy in throwing up games on little or no pretext. If all our games had been played as arranged our list of victories would have been much longer, and the season a very much more successful one in every respect. We have now to our credit four victories, one tie, and one defeat. May the last games be the best ones, with the team

representing old Bowdoin working as it never worked before to maintain its unquestioned superiority over any other teams Maine can produce, and to prove its right to a place in the front rank of American colleges in this great national college sport.

THE recently issued catalogue of Bowdoin College for the year 1895-6 shows the largest enrollment of students in the history of the institution. The total of 363 is divided as follows: Medical 120, Seniors 45, Juniors 61, Sophomores 60, Freshmen 64, specials 13. The session of the School of Science, last summer, receives brief mention, and the names of its students are given separately. Most teachers and many scholars will turn first to the statement of the requirements for the new courses leading to the degrees of B.L. and B.S. In place of Greek, which still remains, however, a required study for all candidates for the degree of A.B., the graduates of our high schools and academies may offer any one of four substitutes, French, German, Physics and Advanced Mathematics, Chemistry and Advanced Mathematics. The old complaint that the course to and through the small colleges was so stereotyped that no scope was allowed for the natural bent of a bright boy's mind, surely can not apply to Bowdoin with this four-fold way of entrance, and numberless combinations of courses after entrance.

THE present term is witnessing an unusual and somewhat alarming amount of willful and wanton destruction of college property. There have been no flagrant outbreaks, as has been the case oftentimes in former years, but the thoughtless and those who go on the rampage for fun have been industriously making up for any deficiency in that line, as

is shown by the recent "scrap" in the college library. The average of repairs will be needlessly high; for one item over a thousand panes of glass have been broken since the opening of the college year, not to mention the doors that have been replaced. This destruction of property should be stopped, not only because it is wasteful but because the sentiment of the student body is against it. The only way in which it will cease is by each student at Bowdoin taking hold of his own case and confining the expenditure of his surplus energy to less fragile things than glass and human handiwork. We are governed by ourselves and form a small republic, as it were, whose regulations take it for granted that its members will act as gentlemen and as such will need but few arbitrary "thou-shalt-not" commands. To this lack of prohibitory regulations and to the fact that the pecuniary penalty falls on all equally, so that in truth the breaking in of a door or a scrap in a college building costs any one student but a trifling sum, is due the present careless handling of property. As one of Bowdoin's professors has suggested, it would almost seem that the average collegian sailed under two codes of honor. The ensign of the one he displays at home; on the campus or among his mates he flaunts the other, the less honorable one. It is true that the change from the controlling influences of home to the almost entire freedom of college life is somewhat apt to make a youth careless of his deeds, but sooner or later, in college or out, all will learn that liberty is not the pleasure of the individual, but the welfare of the whole. Every Bowdoin man is proud of his college and of her campus and buildings, and under ordinary circumstances zealous for their good condition. But we have our moments of thoughtlessness, when our only aim is boisterous fun, and then property suffers. We only need to be on our guard against such moments to prevent the re-

currence of what might well be styled an epidemic of destructiveness.

THE issue of *The Dartmouth* for November 1st, has a two-column editorial on the recent Dartmouth-Bowdoin foot-ball difficulty which is interesting reading for Bowdoin men. It is an ample and satisfactory explanation of the position of Dartmouth, a full acknowledgment that their position was wrong, and a straightforward and honorable apology to Bowdoin. It claims the Dartmouth manager misrepresented the whole matter to the student body and led them to take an entirely wrong step. Following is the full text of the editorial in *The Dartmouth*, and the ORIENT heartily joins the writer in hoping that the pleasant old relations between the two colleges be quickly restored, and a friendship established that shall not be easily severed.

The resolutions passed in Old Chapel last week to the effect "that Bowdoin owes Dartmouth a return foot-ball game, and if this game is not granted this fall, no foot-ball games will be played with her for two years," are greatly to be regretted. The resolutions in question were ill-considered and hastily passed. They were not discussed and the foot-ball management was extremely unwise in asking for their immediate acceptance. None knew before the meeting that they were to be presented, and all were consequently unprepared for taking final action. The resolutions were totally uncalled for, and if there had been occasion for them the proper course would have been to have them read and then laid on the table for a week of consideration. If those who voted in favor of their acceptance had been given the opportunity to exercise full thought and deliberate judgment, the measure would not have passed. If Bowdoin had been in the wrong, as a full knowledge of the facts shows she was not, it was a weak and puerile act for Dartmouth to refuse to play her for two years because some imaginary promise had

been broken. The trouble arose from the Bowdoin-Exeter game of October 23d. Both Bowdoin and Dartmouth agreed on October 16th as the date of the return game, but our management claims that a subsequent arrangement was made with Bowdoin by which Bowdoin should play us the 23d instead of the 16th, to afford our team an opportunity to play Yale on the last named date. Our management asserted still further that Bowdoin having agreed to play us the 23d, canceled the game for some reason, and gave the date to Exeter. On the other hand Bowdoin claimed that she made no agreement to play here the 23d and that the date had been previously assigned to Exeter. The statements made by us with reference to our sister college were unjust, and after a careful consideration of the evidence appear manifestly in the wrong. Brunswick papers and the college journals of Bowdoin have for a long time assigned the date of October 23d to Exeter, and this clearly proves that Bowdoin did not give the game to Exeter at the last moment for fear of facing our team. Taking these facts into view, the conclusion is that the game here with Bowdoin on the 16th was canceled through financial motives by our management in order to play Yale, and that it trusted to luck that Bowdoin would cancel the game with Exeter on the 23d and play us at that time. Further, three days previous to the 23d, our management sent a telegram to Bowdoin stating, "Dartmouth will not play Bowdoin in base-ball or foot-ball if you do not play return game Wednesday." There was no occasion for the telegram, and the management had not authority to forbid playing without the vote of the college. The purport of the telegram was the same as that of the resolution passed three days following, but the necessary formal action by the student body had not been taken. Dartmouth is clearly in error in this matter, and it remains for the foot-ball management which has caused the severing of the friendship between Bowdoin and Dartmouth, to restore the old relations and make amends for the wrong done. The resolutions should be reconsidered at the next meeting in Old Chapel, then the real judgment of the college may be expressed."

### Delta Upsilon Convention.

THE sixty-first annual convention of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity was held with the DePauw Chapter at Greencastle, Ind., October 24th and 25th.

The Eastern delegation was the last to reach Indianapolis, where the delegates from different directions had been collecting during the day and evening of the 23d. At about midnight the delegates boarded the train and after an hour's ride reached Greencastle, where they were warmly welcomed and escorted to the hotels by members of the DePauw Chapter.

The first day of the convention was occupied with the chapter reports and the usual routine of business.

At 7.30 P.M., the public exercises were held at the Christian Church, Greencastle. The fraternity history was given by George F. Andrews, Brown, '92, and an able oration on "Liberal Education in Life" was delivered by Charles R. Williams, Rochester, '75. At the close of these exercises a reception was tendered the delegates by the DePauw Chapter at its rooms. A pleasant evening was passed in the society of the charming co-eds of DePauw.

Friday was occupied with business. Representatives of local societies in Leland Stanford, Jr., University, University of California, and Wesleyan University presented petitions to the convention for charters of Delta Upsilon Fraternity to be granted them. The petitions from Leland Stanford and University of California were granted.

At 3.30 P.M., the convention adjourned and the delegates took the train for Indianapolis, where a call was made on Governor Matthews at the State House. At 6.30 P.M. supper was served at the Bates House, and at 8 P.M. a theatre party was formed. Through the kindness of the Indiana Alumni Association a beautiful fraternity monogram, lighted with gold and blue electric lamps,

had been suspended in front of the curtain in the Grand Opera House. A still greater surprise greeted the party when the prima-donna came upon the stage wearing the "gold and blue."

The banquet was held at the Deñison House, Judge Sherman of Chicago, Middlebury, '60, presiding as toast-master. Responses were made by H. C. Johnson, Swarthmore, '96, M. G. Weatherby, Colgate, '90, Joseph Congdon, Tufts, '96, and several others.

On the outward trip the Eastern delegates were entertained at Cleveland by the Adelbert Chapter. The Garfield monument was visited, after which a lunch was served by the Chapter.

Niagara Falls was one of the places visited on the return trip. Here the Bowdoin delegate not only had the pleasure of studying the geological formation of this natural wonder, but he also had the privilege of seeing how man has "harnessed Niagara." H. Gilpatric, '96, represented the Bowdoin chapter.

### Meeting of the Boston Alumni.

ON Saturday, November 2d, at the Copley Square Hotel in Boston, was held the second regular monthly dinner of the Boston alumni. The occasion was of special interest on account of the presence of Manager Ordway and several members of the foot-ball team, who had stopped over from the game with B. A. A. the day previous. Our Boston alumni have shown a great interest in undergraduate work, and their meetings are always most pleasant and social. G. R. Swasey, Esq., '75, is President of their organization, and G. S. Berry, '86, Secretary and Treasurer. The following Bowdoin men were present: Col. Henry Stone, '52; John G. Stetson, '54; S. W. Harmon, '65; S. B. Carter, '66; E. O. Howard, '74; W. E. Hatch, '75; G. R. Swasey, '75; S. W. Whitmore, '75; W. G. Waitt, '76; Dr. John W. Achorn, '79; E. C. Burbank, '80;

L. B. Folsom, '85; J. F. Libby, '85; G. S. Berry, '86; E. E. Rideout, '86; E. F. Conant, '90; W. H. Greeley, '90; A. S. Ridley, '90; E. N. Goding, '91; E. H. Newbegin, '91; H. DeF. Smith, '91; H. W. Poore, '92; E. B. Young, '92; C. C. Bucknam, '93; W. P. Chamberlain, '93; A. M. Jones, '93; H. E. Andrews, '94; F. W. Dana, '94; Walter Spear, '94; L. C. Hatch, '95; W. M. Ingraham, '95; J. G. W. Knowlton, '95; P. D. Smith, '95; G. T. Ordway, '96; Robert Newbegin, '96; H. H. Pierce, '96; W. W. Spear, '98, and Edward Stanwood, Jr., '98.

After the dinner was discussed and cigars were lighted, the undergraduates who were present were called on, and all said a few words thanking the Boston alumni for their interest in the college, especially as shown by their efforts to procure the foot-ball team good coaching. Among the alumni who spoke were Col. Stone, Mr. Stetson, Mr. Harmon, Mr. W. E. Hatch, Mr. Berry, Mr. Goding, and Mr. Ingraham. Satisfaction with the work of the team was expressed, and it was hoped the showing for the remainder of the season would be up to that of the first half. The meeting was adjourned at 10 o'clock, after a most pleasant evening. The next dinner will be held at the Copley Square, December 7th.

### A Bold Move.

**T**HE following story has at least one merit—it is true. It was told me by a friend who knew the characters, and with a few changes in places and names, is substantially as I heard it.

Phil Sheldon was an employee in the baggage department of an important New England railroad station. It was his proud boast that he had reached the age of twenty-five without ever having seen a girl attractive enough to make his heart beat any faster than usual. One morning, as he was idly standing in the baggage-room, he heard a

pleasant voice at his elbow saying, "Will you check this, please?" Phil turned and beheld a young lady with a sweet, winsome face, who, pointing to a large valise which a hackman had just brought in, repeated her request. Mechanically he punched her ticket and arranged her checks, thinking all the time that he would like to know a young lady like her.

As he handed the young lady her checks he noticed that she carried another valise in her hand which was apparently quite heavy. Glad of a chance to prolong the interview, he gallantly offered to take it to the train for her, and, receiving a polite "thank you," he picked up the valise and accompanied its owner to the train. Phil found the lady a seat and spent as much time as possible arranging her luggage and wraps, meanwhile ransacking his brains for some means to see her again. He noticed that she wore on her finger a ring that apparently was rather loose, and it gave him an idea. Bending down, as if to arrange some further detail for her comfort, he quickly disengaged the ring. "Call for it when you come back," he said; "you know where to find me," and rushing out of the car he swung off just as the train started, leaving the astonished young lady whirling away to New York at fifty miles an hour.

Phil went back to his work with a happy heart. "Say, Jim," he said to a companion, "did you notice that girl that I went to the train with just now?" "Yes," was the reply. "Who brought her in?" "Hackman 23, I think." Phil went out to the hackmen's stand and, by good luck, found the man he sought. From him he learned that the young lady resided at 223 Lamartine Street.

Delighted with his success, Phil went around all the morning singing "There's only one girl in this world for me," and at noon hastened to Lamartine Street and, by much manœuvring and careful questioning,

ascertained that her name was Evelyn Burgess. "Evelyn Burgess!" he exclaimed. "Well, I always did think Evelyn was a pretty name."

"I wonder what she will do about that ring," was his next thought. "I may have gotten myself into a scrape, but 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' and by Jove! if she isn't worth venturing a good deal for, no girl ever was."

A few days afterward, he was delighted to see the owner of the stolen ring coming into the baggage-room. He hastened to meet her and then, for the first time, the full significance of what he had done came over him and he stood before her blushing and abashed.

"Well, sir," said the young lady, coldly, "will you be kind enough to return my ring?" "Certainly," was the reply, "but first permit me to offer an explanation." "I think none is necessary," the lady answered. "At least, if you have any explanations to make you can make them in the police court."

Phil, however, pleaded so hard for a chance to explain, that the lady, touched by his distress, granted him permission to come that evening to her home and make any explanations he had to offer.

About eight o'clock that evening he ascended the steps of the house on Lamartine Street and rang the bell. He was admitted and conducted to the parlor, where Miss Burgess sat alone. "Well," she asked, "have you anything to say for yourself?" "Yes," answered Phil, "a good deal." "Miss Burgess, I have lived twenty-five years without having seen a young lady attractive enough to induce me to look twice at her. A few days ago I met you and my first thought was that I should like to know you. I felt that I must see you again and the thought came to me that if I should be unable to learn anything about you, I would hear from you through this ring, and the full signifi-

cance of the act never occurred to me. Miss Burgess, I have spoken plainly but truly. Will you forgive me?"

The admiration of a handsome man is always gratifying to a beautiful woman, and Evelyn Burgess, after a searching look at the frank, open face opposite her, granted pardon.

Phil was now very humble and penitent, but he felt that he could not let all that had passed amount to nothing, and so he begged leave to call again. Miss Burgess, after much hesitation, gave her permission and Phil departed a happy man.

He called on his new friend frequently and a mutual admiration sprang up between them which, later, ripened into love. They were married just a year from the day they met, and departed for New York on the same train which figured in their first meeting.

After they were comfortably settled in their seats, Phil asked, as he pointed to the ring on his bride's hand, "you didn't think when I relieved you of your ring a year ago, that I would be the happy possessor of its owner within a year, did you?" "No," was the answer, "but oh, Phil, I'm very glad you stole that ring."

### Life in a Lumber Camp.

**I**N the latter part of the winter of 1891, I accepted the invitation of a friend, a surveyor, to spend a few days in one of the lumber camps of northern Maine. A ride of some fifty miles through the snow-drifts, which characterize that region in winter, brought us to the camp. We were about an hour early for supper, and this hour I occupied in becoming acquainted with the cook, a jovial, good-natured fellow, fairly bubbling over with fun; he wore a neat apron of thick, white cloth, which was his only resemblance to the cooks in our kitchens in town.

As we sat by the fire, devouring some



hot gingerbread given us by the cook, the crew began to come in. Two or three at a time they entered, and some of the best built men I ever saw were among them; some with axes over their shoulders, others carrying jackets on their arms, and all hungry as bears. Soon the cook announced supper, and every man of them did justice to the meal. After supper all returned to the sleeping and smoking room, to talk, sing, play cards—and right here let me state that in that and the numerous subsequent visits I have made to lumber camps, I never saw any card-playing after nine o'clock.

During the first evening in camp, I made the acquaintance of the "boys." One cannot help getting acquainted in a lumber camp; you go into camp to-day, and by to-morrow night you know nearly every man in the crew. There was Bob Wilson, a stout, well-built fellow, who could cut more timber in a day than any two of the others. A better-hearted, more generous fellow I never saw. Then there was Ned Hand, who could play "pitch" like a fiend; Alf Curtis, a first-rate singer; John Norton, who played the banjo; besides two dozen other jolly good fellows, known as "Bill," "Jim," "Fon," etc. By bed-time I knew nearly all of them by name, and I retired with the feeling that homesickness in that camp was out of the question.

At five in the morning the stentorian voice of the cook exhorted everybody to "T-U-R-R-N A-A-A-W-T." This action was followed by breakfast, after which the teamsters went to the hovel to "hitch up" the horses, while the choppers, with shouldered axes, started for the woods.

One night, as we sat about the fire, a squirrel ran across the floor to a corner, and there, unmolested, sat up and ate a morsel of food which he had found. Upon inquiry, I learned that it is considered promotive of

bad luck to kill or injure a squirrel or a weasel in camp.

One or two evenings were spent in trials of skill and strength; and such jumping, wrestling, boxing, and other athletic feats as were exhibited on the floor of that camp, would have done credit to our very best athletes in Bowdoin. Men who had worked hard all day performed tricks which would have graced a circus ring.

Sunday was spent in various ways by the various men; some slept, others whittled, and a few (for I saw them) read in their Bibles. Quite a number had gone home to spend the Sabbath. Monday morning all were ready for work again, and all boasted of the work they would do before Saturday.

Tuesday afternoon, as I was standing in front of the camp, I glanced towards the woods, and saw one of the teams coming slowly down the road, and the greater part of the crew following it. As they came up to the camp I saw somebody stretched out upon the sled. Upon asking I learned that during the afternoon, Bob Wilson and Bill Dunn had been chopping side by side. Bob had cut a deep scarf in one side of a tree, and had gone around to chop on the other side. At the second blow of the ax the tree slipped from the stump, falling toward Bill. Bob shouted to warn Bill, but, seeing that his friend had not time to get out of the way he had leaped to the tree to try to change the direction of its fall; as he did so, the tree had fallen, a huge branch striking him upon the head, and Bob Wilson was no more.

They laid him tenderly, even reverently, on one of the berths, and, as they stood around his lifeless body, great tears rolled down the cheeks of those rough lumbermen, not one of whom but could remember some favor, some act of kindness, shown him by Bob Wilson. Poor, big-hearted, generous

Bob. As honest Bill Dunn told of his friend's sacrifice, his eyes glistened, his voice trembled, and at last the great fellow broke down and wept like a child. And as one after another spoke of instances of Bob's generosity, there was not a dry eye in the camp. And now Bob, everybody's friend, nobody's enemy, was taken from us. His body was sent to his home in Vermont, and a note despatched to his poor widow, with instructions to buy the best casket to be found in town, "at the expense of the boys." "Gold was not too good for our Bob."

That evening, and for the remainder of my visit, there was no card playing, no light songs or stories. Poor Bob's fate had saddened all our hearts.

When I left the camp to return home, I carried with me the thought that, if the people of our large manufacturing towns could visit the "boys" in camp, could have seen how tenderly poor Bob's remains were cared for, they would not then take such a pessimistic view in regard to the "drunken, carousing toughs," as they are pleased to call them, whom we see in town every spring, after the logging season is over. In the woods, they are as sober, good-natured, kind-hearted fellows as one could wish to meet; and it is the drink they get in our cultured (?) towns which transforms some of them into the demons we occasionally see.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### Hallowe'en.

Wild, unearthly sounds we hear,  
And grotesque phantoms weird appear;  
In sportive mirth the elvins play,  
And Mystery o'er earth holds sway  
On Hallowe'en.

'Neath sylvan boughs a maid I greet  
With soft caresses, tender, sweet;

I hold her in my strong embrace,  
And gently raise her glowing face  
On Hallowe'en.

With fear I strive a boon to ask—  
'Tis but an unavailing task—  
I plainly read with vast surprise  
My answer in her laughing eyes  
On Hallowe'en.

Let love be crushed by hope and fear,  
Let future days be dark and drear,  
Let hearts be filled with sad regret,  
At such a time can I forget  
That Hallowe'en?

### The Gates of Horn.

Out of the gates of horn  
Come, O dreams, to-night,  
And fill, till the rosy morn,  
The hours with sweet delight.

Bring of the past to me  
All that was happy there;  
Let me of the future see  
All that is bright and fair.

Open, ye gates of horn,  
Sprinkling the seas of night  
With sparkling visions, born  
Of sweetness and of light.

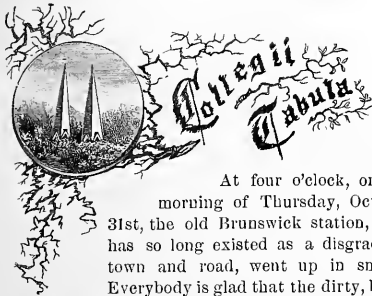
### Jubilee Ode.

October 31, 1895.

Fling the news the world around  
On the wind that hurries by;  
Raise the anthem till the sound  
Scatters all the clouds on high.  
Ring, O bells! and whistles, blow!  
Join, all men, our jubilee!  
Make the mighty message go  
Over every land and sea.  
'Tis the news for which we've yearned  
Through the weary length of years,  
While our hearts in anguish burned,  
And our prayers were wet with tears.

Fling the tidings toward the sky,  
Till the angels join the song;  
Raising loud their joyful cry  
For the news they've waited long.  
Fling the tidings deep in hell  
Till the fiends their chorus raise;

For this hour they waited well  
 When on earth they passed their days.  
 Spread the tidings everywhere,  
 Till the world the truth has learned ;  
 With rejoicings cleave the air—  
 It has burned ! The station's burned !



At four o'clock, on the morning of Thursday, October 31st, the old Brunswick station, that has so long existed as a disgrace to town and road, went up in smoke. Everybody is glad that the dirty, barn-like old structure is gone, and now there is a prospect of a more sightly and convenient station. The building was well insured, and doubtless the road, as the town and the traveling public, is glad it has gone. The fire caught in the restaurant kitchen and spread with great rapidity, so that nothing was saved except the baggage. Many of the students turned out to enjoy the sight of the conflagration. Had it happened on the following night, Hallowe'en, it is not improbable that the public mind would have given the credit for the station's destruction to Sophomoric devilry.

Koehan, '97, is out teaching.

Only two weeks to Thanksgiving.

The annual catalogue is out this week.

True, '75, was on the campus last week.

Dearth, '87, was on the campus over Sunday.

Bowdoin plays both Colby and Bates this week.

Prof. Sanglier, of Bath, has several pupils in college.

President Hyde preached before the Dartmouth students last Sunday.

Pendleton, '90, representing Wright & Ditson, was here last week.

The Republican students were happy over the election returns last week.

The Freshmen posted a foot-ball challenge for the Sophomores last week.

The chess enthusiasts are anxious for the club to get down to its winter's business.

The game with Brown at Providence, November 20th, will close the foot-ball season.

Professor H. C. Emery was obliged by illness to go to his home in Ellsworth last week.

Peakes, '96, and Drake, '98, were ushers at the recent Lincoln-Drake wedding in Bath.

C. G. Fogg, '96, is occupying for a time the pulpit of the Topsham Congregational Church.

The second half of the term is well under way, and Thanksgiving is already near at hand.

"Going to the midnight" will not be a favorite occupation of the Bowdoin boys this winter.

Swall, '97, will return this week from a successful term as teacher of the Bristol High School.

How much longer will our library continue to pack away within itself new books as fast as they arrive?

Prof. Houghton delivered an interesting address on "Jingoism and Patriotism" in chapel Sunday afternoon.

After all, there were some pleasant recollections connected with that old ramshackle depot at Brunswick.

Mr. Hoag has been doing most successful work as coach of the eleven, proving an able successor to Mr. Mackie.

As soon as Dr. Whittier has finished making physical examinations of the Freshmen he will examine the foot-ball players.

The Hare and Hound Club has a good run each Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Generally about a score enjoy the sport.

Linscott, '97, has returned to college after an absence of several weeks. He has been laid up on account of a cut which he received.

The first snow of the season came last week, thereby putting a temporary stop to tennis playing, which has been very popular this fall.

Professor Houghton has been appointed Bowdoin's representative on the New England college commission regarding entrance requirements.

The upper-classmen found themselves much mistaken in thinking that the Sophomores were to hold their turkey supper on the evening of the 2d.

C. S. Rich addressed the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon, taking for his theme "The Danger of Training the Intellect at the Expense of the Heart."

President Hyde and Professor Robinson went to Hanover, N. H., last week as the representatives of Bowdoin at a meeting of the New England colleges.

The foot-ball schedule has suffered severely this season, as many games have been canceled as played, but the canceling has not been done by Bowdoin, but by her opponents.

J. C. Minot, '96, W. S. Bass, '96, and H. M. Varrell, '97, have gone to Syracuse, N. Y., this week, to represent Theta Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon at the national convention of the fraternity.

During the month of October 755 books were taken from the library, an average of about 24 books a day. The greatest number of books taken out on any one day was 71 on the 13th.

The speakers for the '98 Sophomore prize declamations have been elected as follows: P. P. Baxter, H. M. Bisbee, A. L. Hunt, W. W. Lawrence, C. L. Lynch, T. L. Marble, H. R. McIntyre, W. P. McKown, D. R. Pennell, C. S. Pettingill, E. E. Spear, and A. B. White.

Apparatus for the manufacture of gas has been put in the basement of the Science Building. Although lighted by electricity, much gas is used for laboratory purposes, and the recent failure of the town gas company has forced the college to assume the role of manufacturer. This will, however, result in a saving of several hundred dollars a year to the college.

The third themes of the term were due on Monday, the 11th, the subjects being:

Juniors—

- I. "Gulliver's Travels" as Satire.
- II. The Naval Policy of the United States.
- III. The Sunday Newspapers.

Sophomores—

- I. Theodore Roosevelt as a Reformer.
- II. Is Prohibition a Success in Maine?
- III. The Princeton Method of Preventing Cheating in Examinations: would it be expedient to adopt it at Bowdoin?

The following letter was circulated among the college students last week and caused mingled feelings of surprise, consternation, and amusement:

BRUNSWICK, ME., November 1, 1895.

*To Students of Bowdoin College who use electric light:*

GENTLEMEN.—It is found that electric lamps and apparatus other than that installed by this company, have been to some extent in use in college rooms, making it obvious that persons not in the employ of the company have been doing work that neither the college authorities or this company can permit, except by men skilled and responsible to the company for proper and safe adjustment of the wires and connections. Such interference with the system is liable to jeopardize the insurance

protection, and in case of fire, great loss to the college might result, and it is constantly a source of annoyance to this company. In view of these contingencies, this company is obliged to give notice that in future if lamps and fixtures, other than those supplied and adjusted by the company, are found in use in college rooms, it will be compelled to decline to furnish light to such rooms or, perhaps, lose the privilege of having any electric connection with the dormitories.

BRUNSWICK ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER CO.

By H. F. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Bowdoin boys are interested in the Paderewski excursions to Portland next week. There will be two grand recitals at City Hall, Portland, Thursday evening, November 21st, and Friday matinee, November 22d. Evening prices, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$2.00. Matinee prices, \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50, including reserved seat. On sale or mailed at Stockbridge's Music Store, 517 Congress Street. Half fare on all railroads in the State to all holding Paderewski tickets. Paderewski tickets must be bought in advance and shown to the station agents to get half fare.

There have been some important additions to the library within the last two weeks, by gift, and in a greater measure than usual, by purchase. The French department, in particular, has been recruited in a very gratifying way. Among other books may be mentioned these:

Historical Grammar of the French Language.	Brunot.
French Pronunciation in the 19th Century.	Lesaint.
Dictionary of Difficulties of French.	
Sardou's French Synonyms.	
Bergerol's French Synonyms.	
French Versification.	Le Goffig.
Molière's Works.	
Racine's Works.	
Montaigne's Essays. 4 vols.	
Extracts of Voltaire's Prose.	
Voltaire's Letters.	
Télémaque.	Fénelon.
Fontaine's Fables.	
Montesquieu's Works. 2 vols.	
Daudet's "Reminiscences of a Man of Letters."	
Life of Jeanne D'Arc. 4 vols.	Wallon.
Colonial France.	Rambaud.
History of the Fine Arts.	Peyre.
Usage du Monde; ou la Société Moderne.	LaBaronne Staffe.

Joanne's Guide Books to Paris and other parts of France. 6 vols.

Besides the above there are books of travel in France at different periods. Then there are several volumes of criticism and history of French literature.

Representative of a great part of the English books received are:

- The Early Public Life of William E. Gladstone. Robbins.  
 The Story of Wagner. 2 vols. . . . . Finck.  
 Swinburne's Poems.  
 The Poems of William Morris. . . . .  
 History of Greek Literature. . . . . Jevons.  
 Essays in Little. . . . . Andrew Lang.  
 Universal Geography. 37 vols. . . . . Réclus.  
 Birdcraft. . . . . Mabel O. Wright.  
 Buchanan's Administration. . . . . Horatio King.

# Athletics.

## FOOT-BALL.

*Boston Athletic Association, 26; Bowdoin, 4.*

Our team played its fifth game November 2d, meeting its first defeat. The strong team of the Boston Athletic Association were our opponents, and the defeat was an honorable one, containing a good-sized element of consolation in the fact that we scored a touchdown against the same team that Yale was unable to score against a week before. The game was played in Boston, and the score was 26 to 4. The grounds were very wet and slippery, and with their much greater weight, this gave the Boston men a great advantage. The Boston papers all spoke highly of Bowdoin's plucky fight against great odds. It was summed up thus:

"Bowdoin's tactics showed the team to be a strong one, but the backs were so light and the field so slippery that whenever the heavy B. A. A. men hit the interference, the man with the ball fell down. The B. A. A. had the same advantage on the offensive. Almost every play netted a good gain, not because the Bowdoin line did not close in, but because it was pushed down the field on the slippery mud."

There was some great kicking in the game. Both fullbacks had their punting togs on, and almost every punt was long and well placed. Bert Waters played the game for B. A. A. Curtis made the star run of the game, after catching a kickoff in the second half. He ran 45 yards through the entire Bowdoin team with no interference. Libby, Stanwood, and McMillan did the best work for Bowdoin, although every man on the team was steady. Libby made several almost phenomenal tackles. Stanwood made some good runs at the ends. None of the backs could gain through the line. Bowdoin's longest gain was made on a criss-cross play. Bowdoin's score was made by the quickness of Moulton. In a fumble by B. A. A. he

secured the ball and dashed 35 yards for a touchdown. The large crowd contained a goodly proportion of Bowdoin graduates and sympathizers. The line-up and score:

B. A. A.		BOWDOIN.
Fay.	Left End.	Stearns.
B. Waters.	Left Tackle.	Murphy.
Kuntz.	Left Guard.	Eastman.
Russell.	Center.	Spear.
LeMoyné. }	Right Guard.	French.
Vogel. }		
R. P. Waters.	Right Tackle.	Newbegin.
Gould.	Right End.	Libby.
Graham.	Quarterback.	Moulton.
Curtis. }	Halfbacks.	{ McMillan.
Anthony. }		{ Stanwood.
Atherton. }	Fullbacks.	{ Warren.
Burns. }		{ Ives.

Score—B. A. A. 26, Bowdoin 4. Touchdowns—Anthony 2, B. Waters 3, Curtis, Moulton. Goals from touchdowns—R. Waters 2. Umpire—Mackie. Referee—Beals. Time—25 minute halves.

*Bowdoin, '99, 10; Portland High School, 10.*

On Wednesday afternoon, October 30th, the Freshman eleven went to Portland and surprised their admirers by playing a tie game with the strong high school team of that city. It was a hard-played contest, and the '99 boys did themselves credit, Veazie, Clarke, and Fairfield doing especially good work. Following is the line-up and score:

PORTLAND.		BOWDOIN, '99.
Loring.	Left End.	Veazie.
G. Allen. }	Left Tackle.	{ Sturgis.
Dillon. }		{ Smith.
F. Allen.	Left Guard.	Jennings.
Gulliver.	Center.	Shields.
Welch.	Right Guard.	Cram.
DeClaybrook.	Right Tackle.	Albee.
Devine.	Right End.	Hadlock.
Sullivan. }	Quarterback.	Randall.
Anderson. }		
Wentworth. }	Left Halfbacks.	Clarke.
Anderson. }		
Robinson. }	Right Halfbacks.	Cleaves.
Griffith. }		
Underwood.	Fullback.	Fairfield.

Referee—Scott Wilson. Umpire—Tom Pierce. Linesman—Robert Edwards. Time of halves—20 minutes each. Touchdowns—Robinson, Underwood, Fairfield, Clarke. Goals kicked—by Underwood and Clarke. Score—Portland 10, Bowdoin, '99, 10.

*Bowdoin, 26; Boston University, 9.*

In the rain and mud of Saturday, November 9th, Bowdoin and Boston University met on the delta, and the result was a complete walk-over for the home team. Bowdoin used several substitutes and was inferior in weight, but outplayed the Boston men at every point. Only once in the whole

game did Bowdoin fail to gain her distance in four downs, and only once did she fail to prevent the Boston University team from gaining the five yards in four attempts.

Bowdoin won the toss and took the goal, Boston having the kick-off. Clarke caught the ball on the 15-yard line, and was downed after five yards' gain. Then Bowdoin began rushing the ball through tackles and around ends, until Kendall made a touchdown in four minutes. Warren failed of a goal. Clarke caught the next kick-off and on a double pass Kendall made twenty yards. Tackles and ends yielded another touchdown by Warren, from which Clarke kicked a goal. Stearns caught the next kick-off, a long one, on the 70-yard line. Bowdoin rushed the ball to the center and lost the ball. Boston failed to gain and a few minutes' lively play brought the ball near Boston's goal, where Boston held for four downs, only to fail to gain. Kendall made another touchdown and Clarke kicked goal. Score, 16 to 0. Clarke returned Boston's kick-off, but time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

The second half was a repetition of the first, Kendall and Bailey making the two touchdowns for Bowdoin. Stetson at quarter had several bad fumbles. Bowdoin's favorite ground gainer was a triple play between tackle and guard and tackle and end, which gained every time.

Bowdoin's line held superbly, showing great improvement in this respect, while the ends were impregnable. Warren, Kendall, Bailey, and Clarke never failed to gain ground steadily. For the latter two it was their first 'varsity game and they did star work.

BOWDOIN.		B. U.
Libby.	Left End.	Murray.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	Washburn.
Eastham.	Left Guard.	Haskell.
Spear.	Center.	Hughes.
Stone.	Right Guard.	Fleming.
French (Baker).	Right Tackle.	Sauborn.
Stearns.	Right End.	Nagle.
Moulton (Stetson).	Quarterback.	Bryer.
Warren (Bailey). }	Halfbacks.	{ Winslow
Kendall. }	Fullback.	{ Connors.
Clarke.		Clarkson.

Score: Bowdoin, 26; B. U., 0. Touchdowns, Kendall (3), Warren, Bailey. Goals from touchdowns, Clarke (3). Referee and umpire (alternate halves), Willard of Bowdoin and Perkins of B. U. Linesman, Coggan of Bowdoin. Time, 35 minutes.

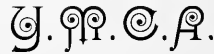
*Bowdoin, '98, 6; Hebron Academy, 4.*

A picked team, mostly Sophomores, went to Hebron, November 9th, and defeated the academy

eleven there by the close score of 6 to 4. The '98 boys could not take their best men, Spear, Stanwood, Stetson, Kendall, Ives, Moulton, and Murphy being required at home with the 'varsity, but without much practice the team put up a fairly good game, and could have made the score more decisive had it been necessary. The grounds were in the worst condition imaginable, and the ball was unfit for use. The academy youths showed a decided tendency to "scrap" and use unfair tactics, but failed to gain by such methods. The line-up and summary follows:

BOWDOIN '98.		HEBRON.
Wilson.	Right End.	Bornheimer.
Pettengill	Right Tackle.	Chase.
Merrill.	Right Guard.	Bates.
Hills.	Center.	Thompson.
Baxter.	Left Guard.	Walker.
Wiggin.	Left Tackle.	Abbott.
Spear. }	Left End.	Johnson.
Blake. }		
George.	Quarterback.	Foster.
Soule (Spear).	Left Halfback.	Newcomb.
Stubbs.	Right Halfback.	Chase.
Gould.	Fullback.	Shannon.

Score: Bowdoin, '98, 6; Hebron Academy, 4. Touchdowns, Stubbs and Bornheimer. Goal from touchdown, George. Referee and umpire (alternate halves), Pierce and Leighton. Linesman, Wheeler. Time, 35 minutes.



#### THE CONVENTION AT BATH.

For a detailed account of the convention we must refer to the daily papers, and, in this report, mostly confine ourselves to the college work.

One noteworthy feature was the fine type of manhood present, as represented by such men as Mr. Millar of New York, Mr. Messer of Chicago, Mr. Garland of Portland, Mr. Jordan of Bangor, and many others. These men, both by their reports and by their own personality, showed that the indispensable requirement for successful Y. M. C. A. work is shrewd, common-sense manhood.

Perhaps the event that gave the best idea of the scope of the work was Mr. Messer's stereopticon lecture, given in Winter Street Church. In this, and in his Sunday sermon, at the same church, Mr. Millar set forth the rapid growth of the work and its present extent. How it is approved and aided by the great financiers of the country; how it gets hold of the outcast; how it provides for education of young men of limited means who must work all

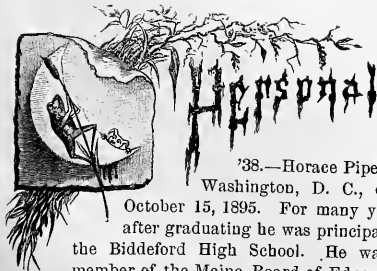
day, but can obtain practical instruction during the evenings; how it is, in short, the central bureau of information for young men in our cities.

Four hundred of our colleges have Y. M. C. A. associations. Views were given of the magnificent buildings of these societies, both those of the cities and of the colleges. Princeton is the parent of the college societies. An account was given of a Yale Freshman's experience. He had been warned to avoid the Y. M. C. A. by his brother, otherwise he would be classed among the "chumps." But on going out to the athletic field, he found a great part of the finest athletes to be these same "chumps," active Christian workers. Such men as Stagg and McClung led the field, then did grand Christian work. The speaker concluded that if one held, while in college, to the idea that the Y. M. C. A. was a failure, it was due to simple ignorance of modern progress.

Various means for furthering the work were discussed. In college work the one great thing desired was thought to be sensible consecration. "Cribbers" have small influence. The relations of the Faculty were not discussed to any extent, it being apparently assumed that it is *students'* work. All attempts to give the work, either in college or out, a Sunday-school air were to be avoided. Make it *manly*, and have it cooperate with, not supersede, the church.

At the closing service, held on Sunday evening in Winter Street Church, \$400 was raised in eight minutes. The delegates formed the Y. M. C. A. ring around the church, joined hands and sang the Y. M. C. A. hymn, "Blest Be the Tie."

Would that the whole college could have had the opportunity of attending the session.



'38.—Horace Piper of

Washington, D. C., died

October 15, 1895. For many years

after graduating he was principal

of the Biddeford High School. He was a

member of the Maine Board of Education

and he wrote several educational text-books alone and associated with others. He was for some time,

until about two years ago, connected with the United States Civil Service. The National University gave him degree of LL.B. in 1879.

'48.—A paper on "Jonathan Edwards" was read by Rev. Egbert C. Smyth, D.D., Bowdoin, '48, president of Andover Theological Seminary, at a meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society at Boston, November 6th.

'50.—The Portland Club, Monday evening, November 4th, gave a dinner to United States Senator W. P. Frye, Bowdoin, '50, at which there was a large attendance. President Henry P. Cox presided. Senator Frye spoke over an hour, discussing the political issues of the day and referring in complimentary and encouraging terms to the presidential candidacy of Hon. T. B. Reed, Bowdoin, '60.

'50.—One of the most prominent figures at the recent great national conference of the Unitarians at Washington was Professor Charles Carroll Everett, D.D., Bowdoin, '50, for the past quarter of a century professor of Theology at Harvard. From 1853 to 1857 Professor Everett was librarian of Bowdoin and filled the chair of Modern Languages. He has won a high place in the world of theology and literature.

Med., '66.—Dr. William Augustus Albee, a prominent Rockland physician, died at his home in that city November 2d. Dr. Albee was born in Washington, Me., October 15, 1840. In 1862 he entered Colby, where he remained during his Freshman year. He was a member of the Xi Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon. After leaving Colby he entered Bowdoin Medical School, where he took the entire course, graduating in 1866. He then studied with Dr. John B. Walker of Thomaston, Bowdoin Medical, '47, and later took a special course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. Soon after he located in Union, where he remained sixteen years, and then removed to Camden, coming to Rockland two years ago. He was the first vice-president of the Maine Medical Association and a member of the board of medical examiners. He was a member of Union Lodge, F. and A. M., King Solomon Chapter, Past Eminent Commander of Claremont Commandery, and belonged to King Hiram Council, Rockland, and the order of the Eastern Star. He has served the Grand Commandery as Grand Junior Warden, and was Grand Senior Warden at the time of his death. He was also an Odd Fellow. He was a prominent Republican and chairman of the recent county convention.

'70.—Hon. James A. Roberts was re-elected comptroller of the State of New York at last week's

election by the overwhelming majority of over 90,000 votes over his Democratic opponent.

'77.—Explorer Lieutenant R. E. Peary of the United States Navy, was expected to report for duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard last week. He has been assigned for duty as a civil engineer in the department of yards and docks.

'79.—Frank Corey of Calais was drowned October 26th, in a lake in Princeton, Me., while on a hunting expedition with a party of friends. Mr. Corey and the guide were crossing the lake in a canoe, when they were struck by a heavy wind that soon submerged the craft. They made a heroic struggle to reach the shore, but failed, and Mr. Corey was drowned. A rescuing party saved the guide, though it was two hours before he regained consciousness. The body of Mr. Corey was recovered the same day and was buried in Calais. Frank Stanwood Corey was born in Portland, January 9, 1858, and fitted for Bowdoin in the High School of that city. He was a popular member of his class, and was one of its leaders in scholarship, having an oration at graduation, and being elected a member of ΦΒΚ. He won the Brown memorial scholarship during his course. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. After graduation he was with E. Corey & Co., a leading Portland iron and steel firm. On his marriage with Miss Mary D. King in 1886 he became a member of the late firm of G. G. King & Co. of Calais. He was respected highly in the community as a consistent gentleman, honorable and upright in all his dealings, and in his home was a thoughtful and affectionate son, a devoted husband, and kind and indulgent father. He will be greatly missed in social life by many friends. His wife and two young sons survive him.

'87.—Ivory Hovey Robinson, principal of Washington Academy, died of typhoid fever at his home in East Machias, November 4th. Professor Robinson was a graduate of Bowdoin College in the Class of '87, and is the first of its members to pass away. He was born in Augusta, March 3, 1859. He fitted for college at Kent's Hill Seminary and the Washington Academy. He passed his Freshman year at Wesleyan University, entering Bowdoin in the fall of 1884 as a Sophomore. He was a close, industrious student, and an earnest Christian worker. The oldest man in his class, he was also one whose influence and example were always exerted for noble ends. Life for him was full of serious purpose, and while he was genial and companionable, he wasted none of his college opportunities. He was a devoted member of the Delta Kappa Epsi-

lon fraternity. Since his graduation from Bowdoin he has been the principal of the Washington Academy at East Machias, where his work has been of the highest order. He married Esther Oliver Dwellley of East Machias. He was an honest, earnest, manly man, who entered with his whole heart into whatever work he undertook. His untimely death, in the flower of his vigorous young manhood, will be sincerely mourned by a large circle of friends. He fitted many young men for Bowdoin, and no higher tribute can be paid to his memory than the esteem and affection in which he was held by them all.

'89.—On Wednesday, October 30th, Miss Harriet Madigan of Houlton, daughter of the late Hon. J. C. Madigan, and Mr. James L. Doherty of Springfield, Mass., were united in marriage. Mr. Doherty is a graduate of Bowdoin, '89, and studied law in the office of Madigan & Madigan of Houlton, and then practiced his profession in Oldtown before removing to Springfield, Mass., last year.

Ex-'93.—Philip E. Stanley is now serving his second year as Professor of the Sciences and Mathematics at the Blanton Presbyterian Academy, Blanton, N. J. His salary has been raised \$200 this year. He passed the summer in France and Switzerland and was the first American to make the ascent of Mt. Blanc without a guide.

Ex-'93.—Stacy is doing remarkable work as halfback on the strong West Point eleven this fall, and is classed by all authorities as one of the very best halfbacks playing the game to-day.

'95.—Soule is doing post-graduate work at Harvard.

'95.—F. O. Small, principal of Gould's Academy, read a paper, November 7th, at the meeting of the Somerset County Teachers' Convention.

'95.—Fairbanks is at the University of Mississippi for six weeks coaching the foot-ball eleven.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

HÆL OF THETA, OF DELTA KAPPA EPSILON, }  
November 8, 1895. }

Whereas, It has seemed best to our Infinite Father to remove from our midst our loved brother, Ivory Hovey Robinson, Class of '87, whose devotion to this fraternity played so important a part in his life, be it

Resolved, That Theta Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon has lost a true and worthy member, whose



honest, earnest, manly life shed luster on its name, and remains a noble example for us all; and be it

*Resolved*, That as an expression of our sincere sympathy a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that they also be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

C. W. MARSTON,  
J. G. HAINES,  
E. T. MINOTT,  
*Committee for the Chapter.*

HALL OF THETA, OF DELTA KAPPA EPSILON, }  
November 8, 1895. }

*Whereas*, Our Heavenly Father has seen fit to cut off the earthly life of our loved brother, Frank Stanwood Corey of the Class of '79, be it

*Resolved*, That while we bow in submission to the Divine decree, we sincerely mourn the loss of one who was a loyal and worthy member of our fraternity, and whose life was so full of manly virtues and noble promise, and be it

*Resolved*, That as an expression of our sympathy a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and that a copy be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

C. W. MARSTON,  
J. G. HAINES,  
E. T. MINOTT,  
*Committee for the Chapter.*

## Book Reviews.

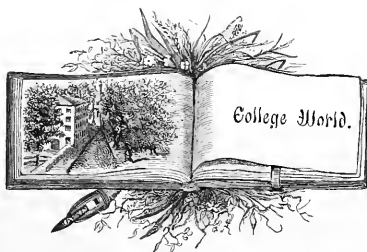
(*The Principles of Argumentation*; George Pierce Baker. Ginn & Co., Boston.) A book intended to arouse an interest among college students in this usually dry and forbidding subject. The method is simple; a mere concentration of attention upon the argumentation of every-day life, the avoiding of all things that border on formal logic, the free use of exercises whose only end is the development of an ability to form a just estimate of passing events.

And here is where the author seemingly supplies a long-felt need. The power of judging the value of things is uncultivated among us, either in the class-room or in public life. Americans are too prone to deem that the best speech or the most brilliant conversation, whose sentences are witty,

or appeal to our risibilities. Life is a joke; the funnier, the truer.

The book attempts to persuade men that the spirit of argumentation, that carries with it keen analysis, cool judgment and rhetorical skill, is good not only for the lawyer or the *litterateur*, but for every man whose life has the least tinge of intellectualism.

The table of contents gives a good idea of the value of the book: 1—The Nature of Argumentation, persuasive, rhetorical, evidential. 2—Analysis, five steps. 3—Briefs and Brief-Drawing. 4—Reading preparatory to Argumentation. 5—Evidence—nature, varieties, and tests of. 6—The Forensic. 7—Persuasion. The mechanical work of the volume is fully up to Ginn & Co.'s standard.



### APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

"My daughter," and his voice was stern,  
"You must set this matter right;  
What time did the Sophomore leave,  
Who sent in his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father dear,  
And his love for it was great;  
He took his leave and went away  
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright blue eye,  
And her dimples deeper grew,  
"Tis surely no sin to tell him that,  
For a quarter of eight is *two*."

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Walter Camp is writing a foot-ball serial for a New York syndicate, to be published this winter.

The annual debate between Yale and Princeton will take place at Princeton, on December 6th. The question for discussion will be: "Resolved—That in all matters of State legislation of a general character, a system of referendum should be established, similar to that now established in Switzerland." Yale has the choice of sides.

## OH FRESH!

You would think from his talks,  
And the way that he walks,  
And the glance from his eye that's fine,  
And the look on his face,  
That he owned the place—  
But not so; he is just '99.

The *Harvard Daily News* has suspended publication for financial reasons.

New York City is undergoing a notable revival of interest in university life. All three of its leading educational institutions—Columbia College, the University of the City of New York, and the College of the City of New York—are at the present time establishing themselves in new buildings, on new and improved sites.



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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 27, 1895.

No. 10.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.

Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

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Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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This week, as usual before Thanksgiving, the ORIENT appears a day or two before its customary time of issue. Now for a few days' vacation, while we hasten in all directions from the old campus to the distant homes, where a chair awaits each at the Thanksgiving table. The ORIENT hopes every Bowdoin man may have a happy Thanksgiving week among those dearest to him, and that each will realize how much he has to be truly thankful for. We all love this old holiday, native to our New England and characteristic of it, yet now truly national and international, and let us do our part to see that it is perpetuated, and ever observed in the noble spirit of our ancestors.

FOR the last two months, Bowdoin has been kept constantly before the public by its foot-ball team, and in a manner that must have increased its fame. But the foot-ball season is over. It remains for Bowdoin's musical organizations, its Glee Club, its Banjo Club, its Orchestra, to advertise her as an up-to-date American college, where the pick of American youth are studying. In times past such clubs have been rather uncertain quantities, the idea that they were necessary having but little hold on Bowdoin men. Last year very satisfactory trips were made and Bowdoin's reputation for musical ability

materially increased. This year the clubs are in a flourishing condition, both because of greater interest and because of better material, and there is not the shadow of a reason why at least one concert a week should be given during the winter season. The ORIENT would suggest that the first appearance of the Glee and Banjo clubs should occur in Brunswick, and be made the means of raising money for some one of our athletic interests. But, at all events, let the first concert be given to the college. Last year the clubs were not heard on the campus at all. The only reason given was that the boys were not interested. This year this is not so, neither was it last year. The club could make a good thing out of the appearance financially, and would be setting a precedent that would add to the pleasures of the winter term at Bowdoin. Once more, an extended trip during the Christmas vacation might not be a bad idea.

**D**ON'T forget your college when you go home on a vacation, or when you are away from it on any trip, whatever the direction or business. Be just as active and loyal Bowdoin men as when you are on the campus. The people you meet will judge your college in great measure by you, so the opportunity is great and the responsibility is a serious one. Show your college training by your manly conduct. Let them see how much your college is doing for you by showing them how much you love your college and how much there is in it for you to love. When you visit your old fitting school say the right words in the right way to the young men who are looking forward to a college course. In all places and at all times, in your words and deeds be true to the old college which has honored you by enrolling you among her students; never miss an opportunity to spread her fame as an institution where true men are made;

remember that anything you do to injure or disgrace yourself is a blot on her fair name, and that all you do to bring yourself honor adds to her glory. When away from college as when here let your enthusiasm be the active aggressive kind, showing to all that your loyalty to old Bowdoin is a real thing, a living force that is shaping your life in the lines of truest manhood.

**T**HE close of the foot-ball season came rather sooner than was expected, and the end was characteristic of the whole season. Brown cancelled the game which was to have been played in Providence, November 20th, making the seventh fully arranged game cancelled by our opposing teams this season. It was a great disappointment to thus lose the opportunity of playing Brown this fall, and this, added to the games cancelled by Amherst, Tufts, and other teams, makes a *resumé* of the season's work much less enjoyable reading than all Bowdoin men had hoped to find it. Of the seven games cancelled by our opponents, not one having been cancelled by us, six were outside the state, and five were looked upon as practically assured victories, while the others would probably have been creditable defeats. But these games can form no part of our record for 1895, and we can only choke down the indignation which boils up when we think of the treatment accorded us by unsportsmanlike and dishonorable managements. In spite of the keen disappointment all this has given us, we find the season has been a very successful one. With the lightest team in our history, composed mainly of new men, we have won six of the eight games played, tied one, and lost one. The best coaching a Bowdoin team ever had and the keen competition for positions were the main causes of success. The able, business-like management of Mr. Ordway, and the efficient leadership of the popular captain,

Mr. Bates, also had much to do with this. Perfect harmony has reigned on the team, and it has had the united and enthusiastic support of all Bowdoin men. The season has been free from serious accidents. Financially it has been a success. Two-thirds of the men who have played on the 'varsity will be here another year, and many of them two years more, so that the prospect in football was never brighter at Bowdoin than it is now. The summary of the season's games is as follows:

October	5, . . . . .	Bowdoin 10, Dartmouth 10.
"	9, . . . . .	Bowdoin 18, Andover 10.
"	23, . . . . .	Bowdoin 36, Exeter 0.
"	26, . . . . .	Bowdoin 5, Colby 0.
November	2, . . . . .	Bowdoin 4, B. A. A. 26.
"	9, . . . . .	Bowdoin 26, B. U. O.
"	14, . . . . .	Bowdoin 6, Colby 0.
"	16, . . . . .	Bowdoin 22, Bates 6.

