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THE
BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

1897-98.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 28, 1897.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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When a college paper changes its editorial staff, there generally ensues a long farewell to the old and a still longer introduction to the new. We will not prolong the agony any farther than necessary. To the old Board we simply say, "Thou hast been a good and faithful servant;" it shall be our earnest endeavor to keep up the old traditions and customs of the paper, as you have so ably done, and we trust that Volume XXVII. of the ORIENT will not fall short of the twenty-six that have preceded it.

Right here when mentioning "old traditions" we wish to speak of the matter of making the ORIENT a weekly. This question was talked of more or less, and arguments pro and con were advanced. The Board decided after much thought to make no alterations. The reasons for this were three-fold, namely—it is best to let well enough alone; the college is not so situated as to furnish news of sufficient interest and importance to fill the columns of the paper every week; and the financial basis of the ORIENT did not seem to warrant any change that would mean added expense. So for the present this matter is settled. It remains for some future board to again agitate it. Sooner or later it will come; as yet, however, the time does not seem to be ripe.

The ORIENT Board of '97-'98 begins its labors, and labors indeed they are, under circumstances somewhat different from those which have surrounded most incoming boards. We do not feel that we need deliver either a salutatory or an address of welcome, inasmuch as the ORIENT was under our care during the last fall term; then it was that some of us made our debut. As a Board, however, we now begin our regime, and trust that all will feel themselves free to criticise and make suggestions, but not to grumble. Criticism and grumbling have no connection; the one is conducive to improvement and advance, the other to deadness or even to retrogression. We invite criticism, but shall ignore grumbling.

TO say that our athletic prospects were never brighter, would be to use a time-worn and time-honored expression that has appeared in the ORIENT from year to year, with more or less truthfulness according to the particular athletic season in question. This season it is true, in base-ball, track athletics, and tennis. As yet tennis has but begun, and little more can be said of track athletics, but base-ball has been well launched. Two 'varsity and one second nine games have been played, so that now the team is practically chosen. In all three games the men showed their ability, and the competition among the large number of candidates has wrought wonders in bracing up the team, both individually and collectively. Captain Haines and every member of the team is determined to equal if not excel last year's record, and it can be done if the proper spirit is but infused into the players. The teams have started out well, and must and will maintain the pace already set.

Let us now glance at the financial side of the season. Track athletics and tennis, by careful and prudent managements in the past, are free from debt and should remain so.

Base-ball, however, is heavily in debt. Of what use is it to conceal this disagreeable fact? Added to this, the first game had to be postponed on account of rain, and the present period of financial distress makes itself felt very forcibly in the subscription lists, now so numerous. Financially, base-ball has "a hard row to hoe," and expenses must be reduced considerably; still the management hopes to bring the team out free from debt if it is possible. This can be done in two ways, and in two ways only; by subscribing to the team and by attending each and every game played here. It is in the power of the students whether or not the season shall be made successful. Stormy days, hard times, and a large debt can and will be overcome if the students so desire.

THE recent attack upon certain of the members and methods of our late Board, published in the last issue of the ORIENT, seems to be too undignified to call for much comment or even to demand an explanation in their behalf. It is not impossible that more harm may have been done by this attack than by any so-called questionable methods which may or may not have been employed by the late Board. However that may be, the ORIENT is and should be above the childish practice of "ink-slinging," and retaliation in kind is by no means the best method of rebuke. We simply leave the case upon its merits, and will gladly trust the good sense of those who may care to look into the matter to decide for itself. Possibly no mention of the affair would have been as well; at any rate, a word is sufficient.

IT will give Bowdoin men some little satisfaction to know that our customs are thought well enough of to be adopted *verbatim et litteratim* by some of our sister institutions. The most recent case in point is that of McGill University of Montreal, an institu-

tion much larger than ourselves and one of the leading colleges of Canada, which has chosen our Class Day programme as the one they are to use exclusively in the future. After a careful study of the Class Day programmes of the leading colleges of this entire country, they have adopted ours as the one best suited to them. This indeed is no small compliment to our customs and traditions.

THE '68 Prize Speaking took place as usual the last part of the winter term. The ORIENT takes pleasure in publishing the full text of the oration, "A Present Need," in another part of this paper.

FOR the benefit of our readers, and we hope for the benefit of the new Athletic Field, we present a few hard, cold facts, which should prove of interest to any and all Bowdoin men. This is simply to inform Bowdoin men what has been accomplished there this spring; it is to keep you posted, as you should be.

The new Athletic Field is being put in order for base-ball and the spring meets, and much necessary work has already been done. Fills have been made where the ground had settled during the winter, also the diamond has been marked out, leveled, and rolled.

Preparations are being made to move the fence on the north side of the field nearer to New Meadows Road, thus giving more room for base-ball. The track has been scraped and rolled; also jumping paths have been built and circles for the shot and hammer have been put in. The bills for the work done will increase the debt on the field to \$400, \$200 of which is covered by unpaid subscriptions. So it is necessary that all sums promised be paid and \$200 more be given in order to clear the field of debt. The Athletic Field Committee asks graduates and friends of the college, who are

willing to contribute, to send subscriptions to Ira P. Booker, Esq., Treasurer of Bowdoin College.

"'Tis Sixty Years Since."

To the Editors of the Orient:

IN the ORIENT for March 31st I see with regret some reference to hazing in my loved *Alma Mater*. It is true the editor writes that it was but a small matter, but this is the first I have heard of hazing there for more than half a century. Young men go to college to acquire culture and knowledge, not to practice rowdyism. In some of our colleges this rowdy spirit is exhibiting itself in a most disgraceful manner. Edward Everett, when President of Harvard University, said that college students should be punished for violations of law as well as other persons. If this were done, hazing would soon cease.

In 1833 the Freshmen of Bowdoin suffered every sort of abuse and wrong from the Sophomore Class. To have one's windows broken in and doors burst open, when one is quietly studying or sleeping; to be driven out of bed and compelled to give performances in a night-dress, to which one is not accustomed, is not conducive to happiness or the acquiring of knowledge. The leader then in hazing was the most athletic fellow in college. Some of that Freshman Class, after fully discussing the matter, decided to put a stop to the hazing or leave college. They were ready to resort to desperate measures.

One cold night in December, about 11 o'clock, thirteen students ascended to the third story of Maine Hall, burst open the door which had been especially fortified, and seized this leader in his bed before he could take his loaded gun, which it was known he had by his bedside. They then took him in his night-dress to the old wooden pump some

three hundred feet distant, and held him under the pump until he was fully drenched. While this process was going on, Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, then a Senior, from the fourth floor of the same building cried out from his window, "Give it to him, give it to him;" and it was given to him. There was war in college after this for some weeks. The Freshmen had a guard for many nights in one of their rooms. But they were too strong for the Sophomores, and in a few weeks the excitement subsided.

After all was over the Freshmen held a meeting and unanimously voted to treat any member of their class in the same way should he attempt to haze any one of the next Freshman Class. There was no more hazing while I was in college. This is the last I had heard of hazing in Bowdoin until the slight notice in the ORIENT. May it not be heard again.

GEORGE WOODS, Class of '37.

A Present Need.

'SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZE ORATION.

WON BY JOHN GEORGE HAINES.

MORE than a hundred years ago, when the fathers of the American Revolution rose in arms against the mother country, they felt that they were redressing not merely their own grievances but the wrongs of humanity at large. With loyal heart and ready hand those valiant men shouldered their trusty muskets and marched fearlessly to the front. You remember with what daring courage and noble self-sacrifice they fought; you recall with what patience they endured the winter's cold at Valley Forge and at Morristown; and so long as the fire of patriotism burns within you, you will never weary in recounting those glorious achievements of the ragged Continentals which are forever recorded at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Yorktown, along the ice-

bound banks of the Delaware and amid the burning sands of the Carolinas.

The war ended, the fathers of the young nation forthwith set themselves to finish the grand work, which they had so conscientiously begun. They had battled for the rights of human nature; now they labored to secure for mankind the substance of those rights by the enactment of just laws and the establishment of free institutions. To each man, whether rich or poor—intelligent or ignorant—of native birth or of foreign extraction, was granted an equal share in the affairs of state. In the eyes of the law all men were equal, and America truly became "a government of the people, for the people, and by the people."

But the struggle for human rights did not end with the Revolutionary War nor with the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The foundations of popular government were laid firmly but not adequately. Erelong a hideous monster raised its "Gorgon head" within our borders, and with open defiance threatened the safety and progress of our cherished liberties. Alas! what supreme mockery that slavery with all its degrading influences should exist in a boasted land of freedom! In their mad race for wealth and power Americans had lost sight of those principles for which their fathers had died. We in turn had infringed upon the just rights of humanity and had brought down upon our own heads well-merited chastisement.

More than thirty years have rolled by since the question of caste was settled forever in our territories. During this time America has been stretching out her hands in all directions, subduing the rough conditions of the land, adding strength to strength, and distributing blessings to mankind without measure. Our population has been doubled since the war; we have received thousands upon thousands of the poor and neglected from foreign shores and have given them

employment and protection. Mining, manufacturing, agriculture, and commerce have grown apace, until we have become a mighty nation of untold resources and unknown strength. Meanwhile our wonderful industrial progress has been purchased at the sacrifice of much that is noble in character and indispensable in national life. To-day we are confronted with another phase of the problem of human rights. Though we may not be aware of the fact, it is nevertheless true that there is another form of tyranny in our midst, more complex and wide-spread than slavery, less conspicuous perhaps, but none the less real. It still remains for America to settle the question of wealth. The very ladder by which she has climbed to her present greatness among the nations of the world may yet prove the cause of her speedy downfall. We have seen the oriental nations decked in all the blazonry of luxury and riches fall an easy prey to the valiant arms of Alexander; we have seen Macedonia in turn, now given up to the degrading pleasures of wealth, succumb to the conquering cohorts of Rome. And what shall I say of Rome? Did not her very conquests prove her ultimate ruin? Let America, then, heed the warning voice of the Past before it is too late. Already this self-same spirit has marred the beauty of American life. At this moment the pursuit of wealth is the ruling motive in all things American. Thousands of our youth, disdain the tardy process of education, at an early age repair to the busy city, bent on taking the shortest cut possible to riches. Money has become the standard of social prestige—the mark of rank, of worth and favor. The means has become an end in itself; instead of being used to free man from the bondage of ignorance and poverty, wealth has become an instrument of oppression. Mark how the business of legislation is menaced by the unscrupulous plutocrat. Laws are passed nowadays not for the highest

good of the community, as our fathers had intended they should be, but for the exclusive benefit of those who possess the most money to purchase their enactment. Offices are bought and sold with the same keen competition as stocks on Wall Street; and in some of our large cities men will expend several times as much for election to office as the salary paid by that office, and why? Simply because elevation to a position of trust, forsooth, means elevation to admirable opportunities for private gluttony.

But you say this sordid spirit is confined to the less intelligent of our population. On the contrary, this same immorality dominates the lives of a large proportion of the wealthy and well-educated as well; ay! they who would be leaders of mankind countenance this monstrous wickedness; and secure, as it were, within the fortress of their own means and attainments, either hold themselves aloof from the responsibilities of citizenship, or refuse to exert their influence to reclaim politics from the mischiefs of corruption. No wonder reform is slow, when the general tone of the populace is so debased! No wonder New York City and a thousand other cities in our land have been controlled and are controlled to-day by the "boss" and his faithful band of the ignorant and foreign-born. For shame! Americans, we who have been called to the grandest heritage of nations, shall we be guilty of such an inexcusable infidelity, such base ingratitude! Reared in a land resplendent with the glories of freedom, shall we lack the independence to speak and the courage to execute?

Again mark the influence of wealth in our churches. We walk into our beautiful city edifices, and what do we see? A large congregation; but of what nature? The poor and outcast? Is the factory girl there? Do you observe plain people there in plain clothes? Do you feel the house of prayer permeated with a spirit of lowliness and gen-

uine brotherly love? Wealth has entered the place of worship and driven out the humble workman, because he feels, and not without justice either, that he is no longer welcome there. And what is the attitude of the church toward labor reforms? Most painfully silent! With now and then a notable exception, the pulpit not only does not openly espouse the cause of labor, but is even loath to denounce either the covetous spirit of modern money-making, or the utterly selfish way in which money is hoarded and expended.

But the pernicious influence of this inordinate thirst for riches is most severely felt in the economic relations of man to man—of capital to labor—of class to class. As civilization progresses, the standard of living is raised and the gap between classes becomes wider and wider. The poorer element of our population, no longer content with their present condition, and believing themselves robbed of their rightful share of the product of industry, are resolved upon a change in the distribution of wealth. Even at this moment, while assurances of peace are being wafted to our shores from across the waters, a mighty wail of despair and suffering, swelling ever louder and louder above the din of business, rises from our streets, our slums and factories, and proclaims in no uncertain tones that there is no peace. From the ruined farmer of the far West to the penniless artisan of the East the same voice is heard, demanding just legislation and the exercise of Christian charity. It is a cry for manly sympathy—not socialism; for the privilege of earning one's daily bread; for suitable wages; for clean, comfortable homes, instead of crowded, disease-breeding tenements; for schools and churches. Shall this outcry of the oppressed not be heeded? It must be heeded. America has always stood for the cause of oppressed human nature, and she will stand forth again to-day to

defend the just rights of man. There never was a time in our history, and there never shall be a time in our history, when one class or one section of our people may presume with impunity to exist, either by itself, or purely for itself. For behold, we have common interests: one government, one flag, one suffrage, one motto—liberty and justice. So to-day the interests of the laborer are largely the interests of the employer—the interests of the poor are closely associated with those of the rich. We must, therefore, look with favor upon the affairs of our fellow-men if we would be truly at peace. A great work is before us. If we cherish the self-sacrificing spirit of our ancestors this civil tyranny will be banished from our midst, and we shall enter upon a period of peace and prosperity such as the world has never seen. If, on the other hand, we shut our eyes to these dangers and regard with stolid indifference the urgent needs of our fellow-men, then this fair land and these beloved institutions will experience an overthrow more bitter and humiliating than that occasioned by the reign of terror in France, or the recent war of secession in America.

Let us then as loyal sons of liberty, eager, as were our fathers of old, for the conflict, step manfully forth into the arena of life, and resolve ourselves that we shall never lay down our arms until the bands of oppression are broken in sunder, and the classes of our people are forever and inseparably bound together by the ties of Christian Brotherhood.

There will be an athletic meet between the Freshman Classes of Bowdoin and Colby at Waterville on either May 22d or 27th. Final preparations are now being made.

Gardner, '98, has returned after a prolonged trip to Washington and the South.

The Calve Concert at Portland on the 26th attracted a goodly number of students, who were amply repaid for their journey.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Minstrel.

The sun was high in heaven
 One burning summer's day,
 When a minstrel worn and weary,
 With scattered locks and gray,
 Neath a spreading oak sought shelter
 From the parching midday's heat,
 And bathed his brow in the springlet cool
 That bubbled at his feet.

Long sat he there and rested,
 He'd far to travel yet,
 Nor could he rise, from weakness,
 Until the sun had set.
 At length he took his aged harp,
 His sole remaining friend,
 And slowly tottered onward
 Toward his far-off journey's end.

When the crescent moon beneath the west
 Had veiled her silver light,
 And the deepening shades of darkness
 Had bedimmed the minstrel's sight,
 He sought an ancient castle
 Where dwelt a dame—'twas said—
 Who erst the poor befriended,
 Oft gave them alms and bread.

Théré, given sumptuous repast,
 The bard, ere he retires,
 In gratitude attunes his harp
 And sweeps the trembling wires.
 Though voice and hand were feeble
 He strove to do his best,
 Said, "I will sing one humble lay
 Before I go to rest."

Now chord on chord in cadence deep
 Bursts from the magic strings,
 And now his whole life's story
 The hoary minstrel sings.
 How he loved and won a maiden
 In the blissful long ago,
 How she bore to him one daughter,
 Fair as the driven snow.

Ere the babe had known three summers
 To eternity she passed.
 Ere her eyes were dry from weeping
 Her mother breathed her last.

The omnipotent of Heaven,
 Who hath power all to save,
 Took both, nor left one soul to cheer
 His pathway to the grave.

The minstrel's dim eyes moistened
 As he ceased the plaintive lay,
 And from his cheek, deep furrowed,
 He dashed a tear away.
 He said, "My soul is weary
 Of toil and bitter woe,
 And I long for the welcome season
 When my time shall come to go."

And as these words he murmured,
 "Of toil and bitter woe,"
 Faltered his hand and dropped his head
 Upon his bosom low.
 The good dame rose and found his heart
 Was silent in his breast,
 His Father hearkened to his words
 And gave his wished-for rest.

The Rainy Day.

The day is dark, and falls the rain
 In silver drops on hill and plain.
 Vanquished, the rightful king of day
 No longer sheds his warming ray,
 And far withdrawn from mortal sight
 Gives up the world to worse than night.
 But list, borne on the swelling breeze
 From yonder group of swaying trees,
 A vocal note I seem to hear
 Of mild reproach and lofty cheer.

"Descend, ye rains,
 In silver chains,
 Descend in sparkling rills.
 Ye April showers,
 Bring forth the flowers
 And clothe the naked hills.

"Dear to my sight
 Is the golden light
 Which Sol sheds on the land.
 But drear to me
 Would summer be
 Unblest by Flora's hand.

"Whether God above
 In His boundless love
 Send rain or sunshine fair,
 With spirit light
 As sea foam white
 I fly my daily care.

"No vague unrest
Disturbs my breast,
My life is ever bright.
No plaintive note
E'er 'scapes my throat,
Whatever is, is right."

The songster has ceased from his tuneful lay,
And as the last strain dies away,
The woodland nymph catches the note
Serenely in her mimic throat,
And breathing on the gentle gale,
Re-echoes it along the vale,
"Whatever is, is right."

Thrice blest,
O robin in the elm tree crest,
Thy noble song! Be it my care
Henceforth content my lot to bear,
Nor more o'er present evils brood—
God-visited for future good.



Last week the ORIENT Board held their first meeting in their new quarters at No. 11 Memorial Hall. During the vacation the room has been fitted out with a center-table, desks, chairs, and some shelves at one end for preserving exchanges. With a few more minor additions the ORIENT will be permanently settled in its new home for future work.

Bicycles are once more in evidence.

The medics enjoyed a short vacation last week.

Bean, 1900, is at home on account of sickness in his family.

The "Immortals" are busied in making up their examinations.

Oliver D. Smith, '98, paid a visit to his old school, St. Paul's, recently.

The base-ball men returned the latter part of vacation week for practice.

The Sophomore division of Botany is studying "Bessy's Essentials of Botany." Gray's text-book has been used in former classes.

Clarke, '99, returned to college, from Augusta, the latter part of last term.

Robinson Brothers' *We Young People* has not been appearing regularly of late.

Professor Chapman attended the Bridgton alumni reunion, held recently at Riverton.

Greenlaw, '99, has been detained at home on account of the death of his mother.

H. E. Marston, '99, has returned to college from North Anson, where he has been teaching.

The '99 semi-public debate, which was to have been held on April 19th, has been given up.

One of the pianos in North Maine was moved out last week. More quiet, but less melody.

The subjects for the first Sophomore themes of this term, which were due April 27th, were:

1. A Bicycle Ride.
2. The Work of College Settlements in Our Large Cities.
3. An Ideal Newspaper.
4. Fast-Day: Should it be Abolished?
5. "A Tale of Two Cities," by Dickens.
6. Arlo Bates' "Talks on Writing English."

Adjourns or early recitations were in order on the afternoon of the Murphy Balsams game.

The subscription book for track athletics was going the rounds last week. Don't dodge it.

Crafts, 1900, business manager of the ORIENT, who has been out teaching, returned last week.

Edwards, '98, and Willey, 1900, are out teaching this term. The former has a school at Boothbay.

June 17th has been announced as the limit at which the Seniors must have all back work made up.

The members of the Delta Upsilon fraternity have been making over their tennis court during the last week.

Managers Baxter, Pierce, and Dana were making calls last week in the interests of their various Associations.

H. A. Hitchcock, Cornell, 1900, and Edwin S. Alexander of Glasgow University, were recent visitors on the campus.

A representative of Shuman's Clothing House of Boston, with samples of spring goods, was at the Tontine just before vacation.

Quite a crowd watched a game of base-ball on the Delta, last Thursday, between the Freeport and Brunswick High School teams.

Professor Carrier is talking of holding an exhibition at the Art Building this term, showing the work done by his pupils in drawing.

Bacon, 1900, kept up his base-ball work during vacation. The following is from the *Boston Herald* of recent date:

"The Naticks brought with them Bacon of Bowdoin College as pitcher, and he did good work."

The following party enjoyed one of "Jake's" shore suppers last week: Elliot, Hagar, Brett, W. F. White, E. C. Davis, all of '97.

Cobb and Potter, 1900, who have been rooming on Cleaveland Street, are on the campus now. They have Room 27, North Appleton.

A new case has recently been put up in the Boyd Gallery of the Art Building. The case is to be filled with some old German porcelain.

The Twentieth Century Twelve, an organization of Lewiston young ladies, entertained a party of Bowdoin students on the evening of the 26th.

The much-desired and long-looked-for railroad station is still a futurity. The promise that work would begin in the spring is yet to be fulfilled.

With the advent of spring new duties have devolved upon the Freshmen, and for a week past they have been engaged in putting the tennis courts in order.

Mr. Booker fails to confirm the rumor that one or both of the old ends will be remodeled the coming summer. He tells us that nothing definite can be said until June.

The sending up of the arc-light from Mt. Washington recently caused many speculations among the students as to the identity of various stars in the northern sky.

The Chess Tournament, between Colby and Bowdoin, was held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, April 15th, 16th, and 17th. The Colby team won, with 10½ games, against 7½ for Bowdoin.

Laycock, '98, enjoyed his chapel service on the first day of the term "all by his lonesome." The new method of reckoning time evidently hadn't been impressed upon him forcibly enough.

The University of Maine has just issued several valuable pamphlets from its agricultural experiment station. These cannot fail to be of great use to those interested in them throughout the state.

Base-ball practice commenced early in earnest, and as the new field was not dry enough, the Delta was in active service last week once more. H. W. Coburn, '96, was back last week helping the men.

The Deutscher Verein has adopted a pin in the form of a shield, the colors of which are red, white,

and black, the national colors of Germany. On the shield is a *zirkel*, the emblem of the Verein in Germany.

The number of books taken from the library during March was 1,134. This is an unusually large number for March as compared with other years. The greatest number taken out on any one day was 108, on the 3d.

The disappearance of the storm-doors at the Library and Gymnasium and of the wooden steps at the Art Building herald the advent of spring. Already the grass is turning green and the robins have begun to arrive.

The '68 Prize Speaking of the Class of '97 was held at Memorial Hall, April 1st. The speaking was of a high order, and there was a large attendance, both of towns-people and students. The programme was as follows:

Industrial Socialism.	MUSIC.	William Frye White.
The Birth of Scholarship.	MUSIC.	Harry Maxwell Varrell.
The Old and the New.	MUSIC.	Archie Sherman Harriman.
A Modern Crime.	MUSIC.	Robert Sidney Hagar.
A Present Need.	MUSIC.	John George Haines.
Minority Representation.	MUSIC.	* Alfred Page Cook.
		* Excused.

The introduction of music between each part was very agreeable and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. The prize was awarded to John George Haines of Paterson, N. J.

Now is the time when subscription papers for base-ball, tennis, and track athletics are being passed around. Patriotism to the college interests can be shown in no better way than by a ready response for the college teams.

Mrs. Levi C. Wade of Bath has made some kindly loans to the Art Building, which have been placed upon exhibition this winter. Previous to this, one of the most admired pictures in the Boyd Gallery was one loaned by her.

W. F. Garcelon, the trainer of our athletic team, has been getting the men to work during the past week. Every man should show his interest in the work and thus do his part in making Bowdoin's team stronger than ever before.

Some 250 books were recently received at the library from Rev. Dr. Henry F. Cheever of the

Class of 1834. Many of the works are on anti-slavery and temperance subjects, and will form a valuable addition to the library.

One of the recent additions to a South Winthrop room was a cat brought from Portland. A man in North Maine has been expecting to have a parrot from South America this spring term. But alas for Poll! She died upon reaching port.

The Sophomore reading in French outside of the class this term is as follows: Bernardin de Saint-Pierre—Paul et Virginie; Chateaubriand—Extracts, edited by Sanderson; Victor Hugo—Les Miserables, edited by Sumichrast.

The fourteenth annual meeting and banquet of the New England Association of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity took place recently at the Parker House. There was a full attendance of members; among the number were E. E. Spear, '98, and C. C. Williamson, '98, of Bowdoin.

A branch chapter of the Alpha Kappa Kappa was organized at the beginning of the term among the "medics." This is the first secret fraternity in the medical department at Bowdoin. The officers are: W. S. A. Kimball, A.B., President; J. J. Gailey, Vice-President; W. E. Merrill, Secretary; J. F. Starrett, Treasurer.

During vacation some improvements have been made on the athletic field. Places for the running high jump, the running broad jump, and the pole vault have been made, and a ring for putting the shot has been arranged. There is some talk of moving the right field fence back some forty feet and thus making the right field larger.

The Brunswick Minstrels, last Friday evening, drew many of the students to the Town Hall. The company was composed of Brunswick and Bath talent and the Bowdoin Orchestra furnished music. Among the late attractions in the amusement line have been the Easter Monday ball, and Barlow Bros.' seance which took place Saturday evening.

A fine addition has been made to the library in the form of some one hundred and twenty-five books, which have just been received from Germany. The books are mostly fiction and represent a class in which the German department of the library has hitherto been wanting. Among the authors represented is Baumbach, whose "Schwiegersohn" the Sophomores are reading.

The provisional Commencement appointment list of the Class of '97 has been announced as follows: S. P. Ackley, East Machias; C. L. Blake,

New Gloucester; G. M. Brett, Auburn; G. E. Carmichael, Medway, Mass.; A. P. Cook, Portland; F. H. Dole, Gorham; D. W. Elliot, Brunswick; F. K. Ellsworth, Brockton, Mass.; R. S. Hagar, Richmond; J. G. Haines, Paterson, N. J.; A. S. Harriman, Brunswick; J. W. Hewitt, South Berwick; C. H. Holmes, Brewer; R. L. Hull, Deering Center; F. G. Kneeland, Lovell Center; Hugh McCallum, Pawtucket, R. I.; S. L. Merriman, Harpswell; J. H. Morse, Bath; E. F. Pratt, Wilton; J. H. Quint, Dover, N. H.; F. J. Small, Oldtown; F. A. Stearns, Norway; H. M. Varrell, Wells; E. C. Vining, Freeport; W. F. White, Lewiston. This makes a total of 25 out of a class membership of 59. These will all write Commencement parts, from which six will be chosen for delivery.

Athletics.

As the annual spring contests draw nearer, training and preparation go on apace. With the new field, the meet to be held here, and plenty of new material, all looks bright. But at the same time more men are sorely needed to help each other along. To quote the coach: "Success in athletics depends upon numbers, and if we are to win we must have more men out training, for it is impossible with the number now at work. With the meet here at home, and at no expense, we should pick up the seconds and thirds, and to do this we simply must have more men."

It is too early in the season to pick the best men, but after the trials, which are to come off the first of May, they will be definitely chosen. At present we seem to be weak in the dashes, but in the hurdles, even without Horne, '97, we are as strong as last year. In the shot and hammer the old men are better than ever, but here, too, new men are needed. In the half-mile and long distances we are better than last year, and also have plenty of new material. The following men are in training for the different events: From '97—French and White for the weights; French, Cook, and Stearns for the jumps; Stearns for the bicycle race; Hanlon, Cook, and Carmichael for the sprints, and Brett for the middle distances. From '98—Kendall is as yet undecided; Wiggin, Hutchings, Pettengill are also running; and Minott is doing the pole vault. From '99—Godfrey for the shot and hammer; Hadlock for the hurdles; Sinkinson and Nelson for the long distances; Woodbury, Clark, Lavertu, Cleaves, and

H. E. Marston for the half mile; R. G. Smith, Piper, and Wignott for the jumps; Neagle for the bicycle race. From 1900—Babb and Willard for the half mile; Gould, Merrill, and Gardner for the jumps; S. M. Hamlin for the shot and hammer; Sylvester, Rowell, Willard, and Potter for the hurdles. Giles, Goodspeed, and Levensaler are also running.

The date of the State Meet has been set on Wednesday, June 9th. The date of the Worcester Meet is Saturday, May 22d. The mile walk has been barred out of this meet, but in other respects it is to be the same as last year.

The courts are now in first-class condition, and the men are hard at work. Considerable tennis training was done early in the season in the gym., and the men show the beneficial effects of it.

A new cup is to be competed for this spring by the men in the singles, and we have high hopes of holding it for the coming year.

The inter-scholastic tennis meet bids fair to be a close contest, and many schools will compete for the cups which the Bowdoin Tennis Association has offered. The dates of this tournament are the 28th and 29th of May. The intercollegiate tournament is to be in Portland again this year. The date is the first three days of the second week in June.

The following men are working for the doubles: Dana, '98, Ives, Cook, and W. W. Spear, White, '99, and Dana, '99. These men and others will enter the singles.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 10; Murphy Balsams, 3.

Rain caused the postponement of the first scheduled game from Saturday to Monday, the 19th. The weather was cold and windy, and it rained during the latter part of the game. But seven innings were played, and it was so raw that neither of the pitchers exerted themselves. Bodge pitched an excellent game, striking out fourteen men, some of whom were old league players. Bowdoin's team this year appeared to good advantage. The two new men showed up well in what little they had to do. Bacon has a hard place to fill, but bids fair to fill it well. The alternating of Libby and Bodge from first base to the pitcher's box will insure us a good first baseman all the time, for both men are old players at that position.

The game on Monday was slow to watch, as might be expected from the weather and the earliness of the season, but all in all it was very satisfactory to Bowdoin supporters, who could only

criticise the batting and base-running, which will no doubt improve as the season advances. Score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	4	1	1	1	15	0	0
Bodge, p.,	5	2	1	1	0	2	1
Bryant, l.f.,	3	2	1	1	0	0	0
Bacon, s.s.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Stanwood, c.f.,	1	1	0	0	2	0	0
Hull, 2b.,	3	1	1	2	0	1	1
Clarke, 3b.,	4	1	2	3	0	0	0
Libby, 1b.,	1	1	1	1	3	0	0
Smith, r.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	28	10	8	10	21	2	2

MURPHY BALSAMS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Webster, 2b.,	2	2	1	2	5	4	2
Gorham, 3b.,	4	0	1	2	1	1	1
Kilfedder, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Edgar, c.,	2	0	0	0	5	1	1
Murphy, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Flaviu, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	7	0	0
Allen, c.f. and p.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Woodbury, l.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hodgdon, p. and c.f.,	2	1	1	1	0	0	1
Totals,	25	3	3	5	21	10	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoin,	3	0	0	0	1	0	6-10
Murphy Balsams,	1	0	0	0	1	0	1-3

Base on balls—by Bodge 4, by Hodgdon 6, by Allen 3. Hit by pitched ball—Webster, Libby. Wild pitch—Bodge 1, Allen 1. Stolen bases—Haines, Hodgdon. Struck out—by Bodge 14, by Hodgdon 4. Passed balls—Edgar 2, Haines 3. Left on bases—Bowdoin 6, Murphy Balsams 4.

Bowdoin, 1; Portland, 9.

Bowdoin played her second game with the Portland league team on Fast-Day. The game was played in Portland, and was an excellent one after the second inning, when Bowdoin settled down to hard work. The fielding of both teams was first-class and shows our team up in a very favorable light, for we made fewer mistakes than the leaguers, even after their two weeks of playing. It may be too early in the season to criticise the batting of our team, but later in the season we expect to see a different sort of stick work. The playing of Hull and Bacon was rather the best for Bowdoin, while the batting of Hickey was the feature of Portland's game. The score:

PORTLAND.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hickey, 2b.,	4	4	3	4	2	3	0
Coughlin, r.f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Nichols, c.,	5	1	2	2	5	2	0
Houle, l.f.,	5	2	2	3	1	0	0
McQuirk, 1b.,	5	0	2	2	14	0	0
Polhemus, c.f.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Burns, 3b.,	3	1	2	2	2	2	2
Deisel, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	2	4	1
Miller, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Engel, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	40	9	13	15	27	13	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	3	0	0	0	4	1	0
Bodge, p.	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Bryant, i.f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Coburn, 3b.	4	0	0	0	1	2	2
Bacon, s.s.	4	0	0	0	3	4	0
Stanwood, c.f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Hull, 2b.	4	0	1	1	2	5	0
Libby, 1b.	3	0	0	0	14	1	0
Clarke, r.f.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	30	1	2	2	27	16	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Portland	4	2	1	1	0	1	0	0	0-9
Bowdoin	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0-1

Earned runs—Portland 4. Two-base hits—Hickey, Houle. Sacrifice hit—Bodge. Stolen bases—Hickey 2, Coughlin, Nichols 2, Houie 2, Burns, Haines, Bacon, Stanwood, Hull. First base on balls—by Miller, Haines 2; by Bodge, Hickey, Burns. First base on errors—Portland 2, Bowdoin 3. Left on bases—Portland 5, Bowdoin 6. Hit by pitched ball—by Engel, Haines. Struck out—by Miller, Bryant, Libby; by Bodge, Pollemus, Deisel, Miller. Passed balls—Haines 2. Wild pitches—Bodge 3. Double plays—Nichols and Burns; Coburn, Haines, and Bacon. Umpire—Hassett. Time—2 hours 15 minutes.

L. H. S., 12; Bowdoin 2d, 6.

The first game of the second nine was played on the Athletic Field against the Lewiston High School team, Saturday, the 24th. The second nine thus far has been rather more talked about than known, and this game showed that if the rest of the schedule is to be played in a manner creditable to the college, the team must have regular practice and systematic coaching. The game for the first five innings was close and exciting, but after that the visitors batted in better luck and gradually pulled away, while the college team showed plainly its lack of practice by not batting at all. Both pitchers did fine work, Stetson striking out thirteen men. The fielding of both teams was also very good. The score:

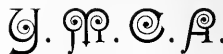
BOWDOIN 2d.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Philon, c.	5	0	1	1	0	13	1	1
Stetson, p.	4	2	0	0	0	0	1	0
Clarke, 1b.	5	0	0	0	1	13	1	2
White, 2b.	2	0	1	1	0	1	1	1
Towle, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Haskell, 3b.	3	2	0	0	0	1	2	1
Hunt, s.s.	4	1	2	3	1	1	2	2
Moulton, r.f.	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Came, c.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, i.f.	4	0	2	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	6	6	7	2	27	10	7

L. H. S.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ward, 2b.	6	0	2	2	1	0	3	3
Harkins, 3b.	4	1	1	1	0	0	1	0
Hayes, c.	7	1	1	2	0	10	4	0
Curran, 1b.	7	0	1	1	1	10	0	0
Shea, p.	5	0	0	0	0	0	1	2
Deunnett, i.f.	4	4	2	2	0	0	0	0
Joyce, s.s.	3	3	0	0	1	3	1	1
Davis, c.f.	5	1	4	4	0	2	1	0
Wright, r.f.	4	2	1	1	0	2	0	0
Totals	45	12	12	13	3	27	11	6

Struck out—by Stetson 13, by Shea 9. Base on balls—by Stetson 6, by Shea 7. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 7, L. H. S. 7. Wild pitches—Stetson, Shea. Passed balls—Philon 2, Hayes 3. Umpire—T. Keohan. Scorer—L. L. Cleaves.



President Ernest Laycock, '98, led the evening service Thursday, April 15th. He took as his subject "Perplexities," and carried out his theme very clearly and interestingly.

Last Thursday evening the meeting was conducted by Fred K. Ellsworth, '97. The current theme of the consideration was the way or ways in which we can please God. The leader spoke earnestly and frankly his views, and several other members gave bits of experience and thought. The general conclusion reached by all seemed to be that the best and surest way to please our Maker is to always do our best to develop whatever talents He has given us, and to make as many people as truly happy as our abilities and capabilities will permit.

At the business meeting, held directly after the service, it was unanimously agreed that the discontinuance of the Sunday afternoon song service would be the only means to prevent the interest and strength of the Association from weakening. The change in time of the afternoon chapel makes it necessary to hold the Y. M. C. A. meeting at 5.30, which is the regular dinner hour at the clubs. The attendance would necessarily be very slim, and it would be putting too much upon the shoulders of the chairman of the prayer-meeting committee to ask him to invite speakers for so small an audience.

It is understood that several of the Bowdoin Y. M. C. A. intend to make the trip to Northfield this year on their bicycles. All who can go should report the fact to the secretary.

For convenient reference the complete list of officers of the Y. M. C. A. is published below: President, Laycock, '98; Vice-President, Woodbury, '99; Secretary, Marsh, '99; Treasurer, Robinson, 1900; Hand-Book Committee, Varney, '99, Alexander, '98, S. M. Hamlin, 1900, Webster, '99, C. C. Smith, '98; New Student Committee, Woodbury, '99, Wormwood, '98, Wignott, '99, Blake, '98, Phillips, '99; Meeting Committee, Poor, '99, Holmes, 1900, Bragdon, 1900.

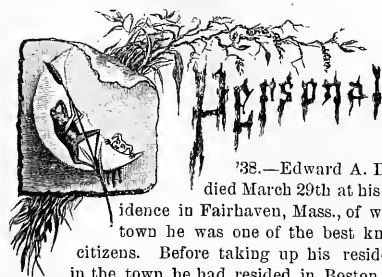
Nebraska University is making preparations for a summer school.

Book Notices.

(Cap and Gown: The Second Series of College Verse. Selected by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. L. C. Page & Co., Boston, 1897.) The college man throughout the country always hails with joy a publication distinctively collegiate. The college verse writers or college rhymers, as they may be called, are no exception to this rule, and the "Cap and Gown" will receive such a welcome as only the American college man can give. Among the thousands and tens of thousands of verses that appear annually in the student press of to-day it would be strange indeed were there not some which were worthy of preservation. To cull out the half-developed, and to choose the well-rounded, representative verse, is a task of Herculean proportions, but with his extensive knowledge of the American college world, Mr. Knowles has been enabled to accomplish this with marked success. Many a college man will feel flattered, and justly so, when he perceives his verses copied, and many another will strive to improve so that in the future his name may be enrolled upon the scroll of honor. College verse is amateur verse and must be criticised as such: In many of these verses may be found the beginnings of future greatness, who can tell? Doubtless many would consider it a rash statement should one say that the genius of a second Byron or Longfellow lurks under certain of these lines; still it takes but time to disclose it. These series of college verse, it is hoped, may not stop here; but as time goes on and the bulk of college verse increases, Mr. Knowles will have to use his keenest judgment if he intends to maintain the high standard of his first two series. He will prove himself equal to the task, however, and when a sufficient time shall have elapsed we shall eagerly await his Third Series.

(The College Year-Book and Athletic Record for 1896-97. Compiled by Edwin Emerson, Jr., New York, 1897. Stone & Kimball.) If there are any college men who think themselves well acquainted with our American colleges let them but glance at this book. All such conceited ideas will instantly vanish. This is a book of statistics, pure and simple, and as such it is unrivalled. Every institution in the country, qualified to confer collegiate degrees, is accurately described; but this is only a small fraction of the entire work. There are complete and up-to-date lists of college publications, fraternities, and colors, in fact, college everything;

not omitting college professors and instructors. The volume closes with an athletic record of all the leading contests in every branch of athletics. It is a stupendous work and one that every cosmopolitan college man should keep on hand for ready reference.



'38.—Edward A. Dana died March 29th at his residence in Fairhaven, Mass., of which town he was one of the best known citizens. Before taking up his residence in the town he had resided in Boston and its vicinity, and had lived in Fairhaven summers for many years. He was a lawyer by profession, a graduate of Bowdoin College, Class of 1838, but never practiced law to any extent, being the possessor of a competence by inheritance and inclined more to invention than practice at the bar. He was a man of great ingenuity, the inventor of various devices, several of which were very profitable and successful ventures. Among these was a windmill, and a brand of fulminating powder, for which he received a government contract. The windmills had quite an extensive sale. Mr. Dana first became a Fairhaven summer resident about fifteen years ago, and since that time had devoted much attention to the cultivation of his extensive farm. He had a fondness for trout propagation, among other branches, and his ponds were among the leading ones of their kind in those parts. He also engaged somewhat in fancy cranberry culture. Mr. Dana was a man of culture and interested deeply in all progressive movements in the direction of a broader popular education. While a resident of Brookline, several years ago, he was one of the promoters and founders of the free public library of that town, and one of its leading patrons. In politics he was a Democrat. Mr. Dana married a daughter of Thomas Nye, Jr., of Fairhaven. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

'49.—Col. William Hobson, the well-known lawyer, died the first week in April, at his home in Cambridgeport, Mass. He had been ill about a fortnight with the grippe. Col. Hobson had resided in Cambridge several years, although he was per-

haps better known in Somerville, where he had resided for many years. He was a tall and well-built man, and wore a long, flowing beard. He was eccentric in many ways, one of his peculiarities being that he never wore an overcoat, not even on the coldest day in winter. He also avoided riding in street cars. Being fond of walking, he invariably walked back and forth to Boston, always accompanied by his faithful St. Bernard dog. He was full of interesting anecdotes, and could tell a good story to perfection. Col. Hobson was born in Buxton, Me., October 13, 1826, and graduated from Bowdoin College in the Class of 1849. Before the war he taught in the high school in Saco, Me. When the war broke out he organized a company of volunteers in Saco, and went to the front in command of the company. It was attached to the 17th Maine regiment. He won distinction at the front, and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the regiment. At the close of the war he was brevetted brigadier-general. Col. Hobson had practiced law in Boston, Cambridge, and Somerville for many years, and had a large acquaintance. His wife died some years ago. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. King, who resides in Montana, and who was at her father's bedside when he passed away.

'60.—Hon. William Widgery Thomas has lately been appointed by President McKinley as U. S. Minister to Sweden and Norway. Mr. Thomas held this responsible office under President Harrison, and filled it to the eminent satisfaction of all. He himself has a great love for Sweden and the Swedes, and is a perfect master of the language and customs of that people. He was, in fact, the first representative of any foreign country to address the King of Sweden and Norway in the Swedish tongue. He is respected and loved by the large Scandinavian population in this country, and is the founder of the very prosperous Swedish colony in the eastern part of this state.

'62.—Albion Burbank recently completed twenty-five years service as principal of the Exeter, N. H., High School. He has been one of the most successful and popular teachers Exeter has ever had. Mr. Burbank was born in Limerick, Me., and is a graduate of Bowdoin College. He was principal of Limerick Academy in 1863 and 1864.

'66.—Professor Chapman last week spoke entertainingly to a large and enthusiastic body of Bridgton Academy alumni, at their reunion banquet in Portland.

'75.—At the close of the Maine Legislature the Speaker, Hon. Seth L. Larrabee, was applauded and warmly congratulated for the efficiency with which he had discharged his onerous duties. Not once during all the tedious session had his ruling been at fault, and he had, it is said, observed stricter impartiality than had any previous speaker. Present indications would seem to show that he will be a prominent candidate for the next governorship. His many friends predict for this rising young lawyer a brilliant career.

'87.—A recognition service for Rev. O. D. Sewall, the new assistant pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church, Brookline, Mass., was held at the

church March 1st. The church is one of the wealthiest in Massachusetts, and the pastor is Rev. Reuben Thomas, D.D. President Hyde preached the sermon at the recognition service.

'92.—Weston M. Hilton went to Rockland Friday, April 2d, to take the civil service examination.

'94.—Fred W. Pickard will make a three weeks' European tour this summer.

'94.—Rev. Phillip I. Moore of the Congregational Church of Saco, Maine, has tendered his resignation, which is to take place in June.

'96.—Charles A. Fogg has been recently installed as a pastor at Post Mills, Vt. In the ORIENT for February 17th it was given as Charles H. Fogg, '89. The ORIENT wishes to correct the error.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THE KAPPA, ΨΥ, }
April 22, 1897. }

Whereas, Our loyal and beloved brother, James Frederick Dudley, of the Class of 1865, has been removed from our midst;

Resolved, That the Fraternity loses in him a brother who has always held a deep and sincere interest in its welfare;

Resolved, That we deeply deplore his death and extend our warmest sympathy to the members of his afflicted family; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

FRANK JACKSON SMALL,
JOHN FESSENDEN DANA,
WALTER STIMPSON MUNDY KELLEY,
Committee for the Chapter.

HALL OF THE KAPPA, ΨΥ, }
April 22, 1897. }

Whereas, We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of our beloved brother, William Hobson, of the Class of 1849;

Resolved, That the Fraternity suffers a severe loss by the removal of one whose noble qualities made him loved and honored by all who knew him;

Resolved, That we deeply lament his death and extend our sincerest sympathy to his friends and relatives; and

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

FRANK JACKSON SMALL,
JOHN FESSENDEN DANA,
WALTER STIMPSON MUNDY KELLEY,
Committee for the Chapter.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 12, 1897.

No. 2.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The Board of Trustees and Overseers, at their meeting last Commencement, gave Room No. 2 in South Winthrop Hall to the ORIENT to be used as an office. Since then, changes have been made, and the Faculty recently substituted Room No. 11 in Memorial Hall for the one first given. For some time nothing definite was accomplished, and the whole plan seemed to have fallen through. Finally the present board shook off its inertia and voted to take possession and fit up its office. Preparations were commenced, and now the ORIENT rejoices in a home of its own, small, but convenient and well adapted to our purposes. We are now permanently established, and here all of our work will be done. We trust that all will call upon us and that a more lively interest may be taken in the paper, now that the ORIENT is a fixture and is no longer migrating from one "end" to the other.

THE several managers of the track, tennis, and base-ball associations, while circulating their subscription papers, have encountered some unfavorable comment upon the fact that no treasurer's reports have been rendered to the various associations accounting for the funds entrusted to their care. As one student said, "Your association is in

debt; but why and how is it? Until I know what becomes of my money I will not give another cent." This is but just and reasonable. The present managers have agreed to render an itemized account of all funds passing through their hands, which account shall appear in the *ORIENT* at the end of each season. Then every one will know why such and such an association is ahead or behind. This custom, in vogue in other colleges, is an excellent one, and the *ORIENT* is glad to welcome its appearance at Bowdoin. Managers in the future will be a trifle more careful about expenditures when they know that everything will appear in print to be criticised and commented upon. There is nothing more wholesome than to know that one's accounts and actions are to be freely aired in the public press.

A MOST valuable service is being rendered the college by Mr. Austin Cary, '87, about which but little is known by the students and alumni in general. The old pines lack of the college buildings which have always been characteristic of Bowdoin, of late have been showing their years, and at present but few healthy ones remain. Even these old patriarchs must soon succumb to wind and weather. Under Mr. Cary's supervision a new growth of young pines is being started, which in a few years will take the place of the old dilapidated trees which are fast becoming anything but an ornament to the grounds. A variety of pine, known as the white pine, is being used, not the ordinary pine tree as found about Brunswick, but a variety more hardy and more ornamental. Of recent years numerous brush fires have wrought havoc with the young pines that have been started by nature, so that nothing has been able to long survive. Now that such care and labor is being employed to start this new variety, it is hoped that the students and all others will be especially

careful with respect to promiscuous brush fires; and also careful not to wantonly injure these young trees by other means. Mr. Cary deserves the heartiest co-operation of the college in his labors, and every undergraduate and alumnus of Bowdoin owes Mr. Cary a debt of gratitude for the preservation of her pines. Bowdoin would hardly be Bowdoin without her pines.

WHAT means this lethargy in athletics? Why is not more interest shown in the track team and in base-ball this season? Every man in college should ask himself this question: "Am I doing all I can to further Bowdoin's athletic interests?" Nine-tenths of them must say *guilty* at once. Just think of this: last year there were over fifty men training for the track team, and where did they train? Around the campus, around the college walks, and at Topsham! Enthusiasm was at fever heat; every man who could accomplish anything, however small, did. This year we may well hang our heads with shame. With a perfect track but a minute's walk from the gym, with every convenience for training, and how many men? *Thirty!* A paltry thirty! We shall not enter upon the question of why we need more men; the reason is plain to all. We *must* have more men. It is an insult to the new field, if nothing more, to have the number of men fall away so. Every man who ever did, thinks he can, or hopes to be able to do something, should come out. Don't hang around the "ends," or pitch pennies, or, worst of all, promenade the streets of the town, but put on your running pants and at least make believe you are an athlete.

When there is a base-ball game, go to it. Don't play tennis; don't go on bicycle rides; don't lounge under the trees; don't do anything except to go to the game. You criticise managements for running in debt, and then

won't help the teams, financially and morally, by your presence. It is enough to make a manager's heart sick to see fifty or a hundred men lounging about the campus, when every single one of them should be at the ball game. No wonder debts have been incurred. At the last three games there has been an average of *one* hundred people at each game. Then you grumble if the team gets discouraged. Why do we have such a thing as athletics, at all? We say as Lord Nelson said: Bowdoin "expects every man to do his duty!"

ANOTHER *Bugle* has been added by the Class of '98 to those published for so many years by preceding Junior classes, and the '98 *Bugle* can easily hold its own with its predecessors. Of course it has its strong and its weak points—we all have—but its strong points can honestly be said to predominate. Its Board of Editors are to be congratulated upon the early appearance of their publication and upon its moderate cost; two cardinal points, the importance of which cannot be overestimated. Some *Bugles*, in fact most of them, have been a burden to their publishers financially, and have made their appearance about Ivy or Commencement week, when they were almost forgotten in the excitement and gaiety of those festive times. The '98 *Bugle* is promptly on deck, and the ORIENT can conscientiously say that there has never been a *Bugle* published at so reasonable a cost that can surpass it.

The only noticeably weak points are its literary and its "roast" departments. For this the editors are not entirely to blame, the class itself must assume its share, for it is the class that should have supplied the editors with proper material. Possibly the editors might have created more interest had they tried harder, but of all things hard to create at Bowdoin it is interest, and the editors, after all, without doubt have done

their best. The standard portion of the *Bugle* is excellent. It is well arranged and well printed, but we regret that so little interest was taken by the class as a whole as to allow its own periodical to suffer. It is much easier to criticise than to create, however, and the ORIENT congratulates the Board of Editors upon their admirable production. We must not forget to mention the cuts and drawings of the '98 *Bugle*; they are above criticism, and it can be safely said that they equal, if not surpass, those which have appeared in former *Bugles*.

Bowdoin Courtesy: a Study.

OUR college life would indeed be a gloomy, mechanical affair, and hardly worth the living, were it not that the sharp corners are rubbed off and the hollow places filled by those numberless little forms of friendly courtesy. For, different as our former standards may have been, when once we have entered Bowdoin, and until we leave, we observe a common, though unwritten, code of fair civility; a code with rules so delicate that the subtlest uninitiated mind can hardly fathom them. Neither too stringent nor yet too flexible, they largely control the conduct of every one of us; and it is mostly by the regard that he pays to these time-honored customs, that a man is adjudged worthy the respect or the dislike of his fellow-students.

The very turn that our conversation takes tells artlessly the charm of student intimacy; for it invariably assumes an air of bantering familiarity which cannot but break the ice of metropolitan politeness. We realize the hopeless waste of energy in trying to explain to penny papers and to trim old maids the peculiar fascination of the college slang vernacular. But that is the very delight of it! We alone know how to ease poor Mother Tongue of all her frills and ruffles and make her comfortable! We

have unconsciously estimated so well the high value of thus doing away with ceremony, that speech which would be forcible and elegant in outside circles, becomes cold and formal in a college room. Imagine your neighbors tip-toeing into your room with a "How do you do to-day?" and your replying, "Very well, I thank you;" instead of his slamming the door and shouting, "Hullo, old man, how are you?" and your returning, "Out of sight, old sport."

It is of the very essence of Bowdoin politeness to be infinitely bored and make no sign. This is part and parcel of the same feeling that makes the student the best person in the world of whom to ask a favor; he seems to have come naturally to a little of the spirit of the Golden Rule. He is a kind and willing nurse in his neighbor's time of sickness, and a grateful patient in his own. If it so happens that he is supplied with money—though it is indeed seldom every one knows—he will lend cheerfully to his hardly-pressed companion, without expecting and certainly without receiving a speedy return of his money.

The Bowdoin man, in fact, is happily oblivious of all pecuniary matters. Whether his fellow is rich or poor he does not know nor care to know; and in this spirit he but obeys the unwritten code, which says: "Your fellow-student's private affairs are none of yours." And so in accordance with the law, he allows his friend to pursue his own inclinations without meddling interruption.

Yet there is, as a notable exception to the above rule, one case where we have taken it upon ourselves to judge, rightly or wrongly, the character of our neighbor: who shall define in fitting terms that luckless butt of every student gibe, the "Chinner?" We must, it seems, satisfy our craving for the extreme in anything, and so we decided to perch upon a pedestal the extreme loafer, while we consign to deepest ignominy the

extreme worker. A difficult task, indeed, to describe this latter mythical being! He is supposed to watch, with green-eyed envy, his neighbor's triumphs, and gloat with fiendish glee upon his downfalls. He converses with much learning and soft insinuation, after recitation hours, with the professor; and of a Monday evening, full of starch, he makes his ceremonious call. His sunken eyes and hollow cheeks proclaim his nightly vigils, or, has he slept, his drear, uncanny dreams.

Far different and much more real is that other one, our popular idol. He is a sleek, well-favored individual, with ready and familiar tongue. He puffs with jaunty air his little cigarette and passes idle comment on meerschaum pipes or favorite tobacco brands. For all except his mortal enemy, the "Chinner," he wears an easy and indulgent smile. He avows, with noble frankness, that his lessons are no care for him, supplementing the assertion with the sage proposal that "we cut all profs to-day." In fine, he is the man whom we must greet with loud huzzas, for he it is whom we have made our king, and the king, you know, "can do no wrong."

This false hero-worship comes, however, from our praiseworthy readiness to applaud, which exhibits itself, only in a form much more favorable than the last, in the hearty support that we tender our college organizations. To disparage unjustly one who represents the college, is the extremest breach of Bowdoin etiquette; since it signifies an ungenerous, envious spirit, which the unwritten laws will never tolerate. We have learned well the difficult lesson, to recognize skill superior to our own, and, furthermore, to recognize it cheerfully; or, if all have not learned the lesson, they must make an excellent pretence of it, else their lot will not be otherwise than thorny. Such is the firm foundation upon which is built what

popularly is known as "College Spirit," and were it not for "College Spirit" Bowdoin might equally as well turn kindergarten as stay college.

But the best thing about this generosity of our applause is its overflowing abundance. We have even enough to bestow upon other colleges, and on the general public. There is the secret why Bowdoin plays with such success the rôle of host, why she has obtained her enviable popularity. We can boast with pardonable pride that she has not stooped so low, but that she can treat all opponents fairly and recognize merit even in hostile guise. Neutral merit, too, has a share of the applause, as those who have so kindly entertained us with the Memorial Hall Song Recitals will, no doubt, gladly testify. In fact, the Bowdoin man fairly burns with cordiality for all comers.

Yet see how finely-wrought the codé is, even here. It has found the means to be in open sympathy with all, and yet to make a nice distinction between the comrade and the alien. How could it have been planned more gracefully than in that stereotyped salute, "Hullo!" The strongest link in all our chain of courtesy is in that little word. It suffices as a form of greeting at once for closest friends, for chance acquaintances, or utter strangers; provided only that they be Bowdoin men—and very strange it is, and very true too, that we can always tell at sight a college man.

The public does not and cannot understand this self-same college man. It takes him generally as a huge joke, sometimes as a wonderful curiosity, not seldom as a harmless nuisance, but never as he really is. For this we do not much care. The sorry thing is that we have not regard enough for ourselves to understand our own mechanism. We take our customs and our privileges as by-gone generations have left them for us, without once looking beneath the surface to

see how well our fathers builded. Did we but take a nearer view we would see that we act not altogether independently, but as a little part of the well-ordered system which long experience has devised.

Autobiography of an Old Umbrella

QUITE recently, when all Nature seemed bound by a spell (of wet weather), the thought struck me that my autobiography might be of interest to some of my former friends. I don't know that I've ever done anything brilliant, but I do know that autobiographies have been written by people who have not traveled any further nor seen any more than I have. Didn't I, when I was a youngster, ride in a box-car all the way from the large factory in New York to a strong-smelling little grocery store in a small country town in New England? And wasn't I so crowded by the others in the car, that if my ribs hadn't been steel they would surely have been broken? Most certainly. Hence this literary treat.

A few days after my arrival at the country grocery store I heard a customer ask the store-keeper to show him some umbrellas. After he had examined a few of my companions he selected me. "Four dollars," remarked the proprietor. "Give yer three." At this offer the store-keeper held up his hands in (un)holy horror, declaring that we cost him three-and-a-half apiece at wholesale. With difficulty I restrained myself from groaning, for I was well aware that he had paid just a dollar and fifty-three cents apiece for us. But it was no business of mine, so I kept quiet and was sold for three seventy-five, and went home with my new owner.

It took me some time to get acquainted with the members of the family, for my modesty (and my master) always kept me in the entry, never allowing me to go further into the house. Besides, on pleasant days, when the family went walking, I stopped at

home, and only went out on rainy days, when most of the family staid indoors. My first new acquaintance was the youngest boy of the household. I accompanied him to school one rainy morning; and as we were returning home a dispute arose between my young friend and another boy considerably older, who finally grew angry and would have struck the smaller boy. But the little fellow used me to advantage, and between us we managed to smirch our adversary's countenance most admirably. Not a very pretty trick, you may say, but I had taken the part of the weaker side, so my conscience didn't smite me.

Another day the young lady of the house was going out calling, and as there were signs of rain she took me along with her. She was a nice young lady and I was glad to accompany her, although I had the name of not being very sociable. As we were returning from our calls, we passed a gateway, through which a lively but savage-looking cow came running in our direction. My fair companion was terribly frightened, and I saw an opportunity to "spread myself" (if I may be allowed the slang); and I did so with such alacrity that the festive cow got out of the way with considerable interest. Before we reached home I had another chance to offer my protection to the pretty young lady. The rain and wind began to assail us, and I devotedly sheltered my companion's head from the shower. As I was performing this pleasant duty I became so puffed up with pride (and wind) that at last I was actually turned wrong side out. This naturally shattered my pride, and in fact I felt somewhat shattered myself; but my kind *protégé* soon set me to rights, and we went on our way rejoicing. These and other similar experiences were quite common in my career in the country. But they could not last.

One day I went with my owner on a visit to a well-known New England city. While

we were in the city my owner attended a public entertainment; and as the evening was dark and showed signs of rain, I was taken along, as my owner and his friend jokingly remarked, "for comfort rather than for company." Upon arriving at the place where the entertainment was to be, I was left, as usual, to stand in the entry and wait for my master. I never saw him again. A few other umbrellas, all more or less ragged or decrepid, came in and stood with me in the entry—with the exception of one or two whose owners had sense and carried their umbrellas inside with them.

During the progress of the entertainment a young fellow came into the entry, and, after hastily looking us over, took me and went out of the building. A few moments later we entered a building which was darkened in the front part, but in a back room we found a number of men talking and drinking. While my new companion was accepting an invitation to "take a little wine for his stomach's sake," I leaned against the counter to wait for him. I was not accustomed to such places, and it was not long ere the odor of the liquor made my head dizzy, and in spite of myself I soon fell to the floor. When my young companion got ready to leave the place and found me lying on the floor, in a puddle of tobacco-juice, his language would certainly have gone at a discount in any Sunday-school in the country. He picked me up and brushed me as well as he could, and when we got out into the cool air I began to feel better; and after a good night's rest I felt almost as well as ever.

The next morning my new comrade (after donning his father's hat, which was two sizes larger than his own) took me under his arm and started down town. A newly-posted notice attracted our attention, and we stopped just in time for me to playfully punch the eye of a rather corpulent gentleman directly behind us. His cry of mingled agony and

rage caused my companion to whirl suddenly about in such a manner as to bring me sharply across the face of a red-haired man who was passing.

There is little more to tell. Since that fatal morning I have not felt like myself at all. Most of my ribs are either bent or broken, and my head, though made of brass, is sadly smashed; not to mention my silk outer garment, which is utterly ruined. I find myself *broken down* completely, and badly *broken up*, too. As a result, I do not mingle much with society. But any friends who wish to visit me will find me in the rubbish heap in the alley by the canal on —th Street. I am patiently waiting for whatever may happen next, not knowing what will finally become of me. Doubtless I shall dry up and blow away, or assist in a bonfire for the impending political rallies.

It may not seem inappropriate to close my story with a gem of poetry which my friend, the last year's newspaper, gave me:

"In the storms of life, when you need an umbrella,
Don't let it be stolen by some other feller.
And when on the street you are walking so proud,
Don't punch at a spot in the face of the crowd.
When the showers have hit your umbrella and
wet it,
Keep it out of the way, if you don't, you'll
regret it."

Faithfully yours,

ANN BRIL.

U. of P. will hold a contest in foot-ball kicking for three prizes. First, for punting; second, for drop-kicking; third, for place-kicking. A gold medal will be given for first prize, and a silver medal for second prize in each event.

According to the latest report of U. S. Commissioner of Education Harris, there are in this country 481 colleges and universities. These received during the year a total income of \$15,783,638, employed 8,459 instructors, and enrolled 63,402 undergraduates and 4,273 graduate students.

Bowdoin Verse.

Compulsory Church,

OR, "THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM."

To church the student musing goes
Upon his hymn (or her), who knows
What brews within his pate?
In front he sits and gazes down
On those below, without a frown,
A spectacle sedate.

A prayer-book's all that can be seen
(The railing serves him as a screen
And hides this naughty youth).
He's nearly bubbling o'er with glee,
For down below, upon his knee,
He reads the latest "*Truth*."

Memories.

Why so sad, my April fair?
Why these tear-stained eyes?
Winter's gone and spring has come,
Sunlight fills the skies.

Yet I too, dear child, confess
Spring-tide makes me sad,
But a sadness sweet, so sweet,
That tho' sad, I'm glad.

A Health to Bowdoin.

Come, comrades, let us gather
In this grateful hour of rest,
And extol with heartfelt praises
The girls whom we love best.
Fill up the foaming goblet
With the red and sparkling wine,
And drink a health, a merry health,
To the one thou callest thine.

But there's one whom we've forgotten,
So gentle and so kind,
It makes me blush for shame, my boys,
That she should slip our mind.
Then fill again the goblet
With red and sparkling wine,
And drink a health, a merry health,
At *Bowdoin's* ballow'd shrine.

Then here's a health to Bowdoin,
The mother of us all,

With whom, my comrades, we will stand
 And with whom we will fall.
 She puts forth her protecting arm
 To guide our wayward youth
 In the holy paths of virtue
 And of everlasting truth.

And we in turn must cherish her,
 Her honor e'er defend,
 Determined to endure, my boys,
 Faithful e'en to the end.
 The evenings that we have spent
 Gathered around her knee
 Are the gladdest hours, my friends, that we
 Shall ever live to see.

And when we have departed from
 The haunts of youth so dear,
 When with grey our locks are sprinkled
 And life's even draweth near,
 Oft with mingled joy and sorrow
 Shall we look with tearful gaze
 Upon the fair and lovely visions
 Of our long-lost college days.

The Pine's Origin.

In the days when great Jupiter ruled supreme
 O'er Olympus majestic and grand,
 In the forest or pasture or oft by some stream
 Now and then partaking of honey and cream,
 Seeking pleasure, Pan roamed through the land.

Near the brink of a river the nymph Pitys staid
 And garlands sweet wreathed on the bank,
 But once far away from the river she strayed,
 And 'twas there that Pan met and accosted the maid
 Who, surprised, from the god's presence shrank.

But with words of sweet love her affections he won,
 And he charmed all her weak fears away.
 In the forest secure from the heat of the sun,
 Boreas, her unwelcome suitor, to shun,
 They passed that delightful long day.

When upon the two lovers the full moon shone
 Through the foliage green above,
 Then together they rose; hand in hand wan-
 dered on,
 And they followed the paths where Pan oft had gone,
 And he told of his passionate love.