Bowdoin has thus scored 127 points to her opponents' 52.

### Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.

THE forty-ninth convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity was held with the alumni association of central New York, at Syracuse, November 13, 14, and 15. About two hundred members of the fraternity, representing thirty-one of the thirty-five chapters, were present at the convention to participate in its important business sessions, to enjoy the unbounded hospitality of the Syracuse brothers and citizens, and to join enthusiastically in having the rousing good time that makes up the ideal Deke convention. Wednesday the delegates were arriving from all parts of the country, the Pacific and Gulf States being well represented, as well as the Lake and Atlantic States. The Yates Hotel was the headquarters of the convention. Wednesday evening a reception was given the delegates at the magnificent house of the Century Club of Syracuse. About five hundred

were present, and the young ladies of Syracuse were most cordial in their welcome. The floral decorations were very elaborate, the crimson, gold, and blue were everywhere, and two large orchestras added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Thursday forenoon and afternoon were devoted to business sessions of the convention, and at noon the convention picture was taken on the steps of the City Hall opposite the hotel. L. B. Vaughn, Chicago University, '96, was chosen president of the convention, McCoy Fitzgerald, University of California, '94, vice-president, and H. H. Houghton, Syracuse University, '95, secretary. In the evening the public exercises were held in Crouse Hall, on the Syracuse University campus, about fifteen hundred being present. Judge Irving G. Vann, Yale, '63, presided. The poet of the evening was Professor J. Scott Clark of Northwestern University, Syracuse, '77, and the orator was Solon W. Stevens of Lowell, Mass., Brown, '58. Their efforts were very able and scholarly, and were followed with much interest, arousing much enthusiasm among the Dekes who occupied the front of the hall. The singing and cheering were features of the evening. After the exercises the delegates and alumni adjourned to the chapter house of the local chapter, where a "smoker" and informal good time was on the programme until an early hour.

By noon, Friday, all the business of the convention had been despatched, and the afternoon was given over to pleasure. A hundred of the delegates in tally-ho coaches were driven all over the beautiful city, and proceeded to take possession of it in their characteristic way. From 4 until 7 P.M. three of the sororities of the university, Alpha Phi, Gamma Phi Beta, and Kappa Alpha Theta, in turn received the boys at their respective chapter houses. After the cordial welcome and delightful entertain-

ment given them at each house the delegates unanimously declared that co-education is a grand success—at Syracuse University.

The convention closed with the banquet Friday evening. The nearest chapters all sent large delegations, and the alumni of central New York were out in force, all uniting in making it an unqualified success. Hon. George Ranies, Rochester, '66, was toast-master, and among the speakers of the occasion were N. B. Smith, Middlebury, '63; L. B. Vaughn, Chicago, '96; Rev. J. W. Webb, DePauw, '71; A. N. Brockway, president of the council, Hamilton, '57; Rev. E. M. Mills, Wesleyan, '72; J. D. Teller, Williams, '67; E. O. Kenne, Syracuse, '76; Floyd B. Wilson, Michigan, '71; Solon W. Stevens, Brown, '58; J. Scott Clark, Syracuse, '77; C. Murray Rice, Columbia, '92; Henry N. Hyde, Yale, '95; and George Ross, Columbia, '96. The next convention will be held at Nashville, Tenn., in November, 1896. Theta Chapter was represented at Syracuse by J. C. Minot, '96, W. S. Bass, '96, and H. N. Varrell, '97. In returning from the convention Minot took a side trip, including Trinity College, Wesleyan, Yale, Brown, and M. I. T.

### Obituary Resolutions.

*To the Editors of the Orient:*

WHEN I was in college I was a member of the *A K Y* fraternity, which is now, as it has always been, the best society at old Bowdoin. I was back on the campus this year at initiation, for the first time in twenty-three years. You remember how well our boys sang their songs that night? All the fellows of the *Z Φ* and *θ E* hid their heads under the blankets in their bunks when they heard us.

Pardon me for the digression. I am almost old enough to begin to "reminisce." If my son, now thirteen years old, were not a daughter, I should surely send her to Bowdoin and

get the *A K Y*'s to "fish" him. Again I am wandering. Of course I write to you with a purpose. But it is not so much to congratulate you on the burning of the station as to make an offer to turn over to the college or to some society a collection which I made when I was a student under the "whispering pines." It is like this:

I was secretary of the *A K Y*—perhaps it will do no harm to let out that secret now, although I would have been hazed *awfully* before I would have revealed it then—and as I was rather ready with my pen—do you notice how the old facility hangs by me?—I used to be put on every committee of the society to draft resolutions when any member of the fraternity had died. It so happened that there were lots of deaths in my time; and as we always resolved—if I may commit such a neologism to paper—whenever any member, no matter how long ago in the dim distance of Bowdoin's past he might have graduated, departed this life—you will presently see that I can safely employ that phrase—why, I have a great collection of obituary resolutions which ought not to go to waste. In order to show you how rich this collection is I am going to give you some specimens. Resolutions of this sort, you know, have no more variety than a quitclaim deed. I might say that they have no more sincerity or feeling than the music ground out by a hand-organ. When you are *really* sorry that a person has died you say something about him in a natural way, and what you say is about *him*. But the society obituary resolutions are not of that class.

Now what I did for my society was this. I had some blanks printed in the following form:

Whereas, It has pleased \_\_\_\_\_ in His \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ from our midst our \_\_\_\_\_ brother, \_\_\_\_\_ of the Class of \_\_\_\_\_; be it therefore

Resolved, That while we \_\_\_\_\_ to the \_\_\_\_\_ we mourn the loss, etc., \_\_\_\_\_ for it is not necessary to complete the blank.

My valuable collection consists of words and phrases to fill the blanks. I have noticed in the recently published resolutions in the ORIENT that Bowdoin students are losing their ingenuity. They use over and over again, for example, "God," "The Almighty Father," and "Divine Providence" in the first blank space; "infinite mercy" and "inscrutable wisdom" are almost the only phrases employed for the second; "remove" and "take" for the third, and so on. But it is even worse when you come to the resolutions. All the societies do is to "bow with submission to" or "accept with resignation" the "divine decree" or the "divine will."

I am sure that Bowdoin needs my collection. I ask nothing for it, but the satisfaction of seeing something that looks like variety in the expression of grief.

EX-SECRETARY OF THE A K I.

### The Parable of the Battle.

AND it came to pass in those days that Captain Douglass of Bates, which is over against Lewiston, did journey with his men unto Portland, the city by the sea, to do battle with the valiant swine-pelt rushers of Bowdoin, in the land of Brunswick. And even as they came nigh unto the battle-field he spake unto his men, saying: "Verily hath it been said that this day we shall gain a great victory. Come, my brave men, follow me."

And behold, as they appeared upon the battle-field, they saw their victims (?) before them. And at the third hour, or, as the multitude said, half-past, the two armies girded their shins and went forth to battle. Selah.

And they of Bates did prepare to scatter their opponents like chaff unto the four winds of heaven, as it had been said by Crockett, the blatant prophet of the many wheels. For they of Bates were large and

strong, and wist not how they could be vanquished by a foe so inferior in avoirdupois.

But even as the battle raged, MacMillan of the land of Bowdoin, nigh unto Freeport, did take to himself an exceeding great hump and made a touchdown. And all the united hosts of Bates were powerless to prevent. But Captain Douglass did kick (not the ball) because no mark was made where the touchdown was. And the privilege of essaying a goal was denied unto Bowdoin. And it was so.

Then came the two armies once more into the middle of the field. And it was so. For Kendall, who was halfback in the Bowdoin army, and the length of whose legs was forty cubits, betook himself around the end for much gain. And thus it was fought; and the length of the half was twenty-five minutes. And verily, at the appointed time the score of Bowdoin was one-score-and-two, while that of Bates was two-and-twenty less. And in the grand stand many beautiful maidens, whose breasts bore white chrysanthemums but no guile, did clap their hands and rejoice. For they were well-beloved friends of Bowdoin. Their joy was well-nigh equal to that of Hoag, the Bowdoin coach, who was a godly man and knew his book. Here endeth the first half.

"The half has never yet been told," in which they of Bates could do battle by daylight. And it was so. (For in ancient times they had come nigh unto scoring on Bowdoin by moonlight.) And Bruce, even he of great stature, the pride of all Bates, did fight like a bull. And verily, his followers did likewise. And by an exceeding great accident they got to themselves a touchdown and a goal. And their heads waxed exceedingly large, even so that it was not possible to see the Bowdoin soldiers. But they were there, insomuch that they rushed the swine-pelt rapidly nigh unto the enemy's goal. And they that rushed were Spear "the Bowdoin

panther," Bates the mighty captain, and other men whose fame has spread abroad throughout the land. And they that were wounded include French, even he of the curly locks, and Moulton, who has climbed to the clouds on his grit.

And it was now the forty-first hour, and the battle closed, forsooth that the two armies might join the caravan which should take them to their respective tents in time for the morning meal. And each and every soldier of the Bowdoin army had fought a good fight and helped to win. For unto Bowdoin was a score of 22, the game, and the championship of Maine; while unto Bates was a score of 6 and the tired feeling that shall know no end.

And the blatant, brazen prophet of the numberless wheels, whom men call Crockett, did soak his head and tear his beard and wail in his anguish because he was again so dishonored and disgraced in the sight of all men.

### Peasants of Montmorency.

**T**HE drive from the quaint old city of Quebec to Montmorency Falls is, perhaps, the most delightful in America. It is delightful, not only on account of the matchless scenery of mountain, plain, and river, the antique quaintness of the buildings along the way, but also and more than all, for the historic associations, the stirring romance, which consecrate every foot of the way.

Passing through the narrow streets of the old fortified city, beyond the frowning bastions and gray walls which, in their venerable pride, seem as if they belonged to a world that has passed away forever, one feels the fair influence of the spirit of the place. For Quebec, of all American cities, has a romantic atmosphere peculiar to itself.

A few miles out of the city, on the road to the beautiful Montmorency, a road, wrapped in what seems to be the slumberous

neglect of some old world valley, from which the tide of business and travel has been turned into more modern ways to a small extent, lies Beauport, a typical French Canadian village, typical in its simple, loyal, and happy people, and typical in its long, irregular rows of whitewashed stone cottages, steep gable roofs, huge chimneys, and deep-set dormer windows. The parish reminds the tourist of Longfellow's village of Grand Prè. The modest and yet rich church, with graceful twin spires, is a by no means insignificant proof that here the Roman faith is held with a simplicity and a devotion unsurpassed in all the world.

The most humble home boasts a bed of hollyhocks, quaint flowers that harmonize with the surroundings, and some of the little balconies where the family gathers on Sundays seems to blaze with blossoms. The French Canadian scorns modern agricultural tools, and carries on his little farm just as his father and grandfather did. The villagers all have small but well-cultivated farms outside the parish. It is a pretty sight when the *paterfamilias* returns at sunset, followed by his fair daughters, driving the handsome Jerseys that are the boast of each dairy-maid.

Loyalty to the past is a strong characteristic of the Canadian peasant, and many of the happy old grandams still wear the bright red caps, similar to those Cartier left among the village-folk on the cliffs of St. Malo, three centuries ago.

If the men who claim, as one of their reasons why Canada should be annexed, that the peasants of the Dominion are living a hard and hungry life and that they need the so-called blessings of civilization, if they could only look into even the poorest and most humble Canadian's door and carefully study the family inside, they would say without hesitation that it would be a crime to introduce the thirst for gold, the selfishness that accompanies Yankee civilization.



I could not resist the temptation of begging a bit of bread and milk at one of the houses of Beauport, that I might see within and enjoy the reaction a bit from the cold and selfish world without. A large, black Newfoundland dog, such as they use in winter for light draught, sniffed at me till he seemed satisfied of my respectability and then took his place beside the clumsy cradle which the grandam rocked as she placidly and happily enjoyed her short, black pipe.

The pretty young housewife, in her short, red homespun gown, bright blue stockings, and quaint and simple white linen cap, greeted me with a cordial, *naïve* grace, befitting the most noble lady in the land, and offered me a hospitable-looking rocking-chair, evidently the work of her man. A large chest served the triple purpose of bureau, clothes-press, and lounge. A big spinning-wheel almost overawed the queer little sewing-machine, and madame told me she had a loom too. Over the four-posted bed were pictures of the Pope in red and Napoleon in blue; the fir bough tied to the crucifix was blessed by the good priest of the parish on Palm Sunday, and a bottle of holy water, a souvenir of the joyous Easter, stood on the huge mantel beside some rare old china and curiously-carved drinking mugs, for which any college student would give a good bit to grace his own college room, but which all the money in the realm could not buy, for they are, like many other ornaments of the cottage, heirlooms of the bride. Snow-shoes and long Norway skees betoken the deep snow of the long winter, while a handsome set of moose horns and a long-barreled, muzzle-loading rifle reminds one, that the finest sport in the world is right in the midst here.

The robust, red-cheeked, marriageable sister of the young wife was helping the husband to pack the produce chest, for the morrow's market at Quebec, where the fair

young maid loved to go to see the world, as Quebec seemed to her. "*C'est joli,*" she said, showing her beautiful white teeth. What a picture was this simple Acadian maiden as she rested from her work, her fair, round arms akimbo, and her hands resting on her gracefully-molded hips. What a tale of thrift, economy, and family industry that chest betrayed. There were several pieces of homespun; skeins of woolen yarn; straw mats; two dozen nosebags of marigolds; a few pounds of maple sugar; two fat ducks; the cock of the flock, rebellious over his lost freedom; a basket of eggs, and, suspended in the well, a pail of butter.

The habitant never hurries, never worries, and goes through life in a happy-go-lucky content, always ready to leave his work for a day's fishing or a *fête*, and he feasts and dances as merrily as if all the year was sunshine and not over two-thirds cold winter.

As I left the cottage the kind-faced parish priest, in the simple yet eloquent garb of his church, came down the single street of the village. He generously bestowed his smiles and bows, and often stopped to chat with the mothers as they sat spinning and gossiping in their wide doorways. The children ran out and kissed the ring on his finger and he blessed them. The priest, in these odd little parishes, is the one person—the ruling power, in his gentle way, to whom all disputes and all matters for advice are brought.

I was very graciously invited to enter the dreamy old church, guarded by oratories where devotees count their beads in the vesper hour, when the parish bell peals out the soft and comforting chimes of the Angelus.

The peace-maker of the village I found to be a very interesting old chap. The crown of his head and his round, happy face were cleanly shaven. He had been to the States several times and was graduated at Leval University. Incidentally I asked him

his opinion on the annexation question. At first the faintest shadow of a frown crossed his face and then was chased away by a broad smile. "It is the United States that's doing all the talking; no one in Canada thinks of it," he said. "Canada would certainly gain but little and would lose immensely. It would take away the peace of mind of these humble, quiet citizens. They are loyal; they are French through and through, yet they love and reverence Her Most Gracious Majesty. The two flags hang side by side on every holiday. What more does the habitant want? His mere presence seems to breathe out, 'Why should I hurry and fret myself about the Fates? They are omnipotent. My house was planned for me before a Norman came to this country and it fits me like my skin. I have my strip of land, my wife, and my twelve children; Father Joseph looks after my soul; I go to the shrine of good Ste. Anne every summer; I am happy; there is labor without care or haste. There are neighborly visits, saint-day celebrations, old customs religiously kept, loving respect to elders and superiors, courtship and marriage, natural and beautiful as the tale of Fanchon. You Americans would take away all this. You would spoil the mellow old beauty derived from the Norman cottages of our parishes with your big and thin dry-goods-box houses. You would introduce new ideas, a few true and more false, into the heads of these simple folk, and they could not hold them. The Canadian, *mon-sieur*, is a lover of God and peace; the Yankee a lover of gold and glory, and God incidentally." But a flock of devotees interrupted the interesting padre and called him for confessions. In twenty minutes he had relieved every one from every pang of their sins and sorrows for the day and sent them away, happy and free, for another day—so simple and so eloquent is their trust in their priest.

With that same quiet smile the father

conducted me from the vine-covered church and walked with me to a path which, he directed, would lead to the Falls of Montmorency. With a blessing and a kind *au revoir* my friend took his leave.

A short distance from the junction with the calm, majestic St. Lawrence, the rushing, turbulent Montmorency plunges over a cliff, three hundred feet high, into a yawning abyss of unmeasurable depth. Over one hundred and fifty feet higher than Niagara and far more romantic and beautiful, this fall is very little known to the world. Not far from the cliffs, the stone towers of the old suspension bridge still stand, horrible memories of that fatal night when it fell, carrying with it the lives of a farmer and his family that were crossing. Every year some wretch, tired of the trials and burdens of this merciless world, leaps into the surging stream and is forgotten, adding one more to the dwellers of that bottomless abyss. Numberless are the gloomy legends that hover around the cruel jaws of Montmorency.

The return from the falls is of unsurpassed grandeur. The rays of the setting sun, glancing against the tin roofs and spires of Quebec and setting the windows ablaze with reflected flames, gave touches of magnificence to the city, rising from the river to the citadel heights. Thus viewed, Quebec is indeed like "the celestial city before the sea of glass," and he who has seen it once will never forget it.

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The University of Chicago receives a gift of \$1,000,000 from John D. Rockefeller with the offer of \$2,000,000 more if the university shall raise a like amount before January 1, 1900.

The University of Virginia met with a severe loss a week ago Sunday, when fire destroyed the rotunda and public hall. The rotunda was erected as a memorial to Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the university, and contained a large library and many valuable paintings. The total loss is estimated at fully \$200,000.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### Driftwood.

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

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

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

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

### The Song of the Season's Close.

Now sing us a song of the days that are gone,  
A song of the tale that is told.  
For our 'varsity team is left mourning alone,  
For Bowdoin's left out in the cold.  
For Bowdoin's eleven, so valiant and true,  
Is mourning alone in the cold, in the cold,  
Is weeping alone in the cold.

With glittering prospect our team started in,  
Each man with a zeal all of fire.  
They thought of the victories they'd certainly win,  
But now there is nothing but ire.  
For Bowdoin's eleven, so wrathful and sick,  
Is cherishing feelings of ire, all of ire,  
Is boiling with feelings of ire.

Five scalps at their belt, one draw, and one lost,  
The prospect was bright for the clan.  
But a blast from the west blew its dust on the host,  
And then the great landslide began.  
And then the great landslide, so rocky and grim,  
So rocky and muddy and rotten began,  
The mud-flinging landslide began.

The "down-east academy" team, that the foe  
Looked down on with pitying scorn,  
Had filled their proud hearts with a cavernous woe,

And was proving a troublesome thorn.  
And was proving a clinging and stinging surprise,  
A touch-me-not, wait-a-bit, up-to-date thorn,  
This "down-east academy" thorn.

And so, since the foe feared the lads of the pines,  
They played the old, wearisome role.  
"Expenses are steep, and we've other designs,"  
And thus they crawled into their hole.  
They played the old, cry-baby, tiresome role,  
And thus they crawled into their mud-covered hole,  
And wished they might pull in the hole.

Seven battles are cancelled, five victories sure,  
One doubt, and one honored defeat.  
Thank God, Bowdoin's honor is stainless and pure,  
But her thoughts we dare not here repeat.  
But chivalry often must suffer abuse,  
And, to save its own self-respect, cannot repeat  
The thoughts that it chokes to repeat.

### Oh, That I Knew Where I Might Find Him!

#### A CRY OF INTROSPECTION.

O Thou eternal Power, unchangeable,  
Silent in awfulness, unspokenable,  
Deeper than depth, higher than infinity,  
Beyond the understanding of the mind.  
Thyself reveal in our extremity.  
Blindly we seek Thee, what Thyself may be.  
Deep our distress, and vain our strivings all.  
Grant us a dim conception of Thy light.  
Benumbed, we grope for Thee in darkest night.  
Vainly we listen for the faintest call  
That may reveal to us the mystery  
Of Thy dread presence, which we always feel.  
Bowed in humility, we bend ourselves and kneel.

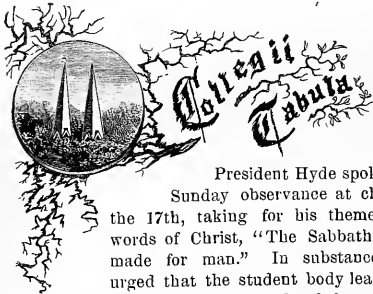
Save from the terror of ourselves, in Thee.  
We have no refuge, and we cannot flee.  
Save Thou, oh, save us from our doubts and fears,  
And aid us with a knowledge of Thyself.  
Heavy the weight and weary are the years ;  
Hard is our lot, and bitter are the tears.  
There is no light, no refuge can we find,  
No answer to the yearnings of the soul.  
Grant us a vision of Thyself, and roll  
The crushing weight of gloom from off the mind,  
That bends us to the dust, and ever wears  
Our life with sense of insecurity.  
O for the light, in our obscurity!

### Thanksgiving.

Now all the earth is desolate,  
And Winter's breath is chill;  
Wild tempests o'er the bleak lands rage,  
And winds now whistle shrill.

Yet 'mid such cheerless, dismal scenes  
The student merry seems,  
His face is wreathed in happy smiles,  
Of future days he dreams.

Yet how explain this joyousness?  
The meaning is most clear—  
These varied signs now signify  
Thanksgiving Day is near.



President Hyde spoke on Sunday observance at chapel the 17th, taking for his theme the words of Christ, "The Sabbath was made for man." In substance he urged that the student body leave to the week days the disciplinary study of the college curriculum, and on Sunday devote themselves to acquiring an acquaintance with the world's great men through their books; to broadening their intellect with the deeper problems of life.

Gilpatric '96, has gone home sick.

Holway, '82, was here last Friday.

Badger, '94, was on the campus last week.

Welsh, '98, is out for a brief canvassing tour.

Austin Carey, '87, was on the campus last week.

Rather a good-sized snow storm week before last.

Robert L. Packard, '68, was in Brunswick recently.

Rhodes, '97, has commenced a term of school at Morrill.

Staples, '89, made a flying trip to the campus last week.

"Uncle John" held forth in the reading-room last week.

News from the Garcelon will case is expected any time.

F. O. Small, '95, spent Sunday, the 17th, with friends on the campus.

The annual catalogues were distributed last week from the Library.

Condon, '97, has commenced a ten weeks' term of school at Cundy's Harbor.

Professor Files expects to occupy his new residence by the first of next term.

Eastman, '96, was an interested spectator of the Harvard-U. of P. game in Boston.

Bates, '96, was in Hebron the latter part of last week, coaching the foot-ball team.

Sam Lee has supplied one of Brunswick's missing conveniences, a Chinese laundry.

Bowdoin men have been in demand for officials at the interscholastic foot-ball games.

The number of Bowdoin men who are to teach during the winter term is rather large.

The Freshman Class has several men who have beaten the old college strength-record.

Merritt, '94, was on the campus the Saturday of the Boston University foot-ball game.

The Paderewski concert in Portland, the 21st, was enjoyed by a number of Bowdoin men.

The '97 crew had their shell out lately for the purpose of being photographed for the *Bugle*.

Gymnasium work begins once more, but there's the Thanksgiving holiday to prepare for it in.

'98 celebrated its turkey supper a week ago Monday with all the usual noise and jollification.

The three delegates to the national convention of Delta Kappa Epsilon report a very enjoyable trip.

The "Brunswick Historical Almanac" is the title of a lately-issued booklet by Adams & Townsend.

One of our '97 men won a prize, but lately announced, at the Topsham Fair in a guessing contest.

The Catholic Fair was the center of a good deal of fun for the students during the evening it was held.

'96 held a class meeting in Massachusetts Hall Monday, the 18th. Finances was the topic of discussion.

Professor Lee lectured in Farmington a week ago Friday. His address was on "The Depths of the Sea."

'Ninety-nine has ordered class sweaters; red with '99 in white on the breast and with white turtle neck.

The announcement of the coming wedding of Warren, ex-'97, causes a good deal of surprise on the campus.

There was a praise service held in the Y. M. C. A. room a week ago Sunday afternoon. It was led by Gilpatric, '96.

The usual quota will stay on the campus over Thanksgiving, and have no less fun than those who leave for the recess.

The completion of the college gas plant makes it possible for the Juniors to begin upon the laboratory work in chemistry.

Bowdoin's accident record in foot-ball this season has been short. One bad sprain and several temporary strains are all.

South Appletou had quite a scare the other night, and an early discovery was all that prevented a serious conflagration in No. 9.

Now is the time when the *Bugle* editors are chronicling in their memorandum books the foibles and weaknesses of their victims.

Large numbers of students attended both the Colby and Bates games; it might be said that the college to a man went to Portland.

How many recognized our supposedly good-looking foot-ball captain in the foot-ball picture in the *Lewiston Journal* of two weeks ago?

The long-deferred fall rains have been coming along in drizzly showers, that have made every day for a week, more or less of a rainy one.

Sewall, '97, has finished his term of school, and was on the campus one day last week, but will not return to his studies until after Thanksgiving.

The boys who went to the Bates game in Portland, had the pleasure of seeing Leighton, '95, wholly recovered from his late serious accident.

The foot-ball article in the *Lewiston Sun* by "Iconoclast" hardly hit the mark. But it furnished a good deal of fun for the men who were sized up.

Saturday night, an unusually fine lot of deer went through on the midnight from Bangor. There must have been a dozen good specimens in the lot.

The College Orchestra received many warm compliments on the music rendered at the Domino Party. It was their first engagement of the season.

President Hyde's last book, "Social Theology,"

has only been in print six months, but the first edition has already been exhausted and another called for.

The report that Lord Dunraven graduated from Bates College in Maine, is said after all to be false, though many circumstances point to its probability.—*Ex.*

The Sophomore Prize Declamations will be held Thursday, December 19th. The exercises will be rendered a little more interesting by selections from the College Orchestra.

The College Orchestra and the Banjo and Guitar Club are practicing regularly, and have every promise of turning out organizations that Bowdoin may well be proud of.

The examiners for Bowdoin's three fitting schools are as follows for 1896: Fryeburg Academy, Prof. Houghton; Washington Academy, Henry C. Emery; Thornton Academy, Prof. Woodruff.

The storage battery in the basement of the Science Building has been transferred from fibre to glass cells. The old fibre cells had been eaten away by the acid and were leaking badly.

The young ladies of Brunswick held a most enjoyable Print Domino Party a week ago Saturday in the Court Room. The affair was given in return for last winter's very pleasant assemblies.

The sun-dial has come to grief. Some enterprising bungler has succeeded in knocking off the upright plate that cast the shadow, and now the time by the dial is more inaccurate than ever.

An enjoyable assembly was held in the Court Room last Saturday evening under the management of Pierce and Smyth, '96. It is hoped that this is but the beginning of an extended series.

The Deutsche-Verein held its first regular meeting, Tuesday evening, November 12th, with Pierce, '96. The meeting was in every way enjoyable, and points to a pleasant series in the coming winter.

The posters that announced the turkey supper in one of the local church chapels misled many of the students. At first sight one thought he was invited to a Sophomore turkey supper in King's Chapel.

Professor Robinson was in Waterville, week before last, and in accordance with the laws of the State, took samples of all the liquors for sale at the city agency, for the purpose of making an official analysis of the same.

This year sees an increase in the number of students pursuing special courses. They are of the

class whom the new entrance requirements are expected to attract, and another year will surely see a greater increase.

The Brunswick station has arisen from its ashes in all its ancient beauty. The carpenters made quick work of the job, and by Monday night following the fire, the building was ready for occupancy by waiting passengers.

Walter Adams, Washington correspondent of the *Boston Herald*, was on the campus recently, obtaining data for a sketch of Tom Reed. Photographs of Reed's old room were taken, 11 South Appleton, and other points of interest.

The Saturday Club entertainment, given a week ago Friday, was not well attended by the students, to their loss. The readings by Miss Richards were most entertaining and the singing was as good as has been heard in Brunswick for some time.

The last themes of the term, due November 26th, have for subjects the following:

Juniors—

- I. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."
- II. Russia's Policy in China.
- III. The Ideal Newspaper.

Sophomores—

- I. Jingoism in American Politics.
- II. The Attitude of England Towards Turkey.
- III. The Origin of our New England Thanksgiving.

The gasoline tank was filled last Monday, about ten barrels being poured in, and Tuesday morning gas was turned on in the mains. At present the Searles Science Building and Memorial Hall are to be illuminated. The apparatus can supply 300 burners.

From the new catalogue the student will notice that one new scholarship has been added to the general funds of the college, the Moses R. Ludwig Scholarship and Albert T. Thomas Scholarship, founded by the late Mrs. Hannah C. Ludwig of Rockland.

Large-sized photographs of the Walker Art Building are now for sale by the attendants. The pictures were made by Prof. Hutchins for Prof. Johnson, and are splendid specimens of modern photography. They are the best of the Art Building ever taken.

There is universal anticipation of the good times which belong to this week. Those of the Sophomores who have written on "The Origin of Thanksgiving" will probably enjoy the day all the more from the historical setting which it will have in their minds.

Down on Harpswell Neck Rev. Elijah Kellogg has cut off a large tract of land and is now sowing it down with acorns and chestnuts. He has, in the way of a curiosity, a patch of oaks, two or three feet high, planted from acorns that grew on oaks he planted himself.

The Chess Club held its first meeting of the year Wednesday, the 20th, in President Lyford's room. Lyford, '96, was re-elected to the presidency, and Odiorne, '97, will serve as secretary and treasurer. The annual tournament will be held the middle of January.

One point of interest about the lately organized "Deutsche-Verein," is that this is the first one ever organized in this country. In the German universities these clubs are the nucleus of college life, and are universally supported. Bowdoin's Verein is to be continued from class to class.

A few more French books have come to the library. They are similar in contents to those of the lot mentioned in the last ORIENT, having to do, for the most part, with French literature. The additions of English books have been several in number, but of minor importance.

Prof. Johnson has begun a class in optional French, the meetings, which will be weekly, commencing last Tuesday. The class will number twelve and is about evenly divided between Seniors and Juniors. Especial attention is to be given to learning to talk and pronounce the language. A modern French play is the first text-book.

Wednesday afternoon the annual meeting of the Base-Ball Association was held. The business was chiefly election of officers. For the coming year base-ball will be run by the following: President, Fessenden; Vice-President, Dunnack, '97; Secretary and Treasurer, White, '98; Manager, Ward, '96; Scorer, Keohan, '97; Directors, Coggan and Holmes, '97; Pierce, '98, and Greenlaw, '99.

The Colby men had serious charges of unfair treatment to bring against Bates after their game in Lewiston, and in explaining these one Colby correspondent wrote as follows:

"In the *Sunday Globe's* account of the game we notice that Bates says she was able to do "what Bowdoin failed to do"—make a touchdown, but we would remind Bates that the Bowdoin team consists of only eleven men, that the Bowdoin delta is not a common to be swept over by a howling crowd whenever the visiting team has the ball, and that Bowdoin men do not forget to be gentlemen even when witnessing a foot-ball game. Bates failed to

do, and always has failed to do, what Bowdoin invariably does, that is, treat a visiting team as gentlemen and stand for fair play. It seems hard for some colleges to form any conception of what true sportsmanship demands; the embryo even of the proper spirit does not seem to exist."

## Athletics.

### FOOT-BALL.

*Bowdoin, 6; Colby, 0.*

Our team played its second game with Colby in Waterville, Thursday, November 14th, in a drizzly rain. Colby used the same tactics as in the first game, but was unable to make such substantial gains. Fumbling lost at least two touchdowns for us. In the first half Bowdoin had the kickoff, and gaining the ball on a fumble, made a touchdown within three minutes by round-the-end plays. The rest of the half the ball was in the centre of the field—time being called when Bowdoin had the ball on Colby's 25-yard line. The second half was about the same. Colby, on a kickoff, forced the ball to Bowdoin's 20-yard line, when they lost it on downs. On long end runs by McMillan and Kendall, Bowdoin rushed the ball to Colby's 5-yard line, where it was lost on a fumble. Again the backs started from the center of the field, when Colby's punt was stopped, and at the call of time had the ball on Colby's 1-yard line.

The game showed that Bowdoin's line had been materially strengthened by the coaching of Hoag. The running of McMillan and Kendall was especially brilliant, and productive of long gains. A good-sized crowd of students accompanied the team. The line-up and score:

<b>BOWDOIN.</b>		<b>COLBY.</b>
Stearns.	Left End.	Shannon.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	Putnam.
Bates.	Left Guard.	Brooks.
Spear.	Center.	Hamilton.
Stone.		
Eastman. }	Right Guard.	Thompson.
French.	Right Tackle.	Chapman.
Libby.	Right End.	Pike.
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Watkins.
Warren. }		
Kendall.	Halfbacks.	Hubbard.
McMillan. }		Alden.
Clarke.	Fullback.	Patterson.
		Holmes.

Score—Bowdoin 6. Touchdown—Warren. Goal from touchdown—Clarke. Umpire—Jordan, Colby, '95. Referee—Ward, Bowdoin. Linesmen—Clark, Tufts, '95; Pendleton, Bowdoin, '90. Time—20-minute halves.

*Bowdoin, 22; Bates, 6.*

What proved to be Bowdoin's last game of the season was played Saturday, November 16th on the Deering grounds. The weather was too warm for hard playing but was just about right to attract a large crowd, fully 1,100 having been present. An added interest was given the game by the victory of Bates over Colby. But the game was at no time in doubt after Bowdoin's first touchdown. Had the full second half been played the score would have been considerably swelled in favor of Bowdoin. The crowd of Bowdoin boys, who accompanied the team, made things lively at the grounds. A delay of an hour or more was caused by a disagreement over officials, and with unnecessary delays in the first half, brought the second half well into the dark of the afternoon. The game was a clean exhibition of foot-ball. Moulton seriously sprained his ankle, but otherwise French was the only man who was retired.

Bowdoin's game was to punt and hold Bates off downs; kicking again, Bowdoin would get the ball in dangerous proximity to Bates's goal line and then rush it over. This worked about every time. Bates scored at the beginning of the second half on a center play. Every touchdown netted a goal except the first, when Moulton neglected to make his mark on bringing out the ball as the rules require.

As in former games, Bowdoin's backs were fast, and made the bulk of their gains on end plays. Coburn and Stetson, who took Moulton's and French's places, did good work. Bowdoin's ends had but little to do, Bates preferring to buck the line. The score and line-up:

<b>BOWDOIN.</b>		<b>BATES.</b>
Stearns.	Left End.	Wright.
Murphy.	Left Tackle.	E. I. Hanscom.
Eastman.	Left Guard.	O. E. Hanscom.
Spear.	Center.	Hoag.
Bates, captain.	Right Guard.	Bruce.
Coburn. }	Right Tackle.	Cutts.
French. }	Right End.	
Libbey.	Right End.	Burrill.
Moulton. }	Quarterback.	Douglass, captain.
Stetson. }		
McMillan.	Left Halfback.	Nason.
Kendall.	Right Halfback.	Pulsifer.
Clarke.	Fullback.	Hinckley.

Score—Bowdoin 22, Bates 6. Touchdowns—MacMillan 2, Kendall, French, Nason. Goals from touchdowns—Clarke 3, Cutts. Referee—C. D. Clark, Tufts, '95. Umpire—W. B. Perry, Brown, '91. Linesmen—M. S. Coggan, Bowdoin, and Mr. Hayden, Bates.

*Bowdoin, '98, 22; Bowdoin, '99, 0.*

The usual class game was played last Friday, on frozen ground that was slippery, with a thin covering of snow. The interest in the game was rather normal, and the cheering during the halves was not especially wild.

The work of '98 was snappy—making gains at will—especially long runs being made by Murphy.

'Ninety-eight had the kickoff in the first half, and by holding on downs the ball was theirs and quickly rushed over by end plays. The same tactics were used for the second touchdown. No goals. The second half, '98 ran her left tackle and made three touchdowns in rapid succession, which yielded one goal. The game was clean and satisfactory to both teams. For '98, Murphy, Kendall, and Stanwood did good work. Fairfield and Stockbridge showed up well on the Freshman team. The Freshmen were unexpectedly strong on the defensive, though they weakened toward the end. The '98 goal was at no time in danger. The line-up and summary follows:

BOWDOIN, '98.

Wilson.  
Pettingill.  
Merrill.  
W. W. Spear.  
Baxter.  
Murphy.  
E. E. Spear.  
Stetson.  
Kendall.  
Stanwood. }  
Stubbs. }  
Gould.

Right End.  
Right Tackle.  
Right Guard.  
Center.  
Left Guard.  
Left Tackle.  
Left End.  
Quarterback.

Halfbacks.

Fullback.

BOWDOIN, '99.

Hadlock.  
Stockbridge.  
Cram.  
Shields.  
Jennings.  
Wignott.  
Veazie.  
Randall.  
Fairfield. }  
Cleaves. }  
Clark.

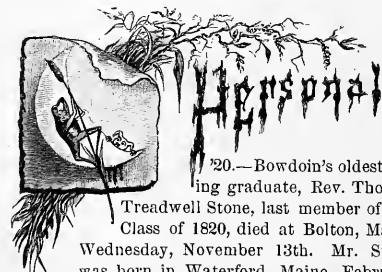
Score—'98, 22; '99, 0. Touchdowns—Murphy, 3; Kendall, 2. Goal—Stanwood. Referee—Ward, '96. Umpire—Libby, '96. Linesmen—Willard, '96, and Coggan, '97. Time—Halves of 20 and 15 minutes.

and one or two of his longer works will be valued for some time to come. In 1858 he delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston. At the anniversary exercises of the college, Rev. Mr. Stone was one of the most notable speakers. Every one who was present at the big dinner will remember how silent it was when the venerable, white-haired man, whom we all knew as Bowdoin's oldest graduate, told the immense throng of Bowdoin in his day. His voice was weak, and his steps feeble even then. Mr. Stone was married, in 1825, to Laura Poor of Lawrence, Mass., and had twelve children, seven of whom are now living. One son was a Bowdoin man, Henry Stone, Class of 1852. The Class of 1820 numbered twelve, six lawyers, three ministers, and three physicians; and as Mr. Stone used to pleasantly observe, "The ministers outlived them all." Jacob Abbott, who wrote the *Rollio Books*, died in 1879; Jedidiah Cobb, a distinguished professor in a southern institution; Philip Eastman, a famous Maine lawyer; Joshua Warren Hathaway, a Judge of the Maine Supreme Court; William McDougal, a tutor in Bowdoin at one time; these are the better known of his classmates. The death of Mr. Stone leaves Richard William Dummer, Class of 1823, the oldest living graduate. Mr. Dummer was born in Hallowell, September 17, 1802, and now lives in Grover, Kansas.

'47.—Among the many American missionaries whose lives have been endangered by the trouble in Turkey, is Rev. Crosby Howard Wheeler, who is a professor at Euphrates College, Harpoot, which has been the center of the outrages. At last reports the property of the missionaries was destroyed, but they themselves were unharmed.

'50.—Gen. O. O. Howard has recently presented a soldier's monument to his native town, Leeds. The monument is of Vermont granite, twenty-eight feet high, and will contain the names of every man from Leeds that served in the War of the Rebellion.

'50.—Dr. George Follansbee Jackson died in New York City Sunday, November 10, 1895, from apoplexy. He was born in Pittston, Me., October 7, 1827, and entered Bowdoin College, graduating in the Class of 1850. Upon leaving college he taught for two years, and then studied medicine. He first settled in his profession in Boothbay, Me., removing to New York in 1858, where for thirty-eight years he has been practicing in Washington Heights. Dr. Jackson has been a sanitary inspector of the Health Department and a surgeon of the police force. He was a member of the Academy of Medicine and of the County Medical Society.



'20.—Bowdoin's oldest living graduate, Rev. Thomas Treadwell Stone, last member of the Class of 1820, died at Bolton, Mass., Wednesday, November 13th. Mr. Stone was born in Waterford, Maine, February 9, 1801, and fitted at Bridgton and Hebron Academies. In 1820, Mr. Stone was ordained, preaching at Andover, East Machias, Salem, Mass., Brooklyn, Ct., and Bolton, Mass. He did a good deal of first-class literary work, chiefly on religious subjects,



For ten years before his death he was a public-school inspector from the Twelfth Ward. A widow, a son, and a daughter survive him.

'60.—John Marshall Brown has been appointed by Governor Cleaves as a member of the State Committee on the Mexican International Exposition.

'61.—Edward Stanwood, editor of the *Youth's Companion*, celebrated his silver wedding, Wednesday, November 13th.

'65.—Lieut.-Col. J. H. Gilman, an honorary graduate of Bowdoin, was placed on the retired list of the army last week. He was a graduate of West Point, and won his rank by valuable services during the war.

'72.—H. M. Heath, of Augusta, has been engaged to deliver an address in Pittsfield, next Memorial Day.

'76.—F. C. Payson read a paper on Wills before the Woman's Council of the Second Advent Church of Portland, last Monday.

'77.—Serope Armenag Gürdjian, an Armenian, and a naturalized citizen of the United States, lies in a Turkish prison condemned for life. He was in business in New York before taking up mercantile pursuits in Constantinople.

'81, Honorary.—The *New England Magazine* for November contains a very interesting article, "The Story of Portland," by Mayor J. P. Baxter of that city.

'82.—The Republicans of Boston have nominated E. U. Curtis for Mayor, for a second term.

'83.—J. B. Reed is a leading candidate for Register of Probate of Cumberland County.

'88.—C. A. Denuett, graduate of Bowdoin Medical School, has removed from Buxton to Arlington, Mass.

'88.—A. W. Tolman, who gave up his position in Bowdoin on account of ill health, is studying at Andover Theological Seminary.

'89.—Sanford L. Fogg is a candidate for the municipal judgeship of Bath.

'92.—Earle Wood has been licensed by the Penobscot County Congregationalists to preach for three years.

'92.—Fred V. Gummer has accepted the principalship of the High School in Holliston, Mass.

'93.—Dr. A. H. Weeks, a graduate of the Medical School, has lately settled in Buxton.

'95.—Axtell is at Andover Theological Seminary.

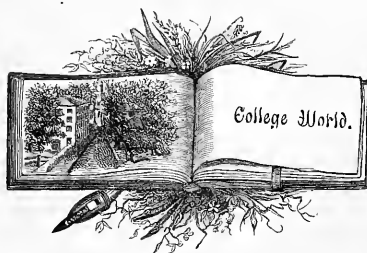
'95.—The *Times-Democrat*, of New Orleans, has this to say of Fairbanks: The University of Missis-

issippi, which has played the annual Thanksgiving game with Tulane for the past two years, being victorious each time, is sure to have a good team this season. They have secured for a coach Hiland L. Fairbanks, undoubtedly one of the best football players in New England, and who has made a great reputation for himself among the colleges of the East. Mr. Fairbanks will bring his Mississippi pets to New Orleans on Thanksgiving day, and by that time they will be in the best of trim. The Mississippi team will play the Memphis Athletic Club at Memphis next Saturday, in which Mr. Fairbanks will make his first appearance on a Southern foot-ball field.

'95.—Moore read an able paper before the Franklin County Teachers' Association at its annual meeting.

Ex-'96.—Carleton P. Merrill, who left college at the end of his Freshman year, to accept the treasurership of the Franklin County savings bank, was united in marriage Saturday evening, November 16th, to Mrs. Rose Abbott Williams of Farmington. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill are now at home in Farmington.

Ex-'97.—Henry Warren, who left college this fall to enter business with his father in Bangor, is to be married to Miss Nichols of that city, Wednesday, November 27th.



BY A FRESHMAN.

O may I join the chapel choir  
And round the organ stand,  
With a lot of gurgles in my throat  
And a hymn-book in my hand.

—Red and Blue.

The Princeton Gun Club won the triangular intercollegiate shoot at Monmouth Junction recently. Harvard was a close second, scoring only four birds behind Princeton. Yale came last with a score of eighteen birds less than Harvard.

## GREAT SCOTT.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,"  
And staggered some, as often will  
A stag who's had a horn too much,  
And, like the far-famed, fabled Dutch,  
Has taken Holland gin. To pull  
This story short, the stag was full.

—The Lafayette.

Andrew Carnegie has given Williams College  
\$900 to free the infirmary from debt.

If Uncle Sam would build a barge,  
And sail her bottom up,  
And man her with a cross-eyed crew,  
I think we'd keep the cup.

—Lehigh Burr.

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



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Lewiston, Maine.

# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, DECEMBER 18, 1895.

No. 11.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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Over a third of this college year is gone, and the close of the first term brings us to the welcome recess over the holidays. If we have worked hard, as many have, we need the rest and recreation of two weeks at home; and if we have loafed hard, as others of us have, the change of environment will be good for us, and we shall return in January ready to settle down to work for the winter. In any case, the vacation is as necessary a part of the college year as the center is of the circle. While welcoming the close of the term, its arrival causes us to keenly realize that the year—the last at old Bowdoin for so many of us—is rapidly passing, and that Ivy Day with its last chapel, and Class Day with its parting address, cheering the halls, pipe of peace, and last hand-clasp are realities of the near future. The best way for us to show our true appreciation of this fact is to improve, better than we have those of the past, the remaining opportunities of our course. The winter term, lacking most of the out-door diversions of the spring and fall, is especially adapted for steady, solid work. May we all, whatever the class, realize this, and return from our vacations ready for the thorough, systematic, conscientious work that alone can accomplish the real ends of a college education. To all, the ORIENT sincerely

wishes an enjoyable vacation with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

**B**OWDOIN men everywhere, irrespective of political affiliations, are proud of the high honor just paid to a certain distinguished member of the Class of '60, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, who, for the second time, has been elected Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. This honor, given unanimously by the party overwhelmingly in control of the House, was a foregone conclusion, a deserved tribute to the eminent statesman whose fitness for the position was so conclusively demonstrated by his famous term of service a few years since. Mr. Reed is the most prominent man before the American people to-day. In importance and influence the position he now occupies has but one above it in our country, and there is a growing belief that he will be called to this higher position as soon as the people have a chance to express themselves on the matter. All honor to Reed of '60, whose name is destined to forever shine so brightly in the grand galaxy of old Bowdoin's famous sons!

While speaking of high honors paid to Bowdoin men, it is in place to mention the fact that Senator Frye of Maine, Bowdoin '50, has been nominated by the Republicans for the position of President *pro tem.* of the Senate, the highest gift in the power of that body. If the Republicans succeed in organizing the Senate, as is not improbable, we shall enjoy the spectacle of two Maine men, loyal sons of our own *Alma Mater*, presiding over the two great legislative bodies of our nation.

**I**N a recent number of the *Outlook* the matter of college discipline is discussed, and conclusions are drawn from the recent action of President Raymond of Union College. Two students of that institution were suspected of having been implicated in cer-

tain burglaries which have recently been committed in Schenectady. As soon as Dr. Raymond was informed of the suspicion, he took another member of the faculty, notified the suspected students, and proceeded to make an investigation of their rooms. Stolen property was soon discovered, whereupon Dr. Raymond stopped his investigation, sent for the police, and placed the whole matter in the hands of the civil authorities, who completed the search and took the students into custody, a large amount of stolen property being discovered in their possession.

In an address the next day, before the student body, Dr. Raymond laid down some general principles on college government which are good reading for the faculty and students of all colleges in the land.

For purposes of legitimate college discipline, Dr. Raymond declared, the authorities of the college need no help from without; but the moment the law is violated, and crime committed of any kind, the offender will be invariably turned over to the civil authorities. The allegiance of students to each other and to their college, he declared, must be subordinated to the allegiance of every student to the law, and no college can hope to educate its students to be law-abiding members and leaders of society unless it recognizes and maintains the majesty of the civil law on all occasions.

This action of Dr. Raymond is not without precedent in the conduct of our colleges, but it is in very sharp contrast to that policy of concealment which has sometimes been unwisely adopted. It has more than once been assumed by college authorities that the good name and prosperity of the institution demanded suppression of intelligence and a general minimizing of offenses. It is safe to say that the unfortunate occurrence at Union College, instead of injuring that institution, will, through the action of its President, commend it to those who under-

stand the tonic quality of bold, frank, and independent management. Questions of college discipline belong to college authorities, but questions arising under the law of the land belong to the civil authorities; the distinction cannot be too sharply made and the division of authority too rigidly respected; nor can there be better ethical teaching for students than the enforcement of the principle that higher than the allegiance of the student to his college is his allegiance to the community which created the college, and whose highest interest the college serves. Honor, honesty, loyalty, and obedience—those prime elements of education—are more powerfully taught by the policy and action of the authorities of a college than by the teachers in the class-room.

FOR fear lest the ORIENT readers may get a wrong impression from our long silence in regard to the need of contributors and contributions, we hasten to announce that we have not ceased to feel a pressing need of both. Over two-thirds of the present ORIENT year is gone, and thus far the contributions indicate fewer candidates for positions on the staff of the paper than there will be vacancies to be filled at the approaching election. This is certainly not indicative of extensive literary or journalistic ability among our students, or of intense interest in the good standing and prosperity of the college publication.

The ORIENT, with less than a dozen out of two hundred and fifty students contributing to its columns during the year, is far from being the representative college paper that it ought to be. The interest shown by Bowdoin men in so important an institution as their college paper is not of an active nature. To be sure, they all read it quite thoroughly, and pay their subscriptions—most of them—if they are dunned persistently. They occasionally show enough in-

terest to find a little fault with it, or, at very rare intervals, to say a good word for something in its columns. But few indeed are the students who write anything, or do anything, or say anything to help and cheer on the two or three editors who grind out issue after issue—a task that is far from being always full of pleasure or excitement. Each editor, during his career at the head of the paper, makes frantic appeals to the students for renewed interest, but the result is always the same. All recognize the duty of the student body in the matter, but very few take steps to perform that duty. We hope that the coming winter term will bring us at least enough contributors so that when the time comes for the election of new editors there will be enough candidates to distribute among the various offices on the board. It seems rash to hope for a better state of things than this. We regret we have no great inducements to offer contributors, no great cash prize or princely emolument. We can only offer you the pleasure of seeing your production in print, the consciousness of a duty done, the lasting benefit that only such writing can give you, and the honor of a position on the staff of the paper. If you cannot write a story, a sketch, an article, an editorial, or a poem—and you *can* write any of these if you try—help out the local or personal editors by furnishing items for their departments. And, by the way, more interest shown by the alumni in the department devoted to them would be greatly appreciated. Not more than half a dozen alumni items are sent to the paper each year. In writing thus we do not want to be understood as complaining, or rebelling against the decrees of the Fates. We simply want to correct any impressions which may be abroad that we have stacks of contributions awaiting publication, that our waste-basket is bursting with rejected manuscript, or that the number of our contributors is so great

that it will be a difficult task to select new editors at the next election. Our work on the paper is the most pleasant and perhaps the most profitable part of our college course, but we are not so selfish as to wish to exclude others from this pleasure and benefit. In all seriousness, why cannot the students of old Bowdoin, active, enthusiastic, and capable as they are in most things, make the *ORIENT*, the sole publication of the college, excepting the annual, for a quarter of a century, something broader and higher and deeper than the mere representative of the three or four students who are patient and patriotic enough to keep it in existence?

#### Theta Delta Chi Convention.

**T**HE forty-ninth annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity was held in Boston, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 26th and 27th. Tuesday forenoon was for the most part devoted to an informal reception of delegates in the parlors of Young's Hotel. The afternoon was occupied by a regular meeting of the convention. In the evening a part of the delegates enjoyed the hospitality of the I Charge of Harvard University, and several theatre parties were formed.

The meetings were continued Wednesday with an unusually large attendance. Petitions for charters were read from several colleges, but were rejected. All the charges, from Minnesota in the West to Maine in the East, were represented by undergraduate delegates, and many by graduates.

The annual banquet Wednesday evening furnished an enjoyable ending to the convention. A large number were gathered around the festive board, and the bountiful repast was followed by speaking very much enjoyed by all present. Hon. Seth P. Smith of Boston acted as toast-master; President Capen of Tufts delivered the oration; Col. Jacob Spahn of Rochester, N. Y., the poem, and Frederic Carter, Yale, '90, the history.

The hearty and witty responses to the toasts were received with enthusiasm.

The Eta Charge was represented by Webster, '81; Newbegin, '92; Bucknam and Baker, '93; Knight, '94; Stetson, '95; Dana and Fogg, '96; Bodge and Morse, '97; Williamson, '98, and Greenlaw, '99.

#### Double-Fives.

**I**T happened during a journey from Boston to Brunswick. At Lynn a gentleman boarded the train and, seating himself beside me, took a book from his valise and began to read.

As we whirled along I secretly studied my companion, but had not pursued my examination far when my attention was arrested by a glance at his hands, upon each of which was clearly tattooed a pair of dice, fives up. My curiosity being aroused, I opened the conversation with a few casual remarks, and by the time we reached Newburyport our acquaintance was progressing finely, and I ventured a remark about the tattooing which had so interested me. "Rather a queer piece of work, that on your hand," I said. "Yes," my companion replied, "and there is a pretty good story connected with it, too; I'll tell it to you if you wish."

Of course I was only too willing and, settling myself comfortably in my seat, I listened with much interest to the following story, which I will give in the words of the narrator:

Early in the summer of 188— my younger brother and I were in Uncle Sam's employ spotting "moonshiners" in eastern Tennessee. We had had exceptionally good luck, had closed up a number of stills, and were waiting now only to arrest the biggest "moonshiner" in the state, called "King Jim," from his authority over the inhabitants of the surrounding region. He was feared by all who knew him and he had sworn to

kill the first U. S. officer who should molest him. Nobody doubted but that he would keep his word, and he had been left undisturbed till now. Charlie, my brother, and I, however, were young and headstrong, and we decided to tackle King Jim. Our plans were to discover where the "still" was located first and afterward to get some assistance and raid it.

One bright night we started out and, making a detour through the woods, came out at a place which overlooked King Jim's cabin. Here we concealed ourselves and waited.

In a short time a figure came out of the cabin and disappeared in the woods behind the house. We hurried after him, and at the place where he entered the woods we found what we had expected—a path. We paused to discover if we could hear the man before us, but as we could not, we felt confident that we ourselves would not be heard, and ventured to go ahead.

The path was well trodden and, after walking for perhaps a mile, it brought us to the summit of a hill, on the other side of which was a valley through which a small creek ran. We listened and plainly heard the noise of escaping steam in the valley beneath us.

Cautiously we made our way toward the noise until we came in sight of a long, low, wooden structure illumined within by a few dirty kerosene lamps. We could hardly keep from shouting for joy; we had undoubtedly found King Jim's "still." "Charlie," I whispered, "shall we go back now or push on to the end?" "Let's get to a place where we can look in," he answered. Noiselessly and carefully we made our way to a window and cautiously peeped in. The interior consisted of one room in which two men were at work making whiskey.

We watched them a few seconds and then Charlie whispered, "Let's go home

now." "No, my beauties, I don't think you will," a gruff voice behind us answered. We turned quickly and found ourselves covered with revolvers in the hands of two ill-looking desperadoes. We were completely caught and I began to curse myself for not going back before. It was no use to cry over spilt milk, however. We were taken by our captors into the still-house and a call from the one of them, whom we afterward discovered was King Jim himself, brought from some unknown place about a dozen more men. We realized that we were in for it, and decided to put on a bold face. "Well," I asked, "may I inquire what you are going to do with us?" "Yes," replied King Jim, "yer kin if yer like; we 'uns are a-going to kill you 'uns."

This, as you can imagine, was not a very pleasant prospect for two young men, but a single glance at the hard faces around us convinced us that it would be useless to ask for pity, but we determined to die like men.

The arrangements were rapidly completed. Two barrels were brought and two nooses were suspended from a beam overhead. These preparations moved me to make a last appeal. I had recognized in the men around me several whom I had "hauled up" in previous years and so knew it would be worse than useless to ask mercy for myself. For my younger brother's life, however, I determined to make a trial.

I had heard of King Jim's terrible passion for gambling, and this knowledge suggested to me a single chance by which Charlie's life might be saved. Pointing to the boy, I said to King Jim, "I'll shake dice with you; if I win, give him his liberty, and if you win, I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars so fixed that you can easily collect it."

I saw the greedy desire for play and gold creep into the man's eyes. "I'll take yer," he said. Dice and cups were brought forward. King Jim shook first, turning up a

five and a three. Sending up an inward prayer to heaven for help, I seized the dice-cup and threw. The dice fell out upon the table. "Biddeford, Biddeford," yelled the brakeman, and my acquaintance seized his valise and hurried from the car.

### Some Advantages of a Country College.

IT is often contended that the advantages of a college situated in the country are offset by what are thought to be disadvantages. That a college located in a small community, far from the distracting influences of a great city, possesses superior advantages for study is not to be gainsaid.

Since a majority of the students in the United States are comprised within the smaller colleges and universities, there should exist good reasons why, instead of choosing for their *Alma Mater* the larger institutions like Yale, Harvard, the University of Michigan and others, this majority prefers the numerous small colleges situated in out-of-the-way country towns and villages. A strong argument and one which doubtless impels parents to send their sons to the smaller colleges, is the absence of influences which tend to divert the attention of the students from their daily studies. In the city the tendency is to draw the student away from his books, to divert his mind from his various duties, and to give him false ideas of life which, in future years, may dwarf his character and demolish the ideals of his more youthful days. The most important factor of success is application; without this no student, however brilliant, can hope to succeed. The lack of application, a common failing in our small colleges, is likely to prevail in a larger degree in our metropolitan institutions because the student, having the outside temptations of a great city, must necessarily be influenced by them to a greater or

less degree. When a student studies he must not enter into his work in a half-hearted way and be continually allowing his mind to wander from the subject before him, but he must buckle down to his work and, casting all outside thoughts and engagements away from him, must devote himself exclusively to the subject matter before him. How much easier is it for a student in the country college thus to devote his entire attention to his books than for his friend in the city to do the same, surrounded and beset on all sides by influences which are constantly diverting his mind from its proper pursuits.

Another advantage in favor of the small college is the intimate acquaintance and association with the professors and members of the faculty. Here the students may personally know their instructors and their families, and the intercourse between the students and men of cultivation and high moral standing is of inestimable value to the college man in moulding his character and in starting him on his course in life. Unfortunately many of the students of our country colleges are slow in appreciating the great benefits to be derived from this intimacy with their instructors, but it is no fault of the colleges if they give their students the opportunity of this acquaintance and the students do not see fit to make use of it. In addition to his relationship with the professors is another point which binds the student to the small college. There being a smaller number of students with whom to associate he is thrown into more direct contact with them, and can more easily select friends who are of his own disposition and who may be, perhaps, his life-long companions. But in the large institution the case is different; he has a passing acquaintance with many, and but little opportunity to form true friendships with his fellow-students.

The expense of a college education is



often a factor of much importance to students in choosing their *Alma Mater*, in fact it frequently is the sole reason why some institutions are so well filled and why others have so hard a struggle to succeed. In the country, room rent, board, in fact everything is less expensive than in the city, and there are many ways in which an ambitious student can earn more or less in outside work, and still devote sufficient time to his college duties. Besides, in most country colleges, there are fewer occasions to spend money than in a city institution, and he is likely to be more prudent in his expenses.

The question whether one college is more healthful than another is of vital importance, and the college which possesses this advantage is more desirable than those institutions which do not possess them. Certainly a college situated in the open country, with plenty of room for a generous-sized campus and with woods and streams near at hand, where the students may spend any leisure time they may have in healthful occupations, possesses superior advantages to its sister institution which is hemmed in by brick walls and overhung by smoky skies, and whose students must seek their recreation in clubs or places of amusement generally of a low moral tone.

Some of the more evident advantages of the country college have been stated above, and while we do not deny that the city institution possesses some advantages which are not possessed by its country sister, we must claim, after an unbiased statement of the subject, that our smaller colleges offer superior advantages to those who seek their classic shades for the sole purpose of mental and moral culture.

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Andrew Carnegie has given Williams College \$900 to free the infirmary from debt.

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

## Bowdoin Verse.

### When Love is Dead.

[*Rondeau.*]

When love is dead can friendship more  
Bind hearts it firmly bound of yore?  
When severed is love's heavy chain  
Can lovers pardon passion's pain,  
And friendship's god in peace adore?

Ah, no; love coming shuts the door  
Against the friendship prized before;  
And that shut out, comes not again  
When love is dead.

The grafted tree gives noble store,  
But not of fruit it erstwhile bore;  
And when the new fruit falls, in vain  
We seek the old-time fruit to gain.  
And vain for friendship to implore  
When love is dead.

### A Trio of Winter Triolets.

Under the silver moon,  
Over the silver snow;  
Happy young hearts atone,  
Under the silver moon  
Merrily on we go.  
Gone is the night too soon  
Under the silver moon,  
Over the silver snow.

Wild over valley and hill  
The fight of fights is raging.  
With wonderful strength and skill,  
Wild over valley and hill  
Grim Winter his war is raging,—  
Hark to his war-cry shrill!  
Wild over valley and hill  
The fight of fights is raging.

Upon her grave to-night  
I saw the snow-flakes fall;  
They lie so pure and light  
Upon her grave to-night,  
A fair and fitting pall  
For her whose heart was white.  
Upon her grave to-night  
I saw the snow-flakes fall.

## A Ballade of Bowdoin Pines.

O Bowdoin pines we hold so dear!  
 When winds of winter wildly blow,  
 And tempest-squadrons, far and near,  
 With trumpet blare assail the foe,—  
 When summer breezes, to and fro,  
 The fragrance of the flowers distill,—  
 Whatever change the winds may show,  
 The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

Beneath their shades we see appear  
 The hazy forms of long ago;  
 And side by side with these we hear,  
 When soft the twilight after-glow,  
 The sweetest music gently flow;  
 And visions fair our young hearts fill,  
 As, with their branches swaying slow,  
 The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

Such wondrous music, rich and clear,  
 No other hearts can ever know,  
 As that which thrills us year by year  
 The dear old whispering pines below;  
 And ever richer doth it grow,  
 And spread its message far, until  
 To all the wide world listening so  
 The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

## ENVOY.

O Bowdoin boys, our youth must go;  
 Yet though we wander where we will,  
 Forever for us, sweet and low,  
 The pines of Bowdoin whisper still.

## Beneath the Mistletoe.

On Christmas eve, surpassing fair,  
 She stands in graceful pose;  
 From out the meshes of her hair  
 There peeps a budding rose;  
 Her love-lit eyes dart glances coy,  
 Her cheeks with blushes glow;  
 I see her pause, O bliss and joy!  
 Beneath the mistletoe.

I scarce receive with proper grace  
 The challenge from her eyes,  
 When suddenly to my embrace  
 A mocking laugh replies—  
 A laugh which turns my perfect bliss  
 To rage, despair, and woe—  
 It is my *sister* whom I kiss  
 Beneath the mistletoe.

## Thomas B.

(Tune of *Phi Chi*.)

## I.

A young man came to Bowdoin,  
 Not many years ago,  
 As green as any Freshman;  
 It always must be so.  
 But, thanks to the old college,  
 That greenness soon did go,  
 For Tom Reed is marching on to victory.

## CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah for Thomas B.  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! for he's the man for me.  
 Among all the other candidates  
 'Tis him alone I see,  
 And we will follow him to victory.

## II.

You have seen his work in Congress,  
 And have read the record o'er,  
 How not a man could frighten him,  
 Not even "Buck" Kilgore;  
 How they thought they'd made an end  
 of him,  
 But he's Speaker now once more.  
 For Tom Reed is marching on to victory.

## CHORUS.

## III.

And when he's once elected,  
 As he soon will surely be,  
 The fame of Bowdoin College  
 Will extend from sea to sea.  
 For she'll have made two Presidents,  
 And then can make it three,  
 For Tom Reed is marching on to victory.

## CHORUS.

Ohio has more colleges than any other state in  
 the Union, Illinois being next in number.

It is said that Yale will challenge Columbia to  
 an eight-oar boat race next year.

The Freshman says, "I know it,"  
 The Sophomore says, "Just so,"  
 The Junior says, "Can't prove it,"  
 The Senior says, "Don't know."

—Ez.

"Pray, answer me this,  
 What shape is a kiss,  
 O maiden most charming and fickle?"

"Why, sir," answered she,  
 "It seemeth to me,  
 That I surely should call it a-lip-tickle."

—Ez.



Our Art Building, designed by McKim, Mead & White, is given quite a little attention in a book recently issued by them, containing descriptions of their more important structures erected during the last twenty years.

Good skating is scarce this season.

Woodbury, '95, was at the college last week.

Prof. Emery passed the holiday in Ellsworth.

Bartlett, '92, was on the campus over Sunday, the 8th.

Blodgett, '96, passed Thanksgiving with friends in Saco.

The Thanksgiving vacation gave us pleasant weather.

Oakes, '96, is back from a rather lengthy canvassing tour.

The '99 sweaters have come, and are generally worn by the class.

Simpson, '94, joined the number of returning alumni, last week.

The Glee Club is to appear in Augusta in the middle of January.

Andros, '97, had a leading part in a farce lately staged in Gardiner.

Moore, '95, passed a Sunday on the campus, on his return to Wilton.

One more of civilization's luxuries in Brunswick—a night lunch-cart.

Hebb, '96, left last week, called home by the serious illness of a brother.

In Towne's window are two paintings, by M. A. L. B., that are worth noticing.

Quimby, '95, now teaching in Laconia, N. H., was in town over Thanksgiving.

Prof. Hutchins was ill the greater part of week before last with a bad sore throat.

The "Frogs of Windham," given with such success last winter, is to be repeated.

Very popular vesper services have been commenced in the Congregational vestry.

A week ago Monday the division in Anatomy enjoyed oral tests on the human skull.

Arthur Sidman, in "A Summer Shower," was the attraction at the Town Hall last week.

Next term is the time to get down to work, and put in the long evenings in indoor pleasures.

Burbank, '96, lengthened his Thanksgiving recess a week or more on account of sickness.

Crossman, '96, who has been teaching in northern Vermont, is back for the remainder of the year.

Monday evening, December 1st, Colonel French lectured on Alaska in the Berean Baptist Church.

"Billee Taylor," in Lewiston Saturday evening, the 14th, was seen by quite a party of Bowdoin students.

Gahan, '87, now instructor in the Manchester gymnasium, was in Brunswick over Thanksgiving.

Plaisted, '95, is reported to be almost entirely recovered from his recent serious attack of typhoid fever.

Scheda, the violinist from Lewiston, with a company of vocalists, gave a very fine concert here lately.

The second eleven were photographed lately and made a rather good-sized group, 18 men being eligible.

Christy, '95, is to teach the winter term of school in Monticello, entering the Medical School here at the close.

The slippery sidewalks have made a certain amount of skating ability not a luxury, but a necessity.

The coffer-dam above the bridge was destroyed by dynamite last week, and now the water is flowing over the new dam.

One of Brunswick's business men claims to have shot a wild goose on the delta, that served for his Thanksgiving dinner.

The Christmas *Munsey's* contains a good picture of Robert E. Peary, '77, and a brief account of his exploits in the North.

President Hyde has an interesting article in the December *Forum*, on "The Pilgrim Principle and the Pilgrim Heritage."

Christie, '95, spent Thanksgiving with his classmate Doherty in Houlton. Christie is to teach in Monticello for the winter.

But few of the students have been on the river

skating as yet. The ice is rough, and the smooth places few and far between.

The Congregational Church has been connected with the college gas plant, and evening services in the church have been resumed.

In chapel last Sunday President Hyde referred, in a general way, to one or two faults that might be found with student life at the present day.

President Hyde was in Bristol lately, attending a meeting of a committee of the Interdenominational Commission over a disputed church claim.

Skis, manufactured by the Brunswick Swing Co., are offered for sale by Furbish. Skiing and snowshoeing should be enjoyed side by side this winter.

Sub-Master Merritt, '94, of the Edward Little High School of Auburn, showed a group of his pupils over the college an afternoon of week before last.

John Fiske of Cambridge, author and lecturer, spoke to members and friends of the Saturday Club, Saturday, December 7th, on "The Salem Witchcraft."

For the month of November, 775 books have been taken out of the library, the largest number being taken out on the 26th, when 71 books were called for.

Webber, '95, passed through from Jonesport last week, where he is principal of the Grammar School. Wilbur, '94, is principal of the High School at the same place.

It would be a pleasant thing to have a favorable decision of the Garcelon will case reached about Christmas time; a Christmas remembrance, as it were, to Bowdoin.

The day before Thanksgiving witnessed the usual lively times at the station, the students occupying time between trains with yelling and scrapping on a quiet scale.

The Sophomore prize speaking is to be held Thursday evening in Memorial Hall, and will be unusually attractive and interesting. The college orchestra will furnish music.

The reference department of the library has been enriched with a complete file of the *National Review*, a magazine that is almost a necessity for the treatment of some subjects.

Gymnasium work begins the first of next term, the classes taking the same course as last winter. For various reasons the usual two weeks' work during this term has been omitted this year.

Prof. MacDonald spoke in chapel Sunday, the 7th, speaking on Carlyle, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth was recently celebrated in England by opening his former home as a Carlyle museum.

The present week is probably the busiest week of the whole term for the greater portion of the students; for as yet no one has found a way to prepare for examinations that will eliminate hard work.

A quartette, Ward, Coburn, Drake, and White, '98, from Banjo and Guitar Club, assisted at an entertainment given by the Universalist Church of Gardiner, Thursday and Friday evenings of last week.

At the third annual meeting of the Interdenominational Commission in Augusta last Wednesday, President Hyde was re-elected President. Rev. E. S. Stackpole, '71, is also a member of the commission.

Brunswick has a young lady dentist and the college boys are becoming very solicitous as to their teeth; though what relation there may be between these two reported facts, is a grave question.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Prof. Chapman delivered the evening address at the centennial of the Winter Street Church of Bath, Saturday, November 30th. The papers speak of the address as attracting the closest attention of the audience.

This winter promises to be well filled with entertainment. Beside the Saturday Club course already begun, the Congregationalist ladies are to present several attractions for the purpose of raising money for church repairs.

The Christmas magazines were unusually bright and interesting this year. In the library are Harper's, Century, Scribner's, Atlantic, Cosmopolitan, Outing, McClure's, Review of Reviews, etc., all of which have special holiday features.

The Junior Class officers have adopted the rather novel method of posting the church and chapel cuts of the class on the bulletin-board in the Science Building. According to the figures, the Juniors have plenty of opportunities to improve their attendance.

Prof. Little has made arrangements to furnish opportunities for the students to carry out President Hyde's suggestions as to Sunday occupations. He has drawn up a list of books on almost every subject of national interest at the present time, also from

literature and fiction, and offers to let them be taken out for over Sunday even if the taker has the full number out already.

During review week the Seniors in Psychology have been writing daily tests in the class-room, and have been writing syllabi on anger, fear, etc., for use in the compiling of a new book on Psychology now in process of preparation at Worcester, under the direction of Stanley Hall.

Bowdoin boys in sending out invitations to dances should remember that Bath is a special delivery town, and two cents postage is required. For the last dance every recipient of an invitation had to come up with an extra penny, the student using one-cent stamps.—*Bath Independent*.

The list of Bowdoin publications printed below is larger than the ordinary Bowdoin student has any idea of, and contains several volumes of more than passing interest. Copies of all can be obtained of Professor G. T. Little :

History of Bowdoin College with biographical sketches of its graduates from 1806 to 1879 inclusive. By Nehemiah Cleveland. Edited and completed by Alpheus Spring Packard. Boston, 1882. Octavo, 905 pages, 50 illustrations. \$5.00.

Additions and Corrections to History of Bowdoin College. Brunswick, 1887. Octavo, 25 pages. 25 cents.

Catalogue of the Library of Bowdoin College, to which is added an index of subjects. Brunswick, 1863. Octavo, 832 pages. \$1.00.

The Bowdoin Collection. Text by Rev. Fred H. Allen, Brunswick, 1886. Folio. 20 photogravures of drawings and paintings. \$1.00.

Bowdoin in the War. College Roll of Honor. Brunswick, 1867. Octavo, 36 pages. 25 cents.

Three discourses upon the Religious History of Bowdoin College. By Egbert C. Smyth. Brunswick, 1858. Octavo, 80 pages. 25 cents.

Songs of Bowdoin. [Copyrighted, 1875, by Arlo Bates.] Small quarto, 40 pages. 25 cents. —

General Catalogue of Bowdoin College and the Medical School of Maine, 1794-1894, including an historical sketch of the institution. Brunswick, 1894. Octavo, cxrri plus 216 pages with seven illustrations. \$1.00.

Descriptive Catalogue of the Bowdoin Drawings. 52 pages, 12mo. 1885. 25 cents.

Descriptive Catalogue of the Art Collection. 82 pages, 12mo. 1895. 25 cents.

McCornack will captain Dartmouth's eleven for the second time.

An exchange claims that for fifty years no smoker has graduated from Harvard with the honors of his class.



The meetings of this fall term have been well attended. Considerable interest in Christian work and in the Bible study has been manifested.

The outlook for the winter term seems bright, and with the long evenings more time can be devoted to Bible study. We must remember that the growth of the Christian character is greatly helped by coming into touch with others who are striving to attain the same end that we are.

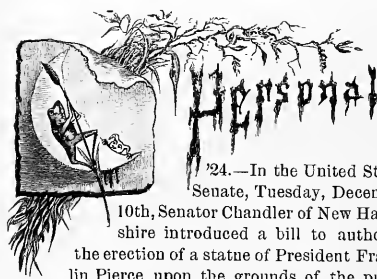
There are great tracts of life in which either of two courses may be right, and we are left to the decision of choice rather than of duty; but high above all these, let us see towering that divine necessity. It is a daily struggle to bring "I will" to coincide with "I ought;" and there is only one adequate and always powerful way of securing that coincidence, and it is to keep close to Jesus Christ, and to drink in His spirit. Then, when duty and delight are contemporaneous, the rough places will be plain, and the crooked things straight, and every mountain shall be brought low, and every valley shall be exalted, and life will be blessed, and service will be freedom. Joy and liberty and power and peace will fill our hearts when this is the law of our being; "All that the Lord hath spoken, that *must* I do."—ALEXANDER McCLAREN, D.D., in "*Christ's Musts*."

Not man alone grows great by being lifted up; when rain and snow are taken out of soil and lifted up into growing vine, they become a purple flood; when phosphates at the root's bottom are lifted to the top of the wheat stalk, they become the world's food; when iron and carbon of soil are lifted up and built into oak and pine, they take a place in universal art and industry; when stones are lifted from quarry into wall and tower, they become temples and palaces. Similarly, He who is to be the Exemplar and Redeemer of mankind was lifted up before all the world, the model of the best that is to be; representing that last estate to which religion and civilization shall bring the race; the mark to show the highest point of the tide to which moral excellence shall rise in the ages to come. The name of Jesus Christ globes within itself every idea and ideal of man; all gentleness and justice; all wisdom and all mercy; all sympathy and tenderness; all courage, and self-sacrifice, and purity;

above all, love, tropical, immeasurable, inimitable. As the flashing orb in the sky has lifted the tides in forward flow, so the Name above every name lifts society upward in character and culture, and will yet lift man back to his Father's side.—N. D. HILLS, D.D.

## Book Reviews.

(*Molière's Les Precieuses Ridicules*. Edited with notes and vocabulary by M. W. Davis, Roxbury Latin School. Ginn & Co.) This play, one of the most attractive of Molière's many witty productions, is especially fitted for easy reading by classes fairly well advanced. The introduction, which is unusually full, contains a biographical sketch of Molière worth reading for its own sake, critical estimates of Molière by Goethe and Sainte-Beuve, an historical introduction, Molière and the Precieuses, a map of Love's Land with explanations and a complete bibliography. The notes are full, and upon points well selected, while the vocabulary is full. All in all, the book is a valuable addition to Modern Language Series of Ginn & Co.



'24.—In the United States Senate, Tuesday, December 10th, Senator Chandler of New Hampshire introduced a bill to authorize the erection of a statue of President Franklin Pierce upon the grounds of the public building at Concord, N. H.

'34.—Cyrus Hamlin gave a very interesting lecture in Portland, three weeks ago, on Turkey and Armenia, a subject he is especially qualified to treat of, for he was president of Robert College, Constantinople, the pioneer college in Turkey, for many years.

'53.—Chief Justice Fuller has lately given a memorial window to the St. James Episcopal Church at Oldtown, where he was once a resident. The window is in memory of his mother.

'56.—Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, Conn., is celebrated as a preacher and poet, as a writer of

hymns and as a musician. Dr. Parker was formerly at the head of Lewiston Falls Academy in Auburn, now Edward Little High School. Yale College having just established a musical department, Dr. Parker is now appointed to a position in the Yale College Corporation, representing the new musical specialty. The Degree of Bachelor of Music is now conferred. Dr. Stoeckel is at the head of the professorship. The *New York Times* gives this sketch of Dr. Parker: "The Rev. Dr. Edwin Pond Parker, honorable degree, '75, of Hartford, who was elected to fill the vacancy of the Yale Corporation caused by the death of the Rev. Edward A. Smith, also of Hartford, was born in Castine, Me., in 1836, but though a native of that state, he is descended, both through his father and his mother, from old Connecticut families. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1856, and at Bangor Theological Seminary in 1859. During two of his years in the seminary he taught the classics in Lewiston Falls Academy. Immediately after graduation he became pastor of the Second Congregational Church of Hartford. He was installed January 11, 1860, and has held that position ever since. He has had a longer pastorate than any other Congregational clergyman now preaching in Connecticut, with the single exception of Rev. Dr. Burr of Lyme, Conn. Many of the members of the Yale Corporation and Faculty are his near personal friends. He often occupies the Yale pulpit, and has delivered before the theological seminary a course of lectures on 'Church Music.'"

'57.—General Charles Hamlin is in Bangor for the winter, and is busy arranging material for an extended biography of the late Hannibal Hamlin.

At the recent annual meeting in Washington, D. C., of the Sons and Daughters of Maine, many of whose members are graduates of Bowdoin, of the officers elected Bowdoin has four: Two vice-presidents, Gen. Ellis Spear, '58, and John B. Cotton, '65; and two members of the executive committee, S. G. Davis, '65, and A. H. Davis, '60.

'60.—Lemuel G. Downes died in Calais, Thursday, December 5th, after a short illness. Mr. Downes was born in Calais, where his father was an influential judge also, and immediately after his college course, studied law there for two years. Except for nine years of practice in Machias, he has had an office in Calais, where he began practice in 1872. Mr. Downes has always taken a high stand in his profession as well as in Republican politics, where he received many merited honors. He served four terms in the Executive Council in

1874, 1878, 1891-92, and 1893-94. As a member of this body he served on important committees, and rendered the State very valuable service. He had also been United States Commissioner and Judge of Probate for Washington County. He ever retained his interest in the affairs of his native city, of which in 1876 he was the mayor and for which he acted for years as the treasurer. Since 1879 he had been the president of the Calais National Bank, was president of the St. Croix Shoe Co., and president of the Maine Water Co., and was actively interested in other business enterprises. He is survived by two children, a daughter, and a son who graduated from Bowdoin in 1892 and is now studying law in his father's office. Mr. Downes was a member of X ♪.

'62.—Gen. Isaac W. Starbird has been appointed resident surgeon at the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea, Mass. Gen. Starbird saw nearly three years' service in the civil war. He entered the service in 1861 as captain in the Nineteenth Maine Infantry; was major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel of his regiment. He was twice wounded, at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, and at High Bridge, Va., April 7, 1865. He was breveted brigadier-general for conspicuous bravery in command of his regiment.

'67.—The *Globe Quarterly Review* contains a beautiful poem by Henry S. Webster, now a lawyer in Gardiner.

'75.—F. O. Baston is now treasurer of the Natick, Mass., Five Cent Savings Bank.

'74.—M. W. Davis, now of the Roxbury Latin School, has recently issued an edition of Molière's "Precieuses Ridicules," with notes and vocabulary, for the use of beginners in French. The books contain more than the usual amount of very interesting introduction, and it is as satisfactory a textbook as can be found for its purpose.

'74.—The preface of the above book shows that D. O. S. Lowell is also teaching in the Roxbury Latin School.

'82.—In his conduct as mayor of Boston, Mr. Curtis has shown himself to be an efficient disciple of the theory and practice of municipal government, and has led in the adoption of the new city charter under which important reforms will be in order, and under which municipal elections in Boston will hereafter be held every two years. Mayor Curtis, renominated for election, was supported by the business men of Boston, irrespective of party. He had behind him a record of efficiency for one year which would have probably contributed to his larger efficiency in the second and third years. Boston is a nominally Democratic city, and

Mr. Curtis's election last year was due to lack of harmony in Democratic ranks. As it is, the Democratic victory this year is by a small margin.

'84.—The Decennial Record of the Class of 1884 is at hand. Of the twenty-four who graduated, all are living, sixteen are married, seven are engaged in educational work, five are lawyers, three clergymen, and the rest are engaged in different occupations. Adams is at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.; Barton, a lawyer in Portland, Me.; Bradley is living in Bangor; Brown is a physician in New York City; Child is practicing law in Minneapolis; Clark is in the employ of Dietz, Dennison & Prior, bankers, Boston; Cothren is out of health and has been in the South; Fogg is at his home in South Freeport; Hilton is in business at Damariscotta, Me.; Kemp is Professor of Latin and Greek, at Springfield, Mass.; Knight is teaching in Springvale, Me.; Longren is pastor of First Congregational Church, Franklin, Mass.; Means is a pastor in Enfield, Conn.; Orr, a lawyer in Stockton, Cal.; Phinney is in business, New York City; Sayward is a teacher in Boston; Smith, pastor, Framingham, Mass.; Thompson, lawyer, Union, Me.; Torrey, Joseph, Instructor in Chemistry, Harvard College; Torrey, C. C., Instructor in Semitic Languages, Harvard College; Walker, manufacturer, Portland, Oregon; Waterman, banking and law, Gorham, Me.; Wright, Junior Master English High School, Boston.

Ex-'85.—Morrill Goddard has achieved success in the great newspaper field of New York, and is now filling one of the most responsible positions on the paper, that of managing editor of the *Sunday World*. When just out of Dartmouth, he entered New York City and applied to the *World* for a situation. He was told that men without experience were not wanted on newspapers, but persisting, was informed that any desirable story or news which their reporters did not get would be purchased. He accordingly sallied out and visited a remote portion of the city where the Yorktown police court was located, and succeeded in securing several exclusives which he sold to the *World*. Such was his activity and enterprise that in six weeks he was given a reportorial position on the paper, of course at the bottom of the ladder, with a limited salary. Later he was promoted to the position of managing the *World's* New England news bureau, with headquarters in Boston, and it was while filling this place and spending his vacation in Portland that he started the Stain and Cromwell campaign. He served two seasons as a Washington correspondent

of the *World*, was assistant city editor, assistant news editor, then city editor. Three years ago, when Mr. Pulitzer was in Europe for his health, he sent for Mr. Goddard who, in response, went abroad and for a period acted as his private secretary, until Mr. Pulitzer appointed him to his present position.

'87.—F. D. Dearth has opened a law office at Dexter. If he is as successful in law as he was as a base-ball player while in Bowdoin College he will win his cases.—*Bath Independent*.

'89.—Sanford L. Fogg has been appointed, by Governor Cleaves, Municipal Judge of Bath.

'90.—Haverhill, Mass., December 5th, born to the wife of Dr. George W. Blanchard, a son, "George Wesley, Jr."

'90.—Boston, Mass., November 27th, born to the wife of Joseph Pendleton, a daughter, Dorothy.

'92.—Clinton Stacey, a member of the Bowdoin Medical Class of 1896, closed recently a successful term at the Bingham High School, and will return to the Medical School the first of next month.

Medical, '94.—Dr. Arthur W. Shurtleff died in Lewiston, Saturday, November 16th. His death was very unexpected, resulting from an attack of apoplexy.

'94.—Plaisted, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever in Bangor, has almost completely recovered and will probably go South for the winter.

'95.—Doberty has been appointed Justice of the Peace and Quorum by Governor Cleaves.

## College World.

ALWAYS APROPOS.

Said he, "May I speak a word with you?"

Said she, "I'm at your disposal

Whether or not 'tis apropos,"

Said he, "'Tis apropos-al."

—*The Lafayette.*

Dartmouth has just organized a press club.

A congress of the Greek-letter fraternities is being held at the Atlanta Exposition.

During the past year 12,880 volumes have been added to the Cornell University library.

One-sixteenth of the college students in this country are studying for the ministry.

The highest salary of any college professor is \$20,000, paid to Professor Turner of Edinburgh University.

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JANUARY 22, 1896.

No. 12.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1155, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The choice of a profession is one of the subjects which demand the most serious thought of the college man. With some the matter is settled before they enter college; others make their final choice early in their course, and shape their study accordingly; but many others do not give the subject careful and serious deliberation until well toward their graduation. After graduation, what? Many of us hesitate too long before we frame for ourselves a satisfactory answer to this important question. It is dangerous to answer it too early, but it is fatal to delay too long. For those who are still postponing a decision, Senior year is a time of restless uncertainty, and even of despondency and discouragement. To such, and indeed to all of us, the words of Dean Hodges, last week, were an inspiration. He made no attempt to show the advantages and drawbacks of the various professions—books, magazines, and current literature have much along these lines—but he laid down principles that should guide the life of the college-bred man, whatever his profession. Our college course is designed to teach us to think, to develop our powers of reason, and whatever our profession we cannot have this ability in too high a degree. It is the place of college men in the world, whatever their profession, to be the leaders and masters of

others. And most of all it is the duty of the college-bred man to use his knowledge as a power for good in his community, to serve with intelligence his fellow-men, his country, and his God. After all, not so much depends on the profession we choose as upon the head and heart which we put into it. The profession cannot elevate us, but we can elevate the profession; nor can the profession, if honest, degrade us, though we can, if we will, degrade any profession.

IT is a most unfortunate and lamentable fact that some college boys find no joy in life so great, no pleasure so sweet, as that afforded by "swiping" the property of others. Whether the "swiped" article is a sign from the street, an electric light bulb from a college building, or a book from a college chum, matters little to these individuals who are very numerous in our midst. No persons uphold such practices. The most enthusiastic and devoted "swipers" cannot deny that it is dishonest, unmanly, cowardly, and sneaking. They gain little or nothing by their acquisitions, while others are often caused serious loss and inconvenience. But college boys, here as elsewhere, *will* swipe, and it seems to be a part of their nature the same as it is to be fresh while Freshmen and boisterous while Sophomores. The swiping of the signs, electric light bulbs, books, etc., of others is just as bad in principle, though not quite so bad in degree, as certain more serious cases of stealing which have been known on the campus within the past few months. Losses of money and other valuables, both from rooms in the halls and from the gymnasium, have been too numerous. The ORIENT is very loath to believe that there are students here who possess the thievish instinct to this degree, yet it is difficult in some cases to believe that outsiders could have committed the crime. It

is hard to make the distinction between "swiping" and stealing, yet there is a distinction understood by college men. We have many "swipers," but thieves—can it be possible there is one in our midst? Perhaps among the three hundred students there has found his way one who thus disgraces the proud standard of honor and manhood in our college. For such a person disgraceful expulsion and the extreme punishment of the law would not be too severe. We hesitate to believe the existence of a Bowdoin student who will add stealing to "swiping," but either one does exist or else "yagger" thieves are getting very bold and clever. Since prevention is better than cure, students should be more careful about leaving money and valuables lying about in unlocked rooms or in the gymnasium.

THE need of some novel feature, some striking departure from the usual programme, has been felt by those in charge of our recent annual athletic exhibitions. This year the management has entered early upon the consideration of this matter, and the plan brought forward at the mass-meeting of the students last week seems a very feasible one. It is proposed to give the exhibition more the nature of an indoor athletic meet, and by introducing the element of genuine competition in contests for prizes to add to the enthusiasm of those participating, and to the attractiveness of the occasion for outsiders. The class squad drills and other popular features of the exhibition will be retained, and the introduction of such contests as the floor of the town hall will allow, will certainly prove a popular innovation. To make a success of this all athletes must do conscientious work in the gymnasium along whatever lines they feel they can do the best, and all must enter heartily into the spirit of the thing. It is also proposed

that the exhibition and contests be repeated in Bath, where the immense floor of the Alameda would give ample room for a meet on a larger scale than can be held here. The management will try to get the other Maine colleges to join in making this, in a way, a midwinter intercollegiate meet by sending representatives to compete in the various events. Such an entertainment in the Shipping City would certainly prove, under our efficient manager, a financial success. We sincerely hope this scheme may be carried out and that the other colleges will not hesitate to do their part. It would be as much to their advantage as ours, and would give the field and track athletes of all a good start in their preparation for the field day next June.

**T**HE December number of the *Tuftonian* has an editorial relative to a proposed league in foot-ball and base-ball between Wesleyan or Trinity, Bowdoin, and Tufts. The ORIENT has received a letter from the *Tuftonian* editor, asking us to bring the matter to the attention of the Bowdoin students, and this we are very glad to do. The sentiment at Tufts is very strong for some such league as this, as offering an additional stimulus to good work in athletics, and the advisory committee on athletics there is ready and willing to take the initiative in the matter if there is any intimation that the other colleges are agreeable to the plan. They have made us no formal proposal yet, but desire first to get the sentiment of our college. We therefore bring the subject before our readers and urge a most careful consideration of the matter by all those interested in the athletic welfare of Bowdoin. The ORIENT believes that a foot-ball and base-ball league between Bowdoin, Tufts, and Wesleyan or Trinity would, without doubt, benefit all the colleges concerned.

It would not prevent us from playing our usual games in both these sports with our sister Maine colleges and the various outside colleges that we usually meet. It is not probable that it would cause any considerable increase of expenses. The colleges concerned are of practically equal strength, and there is certainly ground for confidence that Bowdoin's record in such a league would be a creditable one, and would materially spread our reputation as an athletic institution. The incentive of having league games to win and a championship to work for would give us increased enthusiasm and energy, and would certainly result in strengthening our foot-ball and base-ball teams. Certainly Bowdoin has much to gain in entering a league outside the State, and the proposition of Tufts is worthy of careful thought. Let all interested in our athletic welfare consider the advantages and disadvantages of such a plan, and then we can have a mass-meeting and act intelligently. Some may feel a little resentment against Tufts for her seemingly unwarranted cancellation of foot-ball games with us in recent seasons, but this should not give rise to any prejudice against the proposed league. The fact that Tufts proposes the league shows the best of feeling and a desire for the mutual good of the colleges concerned.

#### New York Alumni of Bowdoin.

**A**BOUT forty of the sons of Bowdoin in the City of New York met at Hotel Savoy, January 7th, for their twenty-sixth annual meeting and dinner. President Hyde was present as the representative of the college and delivered the opening address. Other speakers of the occasion were: J. H. Hubbard, '57, E. B. Merrill, '57, W. A. Abbott, '58, James McKeen, '64, W. J. Curtis, '75, G. F. Harriman, '75, P. P. Simmons, '75, F. W. Hawthorn, '74, and H. W. Grindal, '80.

Some of those present beside those mentioned above were: Nathaniel Cothren, '49, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain, '52, J. H. Goodenow, '52, G. E. Moulton, '62, A. F. Libby, '64, E. H. Cook, Ph.D., '66, Dr. F. W. Ring, '69, Dr. N. F. Curtis, '71, C. L. Clark, '75, F. R. Upton, '75, Dr. F. H. Dillingham, '77, Dr. E. J. Pratt, '75, G. W. Tilson, '77, and H. S. Chapman, '91. Memorials were passed upon F. W. Upham, '37, Dr. G. F. Jackson, '50, and M. M. Robinson, '56, members of the association who have died within the year.

The following officers were elected: President, J. H. Goodenow, '52; Vice-Presidents, J. L. Chamberlain, '52, A. F. Libby, '64, Lucien Howe, '70, DeA. S. Alexander, '70, and W. J. Curtis, '75; Corresponding Secretary, L. A. Rogers, '75; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. F. H. Dillingham, '77. The following Trustees were also elected: Thomas H. Hubbard, '57, William A. Abbott, '58, Frederick G. Dow, '72, H. W. Grindal, '80, George E. Moulton, '62, P. P. Simmons, '75, and G. H. Harriman, '75. There were covers laid for forty in the breakfast room on the first floor of the hotel and the proceedings were altogether of a social nature.

A feature of the evening was the following poem, written for the occasion by Isaac McLellan of Greenport, L. I., the only surviving member of the Class of '26, and an active and most loyal son of old Bowdoin:

We children of one Mater dear  
Assembled in life's late career,  
Offer our filial love;  
We think of her maternal care,  
Her smiling look, her features fair,  
Her loving speech, her sacred prayer,  
Her themes of Worlds above.

Dear Guardian of our early days;  
She cheered us with her words of praise  
When lives were good and true;  
Her gentle hands on heads were laid  
Whene'er our devious footsteps stray'd,  
Her pardon *never* was delay'd  
In years when life was new.

Metinks we still can catch the gleam  
Of dawning over wood and stream,  
A flood of roseate light.  
Light that illum'd with heavenly fire  
The Bowdoin halls, the chapel spire,  
That called to tasks the youthful choir,  
The band of students bright.

Methinks we can remember well  
The chimings of that morning bell,  
Ringing its summons clear;  
Then forth from campus, road, and wood,  
The route our hasty steps pursued,  
Eager to urge in studious mood  
The student's glad career.

Ah, those were happiest, sunniest days,  
With pleasing task, with joyous plays,  
The sweetest of our lives;  
There were no shades of grief or care  
To chill with sorrow or despair;  
*Now* in our memories everywhere  
That sweet time still survives.

I mourn dead friends of that past year,  
Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cheever, dear,  
The friends I dearly loved;  
And scores of other cherished mates,  
Who long have met funereal fates,  
Long vanished from these earthly gates  
To Heavenly courts above.

Dear brethren, each familiar name,  
Now high inscribed on scrolls of fame  
Imperishably bright;  
It is my honest, heartfelt pride,  
That once I wandered side by side  
With ye in Bowdoin's woodlands wide,  
With infinite delight.

### Eugene Field.

**B**Y profession, a journalist; by nature, a humorist; an intense patriot; a true friend; a lover of all humanity; a man who was too modest to style himself a poet, yet whose verses have probably touched the hearts of people more deeply than those of any other writer of our day; such was Eugene Field.

Biographically considered there is nothing especially remarkable or unusual to say about Eugene Field. He was born at St.

Louis, September 3, 1850. His parents were natives of Vermont. His father, who had been a graduate of Middlebury College at the age of fifteen, and, by special act of the legislature, a State's Attorney before he was twenty-one, was a man of great intellect and personal force. Of his mother but little seems to have been written, but, after reading the allusions which Field has made to her in his works, we cannot doubt that hers was a beautiful character.

Upon her death, when Field was only seven years old, he was sent to Amherst, Mass., where he passed the next few years of his life in the care of his cousin, Miss Mary French. He had entered Williams College at the age of eighteen, but, on the death of his father, he went from there to Knox College at Galesburg, Ill., where his guardian, John M. Burgess, was one of the professors, and from here, again, after two years, to the State University of Missouri.

In 1871 Field attained his majority and came into possession of an estate of sixty thousand dollars. He took a friend and his sixty thousand and went to Europe. Whether he brought his friend back with him on his return the story does not state, but it is pretty certain that he didn't bring back any of his sixty thousand.

"I had a lovely time," he said once in telling his experience to a friend, "I just *threw* the money around. Just think of it, a boy of twenty-one, without father or mother, and with sixty thousand dollars. It was a lovely experience. I saw more things and did more things than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio. I had money. I paid it out for experience—it was plenty. Experience was lying around loose."

On returning from Europe he evidently concluded it was about time for him to settle down to business, for he at once went to work at what was to be his profession for life, viz., journalism.

His first position was as reporter, and subsequently as city editor, on the *St. Louis Journal*, but in 1873 he married Miss Julia Comstock of St. Joseph, Missouri, and two years later he removed to that place, where he "whooped up locals for the *St. Jo Gazette*." It was not long, however, before he went back to St. Louis, from there to Kansas City, and finally to Denver, where he became managing editor of the *Denver Tribune*.

It was in 1883 that Field decided to leave Denver. He was now widely known both as a journalist and as a humorist, and he had many flattering offers from all parts of the country. Chicago, however, seemed to him to be the destined literary center of the West, and thither he went to do his share toward making it so. Here, then, from 1883, was his home, and his work on the *Daily Record* made him one of the best known writers of the time.

Perhaps we ought not to conclude this part of our sketch without mentioning his *second* trip abroad, made in 1889, when, we may suppose, he renewed, to some extent, the memories of his former trip. But, although in one of his poems he refers to the time when he "was broke in London in the fall of '89," yet we may well suspect that the presence of his wife and children prevented his actually repeating the prodigality of his youth.

In the preceding outline we have endeavored to give, briefly, the leading points in the life of Eugene Field. Let us now consider his characteristics as a man and as a writer.

What kind of a fellow he was at college may be judged from the words of one who knew him then, who describes him as "Gene Field, the irrepressible, the untamed, the *unticked*."

What kind of a fellow he was in early manhood may be judged of the story which

is told of him while a reporter at St. Louis, when, on being informed by the business manager that he was going to raise his salary, Field replied: "If you'll raise *half* of it, old man, I'll be satisfied, and if you'll raise the *whole* of it I'll lend you half;" and, at another time when he could get *no pay at all*, he stood out on the sidewalk before the office window and sang "Out in the Cold World, Out in the Street," until they were forced to pay him to get rid of him.

What kind of a worker he was at his chosen profession may be judged from the success which attended him as a journalist.

But what kind of a *man* he was through *all* his life may be best judged by the number of his friends, rich and poor, young and old; for, after all, what is a better test of a man's true character than the friendships it has won him?

Field may be said to have had two hobbies. The first was collecting rare editions of books and curiosities of all kinds. His "den," as he termed the room where he did his writing, was a veritable museum of curios. Whatever took his fancy he bought. Everything, from old blue china to mechanical toys, from shelves full of bottles of a hundred shapes and sizes to the most complete collection of books on Horace in the world, from Gladstone's famous axe (presented to Mr. Field by the Grand Old Man himself) to the editorial shears of Charles A. Dana of the *New York Sun*, was to be found in his home at Buena Park.

His other hobby was—*children*. Not content with five of his own, he opened his house to all the children in the neighborhood, and if they did not have a good time it surely was not the fault of Eugene Field.

When we speak of children, we come abruptly upon his literary work, for it was of the children and for the children that he wrote a large part of his stories and poems. Up to 1889, although he had written many

verses and short stories, he had as yet published practically nothing in book form except one volume called "Culture's Garland," but in this year appeared private and limited editions of "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales."

The "Little Book of Western Verse" contains a great variety of short poems. There are amusing translations from Horace, and stories of the Colorado mining camps in the good old days of 'Sixty-Nine; there are rhymes in the Middle English dialect, and no end of lovely little lullabys. Of the poems contained in this volume, perhaps "Little Boy Blue" and the Dutch lullaby, "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," are the most popular and widely known.

The "Little Book of Profitable Tales" is a collection of prose stories very prettily told,—stories humorous, stories pathetic; stories of Christmas, and the coming of the Christ; stories of nature, the nature which Field knew and loved so well; character stories told in the dialect of East and West; fairy stories which have a fascination even for people who like to pretend that they were "grown up" long ago.

Since the first publication of these two books, as many as half a dozen volumes have come from Field's pen. "With Trumpet and Drum," a collection of verses for children, compiled from those published either in his previous volume or in the newspapers, appeared in 1892; "A Second Book of Verse," similar in style and make-up to his first volume, in 1893; and, the same year, "The Holy Cross and Other Tales," and "Echoes from a Sabine Farm," the latter being translations and paraphrases of Horace, written in collaboration with his brother, Roswell M. Field.

His last published work was "Love Songs of Childhood," which appeared in 1894; but two books upon which he was at work dur-

ing the past year,—“My House,” and “The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac,”—are now about to be issued by the publishers.

It is scarcely necessary to make mention of his death, sudden and unexpected, for the end of his life-story is still fresh in the minds of all. But perhaps there can be no more fitting close to this sketch than to quote from one of the many tributes paid him by the newspapers of our land:

“There has just gone from among the busy throngs of the living a great writer of verse. His words were simple, but they rang with the true pathos that thrills the scarred hearts of man and womankind. He did not deal in sombre mysteries, as did Browning. His was not the artistic phrasing of Tennyson or Swinburne; but he sang to little children, so sweetly and so lovingly that weary men and sad-eyed women, knowing the joys and griefs of fatherhood and motherhood, read the pure, tender songs with a sob in the throat, and a leap of the heart. . . .

“It may be that Eugene Field will find little attention in future histories of American literature. He wrote from day to day, like all newspaper men, under the constant strain of the incessant demand of the insatiable press; and, like his fellows, he did uneven work, some good, some bad. Yet he wrote from his heart and was content to know that what was his best he gave with unstinted hand, and he tried to make life better, and truer, and grander for all the men and women who read what he wrote. His real epitaph will not be found on his tomb or his headstone, but is written on the hearts of the people by his verses.”

The whole number of Harvard graduates is 19,335; of Yale, 16,737.

“I made you what you are,”

The tailor said unto

The youth, who nodded and replied,

“I owe my all to you.”

—Ez.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Old Year's Burial.

To-night we have buried the old year  
Outside in the heart of the storm;  
Then farewell to the dead and the cold year,  
We welcome the living and warm!  
It was deep in the gloom of the forest,  
By a frozen rivulet's bed,  
And the oldest trees and the hoarest  
A requiem sighed for the dead.  
But our hearts had little of sorrow  
As we buried the old year there;  
We knew that the pulse of the morrow  
Would throb with a life more fair.  
So farewell, farewell to the old year,  
Which we buried outside in the storm;  
No tears for the dead and the cold year,  
But cheers for the living and warm.

And here, in the fire-glow tender,  
We merrily speed the night,  
And wait for the morning splendor  
Of the new year's grander light.  
We waste not a tear in grieving  
For the year whose life has flown;  
We joy in delight of believing  
There's a happier year to be known.  
We waste not the hour with regretting,  
But we drink, as we wait for the morn,  
A toast to the year we're forgetting  
And a toast to the year that is born.  
So farewell, farewell to the old year,  
Let its dying be wailed by the storm;  
We mourn not the dead and the cold year,  
We welcome the living and warm.

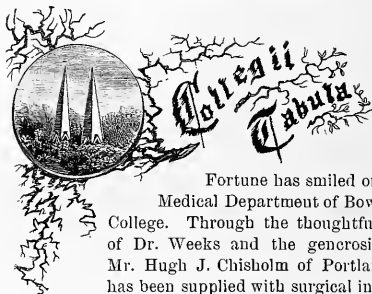
### The Reply of Philotas.

The dreadful fight was over; and in a prison-cell  
Lay Philotas, the captive prince, who'd fought both  
long and well;  
And who, on being taken, was by his captors told  
That his freedom might be purchased with his royal  
father's gold.

What! heard ye not my answer? Your offers I  
despise,  
And mete you out defiance before your very eyes.  
I've met ye on the battle-fields and slain ye by the  
score,  
And, were I free to do so, would joy in killing more.

From childhood's days I longed for war, and when  
of age I came  
I coveted a soldier's life, a warrior's honored name.  
I left the kingly palace, where serfs and pages stood,  
And waited for my least command like puppets  
made of wood.  
The pet of courtiers I have been,—my father's only  
heir,  
But, ah! the throne will ne'er be mine, nor I be  
ruler there.  
I've led my valiant soldiers into the thickest fight,  
And never, for a moment, have ye seen me take to  
flight.  
Ah! ye have learned to fear me, ye've learned your  
lesson well;  
And that with goodly reason as your growing death-  
lists tell;  
For I, who was my father's joy, the apple of his eye,  
Have caused his heart to swell with pride at my  
ambitions high.  
As to his realms I've added, and his coffers filled  
with gold,  
And ye have mourned the loss of land ye struggled  
hard to hold.  
Ye tell me I may ransomed be; but I would rather  
die  
Than purchase, with my father's gold, the life ye  
ne'er could buy.  
My sire's proud head beneath the crown shall never  
be less proud,—  
The sunshine of his happiness shall sink behind no  
cloud  
Because that I, his only son, have been afraid of  
death,  
And called upon his money-bags to ransom my poor  
breath.  
Ye tell me if I will but send for gold, I shall be free:  
But I by far prefer the grave to buying liberty.  
And, rather than accept your terms, and pay you  
for my life,  
I'll cut my heart from human bonds with this, my  
trusty knife.  
My dying words are words of scorn for any such as  
you,  
And I'll repeat my deep contempt till death shall  
chill me through.  
My father, leaning o'er my corse, shall vow on  
bended knee  
That the money in his coffers shall revenge, not  
ransom, me.  
And when my comrades meet again your soldiers,  
as of yore,

They'll mow ye down like wisps of wheat the  
reaper's knife before.  
Another in my place will stand, but me they'll not  
forget,  
The counsels I have given them will linger with  
them yet.  
There, I have done. Good knife, strike true, nor  
leave a spark of life,  
And you, ye cowards, get your gold—if ye but can—  
in strife.