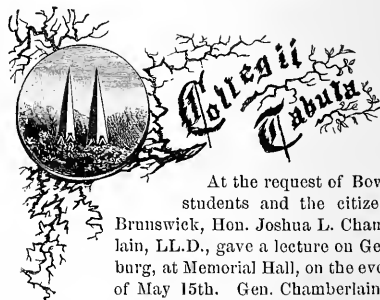
But alas, the fierce Boreas discovered the twain
 On the crest of a mountain gray,

Then he blew and he blustered with might and with
 main,
 Till he dashed the fair maiden down onto the plain,
 A motionless form of clay.

Pan, availing himself of his power divine,
 As he wept o'er her body dear,
 Changed the beautiful maid to a moaning pine,
 Sadly murmured, "Thou shalt be forever mine,
 Thou shalt ever remain green here."

And the pine tree is now often softly wooed
 By Pan, the gentle breeze;
 And is oft roughly smitten by Boreas rude,
 When the Northwind comes forth in most terrible
 mood,
 Yet stands firm, the noblest of trees.

In all lands her offspring on hill and on dale,
 Decked in richest of emerald, stand.
 As Pan softly approaches they breathe Pitys' tale
 And with voice low and mournful her sad fate
 bewail
 When the moon smiles all night on the land.



At the request of Bowdoin students and the citizens of Brunswick, Hon. Joshua L. Chamberlain, LL.D., gave a lecture on Gettysburg, at Memorial Hall, on the evening of May 15th. Gen. Chamberlain had the fortune to be an actor in the great battle, which made his talk doubly valuable.

Last Monday, Arbor Day, was a holiday.

The Freshmen were matriculated last week.

The College tennis tournament opened yesterday.

Goodspeed, 1900, has been at home for a week or two.

John Bass, 1900, has returned after a brief absence.

Minot, '96, was on the campus for a few days last week.

Weather forecast:—Sudden showers, followed by tired feeling.

Farwell, 1900, paid a flying visit to his home in Rockland, recently.

The extra class in surveying, for the Freshmen, has been organized.

W. S. M. Kelley is Bowdoin's correspondent for the *Bath Independent*.

A tramp on the campus has been affording the boys some amusement.

John F. Stacy of Bath is playing trombone with the Bowdoin Orchestra.

The members of the Deutscher Verein had their pictures taken recently.

Flood, '94, was here to see the game with the New Hampshire College.

Scrub teams in base-ball have been in evidence a good deal for the past week.

An enjoyable sociable was held at the Congregational vestry week before last.

Memorial Day comes upon Sunday this year. Monday will be a holiday, however.

Many of the stores were found to have sold out their stock of cigarettes on May 1st.

E. R. Hunter, the Bath vocal teacher, sang in the chapel choir on a recent morning.

Percy A. Rabb, 1900, has been elected assistant business manager of the *Bowdoin Quill*.

Freshmen are now using upper Memorial in which to exercise their oratorical powers.

Lancey, '99, treated the Sophomore division in English History to cigars, a few days ago.

In place of the term examination in ethics, the Seniors are to write theses on "The Moral End."

An informal dance was given by the Mandolin Club, at the Court Room, last Thursday evening.

The Inter-class Debate will take place on the evening of Thursday, May 20th, in Memorial Hall.

A troupe of Canadian jubilee singers at the Town Hall was a late attraction in the amusement line.

The members of the Brunswick High School athletic team have been at work in the gymnasium of late.

After this April weather of showers and clouds let's hope we may have some of May's flowers and sunshine.

Quite wet under the windows of the ends on

pleasant days now when the Freshmen come back from dinner.

It surely seems warm enough to run open cars on the electric road, but as yet they have not put in an appearance.

Again the vision of Trilby floats before our eyes. W. A. Brady's company visits Brunswick and plays at the Town Hall.

Laycock, '98, left college last week to begin his summer's work, in the North-western States, as an expert machinist.

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class, Robert R. Morson was chosen chaplain for Ivy Day in place of F. H. Swan, resigned.

A violinist and harpist on Main Street, playing "Sweet Rosy O'Grady," and other popular airs, have been late visitors to Brunswick.

The willow tree which stood so near the path by Memorial as to be an inconvenience, has been removed a few steps farther away.

A pleasant sight from a window in North Maine the other day, was a brown squirrel, who scrambled up the tree to perch on its branches.

The Sophomore division in French, having finished Mellé's Contemporary French Writers, are to take up Dandet's, "La Belle Nivernaise."

French, '97, has been coaching some of the members of the Brunswick High School who are preparing for the coming inter-scholastic meet.

A walk over to the falls and back is a favorite stroll directly after supper. This spot is surely one of the most charming pieces of Brunswick scenery.

The usual spring work is being done on the campus, in fixing up the paths, raking together the old leaves, and in preparing things generally for summer.

Among the books received at the library lately are thirteen volumes of the Collected Mathematical Papers of Arthur Cayley, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge.

Crawford's Express went to Bath last week and brought up some curios loaned to the Walker Art Building by Hon. Harold M. Sewall, during his sojourn in Hawaii as United States Minister to that island.

A number of Bowdoin men attended the University of Maine-Bowdoin base-ball game, at Orono, last Wednesday. Among the number were Hon. C. J. Chapman, '68, Rev. C. T. Hawes, '76, M. S. Clifford, '93, and H. L. Fairbanks, '95.

W. F. Garcelon, our track trainer, is with us off and on. He says that some of the fellows are showing up finely and bid fair to break some of the records of last year.

The cadets from Maine State College, for we believe it is not to be called University of Maine yet, will hold their annual encampment at Bath this year, the last of May.

Sousa's Band at Lewiston attracted some of our music lovers. The great march king with his band passing through here lately caused some regret that they did not play at Brunswick this year.

Everybody got a bit of mail the other day, when another postal said that a representative from a prominent company of Boston would make a second exhibit of samples at the "Tontine Hotel."

Freshman athletes are training for the proposed meet with the Colby Freshmen. At present final arrangements have not been made, but it is thought that the meet will take place the 24th of this month.

Ninety-eight's *Bugle* was put on sale, Thursday, May 6th, at the chapel. Soon after it appeared one could see little groups of men scattered everywhere over the campus, reading the different items.

The number of books taken from the library during April was 933, which compares favorably with the record for this month in former years. There were 88 books taken out on the 2d, 17th, and 23d days, each.

There have been a number of young pines planted in the woods back of the college recently. The old trees there are becoming thinned out, and every precaution should be taken to replace them. The "Bowdoin pines" have been one of the most distinctive features of our campus, and we cannot afford to lose them.

The recent trips of the Bowdoin Orchestra have been to Lisbon Falls and Wisasset. The boys were favorably received, and at the latter place there was some talk made of engaging them to play at the graduation exercises of the high school. The Orchestra has several engagements to play commencement time in neighboring towns.

The first meeting of the George Evans Debating Society this term was held Tuesday evening, April 27th, in the German Room. The subject for debate was: Resolved—That the co-education of the sexes in higher institutions is desirable. The principal speakers on the affirmative were Marsh, '99, and Bragdon, 1900, and on the negative, Woodbury, '99,

and Bell, 1900. After some speaking from the house, the question was decided, on the merits of the question, 14 to 3, in favor of the negative; and on the merits of the principal speakers, 9 to 5, in favor of the affirmative. As the next regular meeting would conflict with the College Debate, it was decided to have the next meeting on May 18th. The subject will be the Cretan question.

The second themes of the term were due Tuesday, May 11th. The subjects were:

- 1.—The Best Methods of Dealing with Intemperance in Maine.
- 2.—Military Drill in Public Schools.
- 3.—The Requirement in English for Admission to College: How can it be improved?
- 4.—An After-Dinner Speech to Bowdoin Alumni.
- 5.—A Comparison of a Sixteenth-Century Gentleman in France with a Nineteenth-Century Gentleman in England. (See Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and Miss Muloch's "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

The College Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert in Portland on April 24th. This is the first time the clubs have appeared in Portland since the time they gave an entertainment there for the benefit of the fund for the Longfellow statue. Following is the programme:

March—King Carnival.	Mandolin Club.
'Tis Morn.	Glee Club.
Mandolin Quartette.	
Messrs. Merrill, Moulton, White, and Potter.	
Vocal Solo—Thine Eyes.	Mr. Hunter.
Serenade—Rococo.	Mandolin Club.
College Songs.	Glee Club.
Selections—Robin Hood.	Mandolin Club.
Wake Not but Hear Me.	Glee Club.
Mandolin Solo—Los Cuerdas Majicas.	Mr. Merrill.
Ye Catte.	Glee Club.
Song d'Amour—Intermezzo.	Mandolin Club.
Bowdoin Beata.	Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

A valuable addition has been made recently to the Art Building in a collection of curiosities from India and the islands of the Indian Ocean. The collection has been only partially unpacked in the Boyd Gallery; but among the things of interest to be seen are some Indian paddles, spears, and war shields; a large Indian idol; some bows from Malay; and a number of battle clubs from Samoa. The lot will form an interesting increase to the Art Building.

The Junior Class has elected the following men to take part in the Junior Prize Declamation, which will occur on Monday evening of Commencement week: P. P. Baxter, Portland; H. M. Bisbee, Rumford Falls; A. L. Hunt, Lewiston; W. W.

Lawrence, Portland; W. P. McKown, Boothbay Harbor; R. R. Morson, Upton, P. E. I.; T. L. Marble, Gorham, N. H.; D. R. Pennell, Lewiston; C. S. Pettengill, Augusta; E. E. Spear; Washington, D. C.; F. H. Swan, Westbrook; A. B. White, Lewiston.

An enjoyable sociable was held in the vestry of the Congregational church on Tuesday evening of last week. A short programme of vocal and instrumental music constituted the evening's entertainment, and light refreshments were served.

We clip the following from the Bath *Enterprise*:

The Tufts College boys who belong to the glee club that appears here to-night come under the management of some of our Bath girls, and after the concert there is to be a dance in the Armory. The college boys are in luck, as they will not have hotel bills to pay, because they are to be entertained at the home of some of our Bath young ladies over Saturday night. Of course the gossips are having a nice chance to talk it over and say they don't think it looks well for young ladies to entertain young men that they have never met before. There will, no doubt, be a good many of our Bath girls at the concert and comparatively few young men. Some of the gossips are mean enough to say that the Bath girls have lost their charm for Bath boys or Bowdoin students, and so are trying to win favor in the minds of the youths from another state.

Athletics.

Bowdoin, 12; Murphy Balsams, 1.

A second game was played with the Murphy Balsams, Wednesday, the 28th. Bowdoin played a different battery than in the first game, and the effect was not at all disastrous. Captain Haines had a bad finger, and Wilson caught. His work as a whole was very good, and his throwing was excellent. Libby pitched his first game of the season and Bodge played his first game at first base. Both showed that they had not forgotten former experience at those positions and did excellent work, Libby striking out ten men, giving no bases on balls, and allowing but four hits during the game.

Soule of the Medical School, last year's third baseman, was tried in the right field, but had little chance to distinguish himself.

Greenlaw was back in his old position and showed up better than ever. He hit hard and was in the game at all points. He will greatly strengthen the team, and we all are glad to see him back.

The score:

BOWDOIN.									
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Hull, 2b.,	3	2	1	1	2	2	0	0	
Bodge, 1b.,	4	1	1	1	10	0	0		
Greenlaw, l.f.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	0		
Bacon, s.s.,	5	2	0	0	0	0	0		
Stauwoud, c.f.,	3	2	1	1	2	0	0		
Clarke, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	2	3	2		
Smith, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	1	0	0		
Libby, p.,	4	2	1	1	1	4	1		
Wilson, c.,	3	0	0	0	8	3	1		
Soule, r.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0		
Totals,	36	12	8	8	27	12	4		

MURPHY BALSAMS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Webster, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	4	4	2		
Kilfedder, s.s.,	4	0	1	3	0	4	3		
Edgar, c.,	4	0	1	1	6	1	0		
Flavin, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	2	4	0		
Murphy, r.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0		
Ross, 1b.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0		
Woodbury, l.f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0		
Blood, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Hodgdon, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0		
Totals,	32	1	4	6	24	16	7		

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	4	1	0	0	1	4	0	2	—12
Murphy Balsams,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0

Struck out—by Libby 10, by Hodgdon 5. Wild pitch—Hodgdon. Bases on balls—by Hodgdon 7. Hit by pitched ball—Woodbury. Passed ball—Edgar. Stolen bases—Hull, Bodge, Bacon, and Clarke. Left on bases—Bowdoin 3, Murphy Balsams 3. Double play—Libby, Hull, and Bodge. Umpire—Merrill.

Bowdoin, 14; New Hampshire College, 4.

Again was Bowdoin victorious, this time over the New Hampshire College nine. The game was played on the Whittier Field, Saturday, May 1st, and was called at the end of the seventh inning in order to allow the visitors to catch their train.

At no time were the New Hampshire men at all dangerous. We started in to win, and runs were not hard to get. Chase started in to pitch, but was taken out at the end of the third inning. He showed more signs of being a pitcher than his successor, but was wild.

The small number of chances which Bacon has had on the home grounds is rather remarkable. In this game he had but one chance, which he accepted, and in the three games he has had but two chances.

For New Hampshire College Nelson played the best game. He led in their batting and caught an excellent game throughout.

The feature of Bowdoin's game was easily Greenlaw's three-base hit. It was the longest and prettiest hit yet made on the new field. Libby also made a pretty three-bagger.

The score : BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	2	1	0	0	11	1	0
Bodge, p.,	5	1	2	2	0	1	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	3	3	2	4	0	0	0
Bacon, s.s.,	3	2	1	1	0	1	0
Hull, 2b.,	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Stanwood, c.f.,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Clarke, r.f.,	4	3	1	2	0	0	0
Soule, 3b.,	4	1	0	0	1	2	1
Libby, lb.,	5	1	1	3	6	0	0
Totals,	35	14	10	15	*20	5	1

NEW HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haley, s.s.,	2	1	0	0	3	1	1
Langlier, lb.,	4	0	0	0	10	0	0
Richardson, l.f., p.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Nelson, c.,	3	1	2	3	3	1	0
Smith, 3b.,	2	0	0	0	0	3	2
Wright, 2b.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Mather, r.f.,	3	0	1	2	1	0	0
Rane, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hayes, l.f.,	2	1	1	1	1	0	1
Chase, p.,	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Totals,	26	4	4	6	21	10	5

* Rane hit by batted ball in the sixth.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Bowdoin,	2	3	0	2	0	4	3-14
New Hampshire College,	0	0	0	2	2	0	0-4

Struck out—by Bodge 11, by Chase 2. Wild pitch—Bodge. Hit by pitched ball—Bacon and Smith. Passed balls—Haines 3, Nelson 1. Stolen bases—Bowdoin 7, New Hampshire College 4. Left on bases—Bowdoin 4, New Hampshire College 4. Umpire—T. Koehan.

Bowdoin, 3; University of Maine, 1.

The first game of the college league schedule was that between the Bowdoin and the University of Maine teams at Orono, Wednesday, May 5th. The game was close and exciting throughout, neither side scoring until the fifth inning.

Bowdoin out-played and out-batted the University team, and won on her merits. The only run which the University men made was on a wild throw by Bacon, which allowed the runner to go all the way round. This was Bacon's first error of the season, and easily excusable by the fact that he was in no condition to play.

The base running of the University of Maine team was rather ragged, while our team showed up in all respects much better than in their last game.

The score : BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	4	1	0	0	10	4	0
Bodge, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	4	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Wignot, r.f.,	4	1	1	3	1	0	0
Bacon, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
Stanwood, c.f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Hull, 2b.,	3	1	2	2	5	1	0
Clarke, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	5	0	2
Libby, lb.,	3	0	0	0	5	0	0
Totals,	32	3	6	8	*26	10	3

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pretto, s.s.,	2	0	0	0	1	2	1
Crockett, p.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Palmer, c.,	4	0	0	0	4	2	0
Small, lb.,	4	0	2	2	8	0	0
Robinson, 3b.,	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Welch, 3b.,	2	0	1	1	0	0	2
Cushman, l.f.,	3	0	0	0	3	0	3
Dolley, 2b.,	2	0	1	1	2	3	1
Brann, c.f.,	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
Sprague, r.f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	28	1	5	5	24	8	7

* Crockett hit by batted ball.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	x-3
University of Maine,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0-1

Stolen bases—U. of M. 2, Bowdoin 2. First base on balls—by Bodge 4, by Crockett 2. First base on errors—Bowdoin 2, U. of M. 2. Struck out—by Bodge 9, by Crockett 5. Passed ball—Palmer, Haines. Hit by pitched ball—by Bodge 2. Umpire—D. W. Nason of Bangor.

Bowdoin, 4; Boston College, 0.

One of the most exciting ball games ever witnessed in Brunswick was played on the Athletic Field, Saturday afternoon, May 8th. The Bowdoin nine and that of Boston College were the opposing teams, and although the work of the Boston boys was at times extremely clever, the game finally resulted in the score of 4 to 0 in Bowdoin's favor. Throughout the game the Bowdoin nine played with an air of professionalism which it has hitherto lacked, while its work demonstrated without a doubt that the college is represented this season by one of the strongest ball teams in its history.

Libby occupied the box for Bowdoin, and his work was most effectual. Stanwood in center field accepted two extremely difficult chances, the first being the most phenomenal and sensational play of the season. Griffin pitched for Boston College, and the three-base hits of Greenlaw and Hull and the single of Haines were the only hits made off his delivery. For Boston College, the work of Lyons and Bergin was the most commendable.

The following is the summary of the game :

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	3	2	1	1	10	0	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	1	3	1	0	0
Bacon, s.s.,	3	1	0	0	0	3	0
Wignot, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Stanwood, c.f.,	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
Hull, 2b.,	3	0	1	3	3	1	2
Clarke, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1
Libby, p.,	3	0	0	0	5	0	0
Wilson, lb.,	3	0	0	0	10	0	0
Totals,	29	4	3	7	27	10	3

BOSTON COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McDermmond, c.,	3	0	0	0	10	0	0
Lyons, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	1	4	0
Cassidy, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	2
Brewin, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	8	0	2
O'Connor, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bergin, l.f.,	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
White, c.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Griffin, p.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	1
Fallon, r.f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	33	0	4	4	24	7	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	x	4
Boston College,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Three-base hits—Greenlaw, Hull. Passed balls—Haines, McDermmond. Bases on balls—by Libby 1, by Griffin 2. Hit by pitched ball—by Libby 2, by Griffin. Struck out—by Libby 2, by Griffin 8. Double play—Hull and Wilson. Umpire—T. C. Keohan.

G. M. C. R.

Thursday, April 29th, F. E. Glidden led the meeting. He took as his subject a passage found in Luke 12:31: "But rather seek ye the kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you." His talk was very practical and clear. He pointed his moral at life in college. He advised a Christian life first, and "all these things shall be added unto you."

President Laycock, who went away for his summer work last week, made a short farewell address to the society.

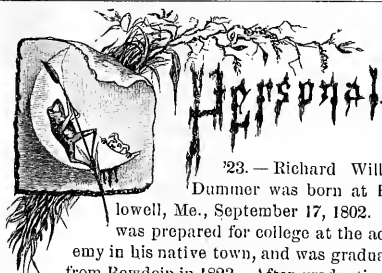
On account of General Chamberlain's lecture on the "Battle of Gettysburg" there was no Y. M. C. A. meeting last Thursday evening.

Boston University will this year send an athletic team to Mott Haven.

Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania have accepted invitations of the New Jersey Athletic Club to compete in their Decoration Day relay race.

After October 1, 1900, the requirements for admission to the law department of the University of Michigan will be the same as in the literary department.

Four law prizes of one hundred dollars each have been established at Union University for students desiring to follow that profession. For three of them the prize applies on expenses at any law school; the fourth applies to the Albany Law School only.



'23.—Richard William Dummer was born at Hallowell, Me., September 17, 1802. He was prepared for college at the academy in his native town, and was graduated from Bowdoin in 1823. After graduation he studied law, presumably with his brother, Charles Dummer, Esq., Bowdoin, '14. He practiced his profession a few years in Maine, and in 1832 removed to Springfield, Ill., where he was associated in professional work with his brother, Henry E. Dummer, Bowdoin, '27. In 1840 he married Miss Elizabeth Willhite. Their golden wedding was celebrated in March, 1890. About 1855 he went to Kansas and engaged in farming. For the last forty years of his life he resided near Leocompton, Douglas County, where he was one of the oldest teachers in the public schools. Since the death of Dr. Stone, Mr. Dummer has been the oldest graduate of the college. He maintained his physical powers to an unusual degree, being able to read his Bible without glasses in his ninety-fourth year. He was highly esteemed in the community, and was spoken of by a neighbor as "a grand old man in every way." He died of old age, March 15, 1897, leaving an invalid wife and seven children.

'24.—The death of Mr. Dummer leaves Frederick Waite Burke of Brooklyn the oldest graduate of Bowdoin now alive, although Hon. James Ware Bradbury of Augusta, who was graduated in the Class of '25, is four years his senior. Mr. Burke was born February 14, 1806, at Woodstock, Vt. After graduation he studied law with George and Edward Curtis of New York. He opened an office in that city and still lives there, much respected as a lawyer and a man.

'46.—Prof. Joseph C. Pickard has just returned from a year's travel in Europe. During his absence interesting articles descriptive of his tour have appeared quite regularly in the *Newton Graphic*.

Med., '66.—Dr. Edward Horatio Foster died of heart failure at his home in Concord, N. H., April 6th. He was born October 19, 1839, at Canterbury, N. H., being a descendant of the famous Canterbury family. After graduation he settled as a physician in Concord, N. H., where he remained until his death.

'77.—The *New York Sun*, speaking of Lieut. R. E. Peary's future labors, notes that Secretary Long of the Navy has revoked the order transferring him from Brooklyn to San Francisco. Mr. Peary is now engaged in preparing for publication the results of his years of labor in northern Greenland, and this work would be greatly interfered with if he were obliged to leave at Brooklyn his valuable Arctic collections and data, which are far ahead of any others in quantity, variety, and excellence. Mr. Peary is now planning to explore the archipelago north of Greenland, hoping to extend our knowledge of the world to the North Pole itself.

'77.—Dr. Henry H. Smith of Machias was married at Whitneyville, Conn., March 24, 1897, to Miss Julia B. Longfellow.

Med., '77.—Dr. J. F. Hill of Augusta, one of the presidential electors, has been lately married.

'87.—Mr. Austin Cary, the well-known forestry expert, two weeks ago planted two hundred pine seedlings on the territory back of the observatory. The undertaking was an extremely delicate one, owing to conditions of ground and weather that had to be observed, so that much interest as to the result is manifested. Mr. Charles E. Oak, Forest Commissioner of the State of Maine, prefaces his annual report with the following observations: "On arranging the work of investigation I was extremely fortunate in securing the assistance of Mr. Austin Cary of Bangor, a gentleman who is making the subject of forestry a life study, and whose work in collecting the scientific data required by the national department peculiarly fitted him to grasp the practical ideas of which we were in search. To him in a large measure is credit due, should this report prove of merit. In fact, without his assistance we should have been able to accomplish comparatively little, for I know of no other person in the United States with his practical experience. The results of his studies, explorations, investigations, and reasonings will be found written in his own language as the principal part of this report."

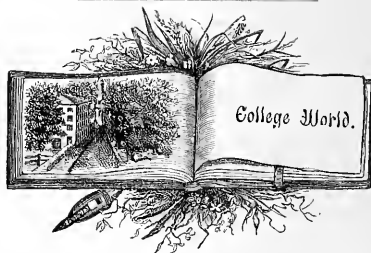
'88.—George Patten Brown died on the 25th of March at Denver, Col., of typhoid fever. He was born June 8, 1867, at Hudson, Wis. At the expiration of his college course he settled in Denver and entered into banking.

'91.—Thomas Rich Crosswell has, in the April number of the *Pedagogical Seminary*, an article entitled "Courses of Study in the Elementary Schools of the United States."

'96.—The engagement is announced of Charles

T. Stone, the popular and successful principal of Denmark High School, to Miss Nannie A. Davis of Bridgton, Me. Mr. Stone, while in college, had many friends, who unite in tendering him their sincere congratulations.

Ex-'97.—Benjamin J. Fitz has lately won the tennis championship of Colorado College.



A syndicate of daily newspapers under the direction of the *Chicago Daily Record*, will conduct during the summer four distinct courses of instruction in English literature. Eighteen authors will be treated in a popular style, and it is estimated that these courses will have over 2,500,000 readers. Prof. T. W. Hunt of Princeton will furnish the articles on Hawthorne.

Yale's spring foot-ball practice began Thursday under the supervision of Bull, '89, as coach. Thirty candidates were out.

The privilege of getting out the souvenir programme for the Yale-Harvard-Cornell boat race has been awarded to F. T. Adler of New York.

Colorado College has succeeded in raising an endowment fund of \$200,000. The greater part of this amount was contributed by Easterners.

The requirements of Johns Hopkins University have been so high that but 784 of 2,976 students have obtained degrees.

R. C. Winthrop of Boston has sent as a gift to the Yale Library the largest and most valuable collection of letters and documents ever received by it. They consist of sixty-six letters and autographs written by magnates of New England colonial days. A large number of them bear dates before 1650, and twenty-two of them have never been printed.

The world's record for the 25-mile road race was broken recently by J. J. McDermott, in the Marathon games held under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association. McDermott's time was 2h. 53m. 10s., lowering by 10s. the previous record.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 26, 1897.

No. 3.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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As is customary, the next issue of the ORIENT will not appear until after Ivy Day, three weeks from this number, as it is to contain the exercises of Ivy Day in full. All those having parts or responses will hasten the appearance of the ORIENT by handing them to the editor at once.

THE ORIENT is constantly in receipt of anonymous productions, both of prose and poetry—mostly poetry, however. To those who send such articles we would say that it is impossible for us to publish them unless somebody is willing to stand behind us. Any writer who wishes his name concealed has but to say so to the ORIENT. His article shall appear anonymously both in the ORIENT and in the index if he so desires—only the editor need know; but to publish anything and everything we may receive, even though it possess marked merit, would be a dangerous custom. Of late we have rejected several excellent bits of poetry simply for the lack of a name attached. However much we dislike to do this, it is necessary. Do not fear to sign your name man-fashion, and if you don't care to have it in print we pledge ourselves to keep it secret.

NOT many years ago military tactics were taught at Bowdoin, and taught successfully. The fact that military drill was compulsory proved its death, and its death was both fortunate and unfortunate; fortunate in its abolition of compulsion, but unfortunate in its abolition of the drill. Like so many other human actions, if they are forced upon us they become tiresome; if we act freely with regard to them we enjoy and profit by them. The ORIENT wishes to make a plea for military drill—a plea probably to prove useless, but still it is none the less sincere. At most of our sister institutions “The Cadets” take the lead in social events, as at Brown, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and other colleges, and both sides of a man’s nature are trained—his physical and his social. Simply because others drill we should not, but if there is real merit in it, and such has been tested, then we should not be behind our fellows.

All of us are not foot-ball or base-ball players or track athletes, and those of us who are not should have some athletic exercise to keep the body in a healthful condition. What better exercise is there than military drill? What gives a man so firm a step, so easy a bearing as that? The ORIENT believes that a company could be successfully organized at Bowdoin, and that such a company would be of inestimable advantage to the college in more ways than one. In starting a new project difficulties always lie in one’s path, but remember that the greater the difficulties surmounted, the greater the credit due the successful surmounter. There is material, there is spirit enough here to start such a company, and if one or two interested men should take hold, by next fall Bowdoin would be the proud possessor of a military company, non-compulsory, that would be of great benefit, not only to the college but to the entire student body. The student body, we believe, would gladly take up such a

project, and “where there’s a will there’s a way.”

EVERY man in college should, and doubtless does, feel satisfied with our Worcester team. For a college with but little over two hundred men to win third place among institutions of three or four times her size is a feat of which we justly may be proud. If there is one athletic contest that really offers a chance for comparison, that is the Worcester meet. Here from ten to twelve of the leading New England colleges compete, and here last Saturday Bowdoin won third place. Our team did nobly, and every man of the team, whether or not he won a point, can feel elated. By conscientious work we have worked from sixth to third place, and by more of the same we shall step from third to first!

Our creditable performance at Worcester suggests a question that is being discussed about college just at present: shall we still continue to take part in the M. I. C. A. A. meet. Many argue that in track athletics we are at present in a different class from the other Maine colleges as a result of our years of experience at Worcester, and that it is hardly profitable for us to enter games where we win nearly one hundred out of some one hundred and thirty points. This argument appears logical to the ORIENT. When the Maine colleges prove themselves in our class in track athletics we should compete, but not until then. That may be this season; it may be next; whenever it is, we should compete with them, and not until then.

PRIZE speakings are given for the benefit of the undergraduate body by the undergraduates, and it is they who should be considered and their preferences consulted, when practicable, in planning these exhibitions. For years, probably always, these have

been held during examination week, the Junior speaking during Commencement week, and for as many years the attendance of students has been much smaller than it otherwise would, had the speakings come at a more favorable time. In the fall and winter the last night of the term is chosen—the busiest of the entire season—when scores of the students have gone home already; others are hard at work “plugging” for their last examinations, and almost all those remaining are busy packing their trunks or otherwise preparing for departure. In June it is not so inconvenient, however, as some undergraduates remain at Commencement, and the alumni probably enjoy the oratory. Of all days in the term why should the busiest and most confused be chosen for public exhibitions? The speakers themselves even feel the pressure of time, and they often do not do themselves justice. It seems to the ORIENT that should these prize speakings come at some more convenient and appropriate time, as, for instance, at some time during the last two or three weeks of the term, when the pressure is not so high, that not only better speaking might be obtained, but also that more interest might be taken by the student body in these contests.

A Class History.

AN interesting and beautiful book has recently been received by the college library, that is worthy of particular notice in the columns of the ORIENT. It is the history of the Class of 1861, for the thirty-five years following its graduation. The compiler is Mr. Edward Stanwood, the secretary of the class, to whose good taste is due the mechanical beauty of the volume, as the fullness and accuracy of the facts which it presents are due to his patient and loving diligence.

The book is bound in the college color,

white, in full Turkey morocco, with tasteful tooling and lettering in gilt upon the back and cover, and with full gilt edges. The title page is adorned with a dainty head-piece of wood engraving, showing the roof and spires of King Chapel, and a part of Maine and Appleton Halls. On the reverse of the title-page leaf is an engraving of the Bowdoin coat-of-arms, and, on the opposite page, the dedication, “To the name and fame of Old Bowdoin,” above a miniature engraving of the College Seal.

There is a bright and attractive introduction by Mr. Stanwood, which is of the nature of a brief sketch of the class, with an interesting summary of the facts which are tabulated in the following pages. “Most of the boys,” he remarks with pardonable pride, “have done something.” And so indeed they have! Twenty-five of them served in the army, and two in the navy of the United States, and two in the Confederate army. It would leave the world a good deal poorer than it is to blot out the services to health, jurisprudence, social and political life, business interests, education, and religion of the eleven lawyers, eleven doctors, ten business men, six ministers of the gospel, six teachers, three editors, with the varied occupations of the remaining members of the Class of 1861. It is an impressive confirmation of the worth of a college education, and of the high character of the young men, almost without exception, who seek such an education, to read this record of the life-work and the achievements of a single class. The pride of the college is not greater in its rare roll of illustrious graduates than it is in the larger number who have carried the Bowdoin diploma into the less conspicuous, but not less useful, arena of practical business and professional life; the great body of faithful graduates, who are busily engaged in doing the useful work of the community, making effective in actual life the training they have

received at the college. Of this Class of 1861, five have been honored with the title of "Judge," four—if they do not shrink from the distinction—are entitled to be called "Professor," and two have been college presidents. Eight have served in the legislatures of their respective states, five of them as senators. Three have received honorary degrees from their *Alma Mater*.

Interesting as this book is as a record of the achievements of the class, it is even more interesting as a proof of the strength and persistency of class ties,—of the loyal affection which these classmates have cherished for one another and for the college through the thirty-five years that have passed since their graduation. This gives it a beauty beyond its mechanical beauty of type and binding and illustration. This makes it, as it will make every similar book, a treasure in the college library. Eight sons of the class, as past and present students of Bowdoin, are an additional proof of the loyalty to the College of the Class of 1861.