Fortune has smiled on the  
Medical Department of Bowdoin  
College. Through the thoughtfulness  
of Dr. Weeks and the generosity of  
Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm of Portland it  
has been supplied with surgical instru-  
ments, sterilizers, stands and other devices, which  
render possible the most thoroughly antiseptic and up-  
to-date surgery at the weekly clinics. Mr. Chisholm  
commissioned and furnished the funds to Dr. Weeks  
with which to purchase a complete surgical outfit.  
During his recent European trip Dr. Weeks selected  
the instruments in Paris, and on his return to New  
York procured an elegant and modern stand for  
them. Mr. Chisholm is entitled to the gratitude not  
only of the faculty and students, but also to many  
of the people of Maine, who resort so frequently to  
the clinic for surgical aid. That the students at  
least appreciate this gift was well attested by the  
tremendous applause with which they greeted the  
new instruments on their first appearance, and the  
announcement of the name of the donor.

Oakes, '96, is in Florida for the winter.

Andros, '97, is business manager of the *Bugle*.

Illis, Medical School, is again leader of the col-  
lege orchestra.

Professor Johnson was confined to his house by  
illness last week.

Guy B. Soule of Freeport has entered college as  
a special student.

Mr. Rich addressed the students in chapel Sun-  
day, January 12th.



Eastman, '96, is confined to his home in Portland with throat trouble.

A movement is on foot for a Maine intercollegiate chess tournament.

The High School minstrel show last week drew a large crowd of students.

Horne, '97, will take part in the indoor meet of the B. A. A., February 8th.

C. G. Fogg, '96, occupies regularly the Congregational pulpit of Topsham.

The Boston alumni of Bowdoin will have their annual meeting February 6th.

The scheme of a co-operative store by Robiinson and Lynch is proving a popular success.

Bates, Smith, Robiinson, and Baker are assisting Dr. Whittier in the gymnasium this term.

Coggan, '97, was at Oldtown last week as reader in the dedication concert of the City Hall.

The chess experts got down to business last week, and the annual tournament is now on.

Bowdoin now possesses another \$1,000 scholarship through the generosity of Mrs. Fiske of Boston.

Prof. Lee will deliver his lecture on "The Straits of Magellan" before the Colby students, January 28th.

Bisbee, '98, has been elected assistant manager and secretary and treasurer of the Glee and Banjo Club.

During vacation Prof. Johnson attended a meeting of the Modern Language Association at New Haven.

Gymnasium work for all the classes began January 9th. A large amount of new apparatus has been put in.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs will take a trip to Houlton, Bangor, and Oldtown about the middle of next month.

In December 609 books were taken from the college library, the greatest number one day being 75 on the 16th.

Dane, '96, has been selected to represent the Athletic Association at the meeting of the Boston alumni, February 6th.

At the close of last term Remick and Sawyer, '97, Hamilton and McIntyre, '98, and Merrill and Swett, '99, left college.

There were some lively class rushes last week, as the result of Freshman eagerness to sing "Phi Chi" and to enjoy other forbidden privileges.

During the absence of President Hyde the Seniors were required to write abstracts of portions of the works of Descartes, Berkley, and Locke.

Prof. William A. Packard, '51, now on the Princeton faculty, has presented the library with fifty dollars to be used in the purchase of classical books.

The following have entered the work of the second year: W. H. White, Somerville, Mass.; C. E. Johnson, Topsfield; F. E. Hoyt, Wolfeborough, N. H.

Dane, '96, took a trip to Georgia during the vacation, and, while hunting there, shot a large wild boar whose head he brought back in triumph to college.

Fairbanks, '95, passed the opening week of the term here, retailing interesting stories of his nine weeks as foot-ball coach at the University of Mississippi.

At a meeting of the Base-Ball Association, last Saturday, the auditor's report on the account of last spring's manager, Holmes, '95, showed serious discrepancies.

The first Junior assembly will be held in the court room, Thursday evening, January 23d. Elliott, Andros, and White form the committee from the class in charge of the series.

Marston, '99, is having a series of articles in the *Maine Outing* on a wheeling trip to Quebec and vicinity. He has also prepared for the February number an illustrated article on foot-ball at Bowdoin.

The Seniors in Political Economy are up to date to such an extent that they are ahead of the desired text-book, Gidding's *Sociology*, and while awaiting its publication, are taking a lecture course in Taxation.

The foot-ball captain for next fall is not yet elected, as it has been impossible since the season closed to get the members of the team together. Some have been away, some sick, and some are out teaching.

Midwinter tennis playing has had quite a boom here. Several matches were played the first week of the term, and the courts were never in better condition. Gloves, however, were a necessity for the players.

About a score of students are out teaching this term. Among them are Condon, Fitz, Koehan, Kneeland, McMillan, Pease, E. F. Pratt, Rhodes, Shute, and Stearns, of '97, and Eames, Howard, Procter, and Wiggii, of '98.

The appointments of the six Seniors who will speak for the '68 oratorical prize on the evening of April 2d, were announced last week as follows: H. R. Blodgett, Howard Gilpatrick, J. C. Minot, H. H. Pierce, R. O. Small, and B. G. Willard.

Godfrey, '99, passed another physical examination at the opening of this term, and added many points to his remarkable record-breaking performance of last fall. He showed a total strength of 1,302, and a condition of 707, against a total of 1121.8 and a condition of 526.1 last September.

Bowdoin College may be excused for elation. She is Speaker of the National House, President of the United States Senate, and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court; and she will soon sit in the President's chair. Ah, what a fine brood this rare old mother has sent out.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The first themes of the term are due January 30th. The following subjects are given out:

For the Juniors—

- I. Carlyle's "Past and Present."
- II. Is Adherence to the Monroe Doctrine Essential to the Peace and Safety of the United States?
- III. Comparative Purity of American and English Politics.

For the Sophomores—

- I. "Consistency in the Hobgoblin of Little Minds."
- II. "In the world there is nothing great but man, In man there is nothing great but mind."
- III. Responsibility Educates.

The *Youth's Companion* for January 9th had an illustrated article by Speaker Reed, '60, on the duties and obligations of the Speaker of the House, written in his most delightful vein, and containing much of interest to every reader of this popular publication. C. A. Stephens, '69, is a regular contributor to the *Companion*, and has a story in this same issue.

There was a full attendance of the Fortnightly Club at Professor Emery's lecture Monday. Mr. Emery's topic was "Some Aspects of the Social Question." . . . Professor Emery is a remarkable example of the era of young men as college instructors. He is only twenty-four, yet the chair of Political Economy at Bowdoin was created for him, and he is one of President Hyde's most valuable supporters.—*Bath Independent*.

E. F. Hodges, D.D., dean of the Protestant Episcopal Divinity School at Cambridge, addressed the student body for an hour Tuesday morning, January 14th, on "The Choice of a Profession." He proved a delightful speaker, and his entertain-

ing manner of handling the subject made the hour very pleasant and profitable to all. Reason, mastery, and service were the heads under which he discussed the opportunities and duties of the college-bred man.

A pleasing coincidence occurred recently at the matriculation of Mr. Benjamin F. Sturgis of Court Street, Auburn, into the Bowdoin Medical School at Brunswick. Some thirty odd years ago Dr. Benjamin F. Sturgis of Auburn and the now Prof. Alfred Mitchell of Brunswick registered in the same class of the Medical School. When Prof. Mitchell glanced at the registry books of this term there stood on the entering class the names B. F. Sturgis, Jr., of Auburn, and Alfred Mitchell, Jr., of Brunswick.—*Lewiston Journal*.

The '98 Sophomore prize speaking was held before a large crowd in Upper Memorial on the evening of December 19th. The college orchestra furnished excellent music. Following is the full programme:

MUSIC.

The Pilot's Story.—Howells.

Edwin Ellis Spear, Washington, D. C.  
An Incident in the Life of Wendell Phillips.—Weld.

Charles Sumner Pettengill, Augusta.  
The Fourth of July, 1776.—Lippard.

Percival Proctor Baxter, Portland.  
Jem's Last Ride.—Kelley.

Wendell Phillips McKeown, Boothbay Harbor.  
MUSIC.

The Duty of the Enlightened Classes.—Long.

\*Dwight Richard Pennell, Lewiston.  
The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia.—Thompson.

William Witherle Laurence, Portland.  
Address at Gettysburg.—Chamberlain.

Arthur Leroy Hunt, Lewiston.  
The Boat Race.—Grant.

Harlan Melville Bisbee, Rumford Falls.  
MUSIC.

Demosthenes.—Choate.  
Alfred Benson White, Lewiston.

The New South.—Grady.  
Curtis Lewis Lynch, Machias.

Herve Riel.—Browning.  
Thomas Littlefield Marble, Gorham, N. H.

MUSIC.

\*Excused.

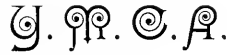
The judges were Prof. Chapman, Rev. Dr. Mason, and Mr. Emery. They awarded the first prize to Percival Proctor Baxter, and the second to Thomas Littlefield Marble.

Upper Memorial was filled on the evening of January 16th, when the first in a series of three German song recitals was given by Mrs. Florence Lee Whitman of Boston, assisted by Mr. Harvey

Murray of Portland, accompanist. Mrs. Whitman, who is the guest for a time of her brother, Prof. L. A. Lee, is a leading teacher and singer of Boston, and her kindness in giving the students an opportunity of hearing her voice and of getting a better acquaintance with German songs and composers, is deeply appreciated by all. In her series of recitals she treats the subject of German song chronologically, beginning with the old folk songs, and her familiar, interesting talks are interspersed with selections from the song composer treated. Her rich soprano, sweet and sympathetic, and clear and true as ever after a dozen or fifteen songs, enraptured all hearers. The composers represented in the first recital were Thuringian, Weber, Silcher, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. The remaining recitals are to come on the evenings of January 23d and February 6th, and it is safe to say the students will again be present in a body.

The Medical School opened January 9th, the opening lecture being delivered in Memorial Hall by Dr. Alfred Mitchell of Brunswick, whose remarks were full of interesting reminiscences of his long connection with the school and of sound advice to those entering upon a medical profession. The entering class numbers about fifty this year, and more are expected. Five members of Bowdoin, '95, return to enter a medical course. Following are the members of the entering class: S. C. Smith, Brewer; H. S. Elliot, Thomaston; J. Scott, Guysboro, N. S.; G. E. Washburn, Augusta; T. H. McDonough, Winterport; T. F. Murphy, Lewiston; W. F. Lyford, South Atkinson; W. P. Scott, Richmond; H. A. Pingree, Portland; A. M. Fernald, Nottingham, N. H.; Fred Fernald, Nottingham, N. H.; F. O. Price, Havelock, N. B.; J. H. Dixon, Portsmouth, N. H.; H. S. Bryant, Brunswick; F. E. Bennett, Presque Isle; W. S. A. Kimball, A. B., Portland; H. W. Crockett, Whitefield, N. H.; N. H. Young, Warren; J. J. Bailey, Watertown, Conn.; J. M. O'Connor, Biddeford; B. W. McKeel, Fryeburg; H. A. Black, Augusta; O. L. Long, Bluehill; L. E. Libby, Bridgton; C. G. Savage, Rockland; Alfred Mitchell, Jr., A. B., Brunswick; Benj. F. Sturgis, Jr., Auburn; L. E. Willard, Woodfords; H. S. Warren, Bangor; F. A. Fuller, Bath; H. S. Webber, Augusta; C. A. Vinal, Warren; S. H. Hanson, A. B., Houlton; J. W. Joyce, Lewiston; D. H. Holmes, Brunswick; C. M. Stanley, Snowville, N. H.; C. M. Whitney, Unity; P. W. Marston, Monmouth; J. F. Starrett, Warren; W. H. A. Clark, Newton Center, Mass.; C. R. Wallington, Albion; A. I. York, Wilton; F. Brewster, Portland; F. P.

Malone, Portland; E. G. Abbott, West Sullivan; B. L. Bryant, A. B., Lowell, Mass.; O. A. B. Ames, Fairfield; L. F. Soule, A. B., Phillips.



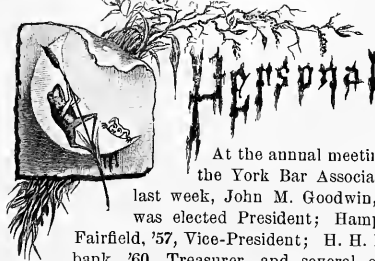
The Bible classes will be combined this term; and a systematic course of study on the life of Christ will be conducted by Professor Woodruff. This course offers an excellent opportunity for the students to become familiar with an important portion of the New Testament. The benefit of a thorough knowledge of the Bible cannot be over-estimated, even from a literary point of view, to say nothing of its importance as the basis of religious belief.

The course will be conducted informally, opportunity for questions and discussion being given. The class will meet on each Monday evening of the term in the Association Room at 7.15. All students are cordially invited.

We are not able, at this date, to make out a complete calendar of speakers for the term. It gives us pleasure, however, to announce the speakers for the next three Sundays as follows:

January 19, . . .	Rev. J. D. Graham.
January 26, . . .	Professor MacDonald.
February 2, . . .	Professor Files.
February 9, . . .	Rev. C. L. Waite.

President Hyde, Professor Little, and Mr. Emery will address the members of the Association some time this term.



At the annual meeting of the York Bar Association, last week, John M. Goodwin, '45, was elected President; Hampden Fairfield, '57, Vice-President; H. H. Burbank, '60, Treasurer, and several other Bowdoin men were present. Judge J. W. Symonds, '60, and Hon. Geo. M. Seiders, '72, of the Cumberland bar, were prominent among the guests and leading speakers of the occasion.

Ex-'23.—James Bridge died at Augusta, January 8th. He was born in that city July 17, 1804, and has ever been a prominent and respected citizen there. He was in Bowdoin three years, and left college to engage in mercantile business. He was one of the four owners of the charter of the original Kennebec dam who determined to prosecute the enterprise when others were faint-hearted and retired from the corporation, and he lost his property with others in the disasters which attended the great work. He was agent for the company and subsequently engaged in manufacturing. He married, September 25, 1828, Sarah B. Williams, daughter of Hon. Renel Williams, Hon. '20, and eight children were born to them.

'44.—Hon. David R. Hastings died at his home in Fryeburg, January 13th. Major Hastings was born in Bethel, August 25, 1823, being the son of John and Abigail Straw Hastings. He was a member of the famous Bowdoin College Class of 1844. He studied law with Judge Appleton and opened a law office in Lovell, in 1847. He came to Fryeburg in 1864, was a member of the national Democratic convention in 1868, 1876, and 1884, was county attorney in 1853-54-55. He was a candidate for Congress several times; an overseer of Bowdoin College, and president of the board of trustees of Fryeburg Academy; was reporter of decisions, and published volumes 69 and 70 of the Maine Reports. He enlisted as major in the 12th Maine Regiment in 1861, and was in service at New Orleans one year, when he was taken sick with fever and was discharged. In 1850 he married Mary J. Ellis, by whom he had two children, Alice O. and Edward E. Hastings, '79, of the law firm of D. R. Hastings & Son. His wife and children survive him. Until his health began to decline, several years ago, Major Hastings was a very active and enterprising man. He was an able lawyer, standing at the head of the Oxford bar, a pleasing speaker, successful in business, and had accumulated a very considerable fortune.

'48.—J. B. Sewall, headmaster of the Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass., has edited an edition of "Timon of Lucian" for use in preparatory work for colleges. It is published by Ginn & Co.

'46.—Stephen A. Holt of Winchester, Mass., died suddenly December 14, 1895. He was born in Norway, Me., February 13, 1821. He graduated from Phillips Andover Academy in 1842, from Bowdoin College in 1846, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1849, when he was ordained as a Congregational clergyman. He preached at Milton,

Vt., from 1850 until 1852, when he left the ministry and entered mercantile business in Boston. He was a member of the firm of H. Cutler & Co., dealers in foreign and fancy woods, and later of the firm of Holt & Bugbee. He was prosperous in business, and, a year ago, retired to private life. He married Nancy W. Cutler of Winchester, Mass., May, 1850. Mr. Holt was a charter member of Theta chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon, and always retained a keen interest in his fraternity and college.

The December number of the *Green Bay* contains sketches of the lives of several Bowdoin men—Judges Charles W. Walton, Hon. '85, Lucilus A. Emery, '61, Enoch Foster, '64, all of the Supreme Court of Maine. The article is written by General Charles Hamlin, Bowdoin, '57, who is himself a lawyer.

'63.—John Wheeler Duxbury died in Lowell, Mass., January 13th. He was born in Dover, N. H., October 4, 1844, and since his graduation from Bowdoin, has followed the profession of an electrical engineer. He was superintendent of the Central Division New England Telegraph and Telephone Co. at the time of his death. He was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity.

'68.—Within a few months Chicago University has had windfalls amounting to over \$3,000,000. Part of this will be used for a biological building and the general use of this department, and the Chicago *Times-Herald*, in speaking of this, had the following to say about the head of this department, Prof. Charles Otis Whitman, Ph.D., Bowdoin, '68: "Charles O. Whitman, the head of the biological department, or, more correctly, head of the departments of zoölogy and animal morphology, has, by his long career in his chosen work, been recognized as one of the leading biologists of the world. His connection with learned bodies of men the world over testifies to his recognition and worth. Even in far-off Japan he is well known by scientific men. While comparatively young, he was called to the Imperial University of Japan, and there held a professorship in zoölogy for three years. More important work awaited him at home, however, and he was soon known in Europe by his connection with the Naples zoölogical station. Prof. Whitman was born in Woodstock, Me., fifty-three years ago, and received his early education in the schools of Norway, Me. He took his bachelor's degree at Bowdoin College in 1868, and his master's three years later at the same college. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on him in 1878 by the University of Leipsic. He has been connected with various schools in this country, among them being Westford Academy, Johns Hopkins University, and Harvard College. He was professor at Clark University when he was called to his present position in 1892. At the same time he was connected with Allis Lake laboratory and has since 1888 been director of the United States biological laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass. Prof. Whitman is also editor of the Journal of Morphology and of the microscopic department of the American Naturalist. He is also president of the American Morphological Society, and was last year elected a member of the National Academy."

'75.—Woodbury Pulsifer of Auburn, Senator Frye's private secretary and clerk of the committee on commerce, has just been notified that he was the leader last year of his class in the Medical School of Columbian University. The announcement, just made, is based on the medical examinations which were taken last spring at the end of his second year in the school. He has two years more before graduating.

'75.—Arlo Bates, professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has edited a volume of selections from the poet Keats with introduction and notes, published by Ginn & Co.

'75.—William E. Hatch, superintendent of schools of New Bedford, Mass., and Mrs. Elizabeth H. Taylor of the same city were united in marriage December 10, 1895.

'77.—George W. Tillson, late city engineer of Omaha, Neb., has moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he is to practice his profession.

'81.—W. W. Towle was recently elected president of the Mercantile Library Association of Boston. This association last spring celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary, and has many Bowdoin men on its membership roll.

'87.—Clarence B. Burleigh of the *Kennebec Journal* was elected president of the Maine Press Association at its annual meeting, January 8th. Mr. Burleigh is now in St. Augustine, Fla., as the Maine delegate to the national editorial convention. Mr. Burleigh is a former editor-in-chief of the ORIENT.

'88.—Born, January 13th, to the wife of Joseph Williamson, Jr., of Augusta, a son.

'90.—Dr. O. W. Turner is the newly-elected president of the Augusta Medical Club.

'90.—George B. Sears has received the degree of LL.B. from Boston University and is now settled

in the practice of his profession at 5 Tremont Street, Boston.

'92.—George Downes has been appointed City Treasurer of Calais to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his father, Hon. L. G. Downes, Bowdoin, '60. The younger Mr. Downes has been associated with his father in business and is familiar with the duties of the office. Mr. Downes was very popular while in college and was a member of both the base-ball and foot-ball teams.

'92.—E. A. Pugsley and Miss Elizzie Dora Felker were united in marriage December 24, 1895, at the home of the bride's parents in Rochester, N. H. Mr. Pugsley is now principal of the High School at Salmon Falls, N. H. During his Senior year in Bowdoin he was editor-in-chief of the ORIENT.

'95.—Allen Quimby, who has been teaching at Lacouia, N. H., has resigned his position there and has entered the law office of Heath & Andrews in Augusta.

'95.—Bryant, Christie, Kimball, Mitchell, and Soule are members of the entering class of the Medical School.

'95.—The *Bangor Commercial* says of Webber, who has just closed a successful term of school in District No. 3, Jonesport, Me.: "He is a bright, brainy young man—a grand success."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA, OF Δ K E, }  
January 17, 1896. }

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father has removed from our midst our beloved brother, Stephen Abbott Holt, of the Class of '46, a charter member of this chapter, be it

*Resolved*, That we have heard with sincere sorrow of the death of one who was so active in the establishment of our chapter, and who has maintained for half a century a keen interest in its progress and prosperity; and be it

*Resolved*, That our fraternity has lost an honored member, a loyal brother, whose devotion to its principles, and whose noble qualities, shown in all the works of his life, are worthy and inspiring examples for us to follow; and be it

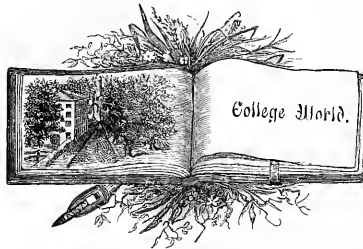
*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

C. W. MARSTON,

J. G. HAINES,

E. T. MINOTT,

*Committee for the Chapter.*



## ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.

A nymph there was in Arcadie  
Who owned a crystal spring;  
And there she'd wash, sans mackintosh,  
B'gosh, or anything.

A youth there was in Arcadie  
Who hunted o'er the brooks;  
He would not tote no overcoat,  
But traveled on his looks.

Though Ancient Greece had no police  
The gods did as they'd orter;  
To put them quite from mortal's sight  
They'd turn them into water!

—The Morningside.

Colgate has a new president, G. W. Smith, a Colby graduate.

## SEMPER IDEM.

"O, puella, cara mihi,  
Me oportet te amare,  
Quam ardens est meus amor!  
Nonne licet osculari?"

"O quam vero malus, auda!  
Semper putas sic eadem!  
Tamen, si, mi male puer  
Extingue, si vis, lampadem."

—Williams Weekly.

The *Brunonian* complains of the heavy base-ball expenses at Brown as follows: "At Yale the total receipts were \$100 less than at Brown, and yet \$2,804.56 were cleared as profit. Clearly a radical improvement should be instituted in our base-ball matters and money so much needed in so many ways be more judiciously expended." Possibly some of the other New England colleges might suggest to Brown ways in which their base-ball and other athletic expenses might be lowered in the interests of amateur sport.

She was walking with my rival,  
As they chanced to homeward roam.  
It was from my garret window  
I was seeing Nellie home.

—Williams Weekly.

The Faculty of Harvard during the summer confiscated all signs found in the students' rooms.

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 5, 1896.

No. 13.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal Items should be sent to Box 1001, Brunswick, Me.

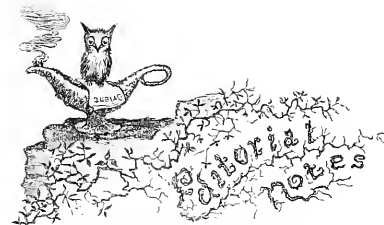
Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The ORIENT would like to know:  
When the sense of manly honor will so prevail here that no books will be "swiped" from the reserve stacks;

What action the college wishes to take regarding the proposed league with Tufts and Wesleyan or Trinity;

Why contributors and contributions to the ORIENT are so few and far between;

Why next June's Maine Intercollegiate Field Day shall not be held on our new athletic field;

What college has more reason to be proud of its alumni, old and young, than Bowdoin;

When optional attendance at chapel, at least for Seniors, is to be established here;

If there is any justice in giving a student low rank solely on account of his personal conduct;

If Rev. Elijah Kellogg, so loved and honored by all Bowdoin boys, cannot be induced to preach before the students again, as he did some two years ago;

Why some students, well equipped financially, seem to take pride in evading the payment of their dues to their class and other organizations, and thus throw a heavy burden on the shoulders of those less able to bear it;

If the present era of good feeling among

the Bowdoin fraternities cannot be made permanent, and all dishonorable combines and clashing done away with forever;

If it is true that all the Seniors are either engaged or arduously trying to become so;

If Bowdoin's musical organizations, glee and banjo clubs and orchestra, were ever better than this year;

How the honor system of examinations would work here;

And many more things, part of which will be mentioned later.

IT is a novel experience for all of the various athletic associations of the college to be free from debt at the same time. But now, thanks mainly to the energy of Dr. Whittier, this is practically the position in which all are placed. In the local column is an account of last week's mass-meeting, when Bowdoin loyalty came promptly to the front and showed itself in the substantial manner that made the extermination of the debt possible. This step was an absolutely necessary one. Affairs had reached a crisis that made credit shaky and the future uncertain, while the presence of the debt made the solicitation of funds for our athletic field an embarrassing and inconsistent task. Whatever view we might hold regarding the manner in which a large part of this debt was incurred, it was plainly our duty to pay every cent of it at once, and place all the Bowdoin athletic organizations square with the world. This done, the outlook for athletics at Bowdoin was never brighter than it is to-day. It is absolutely certain that our loyal alumni, showing their realization of our needs and their appreciation of our efforts, will now make our athletic field a reality. In field and track sports, in base-ball and foot-ball, our prospects for the coming year are unusually bright, and there is every indication that our athletic standard will now be placed higher and higher each year. In these days

the athletic success of a college is a very important factor in its advancement; and victories on the diamond and the gridiron, the field, the track and the court, mean much more than a mere opportunity for undergraduate cheering and rejoicing. The athletic record of Bowdoin has much of which we are justly proud, and also much which we must bend every energy to improve upon at once. Defeats and debts are unlike undesirable in athletics, and though neither can always be avoided, yet both can be made less frequent and disastrous if constant care is exercised in the choice of honest and efficient managers, if the members of every team are hard-working, unselfish, and enthusiastic, and if all branches of athletics are given the united and earnest support due them from the student body.

ON behalf of the student body the ORIENT wishes to thank Mrs. Florence Lee Whitman for the pleasure and profit received from her series of German song recitals. The courtesy of this accomplished lady in giving the college so rare an opportunity is deeply appreciated, and we sincerely hope she will carry away as pleasant memories of Bowdoin as we shall always retain of her.

THE ORIENT is glad that Bowdoin is to be represented at the annual indoor meet of the Boston Athletic Association this week. The three or four men who are entered are worthy representatives of the college, and we are certain they will do credit to its name. To be sure they will find themselves in fast company, but nevertheless we shall look for their names among the winners. But whatever their success in capturing prizes, their experience will be of great value to themselves and those training with them on the track and field team this spring. They have set an example that ought to be, and doubtless will be, followed in coming winters.



### A Glimpse of Florida.

NO state in the Union has been more grossly distorted in regard to its natural resources than Florida. Travelers have returned from its borders and, enlarging upon what they have seen, and letting their imaginations loose, have pictured it a fairy land. Others, enthused with a desire to see and know, have gone, like Ponce de Leon of old, searching for silver and gold or the fountain of eternal youth; but they, like him, often have found only the golden sands and unknown graves in some lonely swamp.

And hence for the new arrival, new objects and new scenes are presented. In the first place, the country is new. The soil is sandy and rather poor. In the woods everywhere a grass is noticed growing with leaves from a foot to a foot and one-half long, shaped like a copper wire, and hence called wire-grass. The pines are of the virgin forest and are about seventy or eighty feet high, and from a foot to two feet through. They run up pretty straight, generally with no branches for twenty-five or thirty feet. There is but little underbrush in the woods, and one can drive where he wishes. The roads are born, not made. If a person wants to go anywhere he drives there by the shortest cut, and if there is much travel in that direction a road is made by the continuous driving. When one road gets too heavy, another one is started alongside. If a tree happens to fall across any road in the country, it is customary to drive around the tree and leave it where it fell. Many of the roads are very sandy, and it is necessary to travel slow. In the woods, however, they are made much better by the falling of the pine leaves or straws in the wheel-tracks. These straws are eight or ten inches long, and the cones in proportion.

If one drives around through the country much, some day he is sure to see something like a thin board, covered with a dirty white

skin, placed on four unstable pegs, racing through the forests with the agility of a deer. This animal is the far-famed "razor-back hog," over whom more eloquence has been wasted, more powder and shot spent in vain, and more words spoken and thought than over any other known quadruped. In the South he is rarely honored with the appellation "pig," but is always referred to as a "shoat." He casts no shadow, and is considered worth absolutely nothing if he cannot outrun a negro, for if he can't his days are numbered. There is rarely unnecessary fear on this score, however.

Speaking of shoats brings us to their owners, the native of Florida, commonly called a "cracker." In the South we find three distinct races: the cracker, the negro, and the northerner. The cracker is a lean, yellow-skinned, yellow-haired, slab-sided sort of a man. He wears a felt hat, a dirty calico shirt, a pair of pants torn at the knees, patched at the seat, and upheld by one-half of one suspender. His general looks and appearance are against him; but although he may be stupid in book learning, he can drive a wonderfully sharp trade. He is probably very lazy, and enjoys nothing better than to talk all day, perched on a box in some shady corner. His house is made of logs, and the furniture is of home construction. Unmistakable signs of dirt and poverty may be noticed on every hand. The scene of domestic happiness in a cracker family, as they sit gathered around the home-made fire-place on some cool evening, presents a picture worthy of the painter. Over the fire hangs a large black pot, filled with some unsavory mess. The air is tainted by a strange odor, a mixture of barn-yard and pig-pen, but fortunately relief is afforded by numerous chinks in the wall. Over in one corner of the room sits an old, wrinkled specimen of the gentle sex, contentedly smoking a corn-cob pipe. The cracker him-

self, near by, is whittling a splinter, talking politics with some old-crony friend, and at times making the fat pine logs fairly sputter with long exhortations of tobacco-juice. Just in the shadow, his old woman (as he calls her), is perched on a well-worn cracker box, chewing what looks like a little stick. This habit, the taking of snuff, is very common among the southerners. Several overgrown girls, sadly freckled, with large hands, dirty calico dresses, and in nature's stockings, move noiselessly around; while forming a background to the picture are numerous little crackers, whose yellow heads are bobbing up and down to every part of the room. To complete the scene an old cur, stretched before the fire, dreams of hunting the spotted coon. A small hen is laying in the wood-box, and the old shoat grunts and roots beneath the floor as the family talk, and chew, and scratch, and watch the 'possum bake before the fire.

Nearly related to the cracker comes the sable negro, noted for his remarkable shiftlessness, his pious attendance on church and neighboring chicken roosts, and last, but not least, for his numerous progeny. The negro is generally a good-natured, lazy, overgrown boy. His observations on religious topics are interesting and edifying in the extreme. He is probably a Baptist. He has his church down in Egypt or Jericho, and attends regularly on all its services. On the first Sunday of every month is held there what he calls the "holy dance," rightly named the "holy terror." The dance consists in joining of hands, and with jumping and prancing, and diverse gymnastic performances, of lifting up their voices in long and hearty shouts and jubilant songs of "Hab-bi-lujah! Amen!" After this has lasted till even darkey lungs grow tired, there comes the solemn rite of feet-washing. Every member observes this ordinance, but unfortunately only one foot is cleansed. Nevertheless substantial

proofs of "purification" may be noticed in the basin, after even one sable foot has been withdrawn.

At strange variance with the cracker and the negro is the northern man living in Florida. He has an orange-grove, raises tropical fruits, has the push and energy of the North, yet in many ways he falls into the southern manners. The houses in the South have no cellars and are built on brick underpinning, about two feet above the ground, so that the air circulates freely all around. Thus in the winter a little cold is severely felt, and a fire is needed occasionally in the sitting-room. The fire-wood is sold by the strand; a strand is four feet high, eight feet long, and the width needed to fit the stove, generally sixteen or eighteen inches. The wood itself is practically worth nothing, but when cut is sold for seventy-five cents a strand. The horses are rarely shod, as in the sand it is unnecessary, and in many other ways, too numerous to mention, the southern style of doing things differs strangely from our northern customs.

A new arrival is generally most interested in getting an orange grove. He shows he is a tender-foot, immediately, by speaking about an orange "orchard." In the South these are called "groves," rarely "orchards." The country is full of these groves, and before the freeze last year, millions of boxes of the golden fruit were being shipped from out the state. The oranges are generally sold on the tree, a dollar and a quarter being a fairly good price. Some kinds, however, bring more than others; the Harts Tardiff, for instance, being a late orange, commands two dollars and often more on the tree. Among the best varieties of oranges are the Sanford Mediterranean, the Dancy Tangerine, the Java, the Mediterranean Blood, the Satsuma, the Parson Brown, etc. Most of the groves are budded. With a budded grove one knows what kind of fruit he is

going to get. The seedling is an uncertain quantity, takes about ten years to get to bearing, but is a larger tree than the budded. The budded tree gets to bearing in six to eight years. The oranges begin to be picked in November and the season runs to May. The packing of the fruit is an art in itself. The oranges are first sorted into russets and brights, and then sized with a machine. Oranges of a certain size are packed differently from those of another size. The number to a box runs from ninety to three hundred and more. Six or eight boxes is a good crop for a budded tree, but often they run higher. The trees themselves are set about thirty feet apart each way and are worked mostly in the summer. Beside the orange are many tropical fruits, the persimmon, the guava, the shaddock, the loquat plum, the mango, the olive, the bitter-sweet, the cocoa-nut, the banana, the pine-apple, and others which those in the North never taste in their perfection.

Amid such surroundings the life of the southerner, and especially the southern boy, is exceedingly pleasant. There is not space to tell of his sports: how he hunts the 'gater at night with a bull's-eye lantern; how he sails his dug-out on the lake, or with a pack of dogs, on his horse chases through the woods the fox, the wild cat, and at times the panther and the bear. And then, how he wishes it would freeze hard enough so he could try to skate, or how sometimes he takes a steep hill-side, covers it with pine straw, and then getting a-straddle of an old barrel-stave, slides gloriously down, wondering if it is anything like the rides and coasts his northern friends enjoy over the snow.

Such is a glimpse of Florida and its people to-day. There is that dreamy haziness and indescribable stillness—a characteristic of every southern clime—brooding over all, as if some genii of former times had waved his wand and put the land to sleep. It is a part of

the world yet lingering in the years gone by. The negro, the cracker, and the old ex-rebel soldier are but types of a former age. The cotton-fields are overgrown with vines and thickets. The fences are down. Heaps of charcoal and leaning chimneys mark the sites of many an old plantation. But still, in this seeming decline, are seen the first advancing steps of new life and civilization. New houses are being reared, new groves are growing, the pulse of common life is beating quicker, and slowly but surely old Florida is waking from her slumbers, and becoming the New South, only with her skies as blue, her winds as soft and her land as fair as when, in days gone by, Ponce de Leon sought her shores.

#### The Trappists of the Mistassini.

**M**ILES from any civilization whatsoever, and nearly three hundred miles from the city of Quebec, in a wild forest, a little band of Trappist monks, driven by the desolation of their souls, and perhaps wearied by the perpetual conflict of life, or wounded by secret griefs and humiliations, have settled to an existence of rigor and piety, equaled by no other religious order.

Their settlement lies on the banks of the Mistassini river, which flows through the cold and dreary St. John country, through the Laurentian hills that bound the horizon from Quebec. This range forms the core of the oldest mountain chain upon the crust of the earth. Untold years before Noah's rather lonesome cruise in the Ark, the mountains, of which these Laurentian hills then formed the frame-work, lifted aloft their hoary heads, white with the snows of a thousand years. There are numerous indications of this condition of affairs that forbid any doubt on the subject.

In the summer, for the convenience of the guests of the excellent Hotel Roserval, on the shores of Lake St. John, a small

steamer makes semi-weekly trips to the quaint and interesting establishment of the Trappists. It was my fortune last summer to enjoy the hospitality of this queer fraternity of the Roman Catholic church. Visitors at the monastery are seldom, even in summer, and perhaps, if for that reason only, are always welcomed with a hearty, if somewhat mute, reception. For their order enjoins perpetual silence except under certain circumstances and at certain hours of the day. In the early days of the Trappists absolute silence was observed by all the *pères et frères*, with the exception of the guest-master and the bishop in charge, in all their daily intercourse. The porter, or guest-master himself, was the first man whom I met. Little need was there of high walls to exclude the curious gaze of an unbelieving world, as at the numerous monasteries scattered through Europe, for theirs was a world of its own. On our short walk to the establishment I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with my guide. Although he was deep in religion, having been a brother since early youth, still he might be called without disrespect a "jolly old soul." His age appeared to be about sixty-five, but he had a body that was still robust and vigorous under his long brown frock, although he had been living so many years on bread, cheese, and vegetables. His post of porter must have aided him a deal in bearing the severe discipline, for he was an uncommon talkative chap and the rule of silence would have been a more severe trial to him than to many another. When inside the porter's lodge, and he had poured me a cup of home-brewed beer which was far too thick and new to be good, my guide told me a bit of his life, of his sad love affair and his wanderings, and his final settlement at the monastery at Tracadie in Nova Scotia, whence the colony here on the Mistassini had been transplanted. The first

few winters in their new refuge, he said, were very harsh and dreary, even to Trappists. The illness of the bishop prevented my reception by that respectable gentleman that evening. Necessity and curiosity compelled my lodging with the *frères* for the night.

My good friend, the porter, conducted me through a large farm-yard to the door of a long, low building, which served as a dormitory. It was cut up into cell-like sleeping apartments, with a large assembly-room in the center, containing a long, coarse table. The beds were of rough, unheven logs, with a mat of fir-boughs and straw, and a simple heavy bed "comforter" for a cover.

When we entered, two men were seated at the table eating bread and cheese, and drinking their share of beer. One was a young fellow, surely not over twenty-five, whose face and eyes I shall always remember. The other monks, all clad in long brown frocks with hanging hoods, their heads and faces so completely overgrown with matted hair, often white, that little could be seen of them save the eyes and noses, could hardly be distinguished one from another by a stranger. What skin there was visible through the matted jungle of hair, was hardly less swarthy than a Hindoo's. But the usual stupidity and quiet submission and penitence this brother wore not, in lieu of which an expression of acuteness, and almost unrest, lurked. I was glad to be left in the charge of this young fellow by the two older brothers, for I prophesied an evening of rare pleasure with the story which such a face and eyes betrayed. During the light supper, or rather apology for a supper, I used all my tact to draw him into conversation, but not until he had filled two glasses with mild white wine of excellent flavor, did he speak with any freedom. Perhaps because he lacked that strict obedience to the discipline, or perhaps because his

ideas of hospitality required it, the innocent liquor disappeared with a generous rapidity at his evidently experienced hand. The wine let loose his tongue, and a romance so adventurous and altogether interesting escaped his lips, that I was completely enraptured. My space forbids even a brief outline of his life story. He was an Italian, but spoke English and French excellently. His hot Italian blood had got him into a duel with a young English nobleman, who, it seems, insulted his lady-love. He killed his man, and his black-eyed maiden, whose cause he had championed, proved faithless and betrayed him to the officials. He told of his escape from the guillotine, and his adventures in the armies of three nations, and finally, his escape to America. Not an instant in his recitation was other than intensely interesting. His beautiful eyes lost their fire when he told how he at last settled down here, under the protection of the robe of his mother's faith, with the firm belief that now he had found a balm to suit his sort of sickness, in a life of incessant punishment of self and others.

All the monks must have been in their cells, snoring, with the clear conscience which is the gift of the day that has been well filled up, when I reluctantly entered the room, escorted by my friend of adventures, who, later, I found held the post of postulant, whatever the duties of that office may be. The visiting bishop's room was the only one in the place that had any pretensions to comfort, and I was duly grateful for the favor shown me. The postulant left, promising to call me at two o'clock, for matins. All his conversation of the evening had been hardly above a whisper, which fact, together with the quaint garb, the shaved crown of the head, and the earnest, handsome features of the Trappist, seemed to emphasize the tale.

I had hardly stretched myself on the

wretched pallet of straw, when something bit me, and soon the biting became general. I thought I knew the enemy, but I dared not whisper its name even to myself, for I was overcome by its condescension. From a bishop of the Holy Catholic church to me, was a fall in the moral and social scale that ought to have made the most voracious insect tremble on the edge of the precipice.

The postulant called me just as the bell, a little before two o'clock, was ringing for matins, and led me through a labyrinth of passages to the chapel, whence issued the monotonous plain-chant by the deep-toned voices of the *frères*. Three-quarters of an hour, perhaps, the first office of the ritual went on; then the monks knelt, each upon the narrow piece of wood affixed to their stalls for the purpose, and then for an hour, with heads bent down, they prayed in silence, and in darkness, too, save for a few candles on the altar. To the Trappists, who day after day, year after year, at the same hour had been going through the same part of their unchanging discipline, heedless whether the stars shone overhead, or the lightning glittered, there was nothing in all this to draw their minds from the circle of devotional routine; I alone felt as if I was going to the grave. At four o'clock the chill and awful silence was broken by the white-robed prior, who rose from his knees like a dead man in his shroud, and began to chant in another tone and measure from what had gone before, and which had in it the sadness of the wind, moaning in the pine tops by the river. Strong and clear it was, yet so solemn that it seemed well-nigh unearthly, and in some strange way to mingle with the purity of the cold dawn, that comes when all the passions of the world are still, but which makes the leaves tremble at the crime and trouble of another day.

When the prior stood up, the brothers left to begin their manual labor, each one in

his allotted place. The fathers remained in their stalls until after six o'clock mass. As I passed out of the church I looked at the two rows of white figures standing in their stalls. It may have been the effect of the mingled daylight and candlelight or of my own imagination; whatever the reason, I thought during those few seconds I had never before seen such a collection of strange and startling faces. They were not those of weak men, but of sombre men, who had walked through hell, like Dante, and who bore upon their calm and corpse-like features the deep-cut traces of the flame and horror. The postulant returned for me after I had slept perhaps three hours, and escorted me all over the clearing, everywhere in which we found the *frères* with their frocks hitched up above their naked ankles. The crude products of their farming goes into the common fund for their sustenance and charity. Many of the monks, though, are or were men of independent means. I say were, because when they accept the robe, they cast aside everything worldly,—their name, their property, and their relatives. The postulant told me he knew the real names of but two men of the fraternity.

The Trappists' diet is extremely simple, consisting of but two meals a day of soup and vegetables—no meat, fish, nor animal product except butter and cheese. The living of each monk probably costs not more than twenty-five cents a week. The large remainder of the common fund is devoted almost entirely to charity among the Indians and Canadians, and to the improvements.

I was invited with much kindness and courtesy to stay until after the eleven o'clock meal; but grateful as I felt to the Trappists for their bread, cheese, and wine, I was quite content with what I had received. My curiosity being excellently satisfied I gladly went back into the wicked world, after exchanging a cordial farewell with the postulant and the good bishop himself.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### Unheard.

Often sweetest music  
To our sense appears  
But a simple silence;—  
Deaf are mortal ears.

Grander than the music  
Man can make or bird,  
Melodies unnumbered  
We have never heard.

When the river's frozen,  
Who can know the song  
Sung below the ice sheet  
As it flows along?

When the singer's silent,  
Who can know there are  
Sung within her bosom  
Sweeter songs by far?

When the pealing organ's  
Anthem no more rolls,  
Who can hear its echoes  
In the raptured souls?

Who can hear the daisies,  
When the night is done,  
Sing in fragrant chorus,  
Welcoming the sun?

When a soul from darkness  
Seeks the light again,  
Who can hear the angels  
Shout their glad refrain?

In the skies of midnight  
Every starry sphere  
Joins in mighty chorus—  
Yet we never hear.

All the world is music;  
All of life is song;  
But we miss the sweetest  
In earth's busy throng.

### The River of Youth.

Come to the banks of the beautiful river  
Flowing so fair and free;  
Watch how the laughing ripples quiver,  
Eddying on and pausing never,  
Trilling the same light song forever,  
Hastening on to the sea.

Hark to the song of the river singing—  
Singing to you and me;  
Out of the blue sky messages bringing,  
Over its golden pathway springing,  
High on the rocks its white spray flinging,  
Hastening on to the sea.

Bright in the arrowy crimson of morning,  
Flushing with floods of glee;  
Filled with the force of their own life's  
dawning,  
Watch how the dancing waves are scouring  
All the flowers the banks adorning,  
Hastening on to the sea.

Over the emerald border bending,  
Here on the summer lea,  
All of our joy has sorrow blending,  
Watching the river of youth descending,  
Hurrying on to its unknown ending,  
Hastening on to the sea.

### Nanna.

[From the French of Casimir Delavigne.]

"The wild surge swells, and black the sky;  
O, Pietro, why away dost hie?"

Said his mother;

"'Twas but one year ago I fain  
Did warn thy brother—'twas in vain,

Thy poor brother!"

Tost to and fro,

At sea afloat,

From out his boat

Thus spoke Pietro:

"Nanna calls me,

So fair is she,

I love her so!"

The white sea-gull with plaintive cry  
Did o'er his storm-rocked wherry fly.

"Fisherman, stay!

The nest which was so dear to me  
Was just now swept from crag to sea

By storm's wild fray!"

But brave Pietro,

Still struggling on,

With strength new-born,

Kept saying low:

"Nanna calls me,

So fair is she,

I love her so!"

Above the roar of surges wild  
Was heard a voice with accents mild:

"My brother, ere

Death thy funeral knell shall toll,

O, offer for thy brother's soul

A simple prayer!"

Tho' poor Pietro

Heard, he believed

He was deceived

And murmured low:

"Nanna calls me,

So fair is she,

I love her so!"

When on the shore Pietro did leap,  
From tower, with tone distinct and deep,

There tolled a bell.

"Why do you pray? Allay my fears."

A fisherman said, suppressing tears:

"It is her knell."

Pale grows Pietro;

He softly sighs,

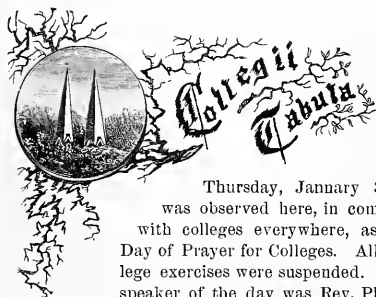
Sinks down and dies,

Repeating low:

"Nanna calls me,

So fair is she,

I love her so."



Thursday, January 30th,  
was observed here, in common  
with colleges everywhere, as the  
Day of Prayer for Colleges. All col-  
lege exercises were suspended. The  
speaker of the day was Rev. Phillip  
S. Moxom, D.D., of Springfield, one of the best  
known and ablest clergymen that Bowdoin has had  
the pleasure of hearing for a long time. The  
chapel was filled at 10.30 A.M., with students and  
a few towns-people. The singing, by Messrs. Wil-  
lard, '96, White, '97, Webster, '98, and White, '99,  
was of unusual excellence. In his discourse Dr.  
Moxom dwelt upon the greatness of the power of  
personality, the ability to control the hearts and  
minds of men. More to be desired than the power

of wealth or of intellectual attainments, is that power which gives the strong, noble, true man control over his fellows.

Now for the athletic field.

Stearus, '97, has returned from teaching.

Shute, '97, is teaching at Winter Harbor.

Will there be any boat race in the spring?

The Juniors are planning for a German play.

Varrell, '97, was forced by illness to go home last week.

President Hyde addressed the Y. M. C. A. Sunday, January 26th.

Washington's Birthday is our next holiday. It falls on Saturday.

Gilpatric, '96, was called home last Friday by the illness of his mother.

Many students took advantage of last Thursday's holiday by visiting their homes.

The annual reception and ball of the  $\Psi \Upsilon$  fraternity is announced for February 14th.

The '68 prize speakers are overhauling the library and their brains for subjects and materials.

These perfect moonlight nights of late have made many students dream of best girls and sleigh rides.

Dr. Moulton of Portland is here each Saturday afternoon to examine, free of charge, the eyes of the students.

The chorus girls of the "1492" company, which waited over for trains here, did the town and campus last week.

The snow-shoe enthusiasts were planning for a base-ball game on the delta last Saturday, but the storm weakened their ardor.

The annual meeting of the Washington Association of Bowdoin Alumni comes on the evening of February 6th, at Hotel Page.

The Seniors in German are working on long articles concerning various authors and their works, to be read before the Verein.

Professor Johnson has gone to Washington to represent the college at the annual meeting of the Bowdoin alumni of that city.

Professor Little, Dr. Whittier, and Dane, '96, will represent the college at the annual meeting of the Boston Alumni, this week.

The college is anxious for an opportunity to hear its glee and banjo clubs. Both are certainly of superior excellence this year.

Eastman, '96, was on the campus last Saturday. It is doubtful if the state of his health allows him to return to college before spring.

Kyes, '96, Horne, '97, Kendall, '98, and Godfrey, '99, are entered in the contests of the B. A. A., in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, February 8th.

Flash-light pictures are having a run of popularity, and many interiors and jolly groups have been taken recently by amateur photographers.

Professor Lee enjoyed a trip to the White Mountains last week, where he lectured on "The Depths of the Sea," at North Conway and Bartlett, N. H.

Kyes, '96, and Warren, '96, represented Theta Chapter at the annual banquet of the New England Alumni Association of  $\Delta \kappa \epsilon$ , in Boston, January 25th.

About twenty men are taking the base-ball training under Captain Hull. There is some very promising material among the Freshman candidates.

Robinson, '96, was in Boston last week to attend a business meeting of the N. E. I. A. A. It is probable that the field day will be held in some other city than Worcester this year.

Mrs. Carpenter of Portland, who has been giving a series of French readings, is to give a series of German readings, beginning February 13th and continuing for six Thursday evenings, at the home of Professor Hutchins.

The chess tournament, which has been under way all the term, is at its end. Twenty players started in, and they have now been thinned out so that Lyford, '96, and Gardiner, '98, are left to play this week for the championship.

Last winter's success, "The Frogs of Windham," will be given here again February 20th, and in Bath the following evening. Willard, '96, who was prevented by illness from taking the part of Uncas, will fill that rôle this time. Many Bowdoin boys are in the cast.

The *Bachelor of Arts* offers a prize of \$125 for the best story written by an undergraduate subscriber. Full particulars in the February number. Here is a chance for the literary genius of Bowdoin, always so responsive (?) to the *ORIENT's* appeals, to make a ten-strike.

Ex-Mayor E. U. Curtis, '82, of Boston, was here last week calling on old friends. He visited the site of the proposed athletic field, and was much pleased with the location and the prospects. Mr. Curtis has been compelled by ill health to take a little vacation from his law work.



It is learned on semi-official authority that early the coming season the Maine Central will erect at Brunswick one of the largest and best stations to be found on the entire line. A large train shed will be built, similar to the one now in use at the Portland Union Station.

A former editor-in-chief of the ORIENT writes us as follows: "Nothing in the ORIENT has pleased me so much for a long time as the graceful essay on Eugene Field. I always like to see good work in the ORIENT, and the editor only knows how hard it is to find anything available."

A leap-year ball was given by a number of the Brunswick young ladies in the court room last Tuesday evening, and was greatly enjoyed by the select circle of students who were favored with invitations. The patrons were Professor Chapman, Professor Robinson, and Dr. Mitchell.

The first Junior assembly was held in Town Hall, Saturday evening, January 25th, and was a very pleasant affair, although the storm prevented a large attendance. The fine work of the college orchestra won the members many compliments. A party of Bath young ladies was present.

The foot-ball team, which has been unable to get all its members together since the season closed, met last Saturday to have the group picture taken by Webber. The election for captain resulted in the choice of Stearns, '97, who played left end in every game last fall, and who is eminently fitted for the position of leader of next fall's eleven.

The twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Bowdoin alumni of Portland and vicinity will be held on Saturday, February 15th, at the Falmouth Hotel. The anniversary oration will be given by Mr. David W. Snow of the Class of '73, and the poem by Mr. Joseph A. Locke of the Class of '65. Mr. Clarence W. Peabody, of the Class of '93, will act as toastmaster.

A Bath philosopher is trying to answer the question, "Why are there so many old maids in Bath?" His observations lead him to believe that Bath girls first set their cap for some out of town young man; but, failing to catch him, they turn to the youth of their own city, only to find them already married. We wonder what the experience and observations of Bowdoin boys would lead them to say on this question?

The second German Song Recital, by Mrs. Florence Lee Whitman, on the evening of January 23d, called out the entire student body and a large

number of Brunswick people. That great triumvirate of German song composers, Schubert, Schumann, and Franz, was the subject of the evening, and four or five songs, illustrating the work of each, were superbly rendered by Mrs. Whitman. The third and last recital will be on Thursday evening, February 6th.

The college orchestra is again proving a great success, and is winning many compliments wherever it appears. It has played this winter at the Sophomore speaking, the first assembly and the leap-year ball. It will play two nights for "The Frogs of Windham," and has numerous other engagements. The orchestra is composed as follows: Illis, M. S., and Moulton, '99, first violins; White, '98, and Haskell, '99, second violins; Crawford, '95, viola; Dillaway, '98, cello; Holmes, '97, clarinet; Cobb, M. S., and Merrill, '99, cornets; and Pennell, piano. Illis is leader, and Holmes manager.

It has been often remarked that the State of Maine has at the present time more places of honor and influence in our national councils than any other state. Upon further investigation it appears that Bowdoin College occupies as prominent a place in the state as the state does in the nation. Speaker Reed, of the House; Senator Frye, Chairman *pro tem.* of the Senate, and Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court, are all graduates of Bowdoin. Thus she has the great honor, probably unprecedented in our history, of wielding the gavel over the three greatest bodies in the nation.

—The University Courier.

The Glee Club, with Willard, '96, as leader, and Ward, '96, as manager, has been steadily at work and is getting into fine trim for business. The first trip will be to Houlton, Oldtown, and Bangor on the evenings of February 11th, 12th, and 13th. It is probable the club will be made up as follows: Veazie, '99, and Briggs, M. S., first tenors; Peaks, '96, Bisbee, '98, and Stockbridge, '99, second tenors; Holmes, '97, and Sinkinson, '99, first bases; and Willard, '96, and Drake, '98, second bases. The banjo club is the best the college ever had, and will be a feature in every concert. It is made up as follows: Ward, '96, Coburn, '96, and Gribbin, '97, first banjo; Drake, '98, second banjo; Webster, '98, White, '98, and Merrill, M. S., mandolins; and Hamlen, '98, and Potter, M. S., guitars. Pennell, '98, will act as accompanist for the clubs, and Coggan, '97, will go with them as reader.

A mass-meeting of the students was held Tuesday afternoon, January 28th, to consider the matter of

the debts of the various athletic associations. Dr. Whittier and Prof. Moody were present and addressed the meeting, and many students spoke. It was the unanimous sentiment that the debts of the baseball, foot-ball, and field and track associations must be wiped out at once, before any appeal was made to the alumni for funds for the new athletic field. It was announced that the debts amounted to about \$1,000, with \$250 due the various associations in unpaid subscriptions. The faculty was willing to contribute \$250 if the student body would at once raise the remaining \$500. Voluntary subscriptions were called for, and in a very few moments the required \$500, and a good margin to spare, was subscribed, nearly every one of the 200 students present showing his willingness to do his part towards making the associations square with the world. It was a rousing good meeting. Small, '96, presided, and Minot, '96, was secretary. Minot was also appointed to receive the money raised and pledged at the meeting.

A North End maid is a *fin de siecle* girl, well up in tights and physical culture; well read in literature and hygiene. She sometimes favors a fad, and a recent fad was to sleep with her chamber door shut and window wide open, even during zero nights. She had read that this was good for the complexion, and, girl like, had confided in a friend, who had given the secret away to a bad Bowdoin boy, who was formerly a favorite, but who now is not, of the Bud with the Fad. One evening last week the mercury was going up and down like stocks of late, chiefly down, and near to zero. The maiden was sleeping and the midnight hour was near when the student approached the house, looked up and down the street, dodged into the yard, lighted a match and five small July 4 crackers, which he tossed skillfully into the open window and then, like the Senators, he adjourned. Nothing happened, and the maiden slept on! Next morning she found the little bunch of fire-works in her wash-bowl, into which, partly full of water, they had landed. Nevertheless a row is on and the maiden now sleeps with her window closed.

—*Bath Independent.*

The Cornell Faculty has determined to improve the quality of English used by the students. A resolution has been passed recommending that every examiner reject any paper containing any bad spelling or faults of expression. How would this work here?

G. M. C. A.

When Canova, the great sculptor, was about to begin work upon his statue of Napoleon, it is said that his keen eye saw a tiny red line running through the upper part of the splendid block of marble out of which he was to carve the statue. The stone had been brought at great expense from Paros for this express purpose. Common eyes saw no flaw in it, but the sculptor saw it, and would not use the marble.

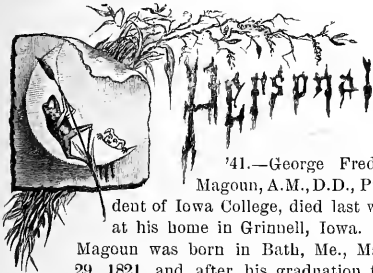
May it not be so oftentimes with lives which face great opportunities? God's eye sees in them some undiscovered flaw or fault, some tiny line of marring color. God desires truth in the inward parts. The life that pleases Him must be pure and white throughout. He who clings to faults discovered, refusing to cast them out, or he who refuses to let the candle of the Lord search out the hidden faults in him, that he may put them away, is marring his own destiny. God cannot use him for the larger, nobler task or trust for which He had planned to use him.

This truth comes to us more and more the longer that we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find our duty certainly and somewhere, somehow do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy, and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The longer I live, the more I am satisfied of two things: first, that the truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planned aspects of the world about them; secondly, that society is always trying in some way or other to grind us down to a single flat surface. It is hard work to resist this grinding-down action.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Missouri University Glee Club, on its holiday trip through Missouri and Kansas, was stranded in the latter state.

The co-educational fraternity, which has for some time carried on a struggling existence at the University of Michigan, has been given up on account of the faculty's hostilities.



'41.—George Frederic Magoun, A.M., D.D., President of Iowa College, died last week at his home in Grinnell, Iowa. Dr. Magoun was born in Bath, Me., March 29, 1821, and after his graduation from Bowdoin, in the Class of '41, he studied theology at Andover and Yale. He entered upon the work of the ministry at Skullsburg, Wis. He occupied a pastorate at Galena, Ill., from 1848 to 1851; then at Davenport, Iowa, until 1860; then at Lyons, Iowa, until 1864. In 1865 he was elected President, and Professor of Mental and Moral Science of Iowa College at Grinnell, and at once entered upon the duties of this position. He served this institution ably and faithfully for thirty years, and died at his post of duty. In 1867 Amherst conferred upon him the degree of D.D. Dr. Magoun was a constant and valued contributor to the religious and secular press, and was well known as a public speaker and lecturer. He was twice married: in 1847 to Abby A. Hyde of Bath, and in 1870 to Elizabeth Earle of Brunswick, and was the father of twelve children. He was a member of the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi.

'52.—Col. Henry Stone, Superintendent of Outdoor Poor of Boston, died in that city the 18th of January. Col. Stone was born in Andover, Maine, August 27, 1830, and moved to Massachusetts when a boy. He prepared for college at the Latin School in Salem, where his father was minister of the First Church. He entered Harvard in 1848, but at the end of the year came to Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1852. He then became a resident of Portland, where he edited a Republican paper and took an active part in the Fremont campaign in 1856. He went to New York in 1857 and was there connected with the press, among other papers the *Evening Post*. In 1860 he went to Wisconsin, and at the outbreak of the war entered the service as second lieutenant of the First Wisconsin Infantry. In 1862 he was detailed on the staff of Gen. D. C. Buell. He was at department headquarters at Nashville till January, 1863, and then as A. A. G. to General Rosecrans at headquarters at Murfrees-

boro. In April, 1863, he was appointed Captain and A. A. G., and placed on duty in the provost-marshal-general's bureau in the War Department at Washington. In 1864 he was assigned on the staff of Major-General G. H. Thomas, and served under him through the Atlanta campaign. In 1865 he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the 100th U. S. C. T., and commanded the sub-district in Tennessee until mustered out December 26, 1865. He was brevetted colonel for faithful and meritorious service. He settled in Nashville, Tenn., and in 1866 was appointed by Governor Brownlow chief police commissioner of that city. He held that office through the stormy period of the Ku Klux organization, and by timely action prevented serious riots caused by that lawless body and by negro suffrage. He was chief of a division and acting chief in the census bureau in Washington, 1870-1872. In 1872 he went to New York, where he lived till 1881 in charge of the compilation of "Poor's Manual of Railroads." He has lived in Boston since 1881. He had been junior vice-commander of the military order of the Loyal Legion of the State and a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Bunker Hill Monument Association, Bostonian Society, Pine Tree State Club, and a member, by appointment of Governor Ames, of the board of lunacy and charity. In the Lowell Institute war lectures in the season of 1886, Colonel Stone delivered one of the most important of the course on the campaign of Thomas and Hood. In 1893, upon the death of Captain Shurtliff, he became superintendent of outdoor relief, an occupation for which his kindly nature admirably fitted him. He married Mrs. Whiton, who has some note as a writer of beautiful verse. He is himself a man of property, and has devoted most of his life to study and writing. He was a member of Chi Psi Fraternity.

Ex-'58.—Oklahoma will send as a delegate to the Republican national convention, Gen. Henry G. Thomas, U. S. A., retired, of Oklahoma City. General Thomas is a member of the well-known Portland family of that name, a long time friend of Tom Reed, and a loyal son of Maine and Bowdoin in the bargain. There cannot be much doubt, they say, who will get General Thomas's vote in the convention.

'74.—Col. Frank W. Hawthorne, for several years past editor of the Jacksonville (Florida) *Times-Union*, has taken editorial charge of the New York *Morning Advertiser*. His newspaper career has been eminently successful.

'81.—Among the marriage announcements in the Minneapolis papers, last week, is that of Dr. Henry L. Staples and Miss Jennie Mitchell, daughter of Judge Mitchell of St. Paul. The paper had the following interesting remarks about the groom: "Dr. Staples is a native of Limerick, Me. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in the Class of 1881. He received the degree of A.M. in 1884 and M.D. in 1886 from the same institution. After his graduation he did a lot of post-graduate work in New York City. He then went to Portland, where he was house surgeon and pathologist at the Maine General Hospital. Later he was appointed surgeon of the eastern branch of the National Soldiers' Home, from which position he resigned in 1890 and went to Minneapolis, where he has since resided and built up a fine practice. He is a member of the American Academy of Medicine, the state and local medical societies, and also of the University Medical Faculty. After the wedding—a very quiet one at the home of the bride—Dr. and Mrs. Staples left for New York, where they took passage on the Kaiser Wilhelm, January 23d, for Gibraltar. They will spend a short time in Spain, and then visit the larger Italian cities, finally going to Vienna, where Dr. Staples will pursue his medical studies. Returning in June, they will be at home at their new residence, 430 Oak Grove Street, Minneapolis.

'81.—Edgar O. Achorn has an exceedingly interesting article on "Ibsen at Home," in the February number of the *New England Magazine*. Mr. Achorn is an Ibsen enthusiast, and while abroad last summer took occasion to visit the great dramatist at his home in Christiaonia. The article is a charming picture of Ibsen and his home, illustrated by a fine series of pictures never before published. Mr. Achorn is now in the active practice of the law in Boston, his office being at 27 Tremont Row.

'87.—E. C. Plummer's "Anglophile's Song," recently published in the *New York Sun*, has been widely copied and has attracted much attention. It is dedicated to the American cockney and his un-American supporters. It bristles with the keenest satire, and is eloquent with a spirit that appeals to the Jingo's heart. It is given below in full:

What's this talk of bloody fightin'?  
 Why should Congress up and rail?  
 What's the use of Grover's bitin'  
 Pieces off the Lion's tail?  
 I've no need to go to readin'  
 'Bout the causes of this fight,  
 For it's part of all my breedin'  
 That Old England's always right:  
 And I don't want no more light.

Fight with England! She's our mother  
 (P'raps the breed is kind of mixed),  
 And I'm never going to smother  
 My affections, now they're fixed;  
 For howe'er the truth one minces,  
 This fact comes to him again:  
 She's got Lords and Dukes and Princes,  
 We've got nothin' here but men.  
 What do we amount to, then?

She ain't doin' nothin' novel  
 Down on Venezuela's sand;  
 Where her squatter stuck his novel  
 She has always claimed the land.  
 If folks there objected to it  
 She has knocked them out of sight—  
 And of course she wouldn't do it  
 If she wasn't in the right.  
 She's a spreader of the light!

Now it's somethin' awful solemn  
 When with Providence you fight  
 (Take her plans and overhaul 'em,  
 Thinkin' you can set 'em right).  
 England never makes that blunder,  
 She knows Destiuy's strong hand,  
 And you see she's slid from under  
 In Armenia's bloody land—  
 She wants Turkey's power to stand.

Let her build her forts about us—  
 She don't mean us any harm—  
 Maybe she may sometimes flout us,  
 But we needn't feel alarm;  
 With her guns the Gulf commandin'  
 She the great canal can guard,  
 And no man of understandin'  
 Ought to take that very hard,  
 When 'twould be her strongest card.

Since her love for us ne'er ceases,  
 We should show the Christian's might—  
 When our left cheek's hanged to pieces  
 We should turn to her our right—  
 Singing, "She can do no evil,  
 Therefore, all the rest are wrong,  
 And are 'children of the devil,'  
 Unto whom they do belong.  
 May his grip on them be strong!"

'91.—Rev. John R. Horne, Jr., is the leader and hero of an active crusade now being waged against the rum-sellers and lawless element of Bartlett, N. H., where he is pastor of the Congregational church. One night recently some of his enemies made an attempt to burn his church, but a timely discovery of the blaze prevented serious loss. Those who know Mr. Horne feel sure that his perseverance and energy will in the end make him master of the situation.

'91.—Dr. Ralph H. Hunt, assistant surgeon at the National Home, who has been ill with typhoid fever at his home in Bangor, has so far recovered

as to be able to return to Togus and resume his duties.

'92.—Harry Farrar Linscott received the degree of Ph.D. at Chicago University, January 2, 1896. He is now instructor in Latin at Brown University. His thesis was, "The Latin Third Declension—a study in syncretism and metaplasms."

'92.—Born in January, to the wife of Roland W. Mann of Boston, a son.

'93.—Arthur S. Haggett of Newcastle, has won the \$200 scholarship in Greek at Johns Hopkins University.

'94.—Bryant is teaching in Saeco.

'94.—Hinkley is with Estes, Lauriat & Co., publishers, Boston.

'95.—Holmes is studying law in the office of McGillicuddy & Morey, Lewiston.

'95.—Crawford has been offered a fine position in Minneapolis, and will soon leave for that city.

'95.—Mead has been elected principal of the Searsport High School.

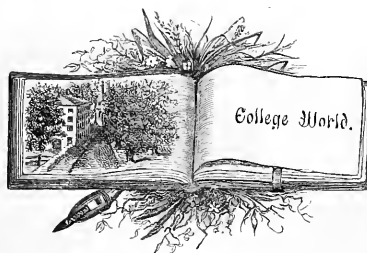
The recently elected executive committee of the Cumberland Bar Association has four of its five members Bowdoin men, viz.: C. F. Libby, '64, Clarence Hale, '69, S. L. Larrabee, '75, and F. C. Payson, '76.

## Book Reviews.

(*The Timon of Lucian*. Edited by J. B. Sewall, Bowdoin, '48, head-master of the Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass. Published by Ginn & Co.) This edition of the *Timon of Lucian* has been prepared in response to the demand for a wider and more varied reading of Greek authors, in preparation for college. *Lucian* was not a historian, and hardly a poet, but a writer chiefly of lighter prose unique and racy, and the *Timon*, supposed to have been the source of Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, is one of his masterpieces. The text is followed by notes, a vocabulary, and word-groups (by roots or stems), making the volume, while small enough to thrust into the pocket, a complete instrument by itself for the reading of the text. This latter fact will also commend the book to professional men or others who wish to keep fresh their acquaintance with Greek, and would like a handy volume for a companion of travel or hours of leisure.

*Macbeth*, and *Richard II*. Two volumes of the Arden Shakespeare in Heath's series of English

Classics. These neat little volumes in their plan and execution make the ideal edition of Shakespeare for the use of the student. The introduction, notes, appendices, etc., are very comprehensive and convenient for use in the class-room or library. The plays are presented in their literary aspect and in regard to their dramatic value, more than as mere material for the study of philology or grammar. Questions of date and literary history have been fully dealt with, but the larger space has been devoted to the interpretative rather than the matter-of-fact order of scholarship. With this edition the study and analysis of dramatic motives and dramatic character may be profitably undertaken. Close attention is given to the typographical details. The volumes of this series are only forty cents each. The following plays are ready: *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Ceasar*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *Richard II.*; and others will follow shortly.



### THE TALE OF A MILL.

Jo Hamilton Miller, we all called him Ham,  
Had built him a mill by the site of a dam;  
But a hurricane came which lasted all night;  
Now, has he a mill? Not by a dam site!

—*Lehigh Burr.*

Twenty-seven men have reported for the U. of P. track team.

T. Conneff, the world's champion mile runner, has entered Holy Cross.

Captain Wilson has been re-elected captain of the Wesleyan foot-ball team.

Captain Connor has been elected captain of the West Point eleven for 1896.

About one hundred candidates responded to Captain Dean's call for the Harvard Varsity nine.

The Toronto Lacrosse Association has offered a trophy to be competed for by teams from American colleges.

## AT THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

"The umpire called a foul just now,  
But I see no feathers," said she.

"Um,—ah,—yes, the reason is  
'Tis a *picked* eleven!" quoth he. —*The Unit.*

The sum total of the funds of Yale University  
is about \$4,000,000.

## TREED.

A spruce young man adored a maid,  
His love she did decline;  
And this young man, so spruce before,  
Turned quick as thought to pine.

—*Scio Collegian.*

The first Ph.D. degree given by the University  
of Chicago was conferred upon a Japanese.

We shall meet but we shall miss him,  
There will be a vacant chair;  
For he took the hair restorer  
And it stored away the hair.—*Yale Record.*

Query—Why is a Freshman like the hill in front  
of the college building? Because he is an *ascent*  
to the college.—*The University Beacon.*

"A word to the wise is sufficient  
Is a maxim we've frequently heard;  
And now what we want is a maxim  
To tell us just what is that word."

—*Lasell Leaves.*

The N. E. I. A. A. will not meet at Worcester  
this year, but is considering offers from several  
other available places.

One of Chicago's yells :—

Who's the feller, who's the feller,  
Zip, boom, zah,  
Rockafeller, he's the feller,  
Rah, rah, rah!

The total enrollment of Ann Arbor for this year  
is 2,904, the literary department including 1,486.  
This is a total increase of 121 over last year.

## DECEIVERS EVER.

I met a maid one summer day  
Within the forest green—  
She was so fair I swore that she  
Must be the fairy queen.

But to my sorrow since I've found  
She played another part—  
She was a highway robber, for  
She stole away my heart!

—*Ev.*

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 19, 1896.

No. 14.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.

Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The re-occurrence each winter of the reunions and banquets of the various alumni associations of our college, brings the name of Bowdoin before the country in a manner that justifies the pride and pleasure that thrills our hearts. As the sons of old Bowdoin, loyal and enthusiastic always, however far they have wandered from its fine-shaded campus, or however long the time since last they trod its paths, meet to renew the tie that binds them together, to sing the praises of their *Alma Mater*, and to declare again their undying allegiance to her, the country looks on in amazement, that one little college, isolated, and drawing its students from so limited an area, could be the mother of so noble a family. Thus at least once each year the press of the country tells the story of Bowdoin, and rehearses the roll of its immortal alumni, until the proud fame of our college is spread through all the land and far beyond its borders, and its honored name is seen to be high among those of American educational institutions. No college or university holds more illustrious gatherings of alumni than those which meet in the name of Bowdoin. This has long been true in the past; it is certainly as true at the present day; and that it will continue to be true in the future we have every reason to believe. The deathless names that make up the

splendid galaxy of Bowdoin's famous graduates are a source of pride and glory to our state and nation and to humanity.

Scattered through every state of our nation and through many foreign lands, the sons of Bowdoin have demonstrated their right to lead in every branch of public and professional life. But better still, they are universally men of integrity and honor, whose private lives are free from stain, men who know no compromise with wrong. Thus, when Bowdoin men meet, whether in the large and formal gatherings at Washington, New York, Boston, and Portland, or in assemblages at more distant points, there are generally present men of high position, honored far and wide, and there are always present men whose character and deeds make them honored in their communities and loved by all who know them. And the earnest loyalty of many hundred such alumni has done not a little to make more sublime and fair the name our college has won in the century of life which has just closed.

As under-graduates of Bowdoin at this grandest time in her history it is our proud privilege to share the reflected glory of her alumni roll. Well indeed it is for that student who realizes the duty and appreciates the responsibility which this privilege brings. We who are under-graduates to-day, will be to-morrow alumni of Bowdoin; and with this thought before us the study of the past of our college with the grandeur of its triumphs, and the contemplation of its graduates standing at the front in all that is noble and great, should be far more to us than the occasion for a momentary thrill of pride and exultation. It should be to us ever an inspiration, a guide to point out our pathway, a living force within us to help us onward and upward.

If there is any virtue in the example of those we love and reverence, then we have

indeed a priceless inheritance. There may be none among us to-day who will attain to the plane in literature occupied by Longfellow, Hawthorne, Abbott, Kellogg, or Bates; none who will preside over the greatest judicial and legislative bodies of the country, where Fuller, Reed, and Frye now preside so ably; none who will attain to the office occupied by Pierce; none whose eloquence will equal that of Prentiss; none whom a great cause will claim in martyrdom as Cilley was claimed; none who will lead armies to victory as Howard and Chamberlain led them; none who will penetrate the frozen zone in the cause of science as Peary has done; none whose names will rank in statesmanship with those of Andrew, Fessenden, Hale, Bradbury, Evans, Felch, and many other Bowdoin men; none who will stand as high in theology as Stowe, Harris, Everett, Hamlin, Spaulding, Cheever, Henry B. Smith, and those strong champions of religious liberty, Egbert C. and Newman Smyth; none who will rank in medicine with Barker;—there may be none of us now under-graduates who will climb the ladder of fame as have these men, or whose achievements will equal those of previous Bowdoin graduates in every profession and walk of life,—however this may be the future years as they pass can alone make known,—but one thing is certain beyond all doubt or dispute, and that is the power which lies in every one of us to so live wherever the path of life may lead us that our *Alma Mater* may never have occasion to be ashamed of a single son, and to so respond to the call of duty wherever we hear it that our names may be worthy to shine with those others on Bowdoin's immortal honor roll, if not through our illustrious achievements, then, at least, through what we tried to do, and by virtue of our uprightness of character and our nobility of manhood.



THE readers of the ORIENT will remember that two years ago it was proposed to build a cinder track on the college delta, but nothing was done because the Faculty and alumni objected to cutting the pines.

Last year it was suggested that an athletic field might be built on the Brunswick plains, where land could be bought for five dollars an acre. Some bushes were cut and a field was staked out. The students had a mass-meeting and chose a committee to take the matter in charge.

The committee found the site on the plains unsatisfactory. It was too far from the college, difficult of access from the main road, and unattractive in its surroundings. After looking over every level piece of land within a mile of the college, the committee decided that the most desirable location for an athletic field was the triangular lot between New Meadows Road and Bowker Street.

Some of this land was college property, but a part of it belonged to the heirs of the late Robert Bowker. A survey showed that there was not room for a quarter-mile track of the proper form on the part owned by the college, and the land adjoining could not at that time be purchased from the Bowker heirs. As the committee could agree upon no other site the matter was allowed to rest until the beginning of the present college year, when further effort was made to buy the Bowker property, but no price was fixed by the owners until a few days ago, when the sum of \$800 was named. The committee decided to buy this land and to pay \$100 for a strip of additional land, which was needed for a 220-yard straightaway.

It is proposed to build the quarter-mile track of clay and cinders, and use the space inclosed by it for base-ball and foot-ball. The parallel sides of the track will be 320 feet in length, and the one on the south can be extended to make a straight course for

220 yards. All races will have their finish opposite the grand stand.

The estimates obtained show the probable cost of this field to be as follows:

Land (not including college land), . . . . .	\$900
Clearing the college land, . . . . .	400
Quarter-mile track built of clay and cinders, . . . . .	700
Preparing field for base-ball and foot-ball, . . . . .	200
220-yard straightaway, . . . . .	200
Grand stand and dressing-rooms, . . . . .	1,500
Plumbing for dressing-rooms, . . . . .	500
Total, . . . . .	\$5,000

This estimate is much less than the average cost of college athletic fields, because the ground is so dry and level that there will be no expense for draining or grading. The committee think that the location of the field is all that can be desired. There will be a carriage entrance on Bowker Street, and another on New Meadows Road. From Sargent Gymnasium it can be reached by a five minutes walk along a shady path through the woods. The field is almost surrounded by Bowdoin's whispering pines.

No one acquainted with the condition of our athletics can doubt that there is urgent need of such a field. Bowdoin is the only college without a running track that attempts to make any showing at the intercollegiate meet at Worcester. Of the colleges in the Maine league, Colby built a track last year. Cinder paths are being talked of at Bates and Orono; and unless Bowdoin is content to be last in the list, some immediate action must be taken.

Foot-ball and base-ball are also feeling the need of a suitable field. The foot-ball field on the delta is ten yards too short, and the pine trunks and roots, at the east end of the field, add an unnecessary element of danger to the game. We need a new field for games and Varsity practice. The delta is needed for the practice of the second eleven and the class elevens.

Base-ball is as badly off as foot-ball.

The undergrowth of pine has shortened the field so that a long hit to right field or center is likely to be a home run.

Again, our new elective system makes such an arrangement of recitation hours necessary, that, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when games are usually going on, it is impossible to get nines together for practicing until four o'clock in the afternoon, and then, we have only one field for 'Varsity, second nines, and class nines. There is not even room enough for the 'Varsity and substitutes to practice batting and fielding at the same time. The lack of a good second nine has always been a serious handicap to the success of base-ball at Bowdoin, and we have never had a good second nine because we have had no place for the men to practice.

The under-graduates feel that Bowdoin is handicapped in her athletics. They have just raised five hundred dollars to free the athletic association from debt. They have subscribed three hundred dollars for the new field, and are anxious to have it built this year. But for raising the sum necessary we shall be obliged to rely mainly upon the alumni of the college, and judging from the experience of other colleges, we can hardly be disappointed. The cost of the Dartmouth field was \$15,000. The money was raised entirely by the alumni.

Most eastern colleges have athletic fields, ranging in cost from the Rutgers field, costing \$5,000, to the Amherst field, costing \$27,000; and in most cases these fields have been gifts from graduates. It is proposed that the Bowdoin field shall be held by the college for athletic purposes. The treasurer of the college will receive subscriptions for building the field, and will audit the accounts. Our Boston alumni have already shown their interest by pledging nearly a thousand dollars, one-fifth of the required sum. If our alumni in other places respond as generously, we can have the athletic games

of the Maine Intercollegiate Association on our own field next June.

NOW for a little wholesome class rivalry for the possession of the cup to be offered at the competition events in connection with the annual athletic exhibition. This occasion is but little more than a month away, and the indoor athletes must get down to hard work to make the meet a success. The details are not fully settled, but it is probable that there will be the following events on the floor of the hall: 20-yard dash, 20-yard hurdle race, potato race, high jump, pole vault, and putting the shot. The points won in these and in the class drills, which will count double, will settle the ownership of the trophy cup. It is an honor well worth working for, and since each class has numerous good athletes the contest ought to be a very exciting one, and this addition can only prove a most pleasing innovation to the usual exhibition. This cup is separate from the prize drill cup, which still remains to be fought for by the class squads as usual. And, by the way, it is now announced that the cup which '96 has won by its drills for three successive years, is *not* the property of the class. Not only '96 but the whole college believed without any question that this cup was the property of the class which had won it three times, and consequently this announcement is productive of much astonishment, to say the least, and is not received with very good grace by the class most directly concerned. To hold the cup, '96 must win it a *fourth* time—a very novel arrangement in the matter of winning cups. And so the Seniors must get to work and produce a squad capable of winning the drill a fourth time over three competitors, or else pass over to the possession of another class the cup which all had supposed was to remain in the library engraved with the numerals and bearing the colors of '96.

**P**ROF. MACDONALD'S classes are indebted to him for his recent lectures setting forth so ably the origin, history, and present significance of the Monroe Doctrine. The large number from other classes who availed themselves of the privilege of hearing these lectures showed the commendable spirit to keep informed on questions of the day which ought to animate every college student. That part of our college course is most valuable which gives us the best preparation for active service as citizens of our country, which gives us an intelligent understanding of the problems of our time, that we may be leaders of men in all movements, social or political, that are for their good. The educated man of to-day cannot center his interests in the past and bury himself in books like the scholar-recluse of former times; he must be in the thickest of the battle of life, and woe betide him if his armor be weak or his blade be rusty.

**O**UR base-ball schedule, published in another column, is a reminder that spring with its accompanying campaign on the diamond is not so very far away. Whether the Maine league will be of three or four colleges depends upon the action of Bates. We hope all four colleges will be in the league, and that our position at the close of the season will not be so near the bottom as it was last year. In base-ball, in sharp contrast to our experience in all other branches of athletics, our victories have been few and our defeats many. This has been due occasionally to hard luck, but more often to indifferent work by the team, indifferent support by the student body, and a general lack of true base-ball spirit. Poor material has also occasionally given us an excuse for defeats, since the measures adopted at many colleges to procure good players never have been, and we trust never will be, employed

here. This year a new spirit prevails in the base-ball work, new methods will be employed in the coaching; there seems to be plenty of material to choose a team from, and so we venture to hope for a more prosperous season; and it can safely be assumed that our manager and captain will avail themselves of every honorable means to increase the efficiency of the nine. Let every base-ball man work for all there is in him, and let the student body stand as a unit in enthusiastic support of the team, and there is no reason why Bowdoin cannot win this year the championship pennant in base-ball.

### The Psi Upsilon Reception.

**T**HE seventh annual reception of the Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon took place on the evening of Friday the 14th, and was one of the most successful dances ever given in Brunswick. From four to six in the afternoon the Chapter gave a very pleasant tea to its out-of-town guests at 5 and 7 Maine Hall. The chaperons were Mrs. James B. Drake and Mrs. James Lincoln of Bath. The dance was held at Memorial Hall, which was very prettily decorated for the occasion with garnet and gold hangings and fraternity banners. At either side of the stage were *tête-à-tête* rooms, tastefully arranged with rugs, couches, and portieres. The patronesses received the guests on the left of the hall, and the orchestra occupied the stage. Dancing began promptly at nine and was continued until an early hour in the morning. The order was as follows:

Waltz, . . . . .	Reign of Venus.
Two-Step, . . . . .	Ellerslie.
Waltz, . . . . .	Aphrodite.
Schottische, . . . . .	Darkies' Pastime.
Lancers, . . . . .	Best of All.
Waltz, . . . . .	Brunette or Blonde.
Two-Step, . . . . .	Good Fellows.

#### INTERMISSION.

Waltz, . . . . .	Andalusia.
------------------	------------

Portland Fancy, . . . .	Classic Medley.
Two-Step, . . . . .	West Point Cadet.
Waltz, . . . . .	Only One Girl.
Schottische, . . . . .	Pete.
Two-Step, . . . . .	King Cotton.
Waltz, . . . . .	Espana.

## SIX EXTRAS.

The committee were Frederick Burroughs Smith, '96; Edgar Gilman Pratt, '97; William Witherle Lawrence, '98; and William Lawton Thompson, '99. The patronesses were: Mrs. William DeWitt Hyde, Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Mrs. Frank E. Woodruff, Mrs. Franklin C. Robinson, Mrs. William A. Moody, Mrs. Charles C. Hutchins, Mrs. George T. Files, and Mrs. William MacDonald. The delegates from other Bowdoin fraternities were as follows:  $\Delta \Delta \Phi$ , D. W. Elliot, '97;  $\Delta \kappa \epsilon$ , Mortimer Warren, '96;  $\Sigma \Psi$ , B. G. Willard, '96;  $\Theta \Delta \chi$ , W. W. Fogg, '96; and  $\Delta \Gamma$ , A. P. Ward, '96.

Gilbert's Orchestra of Portland furnished music for the dance, and Robinson of Portland was the caterer for both the tea and the ball.

Among those present from out of town were the following: Mrs. James B. Drake, Mrs. James O. Lincoln, and Mr. James E. Drake, of Bath; Mrs. Charles Kalloch, Miss Wiggin, and Miss Eva Gay, of Rockland; Mrs. Folger, Miss Folger, Miss Allen, Miss Anna P. Knight, Miss Mollie Mattocks, Miss Nettie Leighton, Miss Mary Brewster Brown, Miss Helen C. Brown, Miss Elinor Cram, Miss Maud Perkins, Miss Florence McMullan, Miss Ethel Carney, Miss Nan Edmunds, Miss Grace Brown, Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mrs. Bessy E. Dow, Miss Dorothy Thombs, Mrs. Kyle, Miss Grace Seiders, Mr. Winthrop Whitman, Mr. F. W. Glover, Mr. W. M. Ingraham, Mr. John C. Allen, Mr. Henry P. Merrill, Mr. Theodore Johnson, Mr. Arthur Wood, and Mr. Dana Pendleton, of Portland; Mrs. Wickwire of Nova Scotia;

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Warren of Bangor; Miss Annie P. Whittier of Boston; Miss Augusta Johnson of New York; Miss Juliette Haley of Boston; Miss Florence Forbes of Newton Highlands, Mass.; Miss Ensign of Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Henry E. Andrews of Kennebunk.

## Portland Alumni Meeting.

THE annual dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni of Portland was held at the Falmouth, Saturday evening, February 15th, proving a most enjoyable occasion to the forty or more sons of the college who were present. At the business meeting before the dinner, the following officers were elected: President, Joseph W. Symonds, '60; Vice-Presidents, Charles F. Libby, '64, Augustus F. Moulton, '73, George A. Thomas, '41, Clarence Hale, '69, Prentiss Loring, '56; Corresponding and Recording Secretary, Franklin C. Payson, '76; Treasurer, S. T. B. Jackson, '83; Executive Committee, Virgil C. Wilson, '80, George F. McQuillan, '75, Levi Turner, Jr., '86; Dinner Committee, Eben W. Freeman, '85, Charles L. Hutchinson, '90, Clarence A. Baker, '78; Orator, John Marshall Brown, '60; Poet, Augustus F. Moulton, '73; Toastmaster, Charles F. Libby, '64.

David W. Snow, '73, delivered a most scholarly oration upon the thoughts suggested by a possible war, and was followed by Hon. Joseph W. Locke, '65, with a very bright and witty poem, decidedly original in thought and treatment as well as meter. Clarence W. Peabody, '93, was the toast-master of the evening, and presided very ably. The following sentiments were proposed:

Bowdoin College—Responded to by Prof. William MacDonald.

Our Country—Responded to by Col. A. W. Bradbury, '60.

The Next Administration—Responded to by Hon. Wm. W. Thomas, Jr., '60.

The Law—Responded to by Hon. Wm. L. Putnam, '55.

The State of Maine—Responded to by Hon. George M. Seiders, '72.

The Medical Profession—Responded to by Dr. Geo. H. Cummings, '72.

The American Student—Responded to by Prof. Geo. T. Files, '89.

The Newspaper—Responded to by Frederick W. Pickard, '94.

Prof. MacDonald, as the representative of the college, was given a hearty greeting. He spoke upon the condition of the college, and the many changes that have marked its progress; its present needs, and the relations of the college and its alumni. Each speaker had some bright and interesting things to say, and every speech showed intense loyalty to the old college, and devotion to its interests. The meeting closed with the old college hymn, under the leadership of George A. Thomas, '41.

Among the alumni present were: Augustus F. Moulton, '73; Virgil C. Wilson, '80; David W. Snow, '73; Franklin C. Payson, '76; Joseph W. Symonds, '60; S. T. B. Jackson, '83; Levi Turner, '86; Arthur W. Merrill, '87; Horatio L. Card, '88; George M. Seiders, '72; George F. McQuillan, '75; Thomas Henry Gately, '82; Frederick H. Gerrish, '66; Leon Melcher Fobes, '92; Robert S. Thomas, '88; Edward H. Wilson, '92; Oscar L. Rideout, '89; William L. Putnam, '55; Walter F. Haskell, '95; Albert W. Bradbury, '60; Clarence W. Peabody, '93; Joseph A. Locke, '65; Clarence M. Baker, M.D., '78; Eben Winthrop Freeman, '85; Charles L. Hutchinson, '90; William W. Thomas, Jr., '60; Frederick W. Pickard, '94; George H. Cummings, M.D., '72; Harry Bertram Russ, '95; Prentiss Loring, '56; Geo. A. Thomas, '41; Wm. M. Ingraham, '95; Prof. Geo. T. Files, '89; Walter S. A. Kimball, '95.

Eight Dartmouth Sophomores were expelled last week for horning one of the unpopular professors.

### Boston Alumni Meeting.

ON Thursday evening, February 6th, the Bowdoin Alumni of Boston met at the Copley Square Hotel for their twenty-eighth annual reunion and banquet. It was a very stormy evening, but a good number was present and the affair was decidedly a success. Prof. Little, Dr. Whittier, Dane, '96, and Kyes, '96, were present from the college.

At the brief business meeting preceding the dinner, the following officers were chosen, according to the recommendation of the Nominating Committee, which was as follows: J. B. Sewall, '48, W. A. Robinson, '76, J. F. Libby, '85, E. H. Hall, '75, W. M. Ingraham, '95; President, F. A. Hill, '62; Vice-President, E. U. Curtis, '82; Secretary, W. G. Reed, '82; Assistant Secretary, G. L. Chandler, '68; Committee, T. J. Emery, '68, D. O. S. Lowell, '74, W. E. Hatch, '75, C. F. Moulton, '87, E. N. Goding, '91, O. C. Stevens, '76.

Fraternal greetings and wishes were sent to the Yale alumni, who were banqueting at the Exchange Club, and the following answer was returned: "Yale sends Bowdoin alumni heartiest congratulations, and recognizes grit whenever she sees it."

President F. A. Hill, '62, presided over the banquet, and divine blessing was invoked by Rev. F. A. Wilson, '73. The after-dinner speakers included Prof. G. T. Little, '77, Judge W. L. Putnam, '55, Prof. Edward S. Morse, Hon., '71, Dr. F. N. Whittier, '85, F. S. Dane, '96, and G. R. Swasey, '75, president of the Bowdoin Club of Boston. "Athletics" was the general subject of the evening, and Dr. Whittier and Mr. Dane, as representatives of the athletic interests of the college, dwelt at length upon the present status of athletics here and the prospects for the future. The need of an athletic field was particularly emphasized and the plans already laid were presented.

Letters of regret for absence were read

from Chief Justice Fuller, '53, Hon. William P. Frye, '50, Hon. T. B. Reed, '60, and J. H. Goodenow, '52, president of the New York Bowdoin Alumni, and all these names were the signal for loud applause. Several songs were sung, including "Phi Chi" at the close by the younger element.

Among those present were L. H. Kimball, '74, J. G. Stetson, '54, Myles Standish, '75, W. E. Hatch, '75, R. H. Hinkley, '94, A. G. Whitman, '70, A. Sanford, '76, J. F. Elliot, '73, E. E. Burbank, '80, G. B. Sears, '90, P. Kyes, '96, H. W. Poore, '92, G. R. Swasey, '75, W. W. Curtis, '82, Boyd Bartlett, '85, G. S. Berry, '86, W. W. Towle, '81, F. N. Whittier, '85, L. C. Hatch, '95, A. M. Edwards, '80, F. P. Morse, '90, J. B. Roberts, '95, W. G. Waitt, '76, G. A. Ingalls, '88, A. S. Whitmore, '75, T. J. Emery, '68, W. L. Putnam, '55, C. F. Moulton, '87, C. G. Wheeler, '76, S. B. Carter, '66, A. H. Sabin, '76, J. B. Pendleton, '90, J. E. Chapman, '77, A. H. Stetson, '95, J. G. W. Knowlton, '95, F. A. Wilson, '73, C. P. Roberts, '45, F. Drew, '91, W. T. Cobb, '77, R. W. Mann, '92, E. S. Morse, Hon., '71, Ambrose Eastman, '54, E. H. Sykes, '94, H. M. Wilder, '93, W. H. Greeley, '90, W. A. Robinson, '76, G. M. Whitaker, '72, E. H. Hall, '75, S. A. Melcher, '77, J. F. Libby, '84, C. W. Longren, '84, Edward Parker, '57, H. H. Chase, '82, O. R. Cook, '85, G. L. Chandler, '68, W. G. Reed, '82, G. C. Cressey, '75, W. M. Spear, '94, F. A. Hill, '62, W. M. Ingraham, '95, C. W. Peabody, '93, George T. Little, '77, Edward Stanwood, '61, O. C. Stevens, '76, J. B. Sewall, '48, A. S. Packard, '61, A. M. Jones, '93, C. N. Bell, '63, George D. Robinson, '49, E. H. Newbegin, '91, E. O. Achorn, '81, E. E. Rideout, '86.

The University of Pennsylvania spent \$100,000 last year in the interest of field and track athletics, rowing, foot-ball, and other sports. The foot-ball receipts alone amounted to over \$36,000.

### Washington Alumni Meeting.

THE Washington Association of Bowdoin Alumni held their annual reunion and banquet at Hotel Page, Wednesday evening, February 5th. It was not a large gathering but it was certainly a distinguished one, as a gathering of Bowdoin's sons in Washington is never otherwise. Professor Johnson attended as the representative of the college. Chief Justice Fuller, '53, president of the association, called upon ex-Assistant Attorney-General, John B. Cotton, '65, to act as toastmaster. The speakers of the occasion were Professor Johnson; J. H. Goodenow, '52; United States Senator W. P. Frye, '50; S. I. Kimball, '55; H. L. Prince, '62; J. W. Chickering, '52; Frank Sewall, '58; Woodbury Pulsifer, '75; S. D. Fessenden, ex-'78; and Congressman S. S. Hilborn of California, a Maine-born man but a Tufts graduate.

At a brief business meeting before the banquet the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Chief Justice Fuller, '53, President; Senator Frye, '50, Vice-President; S. D. Fessenden, '78, Treasurer; Prof. J. W. Chickering, '52, Corresponding Secretary; and James C. Strout, '57, Recording Secretary.

Frequent and affectionate mention was made of the late Llewellyn Deane, '49, an active member of the association who has died since the last meeting. A eulogy was also read upon the late Horace Piper, '38. One of the pleasant features of the evening was the exchange of greetings with the Princeton alumni who were dining in another room of the same hotel. Capt. H. L. Prince, '62, represented Bowdoin, and made a charming little speech to the Princeton men, and Mr. Henry E. Davis was selected to speak for the latter to the sons of Bowdoin, which he did in a very pleasing manner. The hearty feeling entertained for the old college was evinced by the most cordial welcome given its representative, Prof. Johnson.

The Washington *Star* had the following abstract of Professor Johnson's speech:

Professor Johnson said he had been connected with the college for nearly a quarter of a century, and had been engaged all that time in preparing his speech for just such an occasion as the present one. The college appreciated the invitation to have a representative present. The college, he said, was just entering upon its second century of work. Its past was a memory—a memory of great achievements. He pictured the college surrounded with its famous whispering pines, and said its isolation was in some respects a benefit rather than a disadvantage. The number of students at present in the college is practically 250, divided into classes of sixty. Ninetenths of all the students were Maine boys, and he was glad to bear witness to the fact that they were the representatives of the race of Maine men. It was the old unmixed stock.

The boys were not wealthy, and fifty per cent. of all those who entered the college applied for aid to assist them in getting an education. And the college never without regret refuses to lend a ready hand to help those in need. The college, he said, exists largely to educate the young men of Maine, and it was a great deal to the credit of the college to have in charge the education of such a race. He did not think the college had the number of students it was entitled to, although the work had quite doubled in ten years. And the expenses of administering the college had likewise increased. It was equipped through large donations with a superior science department and a fine art building. The library, however, needed aid, and a new lecture hall was sorely needed. Every department of the college, he said, had increased in efficiency, and he paid a glowing tribute to the valuable services of the board of trustees, who labored so faithfully and so well with no other consideration than that which comes from a consciousness of well-doing. The loss of Professor Young, who had given the best years of his life for Bowdoin, was a great one. To him and his policy, more than to any one else, the college was responsible for its steady advancement. He spoke of the financial condition of the college, and referred to the litigations over large bequests the college was interested in, and held out promise of success, although it would be from three to five years before the college received funds from these sources even if the suits terminated satisfactorily. In the medical department of

the college over 120 students were registered, a larger attendance than ever before. Concluding, he said in substance that after all is said about the body and its athletic exercise, the head and its training, Bowdoin is an ageless witness to a heart; its foundation meant sacrifice, its mission is to give, and all of us love her and her daily work of unselfish beneficence.

J. H. Goodenow, '52, President of the New York Alumni Association, in his remarks quoted the late James G. Blaine, who once in a speech challenged the college records of the world to produce six greater names than those of W. P. Fessenden, Franklin Pierce, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow, Sargent S. Prentiss, and John P. Hale, who were all graduates of Bowdoin, and graduated within four years of each other.

Senator Frye was witty and eloquent as usual. He was glad to be present. This getting together and being boys once more, he said, was delicious. And what relief it was to run away from long-drawn-out essays on the Monroe doctrine; to forget for a little while the terrible atrocities in Turkey, and the condition of the patriots in Cuba seeking liberty from the most cruel and despotic people on the face of the earth. How glorious it was to be with the boys again, and stop listening to the dreadful condition of the country, to forget all about the remonetization of silver at 16 to 1, and to get away from neither flesh, nor fish, nor fowl, and not even good red herring. To leave behind the Republicans, the Democrats, the Populists, and Tillman. It was delightful to be a college boy again. But what changes time had wrought. There at the head of the table sat the highest officer of the grandest court of the world. Who would recognize in that dignified jurist the boy with light curls, whom nobody respected, but every one loved? They called him just Mel. in those days. And what a transformation had been worked at the other end of the table, where a distinguished general sat, who, if we only went back to the dear old college days, would be recognized as that good-natured, red-headed boy, Ellis Spear. And at the other end of the table sat an ex-Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, whom Ben Butler complimented one day by saying, on a great water rights case in which Cotton was arguing, that he was the first law officer in the department that he had ever met that

knew more about water than he did about whisky. It was Johnny Cotton then. And over here that man who had done such a noble work in organizing the best life-saving service in the world. Every one recognized Little Kim. (S. I. Kimball). The Senator referred touchingly to those old comrades of the association who had gone to a higher school, and mentioned the names of William Rice, '46, Fred Sewell, '46, old Commander Bridge, '25, and Llewellyn Deane, '49. The teachers of Bowdoin College had a hard task before them to beat the records of the past one hundred years. There was no college in the world that could produce a catalogue that contained the names of such distinguished men.

Among those present were: Chief Justice M. W. Fuller, '53; United States Senator W. P. Frye, '50; Gen. Ellis Spear, '58; John H. Goodenow, '52; Frank Sewall, '58; Professor J. W. Chickering, '52; H. L. Prince, '62; S. D. Fessenden, ex-'78; Woodbury Pulsifer, '75; Crosby S. Noyes, Hon., '87; Charles Chesley, '52; James C. Strout, '57; John B. Cotton, '65; S. I. Kimball, '55; F. E. Dennett, '90; S. S. Gardner, '55; B. W. Pond, '57; C. H. Verrell, '87; S. G. Davis, ex-'65; W. H. Owen, '51; and Professor Johnson, '74.

### A Mutual Understanding.

IT is often hard for one person to understand another. Especially it is sometimes difficult to arrive at a mutual understanding between the head of a college and the students.

The President of Bowdoin, we judge, has mistaken the rash sentiment of some of the students on the Venezuelan question for the judgment of the majority of the more sober-minded students. A stranger who had been in the chapel on Sunday afternoon, February 9th, had he judged the state of feeling on this question by the utterances of the speaker of that date, would have thought the college had joined *en masse* in a cry for war with England, and that the speaker, thoroughly angry, was pouring out vials of disgust and wrath on the students' heads.

We respectfully assure our chief officer that the sentiment of this college is not for war, but for arbitration. We also would suggest that students have been reading up on this question and deciding for themselves what are the chief issues. Many of the students are mature men, experienced in business, well versed in history and current political economy. They know what has been the attitude of England in the past (political England) towards weaker nations or those less versed in diplomacy than she is. They see that, had this country not protested for justice in the Venezuelan question, the Salisbury administration would have refused to submit the case to arbitration. England's policy always has been and is to play a waiting game. The ignoring of arbitration in this case would have been the entering wedge for the purchase of Cuba, probably, and other complications.

What has brought about the present prospect of an international court of arbitration? The firm stand of America, demanding arbitration.

It is sometimes necessary to drop theory and come down to common sense. It was a condition that confronted America, not a theory. The time was ripe to put some "objective idealism" into practice, and attempt to settle this question of arbitration or war. The message of President Cleveland was put in too strong language, but it, at least partly, accomplished its purpose. Some one had to lead off, and America did so.

The country knew there would be no war. England did not want a war. It was the brutal, out-of-date policy of Salisbury that caused all the trouble. The English and American peoples are friends. It was a political blunder by Salisbury, acknowledged as such by the better class of English statesmen, who desire arbitration.

We deplore the Davis resolution. It is a piece of pure jingoism, thoroughly silly.



But jingoism and simple common-sense patriotism are very different; and if anything will stir up a war spirit and turn out jingoes by wholesale, it is such fiery talk as has been heard lately on a few occasions.

When all men are brothers, when all are in perfect love, when there are no bullies, when there is no national jealousy,—then we can apply metaphysical theory, cease supporting our navy, and fear no war. But at present, to the shame of this country, if an American is in trouble in a foreign, semi-barbarous country, he receives only ridicule if he threatens to appeal to America. But let him appeal to the British Consul, and his enemies dare not touch him. England has a navy; we have not. And England gladly helps American citizens in foreign lands. It is only English politicians we need fear.

No, this is not a college of jingoes. We never thought there would be a war. But we are glad that the issue has been brought to a head, backed by the common sense of the English and American *peoples*. It never would have been brought to a head had millennial theorists dreamed.

We believe in the patriotism of President Hyde. He is a true man. But we differ from him in his policy, and beg that he will not call patriotism jingoism, nor judge the college by a few rash ones.

ARBITRATIONIST.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### The Dreamer.

To the dreamer under the pines  
The stars a message send.  
It is formed in mystic signs  
To the dreamer under the pines,  
And but he can read the lines  
Where the starry letters blend.  
To the dreamer under the pines  
The stars a message send.

### Washington—Lincoln.

Two suns that shall be ever bright,  
Through all the endless course of years,  
To guide the onward march of Right,  
And wither Wrong when it appears.

### The Sad Fate of Little Willy.

Little Willy was a Freshman,  
Green as grass, and greener too;  
Not a thing in all creation  
Ever had so green a hue.

One day, while out exercising,  
Through a field he chanced to pass,  
And a brindled cow devoured him,  
Thinking he was only grass.

Little Willy is in heaven;  
Vacant are two places now.  
In his class there is no Willy,  
In the field there is no cow.

### Studying Philosophy.

The problems deep of time and space  
I fain would study page by page;  
But all the time a sweet fair face  
Obscures the wisdom of the sage.

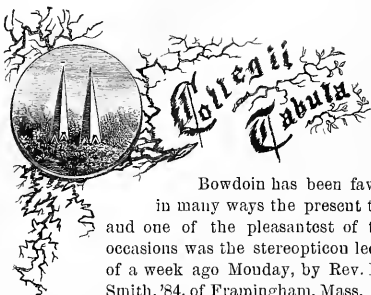
And while I seek the truth that lies  
In fragments of an unknown whole,  
Between the lines I see her eyes  
Throw glances out that fire my soul.

The things that can and cannot be;  
How glad is life since first I knew  
The secret of the mystery  
Within her tender eyes of blue.

Innate ideas—the source of life;  
The outer world; necessity;—  
O what care I for all this strife?  
Her smile is life and light for me.

Spinoza, Hegel, Locke, Descartes,  
Hume, Berkeley, Kant, and all the rest,  
Can find no place within my heart,  
For love's philosophy is best.

For love is greater than them all,  
And sows deep in the heart of youth  
The deathless seed that in the fall  
Will yield as harvest perfect truth.



Bowdoin has been favored in many ways the present term, and one of the pleasantest of these occasions was the stereopticon lecture of a week ago Mouday, by Rev. E. C. Smith, '84, of Framingham, Mass. Mr. Smith gave a very interesting description of his adventures in climbing Mt. Ranier, Washington, and presented views of the mountain, taken at the time. The attendance was good, and showed that Bowdoin students appreciated the liberality of the lecturer.

Carey, '87, was here last week.

Quimby, '95, passed Sunday in town.

Dana, '94, was on the campus last week.

Merritt, '94, was down from Auburn a recent Sunday.

A sleighing party from Bath were at the Adamowski concert.

Hamlen, '98, who was at home sick for a week or more, has returned to college.

Sleighting is with us once again, and is the more enjoyed because of its lateness.

The Glee Club's final rehearsal was semi-public, and was enjoyed by quite a crowd.

Professor Lee delivered another postponed lecture in Waterville, last Wednesday.

The college is promised a chance to hear the Glee and Banjo clubs early next term.

Christie, '95, has entered the Medical School, after a term of teaching at Monticello.

Bowdoin alumni were prominent at the Lincoln Club banquet in Portland, February 12th.

Professor Chapman spoke in chapel last Sunday afternoon, in the absence of President Hyde.

The German periodicals placed in the Library by the Verein should be looked at by every one.

One more organization, a Saturday Night Rarebit Club,—formed by a half dozen inhabitants of North Wintthrop.

President Hyde went to New Haven last Friday,

to attend a convention of the New England college presidents.

Fessenden, '96, was elected squad leader by the Seniors, and has commenced his duties with becoming energy.

Cleveland's minstrels held forth in Town Hall last Wednesday evening, and were well patronized by the students.

The clinics in the medical building have a sort of fascination for the "lits," as is shown by their efforts to attend.

Moore, '95, spent Sunday, the 9th, with friends on the campus. He was returning to his teaching duties in Wiltou.

Kyes and Dane, '96, Gardiner and Pettengill, '98, were present at the Bowdoin alumni dinner in Boston two weeks ago.

The Senior chemists have finished the course in qualitative analysis, and commence this week upon quantitative work.

The members of the Deutsche-Verein have adopted colors and a piu, and will soon appear with their new insignia.

The three upper classes were given a respite from Gym. work for the two days while Professor Whittier was in Boston.

A bit of rough skating on the flooded campus afforded some little amusement for those so fortunate as to possess skates.

The theological students have formed a club among themselves, for pleasure and profit, and are meeting every other week.

The money (over \$500) pledged to cancel debts of the various athletic associations in a recent mass-meeting, has been all collected.

The optional French class has resumed its meetings, suddenly stopped by the illness of Professor Johnson, and will continue through the term.

The "Frogs of Windham," which met with such a flattering reception last winter, is being rehearsed in earnest, and will be repeated at an early date.

Bryant, '95, assistant in chemistry, is in Portland for a short time, and in his absence, Burbank, '96, is attending the needs of the chemistry divisions.

Owen, '93, passed through here on his way to Chicago lately. He has been very sick at his home in Buxton, and was returning to his medical studies.

There is a very interesting family of Guinea pigs in the basement of the Science Building, that are destined very soon to suffer in the cause of science.

A company boasting three "Tribys" was presented at Town Hall last Friday evening. There were rumors of an attempt to prevent its appearance.

Varrell, '97, who has been seriously sick with pneumonia at his home in Wells, is well on the road to recovery, and hopes to be on the campus again in a couple of weeks.

There is only about one month and a half remaining before the annual athletic exhibition, and the change in character calls for immediate and earnest practice in the gym.

The Teachers' Agency circulars are coming in by every mail, to tempt the Senior to part with his dollars, that in most cases are rather few in number about this time in one's course.

A new lung-testing machine has been going the round of the ends, and has shown rather weak respiratory apparatus in the case of those who did not quite know the right way to make the machine work.

The Snow-Shoe Club have had but little encouragement from the Weather Bureau for its revival, but the club met last week and made plans for extended runs as soon as conditions are more favorable.

At the recent convention of the Modern Language Association held in New Haven, Professor Johnson was elected a member of its Executive Council, consisting of nine members, three each from the East, South, and West of the United States.

At a late meeting of the Foot-Ball Association, the following officers were elected: Brett, '97, Manager; Coggan, '97, President; Cook, '97, Vice-President; Baxter, '98, Treasurer; E. E. Spear, '98, 2d Director; Dimmock, '97, 3d Director; and Veazie, '99, 4th Director.

The new light for photographic purposes, so lately discovered and experimented with in almost every physical laboratory, has been very successfully used by Professor Hutchins, who has secured several negatives, exposed through a considerable thickness of hard rubber.

Another holiday to lighten the work of the winter term. Lincoln's birthday was observed by a cessation of recitations, and by a very interesting and sympathetic address on the "Martyr President" and the lesson of his life to us, by President Hyde, in the morning chapel.

The Juniors are making excellent progress on their German plays. The parts have all been cast

and active rehearsals are well under way. One scene from Goethe's Faust—the fifth—known as the "Cellar Scene," and one comedy from the modern German, are the plays to be presented.

The second meeting of the Deutsche Verein was held with Bates, '96, Wednesday evening, February the 5th. After a brief but interesting programme, the club adjourned to Professor Lee's, where they had the great pleasure of meeting Mrs. Whitman, who has been giving the German Song Recitals, and of making a brave but rather rash attempt at German conversation.

Another series of musical entertainments. Commencing with Easter week, John J. Turner, Miss Eleanor Bartlett, and Miss Kate Vannah of Gardiner, will give a series of six song recitals in Brunswick. Mr. Turner and Miss Bartlett are well-known singers, and Miss Vannah is accomplished as a piano soloist. These will prove a fitting addition to the German recitals so lately enjoyed.

Professor Carpenter, hypnotist and fun-maker, held forth in Town Hall, week before last, for three evenings, to the delight of the college boys. Although the number of his subjects were limited, yet he furnished a good deal of real fun, and a very few examples of true hypnotic power. The interest centered on the last evening, when one of our Senior psychologists served as "sensitive" for the Professor's powers.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class last Thursday, the following officers were elected: President, Ernest Laycock, New Bedford, Mass.; First Vice-President, J. M. Loring, Yarmouthville; Second Vice-President, Robert W. Alexander, Harpswell; Secretary and Treasurer, Edwin E. Spear, Washington, D. C.; Captain of Track Athletics, C. F. Kendall, Biddeford; Squad Leader, Charles S. Pettingill, Augusta; Executive Committee, T. L. Pierce, Portland, P. P. Baxter, Portland, Edward Stanwood, Brookline, Mass.

The ladies of the Saturday Club are again to be congratulated, for the concert given under their auspices, by the Adamowski Quartette, was the finest entertainment that has been presented to a Brunswick audience for many years. The programme was brief but of the highest order, and the encores given but added to the worth of the whole. Of special brilliancy was the Andante from Tschikowski by the quartette, and the Valse Caprice by T. Adamowski. Miss Edwards sang very prettily and responded good naturedly to repeated calls for encores. The quartette holds a high position in

the musical world, and fully sustained it in their playing here.

The third and final German Song Recital was postponed from Thursday, February 6th, to Friday evening, through stress of weather. Modern composers were presented, Abt, Liszt, and Rubinstein being the best known, and all in all it was the most pleasing recital of the three, although to choose was a matter of difficulty. Mrs. Whitman has a splendid voice, and the selections were popular rather than classic; moreover many of the songs were given in English. Everything combined to make this last recital a very enjoyable affair. The students showed their continued interest by their attendance.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs made their first trip last week, appearing at Houlton, Oldtown, and Bangor, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings. The trip was highly successful; as large crowds greeted the boys in each place, and were well pleased with the work of the clubs. The Bangor papers had some very flattering notices of the concerts. The boys report a most enjoyable time, meeting many Bowdoin alumni, and being royally entertained in all three places. In Bangor a reception was given the clubs in the Y. M. C. A. parlors after the concert, which proved a very pleasant social event. Refreshments were served, and the Bangor young ladies, famous for hospitality, were at their best. The make-up of the clubs was as given in the last ORIENT. This week the clubs go to Warren.

Managers A. P. Ward of the Bowdoin base-ball team, Hamilton of Colby, Martin of Maine State College, and Captain Douglass of the Bates team, met in Bangor last Thursday to make the annual arrangements for games. Bates was not a member of the league last year, but desires to enter this year, and will probably do so if the schedule of games arranged meets the approval of the students, to whom Captain Douglass will report, after which a vote will be taken. A constitution was adopted, and among its provisions were the following: Each college will pay five dollars into the treasury for a trophy to go to the team winning the championship. No student shall play more than four years on a team, and all bona fide students of the college or graduate school may play. In case a team does not appear to play another it shall be a forfeit unless a valid reason can be given for the failure to keep the schedule agreement, and the team shall forfeit the game and forty dollars. Any team wishing to

forfeit or transfer the third game on neutral grounds must have the consent of the three teams interested. All postponed games must be played on or before June 6th. In cases of tie games, a decisive game must be played on or before June 13th. The following officers were elected: President, Ward of Bowdoin; Treasurer, Hamilton of Colby; Secretary, Martin of M. S. C. The following schedule of games was adopted, but in case Bates does not enter the league, a slightly different arrangement will be made:

Bowdoin vs. Colby, May 2d, at Brunswick.  
Colby vs. M. S. C., May 9th, at Waterville.  
Bates vs. M. S. C., May 12th, at Lewiston.  
Bowdoin vs. Colby, May 15th, at Waterville.  
M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, May 16th, at Orono.  
Bates vs. Colby, May 16th, at Lewiston.  
Bowdoin vs. Bates, May 23d, at Brunswick.  
Bates vs. Colby, May 27th, at Waterville.  
Bates vs. M. S. C., May 28th, at Orono.  
Bates vs. Bowdoin, June 3d, at Lewiston.  
M. S. C. vs. Colby, June 3d, at Orono.  
M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, June 6th, at Brunswick.

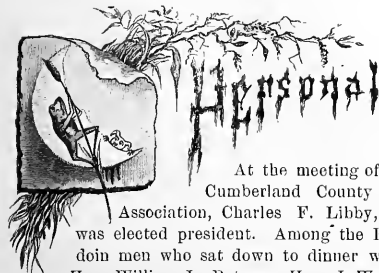
Bowdoin will play the following games outside the league: Portland at Portland, Fast Day; Lewiston at Brunswick, April 24th; Tufts at Medford, April 27th; Andover at Andover, April 28th; Boston College at Brunswick, May 9th; Dartmouth at Dartmouth, May 5th and 6th; Exeter at Exeter, May 30th, and return game at Brunswick, the date not yet being arranged; Worcester Polytechnic Institute at Brunswick, June 9th.



In the case of two persons having had equal opportunities for getting material from which to formulate an opinion, we admit it to be at least unwise for either of them to look upon the other as being a superficial thinker if the two opinions do not coincide. Although it is axiomatic that minds differ and that all opinions ought to be given *some* weight, yet most men would do well to study the point of that old French proverb: "We seldom find persons of good sense, except those of our opinions." In fact, so strong is this tendency in human nature that men come to respect one another's opinions through courtesy, instead of counting it a *duty* both to themselves and to the world at large, to be willing and anxious to compare notes with their fellows on questions of importance. In other words,

it is our duty to reason with one another, all having a deep interest in the common brotherhood of man.

Christ in his teachings taught that an interest in one another's welfare was incumbent on all; to get out of self and into active work for humanity's improvement was then, and is now, a victory of no small moment. Christianity opens our eyes to look beyond selfish ends alone, thus making stronger the bond of human love. Such a power for good demands our honest thought and sincere actions.



At the meeting of the Cumberland County Bar Association, Charles F. Libby, '64, was elected president. Among the Bowdoin men who sat down to dinner were: Hon. William L. Putnam, Hon. J. W. Symonds, Hon. J. A. Loeke, Hon. George M. Seiders, Frank C. Payson, Levi Turner, Jr., D. W. Snow, Nathan Clifford, Seth L. Larrabee, and Hon. Clarence Hale.

'44.—Rev. George DeForest Folsom, born 26 of July, 1822, at Bucksport; entered Bowdoin with Class of 1844, but did not complete course. He entered with Class of 1845 and graduated in that year. Studied theology and graduated with degree of B.D., from Union Theological Seminary in 1849. He was tutor for a time at St. Matthew's Hall School. Ordained in 1850. Mr. Folsom has been pastor of the Eastern Congregational Church, New York City; Olivet Church, Springfield, Mass.; Grand Avenue Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn.; also at Northford, Conn., and San Mateo, Cal. He was a contributor to *New Haven Journal* and *San Francisco Pacific*. He was married September 9, 1845, in New York City, to Susan B. Curtis of Bath, Me. Mr. Folsom died November 8, 1895, at Oakland, Cal. He was a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity.

Med., '44.—Dr. Thaddeus Thompson Cushman died recently at Randolph, Mass., where he has resided for a number of years. Dr. Cushman was born in Sumner, Me., in 1821, and graduated from the Bowdoin Medical School in the Class of 1844. He was a physician of marked success.

'50.—William Pierce Frye has been elected pres-

ident *pro tem.* of the United States Senate. With the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Bowdoin ought to be well satisfied.

'52.—Hon. Charles Chesley, who has been abroad for the last two years, returned to his home in Washington, D. C., a short time ago.

Med., '74.—A. L. Gaubert died recently in Tryon, N. C. He was born in Richmond, August 28, 1847, the son of the late Dr. John H. Gaubert of Portland. He practiced medicine in Mechanic Falls until 1884, and since then in Columbia, S. C. He took high rank in his profession.

Med., '81.—Frank D. S. Stevens died last week in Lynn, Mass., where he has practiced medicine since his graduation. He was born in Auburn, May 30, 1860. He had a large practice, and had been city physician.

Ex-'88.—J. S. Barrows is on the staff of the *Boston Journal*, and wrote for that paper an excellent account of the recent Boston alumni meeting.

'90.—Homer Alexander is teaching the High School at Jay, Me.

'91.—Rev. Alexander P. McDonald is pastor of the Congregational Church, North Waterford, Me. Until recently he has been at Pullman, Wash.

'94.—Whitcomb is studying law in Ellsworth, in the office of Peters, '85.

'95.—Charles E. D. Lord has been very sick with typhoid fever at his home in Biddeford.

'95.—Charles S. Christie has completed his term of school in Monticello, and is now attending the Maine Medical School.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### ALPHA DELTA PHI.

In the death of George Frederic Magoun, the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi has sustained the loss of a most loyal and respected brother.

Brother Magoun, one of the charter members of the Chapter, graduated in the Class of '41. He has lived a life eminently noble, reflecting honor upon the College and Fraternity.

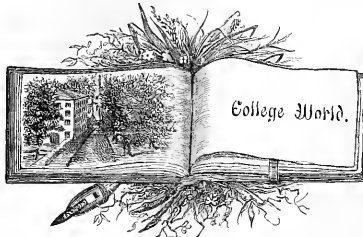
Deeply sensible of our own loss, the brothers of the Bowdoin Chapter extend to those who mourn him by the nearer right of kinship, the sympathy of sincere respect and fraternal love.

E. C. DAVIS,

A. B. WHITE,

W. H. WHITE, JR.,

*For the Chapter.*



THE YALE PROM.

Oh, the dancing!  
 Oh, the glancing!  
 Oh, the happiness entrancing!  
 When the Prom. belles come.

Oh, the moaning!  
 Oh, the groaning!  
 Oh, the awful pawn-shop loaning!  
 When the Prom. bills come. — *Yale Record.*

At the annual indoor meet of the B. A. A., in Mechanic's Hall, February 8th, the score of points was as follows, counting five for first, three for second, and one for third: Harvard got 17; B. A. A., 13; Brown University, 10; Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Amherst, and Dartmouth, 5 each; East Boston A. A., 4; Worcester A. C., New Jersey A. C., Williams College, and Bowdoin, 3 each; S. A. C., 2; Chauncey Hall and South Boston A. C., 1 each.

The following table shows the number of students graduated from the twenty-four largest American colleges:

Harvard, . . . . .	19,984
Yale, . . . . .	16,765
University of Pennsylvania, . . . . .	15,000
University of Michigan, . . . . .	13,600
University of City of New York, . . . . .	12,300
University of Virginia, . . . . .	10,500
Columbia, . . . . .	8,360
Princeton, . . . . .	7,220
Dartmouth, . . . . .	5,300
Union, . . . . .	4,859
Brown, . . . . .	4,508
Bowdoin, . . . . .	4,410
University of Iowa, . . . . .	4,184
University of Nashville, . . . . .	4,000
Western Reserve, . . . . .	3,917
Girard, . . . . .	3,800
Washington and Jefferson, . . . . .	3,684
West Point, . . . . .	3,668
Columbia University, . . . . .	3,651
Amherst, . . . . .	3,650
Cornell, . . . . .	3,477
Boston, . . . . .	3,235
Oberlin, . . . . .	3,235
Washington, . . . . .	3,095

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 4, 1896.

No. 15.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

### BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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#### TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The ORIENT has for some time known that Professor Johnson was desirous of utilizing, to the fullest extent, the opportunities and advantages given by the magnificent Walker Art Building for a course in Art, both in the way of lectures and actual training, and is glad to make mention of the securing of a competent teacher of painting and drawing. Professor Johnson has engaged Alger V. Currier of Hallowell, at present instructor of the Portland Art Club, and an artist favorably known through all New England as a painter of more than ordinary talent. Mr. Currier has studied in Paris under the best masters, and was very successful in getting his pictures into the Salon. The ORIENT feels confident of the success of this new departure, and is sure that it will add to the usefulness of Bowdoin.

THE resolutions adopted by the student body, at the chapel exercises on Washington's birthday, were uniform with resolutions adopted at meetings of similar import all over the country. For many weeks a company of believers in arbitration had been sending out pleas and requests for such meetings, and the result was everywhere favorable. In Philadelphia, where President Hyde spoke, in Washington, in New York, in all the large cities, meetings were held to

popularize and advance this idea of international arbitration. It is the purpose of this association to make a national political issue out of this question, and to agitate arbitration till the great parties have to do something with it.

**I**N class elections, as in everything else, it is very hard to please everybody, but the present system of nominating committees comes so near to doing this that we feel there is no danger of a return to the days of bitter fights and combines, so usual a few years ago. Nothing could have been more harmonious and satisfactory than last week's class elections by the Seniors and Juniors. Wire-pulling, political tricks, and factional animosities, should have no place in class affairs, and a permanent reform along these lines cannot fail to elevate the tone of college life, to foster a deeper class loyalty, and to help in cultivating the spirit of truest manhood among students.

**T**HE ORIENT is glad that the musical talent of the college is taking steps toward the presentation of a comic opera, and sincerely hopes that success may crown their efforts, and that "Billee Taylor, or the Reward of Virtue," may result in musical glory for the participants and substantial financial help for the athletic organizations. Since the minstrel shows were given up, the students have done nothing in the entertainment line, though constantly giving their services for outside interests, both in Brunswick and elsewhere. Most colleges do more in the dramatic and musical line than we attempt here. If those who have ability in these lines would show a little more unselfish zeal for the interests of their college the question of athletic debts would not so often become an important one for us to face.

**T**HE proposed foot-ball and base-ball league between Tufts, Trinity, Wesleyan, and Bowdoin is not to be realized at present. Tufts alone has shown enthusiasm over the scheme. In response to a request from the editor of the Tufts paper, the ORIENT, a few numbers ago, brought the matter to the attention of the Bowdoin students. We mentioned the advantages which would come with membership in such a league, but the student body, if it has considered the matter at all, has not shown it by an action or expression of opinion. It is very evident that Bowdoin is either unwilling to enter such a league or else lacks the energy necessary to make the effort. At Trinity and Wesleyan the proposal of Tufts has also failed to arouse enthusiasm. Instead of letting the matter go without action, as we have done, they both held meetings, and the opinion expressed was against such a league. One objection was the distance between the colleges concerned, but a more important one, so we are informed, was the lack of a wholly friendly feeling toward Tufts, resulting from treatment in the past. Thus Bowdoin is not alone in having complaints to make against Tufts. It is unfortunate that such a permanent feeling of unfriendliness should result from athletic grievances, and it is also unfortunate that Tufts, having given occasion for such feelings, should be most active in proposing a league among the colleges concerned. It is doubtful, therefore, if Bowdoin is a member of any such league this year. We feel sure, however, that this league, or a similar one, will come before long, and we hope Bowdoin may hold a creditable place in it. For this spring we can devote our energies very profitably to winning the Maine championship in base-ball and tennis, and to winning a higher place than ever before in the New England intercollegiate field-day at Worcester.



### The Destruction of the Forests, and What it Implies.

"THE forest was the finishing touch to the earth, and with it the dwelling-place prepared by God, for man, was declared complete, but by human crime and human improvidence the earth is fast becoming an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant."

Spain under the reign of the Moors resembled a vast garden yielding grain and fruit in every known variety, of the most perfect quality, and in endless abundance, but the luxuriant growth of timber which covered the sierras and mountain slopes was destroyed under the rule of the kings, and now one-half of its territory is a desert, and unfit for cultivation, while the once delicious climate has become changeable and rough.

In 1829, after making an expedition into Spain, Washington Irving wrote: "Many are apt to picture Spain to their imagination as a soft, southern region, decked out with the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet for the most part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long, sweeping plains, destitute of trees and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain cliffs and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds which animate the whole face of other countries are met with in few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of men."

Sicily, once the great grain district of the

world, has been despoiled of its forests, and gradually lost its fertility and the mildness of its climate, and the ruins of proud and opulent Syracuse now lie in a desert covered by sand, which the hot siroccos carried over the sea from Africa.

Greece and Italy, once the homes of the powerful nations who covered their surface with gardens, parks, and villas, and sent forth great armies to subdue the world, are little more than ruins of their former grandeur.

Palestine, the "Promised Land of Joshua," "flowing with milk and honey," capable of producing the rich and numerous people ruled by Solomon, is now an arid and sterile land, yielding a scanty living to a miserable people, because stripped of its forests by the "unspeakable Turk." And not only in these ancient seats of civilization but in almost every country on the face of the globe may be seen the direful results of the destruction of the forests.

The needs of agriculture are the most familiar cause of the destruction of the forests in new countries; for not only does an increasing population demand more land to grow the vegetables which feed it and its domestic animals, but the careless farming of the border settler soon exhausts the fertility of his first fields and compels him to remove to a fresher soil, cutting and wasting the forests in his course.

The owners of the forests for the most part look upon them simply from the pecuniary point of view. The lumberman sees in the trees only the source of so much money, and hastens to secure it. He cares nothing and knows nothing of their effect on climate, productiveness, and weather. He will not learn that in cutting down the forests which cover the mountains and border the streams, he is destroying those streams, until he finds that they will no longer float his logs to the saw-mills, probably not even then, nor does

he care, if only he can get his lumber into market and convert it into money. If the market is overstocked this year, so that sales are dull and prices low, he hopes that his neighbors will lessen their cut for the next season so there will be sufficient reason for him to continue his business unchecked. Meantime his neighbors hope and reason the same way in regard to himself, and so all continue to cut to the greatest extent, and the market is kept overstocked. The producers are not benefited, but the trees are destroyed and the future welfare of the country is threatened.

An agency equally as disastrous in destroying the forests as the farmer's and the woodsman's ax is that of fire. It is estimated that the direct damage done by forest fires is probably not less than three hundred million dollars yearly, and the indirect damage in the way of denuding steep slopes and sending the ashes resulting from burning the soil, and what grew out of it, down stream to the lasting detriment of navigation and manufactures, is perhaps as great or even greater.

A burned city can be rebuilt in a short time, but it requires from thirty to one hundred years for a burned forest to renew itself.

The forest performs a most important function as a mechanical shelter from blasting winds to grounds and crops to the lee of it; as a conductor of heat it tends to equalize the temperature of the earth and the air; its dead products form a mantle over the surface which protects the earth from excessive heat and cold; the evaporation from the leaves of living trees, while it cools the air around them, diffuses through the atmosphere a medium which resists the escape of warmth from the earth by radiation, and hence its general effect is to moderate extremes of temperature.

The forest prevents by its shade the dry-

ing up of the surface by parching winds and the scorching rays of the sun. If it does not increase the amount of rainfall it tends to equalize its distribution both in time and place; it maintains and regulates the flow of springs and rivulets and tends to prevent the sudden rise of rivers, the violence of floods, the formation of destructive torrents, and the abrasion of the surface by the action of running water; it impedes the fall of avalanches and of rocks and destructive slides of the superficial strata of mountains; it is a safeguard against the breeding of locusts; and finally, it furnishes nutriment and shelter to many tribes of animal and vegetable life, which, if not necessary to man's existence, are conducive to his enjoyment.

With the destruction of the forest all is changed. At one season the earth parts with its warmth by radiation to an open sky, at another receives an immediate heat from the unobstructed rays of the sun; hence the climate becomes excessive, and the soil is alternately parched by the heat of summer and seared by the rigor of winter. Winds sweep unresisted over its surface, drift away the snow that sheltered it from the frost, and dry up its scanty moisture.

The soil is bared of its covering of leaves, broken and loosened by the plough, deprived of the fibrous rootlets which held it together, dried and pulverized by sun and wind, and at last taken up by new combinations. The face of the earth is no longer a sponge but a dust heap. The rivulets wanting their former regularity of supply, and deprived of the protecting shade of the woods, are heated, evaporated, and thus reduced to their summer currents, but swollen to raging torrents in autumn and spring. By the constant washing away of the uplands the channels of great rivers become unnavigable, their estuaries are choked up, and harbors, which once sheltered large navies, are shoaled by dangerous sand bars. The earth, stripped of

its vegetable glebe, grows less and less productive, and consequently less able to protect itself by weaving a new network of roots to bind its particles together, a new carpeting of turf to shield it from the wind and sun and scouring rain.

Gradually it becomes altogether barren. The washing of the soil from the mountains leaves bare ridges of sterile rock, and the rich organic mould which covered them, now swept down into the dank low grounds, promotes a luxuriance of aquatic vegetation, water plants, and water weeds, that breed fever and more insidious forms of mortal disease by its decay, and thus the earth is rendered no longer fit for the habitation of man.

#### • Five Hundred Miles Awheel.

SEVERAL years ago, when the safety bicycle had been in vogue but a short time, I was lucky enough, or perhaps, in view of late improvements, it would be better to say unlucky enough, to come into the possession of one; and with a friend who was of rather a daring and venturesome disposition I planned a trip of about five hundred miles, to be taken on our new "bikes."

Some of our queer experiences and some of our hair-breadth escapes covering that five hundred miles of expectation and pleasure, may interest the ORIENT readers.

We started on a bright, pleasant day, when all nature was full of life and song, one of those days which makes even a boy realize that life is worth living. Our first day's ride carried us over twenty-five miles, and considering the wheels that we rode and the roads that we traveled, was not quite as bad as it sounds at first. On the third day we found that we had reached a section of the country where safety bicycles had never before been, and the remarks and exclamations which we overheard were amusing in the extreme. For instance, one man set his

dog upon us just as he would have upon any wild animal, and was angry at the dog because he knew better than to chase us. Another man who was hoeing in a field near the road, seeing us in the distance coming toward him, immediately dropped his hoe and ran as for his life to his house, yelling all the while for help as if the devil was after him. The sight was so ridiculous that my companion fell from his wheel in a fit of laughter, but in his fall he kicked a spoke from his rear wheel, which rather dampened his mirth. When we came to the house we saw the serious side of the joke, for sticking out of a crack in the door was the muzzle of an old rifle, and you may be sure it looked ugly enough. I have no doubt that the man was so frightened at our appearance that had we ridden toward the house he would have fired; but believing discretion to be the better part of valor, we kept straight on our way and were not molested.

Several days after our encounter with the man and his gun we went through a bit of grand and beautiful scenery. Our road led us through a pass between two high mountains, and from the highest point of the road the view was magnificent. On two sides of us were the mountains, rising sheer above the road to a height of hundreds of feet, ragged and rocky. On the north lay stretched at our feet even to the horizon a plain covered with forests. In the distance we could see an eagle circling about, and as its wild scream came faintly to our ears the whole northern prospect looked gloomy and uncivilized enough. Behind us, toward the south, the country was cultivated, and a beautiful river wound in and out among the green fields like a silver serpent. Here and there rose the smoke of peace and industry, and away at the edge of the horizon were the grand old White Mountains with their cloud-capped peaks. After looking in speechless wonder at the grandeur and beauty spread

all about us, we agreed that we had been amply repaid for all our labor in getting there.

The next day we had the narrowest escape from an accident of all our trip. Having been misinformed as to the road, and supposing it to be a gradual descent, we were coasting, when suddenly we rounded a sharp curve and could see the road beyond us to be down a mountain side, very steep and full of treacherous rolling stones. Then the excitement began. My companion by the aid of his brake was soon able to get control of his wheel, but my machine was so heavy and had gained such headway that the brake had no effect whatever, and all that I could do was to cling to the handle-bars and hope for the best. I really expected every minute to be hurled to eternity. My wheel attained terrific speed, and for nearly a mile I was carried along as on the wings of the wind. Indeed, I was going so fast that the wind thus created caused the tears to run in streams down my face, making everything a blur with a white streak extending through it, which I knew was the road and which I succeeded in following until I came to level ground. Then after spinning along a short distance everything seemed to whirl about me, and I lost control of myself and lauded in a clump of bushes, with the bicycle on top of me. After a few minutes my companion, riding as fast as he dared, came up to me and said that he had never expected to see me alive again when he saw me start on my perilous descent, and I could certainly appreciate every word that he said.

This was the last of our mishaps, for the rest of our trip, about a hundred miles, was along the banks of the grand old Andros-coggin, and although the road was rather sandy and hard riding for our old-fashioned wheels, we were more than repaid by the beautiful scenery. We reached home just two weeks from the day we started, safe and

sound, and agreed that an outing on wheels is the pleasantest and most profitable that one can experience.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### In the Dance.

When in the dance I tied her shoe,  
She stole my heart away;  
Her joyous laughter thrilled me through,  
When in the dance I tied her shoe;  
And yet the maiden never knew,  
Amid the throng so gay,  
When in the dance I tied her shoe,  
She stole my heart away.

### Will it Never Cease?

"Are you the 'Board?' the Freshman asked,  
And then, with an air like a lord,  
He presented 'An Ode to the Chapel Towers.'  
Said the editor, 'Yes, I'm the bored!'"

### A Memory.

Together we stood 'neath the dim hall light  
And on my bosom her head found rest;  
And never shall I forget that night  
When first my lips to hers I pressed.

'Twas years ago; she's now far away  
And I see her only in memory bright,  
But I'd give my hopes of heaven to-day  
To kiss her once more as I did that night.

### Beside My Grate.

[*Roundel.*]

Beside my grate is peace and rest;  
I close my book; the hour is late;  
Of all the world this spot is best,  
Beside my grate.

The March wind rattles at the gate,  
And brings the storm, unwelcome guest;  
The rain comes with increasing rate.

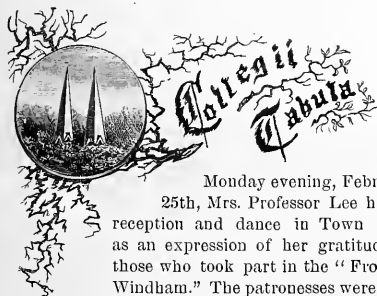
God pity those to-night in quest  
Of warmth and light refused by Fate;  
And let thanksgiving fill my breast,  
Beside my grate.

### The Roentgen Ray.

All hail the mysterious might  
Of the wonderful Roentgen ray,  
For all that was hidden from sight  
It has brought to the light of day.

And matter, and bones, and brain  
Are pictured plain to our eyes;  
Will it show us the past again,  
Or the future's paradise?

Whatever the secrets known,  
And by Roentgen rays displayed,  
May never the world be shown  
The hearts of youth and maid.



Monday evening, February 25th, Mrs. Professor Lee held a reception and dance in Town Hall, as an expression of her gratitude to those who took part in the "Frogs of Windham." The patronesses were Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Dr. Mitchell, and Mrs. Hatch. The College Orchestra furnished the music, and about twenty-five couples enjoyed the programme of dances.

Godfrey, '99, has been home for a short time sick.

More students than town people in church last Sunday.

Thomas H. Ayer, '88, was revisiting old scenes last week.

Badger, '95, has been a frequent visitor to the campus of late.

Varrell, '97, is on the campus again in fully regained health.

Wiggin, '98, is back from a term of school in South Orrington.

Ackley, '97, has returned from a rather lengthy term of teaching.

Blodgett, '96, was in Biddeford last week with his room-mate, Gilpatric.

"Highest for years" was true of the campus lakes, as well as the river.

Minott, '98, acted as library assistant during the recent illness of Smith, '98.

Baxter, '98, is in college again after a week or more of illness at his home.

The usual number of students went home over Sunday to register and vote.

President Hyde was one of the judges at the Bates-Colby oratorical contest.

The Junior Class has finished the laboratory work in Chemistry for the year.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, all required a rainy-day garb, and plenty of it.

Minot, '96, spent last Saturday in Augusta in the interests of our new athletic track.

Kerosene and the flickering candle have to do duty for the studiously inclined just now.

Bowdoin's experiments with the X-rays have received some flattering newspaper notices.

Dole, '97, has rejoined his class, fresh from a very successful term of school in Windham.

Town-meeting, because of the storm and the freshet, has been postponed till next Monday.

"Among the Breakers," given by the High School in Town Hall, was well attended by students.

Professor Houghton has but lately resumed his classes, after a rather severe siege of malaria.

The campus was looked over last Friday by a crowd of Farmington Normal School students.

The "Two Johns" was staged in Town Hall two weeks ago, and gave an enjoyable entertainment.

The gym has been supplied with a piano, and it is about time to commence those stag dances again.

Sewall, '97, made a trip to his home in Wiscasset, lately, to collect specimens for the Junior division in Biology.

It was a jolly crowd that went down to Bath, Friday, the 21st, to give and to see the "Frogs of Windham."

A popular member of the Senior Class is receiving congratulations on his lately announced engagement.

The Sophomore and Junior German divisions have missed several recitations on account of Prof. Files's illness.

Because of the indisposition of Professor Files, the Senior German division met at his home a week ago Wednesday.

The usual exodus of men to register and to vote took place last week and this.

During the absence of the regular bell-ringer, Condon, '97, has been officiating at the lower end of the bell rope.

The Junior German plays are making rapid progress, and will surely prove a pleasant surprise when performed.

The Senior chemists have commenced quantitative analysis, and are spending a good deal of time in the laboratory.

Gilpatrick, '96, has been at home for a week or more, detained by the death of his mother after a rather brief illness.

The bicycle agents down town have had their '96 models in stock for some time and are offering some good machines.

The Freeport Clover Club, an organization of young and pretty ladies, attended in a body the "Frogs of Windham."

L. C. Smith, '98, who has been at home for several weeks, has returned to his studies with health almost entirely restored.

Four of the students snow-shoed to Bath a recent Saturday, returning on the train, and claim to have made good time.

The Faculty boat-houses met the fate of various other buildings along the bank of the river, and have moved down stream.

Sturgis, '99, has the Bowdoin agency for the pocket Kodak, and all photographic supplies required by the amateur.

Professor Moody entertained the members of his Senior mathematical class at his home, Thursday evening, the 20th of February.

Laycock, '98, repairs watches, clocks, jewelry, etc., in the manner of a first-class workman. He deserves the patronage of all students.

The third of the Junior assemblies was given last Thursday evening in the Town Hall, and was enjoyed by a numerous number of dancers.

Bowdoin boys are taking prominent parts in the "Chimes of Normandy," now in rehearsal in Bath, and to be given March 6th in Columbia Theatre.

Marked copies of the last ORIENT, containing the article on the coming athletic field, have been sent around to the alumni during the last week.

Three pictures, by Mr. Currier, who is to have classes in painting and drawing, are now in position in the Art Building, and are attracting favorable attention.

The church on the hill is to have new stained glass windows in the eight main windows. A design for them has been displayed in Furbish's for a week or more.

A painting in the Art Building that is attracting considerable favorable attention is one by William Morris Hunt, "Girl and Kid," that has been loaned by Mrs. Levi C. Wade.

A subscription paper for a family of Armenians living in the section of Turkey where all the trouble has been, has been circulated upon the campus, and has met with a hearty response.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs appeared at Warren, Wednesday evening, the 19th of February, and at Cumberland a week later. At both places the programme given was well received.

President Harper of Chicago University was on our campus last week, and was shown over Bowdoin's two new buildings. He declared the Science Building up-to-date in every respect.

The Senior and Junior Greek division have commenced the study of Greek composition. The division is larger than usual, having eight members, when last year there were only three.

Bailey and Minot, '96, Gardiner, Hutchins, and Stetson, '98, and Marston, '99, were in Waterville a week ago Tuesday evening, attending the annual reception of the Colby Chapter of  $\Delta K E$ .

The Glee Club sings in Augusta to-morrow evening, and has announced to appear in Brunswick March the 18th, all of which is good news, as is also the report that the club is making money.

Furbish has in his window a design for memorial windows for the Congregational Church, to be placed, as is now planned by the church, in the eight windows in the main body of the church.

Professor Robinson has received a long petition from the medical students, asking him to lecture upon the recent discoveries concerning the X-rays, especially with reference to its value as a helper in surgery.

The Lewiston High School drama will be repeated at Brunswick in two weeks. The town has been billed for the drama and several new features have been introduced into the play.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Thompson, '97, and Haskell, '96, have been at Newport, R. I., taking the examinations for West Point, having won first and second places in the competitive examination, from the Second Maine District last spring.

The Longfellow Birthday Supper in the Congregational Church, Thursday evening, February 27th, was a long-to-be-remembered affair, and a fitting celebration of the day—of such peculiar interest to the friends of Bowdoin.

Professor Lee has lately received from Oliver Crockett Stevens a genuine Egyptian mummy. It is not the remains of an ancient ruler of the East, but of a large hawk. It is, however, embalmed in the real Egyptian manner.

A numerous party of Bowdoin men were in Boston last week—going the round of the theatres—and breaking the monotony of the winter term. Bailey, '96, Gardiner, '98, Briggs, Marston, and Veazie, '99, were among the number.

March the 12th, Prof. Little goes to Augusta to attend a meeting of the State Librarians, of which association he is vice-president. The Professor is down on the programme to discuss the "Organization and Management of Public Libraries."

As was the case last year, the Chess Tournament is a long and weary affair. Gardiner, '98, has won first place, but the play for second honor is still under way. It is now expected that the club will play the Colby club in Waterville at an early date.

At the United Church, New Haven, Conn., two weeks ago Sunday, President Hyde of Bowdoin delivered an address on "National Ideals of Beligierency versus Arbitration." His address was an argument in favor of an international tribunal of arbitration, and made a very deep impression.

In Trinity Church, Boston, a week ago last Sunday night, President Eliot of Harvard, and President Hyde of Bowdoin, gave addresses on the education of the negro in the South. The meeting was in the interest of Atlanta University, and President Hyde laid special stress on the preparation of colored teachers.

The second themes of the term have the following subjects:

The Presidential Outlook.

Needed Reform in the Financial Management of Our College Athletics.

The New Poet Laureate of England.

The story of "As You Like It."

Write a story with a plot drawn from one of Æsop's Fables.

These subjects are for Sophomores and those Juniors who do not take Political Economy.

Rehearsals of an opera to be given some time in the latter part of March have been commenced, and have been entered into with a zest that argues well for its presentation. The proceeds are to go toward the expenses of Bowdoin's athletics, and Bowdoin's students should give this new venture their heartiest support.

The repetition of the "Frogs of Windham" was a very enjoyable affair, and despite the change in cast and brief season for rehearsal was presented in even better form than last year. Mrs. Professor Lee is to be congratulated on the success of her plans and the pecuniary results of her labors. Mr. Ordway and Mr. Willard were especially attractive in their roles. Miss Gaban and Mrs. Hall received a good deal of applause.

Following is the full schedule for the base-ball season. May 27th is the only open date, and it is probable that Tufts will play here that day. There are two or three corrections in the schedule as given in the last issue.

April 23—Portland at Portland.

April 24—Lewiston at Brunswick.

April 29—Andover at Andover.

April 30—Tufts at Medford.

May 2—Colby at Brunswick.

May 5 and 6—Dartmouth at Hanover.

May 9—Boston College at Brunswick.

May 13—Colby at Waterville.

May 16—M. S. C. at Orono.

May 20—Exeter at Brunswick.

May 23—Bates at Brunswick.

May 30—Exeter at Exeter.

June 3—Bates at Lewiston.

June 6—M. S. C. at Brunswick.

June 9—Worcester P. I. at Brunswick.

The base-ball management has secured the services of F. E. Steere as coach. Mr. Steere is the famous Brown player who has since been on the New Bedford league team. He will begin work here April 1st, so as to work with the boys after they get out on the delta.

The Juniors have elected the following class officers: President, G. S. Bean of Saco; Vice-Presidents, Hugh McCallum of Pawtucket, R. I., and C. H. Holmes, Brewer; Secretary and Treasurer, Chase Pulsifer of Auburn; Marshal, F. A. Stearns of Norway; Orator, A. S. Harriman of Brunswick; Poet, H. M. Varrell of Wells; Chaplain, F. K. Ellsworth of Brockton, Mass.; Odist, J. W. Hewett of South Berwick; Curator, S. L. Merriman of Harpswell; Committee of Arrangements, G. M. Brett of Auburn, J. S. Stetson of Brunswick, F. D. Booker of Brunswick. In addition to these Ivy-Day officers, Horne of Berlin, N. H., was elected

captain of the class track team, and Dunnack of Dixmont, squad leader.

This is the season for class elections. The Seniors elected the following officers: President, J. H. Libby of Fort Fairfield; Vice-President, Philip Dana of Westbrook; Secretary and Treasurer, E. H. Lyford of Farmington; Orator, C. W. Marston of Hallowell; Poet, H. H. Pierce of Portland; Chaplain, C. G. Fogg of Bangor; Opening Address, W. W. Fogg of Bridgton; Historian, H. O. Clough, Kennebunkport; Prophet, R. M. Andrews of Gray; Statistician, W. S. Bass of Wilton; Closing Address, G. T. Ordway of Boston; Toastmaster, Chase Eastman of Portland; Marshal, C. T. Stone of Bridgton; Odist, J. C. Minot of Belgrade; Committee of Arrangements, Mortimer Warren of Westbrook, F. C. Peaks of Dover, F. B. Smith of Brunswick; Committee on Pictures, R. W. Crozman of Medway, Mass.; T. D. Bailey of Bangor; J. E. Burbank of West Freeman.

The heavy rain storm of last Saturday, Sunday, and Mouday, resulted in the most disastrous freshet ever known in Maine. The floods of water rolled down the river valleys, taking ice, logs, bridges, and buildings, and doing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of damage. Railroad communication was stopped, and people had a chance to find what is meant by isolation from the outside world. No mail for several days, and no papers except the *Lewiston Journal*, whose hustling management sent teams to Brunswick with their edition. Monday was town-meeting day, but the election was postponed. Most of the students and many of the Faculty spent a large part of the day near the river watching the terrible but magnificent spectacle. Three workmen fell into the seething waters near the Cabot Mills, and never re-appeared at the surface. Many bridges around Brunswick and Topsham were lost, including those leading to the electric light station. The water was the highest and wildest ever known here, and the air was full of all kinds of rumors. It was several times reported that the railroad bridge and boat-house were gone, but this proved untrue. The damage to the electric light station deprived Brunswick of electric light for an unknown period. Students who went home the previous Saturday were forced to take a vacation of several days. There were numerous adjourns Monday. On account of the delay caused in transportation of copy and proof the *ORIENT* is a little late, but it feels sure its readers appreciate the situation and will blame only the elements.

The following circular has been issued by Prof. Johnson, announcing a practical use of our magnificent art building:

**BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—WALKER ART BUILDING.**

*School of Drawing and Painting under the instruction of Mr. Alger V. Currier, pupil of Boulangier, Lefebvre, Benj. Constant, and Carolus Duran.*

To increase the usefulness of the extensive and varied art collections of Bowdoin College, and to take advantage of the complete equipment of the Walker Art Building for the purpose of propagating the principles of sound art, a School of Instruction in Drawing and Painting will be opened at the Walker Art Building on Monday, March 2, 1896, to continue till June 1st. Classes will be formed in drawing from the east and in drawing and painting from life and still-life.

Mr. Currier will give instruction every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, besides holding himself gladly in readiness to direct and advise as to the individual pupil's work at other times. The school-rooms and Sculpture Hall will be open to pupils for work daily from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. The galleries will be open for study and work daily from 10.30 A.M. to 12.30 P.M., and from 1.15 to 3 P.M.

The terms, inclusive of all privileges of the School, are ten dollars per month, payable in advance.

Arrangements for reduced rates to pupils on the Maine Central Railroad can be made on application to F. E. Boothby, Esq., General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Portland, or through the School.

Any further information desired will be gladly given on application personally or by letter to Henry Johnson, Curator, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

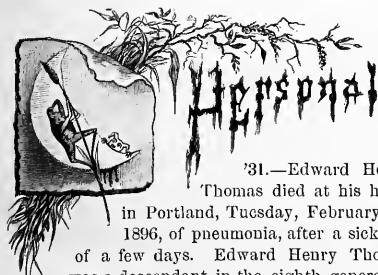
In accordance with a request sent out by prominent gentlemen in New York and Philadelphia the Faculty and students adopted at chapel, Saturday, February 16th, the following resolutions: Such meetings had been planned for all over the country on this Washington's birthday, and the result is great numbers of signatures to a petition that should demand the earnest attention of our Congress and people. At our meeting Prof. Houghton read the resolutions and the question was put by Prof. Chapman and was passed unanimously.

*Whereas*, The great body of thoughtful and responsible people in the United States and Great Britain have recently declared that a war for whatever cause between these two leading nations, that are so closely bound together by common interests, sympathies, and traditions, would be a crime against civilization, and

*Whereas*, A strong movement has been started in both countries to make war between them impossible, and to establish arbitration as the method of deciding disputes, be it therefore



*Resolved,* That we, the Faculty and students of Bowdoin College, now assembled to commemorate the birth of Washington, desiring to co-operate with those who are celebrating this occasion by an attempt to further the highest good of the two nations and of all mankind, respectfully request our national government and the government of Great Britain to take all needful measures for the establishment, by formal treaty, of a permanent court or board of arbitration, which shall determine such disputes between the two nations as cannot be settled in the ordinary course of diplomacy.



'31.—Edward Henry

Thomas died at his home in Portland, Tuesday, February 25, 1896, of pneumonia, after a sickness of a few days. Edward Henry Thomas was a descendant in the eighth generation from George Cleves, the first settler of Portland. He was born in Portland, January 1, 1813, and fitted for college under the well-remembered Deacon Joseph Libby. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1831, the subject of his commencement part being "The Bible," a paper showing an elevated literary taste and marked ability. He studied law with Hon. Stephen Longfellow, the father of America's great poet, Henry W. Longfellow, and was admitted to practice at the Cumberland Bar. He opened an office in Portland, where, as he writes with characteristic humor, he "had but one case for some time and that was his book-case." He removed to Harrison, where he hoped for "cases" not so wooden, and was not disappointed; where, as he stated, he "played the flute in the singing seats on Sunday, at times putting in considerable execution in the psalmody," as his college friends, recalling his peculiar taste and skill, will readily suppose. Not entirely satisfied with his prospects, he not long after returned to Portland, speculated in wild lands, but "found that such speculations were more serious in their consequences than metaphysical speculations." He set out for the Great West with a friend, Judge Francis Springer, in 1838, settled in Wapello, Ia., where, in company with Judge Springer, he

entered upon a successful practice of the law. In 1854 he was appointed district attorney for the Middle Judicial District of Iowa, containing eight counties, and served in the office for two years, and, as he writes, "sending few convicts to the penitentiary and not getting all my pay for several years after." He later made a trip to Europe and then returned to Iowa, where he engaged in the banking business at Burlington. In 1855 he married, "following in the line of safe precedents," he declares, Miss Charlotte A. Dubois, a lady of an old French family in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. By her he had two sons, Edward H. Thomas, Jr., who died in infancy, and Charles W. Thomas, the playwright, so successfully associated with Mr. Charles Hoyt under the firm name of Hoyt & Thomas. Charles W. Thomas's untimely death, a little more than two years ago, at the early age of thirty-three, is doubtless still fresh in the minds of many of our readers. Mr. Thomas has been blind for the past quarter of a century, and in addition to this he was almost deprived of his hearing. In spite of his deprivations, he was one of the most delightful of men and an accomplished musician. His death is mourned by many acquaintances and friends everywhere. He has resided in Portland since 1861, the year in which his wife died in Burlington.

Med. '33.—Dr. Gardner Ludwig of Portland died February 9th. A few days before Dr. Ludwig's death he and his wife celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Ludwig died a few days before her husband. Mr. Ludwig was born the 20th of June, 1812, at Waldoboro, and has been a most successful physician in Rockland and Portland.

'41.—Rev. Benjamin Franklin Parsons died Monday, February 3d, at Derry, N. H., after a lingering illness. Mr. Parsons was born in Wiscasset, Me., June 21, 1820, the son of a prosperous shipping merchant, Capt. Jotham Parsons. In 1837 he entered Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1841. Soon after leaving the Bangor Theological Seminary he became a home missionary in what was then the frontier, Wisconsin and Illinois. In 1846 Mr. Parsons married Sarah Jane Erskine of Wiscasset, who died in 1851, leaving two daughters. In 1848 he came East and became pastor of the First Congregational Church of Dover. Resigning in 1853, he helped organize the Belknap Church and became its pastor in 1856. In 1853 he married Miss Mary A. Nesmith of Derry. From Dover he accepted a call to the Pearl Street Church in Nashua. In a few years he gave up the position of

a resident pastor, as the family moved to the Nesmith homestead in Derry, in order that Mrs. Parsons could care for her father during his declining years, as well as to educate his children, nine of whom are graduates of Pinkerton Academy. Here the family has continued to reside. Afterwards Mr. Parsons served as acting pastor of the Springfield Street Church, Boston, and of the Congregational Church in Webster, Mass. He has since filled, with great acceptance, the pulpits in the neighboring towns of Londonderry and Windham. During the last of his preaching his eyesight was much impaired and from memory he repeated the scriptures, hymns, and delivered the sermon. He has been an active member of the Board of Trustees of Pinkerton Academy for thirty years and secretary of the board most of the time. He was a man of remarkable courage and fortitude, never complaining of his loss of sight and hearing. During the last months of his life the increasing helplessness, of which he never spoke, forced itself upon the observation of his family.

'56.—The following "In Memoriam" was sent by the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York for publication in the BOWDOIN ORIENT:

[REDACTED]

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Moses Mason Robinson was born in Bethel, Oxford County, Maine, on the 14th day of April, 1835. A few years after, his father removed his family to the beautiful village of Waterford, in the same county, and here his happy boyhood was spent.

At Bridgton Academy young Robinson prepared for Bowdoin College, which he entered in 1852 and from which he was graduated at the head of his class in 1856. He also delivered the Latin valedictory for Master's Degree in 1859. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

For a short time after graduation he taught the North Anson Academy, but having decided to follow the law as his profession, he went to Portland, entered the office of Elbridge Gerry, a prominent lawyer of that city, and in 1858 was admitted to the Portland bar. Shortly after, the law firm of Gerry & Robinson was formed, and this association continued till the war broke out. At the first call for volunteers Mason Robinson enlisted, received his commission as Captain of Company G, Twelfth Maine Volunteers, and in the autumn of 1861 found himself at New Orleans, in or near which his three

years of service were passed. Less fighting fell to his lot than his ardent nature desired, yet Company G at the capture of Port Hudson had the post of honor, Captain Robinson leading his company as a forlorn hope. After receiving honorable discharge, a year of needed rest was taken. In September, 1865, Mr. Robinson came to New York and resumed the practice of law, opening an office at 52 Wall Street. For thirty years he worked diligently at his profession in this city.