The half-tone portraits of the members of the class are, with one or two exceptions, from photographs taken expressly for this history, and add not a little to its interest and value. Altogether it is a model, both in substance and form, for class histories, and is an honor alike to the class and to its accomplished secretary.

H. L. C.

Psi Upsilon Convention.

THE sixty-fourth annual convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held with Xi Chapter at Middletown, Conn., on May 5th, 6th, and 7th. The attendance was unusually large, and the New England Chapters were especially well represented.

The delegates began to arrive on Tuesday, but not until Wednesday did the rush commence, then every train brought dozens of loyal Psi U's. On Wednesday evening an

informal smoker and sing was given, and the delegates became acquainted with one another. On Thursday morning and afternoon the private sessions of the convention were held at the Xi Chapter House. At eight o'clock in the evening the public literary exercises were held in the Middlesex Opera House, and there was a full attendance. Professor Charles F. Johnson, Yale, '55, of Trinity College, was the orator of the evening. The Convention Poem was read by John Kendrick Bangs, Columbia, '88. One of the most interesting events was a ball game played at Pameacha Park, Friday afternoon, between teams representing the Xi Chapter and the Fraternity at large. The annual banquet was held at Hartford on Friday evening, and the convention adjourned.

The Kappa Chapter of Bowdoin was represented by E. G. Pratt, '97, and S. E. Young, '98.

Alpha Delta Phi Convention.

THE Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity held its sixty-fifth annual convention on May 13th and 14th, under the auspices of the Brunonian Chapter at Providence, R. I. It has been sixteen years since this chapter was the host in the annual convention, and no pains were spared to make this occasion a memorable one.

The few delegates who arrived Wednesday evening were delightfully entertained at the Hope Club by the reception committee. The early trains, Thursday morning, brought in about one hundred and fifty delegates from the twenty-two chapters of the fraternity. The convention was formally opened at 9.30 o'clock, in the Mathewson Street M. E. Church, with Brother Charles E. Sprague, secretary of the fraternity, presiding in place of Brother Clarence A. Seward, president of the fraternity, who for the second year was unable to attend on account of illness. It was interesting to learn that

Brother Sprague was on Little Round Top with Brother Joshua L. Chamberlain in the Battle of Gettysburg, and also that at the beginning of the war he wrote that well-known song, "John Brown."

At one o'clock the steamer Squantum, with Reeves' Band on board, took all the Alpha Deltas down Narragansett Bay about five miles to the Pomham Club. Here a real Rhode Island clam-bake was served and an enjoyable afternoon spent in spite of the rain. In the evening the public exercises were held in Sayles Memorial Hall. Brother Edward Everett Hale, Harvard, '39, presided in his characteristic and courteous manner. Addresses were made by Hamilton W. Mabie, Williams, '67, editor of the *Outlook*; Percy Brown, Kenyon, '64; Charles E. Grinnell, Harvard, '62; and George W. Smalley, Yale, '53, upon the topic, "The Relation of the College to the Republic." Immediately after the public exercises a "Smoker" was given in the Leyman Gymnasium.

Friday forenoon and afternoon were given up to business sessions of a private nature. The convention ended with a banquet, Friday evening, in the gymnasium of the Providence Athletic Association, which was very prettily decorated with flowers and green and white bunting. Brother Sprague presided, and the following were some who responded to toasts: Rowland G. Hazard, J. E. Leach, Hamilton W. Mabie, Prof. A. Williams, Prof. W. C. Poland, and Rev. H. I. Cushman.

By the kind invitation of the Bruunian Chapter many of the delegates remained in Providence, Saturday afternoon, and witnessed the Brown-Yale game. A very pleasant dinner was given to all Alpha Deltas by Brother Richard B. Comstock at the Hope Club before the game.

The Bowdoin Chapter sent six delegates: George Monroe Brett, '97; D. Weston Elliot, '97; Robert Sidney Hagar, '97; William Frye White, '97; Oliver Dow Smith, '98; and

Alfred Benson White, '98. Dr. H. M. King, Bowdoin, '59, and Thomas W. Dike, Bowdoin, '86, were also present. The convention of 1898 meets in Toronto.

Bowdoin Verse.

A Parody.

In Brunswick's sleepy hollow,
By Androscoggin's wave,
In a vale in the land of Bowdoin
There lies a lonely grave.
No sexton dug that sepulchre,
No parson saw it e'er,
But a Sophomore the sod uptore
And laid the Freshman there.

That was the direst funeral
That ever passed on earth,
'All Brunswick heard the tramping
And saw the train go forth
With ghastly glare of torches
Amid the shadows dnn,
With mighty yell as if in hell
New tortures had begun.

With the "brave old banner" raised aloft
Beneath the midnight sky,
With beat of "drum ancestral"
And with strains of old "Phi Chi."
Without sound of funeral music
Or voice of them that wept,
In broken lines through the moaning pines
The weird procession swept.

This Freshman came to Bowdoin stuffed
With vain and airy knowledge,
Like many both before and since
Resolved to run the college.
In athletics and in scholarship
He flourished in the van,
He smoked his pipe and cigarette
And thought he was a man.

This Freshman eternal vengeance vowed
On any Sophomore
Who e'er should dare on his blest head
One drop of water pour.
A look of bold defiance
O'erspread his knowing face,
Forever certain to appear
Where most 'twas out of place.

This was the freshest Freshman
Of whom I yet have heard,
The most conceited mortal
That ever breathed a word.
For never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he doled forth to men.

But, alas! Behold his high reward!
Earth's freshness for his pall,
To lie in state while demons wait,
With forks and torches, all.
And the pines in mocking triumph
Over his bier to wave,
And a stranger hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave.

Oh, lonely tomb in Bowdoin's land,
Speak from thy tragic hill
To each ambitious Freshman's heart
And teach him to be still.
Sophs have their mysteries of grace
That Freshmen cannot tell,
They hide them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him they loved so well.

To the Violet.

Hail, Violet, forerunner of the summer-tide,
Who in this lone, secluded glen
Dost modestly prefer to hide
Thy tender loveliness,
Far from the careless haunts of men;
Untouchable but by the soft caress
Of maiden chaste.

Why veil'st thou thus
Thy noble head? Thou dost forget,
O humble flower, that thou art yet
Dame Nature's pride, and boast of us
Whom most thou seek'st to shun; and bashfully,
As oft some secret benefactor spreads
Innumerable blessings far and wide o'er heads
Unwitting where the fount of good can be,
Dost from thy secret bower shed
Thy magic fragrance, sweeter e'en
Than sweetest incense.

Raise thy head,
Come boldly forth, and be the garden's queen,
Admired of all; nor waste in solitude
Thy beauty. But, no. Thy humble modesty
Abhors pretensions art. Then live thou on
In native solitude, where none
May dare intrude. Happy whoe'er like thee,

With holy modesty imbued,
Dost in seclusion secret blessing breed!

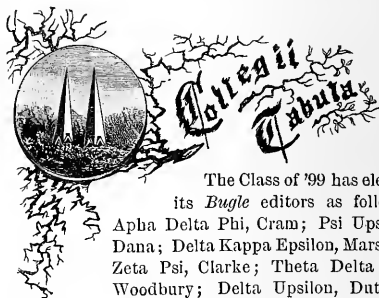
O man! Well might ye pray for humbleness
Like this! Then were this world indeed
A veritable heaven, and ye than gods no less!

The Song.

I sat down and wrote,
But I know not, indeed,
What vein you'd have called it
Or if you could read.

For sentences flowed
As swift as my thought,
In phrases as free,
Unfettered by rules.
And what did I write,
Of nature or love?
Or God overhead?
No matter at all
So long as I know
I wrote what I felt.

For meanings are caught
When a sweet song is heard,
Though ears strive in vain
To distinguish a word.



The Class of '99 has elected
its *Bugle* editors as follows:
Alpha Delta Phi, Cram; Psi Upsilon,
Dana; Delta Kappa Epsilon, Marston;
Zeta Psi, Clarke; Theta Delta Chi,
Woodbury; Delta Upsilon, Dutton;
Kappa Sigma, Wignott; and the non-fraternity men,
Hall.

Where is the sun-dial?
Rollins, '99, is teaching at Bristol.
Baxter, '98, was at New York last week.
The Seniors have donned their caps and gowns.
Open cars are now running on the electric rail-
road.

Next Monday will be observed as Decoration Day.

Professor Woodruff is a late convert to the wheel.

The campus paths are being trimmed, and what an improvement!

The Juniors are practicing marching each day in Upper Memorial.

Kendall, '98, was at Hebron coaching the athletic team recently.

R. L. Marston has been detained at home by the illness of his father.

The Bowdoin-Colby Freshman meet is now booked for June 3d.

The base-ball subscription book is being circulated. Help it along.

A drunk, but jolly organ-grinder, furnished us music on a recent afternoon.

Errorless base-ball games are infrequent, but all the more creditable for so being.

Jordan and Gardiner, 1900, have taken the agency for the Crescent Laundry.

Among our recent peddlers was a man selling a very useful coat and trousers hanger.

W. T. Libby, '99, spent a day at North Conway, on his way home from the base-ball trip.

Knight, '98, has left college for the remainder of this term. He has a situation at Gardiner.

A sociable was held at the home of the Rev. Medville McLaughlin last Thursday evening.

Adams & Townsend, the Brunswick shoemen, have been holding sales in the different halls recently.

Horne, '97, who has been coaching the athletes at the Bangor High School, has returned to college.

Professor Robinson, accompanied by his class in Mineralogy, made a visit to Bowdoinham last week.

President Hyde delivered the annual address before the "Student's Association," in Bangor, last week.

In case of the absence of the regular chapel organist, Libby, Breiting, of the Medical School, presides at the instrument.

Gardeners are still at work on the campus. A flower bed of quite elaborate design is being laid out south-east of Memorial.

Professor Chapman, the conductor of the Maine Festival Chorus, met the Brunswick division at the court-room last Saturday evening.

Now are the days when a tennis game or an

afternoon nap on the campus prove far more attractive than books or class-rooms.

At the annual meeting of the trustees of the Bangor Theological Seminary last week, Professor Chapman was elected president of the trustees.

The Electric Light Company has been putting new lights in the ends. To tell the truth, the lighting for the past year has been abominable.

Two weeks to Ivy Day, and but little over three left in the term. Would that the winter term might be shortened, and spring term lengthened!

The last themes of the term were due Tuesday, May 25th. The subjects were as follows:

1. Describe an Intercollegiate Base-Ball Game.
2. Ancient and Modern Methods of Physical Training.
3. English Prisons Two Hundred Years Ago.
4. The Choice of a Profession.
5. Holmes's "Elsie Venner."

The recent Amherst-Dartmouth trip paid its own expenses and a trifle more. The manager reports a balance of \$8.95, all expenses having been paid.

Charles D. Moulton, '98, has left to take up his duties as purser on the Mount Desert steamer, "Frank Jones." This is his second season on the boat.

Several Bowdoin alumni attended the Worcester Meet on the 22d, among them being Bucknam, '93, Clough, '96, and Knowlton, '95. Stetson, '97, was also there.

The genial "Mike" is now back on his car, but still finds an evening occasionally to visit the ends with his gifts for the boys. Mike is a true-blue Bowdoin man.

The cadets from Maine State College passed through here last Friday, on route for their encampment at Bath. The Portland High School cadets make them a visit this week.

H. H. Van Tuyl, representing Wright, Kay & Co., the Detroit firm of fraternity jewelers and stationers, was here at the college last week. He had a room at North Appleton.

This year has seen no theatrical or operatic production put on exclusively by Bowdoin talent, not even a minstrel show, and yet the college has notably as much musical talent now as it has ever had.

The Freshman base-ball nine met the Brunswick High School team on the Delta, last Wednesday afternoon, and defeated them by a score of 21 to 13. The game was quite an exciting one. The battery for the Freshmen was Farwell and Philoon.

At a recent meeting of the Reading-Room Association the following officers were elected: President, Edward Stanwood, Jr.; Vice-President, Sumner C. Pattee; Directors, J. E. Wignott, C. D. Moulton, W. P. McKown; Manager, Willard T. Libby.

There is some talk of having an elective course in French for Junior year. A vote was taken in the Sophomore division of French recently to find out how many would take such a course, if it were offered, though as yet nothing definite has been done.

The Worcester team was made up as follows:

220-yard hurdles—Kendall, '98; Horne, '97.
120-yard hurdles—Kendall, '98; Horne, '97.
100-yard dash—Merrill, 1900.
220-yard dash—Kendall, '98; Horne, '97; Stetson, '98; Merrill, 1900.
Quarter mile—Stetson, '98; Marston, '99.
Half-mile—Stetson, '98; Marston, '99.
One-mile run—Sinkinson, '99.
Two-mile run—Sinkinson, '99.
Broad jump—Horne, '97; Stearns, '97.
Pole vault—Minott, '98.
Shot put—Godfrey, '99.
Bicycle Race—Stearns, '97.
Hammer Throw—French, '97.

The forty-fifth annual meeting of the Maine Medical Association will be held in Portland, June 2d, 3d, and 4th. Among the speakers on the programme are Professor F. N. Whittier, whose subject is "Physical Training and its Therapeutical Value," and Professor Robinson, who is to speak on "New Methods of Disinfection."

A recital was given in the Town Hall last Thursday evening for the benefit of Saint Paul's parish. The artists were Miss Harriet Shaw, the harpist, and Mr. Turner, the baritone, who sang at the song recitals given by the Misses Vannah and Bartlett here last winter. They were assisted in a pleasing programme by the Bowdoin Mandolin Club.

The Freshmen are looking forward to their banquet to be held in Portland the 18th of next month. It was thought in the first place to hold it at the Congress Square, but arrangements have now been made to hold it at the West End. The literary parts are as follows: Toast-master, P. A. Babb; Opening Address, A. L. Burnell; Poet, J. P. Webber; Historian, C. H. Potter; Closing Address, H. P. West. The Committee on Arrangements is J. W. Whitney, G. B. Gould, G. B. Colesworthy. The Committee on Odes is L. M. Spear, S. P. Harris, E. B. Holmes.

The officials for the interscholastic meet, which will be held here June 5th, are as follows: Marshal, Prof. G. R. Lee, P. A. C.; Referee, Dr. F. H. Whittier, Bowdoin; Judges at Finish, Barrett Potter, Brunswick, Prof. G. T. Files, Bowdoin, W. W. Bolster, Jr., Bates; Time-Keepers, F. P. Pike, Colby, P. P. Baxter, Bowdoin, Alfred Mitchell, Jr., Bowdoin; Judge of Walking, C. S. Pettengill, Bowdoin; Starter, A. S. Macreadie, Chicago A. A.; Clerk of Course, Merle R. Griffith, Portland; Scorer of Track Events, W. F. White, Bowdoin; Judges of Field Events, A. A. French, Bowdoin, F. A. Stearns, Bowdoin; Scorers of Field Events, J. Clair Minot, Augusta, R. B. Stanley, Bates; Messengers of Field Events, E. T. Minott, Bowdoin, G. F. Stetson, Bowdoin.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Amherst, 10; Bowdoin, 3.

After a very good showing thus far this season, we were defeated by the Amherst College nine, Saturday, May 15th, at Amherst.

For the first four innings Bowdoin shut out the Amherst men and scored three runs in the meantime. Then by a combination of hits and errors in the fifth, Amherst got four runs and a lead in the game. Johnston went in to pitch in the sixth inning and did excellent work, while our opponents had no trouble in scoring six times more.

None of Amherst's runs were earned, but they did some very good team work. Bodge pitched excellently at times, but on the whole was hit rather freely. Stanwood and Bacon did by far the best work for Bowdoin, while Messenger led for Amherst. The umpiring was hardly as impartial as it might have been. The score:

AMHERST.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gregory, s.s.,	5	1	1	1	5	3	1
Tyler, lb.,	5	2	2	2	11	0	2
Sullivan, c.,	5	2	1	1	1	1	0
Thompson, 3b.,	5	2	0	0	4	1	0
Tinker, r.f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0	0
DeWitt, c.f.,	4	1	2	2	0	0	0
Boydell, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	3	0
Johnston, p.,	1	0	1	1	0	4	0
Foster, l.f.,	2	1	0	0	1	0	0
Messenger, 2b.,	2	1	1	1	4	4	0
Totals,	36	10	9	9	27	16	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	3	1	1	1	5	0	1
Bodge, p.,	4	0	2	2	0	1	0
Stanwood, c.f.,	4	0	2	2	0	0	0
Wignott, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Hull, 2b.,	4	0	2	2	5	3	3
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bacon, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	2	5	0
Clarke, 3b.,	4	0	2	4	0	2	2
Libby, 1b.,	4	1	0	0	11	0	1
Totals,	34	3	8	10	24	11	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Amherst,	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	2	4-10
Bowdoin,	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0-3

Stolen bases—Clarke, Libby, Greenlaw. Struck out by Bodge 5, by Johnston 1. Bases on balls—by Bodge 4, by Johnston 2. Hit by pitched ball—Haines. Passed balls—Haines 3. Double plays—Hull, Libby; Johnston, Messenger, Tyler. Umpire—Col. Wright, U. S. A.

Dartmouth, 3; Bowdoin, 1.

The first game with Dartmouth was played at Hanover, May 17th. It was a twelve-inning game and the fastest kind of base-ball. Had the score been reversed it would have been more pleasing, but, as it is, the game shows us what sort of a team we have this year. Dartmouth's team is considered one of the best college teams in the country to-day, and the showing which Bowdoin made against such a team can only be gratifying to Bowdoin supporters.

It was a pitcher's battle throughout, and honors were about even, but in the twelfth inning, by a scratch hit and a couple of errors, Dartmouth got a lead which we could not overcome. Both teams fielded sharply, but couldn't hit freely.

Crolius did the best work for Dartmouth, and Clarke and Greenlaw played excellently for Bowdoin. The score:

DARTMOUTH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCornack, l.f.,	5	1	0	0	1	1	0
Folsom, 2b.,	5	0	0	0	4	1	1
Putnam, c.,	4	0	1	1	16	0	0
Crolius, s.s.,	5	1	1	2	2	2	1
Adams, r.f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0	0
Watson, 1b.,	5	0	1	1	9	0	0
L. Hodgkins, 3b.,	5	0	2	2	0	3	2
W. Hodgkins, c.f.,	5	2	2	3	1	0	1
Patey, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Totals,	44	3	8	10	36	10	4

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	6	0	0	0	10	0	1
Bodge, 1b.,	4	1	1	2	14	0	1
Stanwood, c.f.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	0
Wignott, r.f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Hull, 2b.,	5	0	1	1	3	1	1
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Bacon, s.s.,	5	0	1	1	1	2	0
Clarke, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	3	4	1
Libby, p.,	5	0	1	1	0	8	1
Totals,	43	1	6	7	36	15	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Dartmouth,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2-3
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Base on balls—by Libby 4, by Patey 1. Hit by pitched ball—Bodge. Wild pitch—Libby. Stolen bases—Hull, Bacon 2, McCornack 2, Putnam, Crolius, W. Hodgkins 3. Struck out—by Patey 14, by Libby 7.

Dartmouth, 9; Bowdoin, 5.

The second game was also won by Dartmouth on Tuesday, the 18th. It was a different game than the one on the day before, and although we out-batted and out-fielded our opponents, we failed to win.

Bodge seemed to have an off-day, and in the fifth was replaced by Libby, whose arm was too sore to allow him to do well, and Bacon pitched the last of the game and did very well. Conway started in pitching for Dartmouth, but was batted hard and soon replaced by Patey, who, in turn, gave way to Tabor.

The game was called on account of rain in the middle of the eighth. W. Hodgkins did the best work for Dartmouth, both at the bat and in the field. Bacon, Hull, and Haines did the best for Bowdoin. The score:

DARTMOUTH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McCornack, l.f.,	5	0	0	0	1	0	1
Folsom, 2b.,	3	2	1	1	2	2	2
Putnam, c.,	5	2	2	4	0	3	1
Crolius, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
W. Hodgkins, c.f.,	4	2	2	2	3	0	0
L. Hodgkins, 3b.,	3	1	0	0	1	1	1
Drew, c.,	4	0	1	1	7	1	0
Conway, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	1	0
Patey, p.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Tabor, p.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals,	34	9	8	11	21	9	7

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	3	1	1	1	3	2	0
Bodge, p., 1b., r.f.,	5	0	2	2	1	1	0
Hull, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	7	0	0
Wignott, r.f.,	3	0	2	2	0	0	0
Clarke, 3b., s.s.,	4	0	2	2	2	0	3
Stanwood, c.f.,	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Bacon, s.s., p.,	4	0	1	1	1	7	2
Libby, 1b., p.,	4	1	1	1	6	0	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	0
Soule, 3b.,	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Totals,	35	5	11	11	24	11	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

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

Earned runs—Dartmouth 4. Stolen bases—Dartmouth 6, Bowdoin 4. Struck out—by Conway 1, by Bacon 1, by Bodge 1. Wild pitches—by Bodge 1, by Conway 1. Hit by pitched ball—Wignott, Crolius 2.

Bowdoin, 11; Bath, 0.

The game with Exeter for May 22d having been cancelled, a game was played with the Bath nine, a semi-professional team, with Kerwin, an Augusta leaguer, as pitcher. The game was played on the Athletic Field, and was the shortest game of the year. It was also one of the cleanest and most professional-like games ever seen in Brunswick. It clearly demonstrated the fact that we have one of the fastest base-ball teams Bowdoin has had for many a day. Things went on with a snap, and the team work was excellent and well rewarded in the way of runs.

Not an error was made by Bowdoin and hardly a fumble. Two very quick double plays were made. Both pitchers did fine work, but Bodge had by far the best of it, only two singles being made off his delivery. Hull led in the batting for Bowdoin and fielded very prettily. For the visitors, Barton, in left field, did the best work; he also got one of their two hits. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.,	4	3	1	1	6	0	0
Bodge, p.,	5	2	1	1	0	5	0
Hull, 2b.,	4	1	3	3	4	3	0
Wignott, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Clarke, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	0
Bacon, s.s.,	4	1	1	3	2	4	0
Greenlaw, l.f.,	4	2	1	1	0	0	0
Stanwood, c.f.,	2	1	1	1	0	0	0
Libby, 1b.,	4	1	1	2	14	0	0
Totals,	25	11	9	12	27	14	0

BATH.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Winslow, c.,	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Bryant, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Barton, l.f.,	3	0	1	1	6	0	1
Thomas, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	2	0	0
McPhee, 1b.,	2	0	0	0	9	0	2
Caldwell, c.f.,	3	0	1	1	1	0	3
Sandford, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	1	3	0
Caw, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Kerwin, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
Totals,	26	0	2	2	24	9	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	3	1	0	0	0	6	0	1	x—11
Bath,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Stolen bases—Bodge, Stanwood, Haines. Double plays—Bacon, Hull, and Libby; Hull, Bacon, and Libby. Bases on balls—by Bodge 2, by Kerwin 1. Struck out—by Bodge 6, by Kerwin 3. Passed balls—Winslow 3. Umpire—T. C. Keohan. Time—1h. 20m.

BATTING AVERAGES.

The following figures need some slight explanation. Bryant has played in but two games, R. G. Smith in but parts of two games, Soule in one whole game and parts of three others, and Wilson has

played but two whole games. It is pleasing to note that Hull has batted safely in every game thus far. His average is also far superior to his last year's average at this time in the season.

	A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	AVERAGE.
Hull,	39	15	18	.385
Bryant,	7	2	2	.286
Clarke,	37	10	13	.270
Greenlaw,	31	8	12	.258
Bodge,	40	10	11	.250
Stanwood,	32	6	6	.188
Haines,	30	5	5	.167
Libby,	36	6	9	.167
Smith, R. G.,	6	1	1	.167
Wignott,	24	4	6	.167
Bacon,	37	4	6	.108
Wilson,	6	0	0	.000
Soule,	8	0	0	.000

LEAGUE STANDING.

	PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	PER CENT.
Bowdoin,	1	1	0	.1000
Colby,	1	1	0	.1000
Bates,	2	1	1	.500
University of Maine,	2	1	2	.333

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The annual college field meet was held on the new athletic field, Saturday, the 15th. A slight wind was blowing, but on the whole it was a very good day for the meet. Although the number of men contesting was too small, the events were all close and interesting.

From the Freshman Class, Merrill showed up the best, and his work in the 100 and 220-yard dashes was excellent. Sylvester also did good work in the quarter-mile run. Marston, '99, a comparatively new man, won very handily in the half-mile run and gives great promise. Captain Kendall was in great form and won his events easily. The Worcester team is to be chosen from the winners in this meet. The officials were Coach Garcelon and Dr. Whittier, Timers; Kimball, '95, and Soule, '95, Measurers; Morse, '97, scorer.

The summary:

- 100-yard dash—Won by Merrill, 1900. Time, 10 2-5s.
- 220-yard dash—Won by Merrill, 1900. Time, 23 3-5s.
- 120-yard hurdle—Won by Kendall, '98. Time, 17 1-5s.
- 220-yard hurdle—Won by Kendall, '98. Time, 26 3-5s.
- 440-yard run—Won by Sylvester, 1900. Time, 58 3-5s.
- Half-mile run—Won by Marston, '99. Time, 2m, 12 3-5s.
- One-mile run—Won by Sinkinson, '99. Time, 4m, 59 1-5s.
- Putting shot—Won by Godfrey, '99. Distance, 37ft. 3in.
- Throwing hammer—Won by French, '97. Distance, 105ft. 8in.
- Running high jump—Won by Smith, '99. Height, 5ft. 3in.
- Running broad jump—Won by Cleaves, '99. Distance, 18ft. 4in.
- Pole vault—Won by Minott, '98. Height, 9ft. 6in.

WORCESTER MEET.

Saturday, May 22d, the eleventh annual field meet of the N. E. I. A. A. was held on the Worcester Oval. This was Bowdoin's fifth year, and the team was made up as follows: Stearns, French, and Horne, '97; Kendall, Captain, and Minott, '98; Sinkinson, Godfrey, and H. E. Marston, '99; and Merrill, 1900.

As a whole our team was very successful, winning three more points than last year. The first hard luck was in Horne's drawing Kendall in the first trial heat. Sinkinson also met with a painful accident in the first lap of the mile run. He was severely spiked and had to drop out of the race. His wound was cared for and he pluckily started in the two-mile run, but his wound was too painful and he could not possibly finish.

The men who won points for us were Kendall, first in both hurdles; Godfrey, first in the shot put; Stearns, second in the bicycle race; and French, third in the hammer throw.

As a whole, the meet was a great success. The points were more evenly distributed and the events all closely contested. Four records were broken. They were the pole vault, changed to 11 ft.; the hammer throw, changed to 125 ft., 5½ in.; the bicycle race, reduced to 5m. 41 4-5s.; and the two-mile run, reduced to 10m. 8s.

Following are some clippings from the Boston papers which show up very well our standing in the meet and the way in which some of our men were looked upon:

Dartmouth carried off the highest honors, winning in all 29 points, and Brown came second with 26, while Bowdoin piled up 19 points. The most remarkable thing about the work of Bowdoin is the steady manner in which they have climbed during the past four years from the sixth, fifth, fourth, to third place, winning in points 6, 10, 16, and 19.

Perhaps the genuine surprise of the day was Kendall of Bowdoin, a pupil in track athletics of the old Harvard hurdler, Garcelon. The instructor has been very wiley about him, saying never a word till the races came, and then the pupil won both the hurdle races "hands down," with yards and yards to spare.

Both of the hurdle races were gifts to Kendall of Bowdoin, for he won out as easily as if he was against a field of high school boys. Horne of the same college made a good showing, but the bullet wound in his leg made the work anything but a pleasure.

The summary follows:

100-yard dash—First heat, won by C. Billington, Wesleyan; second, D. F. O'Brien, Brown. Time, 10 1-5s. Second heat, won by C. M. Callahan, Williams; second, E. H. Frain, Wesleyan. Time, 10 2-5s. Third heat, won

by A. W. Grosvenor, M. I. T.; second, C. G. McDavitt, Dartmouth. Time, 10 2-5s. Fourth heat, won by H. H. Sears, Dartmouth; second, G. D. Robbins, Wesleyan. Time, 10 2-5s. Heat for second men won by D. F. O'Brien, Brown; time, 10 2-5s. Final heat, won by C. Billington, Wesleyan; second, C. M. Callahan, Williams; third, A. W. Grosvenor, M. I. T. Time, 10 1-5s.

880-yard run—Won by R. F. Hanson, Brown; second, C. E. Baker, Dartmouth; third, E. L. Stockwell, Brown. Time, 2m. 2 2-5s.

120-yard high hurdle race—First heat, won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; second, J. H. Horne, Bowdoin. Time, 10 2-5s. Second heat, won by J. B. Hutchinison, Dartmouth; second, A. Messman, Amherst. Time, 16 2-5s. Third heat, won by O. W. Lundgren, W. P. I.; second, W. C. Woodward, Dartmouth. Time, 16 3-5s. Heat for second men won by A. Mossman, Amherst; time, 16 4-5s. Final heat won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; second, O. W. Lundgren, W. P. I.; third, A. Mossman, Amherst. Time, 16 1-5s.

2-mile safety bicycle race—First heat, won by F. A. Stearns, Bowdoin; second, R. Gurney, M. I. T. Time, 5m 49 4-5s. Second heat, won by G. L. Gary, Dartmouth; second, C. F. Schipper, Brown. Time, 5m 23 3-5s. Third heat, won by F. D. Chase, M. I. T.; second, F. C. Dudley, Amherst. Time, 5m 43 1-5s. Final heat, won by G. L. Gary, Dartmouth; second, F. A. Stearns, Bowdoin. Time, 5m 41 4-5s.

1-mile run—Won by A. L. Wright, Brown; second, J. Bray, Williams; third, S. B. Furbush, Amherst. Time, 4m. 33s.

440-yard run—First heat, won by F. K. Taft, Brown; second, H. C. Hull, Brown; third, R. P. Priest, M. I. T. Time, 53 2-5s. Second heat, won by C. B. Stebbins, M. I. T.; second, W. J. Gunn, Brown; third, G. F. Stetson, Bowdoin. Time, 53 3-5s. Third heat, won by R. T. Elliott, Amherst; second, H. C. Collar, Dartmouth; third, W. A. Sparks, Trinity. Time, 54 3-4s. Final, won by H. C. Collar, Dartmouth; second, F. K. Taft, Brown; third, R. T. Elliott, Amherst. Time, 51 4-5s.

Throwing 16lb. hammer—Won by R. Healey, Tufts, distance, 123ft. 5 1-2in.; second, J. P. Coombs, Brown, distance, 113ft. 1 1-2in.; third, A. A. French, Bowdoin, distance, 107ft. 7 1-2in.

Pole vault—Won by R. H. Wilder, Dartmouth, 11ft.; second, a tie between H. W. Fifer, Williams, and J. L. Hurlburt, Wesleyan, 10ft. 9 3-4in. (In the jump-off, Hurlburt vaulted 11ft. and got the second prize, but points were divided.)

220-yard low hurdles—First heat, won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; time, 26 4-5s. Second heat, won by A. Mossman, Amherst; time, 27 1-5s. Third heat, won by C. B. Stebbins, M. I. T.; 28s. Fourth heat, won by E. H. Sprague, Dartmouth; time, 27s. Final heat, won by C. F. Kendall, Bowdoin; second, C. B. Stebbins, M. I. T.; time, 28s.; third, E. H. Sprague, Dartmouth; time, 26 1-5s.

220-yard dash—Heat winners: first heat, won by R. E. Barker, Brown; time, 24 1-5s. Second heat, won by R. T. Elliott, Amherst; time, 24s. Third heat, won by E. H. Frain, Wesleyan; time, 24s. Fourth heat, won by C. W. Henry, Trinity; time, 24 4-5s. Fifth heat, a dead heat between G. D. Robbins, Wesleyan, and H. H. Sears,

Dartmouth; time, 23 3-5s. Sixth heat, won by C. Billington, Wesleyan; time, 23 2-5s. Seventh heat, won by C. M. Callahan, Williams; second, A. W. Grosvenor, M. I. T.; time, 23s. Semi-finals, first heat, won by R. T. Elliott, Amherst; second, R. E. Barker, Brown; time, 24 1-5s. Second semi-final heat, won by H. H. Sears, Dartmouth; second, C. W. Henry, Trinity; time, 24 2-5s. Final heat, won by R. T. Elliott, Amherst; second, H. H. Sears, Dartmouth; third, R. E. Barker, Brown. Time, 23 2-5s. 2-mile run—Won by A. L. Wright, Brown; second, F. A. Tower, Wesleyan; third, H. B. Mayhew, M. I. T. Time, 10m. 8s.

Running high jump—Won by I. K. Baxter, Trinity, 5ft. 7 1-2in.; second, S. S. Lapham, Jr., Brown, 5ft. 6in.; third, a tie between E. G. Littel, Trinity, and W. L. Butcher, M. I. T., at 5ft. 5in.

Running broad jump—Won by A. W. Grosvenor, M. I. T., 21ft. 6 1-2in.; second, T. W. Chase, Dartmouth, 21ft. 6 1-2in.; third, E. G. Locke, Amherst.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by E. R. Godfrey, Bowdoin, 36ft. 9in.; second, F. Corson, Dartmouth, 35ft. 8in.; third, H. W. Clark, Dartmouth, 35ft. 2in.

The summary of the events and the points won by colleges follows, the points being scored on a basis of five for a first, three for a second, and one for a third.

EVENT.	Dart.	Brown.	Bow.	M. I. T.	Wes.	Amh.	Vt.	Trin.	Tulst.	W. P. I.
100-yard run	1	5	3
880-yard run . . .	3	6
High hurdles	5	1	3
440-yard run . . .	5	3	1
1-mile run	5	1	3
2-mile bicycle . . .	5	3	1
Low hurdles . . .	1	5	3
220-yard run . . .	3	1	5
2-mile run	5	...	1	3
Pole vault . . .	5	2
Shot . . .	4	...	5
High jump	3	5½
Hammer	3	1	5
Broad jump . . .	3	5	...	1
Totals	29	26	19	11½	10	9	8	5½	5	3

At a recent meeting of the student body at Williams it was decided to put the management of athletics in the hands of a committee of nine, composed of three Faculty, three alumni, and three undergraduate members.

Chicago University now gives credit for attendance at Sunday-school. The Sunday-school work is, however, substantially a course in Bible History, the lesson must be carefully prepared, and an examination must be passed.

G. M. C. A.

Something must be done to stir up more enthusiasm in our Y. M. C. A. There should be twice as many at the meetings these warm evenings. The goers would be benefited and the society would be benefited. The Y. M. C. A. meetings should be a place wherein every one could express his opinions on theological matters. The barriers of custom should be removed so that the unprofessed Christian could speak freely. The Y. M. C. A. should do more than keep the flame aglow in the hearts of professed Christians in college. It should foster and kindle the Christian flame in the hearts of the great mass of the doubtful and uncertain.

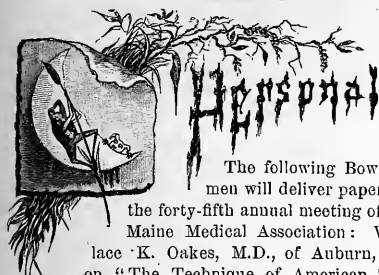
All of which leads up to a subject discussed at a recent meeting: "What Christian heroism is and does." There are so few heroes in college, so few Christian heroes! You look all about you and there is hardly one in sight. He is not the Christian hero who, heart and soul enthused, sings the loudest or prays the longest—he sacrifices nothing. Doubts, fears, and the comments of his fellows never shake their ugly fists in his face. Where are the Christian heroes? They are here among us, but we never notice them in the bustle of the work-a-day life. Real heroes are never seen by the unsympathetic throng. There is a mock heroism that is like unto the genuine only as notoriety is unto fame.

Frederick C. Lee, 1900, led the meeting Thursday evening, May 20th. His subject was "Sincerity."

Book Reviews.

(A Slight Romance, by Edith Leverett Dalton. Second edition. Damrell & Upham, Boston. 1897.)

We have just received the second edition of this novelette, so much admired and the recipient of so much favorable comment, when it first appeared, about a year ago. It is not surprising that a second edition was warranted, but it will be so if two are to satisfy the demand for this picturesque, true-to-life story. Among so much that is being published nowadays it is difficult to cull the wheat from the tares, and especially so when the wheat is so modest and unassuming; but in the case of "A Slight Romance" its unpretentiousness is its charm, and that very charm has held and will continue to hold a place for itself in the many-sided fiction of to-day.



The following Bowdoin men will deliver papers at the forty-fifth annual meeting of the Maine Medical Association: Wallace K. Oakes, M.D., of Auburn, '70, on "The Technique of American Surgery;" Prof. F. C. Robinson, '73, on "New Methods of Disinfection;" Walter T. Goodale, M.D., of Saco, '74, on "Static Electricity;" F. N. Whittier, M.D., '85, on "Physical Training and its Therapeutical Value;" Henry H. Brock, M.D., of Portland, Med., '90, on "Hip-Joint Disease."

'60.—Hon. J. W. Symonds, LL.D., of Portland, has been elected a vice-president of the American Unitarian Association.

'61.—Edward Stanwood, Esq., of Boston, managing editor of the *Youth's Companion*, has just published a beautiful volume, entitled, "Class of 1861, Bowdoin College," consisting of half-tone portraits of the survivors of the class, with brief biographical sketches. The class graduated fifty-two, and sixty-one men in all were connected with it. It was graduated at the opening of the war, and many of its members entered the service and several died in battle. Kenniston was in Libby Prison on the day the class graduated—August 7, 1861. Thirty-two men yet survive. Two members of the class were breveted general—General Hyde of Bath, and General Manning of Lewiston. Eleven of the class became lawyers, eleven doctors, six clergymen, three editors, and Judge Emery of the Maine Supreme Bench was a member of the Class of '61. Furber has won a large fortune in Chicago. "Not one of the six clergymen of the class could become a bishop without changing his faith." Professor Fernald of Orono and Professor Packard of Brown University, are celebrated specialists of the Class of '61. President Carter, formerly of the University of Vermont, was educated at Lewiston Falls Academy and at Bowdoin. Dr. Dwight Bradford, a native of Auburn, died a martyr to duty in New York City. Eight members of the class have served in state legislatures. The class has nine authors. Seven members of the class have married and are childless, but the other thirty-eight have become the fathers of sixty-five sons and fifty-nine daughters,

of whom fifty-three sons and forty-five daughters are living; twelve of these sons and twelve of these daughters have married, and ten members of the class are grandfathers and are the ancestors of nine grandsons and eleven granddaughters. While but four of the Class of '61 were children of college-bred men, thirty-four sons and fifteen daughters of the Class of '61 have graduated from college, and twenty sons and twelve daughters have taken degrees in arts, medicine or science. Eight sons of '61 men have entered Bowdoin College, of whom two are yet there.

Hon., '85.—Judge Charles Wesley Walton, who has just retired from the Supreme Judicial Bench of Maine, was born at Mexico, December 9, 1819. He is the son of Artemas G. and Abigail (Stevens) Walton. He received a common school education and then learned the printer's trade, at which he worked for fourteen years, at Dover, N. H., Paris, Me., and Boston, Mass. While working at the case he imbibed a taste for study and knowledge and a desire to improve his condition in life. Accordingly he began the study of law as a student in the office of the late Isaac Randall of Dixfield, and having been admitted to the bar in 1843, was taken as a partner by Mr. Randall. He was soon after this time elected successively to the town offices of clerk, moderator, agent, selectman, collector, treasurer, and school committeeman. In 1847 he was elected county attorney of Oxford County, in which position he served four years. Desiring a wider field for practice, in 1855 he removed to Auburn, and became the County Attorney of Androscoggin County in 1857. In 1860 he was elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress, succeeding the Hon. John J. Perry. While in Congress he was placed upon the committee of private land claims as a recognition of his high standing as a lawyer. After serving in Congress for over a year he was appointed by Governor Washburn to the Supreme Judicial Bench of Maine, May 14, 1862, since which time he has been appointed without interruption to the present month, when he has refused a reappointment. He has thus served on the bench continuously for thirty-five years, a judicial life in excess of any other judge who has presided in this court. During this long term of service Judge Walton has had as associates who are no longer living, Chief Justices Appleton and Tenney, and Associate Justices Rice, Cutting, Davis, Goodenow, Kent, Dickerson, Fox, Barrows, Danforth, Tapley, Virgin, and Libbey. This brief sketch cannot be better closed than with a few extracts from Charles Hamlin's estimate of

Judge Walton in the *Green Bag* for December, 1895: "To have made himself one of the ablest lawyers in the state, to have gained a seat on the floor of Congress, and to have won and retained the confidence and respect of his associates on the bench, many of whom have a national reputation, would seem to have filled the measure of the printer boy's ambition; but a true estimate of his place in the history of the Maine bench shows something more—a strong judge, of marked individuality, and one who has given positive additions, and of permanent value, to the body and growth of the law. . . . He has ever devoted himself entirely to the business of his office, nor suffered his time and attention to be distracted by other pursuits. Then add to all these things that he is industrious, firm, prompt, frank, self-possessed, and not given to wasting his dignity by an over-refined delicacy that often weakens and seldom adds to the usefulness of a judge." In 1885 he was given the degree of LL.D. by Bowdoin College.

'68.—Dr. Charles A. Ring, in company with other Portland physicians, sailed for Europe on Saturday, May 22d.

'75.—The *Evening Star* of Washington, D.C., speaks in the highest terms of the valedictory address delivered by Woodbury Pulsifer on his graduation from the Medical Department of Columbian University. Mr. Pulsifer, now of course an M.D., received honorary mention for the best general examination for two years, and won the prize for his essay on "Nervous Diseases."

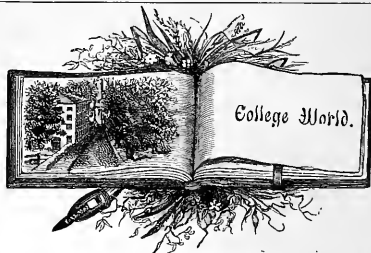
'79.—James C. Tarbox of Monticello, Minn., has been appointed by the Governor as judge of the new Eighteenth Judicial District.

The Yale Law School Faculty has accepted a prize of \$250 worth of books from a publishing firm, to be awarded to that Senior voted to be the most faithful and successful in his studies.

Representatives of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton will respond to toasts at the luncheon of the University of Pennsylvania Alumni Society on Alumni Day, June 8th.

The Yale Navy has received an invitation for Yale to enter crews at the annual amateur regatta, to be held in Hamburg, Germany, on July 17th and 18th.

The Class of '85 of Wells College, the class Mrs. Cleveland belongs to, will present a handsome stained glass window to its *Alma Mater*. The subject of the window is "The Dawn."



There was an average attendance of 6,000 persons at the games played at the University of Pennsylvania last fall.

The base-ball debt at Cornell has been announced as \$1,300; the naval deficit, \$600; and the foot-ball surplus, \$2,600.

Another American professor has been honored in Europe. This time it is J. W. Gibbs, Professor of Mathematical Physics at Yale. He has been elected a member of the Royal Society of London, an honor hitherto conferred on only six Americans.

Vassar College has recently received a gift of some exceedingly rare and valuable books. There are only nine of them altogether, but they are worth at least \$2,000.

The Central Debating League has been established in the West, comprising the universities of Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, and Northwestern.

Hon. William L. Wilson has been elected President of Washington and Lee University to succeed Gen. G. W. C. Lee, who has resigned. Mr. Wilson is a graduate of Columbia College, Washington, D. C., and was at one time President of the West Virginia University.

The Princeton Faculty may forbid games in base-ball or foot-ball being played on Saturday on account of a resolution adopted by the Presbytery condemning Sunday desecration by the students, following Saturday's games.

By a bill passed in the last Legislature, the preparatory department of the West Virginia University will be abolished in three years.

A library, with a capacity of 75,000 volumes, is to be erected for Franklin and Marshall College.

The will of the late Edward Drinker Cope, Professor of zoölogy and comparative anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, bequeaths about \$100,000 to that institution for the establishment of a chair of vertebrate paleontology in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

IVY NUMBER.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 16, 1897.

No. 4.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Another Ivy Day has come and gone, and another successful celebration has been added to the long list of those already chronicled in the annals of Bowdoin. The exercises are always interesting, and the custom is one that is bound to survive as long as "Bowdoin is old Bowdoin." The Class of '98 is to be congratulated upon its afternoon's programme, and especially upon its hop. The full text of the oration, poem, and responses is to be found in the columns of this issue. All departments of this issue have been shortened so as to allow the Ivy Exercises to be printed in full.

THE remodeling of certain of our dormitories seems at last an assured fact. Plans have been made, contractors have been looking over the ground, and the authorities seem to be in earnest. The sooner this is done, the better; old buildings are not conducive to good order and proper care, in fact they do not breed respect. New, well-kept dormitories will exert a refining influence upon their occupants, a much greater influence than one would think. Certain boisterous practices now in vogue will disappear at once upon the remodeling of the "ends," and this result can not come too quickly.

BOWDOIN'S base-ball season has ended, and ended honorably. Although we have not won the pennant, we have played first-class ball and have upheld the honor of the college from start to finish. It is not everything to win the pennant, the main point is to play good ball and fight for every point; that we have done with but one or two exceptions, and the college should be and is satisfied. We may console ourselves with the news that as long as we are not to win, no team has won; we have by no means been left in the race. The situation in the league is this: Colby, by refusing to play U. of M. again at Waterville, has ignored the decision of the league managers, and therefore is no longer a member of the league. The decision of the managers is final. Thus the three other colleges remain, and since each has split even with each of the other colleges, there is a triple tie for the pennant. This will not be played, as Bowdoin has disbanded and all games must have been played before June 12th. Thus we end the season, having played good ball both in the league and out, but not having always played winning ball. Financially the season has been successful, as will be seen by the report of the manager, published in another column of the ORIENT. As a whole the season has been very satisfactory, and though we have played in harder luck than last year, we have played better ball.

All know what has been accomplished in track athletics and tennis. Both associations have been most capably managed, and both have finished the season not only honorably, but most successfully. Surely this spring's athletics have been a credit not only to the teams but also to the college.

The will of Mrs. Sarah Van Nostrand of Jacksonville, Fla., who died March 29th, leaves \$25,000 to Yale University and \$5,000 to the General Theological Seminary of New York.

98's Ivy Day.

FRIDAY, June 11th, was observed as 98's Ivy Day, and as everything depended upon beautiful weather, many hearts were made glad when the morning dawned bright and clear. For days and weeks it has rained incessantly, and until midnight Thursday it still continued. The weather-man evidently took pity upon '98, and gave them a pleasant forenoon, at least. During the forenoon the campus was a scene of life and gaiety; knots of visitors could be seen inspecting the buildings and grounds, and everything and everybody seemed in a state of eager expectation. Everything passed smoothly, both the exercises of the afternoon and the evening's hop. At about the time for the exercises of the afternoon to commence, however, the weather-man rebelled, and light sun-showers descended; these went and came intermittently during the afternoon, and by evening had settled into a steady rain, which, however, did not dampen the enthusiasm of the afternoon, nor lessen the attendance of the evening. At a little after three o'clock the Juniors, under the marshalship of Ives, marched slowly down the center aisle of Memorial and took their seats upon the stage. These evolutions were very creditably performed, not a mistake being made, and great credit is due the Marshal. The following programme, occupying about two hours, was carried out, and the parts were well received by the audience. The Germania Orchestra of Boston furnished the music, which was of a high order. 'Ninety-eight is to be congratulated upon its successful performance.

The programme was:

Prayer.	MUSIC.	R. R. Morson.
Oration.	MUSIC.	W. W. Lawrence.
	MUSIC.	

Poem.

MUSIC.

T. L. Marble.

Address by President.

A. B. White.

PRESENTATIONS:

Athlete—Dumb-bell.

W. P. McKown.

Dig—Spade.

G. H. Sturgis.

Sport—Diamond.

C. C. Williamson.

Backslider—Spars.

F. A. Hamlin.

Criminal—Handcuffs.

P. P. Baxter.

Popular Man—Wooden Spoon.

W. W. Spear.

IVY-DAY ORATION.

LITERATURE AND THE COLLEGE.

BY WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE.

As we stand to-day upon the threshold of a new century, and consider the progress which our nation has made since the time when the victories of the Revolution gave a new birth to liberty in America, we may well feel a thrill of patriotic pride in the thought that we are citizens of a country so prosperous, free, and enlightened. Our government embodies the highest type of republicanism, and the oppressed in foreign nations turn their eyes longingly toward our shores, and find refuge under our flag. The curse of slavery has departed from us, and the horrors of war have left our borders undisturbed for more than thirty years. The products of American industry are known over the civilized world. Science, with its marvelous revelations, has nowhere found more earnest and successful students than here in the United States. Nor have arts and letters been neglected. The country which claims as its own the inventions of Fulton, Morse, and Edison, can point with pride to the achievements of Emerson and Longfellow. Politically, socially, industrially, and morally, we enjoy a degree of prosperity which has been vouchsafed to few nations since the world began.

A great scholar once declared popular education to be the surest means of attaining national happiness. The truth of this saying is perfectly illustrated in our own history. The past century has witnessed a rapid increase and development of educational institutions, from the common school to the university. The demand for higher instruction has brought with it more advanced methods and a more liberal course of study. The lower schools are laying a more solid foundation for that higher knowledge which university training alone can give. An educational system of such efficacy cannot fail to exercise a strong influence upon the growth of our national literature, as well as upon public morals and

public enlightenment. It may be said that no single factor has had greater power in developing and molding American letters than the college. It is the college which gives form and finish to elementary education; it is the college which gives the power of truest expression to the author and poet, and ripens the noblest fruits of genius.

A hundred years ago America could show no great achievements in literature. The country was still English in its manners and customs. The theological works of Jonathan Edwards and Cotton Mather were rather the result of transplanted British thought than of any original New-World ideas. It was not until after the Revolution that a truly distinctive American literature sprang into existence. Then the spirit of the times found expression in the strong, homely prose of Franklin, and the rugged eloquence of Washington. Successful writing was difficult in those days, when the schooling necessary for a mastery of the elements of learning was hard to obtain. Harvard College was then little more than a large high school. But with the new impulse breathed into education later on came a new birth of literary achievement, when Irving, Cooper, and Bryant made American prose and verse known and loved at home and abroad. They were educated rather in the school of life than by acquaintance with the arts acquired by study. Emerson was the first great American author to receive a college education, but our later men of letters have been, in the main, college graduates. Among the greatest are Longfellow and Hawthorne, sons of our own *Alma Mater*, while with them there stand Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, Prescott, Parkman, and a multitude of others, men of less transcendent genius. Thus we see, in reviewing our history during the past century, that the development of the college, co-existent with the growth of our national literature, has exerted upon it a considerable influence.

Whether this influence is as strong now as it has been in the past is a question for posterity to decide. It is evident, however, that at the present day undergraduates take far less interest in literary matters than they did thirty years ago. Formerly the college existed solely to impart knowledge, especially to give an acquaintance with the best thoughts of the master-minds of the world. To the better accomplishment of this object the students voluntarily devoted a large part of their leisure time. The curriculum was classical rather than scientific. There were few distractions. Most men stayed away from college if they did not sympathize with its aims. At the present day all this

is changed. The wonderful progress made in invention and discovery has given a new impetus to science, so that young men of to-day make a study of this rather than the literary branches. At the same time there have arisen a multitude of outside interests to distract the attention of the undergraduates, the greater number of which may be included under athletics. When athletic sports are so specialized as to become almost professional in their character, it is inevitable that other things should suffer. But we cannot, on the whole, feel dissatisfied at these changes. The broader view, the more practical character of the course of study, the greater attention paid to physical health, are all advances in the march of education. Our eagerness for the practical to the exclusion of the ideal is characteristic of the times we live in. It will not do, however, to neglect the old in our infatuation for the new; to allow the blazing light of science to conceal from our eyes the pure, steady flame of literature.

The consideration of the influence of the college upon American letters, and of the importance of encouraging literary activity among undergraduates, brings up the practical question of how the best results in this line are to be attained during college life. The circumstances which tend to repress such activity have just been noted. But when these circumstances have been wholly or partly removed, in the course of time, something more than mere passive attention will be necessary to make literature the vital force it ought to be in the college. It is not enough to study and appreciate other men's work, however fine; what is necessary is active creative effort—the expression of whatever worthy original thought may come to us. There is scarcely any man who does not, now and then, have an idea which he would like to have perpetuated, one which he feels would be interesting or helpful to his fellow-men. In the majority of cases the attempt to put the thought into words is not made, or, if it is made, it results in failure. The reason is not far to seek. Lack of practice causes lack of success. A man may be educated,—familiar with the best ideas of others, but if he has not learned to express himself in a graceful, concise, logical way, he has wasted a large part of his advantages. The only way of ensuring good fruits of literature in mature life is to insist upon creative effort and the cultivation of the art of expression in collegiate days. So, above all things, let us have more of this individual work, not so much for publication or exhibition, not so much for influencing others at the present time, as for the development

of the student, whose riper productions in later life may prove a source of help to his fellow-men.

One of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of success in writing is the difficulty of producing any truly original work. A rash of other men's ideas interests the world but little. It may seem a hopeless task to create anything really original. Before the beginning of the Christian era it was a maxim among men that there was nothing new under the sun. Consider the work of the world's greatest geniuses, however. Who shall say that Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Milton, and Wordsworth were not original, or that they attained success by the expression of any other thought than that which they found in their own minds? Emerson tells us that even history is subjective, so that Thucydides was as much of a thinker as Plato. Each century has brought its own great masters, making an unbroken line from Homer down to our own times. The mind of man is as active as it ever was, and will ever express itself in new forms. To the most perfect results in this expression of thought the college is the guide and help. But we must beware of mistaking influences for impulses. Books and reading, for instance, are of the greatest value as a means of training and as an inspiration and incentive to study, but they are not the sources whence we should derive the ideas which form the key-note of our work. The greatest thinker whom America has ever produced said: "I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system." It is because Emerson followed out this principle consistently that we value his writings to-day. Nature, Life, and Thought are the three great store-houses from which the creative mind gets its material. Thinking men in all ages have realized this; the cry of "Back to Nature!" is no new one. Not only is it uttered by many of the best minds of our own day, but it found a mighty apostle in Wordsworth, and it was re-urged by Rossetti and the pre-Raphaelites. When, therefore, the college man has learned to find his thoughts in himself and his surroundings, rather than in books and other men's dicta, then, and only then, will he be able to produce some truly valuable work.

The consistent adherence to high ideals is most important in securing strength and endurance to the literature of any nation. The nervous hurry and scramble for wealth, so characteristic of our own day, are by no means favorable to care and conscientiousness. The world is full of authors who, having made a success of some one meritorious

work, have, on the strength of that, flooded the bookstores with inferior productions, carelessly written. Such work proves demoralizing to author and reader alike. A literature of pot-boilers is worse than none at all. Whether it be a man's ambition to

"Give to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance,"

or to describe the highest and holiest passions of mankind, let him give forth only his best, destroying his work rather than making public something beneath his talents. If every man would set up an ideal and follow it conscientiously, the coming century would indeed be the golden age of American arts and letters.

We are the makers of twentieth-century literature. The Longfellow, the Emerson, or the Hawthorne of to-morrow is, perchance, here in our midst at Bowdoin. Certain it is that college walls now enclose many who will win honor and glory in the years to come. Side by side with them, to be sure, stand those whose names will be unknown when the roll of fame is called, who will have left behind them the record of no lofty achievement, but who will have lived lives none the less noble than those of their more famous comrades,—lives of integrity and industry, lives which give to their country the power to stand fast in the hour of adversity, and to rise pre-eminent among the nations of the world. But who can say which man will be renowned and which obscure? Those who have given the greatest promise in youth have often failed when the time came to fight the battle of life; those who seemed the dullest and the poorest have risen to be the first minds of the age. Fame is not within the reach of all men, but the opportunity to live honestly and uprightly, however low in station, is offered freely to each and all. Through such living success in arts and letters will be all the brighter, if it comes, while if it comes not, a life of unsullied integrity will be in itself an achievement none the less noble. In the past, Bowdoin has gained an honored name for sons distinguished in literature, science, and statesmanship. It rests with us to perpetuate that glorious record in the future, and in our later life to show, by making the best use of the knowledge and experience gained here, that the influence of the college is a strong one, not alone upon American literature and American learning, but in the fostering and development of those sterling old Puritan virtues upon which rest the foundations of our modern civilization.

IVY-DAY POEM.

THE JUNIOR'S DREAM.

By THOMAS LITTLEFIELD MARBLE.

'Twas night; its lullaby the evening breeze
Had sung to drooping flowers, majestic trees,
And now all nature yielded to its sway;
The moon o'er slum'ring earth now cast her ray,
And as Night's sentinel her vigil kept;
Succumbing to the potent spell, calm slept
The Junior. Visions of the future clear
Before him rise; fleet fantasies appear,
And storied myths and wondrous legends seem
Realities. This was the Junior's dream:

Commotion on Olympus raged,
And naught the gods' great grief assuaged;
Melpomene, the lyric Muse,
Had brought from earth most direful news,
And o'er the gods' snow-crowned abode
The deities in anger strode.
Majestic Jove high raised his hand;
All mutely waited his command;
With shame Apollo bowed his head,
As these grave words the Father said:

"O King of Muses! hide thy face;
Eternal is thy deep disgrace;
Time was when poets lived and sung
Inspired lays mankind among;
Now in the poet's lowly mind
Ye gentle Muses hold no place;
True poetry is dead, I find.
Melpomene, please state your case."

Out from the council of the gods
The lyric Muse swift stept,
And o'er her Grecian countenance
The flush of anger crept.

"O mighty gods! 'tis true," she said,
"The love of poetry has fled
From human hearts. You doubt it? Well,
Pray listen to the tale I tell.

"The Bowdoin Juniors soon, forsooth,
Their Ivy Day will celebrate,
And they a most prosaic youth
Have chosen for their laureate.
Unlettered and to fame unborn,
He fain would scale fair Helicon,
And steal the art of poetry!"
So spoke the Muse, Melpomene.

Scarce on the air her tones had died,
When Jove arose and thus replied:
"How'er unjust the case appears,
Sweet goddess, prithee calm thy fears;

For this poor bard, the Fates decree,
By greater fame eclipsed shall be.

"Fair Bowdoin, blessed with tender love!
A mother ne'er forlorn!

Whom Time, a loyal son hath said,
Touched only to adorn.

Tho' great the glory of thy past,
Thy future stands secure and fast

Upon the scrolls of Fate,
And in the shadow of thy fame
Unknown shall be the luckless name
Of this poor laureate.

"Bowdoin, thy sons shall win renown
Throughout the mortal race,
And statesman, soldier, bard, and sage

Thine honored rolls shall trace;
But first amongst the noble throng
Of men far-famed by deed and song,
Shall stand—so reads the Book of Fate—
The happy Class of 'Ninety-eight.

"And as the ivy which they plant

Upon their festal day,
Shall gently 'round thy hallowed walls

Its creeping tendrils lay,
So when, inspired by love that lies
Within their souls, thy sons shall rise

To heights of boundless fame,
The fibers of their hearts shall be
Close-twined about the memory,
Fair Bowdoin, of thy name."

The Father ceased. O'er that array
Of deities calm silence lay,

As thus great Jove foretold the fate
Of Bowdoin and of 'Ninety-eight;
And as the prophecy he spoke,
The vision fled. The Junior woke.

'Twas morn; the song of birds with sweetness rife
Had roused old Mother Earth from sleep to life,
And now all future fancies once so clear
Within the morning light swift disappear;
Yet who shall boldly say the dreams of night
May not in after days be clear and bright
Realities? Who dares in earnest deem
The Junior's vision but an empty dream?

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

BY ALFRED B. WHITE.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of the Class of
'Ninety-Eight:*

It is my very fortunate privilege to welcome you
in behalf of the class to the exercises of this, 'Ninety-
eight's Ivy Day. We invite you to join heartily

with us in celebrating this event, which is one of
the happiest in our college course. There are
many feasts and festivals in our life here at Bow-
doin, but Ivy Day is the day of days, and its exer-
cises are the source of much pleasure for us. This
day marks the close of three of the happiest years
of our lives, and while we are sad when we think
of it, we cannot resist the powerful feelings of joy
that rise spontaneously within us. Ivy Day! Here
at last. After waiting three whole years for it we
should feel happy.

Some of you may not know how and why Ivy
Day was first celebrated. To you I shall say that
away back in the dim ages of the past the Class of
'66, in its Senior year, held the first Ivy exercises
at Bowdoin and planted the ivy in order that the
vine, green and sturdy, might remind undergrad-
uates in after years of the glorious Class of '66. It
is pleasant for us all to know that our own Professor
Chapman wrote the Ivy Ode on that occasion.
Since that time few classes have neglected to follow
'66's splendid example, and for over twenty years
every class has left here a sturdy, insistent memorial
in the ivy vine.

This tells you a little of the custom and its
origin; now I wish to introduce to you the class
that observes it to-day.

All these fine, noble, gentlemanly students are
members of the Class of '98. This class is undoubt-
edly the keenest, brightest, and most powerful one
that ever entered Bowdoin. From our very first
moment on this campus, Faculty and students alike
have recognized what a power we are, and during
our college course nothing of any importance has
been done here without first consulting the wishes
of '98. All this respect has been shown us purely
on account of our natural worth, and for no other
reason.

We entered Bowdoin in the fall of 1894, not the
green, gullible Freshmen of whom you hear so
much, but a class of 59 polished young men. There
might have been 125 members in our class, but
Professor Moody does not believe in large classes,
so after he had passed 60 of us he conditioned all
the other applicants. During our first year we got
along very pleasantly; everything came our way
but the ball game, and it was not Sawyer's fault
that we didn't get that. Our peanut drunk and
foot-ball game are surely worthy of mention, for we
made a very creditable showing in both.

Winter term found us with but 56 members,
Cleaves and Morrill having left us on account of
ill-health, and Kaler because the Sophomores cut

his hair. We managed to worry along without them through a long, uneventful winter term. During spring term we once for all demonstrated our ability to control the proceedings of this institution. I will explain. For several years it had been the custom for the two lower classes to hold a boat race on the morning of Ivy Day. It had also been the custom for the Junior Class to sell its shell to the Freshmen, making fifty or seventy-five dollars by the transaction. '96 expected to do this very thing, but, strange to say, our class had a serious aversion to boating, and so '96 has quite a valuable shell down in the boat-house. During Freshman year we were carefully watered and cultivated, and doubtless this treatment did much toward making us the clean, upright class you see before you.

When we became Sophomores it devolved upon us to initiate '99 into the mysteries of college life, and we did it so well that I have no hesitation in saying that '99 follows '98 more closely than any other class in college. We met with some very serious losses about this time, for on Thanksgiving day, 1895, Harry Raymond McIntire severed his connection with our class. He was mourned by all who knew him—Faculty, students, and townspeople. Poor Mac, we have missed you! And why not? Were you not our \$10,000 beauty from Saco, and did you not have an addition put on the Lyons House so you could bring your clothes to Brunswick? And Hamilton—Harry Harmon Hamilton—we have missed you too! You were the only member of the class who could read Latin and Greek out of your Trigonometry.

Our drill squad, which had hard luck Freshman year, did itself proud on its second appearance, and since that time has never been defeated. In all branches of athletics our class has always been a leading one. Kendall, Stanwood, Spear, Ives, Dana, and Pottengill will be remembered on account of their prowess in athletics long after this class has graduated.

But athletics is not the only side of a man's character that should be developed. We are told that the mind should be occasionally looked after. Very soon after we entered Bowdoin we realized that there was one custom observed here that was very injurious to the moral development of the students. I refer to horn concert. Early in Freshman year our class voted not to observe horn concert, and we had the courage to stand by our vote. I sincerely hope that horn concert will never be sung again.

Sophomore year closed in a blaze of glory, a wonderfully gorgeous time, and not one of us can ever forget "Skeet's" set-up.

During Junior year we have continued our triumphal march of conquest, and we now sit before you a truly wonderful class. Jim Verrill and Bunnie Webster have left us for other fields of labor, and we are therefore somewhat crippled; but here we are, and look closely, for you may never see such a sight again.

It may seem to you that I have been a bit egotistical in my history, but I assure you that I have not. We know our weak points as well as any one; for instance, we never could play baseball, and our turkey supper was not a great success. But consider the results we have brought about and I am sure that you will all agree with me when I say that we are a wonderful, yea, a marvelous class.