In 1877 he married Susan Edwards Booth of Bolton Spa, New York. The death of a son in infancy led them to choose the country as a place of residence. They went to Riverdale on the Hudson, where Mr. Robinson established a lovely home upon which he spent untiring labor and to which he became greatly attached. Here many happy years were passed; here his two daughters were born, and here he died on the third of September last.

Mr. Robinson possessed the very soul of honor. He never undertook a case which he did not consider just; so straight, his clients said, that he bent backwards; but they all trusted him and came to him not only for legal advice but also for counsel and sympathy in their personal joys and sorrows.

Too modest for his own advancement; quiet and simple in his tastes; unassuming and retiring in manners; he passed with unerring footsteps through the noise and strife of this life

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

*Resolved*, That in the death of Moses Mason Robinson, the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York has lost a true and worthy member, whose honest, earnest, manly life shed luster on its name and remains a noble example for us all.

*Resolved*, That we deeply deplore his death and extend our warmest and most profound sympathy to the members of his afflicted family.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this Memorial and Resolutions be sent to his family, and published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

[REDACTED]

Med., '61.—Dr. Benjamin Bussey, who died at Houlton recently, was born in Newburg, September, 1833. His medical education was obtained at Bowdoin and Harvard. He first located in Kennebec County, but soon after went to Aroostook. In the fall of 1864 he went into the Nineteenth Maine Regiment as assistant surgeon, and served till the end of the war. Returning to Aroostook he resumed the practice of medicine and continued it

till near the close of his life. As a physician and surgeon Dr. Bussey had an excellent reputation. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

'64.—Judge Foster, of the Supreme Court, was tendered a complimentary banquet by the citizens of Norway, February 18th, and the occasion was a brilliant and enjoyable one. Over seventy-five leading citizens and members of the bar were present. The toast-master was S. S. Stearns, '79.

'69.—The serial, "In the Clutch of the Tsar," by C. A. Stephens, has been attracting much attention in the *Youth's Companion*. Mr. Stephens is on the regular editorial staff of this popular paper.

'72.—H. M. Heath was one of the leading speakers at the recent Lincoln Club banquet in Portland, where half a thousand of Maine's leading Republicans met to boom the candidacy of Reed for the Presidency.

'81.—Professor Albion Dwight Gray, mathematical master in the William Penn Charter School, died of typhoid pneumonia, at his residence, No. 4,310 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Sunday morning, February 23d, at eight o'clock. Since Saturday, a week before, Mr. Gray had been ill with the grippe, but not until Thursday was his condition thought to be dangerous. At that time, however, typhoid pneumonia developed and the patient grew steadily worse until the end came painlessly Sunday morning. Albion Dwight Gray was born in Foxcroft, Me., January 19, 1861, and was educated at Bates College, where he passed three years, and at Bowdoin College, where he spent his Senior year, graduating with honors in the Class of '81. At Bowdoin he made a name for genius, wit, and analytic power. Even during Mr. Gray's undergraduate course reports came from Bowdoin College of his fine, scholarly enthusiasm, brilliant ability, striking originality, and high promise. Immediately after graduation Mr. Gray began his life work, teaching, and was engaged successively as instructor in the High Schools of Bath, Me., of Woonsocket, R. I., and of Springfield, Mass. In 1884 Mr. Gray was married to Miss Hannah Lane of East Sanguerville, Me., who survives. From the position of Science Master in the Springfield High School he was called in 1888 to be Mathematical Master in the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. "During ten years," says one of his colleagues in the Penn Charter, "his heart has been every moment in his work. His devotion to his profession, his solicitude for the welfare of his pupils, his deep anxiety in all that concerned the school, and his constant readiness to make any sac-

rifice of time or labor in its behalf, was daily manifested in all his words and deeds. Mr. Gray was a most uncommon teacher. His personality was powerful; his manner alert, courteous, and wonderfully sympathetic; his statements were accurate and definite; his demonstrations in the class-room compact and forcible; his illustration of a principle unsurpassed in fitness; his wit and humor were ever-waiting handmaids to his reasoning, but were always subordinated to the purpose in view. He belonged distinctly to the new school of educators. He seemed to have an infinite sympathy with boys. He was of them; he was one of them; he was with them always—on the athletic field or in the recitation room. A former pupil, when asked the secret of Mr. Gray's wonderful success, said: "Why, he was himself a boy." "The greatest distinction that the Penn Charter School can claim," said the Head Master, Richard M. Jones, "is that it was able to attract and hold a man like Gray. He was one of the loveliest of men. His heart, his mind, his soul was in his work, and the pupils felt impressively his power. He had no time for discipline. We respected and admired him as a teacher and loved and honored him as a man. His brave, frank, honorable character readily won the hearts of us all. He was the greatest, the best, the most sympathetic teacher of boys I have ever known, and placed in any company of professional men he would at once have taken the highest rank. The boys always spoke of him fondly as 'Gray,' but the style of address carried with it not the slightest familiarity, only the warmest and most devoted affection." Mr. Gray believed that the duty of secondary education is not to make men of boys, but to conserve the boy into the man. And so he was always instructed, always interested, always entertained his pupils and never fatigued or wearied them. His wit was as inexhaustible as it was exquisite; his humor overflowing and sparkling; but he husbanded these resources of speech with admirable skill. "His temper was admirable, calm, well balanced, serene. He was never confused, rarely impatient, seldom nervous, and never weak. He was merciful in the extreme; suffering touched him to the quick. He was compassion itself to distress; as gentle as a gentle woman to the young, the weak, the feeble. To all men he was charitable—charitable to human frailty in every shape, and form, and phase. He saw 'good in everything.' To his family and friends he was all tenderness and indulgence; his great heart always beat with sympathy, with the highest chivalry toward women. We who knew

him, both teachers and pupils, loved him, respected him, and honored him; and the thought is strong within us that one has been lost whose ability and character were a mighty force in the world's enrichment. Mr. Gray was a member of the Eta Charge of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity.

'95.—Doherty, who has been studying law in Houlton, has entered the office of Williamson & Burleigh ('88 and '91), in Augusta.

'95.—The treatment of the temperance and prohibition questions by Rev. J. L. Quimby has made considerable of a sensation in Gardiner.

## College World.

"CHEEKY."

Full many a moon I wooed her,  
But lacked the nerve to speak.  
I could but sit with soulful gaze  
Fixed on her blooming cheek.

Last night I made the venture and,  
Resolved my fate to seek,  
I pressed the question with a kiss  
Upon her blooming cheek.

Then lurid anger lit her eyes,  
She gave a little shriek,  
And cried, "Well sir, I must aver  
I like *your* blooming cheek.

—Lafayette.

Through the efforts of Congressman F. H. Gillett, '74, Amherst is soon to enjoy the benefits of a free delivery system.

The Dartmouth gymnasium has recently been quite extensively improved. A new bath system and other equipments have been added, and class work on a larger scale than heretofore is now attempted.

Seven Brown Juniors were suspended February 12th until next September, for handing in articles in Rhetoric which were not their own composition.

Trainer Murphy of Yale has been offered big inducements to train the University of Pennsylvania teams.

A Professor of Systematic Divinity being unable to hear his class, the following notice was given: "The Professor, being ill, requests me to say the Seniors can keep on through Purgatory, and the middle class continue the Descent into Hell, until further notice from the Professor."—*Ex.*

England has unty-four universities, and America three hundred, yet there are 2,728 more professors in the former than in the latter.

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 18, 1896.

No. 16.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.

Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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Before another number of the ORIENT appears, the Board of Editors will elect six new members in place of those whose terms expire at the close of this term. The new members will be selected from those students who have contributed to the ORIENT during the past year. Contributions, to be counted, must be handed in before the end of this week.

LET us all unite in making the Athletic Exhibition next week an unqualified success. The change in its character makes the chances for failure greater than usual, and upon the number of entries and the energy shown in preparation depend everything. The management cannot make the indoor meet a success without the hearty co-operation of every indoor athlete in college. The class squads in the drills are showing their usual commendable zeal, but in other lines there is need of more hard work. The athletic exhibition of the future will be in the form of an indoor meet, and Bowdoin's first attempt in this line must be made a credit to the athletic ability of the college.

PUBLIC debates seem to have gone entirely out of fashion at Bowdoin. The ORIENT regrets this, and wishes that our college would take its place among those which are reviving

this form of education. In earlier days public oratorical contests and debates played a much more important part in college life than now. In the West, intercollegiate contests of this nature have held their popularity well, and of late the Eastern colleges are again showing interest in them. Two of our sister Maine colleges have this year entered a debating league, and their recent debate on a great public question before 1,500 people was a credit and benefit to both colleges. Last week the papers were full of Harvard's victory in debate over Princeton, and it was well said that Harvard's unbroken line of victories in intercollegiate debates wipes out the stain of her athletic defeats. The fact that Bowdoin numbers among its graduates so many famous orators and Congressional debaters is one in which we take just pride; but will this record hold as good among our future graduates? The days of Peucinia and Athena are no more, and however numerous and great the virtues possessed by their successors, we lack the element of public oratorical and debating contests, which do so much to prepare college men for the sterner contests of life. To be sure we have Freshman training in declamation, and prize contests for Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, but only with the Seniors are original parts required, and the speakers are of necessity the six best writers of the class. True orators cannot be made to order; eloquence is in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion, but ease in public speaking and skill in debate are necessary in almost every vocation and can be acquired by almost every college man. It is possible for a student to pass four years in our college and never face an audience until perhaps he finds himself, thanks to his ability as a writer, upon the commencement stage. Bowdoin ought to have Sophomore and Junior prize debates, a series of class debates, and annual debating contests with some other college or colleges. The college

ought to have class debating clubs or a college debating society, working with energy and enthusiasm on the questions of the day, supplementing the work done by existing organizations, and giving all an opportunity. Here is a chance to make the work of Bowdoin stronger and broader, and the ORIENT earnestly hopes that active steps along this line may be taken soon by Faculty or students, or better still, by both working together.

THE ORIENT would like to know:

What would be the result if we worked as hard through all the year as we shall for the next two weeks;

Why we cannot truly appreciate the happy, unconventional, Bohemian life we lead in the old dormitories until we have to leave it forever;

If it is true that another fraternity is to establish a chapter at Bowdoin;

If the crop of "plucked" medics will be as large as it now promises;

Any good reason why all our subscribers should not pay their subscriptions at once, now that the close of the volume is at hand;

If the advent of spring is to receive its accustomed celebration;

If the horizon of our prospects in all branches of spring sports is not unusually free from clouds;

If the college is not justly proud of its Glee and Banjo Club;

Why Bowdoin should not declare itself unanimously for Thomas B. Reed for President;

Why the oration and prophecy have been dropped from among the Freshman banquet parts, and the far less interesting and less appropriate opening and closing addresses retained;

If there was ever a term before when so many students disappeared from the campus toward home or elsewhere for Saturday and Sunday;

If 7.50 A.M. instead of 8.20 as the hour for chapel would not meet with popular approval next term;

If any mortal has been more envied the past week or two than the young man possessing a best girl, a horse, and a sleigh;

Why it is that certain Freshmen are not anxious for the warm days of spring to arrive;

If the average for January and February of 30 books per day taken from the library is as large as it ought to be in a college the size of Bowdoin;

If the campus is to be under the despotical control (?) of police on the night of this year's Athletic Exhibition;

And many other things, part of which will be mentioned later.

### Francis W. Upham, LL.D.

MEMORIAL READ BY GEN. CHAMBERLAIN BEFORE THE  
BOWDOIN ALUMNI OF NEW YORK.

THE roll of our losses bears this year the name of Francis W. Upham, Class of 1837, who left his place vacant among us on the 17th of October last. He was born of a distinguished New Hampshire family, whose proud claim it was that it furnished more officers for the Army of the Revolution than any other family in the country. It seems well to have held its prestige in his own day and generation. His father, like himself, of remarkable mould physically as mentally, was a striking figure in the national House of Representatives during three terms of Congress. His six brothers, of whom the eldest was our own eminent Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy (a department which he himself afterwards successfully conducted at Rutgers College), were all of them men of mark in their respective professions or occupations, whether of law, divinity, literature, medicine, or commercial enterprise. His sisters also married into families of equal social standing. Our

brother, in endowments, in character, in achievement, held no inferior place.

Although from constitution, choice, or force of circumstance not borne on the tides of popular applause, he was honored among competent judges as an original thinker, a profound scholar within his chosen specialties, and a forcible and eloquent writer.

In manners Dr. Upham was genial, frank, and manly. As to traits of temperament and mental constitution, we who came to know him in his later life, when his powers were matured and his habit of thought settled, should probably remark as his chief characteristic that of a deeply religious nature; his intellectual bent as of the subjective, reflective, introspective order, more prone to deductive than to inductive methods; his vision intensive rather than comprehensive; in short, his mental quality and habit that of the able advocate rather than of the judicial mind.

In that adjustment of the emotional nature which we call the disposition, he was by habit gentle, receptive, trusting; hospitable in his home; warm-hearted to friends; honorable to all. But "the courage of his convictions" he certainly had, nor was it slow to take the aggressive. Let a cherished article of his faith, or love, or opinion be assailed, or rudely questioned, or even slighted, and you get at once the key to Butler's "Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion with the Constitution and Course of Nature;" and see how it is that the ocean named from its face the Pacific, masks the thousand hearts of the volcano. There was a slumbering flame in his blood, which by an easy metempsychosis, might have fired the tongue of John Knox, or flushed the veins of one of Cromwell's Ironsides, or the heart of John Brown of Ossawatimie.

It is interesting to note how the inborn religious texture and temper of the man asserted itself in determining his line of

work in life in spite of the determinations of circumstance. Entering college at the early age of fourteen, almost the first thing we hear of him is his declaration to a friend that he had made up his mind to "consecrate his life to the service of the Lord." We might naturally have looked for him next in a theological seminary. But we find him a student of law, and in due time entering the practice of it under auspices which testify to his high standing; well started on a career in which his critical insight and polemic impulse had promise of ample and congenial exercise. But the "ruling passion" fired quick at a native spark. No sooner did he see Professor Taylor Lewis, that rare and gifted spirit, standing alone and almost paralyzed beneath the bitter attacks of the "orthodox" critics on his since famous book, "The Six Days of the Creation," than the young lawyer leaped into the strange arena. Uninvited and unknown, he took up the gauntlet against them all; modestly, or possibly trusting more to his sword than his shield, veiling the armorial bearings of rank and name. The publisher was equally modest as to putting either his name or his funds into so unpopular an enterprise; but the bold book, "The Debate Between the Church and Science," was published, nevertheless, and the cost of it rested wholly on the unknown author. The book attracted much attention, both at home and abroad, not only because of the remarkable manner of its appearance, but also for its noble spirit, stirring eloquence, and striking passages of original thought. When his name became known, he was welcomed to the friendship of many eminent men.

With this encouragement, and having now got upon his true bearings, he entered upon that series of notable works in defence of the "Bible as the Word of God," which won for him so marked and peculiar a place in the field of criticism and world of letters.

He spent eight years in preparing his work on "The Wise Men" of the East, in which he handled with bold originality the historic and geographical difficulties of the second chapter of Matthew, which had so baffled commentators that some were proposing to throw this chapter out of the gospel canon as a "strange mixture of astrology and fable."

His line of investigation led him into earnest study of the Hebrew, Chaldean, and Persian religions, whereby he gained such familiarity with the ancient eastern manner of thought that it has been said of him by a very competent judge that he had a comprehension of the oriental mind rarely attained by modern scholars.

The first fruits of this study appear in his book entitled "The Star of Our Lord," in which with masterly hand he deals with the astronomical difficulties attending that wonderful story. His high argument mounts to the supreme conception that Christ is King of all the Worlds, both of space and of time. No loftier theme could be essayed, and his poetic imagination did not fail to traverse the splendid spaces of beauty and sublimity which it opened.

In due time he gives us his well matured "Thoughts on the Holy Gospels." Here he follows no beaten path, but completely flanks the position of many late critics based upon the seemingly fragmentary and legendary character of the gospels, by showing, from internal and circumstantial evidence, that these sacred accounts were not intended to be complete, consistent, historic narrative, but rather to set forth such deeds and teachings of Christ as men need to know in order to receive him as the Divine Saviour and Lord. He shows also that each has its own clear motive and design, and its corresponding unity and structure.

In his last written work, "St. Matthew's Witness to the Words and Works of the



Lord," holding to his demonstration that this was the earliest written of the gospels, with its own dominating thought and purpose, he traces its profound lessons not merely for the spiritual life but for the social life as well, and with a beautiful commentary on the "Beatitudes," he follows with the application of these searching spiritual doctrines to the vital questions of human concernment.

In his earlier studies he had pondered deeply on the announcements in the first few verses of Genesis as to the origin of the world, and had formulated his ideas in a characteristic sketch entitled "The Mosaic Cosmogony." In his declining days this thought of his youth returned upon him. He gave his last strength to a somewhat clearer tracing of its lines, and the sketch was published under the title, "The First Words from God." The thought in this is grand, and its sweep is winged with power. Had his intense devotion to a somewhat scholastic sphere and style of study permitted him to keep more nearly abreast with the wonderful advance of the last thirty years in the physical sciences, particularly through the revelations of the spectroscopy and researches in molecular physics, we can well see with what cogency he would have pressed his great argument upon the attention of modern scholars.

Dr. Upham was a man of original powers, worthy to be called genius. His ability and scholarship have been recognized by the highest honorary university degrees. In his works he has left a legacy of noble conception, sublime testimony, and skillful argumentation. Yet in a certain measure these failed of due effect. It required a peculiar type of mind to follow his course of reasoning, now keen and subtle, now abstruse and metaphysical. Nor was his style well adapted to meet the popular demand for things made easy. So, while his writings in one line or another have something for all, there were

probably but few who could enter fully into his complete thought.

We can easily understand how it may come to be that when opinions are strongly held, especially when their development has cost much toil and one is sensitively conscious of their value to him, he should feel that their acceptance by all should be yielded as to authority. But surely we can enter with tender sympathy into the sorrow of a man who has labored tirelessly through long years to make more clear the grounds of faith in the revelation of an immortal life, and who sees his message falling short of the great mass of those whom he fain would reach.

Whatever trial like this our friend may have experienced, he held on his course resolutely, if not wholly joyously, and with a pathetic patience. He worked on and up, and worked out both his thought and his life. Such service cannot be at once fully measured. Such fruits are not for immediate consumption; they are seed for sowing. And his triumph will perhaps never be with personal demonstration, but it will be none the less wide-reaching and sure, as other minds, quickened by the power of his spirit and enlarged by the richness of his thought, shall be able to interpret and unfold deepest truth to countless seeking souls.

No sketch of Dr. Upham should fail to mention his lively interest in the great questions of the country's well-being which have made memorable the history of the last half-century. No one was more familiar with the courses and consequences of the great battles of our civil war, and no one had more just views of the merits of the policies and men of this eventful period.

It is fitting this occasion to add that the chosen companion who has shared these aspirations and cheered these toils, has now with gracious thoughtfulness sent to Bowdoin College some cherished volumes from

his working library, where they will be a memorial and an honor for the college he so much loved.

### Mount Ktaadn.

IT will be just fifty years ago next August that Thoreau "left Concord in Massachusetts for Bangor and the backwoods of Maine," with the purpose in mind of ascending Mount Ktaadn.

The "backwoods of Maine" are not, to-day, the backwoods of fifty years ago. All through them the devastating work of the woodsman may be seen where he has culled out those pine monarchs of the "forest primeval" that for ages were its pride. Now no pine can be found, within hauling distance of a stream, that will cut up into boards two and a half and three feet wide, such as are seen in the old wooden frame houses and old blackboards of our grandfathers. Bears, wolves, and many smaller animals, which were once plenteous, have almost disappeared or are fast disappearing, and were it not for our game laws the deer and other game would suffer the same fate. Yet, despite these violations of man upon nature, the Maine woods still remain the wildest and most expansive in New England, and Maine has not yet entirely lost the right to her title of "Pine Tree State." The region of the upper Penobscot is beautiful beyond comparison, with its many mirror lakes and green islands, with its low mountains and hills standing around, and old Ktaadn, high and solitary, towering above. Most mountains are in groups or chains, but Ktaadn stands out by itself, a great block of granite. Geologists say that the mountains of New England are among the oldest in the world. Ktaadn certainly has the appearance of great age; it is as bald as an old man's pate, nothing but a fringe of scrub trees growing about its lower and middle slopes, like the bald man's fringe of hair below his hat.

These dwarf trees are old and very dense. Thoreau tells how he walked on their tops. In places they are dense enough for this, but usually they are just dense enough to render walking through them almost impossible.

Ktaadn is the second highest mountain in New England, being exceeded in height only by Mount Washington, and having the appearance of greater height than that famous mountain, from its solitary position. The altitude is about 5,300 feet, a little more than a mile above sea level. There are three peaks, Monument Peak, North Peak, and South Peak or Pomola. Monument Peak is the highest, but Pomola is probably the most often climbed.

Ktaadn was first ascended by white men in 1804. The Indians probably never climbed it, for there is an old Indian superstition about Ktaadn, that a spirit Pomola, after whom South Peak is named, dwells there, and "Pomola is always angry with those who climb to the summit of Ktaadn." "Simple races, as savages, do not climb mountains; their tops are sacred and mysterious tracts never visited by them."

The way of approach and ascent taken by Thoreau is more picturesque and also more difficult than that now taken by those who climb the mountain. He went up the West Branch of the Penobscot, which flows almost to the base of the mountain, and then climbed up beside and in a mountain stream. Now those who climb the mountain go by rail over the Bangor & Aroostook Railway to Stacyville, the nearest town to the mountain, and from thence by team to the base. The road is exceedingly rough, and one gets many jolts before reaching the mountain. At a long distance off, numerous great dark lines may be seen on the flanks of the mountain, caused by slides of rocks, some of which are quite recent.

The snow covers the summits in early fall and remains until late in spring. The late-

ness of the melting of the snow on the mountain doubtless lessens to some extent the volume of the spring floods, for the mountain water does not begin to flow in quantity until the snow in the woods is melted and the ice has gone out of the river. In the midst of summer the summits are free from snow, but from clouds they are never free for any considerable length of time; so it is very difficult to get a view from them, and one might remain for days on the mountain top with hardly a glimpse of the world lying stretched out beneath. The mountain has aptly been called a "veritable cloud-factory." When the sky elsewhere is clear and blue, without a trace of cloud, the cold summits of Ktaadn gather the moisture from the air and condense it into cloud-caps, to cover its bald head. Those who visit the mountain usually are obliged to content themselves with the view just below the cloud line. It is this view that Thoreau describes as follows: "There it was, the State of Maine, which we had seen on the map, but not much like that,—immeasurable forest for the sun to shine on, that eastern *stuff* we hear of in Massachusetts. No clearing, no house. It did not look as if a solitary traveler had cut so much as a walking-stick there. Countless lakes,—Moosehead in the south-west, forty miles long by ten wide, like a gleaming silver platter at the end of the table; Chesuncook, eighteen long by three wide, without an island; Millinocket on the south, with its hundred islands; and a hundred others without a name; and mountains also, whose names, for the most part, are known only to the Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass sward, and the effect of these lakes in its midst has been well compared, by one who has since visited this same spot, to that of a 'mirror broken into a thousand fragments and wildly scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun.' It was a large farm for somebody, when cleared."

This description can only be adequately appreciated by one who has visited the mountain.

Very little has been written about Ktaadn. Thoreau is perhaps the only author who has ever climbed it. James Russell Lowell mentions it, but from the line describing a pine tree, where he writes

"Far up on Katahdin thou towest,"

he shows very clearly that he is a stranger to the mountain. John G. Whittier also writes of it—

"Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's sides,—  
Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Torn and ploughed by slides!  
Far below, the Indian trapping,  
In the sunshine warm;  
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping  
Half the peak in storm!"\*

Neither this short article nor even the long chapter on Ktaadn in Thoreau's "The Maine Woods" can duly set forth the grandeur of the mountain and the beauty of the surrounding scenery. In order to realize it one must brave the fury of Pomola, climb Ktaadn, and see it all for himself.

\*The reader will notice that both Lowell and Whittier spell the name K-a-t-a-h-d-i-n. The name has been spelled in five different ways at least,—Ktaadn, Katahdin, Ktabdn, Ktahdn, and Kattaadln, but only Ktaadn and Katahdin are in common use. Thoreau spells it Ktaadn, and although it is not as commonly used as Katahdin it seems preferable, because it is more in accordance with the Indian method of spelling, and Ktaadn is an Indian word signifying "highest land." A recent issue of the *Bangor Daily Commercial* discusses at length the question of the spelling of the name.

### A Day with Nature.

THE week after Commencement last June, I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation from one of my numerous aunts to spend a week with her and her daughter, who is now a Junior at college, at their cottage among the mountains about forty miles north of Mount Washington. As you can easily guess, I accepted the invitation, and the following Friday found me in the town

of Dummer, N. H., about two miles from the village, comfortably seated on the front piazza with my cousin on one side and my aunt on the other, discussing in detail the programme for the week which I was to spend with them.

The cottage was in a most picturesque little nook, for the small plateau on which it was situated was about five thousand feet above the sea-level on the south-eastern slope of the mountains, a little way up; not so far, however, but that you could easily drive up to it. For my cousin was very fond of horses and kept her team at the cottage as long as she was there. The view was grand on all quarters. Just back of the cottage the rugged old mountain rose up like an impenetrable barrier to stop all progress in that direction. To the north the whole country was completely covered with forests, broken here and there by some rocky slope, and the river as it flowed along in its winding course; while in the far distant horizon the dark green of the forest and the heavens' deep blue seemed to unite in forming a boundary to both heaven and earth. To the south, and just at our feet, was a small pond, the surface of which was as clear and smooth as glass, with trees about the shores casting dark shadows into its crystal depths, while here and there on the borders were pond-lilies in great profusion. Farther to the south were towns and villages, with now and then lone farm-houses sprinkled in as if dropped from the heavens by some chance. Away in the distance the ocean's blue seemed to mingle with the sky, and the horizon, which was as a frame for the rest of the surrounding picture, seemed to melt away and the heavens appeared boundless in this direction.

Thus the programme which we were discussing on that beautiful June day was a varied one, and with boating, fishing, mountaineering, and driving, my week was one to be long remembered. The last day was, to

my mind, the most enjoyable of all. On this particular day my cousin and I drove to an Indian village which was about twenty miles from the cottage, situated on the banks of the river, in the woods, and nearly ten miles from any of the white people. My cousin had long planned to visit the Indians to get relics and whatever else they might happen to have to sell, but had never been, on account of the numerous stories which were told about the neighborhood, that they were dangerous to visit. Living so far from their civilized brothers and being left entirely to themselves, they had become cross and unfriendly to all visitors. As I had little belief in the stories that I had heard, we decided to go, happen what might. So the morning of that last day of my visit found us starting on a long and, as it proved to be, a most enjoyable carriage drive, which was, for the most part, through the woods. We started quite early in the morning that we might drive slowly and better appreciate the beautiful scenes and peculiarities of nature, which we knew we should have the privilege of seeing. It was a typical midsummer's day and everything was full of life and song, and as we drove along the first part of our ride, which was through an open, cultivated section, the birds sang merrily and, now and then, the sharp note of a squirrel came to our ears. We crossed several small mountain streams, which went babbling and chattering on their way, seeming almost to laugh and joke as they raced so carelessly to the dark, silent river below. In the fields by the roadside were the sturdy farmers, working away with their hoes, appearing to make but little headway; yet each one stopped to speak good-naturedly to us and to remark about the weather, so social and good-natured did they all feel.

So far, all nature seemed to rejoice and be merry, but what a change we came to presently, for we entered the woods, and all was

silent and hushed as if in deep mourning. So dense was the forest that it shut out nearly all of the sunlight. The birds were silent, and a stillness of death seemed to prevail over all. In a short time we came to the river and the rest of our drive was along its banks. But even the river seemed to add to the stillness and sadness of the surrounding panorama, for it flowed along in its course as silently and unruffled as some dark and ominous fate. As we went farther into the forest the general air of everything seemed to change from a gloomy and dark picture of civilization to one of free and uncontrolled nature. For the note of the swamp robin was heard to echo and re-echo in the deep woods, and from far away in the distance came the shrill scream of an eagle as it wheeled and circled about. While here and there the river was broken by rapids, yet it flowed on in a careless, free sort of way, which made one wish that the hard spots of one's life might be passed as easily and well.

About ten o'clock, as we were jogging along, admiring all the beauties which nature had for us, we were suddenly surprised by a ringing peal of laughter, which was echoed far within the forest. This unexpected sound was soon explained, for presently we came to a small opening, and there, seated on boxes and logs, with their tents in the background, was a crew of river-drivers. They made a rather picturesque group, for they were seated round about in their many-colored frocks, talking and laughing as jolly and free as the creatures of the surrounding forest. We had gone but a short distance farther when we came to the Indian village, which was nothing more than a group of huts and hovels, situated at a bend in the river and surrounded by the vast and unbroken forest. About each hut was a small plot of tilled land, for the Indians did a little farming besides fishing and basket-making. As I had thought, the stories which we had heard were

without foundation, and instead of being cross they were very kind and friendly, bringing their baskets and things for us to see and buy, and trying in many odd ways to entertain and amuse us.

While we ate our dinner in the shade of a large maple by the bank of the river, an old man, bent and wrinkled with age, told us many beautiful legends of his tribe and stories of his younger days, when the white settlers and Indians had been mortal enemies, and had fought many terrible battles.

Having rested and seen all we cared to of the village and its queer people, we started on our long ride back to the cottage, feeling well repaid by what we had learned of the Indians and their customs; and by the keepsakes and trinkets which we had bought and they had given to us. Instead of going by the same road we had come, along the river, we took a road which led us to the higher land, and along the foot of the mountain range. This made our return very different from our ride in the forenoon. For instead of the dark, silent river we now passed swift, noisy mountain streams, and the forest was less dense. In places we could look far off over the country, and many were the beautiful landscapes which we beheld on that quiet afternoon. It was just as the sun disappeared behind the mountain, in a blaze of crimson, that we arrived at the cottage, tired but happy from our long communion with nature in her many forms and phases.

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President Cleveland has accepted the invitation to deliver a speech to the students of Princeton, at the 150th anniversary of that college.

The Faculty of Boston University has decided to allow work on the college paper to count for English in the regular course.—*Ex.*

The University of Michigan has been forbidden its usual Eastern base-ball trip in the spring, although a game with Yale has been arranged. Charges of professionalism had something to do with the Faculty's decision.—*Ex.*

## Bowdoin Verse.

### Echo and I.

I: Dear Echo, from thy mountain home  
I fain would seek and draw thee out;  
For questions which perplex me much  
Would yield at once to thee, no doubt.

*Echo:* No doubt.

I: If, weary of his lonely life,  
One longs to quaff the nuptial cup,  
Ought he to wed and settle down,  
Or single stay, and settle up?

*Echo:* Settle up.

I: Investing in a suit of clothes,  
At any difference I connive  
Between a thirty-dollar suit  
And one we get for twenty-five.

*Echo:* Five.

I: The great election's near at hand,  
And, when its outcome is decreed,  
Who'll be the nation's President?  
What name with pride will Bowdoin read?

*Echo:* Bowdoin Reed.

I: What shall we do to naughty Spain,  
Whose wrath has made her indiscreet?  
Make her apologize again?  
Or give her punishment complete?

*Echo:* Punishment complete.

### The Reportorial Blow.

Daughter dear, now how is this;  
You shocked me by the sight;  
Why did you that reporter kiss  
Who wrote the ball last night?

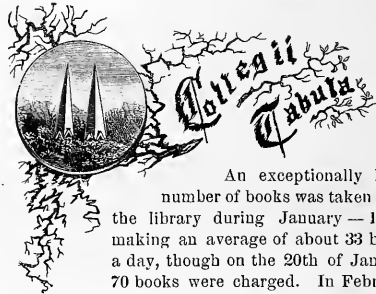
Mamma dear, my reason's this:  
You told me long ago  
To always give a smile and kiss  
When I received a blow.

### Belles and Swells.

On every morning at the beach,  
And on the evening hour as well,  
'Tis no uncommon sight to see  
A maid reclining happily  
Upon the bosom of a swell.

### If the Hammock Could Speak.

What wonderful secrets we'd know  
If the hammock could speak;  
What stories of weal and of woe,  
What wonderful secrets we'd know,  
What tender avowals breathed low  
By shy lovers so meek;  
What wonderful secrets we'd know  
If the hammock could speak.



An exceptionally large number of books was taken from the library during January — 1,014, making an average of about 33 books a day, though on the 20th of January 70 books were charged. In February the daily average was 26 books, 765 being the whole number for the month. The greatest number taken out on any one day was 60, on the 12th.

Athletic exhibition, March 25th.

One more ORIENT in this volume.

Wiley, '95, was on the campus last week.

Cramming for examinations is again in order.

Burbank has gone home for a week or more's rest.

Dissection is the order of the day at Adams Hall.

H. E. Marston has been elected leader of the '99 squad.

Simpson, '95, was at the colleges a week ago Sunday.

The Senior mathematicians have commenced on quaternions.

The ORIENT Board was photographed by Webber last week.

Professor Chapman served as moderator of the town meeting.

Minott, '91, was with college friends on the campus lately.

Sub-Freshmen have been numerous on the campus of late.

The Bugle editors hope to have the volume out early next term.

The Glee and Banjo clubs were in Yarmouth last Wednesday.

The recent freshet produced havoc within the college boat-house.

The town photographers secured some very fine views of the freshet.

The Medics have commenced laboratory work in the Senior Building.

Professor Houghton lectured on Japan at Warren last Friday evening.

That blueberry proposition in the town-meeting warrant was voted down.

Judge Emery, '61, of Ellsworth, made the college a flying visit last week.

Bryant, '95, is back from Portland after an absence of a month or more.

The lack of electric light kept the library closed evenings for a week or more.

Quimby and Doherty, '95, were down from Augusta a week ago Sunday.

Dutton, '99, returned last Saturday from a successful term of school in Anson.

The usual number of adjourns were obtained with town-meeting as an excuse.

Rev. R. G. Mann of Westbrook addressed the Y. M. C. A. last Thursday evening.

Hutchings, '98, was called home recently by the sudden illness and death of his father.

The Senior course in Taxation has been finished, the examinations being held last Wednesday.

The third year Greek division are taking a course in Greek composition, along with Herodotus.

Coggan and White, '97, took part in "The Chimes of Normandy," given in Bath two weeks ago.

The opera at Lewiston last Saturday evening offered an excuse for numerous students to visit that city.

The Seniors have entered upon the study of Sociology, with Professor Giddings' new volume as a text-book.

Chapman, '91, was in town last week. He has just accepted a position on the editorial staff of the *Youth's Companion*.

Rehearsals for the German plays are going steadily on, and they will probably be presented the last week of the term.

Having finished Royce's "Spirit of Modern

Philosophy," the Seniors are now upon Marshall's "History of Greek Philosophy."

Professor Little read a paper before the Maine Library Association at Augusta last week, and was elected Treasurer of the Association.

The third and fourth themes of the term will be due March 17th and 24th, respectively. The subjects follow:

- I. A Description of the Freshet as Seen from the Bridge.
- II. Should the United States Recognize the Belligerence of the Cuban Insurgents?
- III. Some Characteristics of the Bowdoin Student.
- IV. What Qualities are Essential to Success in Law?
- V. What Qualities are Essential to Success in Medicine?
- VI. Description of a Town-Meeting.
- VII. Write the story of "All's Well that Ends Well."

"Billee Taylor" has been given up on account of difficulty in securing the dialogue, and the opera "Mascot" will be given in its place, early next term.

Bowdoin is invited to send her bicycle riders to the meet of the Harvard Cycling Association, for college riders only, on June 3d. There will be six events.

Although the electric light station was reached very soon after the freshet, yet the college was forced to wait a rather lengthy time for the illuminating fluid.

Quite a large number of students were present at "Among the Breakers," given by High School students Friday night. Several also stayed for the dance which followed.

The class squads for the prize cup have been selected, and all four are working hard in preparation for the exhibition. The contest promises to be an unusually close one.

Playing for the second place in the chess tournament is still going on. Gardner, '98, and the winner of second place will play the Colby champions at Waterville the second week in April.

Rev. Dr. Fenu of Portland, who preached in the Congregational Church Sunday morning, the 8th of February, spoke in chapel in the afternoon, describing a visit to Constantinople, and briefly mentioning the Armenian question.

The last meeting of the Deutsche Verein was held with Fogg and Newbegin in North Appleton, and was one of the pleasantest gatherings of the term. The papers were by Bates and Pierce, with Wilhelm Hauff as the author under consideration.

A Cincinnati book-dealer has the following note,

dated 1880, from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe: "You are right as to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin;' it was not written on Walnut Hills, but in the old Titcomb house in Brunswick, Me. It took Maine air and vigor, added to Cincinnati and Kentucky experience, to perfect that work."

The Freshmen elected the following banquet officers last week: Toast-master, Philoon; Opening Address, Jennings; Historian, R. L. Marston; Poet, L. P. Libby; Closing Address, Cram; Committee on Odes, Nason, Webster, and Dana. Committee on Arrangements, Moulton, W. T. Libby, and Randall.

The Sophomores of the French division are reading LaFontaine's fables. Those of '98 who take Greek have read this term the seventh book of Thucydides, about the Sicilian expedition. They are reviewing now and making a special study of the Life of Nicias and of the Greek colonization of Sicily. This division is seven in number.

For the past two Saturdays the Maine Inter-scholastic Athletic Association has been in session here. As usual, the association succeeded in getting into a tangle, and at one time it looked like disunion. But at the second meeting the clouds rolled away and everything was harmonious. Eight schools were represented and the sessions were held in Lower Memorial. The officers elected were: President, Hewins of Angusta; Vice-President, Hildreth of Gardiner; Secretary, May of Angusta; Treasurer, Bodwell of Brunswick; Executive Committee, Merrill of Portland, Cole of Saco, and Jordan of Bangor. The disputed matter of last year's championship cup was left to a committee. The annual Field Day will be held in June, the place to be selected by the Executive Committee.

Among the books added to the library recently, many are of interest. Some of the volumes of essays and literary books are these:

Points of View. } Agnes Repplier.  
Essays in Idleness. }  
Essays and Studies. Courthope.  
Robert Louis Stevenson. Walter Raleigh.  
That Dome in Air. Cheney.  
The Age of Dryden. Richard Garnett.  
Early Victorian Literature. Frederic Harrison.  
A Literary Pilgrimage Among the Haunts of Famous  
British Authors. Theodore F. Wolfe, 2 Vols.  
Roman Literature and Roman Art. Robert Burn.  
The Proverbal Philosophy of Confucius.  
The Poems of Thomas Buchanan Reed, 3 Vols.  
Books VI. and VII. of Thucydides, by Frost.  
Roman Life in the Days of Cicero. A. J. Church.  
Brérid's Demosthenes.

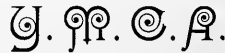
History of Greece. Adolph Holm. Vols. I. and II.  
The Wonders of Pompeii. Monnier.  
History of 19th Century Literature, by George Saintsbury.

Of works of fiction:

Children of the Ghetto. I. Zangwill.  
Nautilus. Laura E. Richards.  
Man Without a Country. E. E. Hale.  
The Gypsy Christ and Other Tales. Wm. Sharp.  
The Entail. John Galt, 2 Vols.  
Volonté. George Ohnet.  
The Partisan; a Romance of the Revolution, by Wm. Gilmore Sims.

Other new books are:

On the Cars and Off. Douglass Sladen.  
British Guiana and its Resources.  
The Mississippi Basin. Justin Winsor.  
The War in the East.  
Voyage of Pedro Sarmiento (Hakluyt Soc. Series).  
John Cabot and Sebastian, his son. Henry Harrisse.  
Foster on the Constitution. Vol. I.  
Plint's Socialism.  
Four American Universities.  
Letters of Asa Gray.  
Sacred and Legendary Art. Mrs. Jameson.  
Legends of the Monastic Orders. Mrs. Jameson.  
Midsummer of Italian Art. Stearns.



The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: E. Laycock, '98, President; A. P. Cook, '97, Vice-President; S. C. Poor, '99, Recording Secretary; E. T. Minott, '98, Corresponding Secretary; C. V. Woodbury, '99, Treasurer.

President Laycock has appointed the following committees:

New Student Committee.—J. W. Hewitt, '97; Hugh McCallum, '97; E. M. Nelson, '99.

Meeting Committee.—C. B. Lamb, '97; F. R. Marsb, '99; S. C. Poor, '99.

Finance Committee.—C. V. Woodbury, '99; A. P. Cook, '97; J. G. Haines, '97.

Missionary Committee.—J. G. Haines, '97; W. H. Smith, '99; W. T. Merrill, '99.

Hand Book Committee.—J. P. Russell, '97; E. T. Minott, '98; H. M. Bisbee, '98; George K. Blair, special; J. E. Rhodes, '97.

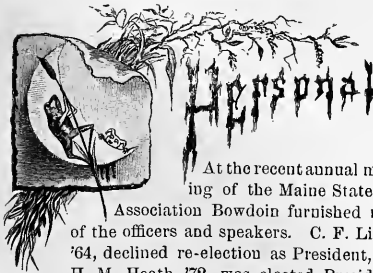
Intercollegiate Committee.—E. T. Minott, '98; C. B. Lamb, '97; J. E. Wignott, '99.

Engrave upon your hearts, "Whatsœver ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord;" and then take up, piece by piece, the work He lays before you,



and do it thoroughly. It may look little and insignificant all the way, but at the end the golden grains shall have made a shining mountain.—ANON.

This story is told in connection with a celebrated musician who had a large number of pupils. It was his purpose at the end of a specified time to give a grand concert, at which his favorite pupil was to be the conspicuous figure. There was one among the others to whom was given fragmentary work. No part of his instruction seemed to have the least connection with any other part. It was dull work, but he practiced upon the dull fragments and fought discouragement. He did his best and forced the whole man into the work. When the day of celebration came he was chosen as the favorite pupil. He felt that he did not know a single complete piece of music. Tremblingly he took his place at the instrument; but when the score which he was to play was placed before him he throbbed and thrilled with delight to find that the completed work was made up of the fragments which he had mastered, and which were now perfectly arranged. This gave him courage, and so he performed in such a way as deservedly to win the plaudits of the great audience. We are that musician. When we go hence we shall find that the fragmentary Christian earth-life, with its principles and its loves and its Christ-spirit, is that out of which heaven is made. Heaven is the holy life of earth, glorified and perfectly arranged, and grandly transfigured.—REV. DAVID GREGG, D.D., in "The Heaven-Life."



At the recent annual meeting of the Maine State Bar Association Bowdoin furnished most of the officers and speakers. C. F. Libby, '64, declined re-election as President, and H. M. Heath, '72, was elected President; Seth M. Carter, '75, and Clarence Hale, '69, were elected Vice-Presidents; H. M. Heath, '72, F. A. Powers, '75, and F. C. Payson, '76, were elected to the executive committee. Among the speakers were General Charles Hamlin, '57, Judge Emery, '61, Judge Wiswell, '73, George M. Seiders, '72, and F. A. Powers, '75.

'26.—A recent number of the *Forest and Stream* contained a most interesting and appreciative article three columns in length, on Isaac McLellan, under the title, "Ninety Years Old and Still Fishing." Mr. McLellan is not so well known to us as an angler as he is as a poet and ever loyal son of old Bowdoin.

'41.—A very good picture of the late George F. Magoun is printed in the *Review of Reviews* for March. The influence of Mr. Magoun's life is widespread, and many mourn for him.

'46.—Hon. William Whitney Rice, ex-Mayor of Worcester, Mass., and for ten years a member of Congress from Worcester district, died Sunday evening, March 1, 1896. Mr. Rice had been failing in health for the past three years, and has been an invalid since October, 1893. Mr. Rice was born in Deerfield, Mass., March 7, 1826, his father being Rev. Benjamin Rice, a Congregational clergyman. His parents removed to Gorham, Me., when he was three years old, and there he received his early education. In 1842 he entered Bowdoin College. On his graduating four years later, he became preceptor in Leicester Academy, remaining there about three years. Later he became a student in the office of Hon. Emory Washburn in Worcester, and was admitted to the bar in the same year that Mr. Washburn was elected to the Governorship of Massachusetts. His public life began one year after his admission to the bar, when he was appointed special police justice in Worcester, subsequently becoming Judge of the Insolvency Court, a post which he held until the court was merged into that of probate. In 1860 he was elected Mayor of Worcester. From 1868 to 1875 he held the office of District Attorney in the same city. In 1875 he served a term in the Legislature, and the next autumn he was elected to the Forty-fifth Congress as a representative of the Ninth District, by a majority of 3,600, having previously lost the nomination for member of Congress by a majority of one in the convention. He was re-elected in 1878, 1880, 1882, and 1884. He was appointed a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and on Indian Affairs, as well as of select committee for additional accommodations for the Congressional Library. In 1886 Mr. Rice was a candidate for re-election, but was defeated, owing to a misunderstanding in the Republican party. He was married November 21, 1855, to Cornelia A., daughter of A. R. Moen of Stamford, Conn. Of this union there were two sons, one dying in childhood and the other, Charles M. Rice, becoming a lawyer. Mrs. Rice died in 1862, and in Septem-

ber, 1875, Mr. Rice married Alice M., daughter of Henry W. Miller of Worcester, Mass. In religion he was a Unitarian. In 1886 he received the degree of LL.D. from Bowdoin. Mr. Rice was a trustee of Clark University, a member of Worcester Polytechnic Institute Corporation, first vice-president of the County Bar Association, and a trustee of Leicester Academy. He was a director of the City National Bank, vice-president of the People's Savings Bank, director of the Board of Trade, a member of the Worcester Fire Society, an honorary member of the Worcester Continentals, a member of the Worcester Club, and a member of the college fraternity of Psi Upsilon.

'62.—Rev. John Edwin Pierce died suddenly at his home in Monmouth, Me., March 13th. He was born in Monmouth, September 22, 1839; graduated from Bowdoin in 1862, and from Bangor Theological Seminary in 1868. He served through the war as an officer in the first Wisconsin heavy artillery. He was a missionary to Turkey for eighteen years or more, and since his return had lived at his old home. A widow and three children survive him, one daughter now being in Wellesley College.

'67.—In speaking of Maine men in Washington, the *Lewiston Journal* has this to say of a Bowdoin man: "Few churches in Washington occupy a more prominent place in the community than the First Congregational, which includes in its membership many prominent in civil and official life. The pastor of that church for many years has been Rev. S. M. Newman, formerly of West Falmouth, Me., and one of the most eloquent divines in the District of Columbia. Dr. Newman is a characteristic New England man, and in his congregation are many from that section of Uncle Sam's domain.

'82.—Edwin U. Curtis was elected President of the Boston Bowdoin Club, and George S. Berry, '86, Secretary, at a recent meeting of that club.

'85.—Marshall H. Purriogton, who has been in Portsmouth, N. H., for some years, has accepted a position in the Chapman National Bank of Portland.

'87.—John V. Lane was elected to the Augusta board of aldermen last week. Frederic Cony, ex-'80, is also an Augusta alderman.

'87.—Austin Cary has gone to Europe, where he will follow the study of forestry. He intends to travel extensively, but will spend most of his time in Germany.

'89.—Daniel F. Owen was re-elected last week to the board of aldermen in Saco.

'89.—James L. Doherty was a speaker, March 3d,

at a banquet of the sons and daughters of Maine in Springfield, Mass.

'91.—Henry Smith Chapman, who has been taking a post-graduate course at Columbia, has been elected to the editorial board of the *Youth's Companion*. Mr. Chapman takes up his duties immediately. Edward Stanwood, '61, G. T. Packard, '66, C. A. Stephens, '69, and J. E. Chapman, '77, are also on the editorial board of the *Companion*.

'91.—L. A. Burleigh has been re-elected city clerk of Augusta.

'92.—Of the thirty-five teachers who took the recent examination for State certificates, but five were successful. Two grades of certificates were authorized. Will Osmer Hersey of Bridgton was the only one who obtained a first grade certificate. Superintendent Stetson says he passed one of the finest examinations ever seen. Mr. Hersey is a graduate of Bowdoin, '92, and has taught the Bridgton High School three years.

'94.—R. H. Baxter has gone to Sterling, Ill., where he will remain several months. He is treasurer of the Sterling Water Co.

'94.—F. W. Flood has resigned his principalship of the Hampden Academy.

'95.—Frauk H. Haskell has just completed a very successful year of school in the Grammar grade at North Windham, and has entered upon the study of law in the office of Judge Elder of Portland.

## IN MEMORIAM.

ALBION DWIGHT GRAY.

ETA, '81.

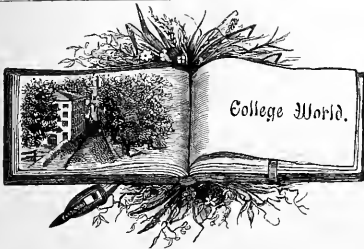
*Whereas*, It has been pleasing to our Heavenly Father, in His infinite love and wisdom, to call to Himself our beloved brother, Albion Dwight Gray, and

*Whereas*, Theta Delta Chi has in his death lost one of its most valued brothers and one whose love for the fraternity has commanded the admiration and esteem of all, be it

*Resolved*, That while humbly submitting to the decree of Almighty God, we as a brotherhood do deeply mourn our loss and extend our deepest heart-felt sympathies to his bereaved relatives and friends, and be it

*Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, to each Charge of Theta Delta Chi, and to the *ORIENT* for publication.

For the Charge, T. C. KEOHAN,  
E. E. SPEAR,  
L. L. CLEAVES.



**A FOOT-BALL TRAGEDY.**

She clung to him, the game was o'er,  
Content was in her soul;  
"Dear heart, I'm very happy, now  
That you have come back whole."

With gentle hand he smoothed her curls  
And tried to keep a laugh back;  
"My dear, your joy is premature,  
For I am only half-back."

—University of Chicago Weekly.

Professor—How would you punctuate the sentence, "Ethel, a girl of eighteen years, walked down Main Street?" Eager Freshman—I'd make a dash after Ethel.—*Ex.*

**AN ALL-ROUND MAN.**

In the class-room while students  
More brilliant are known,  
He finds no great hardship  
In holding his own.

On the gridiron and diamond  
With victories won,  
There too he is in it  
And holding his own.

And now in the evening  
When daylight has flown,  
But words are too feeble,  
He's holding his own.

—*Ex.*

The college Greek-letter fraternities in the United States have a membership of 100,000, with some 650 active and 350 inactive chapters. They own seventy houses or halls in various college towns and cities.—*Harvard Crimson.*

Amherst College is preparing to send out its first eclipse expedition. It will be under the direction of Prof. David P. Todd, and will fix a station on the island of Gezo, Japan, to observe the eclipses of 1896.

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" Enameled Bals,

All of which have been marked down from \$5.00. The sizes are somewhat broken, but we think we have yours.

**ADAMS & TOWNSEND.**

**10 times out of 10**

The New York Journal recently offered ten bicycles to the ten winners in a guessing contest, leaving the choice of machine to each.

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**Columbia  
Bicycles**



Nine immediately, and one after he had looked at others. The Journal therefore bought TEN Columbias at \$100 each.

On even terms a Columbia will be chosen

**TEN times out of TEN.**

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HARTFORD, CONN.

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# BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXV.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 1, 1896.

No. 17.

## BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING  
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF  
BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

### EDITORIAL BOARD.

J. C. MINOT, '96, Editor-in-Chief.

C. W. MARSTON, '96, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.

H. R. BLODGETT, '96, Business Manager.

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T. L. MARBLE, '98.

C. C. SMITH, '98.

### TERMS:

Per annum, in advance, . . . . . \$2.00.  
Single Copies, . . . . . 15 Cents.

Extra copies can be obtained at the bookstores or on application to the Business Manager.

Remittances should be made to the Business Manager. Communications in regard to all other matters should be directed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Students, Professors, and Alumni are invited to contribute literary articles, personals, and items. Contributions must be accompanied by writer's name, as well as the signature which he wishes to have appended.

Contributions for Bowdoin Verse Department should be sent to Box 1100, Brunswick, Me.