I have but mentioned a few of our achievements, spoken by way of introduction, so that you may know what sort of a class we are. And now that you know something of us as a class, I shall bring before you a few of our more noticeable and famous individuals and make a few presentations.

As '98 is such an athletic class it is only natural that our greatest athlete be honored. It was little trouble for me to decide who should be the lucky man, for every one in college knows that there is one member of the class who stands head and shoulders above every one else in all kinds of athletic work.

Mr. Wendell Phillips McKown, ever since your entrance here, you have manifested, in a modest way, your wonderful powers. You have taken part in all kinds of in- and out-door sports, and have done more than any other member of the class to keep the blue and white on top. I take great pleasure, therefore, in presenting to you, in behalf of the class, this little token. I know that it is too small to be of any use to you in your training, but perhaps you can use it as an ornament.

RESPONSE OF ATHLETE.

Mr. McKown said:

Mr. President and Fellow-Classmates:

I thank you most heartily for this recognition of my superb physical ability. This little dumb-bell, an appropriate present indeed, will I cherish as a memento of your wisdom in the selection of a class athlete. This distinction in our noble class must be and is an honorable one in the eyes of all intelli-

gent people, for we are a class of athletes, having in our midst men such as Sturgis, Hills, and innumerable others.

Fellow-graduates, many have been the rivalries for this honor that you have bestowed upon me; many have been the difficulties which I have successfully overcome, and now, when they have finally disappeared, I look back with admiration and regard upon my perseverance.

Let me bring to your notice some of my most important rivals. There were Williamson and Lawrence, the only two men in the whole class comparable with me in excellency of physique, but they have long since sunk into obscurity. There was Pettengill, a man of a jealous and selfish disposition, who, when he had learned that a majority of the class was in favor of electing me squad-leader for the athletic exhibition of our Freshman year, struck me down with an Indian-club. He was elected to the much-coveted position while I lay unconscious, for it was three weeks before I regained my senses again, and then I was awakened by a dream, in which I seemed to hear some one saying that he had just come from a recitation in Political Economy, and that not a man had left the room during the whole hour. Who wonders that I was immediately awakened? What more startling or surprising thing could have happened?

Enough for my rivals. I must now speak of myself, though I am far too modest to recount to you the many miraculous feats which I have performed. I pass through space like a cannon-ball. I have broken the world's record in the seven-yards dash, having performed this in the marvellous time of one-fifth of a second, over a vertical course, starting at a window in Maine Hall. My wind became nearly exhausted in this event, for the finish was an extremely hard one.

Mr. President, I ask you, is not this a record of which any man may be rightfully proud? Is not this a record for which I should be rewarded, and rewarded as I have been to-day?

My career in base-ball and foot-ball need not be recalled to the memory of any one, for my successes in these branches of athletics have been so numerous and so brilliant that my name has ever been before the public notice.

It is as an all-around athlete that I stand here to-day. What a wonderful figure I must present to the eye! I have been trying to make arrangements with the class, so that I might have some light weights, of about two thousand pounds each,

with which I would give a short exhibition. All attempts to gain their consent were fruitless, and so I am left here, having nothing but this little dumb-bell, and an inferior command of the English language, to explain to you my remarkable ability. If I should tell you that I could easily raise five thousand pounds from the floor, you would not believe it, and so with all my feats—the only way to believe them possible is to see them.

You may now want to know what I intend to do after leaving college. This I have not yet definitely decided. There are many channels open to me in which I could not fail to meet with the greatest success. I shall probably establish a school of instruction for athletes. In this I would build up a world-wide reputation, and would attract the attention of all the notables of the land, and perhaps that of Professor Hutchins, which my ability has failed to accomplish thus far.

Mr. President, the only feeling which I can have towards you and our noble class is a feeling of gratitude. I consider myself at present the happiest man on earth; happiest, because I have received an honor which time cannot erase. In the future I shall always sleep with this token of your esteem under my pillow, that I may never forget dear old Bowdoin and the Class of 'Ninety-eight, not even in my dreams.

Mr. White:

I have been greatly troubled in deciding who is our class dig, for we are all very studious. I asked each member of the class separately, but each man claimed the honor for himself. The instructors have their favorites, so I could learn nothing from them. For a long time I was afraid our class had no dig, but I was very fortunately aided by a disinterested party in a rather curious way. One night I had a dream; I saw an angel, a beautiful, radiant being, seated upon a cool, mossy bank; I was at once reminded of Welch, on the trip to Cathance. The angel seemed to be drawing cards out of an urn. I approached and learned that she was the angel of divination. Upon learning my desire she agreed to decide for me who was the dig of the Class of '98. At first she chose McIntire, but I told her "Mac" had left us; then she chose Webster, but Webster had gone too. On the third trial she chose Sturgis, and so he is our class dig.

Mr. Guy Hayden Sturgis, Fate has chosen you as the dig of our class, and therefore, I present to

you this spade as an emblem of the perseverance and grit you have always manifested, particularly in your studies.

RESPONSE OF DIG.

Mr. Sturgis said :

Mr. President and Classmates :

It is with a feeling of great pride and satisfaction that I receive this little token of your high and just appreciation of my labors while in this dear old *Alma Mater* of ours. You have called me "class dig," and rightly, for who among my classmates assembled here dares dispute my claim to that title or let even a single spark of jealousy kindle in his breast ?

Faithfully and diligently, Mr. President, have I striven to make myself worthy of this title. Sparing neither time or labor, have I slowly but surely dug my way to this hour of fame and glory. Can it be true? Class Dig! How my heart throbs with pleasure as I hear these words! But, friends, I was destined for this honor. For, when a mere child, I only needed a spade, a pail, and a stretch of sandy beach to be in a perfectly blissful little world of my own.

Years have swept by, and never has this peculiar trait left me, but clinging like a brother, won me world-wide fame as a "digger." No man nor boy was my equal. In rain or shine I never tired of my little spade, and the amount of Mother Earth upturned by my tireless energy was simply immeasurable.

The sage men predicted a glorious future for me, when I had hardly reached the tender age of fifteen, for even then I was the champion "potato digger" of my native hamlet. The young men and boys also looked up to me with honor and respect, for where was there a person who could unearth the dainty angle-worm with such speed and skill as I? But those happy days soon passed by, and I, a mere stripling, came to this dear old town of Brunswick to commence life as a Freshman.

Hardly had I passed my exams before my digging inclination was noticed and commented on. Upper-classmen were simply compelled to grant me due respect, and with willing hands did they heap upon me tokens of their esteem. Not a Sophomore who was not really anxious to do me a favor. They allowed me to bring their water, dodge their water, or receive it. But life is short and time is fleeting, so, having always before my eyes the title with

which I am to-day honored, I silently and zealously kept digging at my books.

I didn't receive any direct reward for my noble conduct, till part of my Sophomore year had elapsed. Then it came, and with a rush.

Beneath me, in that dear old hall called by the masses North Winthrop, but by me "Home," room two dear friends of mine, the "Tutors," men who, as their title signifies, usually are of a boisterous temperament and a bit inclined to be wild; men who, for all their wickedness, are tender-hearted as snow-white doves, yet bold as African lions, unselfish to a fault, and whose only thought is that of pleasing others.

Such were my neighbors from below. Now these two young men had long been disturbed lest my close application to study should seriously injure my health. So one autumn eve, as the clock was striking out an early hour, the "Tutors," hearing the leaves of my book rustle as I thumbed the well-worn pages, and thinking that it was finally time I was warned against bringing about my own ruin, noiselessly and carefully tiptoed up the stairs and approached my room.

Surrounded by books, and burning, as usual, my midnight oil, I heard a gentle rapping and a tapping at my chamber door. It opened, and my visitors walked in. Clad in their "*robes des chambres*," they advanced to my desk and made their errand known. They counseled me to desist from such conduct and change my habits. They told me how dangerous to my health was such a course, and left me a sadder and wiser boy. But 'twas vain, for still I kept a digging and a plugging, never letting the vision of my present honor and future glory leave my sight.

Now, the wise men say that "A deed well begun is half done," and the world acknowledges it. So to-day, as I look back on my boyhood days and feel that they have been spent in a manner worthy of nothing but the highest praise, then look into the future, and plan for a life of fame and fortune, I truly feel that my life's work is half done. And, friends, it is with a feeling of deepest regret and compassion that I look into the bright faces of such men as our dear little "Robbie" Merson and "Mellie" Loring, and remember that their lives have been one endless round of pleasure and dissipation, that their time in college has been spent in idleness, and, perhaps, vice.

But, classmates, we cannot all be saints, and as Dame Fortune has granted to me alone that privi-

lege, why not, you who feel the need, reform, take me as an example, and become honored and respected as your humble servant now is.

Mr. President, again let me tender you my heart-felt thanks, and assure you that my desire for glory while in college is satiated, that this little spade shall be dearer to me than gold, and that the memory of this day, celebrated by our glorious Class of '98, will be one of the pleasantest recollections of my life.

Mr. White:

Shakespeare said:

"I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius."

Now Shakespeare never knew our Cassins, for if he had he would never have written those lines. Our class sport is just the fellow not to avoid; he is just the chap we all want to meet as often as possible.

Mr. Williamson, a sport should, according to the accepted rules, possess a very large flashing jewel for prominent display. I was unable to get the diamond I desired, but perhaps you may value this one as highly as any I could obtain.

RESPONSE OF SPORT.

Mr. Williamson said:

Mr. President:

It has justly been said of many great men that they awoke one delightful morning to find themselves famous. Great, indeed, must have been their pleasure at realizing themselves thus adroit on the vast sea of popular favor. Yet how much more satisfaction and pleasure do I experience on this glorious occasion, coming, as I have, through these long years of rivalry and strife, to a position envied by every one; for I stand before you to-day the most famous of the great.

Anxiously have I waited for this moment, this supreme moment of my college life, when I might present myself to the world as king of the sportiest of the sports.

It would indeed be difficult for me to portray to you the exact time at which I started in this profession. Profession, yes, for I have in it a profession, an ideal, before which everything else vanishes as speedily as does every sound before the sonorous voice of our Class Saviour, Mr. Welch.

After plodding wearily along for these years I fully realize that I have now come to a position

where I no longer shall have to endure the daily routine and drudgery of a professional life, but can rank myself among that corps of expert specialists of which there is only one world-renowned name. That name, Mr. President, designating a sport who everywhere commands admiration and respect, is Cassius Claudius Williamson, born, as the name would suggest, in the ancient city of Milan—New Hampshire.

When for the first time I beheld, upon this glorious old campus, the classmates of which I am so proud, I thought I saw in some of them at least, a spark of that indomitable spirit which, if fanned with the breezes that I was capable of creating, would burst into an eternal flame which no soporific water could quench. Especially as I looked on the divine forms and angelic faces of Eaton and Loring, I was fully convinced that I should be compelled to exert every force at my command, lest I be outstripped in the race for the kingship by these masterpieces of humanity. But alas for my rivals, the waters which served to freshen and brighten my buds of sporthood, causing them to burst into fragrant flowers, only caused theirs to be subdued and crushed into an oblivion from which no amount of nursing could rescue them.

Thus I came to the close of our Freshman year, having attained the position of class sport, the right to the honor of which neither Faculty nor students could question.

Scarcely had we entered the second year of our college life when there came among us one whom I only regret is not here to-day, that I might thus publicly commend him for his excellent qualities as a sport. I refer to our most efficient ex-president, Mr. Laycock.

As in athletic sports, so in social sports, those who at first appear the least promising are, oftentimes, crowned with the laurels of success in the end. There has developed from one of our most modest and bashful classmates a sport of the highest order. The village dancing-master, Mr. Preble, who has broken the heart of many a fair maid, is to-day a close second for the position which I am so nobly filling. Our class politician, Mr. Baxter, who with stentorian voice so nobly upheld the honor of his party, when Mr. Bryan was striving to win fame in the native city of his presidential associate, cannot be too highly praised for his sportive traits. Did he not recover the vast sum of ten mills for the ill-treatment received at the hands of the officers of our neighboring city, thereby gaining a reputation

that will place him among the foremost of the nation's sports?

Would that I could show you by comparison how much superior I am to all of my competitors. Such a procedure, however, is not possible. Not in a single trait can I be compared to any of them. My dress, that sacred idol of every sport, is utterly unapproachable. I am without doubt the only sport in New England wearing at the present moment the newly devised shirt front, a revolving bosom, containing six of the most dazzling and highly colored patterns ever to be found. That you may be able to recognize me after I have rid myself of this incumbrance mantle, I will say that immediately after these exercises I shall be robed in a silk hat of the very latest shape, a long-tail coat of the most recent cut, trousers of the most approved black and white check, shoes of pale blue, and gloves of the daintiest lavender. Gaze on me as I pass along the streets, and you will perceive that I have in no way over-estimated my talents.

Mr. President and classmates, when I first arose to thank you for the great honor conferred upon me, I felt fully confident of being able to reveal to you in flowing language the gratitude with which my heart is filled. As I now stand here I feel that I am in the same condition as was the young boy who, leaning out of a third-story window, trying to pluck a peach from a tree near by, fell to the ground, s—peachless. My articulatory organs fail to respond to the words of thankfulness with which my mind is overcrowded. I will not weary you trying to express the pride that I feel in receiving this elegant, appropriate, and valuable token of the esteem in which I am held by you; but assure you that I shall ever maintain as high a position among sports as does this diamond occupy among precious gems.

Mr. White:

I am very sorry to bring to your notice the only member of the class who has degenerated. In every flock there is one black sheep, but black sheep are usually born black. Ours has changed from one of spotless whiteness to the other extreme. When Francis Hamlin entered college he was an innocent, guileless youth, but now I am afraid he is not.

Mr. Hamlin, realizing as we do that unless some marked improvement is made in your actions at once you too will leave us, we present to you these spurs. May they urge you on until you attain your

old exalted position in the eyes of the town and college.

RESPONSE OF BACKSLIDER.

Mr. Hamlin said:

Mr. President and Classmates:

This occasion, which to you is one of unalloyed happiness, brings to me a mingled feeling of joy and pain. When I consider the past, the heights from which I have fallen, what I might have been, and what altitudes I might have attained, my grief seems greater than I can bear, for "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But when I turn to the present, my grief is somewhat mitigated. As I am at the foot of the hill, I have little to lose and much to gain. I, unlike those who are perched on the summits, have no fear of a fall. I have sinned and backslidden, yet now that my confession is made, my mind is at peace, and no longer shall "concealment like a worm in the bud" gnaw at my vitals.

Now a man cannot backslide unless he has, at some time, attained an elevation from which to slide. But do we not have greater honor for that man who has once occupied high places than for the one who has never been higher than he now stands? Certainly we do. Therefore, I say, if it be duly appreciated, for one to be called a backslider is unquestionably an honor; to be a backslider is a greater honor; to be the backslider of '98 is the greatest honor. Being the recipient of honor it behooves me, therefore, to see to it that my position be appreciated, and to do this I will briefly mention the qualifications of a backslider and recount some of my own experiences by way of explanation and illustration.

It requires a natural talent, a complete knowledge of the profession, and continual practice, to make backsliding a success. That I have made it a success is proved by my being now in this most honorable position.

When I was but a small "kid" it was one of my fondest sports—to *climb* a hill, do you think? Ah, no! but to *slide back*, that was immense fun.

Well, I took many backslides, some demanding plasters and poultices, others simply moral and mental patching and healing.

My childish faith in certain beliefs was strong and ardent, yet from my opinions I was forced to backslide in many cases. One case I remember all too well. I sincerely believed that all those pretty little black and white animals were kittens. One

morning out by the stable I picked one up. Suffice it to say I backslid from the faith. And, Mr. President, if such occasions are not pleasant they are events never to be forgotten, illustrations of fact not to be questioned.

As time went on I was always found in the straight and narrow path. My aim was to shun evil and cleave to that which was good. When I entered Bowdoin I was known as an ideal youth in whom there was no guile; honest and upright in purpose; "Chaste as the icicle;" "A trustier heart, more loving, never beat in human breast."

Of course I took the Faculty and Seniors as my examples and guides, and, anxious to follow them, I abandoned secret prayer, and having no invitation to offer public praise, I abandoned prayer altogether. By so doing I avoided the chance of at least one unpleasantness, that of getting "wooded" should I pray too long. As fast as possible I acquired the other attainments of those chosen for my great examples, and soon I could smoke, chew, gamble, swear, and even bluff, almost as well as they.

About this time I was surprised to learn that these attainments were not considered essential characteristics of a member of a college Faculty nor even of a Senior in college. These were only special features. But I had now come to take delight in such things. I saw that "Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed." I at once "shook" virtue. I came to think that "Breaking of an oath and lying is but a kind of self-denying," and when, like Byron's hero, I knew not what to say, I swore. "Swiping" I easily acquired, a "booze" now and then came along in order, and soon I was a complete backslider from all the teachings and beliefs of my childhood. But I found "'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed," so with "A virtuous viser, I hid deep vice," and took for my motto

"Bear a fair presence though your heart be tainted,
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint."

With Hall, Martyn, and several South Maine classmates, I always attended chapel, and under no circumstances would Perkins and I ent a recitation. We spent hours in trying to persuade Morson not to cut so often, especially biology. With Sturgis and Hills I was always found at the Y. M. C. A. meetings. We urged the "theologs" to go, but in vain. When one of our number was sick (of his place) and in prison, I would have visited him, but was forcibly detained. I pleaded with Blake and Laycock to sign the temperance pledge; by the aid and example of Stanwood and Merrill I *did* induce

"Jake" Loring, when he must swear, to say nothing worse than "damn." To prove my zealous spirit, I brought Alexander and Preble into close friendship, hoping that their natures might strike a happy medium, and that Alexander might drop the idea that he was a society man and a famous lady-killer, and that Preble might assume more confidence and mingle in the giddy whirl of Topsham and Wiscasset society.

But "A daw's not reckoned a religious bird because he keeps cawing from a steeple." So at last I was found out, and to-day, free from all deceit, I stand here as a backslider. I have backslidden from purity, truth, temperance, and morality. I now love and seek the juices of all forbidden fruits. But in one thing I rejoice. In the various vicissitudes of my profession I learned to have, whenever I backslid, due regard to a landing place. I venture to say that any man, however high; could find reasons for rejoicing were he on this, my present foundation; for the landing-place I chose was that best of colleges, our dear old Bowdoin, and that most renowned and brilliant of classes, the Class of '98. And, Mr. President, with these spurs as a reminder, and with such examples as I shall surely receive from my classmates, though I may backslide from all things else, I shall *never* backslide from Bowdoin nor the Class of '98.

Mr. White:

It will astonish you all to hear that we have a criminal in our class, a man full of pure devilry, who ought to know better, who has had all the advantages possible to a young man, and yet is a hardened criminal. He is the terror of the State, and he is known on account of his crimes all over the United States. There is hardly any crime of which he is not guilty, but he cannot be convicted of any of them. He is so cunning that he always escapes, always has an impregnable defence.

Mr. Percival Proctor Baxter! You seem astonished! Perhaps you do not believe that such an innocent-looking young man is guilty of all these misdemeanors. It is true, I assure you. That bright, fresh-looking countenance is in every rogue's gallery in this country. He is talented, but his talents are employed in an evil manner. Instead of busying himself in a peaceful, law-abiding way, he is always prowling around to find some poor unoffending victim upon whom he may commit some of his devilish antics.

Mr. Baxter, in behalf of the class I present to

you these handcuffs, and advise you always to wear them. It will save you money.

RESPONSE OF CLASS CRIMINAL.

Mr. Baxter said:

Mr. President and Classmates:

How can I thank you for these elegant bracelets? I infer in presenting them to me that you design them as a reward of merit, for my having so faithfully followed the careful teaching and example set by certain beloved Bowdoin men who before my day have also been made notorious by being cast into prison. Though you would shame me before such an audience, I simply ask, is it a disgrace to have followed in the footsteps of such men as Professor Emery and our own Hutch, the former one of Mr. Despeaux's Brunswick jail-birds, the latter like myself a sometime inmate of the Bath police station? There is a prevalent opinion that honors are too often sought by unscrupulous men. Let me assure you, however, that in my case these honors were thrust upon me, and this very thrusting was done by no less a celebrity than the lord-high-muck-a-muck of the Bath police force, the City Marshal himself. What a fortunate community Bath is! She possesses those two things which should constitute all earthly happiness, a plenty of pretty maidens and an efficient (?) and manly (?) police force.

Our class is a class of criminals, but I shall simply refer to two, those most hardened by crime, myself and Hutchings, or plain "Hutch" as he is called. My history is brief. While asserting the rights of free speech in the highways of Bath, I was rudely spirited away by an overwhelming power, and upon recovering from the shock, found myself where? In the "cooler!" But the only cool thing in that cooler was a pail of cold water, used presumably to cool the heads of whatever harmless inebriates might fall into the hands of these doughty peace-protectors. What feelings of association and recollection crept over me as I thought of all those who had occupied and should in the future occupy those dingy quarters, my predecessors and my successors! I shall not weary you with detail. My kind and sympathetic friends secured my release, and I was a free man, free, but unless vindicated, stigmatized for life! Vengeance was my sole thought, and vengeance I obtained! Here is my vindication; my one cent! No longer is the mark of Cain upon my brow; that one cent has removed all stains, and to-day I stand here with a character as spotless as the driven snow.

Not so with "Hutch"; this young man sits yonder an unvindicated law-breaker. He too was captured by these valiant "coppers," but what was found on his person? A thermometer of giant size! Imagine the despair of poor Hutch; captured with contraband goods in his possession as he was about to escape. He was allowed to depart on bail, and on the following morning paid his fine of some ten dollars, like the little man be is. Thus ends the record of our criminality. That has passed, but what of to-day? "Hutch" is contemplating membership with the Y. M. C. A., and I am a full-fledged member of the College Jury.

As I gaze upon these delicate bracelets, as I look into so many faces, I seem in a trance. I imagine myself in my narrow cell; the strains of "Oh, that Funny Feeling," and "The Blow Almost Killed Father" are wafted to my ears, as on that memorable night. The scene changes. I am addressing His Honor the Mayor of Bath; my accuser faces me, but is dumb; I seem to hear the sonorous tones of William J. Bryan floating through the darkness, softened by having passed around several corners, and down lane and alley. Again, I am before the court; question after question phases me not. Others take the stand; the self-confident "Hellcrack" Merrill, the bashful "Freddie" Drake. Oliver Dow Smith is now there. What? Alas! The dream passes! Oliver has rendered the Bowdoin yell with but six "rahs," fatal mistake. Oliver, of all men to so forsake and demean his *Alma Mater*.

Mr. President, you say I have an open countenance, but there are two varieties of open countenances, that of a saint and that of a fool. How shall I discover your intention? Weird tales of gruesome creatures, of uncanny beings, now man, now beast, such as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, have come to us; to these incongruous shapes I claim no relationship. I am a simple disturber of the peace, an inciter of riots. With these beautiful as well as substantial bracelets, for which I thank you, Mr. President, to keep me from mischief, and with a little judicious missionary work, which I trust may not be denied, I may still hope to outlive my questionable reputation, and once again be a respected citizen of the community.

Mr. White:

Whatever pleasantry and joking has been employed in the previous presentations is now laid at one side, and we come to the most serious part of the exercises.

To choose a Class Popular Man is the greatest

honor a class can bestow upon any of its members. The Popular Man is the college man's ideal. He is an athlete, scholar, and a fine fellow in every sense of the word. Whoever receives the wooden spoon is respected and loved by every man in college. Our popular man is no exception to these rules; he is dear to every one of us. He is a fine athlete, a good scholar, and deserves the highest possible praise. On the tennis court and the foot-ball field the Bowdoin "Panther" has upheld the name of Bowdoin, until everybody who is interested in the college knows "Bill" Spear either personally or by reputation.

Mr. Spear, in presenting to you this wooden spoon I voice the sentiments not only of the class but of the whole college. I can only say that instead of calling you class Popular Man, I present to you, the most popular man in college, this spoon. May it ever serve to remind you of the love and good wishes every man in college extends to you to-day.

RESPONSE OF POPULAR MAN.

Mr. Spear said:

Mr. President and Classmates:

It is always a great pleasure for one to know that he has many friends; and in accepting this token, which is one of the greatest honors that a class has in its power to bestow, I realize more than ever how strong are the bonds of friendship.

We have been here now for nearly three years — years which, when we entered on our college course as strangers to one another, seemed almost ages. But how quickly they have passed, and how many happy hours we have spent together within these old halls, without the slightest sign of that discord which is so apt to arise, and which often tends to mar the happiness of college life. From the day when we, as Freshmen, held our first class meeting in the hall below, we have shared each other's joys, stood together in our sorrows, and our relations with each other have always been of the pleasantest.

In a class like our own, where we have always been bonded together by such strong ties of friendship, it would be entirely out of place for one man to consider himself more popular than another, for indeed we are all popular, as is shown by the way in which we have stood together through the last three years. But custom has established the rule that each class shall choose one of its members as the guardian of this token; therefore in receiving this spoon I cannot look upon it as my personal prop-

erty, for we all share it. But I do consider myself greatly honored at being chosen by my fellow-classmates to hold in trust this, their most cherished token.

Classmates, the three years which are now drawing to a close have been three of the happiest and most profitable years of our lives, and now that we are about to enter upon our fourth and last year within the halls of old Bowdoin, let us try to make it even happier and more profitable than ever.

In closing I thank you, not only for this spoon, but also for that which it signifies, and I shall always look upon it as the most cherished memento of my college days.

Immediately after these presentations the class filed out and gathered about the north end of Massachusetts Hall, where the Ivy Ode was sung, while the curator, E. G. Wilson, planted the ivy.

The ode was written by T. L. Pierce, and was sung as follows, to the tune of "Ernan":

IVY ODE.—CLASS OF '98.

AIR—Ernan.

While blue skies smile on Youth and Beauty bright,
We give this day to pleasure unconfin'd;
We chase dull sorrow far beyond our sight,
And joy doth reign within each happy mind.

We ne'er again shall know such days as these,
These college days, when cares do not oppress,
When we may lie and dream beneath the trees,
And every wind that blows, blows to caress.

Then on this festal day we celebrate,
We'll plant this Ivy as a symbol true
Of that deep love which time cannot abate,
The love, from us to dear old Bowdoin, due.

And if, in future years, this vine recall
To younger sons, the class that set it here,
This be the lesson it will speak to all—
Love, and strive upward, hope, and never fear.

After the planting of the ivy the Junior Class witnessed the Seniors' last chapel from the balcony. The chapel was packed to overflowing by the time the voluntary ceased. President Hyde read the scripture selection, and then followed an anthem by the choir, beautifully rendered. After President Hyde had offered prayer, the Seniors formed in a solid phalanx, and with locked step marched

down the aisle under the leadership of Marshal French, singing "Auld Lang Syne." The ceremony was most impressive. The Seniors marched through the lines of uncovered undergraduates extending from the steps far down the walk. After cheering the college and the classes they were heartily cheered in return by all those assembled. Thus ended the afternoon's programme.

Ivy Hop.

THE annual Ivy Hop was held in the Town Hall in the evening, and was a fitting close to a most successful day. There never has been, it is safe to say, a more brilliant Ivy Hop than this. From eight o'clock until nine the Germania Orchestra gave a concert. There were upwards of seventy-five couples present when dancing commenced, and the gallery was swarmed with spectators. Supper was served in the Court Room during intermission. The participants in the hop were by no means anxious to leave, and the rising sun and singing birds were holding full sway when the weary dancers plodded their way homeward.

The order of dances was as follows:

- Waltz—Artist Life. Strauss.
- Two-Step—Jack and the Beanstalk. Sloane.
- Waltz—Ma Belle Adoree. Roy.
- Two-Step—El Capitan. Sousa.
- Waltz—Wizard of the Nile. Herbert.
- Two-Step—Up the Street. Morse.
- Waltz—Sweet Dream. Strauss.
- Portland Fancy—A Jolly Night. Beyer.
- Two-Step—Handicap. Rosey.
- Waltz—Wiener Blut. Strauss.
- Two-Step—King Cotton. Sousa.

INTERMISSION.

- Two-Step—Cuban Liberty. Ramsdell.
- Waltz—O Schöner Mai. Strauss.
- Two-Step—Black America. Coote.
- Waltz—Lady Slavery. Kerker.
- Schottische—My Angelina. DeWitt.
- Two-Step—Happy Dreams in Dixie. Mills.
- Waltz—Jack. Sloane.
- Lanciers—Amorita. Czibulka.

- Two-Step—Wizard of the Nile. Herbert.
- Waltz—Simple Simon. Sloane.
- Two-Step—King Carnival. Rosey.

Several extras were added, to say nothing of the dozen or so of encores which were given.

The patronesses were Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Hutchins, and Mrs. Files.

The floor manager was E. E. Spear, and his aids were G. F. Stetson, D. R. Pennell, H. R. Ives, and F. E. Drake.



The Brunswick Division of the Maine Festival Chorus gave a concert at the Town Hall, recently. Professor Chapman of New York was present to conduct. The Bowdoin Glee Club was programmed to sing, but for some reason or other failed to put in an appearance. Among the members of the chorus were Professors Woodruff and Chapman. The latter is a kinsman of the great conductor.

The base-ball team posed at Webber's last week. The Dekes have a tasteful flower bed at their club.

Greenlaw, '99, was elected base-ball captain for '98.

Charles D. Moulton, '98, was on the campus a day last week.

George L. Dillaway, '98, is enjoying the delights of a western trip.

The final signing for rooms was called this week by the Treasurer.

A party of Alpha Deltis enjoyed a ride to the Gurnet, Saturday evening.

The Commencement Concert has been posted, and bids fair to be a great success.

Carleton and Payson, '93, were at college recently and attended the Ivy Hop.

The Freshmen banquet in Portland this week, but where and when no one knows.

What weather! May Commencement week be pleasant, even tho' it rains all summer.

The Inter-Scholastic meet of last week brought a big batch of sub-Freshmen to the campus.

The Orchestra is away on a prolonged trip, furnishing music for high school graduations, etc.

Brett, '97, attended the graduating exercises of the Auburn Grammar School, Wednesday evening.

Now for exams. The time when the midnight oil should burn but for our abominable electric lights.

O. D. Smith and A. L. Hunt, '98, have accepted positions on two of the Boston and St. John boats for the summer.

The last of the receptions to the members of the Freshman Class was given week before last at Mrs. W. A. Houghton's.

The Seniors are enjoying their vacation, and nearly each delegation has gone into camp either at the lakes or sea-shore.

Adjourns and early recitations have been in order for the past week in consequence of ball games, real or imaginary.

Not enough interest could be aroused in '97 to warrant a banquet. But twelve men would agree to go, and the matter fell through.

The Seniors played a "bawl game" recently, the "Wingtownpeelers" vs. some other club with an equally unpronounceable name. The score has been lost.

Drake, '98, is singing at the Winter Street Congregational Church, in Bath. E. R. Hunter, well-known for his work with the Glee Club, is tenor at this church.

Professor Moody, examiner for Washington Academy, did not make a visit to that institution this spring, as there are no candidates for admission to Bowdoin this year.

The Commencement speakers have been chosen as follows: William Frye White, Robert Sidney Hagar, Harry Maxwell Varrell, John George Haines, Archie Sherman Harriman, Fred Gustavus Kneeland.

The Interscholastic men were entertained at the different clubs. Professors Robinson and Hutchins experimented with the X-rays for their amusement, and the Art Building was thrown open to them during the evening.

There have been several meetings of the M. I. C. Base-Ball League held recently at Brunswick. The University of Maine has been represented by C. H. Farnham, Bates by J. A. Marr, Colby by F. A. Roberts, and Bowdoin by Manager Baxter.

The Base-Ball Association elected the following officers at its annual meeting recently: President, Nason, '99; Vice-President, Webster, '99; Secretary, Neagle, '99; Treasurer, F. B. Merrill, 1900; Manager, L. L. Cleaves, '99; Scorer, J. W. Whitney, 1900.

At a meeting of the General Athletic Association, held June 11th, in Memorial Hall, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dutton, '99; Vice-President, Philoon, '99; Secretary, Levensaler, 1900; Treasurer, McCarthy, 1900; Manager, R. S. Cleaves, '99.

The Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association held its seventh annual meet at Brunswick, June 5th. Banger High School won with 45 2-3 points, Portland High School followed with 42, Hebron Academy with 18, Brunswick High School with 17 1-3, Bath High School with 7, and Lewiston High School with 5 points. The meet was most successful in every respect.

That the committee in charge of this year's Commencement Concert made a *coup d'etat* when it engaged the Temple Quartette of Boston, of which Mr. Bert G. Willard, Bowdoin, '96, is a member, is conceded by everybody. Mr. Willard has, for the past year, been under the instruction of one of the best professors of voice culture in this country, and his numerous friends here in college and about town will be only too glad of an opportunity to hear him once more.

According to newspaper accounts one would have imagined that the lightning played havoc in the midst of our beautiful buildings week before last. To the contrary, the Bowdoin campus will be looking better than ever this year at Commencement week. A few feet of stone blasted from the rear of the chapel, and a few feet of plastering knocked from the ceiling of a student's room, seem to have been about the only observable damage done. Yet the newspapers gave us quite a thrilling report of the wreck (!).

A very sad drowning accident happened last Sunday, and since, the college has been in mourning. Dr. Rice, a young doctor of Brunswick, who had endeared himself to all, especially to the college, where he had hosts of friends, and Sinkinson, '99, were rowing on the river. While passing through the "narrows" their light craft was capsized and

they started to swim for the shore. Everything seemed well and Dr. Rice said he was "all right," when asked by Sinkinson. Nothing more was seen of him, and Sinkinson was picked up by a boat in a half-unconscious condition, owing to the icy water. The college deeply feels this loss, for Dr. Rice was identified with college interests, and was beloved by all who knew him.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

Bowdoin, 7; Bates, 4.

Wednesday, May 26th, Bowdoin went to Lewiston in full force, and came home well pleased. The game was about as hoped and expected. The Bates team batted harder than Bowdoin, but couldn't field well enough to over-balance the visitors' superior work in that line.

Bates took the lead in the second inning, and held it until the sixth, when Bowdoin clinched the game on hits, and errors by Slattery and Mason. The rest of the game was hard fought, but Bowdoin was not in danger at any time. Both pitchers did good work, being cool at all times, and pulling out of some hard places.

The throwing of Bacon and Clarke was superb, and the fielding of Hull was excellent. He accepted nine chances without an error. For Bates, Johnson and Purington did good work. Mason also hit well, but was useless in the field. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	3	0	0	4	3	0
Bodge, p.	5	2	0	1	2	0
Hull, 2b.	5	1	1	3	6	0
Wignott, r.f.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Clarke, 3b.	3	1	0	1	2	2
Greenlaw, l.f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Bacon, s.s.	4	0	0	1	4	1
Stanwood, c.f.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Libby, 1b.	3	0	0	14	0	0
Totals	35	7	4	27	18	3

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	T.E.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, p.	4	0	1	0	3	0
Burrill, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Quinn, 3b.	3	0	1	1	3	0
Farington, c.	3	0	0	10	3	1
Slattery, 2b.	4	0	1	3	1	2
Johnson, s.s.	4	0	0	2	4	0
Bennett, c.f.	2	1	0	2	0	0
Lowe, 1b.	3	2	1	9	0	1
Mason, r.f.	3	1	2	0	0	2
Totals	39	4	6	27	14	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

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

Earned runs—Bates 1. Two-base hits—Slattery. Three-base hit—Pulsifer. Stolen bases—Bodge, Wignott. Double plays—Stanwood and Libby; Bacon, Hull, and Libby. Bases on called balls—Haines 2, Libby, Quinn, Bennett, Lowe. Struck out—by Bodge, Pulsifer, Quinn, Lowe; by Pulsifer, Haines, Hull, Clarke, Bacon, Stanwood, Libby. Hit by pitched ball—by Bodge, Farington. Wild pitches—Pulsifer. Time—2h. 20m. Umpire—Webb.

Colby, 5; Bowdoin, 1.

The game with Colby, Saturday, the 26th, was a very unsatisfactory one to Bowdoin supporters and players. In the first place the grounds were in no condition to play on, and a protest was made on that account before the game started. Nevertheless, Colby's captain said "play," and the game was started. It commenced to rain at the end of the fourth, and the umpire refused to call the game, but after another half inning, he was obliged to stop the playing. The protest is to come before the league managers for decision.

The Bowdoin team could do nothing in the mud and rain after their work on the new grass field, and played a waiting game, while the Colby men seemed just in their element in the mud and slime.

The score:

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cushman, c.	3	2	3	0	0
Hudson, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0
Scannell, p.	3	0	1	5	0
V. Putnam, 2b.	2	1	2	1	0
Gibbons, l.f.	2	1	0	0	0
Wilson, r.f.	1	0	0	0	1
Fogg, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0
Tupper, c.f.	1	0	1	0	0
H. Putnam, 1b.	1	1	8	0	0
Tolman, s.s.	2	1	0	2	0
Totals	19	6	15	8	1

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Bodge, p.	0	0	2	0	1
Hull, 2b.	2	0	1	0	1
Greenlaw, l.f.	2	0	0	0	0
Clarke, 3b.	2	1	0	0	0
Bacon, s.s.	1	0	1	1	1
Stanwood, c.f.	2	0	1	0	0
Libby, p.	2	0	1	0	1
Smith, r.f.	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	16	1	12	3	4

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5
Colby	1	2	3	4	5
Bowdoin	0	2	0	1	x=5
	0	1	0	0	0=1

Runs made—by Gibbons, Fogg, Tupper, H. Putnam, Tolman, and Clarke. Two-base hits—Cushman and H. Putnam. Stolen bases—Cushman and Tolman. Bases on balls—Haines and Bacon. Struck out—Scannell 3, Gibbons, Wilson, Bodge, Libby, Smith. Hit by pitched ball—Tupper, H. Putnam, Haines. Passed ball—Cushman. Time—1h. 15m. Umpire—Nason.

Bowdoin, 6; Harvard College, 3.

Monday, May 31st, Bowdoin played the strong Harvard College nine, on the athletic field. The game was one of the best ever seen on the grounds, and was clean, hard base-ball from start to finish. The visitors were no mean opponents, having beaten the regular 'varsity nine, Bates College, and other good teams.

It was a pitchers' battle from the start, and both did superb work. Morse is no doubt one of the best pitchers Bowdoin has yet met, and they fell before him with only a two-bagger by Greenlaw, but they out-fielded the Harvard men and so won. Libby did by far the best work for Bowdoin, accepting six chances and striking out twelve men. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	3	0	0	13	1	0	0
Bodge, 1b.	3	3	0	4	0	0	0
Hull, 2b.	2	2	0	3	0	0	0
Greenlaw, r.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Clarke, 3b.	4	0	0	1	0	3	0
Bacon, s.s.	3	0	0	3	0	0	0
Stanwood, c.f.	4	0	0	3	0	0	0
Libby, p.	3	0	0	0	6	0	0
Smith, l.f.	3	0	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	29	6	1	27	7	5	0

HARVARD COLLEGE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holt, 2b.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
Sears, 1f.	4	1	0	3	0	1	0
Poster, 1b.	4	0	0	11	0	1	0
Gregory, 3b.	4	0	1	0	1	1	0
Galbraith, r.f.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
McVey, s.s.	4	1	3	0	0	0	0
Morse, p.	3	0	0	0	3	0	0
Slade, c.	4	0	0	3	6	3	0
Manning, c.f.	3	0	1	2	0	1	0
Totals	34	3	5	24	10	7	0

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard College	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2-3
Bowdoin	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-6

Two-base hits—Greenlaw, McVey. Passed balls—by Libby 1. Wild pitch—by Morse 1. Bases on balls—by Libby 1, by Morse 4. Struck out—by Morse 14, by Libby 12. Hit by pitched ball—Hull, Galbraith. Stolen bases—Bodge 2, Greenlaw 1, Sears 1.

Bowdoin, 11; Colby, 6.

The second game with Colby was played at Brunswick, Wednesday, June 2d, and the result was more satisfactory than the first game. In the first inning Bowdoin seemed nervous and three of the five errors were made, allowing Colby to score twice without a hit. After the first inning the Colby men were easily disposed of except in the seventh, when they scored three runs on four consecutive hits and a poor throw. Then Bowdoin came in for runs in the eighth, making five runs and striking all around once, and Greenlaw twice.

The work of Bacon was best for Bowdoin. He

played perfectly at short-stop until the sixth inning, when he replaced Bodge in the box. He pitched the rest of the game in magnificent style, striking out six men. The score:

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	4	2	1	1	10	0	2
Bodge, p., s.s.	4	1	2	5	0	5	0
Hull, 2b.	4	1	0	0	3	1	1
Greenlaw, l.f.	5	2	3	5	0	0	0
Clarke, 3b.	4	2	2	2	1	1	2
Bacon, s.s., p.	4	1	1	3	3	2	0
Stanwood, c.f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Libby, 1b.	4	1	1	1	8	1	0
Gould, r.f.	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	11	10	17	27	10	5

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cushman, c.	5	1	2	2	6	2	0
Hudson, 3b.	5	2	3	4	3	1	1
Scannell, p.	5	2	2	2	1	1	0
V. Putnam, 2b.	5	1	2	3	2	2	2
Gibbons, l.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Fogg, r.f.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Tupper, c.f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
H. Putnam, 1b.	3	0	0	0	8	0	0
Toiman, s.s.	4	0	1	2	0	0	2
Totals	38	6	10	13	24	7	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin	1	0	0	2	0	3	0	5	x-11
Colby	2	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0-6

Struck out—by Scannell 4, by Bodge 2, by Bacon 6. Base on balls—by Scannell 2, by Bacon 2. Hit by pitched ball—Gould, Hull, Bodge. Stolen bases—Colby 5. Passed balls—Cushman, Haines. Umpire—Kearns of Lewiston.

U. of M., 11; Bowdoin, 6.

Saturday, June 5th, Bowdoin's second game with the U. of M. team was played on the new field. From the start to the finish the home team was outplayed. In the first inning Bowdoin seemed dazed, and did not get into the game as they should have done until it was too late. The visitors played a Freshman battery, and they did fine work.

Bodge pitched the first four innings and then retired in favor of Libby, who, although severely handicapped by an injured finger, did much better, but it was too late. Captain Haines seemed to have an off day, and was responsible for several runs.

For Bowdoin the work of Greenlaw was excellent, both in the field and at the bat. Brann and Preto did the best work for the visitors. The score:

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Preto, s.s.	3	3	2	2	1	2	0
Crockett, 3b.	5	3	2	2	1	0	0
Palmer, 1b.	4	1	1	1	9	0	1
Dolley, 2b.	4	0	2	0	0	1	1
Small, r.f.	5	1	2	0	0	0	0
Cushman, p.	4	0	0	0	0	4	0
Clark, c.	5	0	0	0	10	3	1
Brann, c.f.	5	1	1	2	5	0	0
Sprague, l.f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	39	11	10	12	27	8	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	3	2	1	2	6	1	1
Bodge, p., lb.	4	0	2	2	0	0	0
Hull, 2b.	5	0	0	0	3	1	0
Greenlaw, l.f.	5	1	2	4	3	0	0
Clarke, 3b.	4	0	0	0	2	4	3
Bacon, s.s.	4	0	0	0	1	4	1
Stanwood, c.f.	3	2	2	2	1	0	0
Libby, lb., p.	3	0	1	3	3	2	1
Gould, r.f.	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	6	8	13	27	12	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
U. of M.	3	1	0	3	0	3	0	1	0-11
Bowdoin	1	1	0	0	2	0	2	0	6

Struck out—by Cushman 7, by Bodge 2, by Libby 2. Base on balls—by Cushman 5, by Bodge 3, by Libby 2. Stolen bases—U. of M. 2, Bowdoin 9. Wild pitches—Cushman, Bodge 2. Passed balls—Haines 4, Cushman. Umpire—Hadley of Portland.

Bates, 9; Bowdoin, 8.

Tuesday, June 8th, Bates came to Brunswick for the second game, and it was the closest and most exciting game of the season. The game was close and hard fought to the end, but Bowdoin was out-batted and out-fielded.

Burrill started in pitching for Bates, and he pitched well until the fifth, when Bowdoin scored twice. Pulsifer then took his place, and we scored three more runs. Libby pitched the whole game for Bowdoin, and did excellent work. For the first five innings he was invincible, but in the seventh, the fatal seventh, on a couple of bases on balls and five hits Bates scored five runs. After the seventh Libby steadied down, but then, with a lead of one run, the game was lost on errors.

Purinton did the best work for the visitors, fielding perfectly and batting well. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, 2b., p.	5	1	0	0	3	2	0
Burrill, p., l.f., 2b.	5	2	2	3	0	5	0
Quinn, 3b.	5	2	1	1	0	1	2
Purinton, c.	5	1	3	6	8	1	0
Slattery, l.f., 2b.	4	1	1	1	0	0	3
Johnson, s.s.	5	1	1	2	1	2	0
Bennett, c.f.	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Lowe, lb.	5	1	0	0	12	0	0
Mason, r.f.	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	42	9	9	14	27	11	6

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Haines, c.	2	1	1	1	14	1	0
Bodge, lb.	5	0	2	3	8	0	2
Hull, 2b.	5	0	0	0	1	4	1
Greenlaw, l.f.	5	0	2	3	0	0	1
Clarke, 3b.	4	2	0	0	2	1	1
Bacon, s.s.	3	2	1	1	1	1	0
Stanwood, c.f.	5	1	0	0	1	0	0
Libby, p.	4	1	1	2	0	2	1
Gould, r.f.	3	1	0	0	0	1	1
Totals	36	8	7	10	27	10	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates	0	0	0	0	0	1	5	1	2-9
Bowdoin	0	0	0	0	2	3	2	1	0-8

Struck out—by Libby 13, by Burrill 4, by Pulsifer 5. Base on balls—by Libby 4, by Burrill 1, by Pulsifer 2. Hit by pitched ball—Gould, Haines. Wild pitches—Burrill 2. Stolen bases—Bates 1, Bowdoin 4. Umpire—Kelley of Lewiston.

BASE-BALL AVERAGES.

The following averages are for the whole season. In fielding they are far superior to last year, while in batting the work has not been quite as good.

BATTING AVERAGES.

	A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	PER CT.
Greenlaw	59	18	26	.322
Bodge	61	17	22	.279
Hull	62	16	19	.258
Clarke	59	13	16	.220
Stanwood	53	9	9	.169
Libby	56	9	15	.161
Haines	48	7	8	.144
Wignott	28	4	6	.143
Gould	9	1	1	.111
Bacon	57	6	9	.106
Wilson	6	0	0	.000

FIELDING AVERAGES.

	Total Chances	Errors	Chances Accepted.	Per cent.
Wignott, r.f. (7 games)	3	0	3	1.000
Libby, lb., p.	121	4	117	.967
Haines, c.	148	6	142	.959
Wilson, c., lb. (2 games)	22	1	21	.955
Greenlaw, l.f.	14	1	13	.928
Bodge, p., lb.	79	6	73	.924
Stanwood, c.f.	23	2	21	.913
Bacon, s.s.	68	6	62	.912
Hull, 2b.	86	10	76	.884
Clarke, 3b.	61	18	43	.705
Gould, r.f. (3 games)	3	1	2	.667

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE BASE-BALL MANAGER FOR 1897.

JUNE 8, 1897.

To the Bowdoin Base-Ball Association:

As manager for the season of 1897 I beg leave to submit the following report of the funds received and disbursed by me during my management:

ASSETS.

Paid subscriptions, '97	\$27.50
Paid subscriptions, '98	79.32
Paid subscriptions, '99	55.50
Paid subscriptions, 1900	31.50
Paid subscriptions, Specials	1.00
Gate, Murphy Balsams	44.15
Gate, Lewiston High School	8.90
Portland, guarantee	60.00
Gate, Murphy Balsams, second	16.90
Gate, New Hampshire College	28.50
Cook & Co., license	5.00
Gate, Boston College	35.80

Amherst, guarantee,	\$100.00
Dartmouth, guarantee,	150.00
Gate, Bath,	26.65
Gate, Harvard 2d,	66.34
Gate, Colby,	138.00
Gate, University of Maine,	77.00
Gate, Bates,	157.50
Subscriptions collected, June 8th,	24.50
	\$1,134.36

LIABILITIES.

Base-balls,	\$64.25
Bats,	22.40
Wright & Ditson,	126.79
Umpires,	23.70
Stamps,	4.75
Lovell Arms Co.,	17.80
Bases,	3.00
Express,	8.05
Expenses, M. I. C. A. A.,	7.45
Printing,	32.00
Telegrams,	6.46
10 per cent. gate and grand stand,	44.25
Guarantees,	245.00
Miscellaneous,	19.17
Expenses of trips,	416.14
10 per cent. Bates game,	15.75
	\$1,055.96

SURPLUS.

Balance cash in treasury,	\$78.40
Unpaid subscriptions,	166.00
Balance on hand June 8th,	\$244.40

All bills of the Association contracted during the management of 1897 are paid. A balance of \$78.40 is at present in the treasury *in cash*, and there are \$166 due on the subscription lists. The Association's debt for 1896 was \$225.84; thus, after this is paid, there will be a surplus in the treasury of \$18.56.

P. P. BAXTER, *Manager, 1897.*

TENNIS.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable conditions of the weather for tennis this spring, the entry list in the annual tournament was as large as in previous years. The graduation of Dana, '96, the college champion in singles, and of Fogg, '96, who, together with Dana, was champion in doubles, left two championships to be contested for. Much interest was shown in the tournament, and the matches were closely watched. H. R. Ives, '98, won first place in singles. Dana, '98, and Ives are champions in doubles, and Cook and W. W. Spear are second. Wright & Ditson, and Loring, Short & Harmon, very kindly presented rackets to be used as prizes in the tournament.

SINGLES.

Preliminary Round.

L. L. Cleaves, '99, beat Dunnack, '97, by default.
Haskell, '99, beat Drake, '98, 3-6, 6-4, 7-5.

R. S. Cleaves, '99, beat Dole, '97, 2-6, 6-4, 7-5.
Clark, '97, beat Levensaler, 1900, by default.
W. W. Spear, '98, beat Webster, '99, 6-0, 6-0.
Littlefield, Med., beat Briggs, '99, by default.
Varrell, '97, beat Wood, 1900, 6-2, 6-4.
Dana, '98, beat West, 1900, 6-1, 6-4.
Thomas, '99, beat Stetson, '98, 6-2, 6-2.
Ives, '98, beat Dana, '99, 6-1, 6-1.

First Round.

Wiggin, '98, beat Nelson, '99, by default.
Chapman, 1900, beat Marsh, '99, 6-2, 8-6.
Randall, '99, beat Merrill, '98, by default.
Minott, '98, beat Bell, 1900, 6-2, 6-1.
Cook, '97, beat Merrill, '99, 6-1, 6-3.
Hawes, 1900, beat Moulton, '99, 6-1, 6-4.
Haskell, '99, beat L. L. Cleaves, '99, by default.
Clark, '97, beat R. S. Cleaves, '99, 7-9, 6-4, 6-4.
W. W. Spear, '98, beat Littlefield, Med., 3-6, 6-3, 6-2.
Dana, '98, beat Varrell, '97, 6-0, 6-1.
Ives, '98, beat Thomas, '99, 6-0, 6-2.
White, '99, beat Jordan, 1900, 6-0, 6-4.
Kelley, '99, beat Gilman, '97, 9-7, 6-2.
Came, '99, beat Carmichael, '97, 6-4, 6-3.
E. G. Pratt, '97, beat P. W. Davis, '97, 6-2, 6-4.
W. H. Smith, '99, beat Knight, 1900, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3.

Second Round.

Chapman, 1900, beat Wiggin, '98, by default.
Randall, '99, beat Minott, '98, 6-4, 6-1.
Cook, '97, beat Harris, 1900, 6-4, 7-5.
Haskell, '99, beat Clark, '97, 6-4, 6-2.
Dana, '98, beat W. W. Spear, '98, 8-6, 9-7.
Ives, '98, beat White, '99, 6-2, 6-3.
Kelley, '99, beat Came, '99, 2-6, 6-4, 6-2.
E. G. Pratt, '97, beat W. H. Smith, '99, 7-5, 6-0.

Third Round.

Randall, '99, beat Chapman, 1900, 6-3, 6-2.
Cook, '97, beat Haskell, '99, 6-2, 6-3.
Ives, '98, beat Dana, '98, 4-6, 7-5, 6-1.
E. G. Pratt, '97, beat Kelley, '99, 6-3, 6-2.

Semi-Finals.

Cook, '97, beat Randall, '99, 6-3, 7-5.
Ives, '98, beat E. G. Pratt, '97, 6-4, 6-3.

Finals.

Ives, '98, beat Cook, '97, 6-1, 6-8, 6-0, 6-3.

Champion in Singles.—H. R. Ives, '98.

DOUBLES.

Preliminary Round.

Littlefield, Med., and Little, Med., beat Hunt, '98, and Lord, '97, by default.
White, '99, and Dana, '99, beat Levensaler, 1900, and Knight, 1900, by default.
R. S. Cleaves, '99, and Merrill, '99, beat E. G. Pratt, '97, and P. W. Davis, '97, by default.
Came, '99, and Kelley, '99, beat W. H. Smith, '99, and Haskell, '99, 6-3, 6-1.
Cook, '97, and Spear, '98, beat Carmichael, '97, and Dunnack, '97, by default.
Bell, 1900, and Wood, 1900, beat Merrill, '98, and Minott, '98, by default.

First Round.

Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, beat Littlefield, Med., and Little, Med., 6-2, 6-1.

White, '99, and Dana, '99, beat R. S. Cleaves, '99, and Merrill, '99, 6-4, 6-1.

Cook, '97, and Spear, '98, beat Came, '99, and Kelley, '99, 6-3, 6-1.

Moulton, '99, and Randall, '99, beat Bell, 1900, and Wood, 1900, 6-1, 6-2.

Semi-Finals.

Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, beat White, '99, and Came, '99, 6-0, 6-0.

Cook, '97, and Spear, '98, beat Moulton, '99, and Randall, '99, 6-4, 8-6.

Finals.

Dana, '98, and Ives, '98, beat Cook, '97, and Spear, '98, 3-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.

Champions for 1897.—Dana, '98, and Ives, '98.

MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament held in Portland, beginning June 7th, resulted in Bowdoin taking first place in singles and also first in doubles. There was no second place to be contested for, as the Southard cup for second in singles became Bowdoin's property last year. The cup for first in singles was a new one, competed for this year for the first time. The continued wet weather has so handicapped the college tennis associations that Bowdoin was the only college to send her full quota of representatives. Bates and Colby sent two men each, while the University of Maine sent none at all.

The first match in which Bowdoin figured, between Ives and Shannon of Colby, resulted in the former's winning two sets, 6-2, 11-9. This was a finely played match, and in the second set, the winner was ahead by only four points. McFadden, Colby, beat Courser, Bates. In the semi-final round Ives won from Summerbell, Bates, 6-3, 6-2. J. F. Dana beat McFadden, Colby, 9-7, 6-3. The finals between Ives and Dana were won by Dana.

But four teams were entered in doubles. Cook and Spear lost to Shannon and McFadden in a very exciting match. The score was 7-5, 4-6, 6-3. Dana and Ives defeated Summerbell and Courser, 6-3, 6-1. The finals in doubles between Dana and Ives and Shannon and McFadden were won by the former, 8-6, 8-6, 2-6, 6-3.

Bowdoin has twice won the cup for doubles, and needs but one more victory to acquire permanent possession. Rackets were presented by Wright & Ditson and the Horace Partridge Co.

MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE FIELD MEET.

The third annual championship contest of the M. I. C. A. A. was held on the Athletic Field on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 9th. The weather was cold and cloudy, which rather dampened the enthusiasm. But the games were run off in a very pleasing and business-like manner.

In this meet, as in the two previous ones, Bowdoin clearly out-classed her rivals, winning by a large margin. The number of points won by Bowdoin this year is much smaller than last. The fact is easily explained. Bowdoin lost several good men in '96. Horne was disabled, and Sinkinson had not recovered from his injuries received at Worcester, and further by the fact that the other colleges are employing better coaches and becoming more enthusiastic as well as more expert, while Bowdoin remains at her ease.

Captain Kendall won the individual championship very handily, getting five firsts. He won the 100 yards, the 220, both hurdle races, and the running broad jump.

The pluck and spirit of Horne was especially noticeable and worthy of imitation. Although not winning his events the ex-captain, in spite of numerous falls and injuries, fought out each event to the end and made those who won hustle for their places.

Foss, of Bates, showed himself to be a runner of no mean ability, winning three firsts, the half-mile, mile, and two-mile runs.

Two records were broken: the pole vault, which was raised from 9 ft., 8 in., to 9 ft., 11½ in. by Clarke and Minott, who tied for first place; and the high jump from 5 ft., 4½ in., to 5 ft., 5½ in., by Gibbs of U. of M. The winners were as follows:

100-yards dash—1st heat, Stetson, Bowdoin, 11 1-5; 2d heat, Horne, Bowdoin, 11; 3d heat, Rollins, U. of M., 11; 4th heat, Kendall, Bowdoin, 10 4-5; 5th heat, Stanwood, Bowdoin, 11.

Half-mile run—1st, Foss, Bates; 2d, Clement, Colby; 3d, Marston, Bowdoin. Time, 2 m., 9.

120-yards hurdle—1st heat, Hadlock, 1st; Horne, Bowdoin, 2d. 17 3-5. 2d heat, Kendall, 1st; Spencer, Colby, 2d. 18 2-5.

440-yards dash—1st heat, Stetson, Bowdoin, 1st; Merrill, U. of M., 2d. 55 3-5. 2d heat, Hooke, Colby, 1st; Barker, Colby, 2d. 57.

Final heat of 100-yards dash—Kendall, Bowdoin, 1st; Rollins, U. of M., 2d; Stanwood, Bowdoin, 3d. Time 10 2-5.

Mile run won by Foss, Bates; Merrill, Bates, 2d; Sinkinson, Bowdoin, 3d. Time 5 m., 3 2-5.

120-yards hurdle won by Kendall, Bowdoin. Hadlock, Bowdoin, 2d; Spencer, Colby, 3d. Time 17 3-5.

440-yards dash won by Stetson, Bowdoin; Merrill, A. S., U. of M., 2d; Hooke, Colby, 3d. Time 56 4-5.

Two-mile bicycle race won by Stearns, Bowdoin; Chase, Colby, 2d; Neagle, Bowdoin, 3d. Time 7m., 33-5.

220-yards hurdle—1st heat, Horne, Bowdoin, 1st; Hadlock, Bowdoin, 2d. 28 4-5. 2d heat, Kendall, 1st; Spencer, Colby, 2d. 28 3-5.

220-yards dash—1st heat, Noble, Colby, 25 3-5. 2d heat, Stanwood, Bowdoin, 24 2-5. 3d heat, Merrill, Bowdoin, 24 2-5. 4th heat, Kendall, Bowdoin, 24 1-5.

220-yards hurdle won by Kendall, Bowdoin. Hadlock, Bowdoin, and Spencer, Colby, tied for 2d place; 2d and 3d divided. Hadlock won toss-up for 2d medal. Time 28 2-5.

Two-mile run won by Foss, Bates; Merrill, Bates, 2d; Livermore, U. of M., 3d. Time 11m., 13.

220-yards dash won by Kendall, Bowdoin; Stanwood, Bowdoin, 2d; Merrill, Bowdoin, 3d. 23 3-5.

Pole vault—Clarke and Minott, Bowdoin, tied for 1st place; Chapman, Bowdoin, 3d. 9 ft., 11 1-4 in.

Putting 16 lb. shot—Godfrey, Bowdoin, 1st; Grover, U. of M., 2d; French, Bowdoin, 3d. 37 ft., 5 in.

Running high jump—Gibbs, U. of M., 1st; Stevens, Colby, 2d; Saunders, Bates, and Robinson, Colby, tied for 3d. 5 ft., 5 1-2 in.

Throwing 16 lb. hammer—French, Bowdoin, 1st, 100 ft., 4 in.; Saunders, Bates, 2d, 96 ft., 9 in.; Pike, Colby, 3d, 96 ft.

Running broad jump—Kendall, Bowdoin, 1st; Merrill, Bowdoin, 2d; Swain, U. of M., 3d. 19 ft., 8 in.

Summary.	Bowdoin.	Bates.	U. of M.	Colby.
100-yards dash,	6	0	3	0
Half-mile run,	1	5	0	3
120-yards hurdle,	8	0	0	1
440-yards dash,	5	0	3	1
1/2 mile run,	1	8	0	0
2-mile bicycle,	6	0	0	3
220-yards hurdle,	7	0	0	2
220-yards dash,	9	0	0	0
2-mile run,	0	8	1	0
Pole vault,	9	0	0	0
Putting shot,	6	0	3	0
Running high jump,	1-2	5	3 1-2	0
Throwing hammer,	5	3	0	1
Running broad jump,	3	0	1	0
Totals,	71	24½	16	14½

Manager Young of the foot-ball team announces the following excellent schedule, one or two dates of which are as yet unsettled, but will soon be decided:

Oct. 2—Bates	at Brunswick.
Oct. 6—Harvard	at Cambridge.
Oct. 9—Open.	
Oct. 13—Exeter	at Exeter.
Oct. 16—Tufts	at Brunswick.
Oct. 23—Dartmouth	at Hanover.
Oct. 30—M. I. T.	at Brunswick.
Nov. 3—Colby	at Waterville.
Nov. 6—Tufts	at College Hill.
Nov. 10—Open.	
Nov. 13—Colby	at Brunswick.



'36.—Ex-Governor Garcelon returned May 6th from Philadelphia, where he attended the annual convention of the great American Medical Association. The venerable ex-Governor was with others the guest of the Quaker City, and enjoyed the convention immensely. He accompanied the physicians on their excursion to Atlantic City, and comes back from the trip refreshed and invigorated.

'53.—Chief Justice Fuller delivered the address at the celebration of the centennial of Augusta on Wednesday, June 9th.

'64.—Hon. Charles F. Libby of Portland was chosen Vice-President for Maine of the National Sound Money League at a recent meeting in Chicago.

'77.—Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, who has received a five-years' leave of absence from his duties in the navy, for the purpose of making another attempt to reach the North Pole, will start north, July 8th, making a preliminary journey, the sole object of which will be to prepare for the one to be begun in July, 1898. Lieutenant Peary will first pick out a ship for the preliminary voyage. He will select one of the St. John sealers and have it ready to leave Boston between July 5th and 8th. At Boston the sealer will take on board a store of supplies. Lieut. Peary will be accompanied by two or more scientific parties, which will go north with him to some point near Melville Bay. The journey this summer will be from Boston to Sidney, Cape Breton, where the ship will take on coal, through the gulf of St. Lawrence to Belle Isle and up the Labrador coast to the mouth of Hudson's Strait, then to Resolution Island and across to the South Greenland coast, to Melville Bay, and finally to Whale Sound, which will be reached in the latter part of July. The return will be made in September.

Med., '81.—Incidentally connected with the sessions of the Maine Medical Association at Portland, recently, there were several pleasant reunions of former college classmates. At the Congress Square Hotel, in the early evening, a reunion of members of the Class of '81, Maine Medical School, was held. Those who attended were: Class President, Dr. S. J. Bassford and wife, of Biddeford; Vice-President

Dr. C. W. Abbott and wife, Waterville; Dr. J. J. Cobb and wife, Berlin Falls, N. H.; Dr. M. O. Edwards and wife, Monmouth; Dr. D. A. Robinson of Bangor, President of the Maine Medical Association; Dr. C. H. Gibbs, Livermore Falls.

Med., '86.—The community of Portland was shocked on the morning of May 25th at the announcement of the sudden death of Dr. William Lawrence Dana, oldest son of Dr. Israel T. Dana, and one of the most prominent and widely known young physicians of Portland. Especially marked was the grief among the members and associates of the medical fraternity, with whom he was held in close friendship and high esteem. His death was so sudden and unexpected that it seemed all the harder to bear, and his intimate friends could hardly realize the fate that had overtaken him. In the death of William Lawrence Dana Portland loses a young physician of rare attainments, superior skill, and sterling character, a man beloved of the community and whose friends were many throughout the state. Dr. Dana was born in Portland on the 30th of June, 1862, and received his early education in the public schools of that city. He afterward attended Harvard College and graduated from that university in 1883, and in 1886 he received his medical diploma from the Bowdoin Medical School. He has been an instructor in anatomy in the Portland Medical School since 1888, and has been demonstrator of anatomy in the Medical School of Maine three years. In 1890 he was made adjunct surgeon to the Maine General Hospital and continued in that capacity for three years, when he was promoted to the regular staff of surgeons, which position he held at the time of his death. He was a member of the Maine Medical Club, the Lister Club, the Portland Medical Club, the Critic Club, a fellow of the American Academy of Medicine, and a member of the Association of American Anatomists.