Personal items should be sent to Box 1091, Brunswick, Me.

Entered at the Post-Office at Brunswick as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PRINTED AT THE JOURNAL OFFICE, LEWISTON.

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The annual election of new members to the ORIENT board was held last week, and the following six students were elected from among the contributors of the past year, to take the places of the six retiring Seniors: Bean, Carmichael, Condon, and Small, of '97; and R. L. Marston and Philoon of '99. The new board has organized as follows:

- R. S. HAGAR, '97, Editor-in-Chief.
- P. P. BAXTER, '98, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.
- G. S. BEAN, '97, Business Manager.
- T. L. MARBLE, '98, College World.
- G. E. CARMICHAEL, '97, Bowdoin Verse.
- B. S. PHILOON, '99, Athletics.
- C. C. SMITH, '98, } Personals.
- F. J. SMALL, '97, }
- J. W. CONDON, '97, } Collegii Tabula.
- R. L. MARSTON, '99, }

The new board is to inaugurate the pleasing custom, certainly worthy of perpetuation, of tendering a banquet to the outgoing members. It is needless to say that such a delightful occasion will be long remembered in the lives of the hungry pencil-pushers.

WITH this issue volume twenty-five of the ORIENT is brought to a close, and now another board of editors is to assume the work and the enjoyment, the responsibility and the honor of conducting our college paper. We hand over the editorial pen to our

successors with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret—pleasure for a task completed and a step made forward, and regret at severing relations so long continued and so uniformly pleasant. We have confidence that the ability and earnestness of the new board will make its reign a most successful and popular one, and that it will present the readers of the ORIENT a paper truly worthy of the college. The editor takes this occasion to express to all with whom his work has brought him in contact his sincere thanks for their unflinching courtesy, their kind consideration, and their encouraging appreciation of his efforts to make the ORIENT expressive of Bowdoin thought and action. To the harmonious co-operation of his associate editors, and the ready assistance of many not on the board, is due whatever success has attended his two years at the head of the paper. Long life to the ORIENT; may its second quarter century which now begins be full of prosperity and advancement; may its editorial work be ever as pleasant and profitable as it has to us whose terms now expire; and may it ever be in the highest sense truly representative of the noble old college we all love.

WE hope that the future has many good things in store for the ORIENT, and as we retire from its management it may not be out of place to mention two or three of them. A college as large and as old as Bowdoin, and possessing such noble literary traditions, ought to be represented by more than one publication. We hope the day is not far distant when the student body shall publish a monthly magazine, distinctively literary in character, such as is now supported by all the larger universities and colleges, and many of our own class, as Amherst, Williams, Brown, Wesleyan, and Dartmouth. Then a weekly paper, on a smaller scale than the present ORIENT, containing editorials, ath-

letic news, college happenings, alumni notes, etc., but no literary department, would give Bowdoin the two publications it must possess before it can take its proper place in college journalism. There is nothing visionary or impossible about such a scheme. Both publications ought to be made to succeed financially. The ORIENT is now a cross between a literary magazine and a college newspaper; as the first it is not what it ought to be, through lack of space and still greater lack of literary activity in college; and as the second it is handicapped by the length of time between issues. Thus we hope some sweet day by and by will see a BOWDOIN LITERARY MONTHLY and a weekly ORIENT, both worthy of the college. But before that day arrives there must be a vigorous revival of literary interest among the undergraduates, and more poets must be born, and more writers of stories and good articles developed, and more energetic journalists cultivated than Bowdoin can now boast of. Until then the ORIENT must make the most of its opportunities and play its double role as best it can.

We hope that the near future will bring to the heads of the ORIENT staff some recognition from the college authorities for the time and labor spent in preparing each issue. Most colleges make allowance in rank for actual work on the college publications, and it is certain that justice demands this. A former editor-in-chief of the ORIENT, who ranked high in his class, has told us that his work on the paper occupied more of his time and thought than any two of his studies, and his experience was certainly not exceptional. Yet when he received a letter from a western college man who was collecting information along this line, he felt obliged to answer in the following words: "In Bowdoin we receive no credit from the faculty for work on the college paper, and very little from any one else. We expect, however, to receive

our reward in heaven—or elsewhere.” The ORIENT editor, to be sure, gets a certain amount of honor, and much beneficial training, and his work, though abundant, is generally pleasant; but he certainly deserves consideration from the powers that control the rank books.

We also hope the near future will find the ORIENT in possession of a room on the campus for permanent headquarters. Such a room was once possessed, but the renovation of Maine Hall, which brought joy to so many souls, left the ORIENT without a room, and the *Bugle* remarked that “The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the ORIENT hath not where to lay its head.” The paper ought to have a home of its own, a room for permanent headquarters, for the meetings of the editors, for the convenience of the business manager, for the storage of old papers and the regular files, and where the exchanges could be kept so that the editors and all the students could get the benefit of them. The least the college can do for its paper is to provide it with a suitable office, and we hope the new board will wage a successful crusade for this necessity of comfortable existence.

THE arrangement recently made by our base-ball management and that of the Augusta league team, whereby the league team will report here about April 20th and practice with our boys for a week before entering upon their regular schedule of games, is one that gives the college much satisfaction. Such daily practice with strong players ought to do much toward getting our team into fine trim for the season’s work, and making our record for ’96 the best yet in our base-ball annals. The kind offices of Mr. C. B. Burleigh, ’87, a leading supporter of the Augusta team, made this arrangement possible, and to him our base-ball interests are deeply indebted. Enthusiasm is sure to

be high in base-ball this spring, and with so many promising candidates the outlook for a strong team, truly representative of the college, is very encouraging. Our manager and captain are the right men in the right places, and will do all in their power to make the season one of which we may be proud. The new coach, F. E. Steere, Brown, ’94, now of the New Bedford league team, is a star player and an able coach, and between his help and that of the Augusta league men the Bowdoin nine will be better prepared for the season’s work than any that has represented the college in recent years.

WE are glad of the opportunity to publish in this number “A Sketch of the South African Flora,” written by Miss M. F. Farnham, a Maine lady who has been engaged in teaching in that distant part of the globe. Our college is indebted to the generosity of Miss Farnham for the valuable collection of 250 specimens of the flora of South Africa which now enriches our botanical department, and so we feel sure that all will find the article one of great interest.

THE ORIENT would like to know:  
If a more successful indoor athletic event than ours of March 25th was ever known in Maine;

If we cannot reasonably expect to find the ash heaps and other winter *débris* removed when we return next term;

If evening concerts on the Art Building steps will not be in order in a couple of weeks;

If any fault is to be found with the coaching and practice work our nine is to have;

If the students are not rather ashamed of the fact that less than a third of their number attended the excellent concert recently given by the Glee and Banjo Clubs;

If we shall all survive this week’s series of examinations;

If the Seniors and Sophomores did not divide the honors of the in-door meet about as evenly as was possible;

If the musical talent of the college is not going to put all its energy into making the "Mascot" a success;

Why certain members of the Deutscher Verein, who have frequently written notices of this organization for the ORIENT, have persisted in spelling its name incorrectly;

If it would not be well for the Seniors to make more use of the cap and gown during the spring term;

If we all realize that the college year is about three-fourths gone;

How it will seem to be ex-editor;

And many other things which are left for the next board to mention.

### The Home of the Penobscot Indians.

YEARS ago, before white men came to Maine, many powerful tribes of Indians ranged its forests and hunted its game, with right of ownership uncontested and unquestioned except among themselves. But before the advance of civilization these once powerful tribes have receded and at last disappeared; all save two, the Passamaquoddy or Omango and the Penobscot or Tarratine, which, through virtue of their numbers and their remoteness from the early settlers, have managed to survive.

The Passamaquoddys live at Pleasant Point, near Eastport, and the Penobscots on certain islands of the Penobscot River. They are related, both being Etchemin tribes, but the Penobscots are more numerous, more thrifty and intelligent, and in other respects superior to the Passamaquoddys.

When the first voyagers sailed up the Penobscot they found the powerful Penobscot tribe in possession of a large, unbounded extent of territory in the river region. The

Penobscots have never been driven from their native river, but the valuable lands on its banks and the most valuable islands have been taken away from them, leaving them only the islands in the river above the Oldtown falls. In most rivers the islands are few and small, but in the creation of the Penobscot, Nature was lavish with islands, lakes, and falls. It is these numerous islands, "countless lakes," and many "foamy falls," that make the Penobscot the wildest and most beautiful of New England rivers and the most appropriate home for the few remaining "children of the forest."

There are about one hundred and fifty islands in the river alone, above the Oldtown falls, to say nothing of Lake Millinocket with its "hundred isles" and other island-dotted lakes. The two southernmost links of the long chain formed by these islands, Orson Island and Oldtown or Indian Island, are the largest of the islands belonging to the Indians, Orson Island containing about fifteen hundred acres, and Indian Island\* about three hundred acres.

It is upon Indian Island that the largest of the three Indian settlements is located. This island is excellently situated, and before the lumbermen came, cutting down the trees and so choking up the river for a season with logs and setting in motion the unmelodious saws of their saw-mills and piling up their unsightly lumber-piles, the natural scenery must have been highly picturesque. Even now, despite these disfigurations of natural beauty, the view from Oak Hill, the highest land on the island, is not displeasing. To the south-west is Oldtown, the "island city"; to the south-east, Milford; and on all other sides dense forests. Far away towards the south may be seen the blue peaks of the Clifton range, nearer in the east arises Pas-

\* Although the real name of this island is Oldtown Island, it is nearly always called Indian Island. The name Oldtown Island is misleading, as the neighboring city of Oldtown is situated on a large island which is, however, named Orono Island.



sachunkeag, while on the distant northern horizon Ktaadn looks like a small white cloud. The sound of rushing water meets the ear on every side. This is caused by the "Cook" on the north-west, "Joe Pease" on the east, and the Oldtown falls towards the south. Towards the west is a channel between Orono Island and Orson Island, worthy of mention because its waters flow sometimes in one direction and sometimes in the opposite direction, according to the height of the water, a phenomenon which once perplexed and frightened the simple and superstitious Indians.

On the island itself are two long, diverging streets, one, the main street, on which are situated the church, the two council-houses, two burying-grounds, the school-house, and many dwelling-houses; the other, the street to Oak Hill, on which only houses are situated. The houses are unpretentious frame buildings of one or two stories, clap-boarded, and usually painted. The best house on the island was built by Joe Poris, a wealthy Indian whom Thoreau mentions as his guide in the woods of Maine. It is one of those large, old-fashioned, square, white houses with green blinds, like so many built fifty years or more ago, which may be seen in various parts of the state. The church resembles many Roman Catholic churches in small towns, with its cross-tipped tower, its arched windows, its high roof, and its white-painted walls. The school building is unlike ordinary village school-houses; it excels the most of them in beauty of exterior, and, doubtless, of interior too. The council-houses, of which there are two, contain halls suitable for political meetings, entertainments, dances, etc. The streets are narrow, and untraveled by horses except in winter; yet the Indians do not propose to walk in the middle of the street, Paddy-fashion, and so have built themselves a plank sidewalk nearly the whole length of the main street.

All that is of interest concerning the Indians is not centered in the island. In Oldtown, opposite the island, is the Agency Store, where the Indians bring many of their baskets and other manufactures, and receive groceries, dry goods, and tobacco. The Agency Store is an old three-story wooden building, once painted white,—one of the early settlers. Over its door swings the sign "Indian Agency," and from within is wafted the mingled odor of its varied contents. In the middle of the floor stands a great stove, and around it is usually seated a group of Indians enjoying their pipes. On one side are dry goods, on the other side groceries, and here, also, is the Indian post-office.

Upstairs is stored the stock of baskets, and before the Christmas supplies are shipped these upstairs rooms are stacked from floor to ceiling with baskets, made for all sorts of purposes for which baskets can possibly be made to serve.

The Agency Store is near the ferry wharf, from which a batteau—the common form of boat on the Penobscot—runs to the island. This ferry-batteau is the only public means of access to the island in the summer. The Indians own their canoes and often make use of them in preference to the batteau. The canoes are the modern canvas canoes, which are much lighter and stronger than the old-fashioned birch-bark canoes formerly used. In them the Indians shoot the many rapids of the river and paddle about from island to island and from one settlement to another. As I said before, there are three Indian settlements, of which the principal one is on Indian Island; the other two are on Olamon Island and at Mattamiscontis, but are comparatively small and unimportant.

I have said little of the Penobscots themselves, confining myself to their homes and surroundings, and hope at some future time to give some account of their customs, habits, and history.

## Spirits or—?

“YES,” said my friend as he put on his coat and prepared to go, “I tell you a man feels a good deal safer when alone on a lonesome road at night if he has a good revolver in his pocket. I wouldn’t be without mine if I could help it.” So saying, he went out.

We had been having a talk about firearms and I had been joking with “Mac,” as I generally called him, about his habit of carrying a revolver every night. He was in the habit of making weekly calls on a young lady in an adjoining town, and rather than ride into Providence on one line of street cars and out on another, he preferred to walk the few miles separating the two towns. His road led past a cemetery which joined Roger Williams Park, and it is due to this fact that the incident I am about to relate ever happened.

After Mac had gone out, I read the evening paper for a while and then decided to go to bed, for I had been out to the park all the afternoon and was somewhat tired. As I cast a final glance over the paper my eye fell upon the following advertisement:

“Lost—One of the finest of the peacocks belonging to Roger Williams Park has strayed away or has been stolen. Information concerning it will be rewarded.”

It was a simple thing and it attracted my attention only because I had so much admired the beautiful peacocks in the park that afternoon. I laughed when I remembered how startled I had been that day while sitting on a bench in the park when one of them had come up behind me and emitted his blood-curdling scream. I thought nothing further of the matter, however, but went to bed and was soon asleep.

I was awakened a few hours later by Mac bursting violently into the room. He was pale as a ghost and intensely excited. “For heaven’s sake, man,” I exclaimed, “what is

the matter?” He sank into a chair and, after collecting himself a little, told me the following story:

“I left P— about eleven o’clock and came home, as usual, by the cemetery road. You know that thick growth of bushes near the end of the cemetery? Well, just before I reached those I heard a rustling in them and, being naturally a little nervous on account of the surroundings, I drew out my revolver and cocked it. When I was right opposite those bushes I heard the most unearthly, diabolical scream I ever heard in my life, and, terrified almost to death, I raised the revolver and fired at the place where the sound came from. The noise stopped, but I didn’t stay to see what I had done. I started to run and didn’t let up till I reached home.”

Mac stopped and covered his face with his hands. “What do you suppose it was?” I asked. He hesitated a minute and then confided to me that he believed it was a spirit. “I never supposed I was at all superstitious and I never believed in ghosts,” he said, “but now I don’t know what to think. I would take my oath that no living thing uttered that fearful scream.”

He blew out the light and got into bed. I began to put the events of the day together in my mind and soon persuaded myself that I had arrived at the solution of the mystery. When daylight came we got up and went to the scene of Mac’s adventure of the preceding night. As we drew near the clump of bushes mentioned, he began to show signs of perturbation, but we kept on and climbed over the fence that separated the cemetery from the road. There, right in front of us, was the solution of the mystery—a fine large peacock lying dead on the ground. Mac’s bullet had gone straight through him.

Ohio has more colleges than any other state in the Union, Illinois being next in number.

Out of the three thousand students in the University of Berlin, eight hundred are American.

### A Sketch of the South African Flora.

THE South African flowers contained in the collection belonging to Bowdoin College are duplicate specimens from a large herbarium which was begun with the hope of establishing for the Blœmhof School a representative collection of the Stellenbosch flora. In the meagre condition of botanical aids it was hoped the set would be useful for ready reference by the students, to enable them to identify the specimens collected in their daily rambles. To insure accuracy, all doubtful specimens were confirmed by comparison with the Cape Government Herbarium. Kind assistance was rendered by Professor MacOwan, the colonial botanist, and by Mr. Harry Bolus, F.L.S., also a member of the South African Philosophical Society and an untiring worker in the South African flora.

Stellenbosch, the district chiefly represented, is a fiscal division of the Western Province and is adjacent to the Cape division, which has Cape Town for its municipal centre.

Probably no country in the world has contributed so extensively to conservatories and gardens as the Cape of Good Hope; the varied forms of Pelargonium, Oxalis, and Heaths have all been introduced from that region or have been developed from the native species; the brilliant illustrations of the autumnal issues of the florists's catalogues indicate that the fashion for Cape bulbs still continues. For more than a hundred years the attention of systematic botanists has been occupied with the work of reducing to order the extensive flora of South Africa, and the constant discovery of new species is adding to the classified lists in such numbers that no complete arrangement as yet has been possible.

Harvey's Genera of South African Plants is the only guide for the amateur botanist,

and the study of species is most difficult. Although the Flora Capensis of Hooker and Baker comprises three large volumes, it has never been extended beyond the Campanulacæ; subsequent orders must be studied by the aid of monographs, or by reference to the Prodrum of De Candolle, a work which is expensive and difficult to procure.

The richness of the South African flora may be shown by the tables of Hooker and Bentham:

Whole world, . . . Orders, 200; Genera, 7,569.  
South Africa, . . . Orders, 142; Genera, 1,205.

The country which presents the best basis for comparison, since it lies in the same hemisphere and is included for the most part within the same parallels, is Australia, although its area is five times as large. Sir Joseph Hooker gives the following table by way of comparison:

Australia, . . . Orders, 152; Genera, 1,300.  
South Africa, . . . Orders, 142; Genera, 1,255.

Although the affinities are very strong, each of these countries presents strongly marked characteristics in its endemic flora. The unique Proteaceæ may be taken as an illustration; the order is named for Proteus, and the numerous genera are as varied in appearance as the mythical prototype, yet the common characteristics of the reproductive organs justify their being grouped together. With one or two rare exceptions the order appears in no other part of the world; the genera of Australia are rarely found in South Africa, and in no case has a species common to both countries been found.

The typical genus *Protea* is largely represented in the Cape Colony, and the showy involucre surrounding the flower heads form a conspicuous feature of the landscape of the Cape Flats. In the *Protea mellifera*, or "sniker-bosch," the resinous coating prevents the escape of the sweet sap which is secreted in large quantities at the base of the cup. The sap is often collected and boiled, pro-

ducing a very palatable syrup, which is known as "boschje-stroop" or bush syrup. On the slopes of the Table Mountain range is found the *Leucodendron Argenteum*, or silver tree, whose leaves when pressed are much prized by visitors to the Cape as souvenirs of the country. Fasciculus XI. of the collection includes two specimens of the Proteaceæ, representing the genera *Serruria* and *Sorocephalus*.

In a sketch prepared by Mr. Bolus for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of 1886 he attributes the richness of the South African flora to these causes:

1. The meeting and partial union of two or perhaps three distinct floras of widely differing age and origin.
2. A highly diversified surface of the land and of the soil.
3. A climate with much sunlight.

Although the South African region may be said to extend to the Tropic of Capricorn, it is only the south-western region which is the home of the popularly known Cape flora—a district of comparatively small area, its width being only eighty miles and the length about fifty miles. The surface of this region is diversified; on the coast, sandy and bushy tracts alternate with grassy downs, while inland, mountain slopes of somewhat barren appearance are clothed with an immense variety of small plants which, in the watered ravines, are often most beautiful in form and color. The prevailing vegetation is low-growing bushes of bluish-green hue, which represent various orders. The smallness of the leaves is characteristic, and their appearance would be most sombre but for the brilliant flowers which adorn the Heaths and other shrubs. Interspersed are plants of the orders Orchidææ, Iridææ, Amaryllidææ, and Liliacææ. In the south-western region there are few indigenous trees of any great height.

Aside from shrubs with their scanty foliage the prevalence of bulbous or tuberous-rooted plants is noticeable, and these modified stem formations often penetrate to such a depth that it is difficult to reach them. Everything points to the fact that nature provides reserve stores for the long, rainless summer. Often a naked scape arises from the dry "veldt," bearing a cluster of showy flowers; the leaves, which appeared early in the season, have done their work and passed away before the summer flowering, a habit of growth that makes identification difficult for the amateur botanist. One species of *Watsonia* (Fasciculus XIII.) has fistular leaves which are closed at the top to prevent the too rapid exhalation of moisture.

Plants with succulent leaves, like the mesembryanthemums, abound in poorly watered districts; of this order there are two hundred species in South Africa. Practical use has been made of a creeping plant of this order which has been introduced from Namaqualand. Not only has it been planted on railway embankments, but vast stretches of shifting sand banks are held firmly in place by the growth of its persistent rootlets. The ripened ovary is eaten with avidity by the children, and the Dutch housewife makes of it a delicious "komfyf," which is called *Hottentot's figs*.

Every indication shows that summer is the true season of rest for plant life in the south-western region, and the awakening of vegetation does not begin until May, when the winter rains have penetrated the soil. The *Oxalis* is the first to respond to their influence, and the "veldt" soon presents a pleasing contrast to the parched soil of the summer months. Some of the *Iridææ* soon appear; among the earliest flowers of the order are the several species of the genus *Hesperantha*, or "Avond Bloem" of the Dutch colonists (Fasciculus XIV). Beloved

by the true Afrikander, it has been celebrated in verse as the

"Sweetest flower in Afric blooming,  
Opening but to starry skies,  
With sweet scent the air perfuming  
When the glowing sunlight dies."

Far more brilliant in color than the earlier Irideæ are the *Ixias*, *Babianas*, and *Sparaxis*, together with the *Watsonias* and *Gladioli* of the later winter months.

The Dutch colonists usually class all flowers under the general terms "bloemetjes" or "nintjes," but a popular name sometimes reveals some special association. The *Gladiolus alatus*, with its red and yellow crests, is known as the "kalkoentje" or turkey-cock.

Orchids are very strongly represented by the *Disperis*, *Disas*, and *Satyrums*; the latter genus is named from the double spur which the earlier botanists fancied a resemblance to a satyr. An object of special delight to the children is the *Disperis Capensis*, called by them the "moeder kapje" or mother's cap (*Fasiculus XII*). The special reward for the difficult ascent of Table Mountain is the superb *Disa uniflora*, the "Pride of Table Mountain," and the most showy of all the South African orchids.

*Callas* line every stream and roadside "sluit" in such profusion that the large rhizomes are fed to the pigs, and the farmers recognize no other name for our greenhouse favorite than "pig lily."

Although the Cape flora shows marked differentiation from typical forms, yet some genera bear close conformity in habit and appearance. The theory that distinct floras of different age and origin are more or less united in South Africa, finds abundant confirmation.

In the color of flowers interesting observations might be made. Among the *Leguminosæ*, *Compositæ* and other of our well-known orders, the number of yellow flowers

is rather striking, and is in accordance with the theory that the primitive color is yellow. A marked deviation from the usual coloring is seen in the order *Campanulacææ*, where the genus *Parastranthus* has yellow flowers; the same is also noted in *Belmontias* and *Sebæas* of the order *Gentianacææ*. Under the summer sunlight a brilliancy of color replaces the delicate tints of the winter season, and the mountain sides as well as the "veldt" glow with a warmth of deep pink and bright red. Blue, the most highly developed color, is less commonly noted, though frequent in the *Campanulacææ* and *Irideæ*; it appears occasionally in unlooked for orders, as in the *Crucifereæ*, where, among the *Heliophilas* (*Fasiculus I.*) is observed the species *pilosa* with flowers so blue that the country people, utterly disregarding its affinities, have called it the Cape forget-me-not. Among the Orchids a very surprising instance is the *Disa cœlestis*, found in the vicinity of Cape Town; the *Agapanthus* of our conservatories is common throughout the Peninsula; and in the suburbs of Cape Town the lanes are lined with blue *Plumbago*.

In numbers the *Compositæ* occupy the leading position. "Immortelles" have become Cape exports, and many other showy species of everlasting or "sieben-jaartjes" have become very popular. The collection includes several species of the singular genus *Corymbium* (*Fasiculus VI.*), characterized by large corymbs of solitary flowers.

The second place in the flora is given to leguminous plants; a few species attaining to tree-like proportions, but for the most part they are inconspicuous shrublets, often with heath-like foliage. The *Indigoperas*, *Psoraleas*, and *Aspalathus* are specially represented in the collection, and two naturalized species of *Trifolium* are also included.

Next in number are the *Ericacææ*, with four hundred species of the genus *Erica* alone. Following the *Proteacææ* and *Irideæ*,

which have been already described, the sixth place is held by the Geraniaceæ, which includes two hundred species of *Pelargonium* and more than one hundred *Oxalis*.

*Droseras* abound on the sandy flats in early spring-time; the flowers are large and showy, and the cauline leaves of *D. cistiflora* and *ramentaceæ* (*Fasiculus I.*) differ widely from our typical form with rosulate leaves. The allied *Rosidula* is a shrubby plant with unusually viscid leaves; the farmers hang it up in their kitchens for fly-traps.

Plants parasitic on the roots of others are common in South Africa. The *Harveya Capensis* of the collection (*Fasiculus XI.*) is one of the best-known; its sweet-scented white flowers show discoloration at the slightest touch, and turn so black in drying that it is called the ink-plant.

In the Rutaceæ the genera *Diosma* and *Barosma* furnish the buchu of commerce. As a whole, however, it cannot be said that the flora has any great economic value, though the *Liliaceæ* through the aloes furnish a considerable amount of gum-aloes.

In a country where the *Phænogamia* present such strong attractions, comparatively little study has been made in *Cryptogamic Botany* until recent years, except among the Ferns. The long rainless summer is unfavorable to the growth of these moisture-loving plants, but mountain ravines produce some very interesting forms. The chief ornament is the arborescent *Hemitelia Capensis*, which attains to a considerable height; an abortive frond is often found growing at the base of the normally developed fronds, and was at first supposed to be a parasitic fern. *Todea Africana* has no tree-like rachis, but the fronds are often six feet in length.

The following summary, prepared by Mr. Bolus, will clearly indicate the distinguishing features of the South African flora:

1. Its highly differentiated character.

2. Its want of luxuriance of growth.
3. The narrow distribution area of each species.
4. The deficiency of trees.
5. The paucity of sociable plants.
6. Its power to resist the aggression of foreign invaders.

## Bowdoin Verse.

### Eyes of Brown.

In a mountain-circled town,  
On a summer day,  
Once a maid with eyes of brown,  
Laughing eyes of tender brown,  
Met my gaze and then looked down,  
As she went her way.

Fair, O fair the summer skies;  
Sweet the summer's song;  
Fairer were those laughing eyes,  
Sweeter was her mild surprise  
As I said, "My pathway lies  
Where you walk along."

O that happy summer day;  
O those eyes of brown;  
Never more their glances may  
Lighten up my wandering way,  
Yet my fancies often stray  
To the mountain town.

### A Little Pond.

A little pond with hills around  
That echo back each trifling sound;  
While shadows stretch from shore to shore  
From stately pine trees bending o'er.

A little pond among the hills;  
No outlet seen; no feeding rills;  
While fields and roads stretch off afar  
To where the white farm-houses are.

A little pond where lilies grow,  
And 'twixt their stems are haunts below  
Where gleaming pickerel seize the bait,  
Unconscious of impending fate.

A little pond whose surface fair  
Reflects each change in upper air;  
We wonder where our boat can be,  
For two blue arching skies we see.

A little pond on whose calm breast  
The sea's rude winds have never press'd,  
But summer's rain and winter's snow  
Are all that stir its depths below.

A little pond which, time unknown,  
Has nestled 'mid these hills alone,  
Unchanged by all that's taken place  
While centuries have run their race.

A little pond where pathways led,  
Long years ago, for maidens red  
To cross the woods for water here,  
And see their faces mirrored clear.

A little pond where each fresh glance  
Reveals a poem or romance;  
Where artists dream, and in their heart  
Know well at last how vain is art.

A little pond which e'er doth sleep,  
And all its sweet, strange secrets keep;  
O loud the plaudits that would swell  
If I its whole long tale could tell.

O little pond, mine own thou art,  
Though all who know thee claim a part;  
Again, as many times before,  
I stroll along thy shaded shore.

### "April Fool."

She was a dainty little lady,  
Yet she filled my heart with woe  
When I asked her if she'd marry me,  
And she sternly answered, "No!"

I turned away with feelings dismal,  
At my *congé* curt and cool;  
Then despair was turned to joyousness,  
For she cried out, "April Fool!"

### The Hammock's Disclosure.

In a cottage by the sea-shore  
Dwelt a maiden, stately, fair;  
Like the stars of night her eyes were,  
Like the depths of night her hair.  
Near the cottage was a hammock;  
Oft she lay there in the shade;  
Never artist on his canvas  
Picture half so fair has made.

Once she lay there half a-dreaming,  
Idling all the summer day,  
Seeing not some young men standing  
On the beach not far away.

Suddenly she turns a little;  
Ropes are old, and not quite sound;  
One now breaks; lo! she is hanging,  
Feet upraised and head on ground!

Little feet in hammock tangled;  
Head upon the ground below;  
Young men hurry to the rescue,  
Help her out the best they know.  
Though they only did their duty,  
Helped her from an awkward place,  
Still no word of thanks she utters,  
Angry blushes spread her face.

Now the maiden in the hammock  
Swings no more each summer day;  
When she walks upon the sea-beach  
Dare not look up either way,  
Lest she see some young men near her  
Who deep down within their souls  
Have not yet the fact forgotten  
That her hosiery has holes.



Friday evening, April 3d,  
George W. Cable reads, from his  
works, in Pythian Hall. It will be  
worth waiting over for, as Mr. Cable  
has written some of the best of American  
fiction. The dialect and the char-  
acters in his southern stories are charming  
and peculiarly adapted to readings of this  
kind, while Mr. Cable himself is said to  
enter into the life of the character he  
reads as no one has done since  
Charles Dickens.

Shute, '97, is back from a term of school.

Moad, '95, spent several days here last week.

Hersey, '92, was on the campus a few days ago.

Libby, '94, was down for the Athletic Exhibition.

The Seniors have chosen Webber as their class  
photographer.

Proctor, '98, has returned from a very successful  
term of teaching.

The glee and banjo clubs gave a concert at Free-  
port, March 16th.

The day after the exhibition was a day of cuts— as far as recitations went.

Burleigh, '87, and Williamson, '88, made brief visits to Bowdoin last week.

The Senior and Junior Greek Divisions are to read selected lyrics next term.

Many students have experienced short but unpleasant periods of illness of late.

Pendleton, '90, was on the campus last week, in the interests of Wright & Ditson.

Prof. Chapman lectured on Spenser in Bangor last Monday before the Central Club.

A. M. Rollins of Wesley, Me., has joined the Class of '99, making it now number 63 men.

Bartlett, '92, principal of the Thomaston High School, called on friends in college last week.

Nat Goodwin and "The Mascot" in Portland last Saturday attracted a large number of students.

The Democratic Club met in Lower Memorial last Wednesday for the transaction of routine business.

The Misses Webling Concert Company will appear here April 16th, for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

The last meeting for the term of the Deutscher Verein was held with Eastman, '96. The paper was by Newbegin, '96.

These last two weeks are rather hard on the average student, with plugging for exams. and making up back work.

Webber, '95, has resigned the principalship of the Jonesport High School and has accepted a position in an Illinois college.

The advent of spring was celebrated by the Sophomores, late on the evening of March 20th, by a bonfire, a campus concert, and other ceremonies.

Professor Lee addressed the Maine State Board of Trade, in annual session at Waterville recently, on the subject of a topographical survey of Maine.

A subscription paper for the repair of the boat-house has met with a very fair reception, and all damages done by the recent flood will be repaired at once.

Bass, '96, is filling the position of sub-principal of Wilton Academy, made vacant by the resignation of Moore, '95, to accept the position of Superintendent of Schools of Ellsworth.

The Augusta New England league team will report here about April 20th and remain here a

week, practicing upon the delta every day with our team before entering upon the regular games of the league schedule.

The annual '68 prize speaking will be held in Memorial Hall Thursday evening, April 2d. Following is the programme :

The Silver Question. B. G. Willard, Newcastle.  
True Patriotism. R. H. Blodgett, North Brooksville.  
Oliver Cromwell and the English Puritans.

H. H. Pierce, Portland.  
The Appeal of Armenia and its Answer.

J. C. Minot, Belgrade.  
Wise Benevolence. H. Gilpatric, Biddeford.  
Genesis and Exodus of Skepticism.

R. O. Small, Berlin, N. H.

Among alumni present at the late athletic exhibition the ORIENT noticed W. E. Sargent, '78, J. B. Pendleton and O. W. Turner, '90, C. V. Minott, '91, J. C. Hull, '92, C. C. Bucknam, '93, A. V. Bliss, H. E. Bryant, and F. J. Libby, '94, H. L. Fairbanks, A. H. Stetson, and P. D. Stubbs, '95.

The course of Song Recitals by Elinore Cooper Bartlett, Kate Vannah, and John J. Turner commence with the coming of the new term. They will be four in number and will occur on April 16th and 30th and March 14th and 28th in Memorial Hall. Season tickets \$1, single admission 35 cents.

The Class of '95 enjoyed quite a rennion last week, some twenty men being on the campus during that time. E. T. Boyd, T. V. Doherty, H. L. Fairbanks, H. A. Moore, Allen Quimby, P. D. Stubbs, A. H. Stetson, G. C. Webber, and A. G. Wiley were here, most of them to see the exhibition, and with the half dozen at the Medical School, made a jolly party.

A recent number of the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* contains an article on "A device for taking spinal tracings," by E. B. Young, '92, who is an interne at the Children's Hospital, Boston. The apparatus is contrived to give the exact curve of the spinal column of children suffering from spinal diseases. It is extremely ingenious and will no doubt be generally adopted in place of the instruments hitherto used for that purpose.

At the meeting of the State Board of Trade held in Waterville on March 18th, Austin Cary, '87, read a paper on "The Spruce in the Kennebec Valley." He gave the results of his personal examination of the spruce forests of that area and figures obtained from the saw-mills and pulp-mills, showing their annual consumption of spruce timber. His conclusion was that the forests would be exhausted in about thirty years. It was a valuable paper and



was listened to with marked attention. Cary is rapidly becoming an authority on forestry questions.

The college glee and banjo clubs appeared in Town Hall, March 18th, and gave an excellent concert. The attendance was not so large as it ought to have been, but the crowd was a very appreciative one, and nearly every number received one or more enthusiastic encores. It is the unanimous opinion that the clubs are the best that have represented the college for many years. They are made up as follows:

Glee Club—B. G. Willard, leader. First Tenors—F. T. Briggs, M. S., W. T. Veazie, '99. Second Tenors—F. C. Peaks, '96, H. M. Bisbee, '98, W. D. Stockbridge, '99. Baritones—J. D. Siukinson, '99, C. H. Holmes, '97. Second Basses—F. E. Drake, '98, B. G. Willard, '96.

Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Club—A. P. Ward, leader. Banjos—A. P. Ward, '96, H. W. Colburn, '96, H. E. Gribben, '97, J. E. Wignott, '99, F. E. Drake, '98. Mandolins—A. B. White, '98, H. P. Merrill, Jr., M. S., B. Webster, Jr., '98. Guitars—L. F. Potter, M. S., H. H. Hamlen, '98. D. R. Pennell, '98, accompanist.

Following is the full programme rendered so well by the clubs:

- Overture—Around the Metropolis.—Beyer.  
Bowdoin College Orchestra.
- A Footlight Fancy.—Ezéchiels. Glee Club.  
March of the Janizaries.—Henning. Banjo Club.  
The Owls.—Kratz. Glee Club.  
Andalusia Waltz.—La Thiele.  
Two Mandolins and Guitar.
- Song for Tenor.—Selected. Mr. Peaks.  
Gems from Robin Hood.—De Koven, arr. by Vreeland. Banjo Club.  
Dearest Mae.—Macy. Glee Club.  
Banjo Solo—Old Folks at Home.—Lansing. Mr. Wignott.
- Song for Bass—The Young Mountaineer.—Randigger.  
Mr. Willard.  
Advance and Retreat of the Salvation Army.—Orth, arr. by Vreeland. Banjo Club.  
A Social Toast.—Geibel. Glee Club.  
Bowdoin Beata.\*—Yale Book. Glee and Banjo Clubs.

\* Words by H. H. Pierce, Bowdoin, '96.

The Pine Tree State Club of Boston gave a dinner in honor of Bowdoin and its Boston Alumni at Hotel Brunswick, March 27th. About seventy-five were present, the following being the Bowdoin men who were guests of honor: President William DeWitt Hyde, Hon. Charles F. Libby of Portland, president board of overseers; Frank A. Hill, secretary state board of education; Hon. Edwin U. Curtis, Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, director Hemmen-

way gymnasium; Prof. W. B. Mitchell, Mayor Perry of Somerville, ex-Mayor Coggan of Malden, Prof. Edwin H. Hall of Harvard, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin of Lexington, Hon. William D. Northend of Salem, Hon. Horatio G. Herrick of Lawrence, Prof. J. B. Sewall of Thayer Academy, Edward Stanwood, Hon. Alpheus Sanford, Rev. Samuel V. Cole of Taunton, William W. Towle, Charles U. Bell of Lawrence, William E. Spear. Among the speakers of the evening were President Hyde, Dr. Sargent, ex-Mayor Curtis, Hon. C. F. Libby, Frank A. Hill, and W. B. Mitchell.

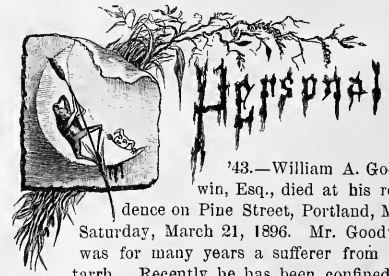
Bowdoin's first in-door athletic meet, held in connection with the 10th annual exhibition in Town Hall, March 25th, proved an unqualified success in every respect. The innovation in the nature of the exhibition proved a most welcome one, and doubtless our exhibitions of the future will be entirely in the form of in-door meets for points, and prizes and cups. As the result of the first meet the large new silver cup for the class winning the most points was captured by '96, with '98 crowding them hard, and the cup for the best class squad drill, which '96 has won for three years, was won by the '98 squad, with '96 second and '99 third. The hall was filled to the limit, and though the programme was a long one the intense excitement of the competition kept interest at a high pitch. Diagonally across the floor of the hall was a track for the dashes, hurdle and potato races, and here also was room for the jump, pole vault, and shot putting. The class drills were, as usual, on the stage, but a number of the usual stage features were omitted, those which were retained all being of high excellence. The horizontal bar work was done by Gahan, Smith, '96, Davis, '97, Hitchcock, M. S., Clark, '99, and Godfrey, '99, four of them getting the giant swing to perfection. Gahan and Bates, '96, and Spear, '98, and McMillan, '97, in their special tumbling acts, did some very pretty work. On the parallel bars the artists were Gahan, Dennis, '97, McMillan, '97, and Wiggin, '98. Robinson, '96, and Wiggin, '98, in fencing, Dunnack, '97, and Murphy, M. S., in a broadsword bout, and Hitchcock, M. S., and Clark, '99, and Pulsifer, '97, and Hatch, '97, in boxing, came in for a share of the applause. The '96 drill squad was made up of Fessenden, leader, Bass, Bates, W. W. Fogg, Clough, Dane, Thompson, Libby, Lyford, Crossman, Kyes, and Pierce, with Leighton, pianist. The '97 squad had Dunnack, leader, Stearns, Hatch, Pratt, Shorden, Cook, Andros, McCallum, Pulsifer, Booker, and Condon, with Han-

lon, pianist. The '98 squad had Pettingill, leader, Minott, Pierce, Kendall, Marble, Edwards, Preble, Blake, Odiorne, Perkins, Stetson, and Lawrence, with Pennell, pianist. The '99 squad had H. E. Marston, leader, Dana, Lavertu, Nelson, Randall, Fogg, Cram, Briggs, Cleaves, Merrill, Marston, Kelly, and Moulton, with Godfrey, pianist. All four drills were finely executed, without a break, and the judges were given a difficult task, but finally agreed upon '98 first, '96 second, and '99 third. But in spite of the excitement over the keen competition for the drill cup, and the high character of all the stage features, the real interest of the evening centered in the six contests upon the floor of the hall. First came the six trial heats in the twenty-yard dash, with four starters in each heat. All were hotly contested, the time varying from 2½ to 3 seconds. The six winners were Horne, '97, White, '97, Hadlock, '99, Kyes, '96, Stearns, '97, and Kendall, '98. In the semi-finals the winners were White and Horne in the first, and Kendall and Stearns in the second. On the final heat Kendall won first, Horne second, and White third. The three trial heats of the twenty-five yard hurdle race were won by Horne, '97, Kendall, '98, and Hadlock, '99. In the final heat the order was Kendall, Horne, and Hadlock. The shot put was won by Godfrey, '99, distance 34 feet 10 inches; with Bates, '96, second, distance 34 feet 8 inches; and French, '97, third, distance 32 feet 10½ inches. There were six in this contest. The running high jump had eight contestants, and was won by Borden, M. S., height 5 feet 3½ inches. Bates, '96, and Smith, '96, divided the points for second and third places between them. Eight contestants appeared in the pole vault, in which some especially pretty work was done. Bates, '96, proved a winner at 9 feet 3 inches, with Minott, '98, second. The point for third place was divided among Smith, '96, McMillan, '97, and Fairfield, '99. The potato race proved the most exciting event of the evening. There were twenty potatoes, a yard apart, to be picked up one by one and deposited in a basket. It required much endurance, as there were 430 yards to run in a cramped position, with 40 stops. There were four trial heats, with a man from each class in each heat. The winners of the trial heats proved to be Haskell, '99, L. L. Cleaves, '99, Buss, '96, and Stearns, '97; best time 1-48, made by Bass. The final heat was the last event of the evening, well toward midnight, and aroused the wildest excitement of all. The contest was close indeed. Cleaves got his last potato into his basket first, but before he could

reach the tape, a few yards beyond, Bass had passed him, broken the tape, and won not only the race, but also the big silver cup for the Seniors. In counting points first place counted 5, second 3, and third 1, except in the drills, which counted double. The summary of points follows:

	'96	'97	'98	'99	M.S.
Class drills, . . . . .	6	0	10	2	0
Twenty yards dash, . . . . .	0	4	5	0	0
Putting shot, . . . . .	3	1	0	5	0
Twenty-five yards hurdle, . . . . .	0	3	5	1	0
Pole vaulting, . . . . .	3½	½	3	½	0
Running high jump, . . . . .	4	0	0	0	5
Potato race, . . . . .	5	0	0	4	0
	23½	8½	23	12½	5

All of '96's points on the floor were won by Bates, Bass, and Smith, and all of '98's by Kendall and Minot. Bates and Kendall each won 10 points. The class captains were Preston Kyes, '96, J. H. Horne, '97, C. F. Kendall, '97, and E. S. Hadlock, '99. The officers of the evening were: Manager, J. H. Morse, '97; referee, Barrett Potter, '78; judges, Prof. G. T. Files, '89, W. L. Gaban, '87, and G. S. Machan, '93; timers, H. V. Stackpole, L. F. Soule, '95, and A. Mitchell, Jr., '95; measurers, H. P. Small, '95, W. S. A. Kimball, '95, and B. L. Bryant, '95; scorer, J. C. Minot, '96; starter, Dr. F. N. Whittier, '85; announcer, A. P. Ward, '96; marshal, G. T. Ordway, '96. The college orchestra furnished excellent music during the evening, and for the ball that followed the athletic programme. Many alumni were back, and sub-Freshmen were much in evidence.



'43.—William A. Goodwin, Esq., died at his residence on Pine Street, Portland, Me., Saturday, March 21, 1896. Mr. Goodwin was for many years a sufferer from catarrh. Recently he has been confined to the house, his illness assuming on acute state, so that death, while it came suddenly at the last, was not unexpected. Mr. Goodwin was born in Saco, July 27, 1822. He was therefore nearly 74 years of age. He received his early education in the York County schools and was fitted for Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1843. After gradu-

ation he was employed in teaching in Brunswick, Eastville, Va., and Saco for two years. He entered upon the study of civil engineering in the field, and his after business life was devoted to that profession. The positions he has held testify to his ability as an engineer. He was assistant engineer on the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad. He also surveyed the York & Cumberland and Richmond & Danville, Va., Railroads. Mr. Goodwin was also chief engineer on the Penobscot and on surveys of the European & North American Railway from St. John, N. B., to Calais, Me. Mr. Goodwin then became a member of the United States light-house department, serving as superintendent of construction of the first and second light-house districts of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. In 1862 and 1863 he served at New Orleans and on the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts under special orders on light-house duty. In 1870 Mr. Goodwin removed from Newton, Mass., to Portland to become city civil engineer, and held that office continuously until 1892, when the change in the political complexion of the city government led to his retirement. Since then Mr. Goodwin has continued the practice of his profession. In 1852, Mr. Goodwin married Linda, daughter of Tristram Shaw, who died in 1861, leaving three sons, of whom one, Mr. W. F. Goodwin, survives. In 1864, Mr. Goodwin married Annie, daughter of the late Barnabas Palmer of Kennebunk. Mrs. Goodwin and a daughter, Miss Annie Goodwin, survive him. Mr. Goodwin was a man of scholarly disposition and attainments. He had been a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the proceedings of the American Philological Association. For a number of years Mr. Goodwin was a member of the Fraternity Club. He was also a member of the college fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi.

'45.—Non-graduate. Hon. George W. True died at his residence in Portland recently. He had been in feeble health for a long time and several days ago he had a stroke of paralysis, which resulted in his death. Mr. True was a native of Montville, Waldo County, in this state, and was born September 16, 1823. He was therefore in his 73d year. He was educated in the schools of his native town, Yarmouth Academy, and Westbrook Seminary, preparing for Bowdoin College in the latter institution. He entered Bowdoin College in the Class of '42, but did not graduate. He went West with his father and family in 1841 and settled in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where he engaged in the general merchandise business. Later, he moved to Delaware, Ohio,

and established himself in the shoe and leather trade. While a resident of Mt. Vernon, Mr. True served two years in the Ohio legislature, in 1856-57. The late Hon. William Windom was a resident of Mt. Vernon at the time, and Mr. True enjoyed a close personal friendship with him. Mr. True was a member of the first Republican convention held in Ohio. In 1866 Mr. True came back to his native state and settled in Portland. He went into the flour and grain business with E. H. Burgin & Co., the firm being composed of Edward H. Burgin and W. H. Waldron. Later he was at the head of the firm of George W. True & Co., having as partners Clark H. Barker and William T. King. Mr. True retired from business seven or eight years ago. In 1870, President Grant appointed him surveyor of the port of Portland, and he held the position for twelve years. He was a member of the Portland school committee for ten years, two of which he was its chairman. He was a prominent member of the Fraternity Club. In 1891, Mr. True was nominated for mayor by the Republicans of Portland and was elected. He served one term and gave great satisfaction to all citizens by his honesty and careful administration of the city's business. Mr. True leaves a widow, who was the daughter of Hon. Benjamin Barker of Hiram, and one daughter, Mrs. McKim of Montreal.

'50.—Prof. J. S. Sewell of Bangor read a paper on "The Japan Expedition under Commodore Perry," at the quarterly meeting of the Maine Commandery Loyal Legion, at Portland, March 18th.

'60.—Judge Joseph White Symonds of Portland was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States on Monday, March 16, 1896.

'60.—Editor Frank L. Dingley of the *Leviston Journal* is having a fine yacht built at South Boothbay, and it will be launched in about two weeks. The craft will be 60 feet long and will have a cabin and two state-rooms. Twelve persons can sit at the dining-table. The yacht will be finished in mahogany and red cedar, and will have all the modern improvements. The cost will be \$6,000. The yacht will have a mythological name, will be one of the Portland Yacht Club's fleet, and hail from the port of Portland. Mr. Dingley will spend a large part of his time during the summer cruising along the coast.

'65.—Joseph E. Moore, Esq., of Thomaston, has been endorsed for the position of overseer of the college by the prominent alumni in Washington, including Chief Justice Fuller, Speaker Reed, and President *pro tem.* of the Senate Frye.

'73.—The First Congregational Church, Ottumwa, Iowa, of which Rev. L. F. Berry is pastor, recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization with impressive exercises.

'78.—At the annual meeting of the Maine Schoolmaster's Club at Portland, March 27th, George C. Purington, principal of the Farmington State Normal School, was elected President; H. E. Cole, principal of Bath High School (Bowdoin, '83), was elected Vice-President.

'87.—Austin Cary read a very able paper upon the value of the pulp and paper industry and the necessity of taking steps for the preservation of the forests, at the annual meeting of the Maine State Board of Trade last week. Mr. Cary has sailed for Europe in company with Dr. Charles E. Adams, '84, of Bangor, for an extended tour. They will witness the Olympic games at Athens while there.

'90.—George B. Sears, who received the degree of LL.B. from Boston University, has opened an office in Boston, with his residence in Danvers, Mass.

'95.—H. A. Moore has been elected superintendent of schools for the city of Ellsworth.

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### IN MEMORIAM.

#### ALPHA DELTA PHI.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS GOODWIN.

Born July 27, 1822.

Died March 21, 1896.

In the death of William Augustus Goodwin the Bowdoin Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi has suffered the loss of one who had all those qualities which are necessary to true manhood.

As a civil engineer, both in government employ and privately, he ever showed those traits which command the respect and love of all.

The Chapter regrets the death of one so upright, so generous, a brother possessing the noblest attributes of human nature and ever devoted to the interests and welfare of our fraternity.

EARL CLEMENT DAVIS,  
ALFRED BENSON WHITE,  
WALLACE HUMPHREY WHITE, JR.,

*For the Chapter.*

Whereas, God has been pleased to call to his reward Edward Kent Tapley, formerly of the Class of 1897;

Resolved, That the class has lost one who, while in college, was most devoted to its interests and

who was bound to us by the deepest ties of friendship and affection;

Resolved, That our deepest sympathy be extended to her whom his death has deprived of a loving son whose future was so full of promise;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late classmate and that they also be inserted in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

STEPHEN O. ANDROS,  
JAMES H. HORNE,  
HARRY D. LORD,

*Committee for the Class of 1897.*

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, March 17, 1896.

HALL OF DELTA Upsilon, }  
March 9, 1896. }

Our Heavenly Father having once more manifested His power and our dependence, by removing from us our beloved brother, Edward K. Tapley, formerly of the Class of '97, we would express, together with our realization of the mercy and wisdom of God, our regret at the loss of so loyal a brother, the memory of whose kind and generous disposition we shall ever fondly cherish.

A. P. WARD,  
J. W. CONDON,  
GUY H. STURGIS,

*Committee for the Chapter.*

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## College World.

The girls at Cornell are now permitted instruction in fencing.

One-sixteenth of the college students in this country are studying for the ministry.

A bicycle company which will be drilled in cavalry movements is to be formed at Cornell.

The end of the foot-ball season at the University of Minnesota left a cash balance of \$4,000.

Holy Cross has been admitted to the Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

Boston University has made a rule that those students who are unwilling to give up tobacco while in the University Building may withdraw, and their tuition will be refunded.

At Stanford University there is a students' fire company, who are trained for service by being called out unexpectedly on false fire signals.

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

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

**PROOF OF CONSTANCY.**

I said I loved her, and she asked  
For proof upon my part;  
I sent an X ray print, which showed  
An arrow through my heart.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

Eleven of the twenty-three men who received honors at Harvard last year were prominent athletes.

The oldest college in the world, Mohammedan, at Cairo, was 1,800 years old when Oxford was founded.

It is estimated that upwards of \$230,000 is expended annually by members of fraternities for badges and jewels.

"Young man," said the professor as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Freshie by the shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has," was the reply.—*Ex.*

It is boasted at Vassar that none of her graduates have been divorced.

Pennsylvania is to have a new dining-hall, which will seat one thousand students.

**TWO LETTERS.**

A Freshman wrote a letter home;  
The weather, he said, had been clear.  
But what he dreaded most of all  
Was its HAZY atmosphere.

A Sophomore also in his note  
Spoke of the weather, stating  
That now the air on College Hill  
Was FRESH and invigorating.

—*Lafayette.*

The undergraduates at Princeton recently burned in effigy the King of Spain in a demonstration in which several hundred people took part. The flag of Spain was dragged through the main street and then torn in pieces in the center of the campus.

Harvard will hold a bicycle meet in May.

The financial responsibility of Indiana University is borne by the faculty.

Not quite half of the representatives in Congress are college graduates.

Cornell is to have a new veterinary building which will cost \$150,000.

At Pennsylvania there is a balance of \$15,000 for next year's foot-ball eleven.

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- " Enameled Bals,

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