'93.—A. S. Haggott recently received his degree of Ph.D from Johns Hopkins University.

'95.—Under the Deerfield, N. H., items appeared the following from the *Exeter News Letter*:

"Memorial Day services were held here in the evening at the town hall. Perley D. Smith of Lawrence, Mass., was the speaker, and gave an admirable address."

'96.—Mr. B. G. Willard of Newcastle, Me., who has met with such flattering success as a member of the Temple Quartette of Boston during the past season, is to be one of the soloists at the commencement concert this year.

The Wesleyan foot-ball team is being put through light practice during the spring term.

IN MEMORIAM.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, }
May 28, 1897. }

Whereas, We, the students of the Medical Department of Bowdoin College, have learned with profound sorrow of the untimely death of our esteemed professor, Dr. William Lawrence Dana,

Resolved, That in his death we lose an instructor whose exceptional ability and unflinching zeal made him valued and respected by every student;

Resolved, That we suffer a severe loss by the removal of one whose noble qualities, unflinching courtesy, and grateful words of encouragement, made him loved and honored by all; and

Resolved, That we deeply lament his death and extend our sincere sympathy to the members of the afflicted family;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

GEORGE M. WOODMAN, '97,

JOHN J. GAILEY, '98,

GEORGE W. HASTINGS, '99,

Committee for the School.

College World.

At the annual Spring athletic meet held at Cornell, Friday, four Cornell records were broken. They were the mile walk, 220-yard dash, broad jump, and shot-put.

The department of mineralogy and metallurgy of Columbia University has lately been divided into two departments, and professors appointed for each.

Owing to the crowded condition of the California State University, the regents have had three large tents erected, which are to be used as recitation rooms.

The new library building at the University of Wisconsin is now nearing completion. Its cost is estimated to be about half a million dollars.

Students of the University of Pennsylvania are contemplating the establishment of an undergraduate comic magazine.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

• • COMMENCEMENT NUMBER. • •

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JULY 7, 1897.

No. 5.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

ISSUED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The Commencement number of the ORIENT appears a little later than usual, owing to unavoidable delays. Although somewhat tardy, we trust it may be of interest to those connected with the exercises it records. The several parts and orations are given in full, but certain portions of the exercises are mentioned but briefly, owing to the great expense of publishing so large an issue. Extra copies can be obtained from the Business Manager, or from Byron Stevens of Brunswick, at the price of twenty-five cents each.

THE only sad incident connected with the otherwise joyous week of Commencement is the severing of all active connection between the graduating class and the college. Some of the Seniors appeared glad, others sorrowful, still others indifferent, yet whatever may have been their external appearance, there still hung a gloom over every head, and many a heavy heart pulsed beneath a smiling face. Still, we must all come to an end, and the Class of '97 can feel that she has fought a good fight and has had a career as honorable as that of any class yet graduated from Bowdoin. They will be sorely missed in every branch of college life, and many will be the gaps left open for

others to fill. The college bids farewell to '97, and, although it may appear hackneyed so to say, hopes that success may crown their efforts in years to come. They have a great responsibility resting upon them. What useful, not to mention what great men, have left these walls in years past, and what credit have they brought them! To join such a band means honor to the Class of '97 if she can show her true worth and accomplish something, dishonor if she fails to push forward and make a name for herself. Honor is her goal, and as she pushes forward she has the best wishes of each and all of the undergraduates, as well as of the many classes who have preceded her in leaving their *Alma Mater*.

APPEAL after appeal has been made to the alumni and undergraduates, and bill after bill has been sent them urging the payment of their ORIENT subscriptions; but generally in vain. There seems to be an impression, particularly strong about college, that the ORIENT is public property, and that each student is entitled to his copy free of charge. This idea has grown and not without cause, for in years past subscriptions have been allowed to run, practically no effort being made to collect them. This impression, that the ORIENT is free, must be cleared away, for affairs have assumed so serious an aspect that some radical step in reform is needed. Scores of names are on our lists whose subscriptions have been running for years, not one cent of which has been collected; men, indeed, have graduated from college who have received the ORIENT regularly for four years, but who have paid never a penny. To cure this evil, the ORIENT Board, at a meeting held in June, passed unanimously an order to the effect that all unpaid subscriptions which are of over a year's standing shall be cancelled. This will mean a great shrinkage in our subscription lists

unless the delinquents proceed to settle at once, but we can better afford to print fewer copies and have them all paid for, than to distribute gratis several scores of ORIENTS each fortnight. This rule is to take effect at our next appearance in the fall, and we trust that none will be so blind to their own interests, as well as to the interests of the college, as to allow their names to be cut from the lists simply because they have neglected to pay their dues. If you fail to receive the ORIENT hereafter the reason will not be far to seek, so do not complain; if you wish to receive it again, and so keep in touch with college affairs and college life, the course is open to you, as well as the office of our Business Manager.

THE report of President Hyde for the past year, 1896-1897, is full of interest to those connected with the college. It is not our intention to review this exhaustive report, one should read it carefully from cover to cover and see for himself what great steps in advance have been taken during the past twelve months. We shall, however, mention very briefly a few of its most important portions, that they may serve as an appetizer and give a taste of that which may be obtained by reading it in full. Bowdoin has received during the past year in bequests five hundred sixty-seven thousand five hundred dollars; the Medical School has been joined more closely to the college, a change that will be of great benefit to both parties and one long needed; the experiments in individual instruction have proved very successful; and a system of honors has been established. Following these sections are the reports of the different professors and instructors, all of which are profitable reading; then follow reports as to the state of affairs at the Art Building and the Athletic Field. The Librarian's report, one always of much interest, as it represents probably the most important of

all branches of our college work, comes last. As will be seen by reading the report in full, several radical changes have been made, all of which are in the line of advancement, and all of which bring great credit to those who have inaugurated them. The ORIENT wishes it had sufficient space to publish every word of this report, but not having such we can but heartily recommend it, to all those who have as yet not read it, as one of the most interesting and comprehensive documents ever issued by our college authorities.

THOSE Freshmen who endeavored to bring their class into prominence by painting their class figures on the chapel steps should have been handled with no delicate hands. Evidently they tried to imitate their brethren of Harvard, who so far forgot themselves and their college as to bedaub with crimson paint the statue of its founder. Of all things despicable, an imitation is the most so, but a poor imitation is even worse, and this was an extremely poor imitation. To shield the class from deserved and open rebuke, the steps were covered during Commencement week, as in winter. This was proper, for the whole class should not suffer for a few of the more foolhardy; the perpetrators and they only should pay the penalty. There may have been a period when such actions were countenanced by the students in general, but it is far from being so at present, and many were the marks of displeasure exhibited not only by the three upper classes, but by the more rational of the Freshman Class, upon seeing this disfiguration of college property. It is no sign of daring or cunning for a man to creep in the dead of night to the chapel steps, armed with a paint pot and brush, and bedaub the stone steps; any youth who is not afraid of the dark could do that. Only certain unthinking lovers of notoriety would have done this, and punishment should not be meted out in small doses to such as

these. Let an example be made, for such actions are out of date, and it is high time they were discontinued.

Commencement Exercises.

Baccalaureate Sermon

BY REV. WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CLASS OF '97, AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BRUNSWICK, ME., JUNE 20, 1897.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

John viii. : 32.

In national affairs we are beginning to realize that it requires something more than the sword of revolution, a declaration of independence, or a proclamation of emancipation, to make a people free. A people who have not the traditions of freedom in their institutions, and the fire of freedom in their blood, cannot accept it as a gift, or retain it long when won by diplomacy or war. The slave will always be provided with a master as long as he remains at heart a slave; and the change in forms of government can do no more than hand him over from the rule of a foreign tyrant to the rule of a domestic boss; from the military to the machine. A nation can maintain and perpetuate its freedom only in so far as it is true to the trusts imposed upon it, true to the duties required by it, true to the people represented in it.

My theme to-day, however, is not the freedom of nations, but the freedom of individuals. The two are closely related. For it takes free individuals to make a free state. And to be free yourselves, is the first step towards keeping your country free.

Freedom may be sought in either of three ways: first, you may seek it as a gift of nature; second, you may seek it by the force of craft; third, you may seek it through fidelity to truth. The first is sure to fail. The second is a partial success, but proves an ultimate failure. The third is a sure success.

First, you may expect freedom as a gift of nature. Why not? You have always been practically free in your home. Everything you needed was provided for you. Your wants were antici-

rated. Everybody there seemed to have your wishes and interests at heart. Occasionally, to be sure, when you became too wayward and obstreperous, they curbed your folly and corrected your faults. And then you thought you were dreadfully maltreated. Possibly during these childhood years you thought more about the restraint than the freedom. Ungrateful children sometimes make that mistake. But whatever you thought then, as you look back upon it now, you appreciate the splendid liberty of these happy childhood years.

And the college simply continues this family régime. Everything in college is arranged for your happiness and welfare. Everybody is your servant. Though here again, no doubt, you sometimes forget this fact, and think only of the tasks and burdens it imposes. But now that you look back on it, you see that they were all designed for your good, and made as light as was consistent with your reasonable progress. Indeed, as the college itself looks back on these years, the chief thing it has to repent of is having been too indulgent to you. One consideration, however, serves to lighten this regret. You will never suffer from this kind of treatment again. Very soon you will discover that unlike the home and the college, the great world outside is not made for your convenience; it has no concern whatsoever for your happiness and prosperity; it has no mercy for your follies, your weaknesses, your sins.

Consequently, if you expect to find your freedom in this great world ready-made for you, as it has been in the home and the college, you will find yourselves very much mistaken. Very soon it will dawn upon your minds, if it has not already, that the world can get on very well without you; that it has no comfortable corner fitted up for your reception; that it will give you nothing but what you wrest from it in the sweat of your brow; that it will exact the last farthing of every debt you owe; that its standards are rigid; its competition merciless; its penalties inexorable. Men will use you so long as it is for their advantage, and then cast you aside, as they would a dull tool or a worn-out garment. You will never hold a position where there are not a dozen men ready to take cruel advantage of every false move you make to stab you in the back. You will be criticised and condemned for what you do and what you fail to do; the men you most rely on will prove false; the fruits of years of toil will be swept away by a dishonest associate or an unrighteous deal. Whole sections of life on which you counted for peace and happiness will be turned

into bitterness and gall. Disease and disaster, treachery and dishonesty, failure and falsehood, will strike their cruel blows on the right hand and on the left. Death will make its dread inroads into the circle of your family and friends, and hang over you lonely and desolated hearts until you will hardly know whether to shun him as an enemy or welcome him as the best of friends. The world was not made to order for your comfort and enjoyment, and it would not have been good for you if it had been. In that case you would have remained great babies, spoiled children to the last. Make up your minds then, once for all, that freedom isn't coming to you ready-made; but must be wrought out and won by efforts of your own. That is the first great lesson for every man to learn. And not until he has learned it well, and bases his expectations and estimates of life upon it, is he fit to graduate from the nursery, to say nothing of academy and college.

Second, not finding freedom ready-made, you may try to gain it by craft and cunning. This prison that hems us in, these walls that confine us, these wrongs we suffer, are they not for the most part of human creation? But these people who treat us so badly, who care so little for our welfare, they are not so wise after all. They can be managed. They can be made to further our interests in spite of themselves. Just as the human body is transparent to the eye of the surgeon, so the human mind may be transparent to the eye of the psychologist. Just as the surgeon can cut beneath the surface and pick up the nerve and avoid the artery, so the man who understands the working of the human mind can touch the springs that lead to the action he desires. Thus instead of being used by men you can use them, and make them the tools of your designs. It is not a difficult trick to learn, not a dangerous game to play. People are so easily deceived, so readily hoodwinked by flattery, so prone to jump at easy ways to gain riches or honor, that with very cheap and inexpensive bait, you can catch their money, their influence, their votes, even their heart's affections, strange as it may seem. Hence the shrewd, long-headed man learns to deal with his fellows as a player deals with the pieces on a chess-board. Whatever he does he is always thinking of the way it will affect his interests in the end. The educated man, by virtue of his superior mental discipline, has enormous advantages for playing this game, and before you have lived very long among men you will be tempted to resort to it. The world will treat you

in this matter much as an old gambler treats a novice. You will win for a while every time, and you will come to think this a very profitable game. You will find yourselves making money, gaining offices, enjoying honors, winning friends, and in your youthful exultation you will fancy that you have found the key that unlocks your prison, you will flatter yourselves that you are really free. Not quite. You have no monopoly of this insight into human hearts. There are others who can read you, just as clearly as you can read the men you seek to dupe. They understand precisely what you are, and they set you down for a fraud, and when it comes to a critical issue, you find that the best people don't quite trust you. And when you turn inward for comfort, you discover, to your horror, that you don't trust yourself. And if you look up for recognition from above, you find that there is no comfort or consolation to be had for such as you from Heaven. You are not a genuine part of this world which God has made. You are trying to use it for your ends, regardless of the end of the Creator. You turn to the scriptures and "woe to you scribes, pharisees, hypocrites," are the only words there that fit your case. You are not so free as you thought you were. It is a poor bargain, this gaining the applause of a few hundred fools and losing the respect of the half dozen men and women who know you as you really are, and whose approval is the only human approval worth having. It doesn't pay, this gaining the world and losing your own soul. This isn't freedom after all, this manipulation of a few simple folk, at the expense of being despised by good men and condemned by God; and you would gladly give all your ill-gotten gains to get back the lost respect of yourself, and the forfeited favor of the few who know you as you are. You have been beaten at your own game, and you have only yourself to blame for it. You can't complain as the child does that the world is bad. The badness is in you yourself, a much more serious matter. The truth is not in you, and that is why you are not free.

Third, you may seek first the truth and gain the freedom which the truth alone can give. Truth is the right relation between men and things. In our first effort after freedom we missed it, because we were not active enough. Truth is an adjustment of ourselves to men and things; and because we failed to make this adjustment, we failed to find our freedom. In our second attempt we failed to consider the rights and claims of men and things outside us, and so they were not rightly adjusted

to us, and missing the truth from that side, we lost our freedom too. That right adjustment between men and things without, and our own aims and interests within, must come from a due regard for both sides of the relation. We must consider others, we must be alert and vigorous ourselves. And the perfect equilibrium between these two sides of life, the external and the internal, is the truth which makes men free. Still truth, adjustment, equilibrium, external and internal, are all very vague, abstract terms, good enough to hold a philosophic formula, but not concrete and precise enough to afford much practical guidance in the complexity of life. Let us, then, break up these vast abstractions into some of the concrete departments to which these general terms apply. Let us see what truth, adjustment, equilibrium between outer and inner mean when applied to the concrete relations of our daily lives.

First, our physical, or more precisely, our physiological environment. What is truth here? What is the perfect adjustment of capacity within and force without? What is the perfect equilibrium between the vital functions and the physical environment? It is the priceless boon of health. And by health I mean, not immunity from this or that disease or petty ailment. I mean that reservoir of unspent energy, that buoyancy of spirits, that exuberance of vitality, which turns all work into play, and enables a man to go about his business with the eagerness and zest with which a strong man rejoices to run a race. The man who drags a worn-out body, an exhausted nervous system to his task, can never accomplish much. His shots will fall short of the mark. He may keep the machinery of his business or profession going; but when it comes to pushing things to their ultimate conclusion, when it is a question of fighting a hard battle to the finish, then he is sure to be found wanting. You might as well give up all hope of considerable success in anything which calls for influence with your fellow-men, as let yourselves once lose the tone and temper, the cheerfulness and geniality, the courage and confidence, the serenity and invincibility, which comes of the consciousness of enormous physical reserves to call into action and keep steadily at work whenever the battle threatens to go against you or the work begins to lag. Keep your health, then, at all hazards. Live much out of doors. Keep your hand in at half a dozen games and sports; hunt, fish, ride, climb, swim, skate; take an occasional day with the axe in the woods or with the scythe and pitchfork on the farm, and

it will make all the difference between painful inefficiency and glorious achievement in the years from forty-five to seventy. Beware the temptation of the modern city, which is excessive nervous strain coupled with luxurious living and sedentary habits; the resort to narcotics and stimulants, and the inevitable breakdown at fifty-five or sixty, just the time when the man who has been true to the laws of hygiene ought to be at his grandest and his best. The college in these days gives every man a splendid start in this essential element of the great race of life; but not one man in twenty uses common sense in these matters during the early years of professional and business life. Keep your health intact; store up enormous reserves of nervous energy; keep your muscles active, digestion unimpaired, and suffer no encroachment on the hours of sleep; and you enter the great game of life with the victory already half won.

The next great feature of our environment is the industrial or economic. And here truth takes the form of honesty. The scholar has great temptations here. During student days you have been supported by your parents long after the point where other men begin to earn their living. In a great measure the education you receive is a gift. And the habit of expecting special favors and immunities is easily formed and only with difficulty shaken off. Then you have systematically cultivated expensive tastes. Hence the temptation to the young graduate to live beyond his means is very great; and many are made miserable all their lives because they cannot overcome it. Truth on this point has severe requirements. Live well within your income. Contract no debts. Pay as you go. Mind your own business; and don't meddle with kinds of business which you don't understand. This last point requires special emphasis. Remember that a college education does not make you an expert in mining, real estate, railroading, banking, or manufacturing. And yet, just as soon as you get a little money ahead, somebody will come along with a promising scheme in some of these lines and coax and flatter you to induce you to lend your name and put your money into it. And you will be sorely tempted. People have an idea that business in general is a great money-making enterprise; and if they can only get a little capital invested in a mine, or the suburbs of a growing city, or a railroad, or a promising manufacturing or commercial enterprise, they will be on the sure road to prosperity and riches.

Beware of that delusion. There is no money

whatever in business except for experts in the precise line in which they are engaged. And for a man who has simply a college education, with a few thousand dollars he may have saved at his profession or have inherited from his parents, to go into any of these forms of business in which he has no expert training, is simply to proclaim himself a fool and throw his money to the winds. Remember that your college education does not qualify you to meddle with matters which require expert training and knowledge; and therefore, unless you are a miner, let mines alone; unless you are a real estate dealer, let real estate in western cities and prairies alone; unless you are an expert financier, let the stocks of promising enterprises alone, and confine such investments as you have to make strictly to the savings banks, or local building and loan associations, or improved real estate under your own eye, or to the most conservative kind of bonds. A moderate rate of interest or rent you may rightfully expect. But business profits belong exclusively to business men; and if you try to get them without technical knowledge of the business in hand, you are trying to get something for nothing; and that is, after all, the essence of dishonesty, and it will turn out badly in the end, as all things that are not perfectly honest ultimately do. I am not now blaming people who have made investments of this sort. The ethics of investments has not yet been preached and is not understood. It is being learned by multitudes, however, through painful experience of the penalty. And those who have been duped deserve pity, not reproach. But it is high time that the inherent dishonesty as well as the gigantic folly of the attempt to get business profits on the part of persons who are not expert business men should be clearly defined and generally understood.

The man who is in perfect health, out of debt, with his savings securely invested, has the fundamental elements of practical freedom. He is true on the physical and economic sides of his life, and the truth makes him free. In the next place he must be true in his work, his business, his profession; and truth at this point takes the form of thoroughness. Especially in professional life is this phase of truth imperative. The doctor, lawyer, minister, teacher, statesman, engineer, professes to understand and practice certain things which are beyond the knowledge of the average man. People who employ him have to put their trust in him; and if he proves unreliable or incompetent they have no protection and practically no redress. No man

is compelled to enter these high callings; but if he does enter them he must make himself the master of the art he professes. Incompetence in a professional man is a crime of the first magnitude. In the lawyer, imperfect knowledge of the law may rob a client of his estate; it is therefore robbery. Inadequate training and equipment in the physician may deprive a patient of life; it is murder. Lack of thoroughness and accuracy in the teacher is the worst form of lying. Make your profession as small as you please, but know and understand with absolute thoroughness the thing you profess to teach or practice. Within the circle of the science or art which you profess you must speak with the clear authority of truth. For the lawyer or physician to blunder on points which every competent practitioner is expected to know, is, and ought to be, fatal to his standing and practice. Let the teacher or preacher be caught but once or twice dodging difficulties or palming off ideas which a day or two of honest study would show to be untenable, and that man's influence with thoughtful men is dead and done with. No matter how earnestly and emphatically he may proclaim his views thereafter, people will always understand that his "I think" means simply "I have heard or read," and his "I believe" means nothing more than "I find it convenient to assume." All the utterances of such a man are discounted in advance in consequence of the lack of professional thoroughness and intellectual honesty in the man himself. Such men, soon or late, fail as they deserve to fail.

Be thorough, then, in the thing which you profess. Be sure of your ground; or, if you find yourselves confronted with a question you cannot answer, a case you cannot comprehend, or a doctrine into which you can get no real insight, acknowledge it frankly and appeal to higher authority. Above all things do no guess-work, palm off no uncertainties in the line in which you profess to be an expert. Thoroughness in the particular thing which one professes to do is the very core and heart of truth. Other things may be overlooked or pardoned; but for a man to be a failure in the one thing which he sets out to do—that is to be a failure through and through. Make sure, then, that if you teach school, you teach the truth as it is—not as it used to be or as it is supposed to be—and that the text-books and programmes and methods of instruction and mode of discipline is the very best that pedagogical theory and experience has made available. Whether it be law or medicine or politics or business, or school or church, the thing which you undertake is the

thing you must be judged by. If that is done thoroughly, effectively, and what comes to the same thing in the long run, successfully, then you are a genuine contributor to the great social whole; you are true at the point of most vital contact with it, and the truth there makes you free.

Each age makes its own idea of heaven; and the freedom which comes from thoroughness, individuality, and integrity is the chief element in the idea of heaven which attracts the earnest modern man. Kipling has happily expressed it:

"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame.

But each for the joy of the working, and each in his separate star,

Shall draw the thing as he sees it, for the God of things as they are."

The next adjustment we have to make is to our fellow-men. And truth at this point takes the form of sympathy. These persons about us are as real as ourselves; and sympathy is the true relation toward them, because sympathy appreciates them as real and treats them accordingly. It is the only way to get along in this world. Some men are always in difficulty and misunderstanding with their fellow-men. Others get along smoothly, easily, and effectively, no matter what sort of people they are dealing with. The whole secret of the difference is that this sort of men treat persons as persons, take account of their interests, their prejudices, their likes and dislikes, and aim to make their action a resultant of the views and wishes of both others and themselves. The other sort of men are perfectly clear about their own rights and aims, but are very hazy about the views and dispositions of other people. They treat these other people as though they had no views or wishes whatsoever. They treat them as mere things, or at best as automata; responsible perhaps for their actions, but not appreciated according to their motives. Such people, of course, are always in hot water, as they deserve to be. People are not mere things or automata; and it is at once a blunder and a crime to try to treat them so. It is not true; and consequently the man who tries to act on that basis soon finds that he is not free. Every man's hand is against him, just because, ignorantly and unintentionally no doubt, his hand is against every man. He is trying to suppress the best thing in other men—their personality—and rightly they resent it. Treat men as men. As Hegel puts it, "Be a person and respect the personality of others."

Make your act the resultant of all the aims that are affected by it. And this does not involve, by any means, weakness and undue concession. It is not necessary to yield your own views or rights. If you only understand and appreciate the nature of the man you are dealing with; if you show him that you actually see things as he does, you can resist him with inflexible determination; you can squarely oppose him in every move he makes: and though he may not like what you do, he will respect you in doing it, because he sees that you have first respected and appreciated him. It is being misunderstood; it is being not understood at all, but being treated as something other than they really are, that makes men mad. Help men when you can; resist them when you must; fight them when you have to; but appreciate them as they are, sympathize with them, seek the best things for them that the case permits—in brief, love them while you oppose them, and have their real good at heart even when you do the things they most dislike; and it is perfectly possible to be true and fair, and therefore happy and free, in your relations with big boys on the back seat of a district school, or Sophomores in a college, or the leaders of the opposite party in a heated political campaign, or labor leaders in an unreasonable strike. We have, then, four phases of the truth, four guarantys of freedom: health, financial soundness, professional thoroughness, and the capacity to take the point of view of other people as well as of ourselves.

One thing more and I am done. We have been dealing thus far with things within, beneath, and around us. There are things above us; forces and powers and laws and tendencies which were before us and will endure long after we have left these scenes. The Infinite and the Eternal are far more sure, more vast, more pregnant with significance for us than any of these finite facts and forces we have been considering. A man is not adjusted to his total environment; he is not completely and ultimately true; and consequently he is not really and permanently free, unless he can look on the whole cosmic process as that of which he is a conscious part and a co-operating member—unless he can look on the Author and Finisher of that process as his Father and his Friend.

Toward the Infinite Being and the Eternal Life, of whom all that we see is the manifestation, and all that we enjoy is the gift, and all that we are is the impartation—the true attitude, the right adjustment, is reverence. In the presence of the wondrous wisdom that has founded the universe in order and

reared it in beauty and crowned it with beneficence; in the presence of the mighty power that burns in the sun, and revolves in the stars, and clings in the molecules, and flashes in the electric current, and expands in the leaf, and propagates in the seed, and struggles in the animal, and thinks and loves in man, a creature endowed with reason and imagination and emotion cannot remain indifferent and unmoved. The only true relation in which man can stand to God is one of thankful adoration for all that He has done and earnest co-operation with all that He is doing to make the social and moral world as fair and glorious as is the natural world. Not otherwise can man gain his ultimate freedom. The man who knows not God as his Father and his Friend must find this vast process of which he is so insignificant a fraction an external and inexplicable limit, beyond which his sympathy and service cannot pass. He who has reverently and lovingly acknowledged the Creator and Ruler of the universe as his Father and his Friend finds in all the cosmic process nothing which is alien to himself; and in all the complexity of life no situation where the Will that is at once most glorious and most dear may not by him be done. And thus to transcend these last seeming limitations, and know one's self as child, and servant, and helper, and friend of the God from whom all things proceed, and to whom all evolution tends,—this is the crown and consummation of the freedom of which we are in search. And in this highest and broadest, as in the narrower and humbler spheres we have been considering, this freedom comes in consequence of right adjustment, of taking account of facts, of fitting ourselves into our environment, and performing faithfully our proper function in the whole of which we are a part. Here as everywhere it is the truth, and nothing but the truth, that makes us free.

Members of the graduating class: The college sends you forth with the elements of a liberal education; an education that tends to make you free. It has placed in your hands the mathematical formulas, the microscope or telescope, the scalpel or crucible, the spectroscope or balances, wherewith to break down the barriers behind which nature's processes are hid. It has made the languages and literatures of past and present nations; the political institutions and economic arrangements; the historic evolution and the moral ideal of mankind no longer inclosures from which you are shut out, but fields in which you are free to wander, and where you begin to feel at home. And yet the deepest freedom is something much more vital and personal

than any institution can impart. It is participation and identification in one's entire environment; and that involves a genuine surrender of one's self to the laws and principles by which each aspect of our environment is governed. I have tried to point out what some of these more essential adjustments are. But the life and spirit of it all is something each man must learn for himself. Jesus is the perfect Master of this all-round adjustment to our environment; and the secret of it you must learn from him. Health, and honesty, and thoroughness, and sympathy, and reverence: these are some of the special aspects of that comprehensive spirit of love to God and man which he brought to the world. And now that the days of college tuition are over, I would commend you each and all to his teaching, his guidance, his influence and grace. He is the truth incarnate in perfect personality; and if he makes you free, you shall be free indeed. The service of Christ is perfect freedom; just because it is that true and genuine adjustment to men and things which is the will of God. Be true to every relation and every claim, natural, human, and divine, as Jesus was, and to you as to him will come freedom and peace and power. Let truth be your first concern as it was his; and the truth shall make you free. And if the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed.

Junior Prize Declamation.

THE Junior Prize Declamation of '98 was held in Memorial Hall, Monday evening, June 21st. The Bowdoin College Orchestra furnished excellent music and was warmly applauded. The capacity of the hall was stretched to its utmost, and the selections without exception were well delivered and well received. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.

- The Greek Revolution.—Clay.
 - Wendell Phillips McKown, Boothbay Harbor.
 - The Death-Bridge of the Tay.—Carleton.
 - Thomas Littlefield Marble, Gorham, N. H.
 - Protection of American Citizens.—Frye.
 - Dwight Richard Pennell, Lewiston.
 - The Honored Dead.—Beecher.
 - * Edwin Ellis Spear, Washington, D. C.
- MUSIC.
- The New South.—Grady.
 - Alfred Benson White, Lewiston.

- The Traditions of Massachusetts.—Lodge.
- Harlan Melville Bisbee, Rumford Falls.
- The Plea of Sergeant Buzfuz.—Dickens.
- Charles Sumner Pettengill, Augusta.
- Adams and Jefferson.—Webster.
- * William Witherle Lawrence, Portland.

MUSIC.

- The Nomination of McKinley.—Thurston.
- Frank Herbert Swan, Westbrook.
- Regulus to the Carthaginians.—Kellogg.
- Percival Proctor Baxter, Portland.
- The Soldier's Faith.—Holmes.
- * Robert Robertson Morson, Upton, P. E. I.
- The Leadership of Educated Men.—Curtis.
- * Arthur Le Roy Hunt, Lewiston.

MUSIC.

* Excused.

The judges of the evening were J. C. Pickard, '46, D. C. Linscott, '54, and Barrett Potter, '78.

The first prize was awarded to Harlan Melville Bisbee and the second to Percival Proctor Baxter.

The committee was Percival Proctor Baxter, chairman, William Witherle Lawrence, Wendell Phillips McKown.

'97's Class Day.

CLASS OFFICERS.

- | | |
|------------|--------------------------------------|
| PRESIDENT, | WILLIAM FRYE WHITE. |
| MARSHAL, | ALDRO AMOS FRENCH. |
| COMMITTEE, | EDGAR GILMAN PRATT, Chairman, |
| | JOSEPH SNOW STETSON, CHASE PULSIFER. |

MORNING EXERCISES.

TUESDAY, June 22d, was observed by '97 as her Class Day, and what a perfect day it was! From start to finish everything went smoothly. The campus was crowded with guests, and all wore a look of contentment and expectation. The morning's exercises were held at Memorial Hall, and commenced promptly at 10 o'clock. The attendance was unusually large when the Salem Cadet Band started upon one of its famous marches, to which the Class of '97, under the marshaling of A. A. French,

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filed down the aisle and seated themselves on the platform. This programme was carried out:

	MUSIC.	
Prayer.		John Hastings Quint.
	MUSIC.	
Oration.		Fred Keith Ellsworth.
	MUSIC.	
Poem.		Joseph William Hewitt.
	MUSIC.	

President William F. White introduced the speakers, and their parts were both well delivered and well received. The oration and poem follow in full.

CLASS-DAY ORATION.

"MAN THE PRISONER OF HIS AGE."

By F. K. ELLSWORTH.

Is man a prisoner of the age in which he lives, or is he independent of it? If there is one thing upon which thinking men of to-day are more nearly agreed than upon any other, it is that everything in nature has become what it is by virtue of its relations to what has gone before. The time has come when we can no longer regard the higher thoughts and nobler purposes which lead men to right action, as a ready-made product which some deity has thrust upon the world. Nor can we regard the baser motives which lead men to a life of crime as the work of fiends imprisoned within the shadowy walls of some subterranean sphere. We have come to look upon the more intelligent views of life and social relations, as a result of the accumulated experience and wisdom of untold ages; and to look upon evil as perverted good.

Science has taught us to question everything claimed as a fact that necessitates a break in the uniform operation of the laws of nature. If the scientist chooses to place a question mark against the miraculous events recounted in history, it is a privilege granted him by the spirit of the age. The philosophy of to-day teaches us to regard truth as a whole, in harmony with itself; and if, after the different branches of science have collected their facts and deduced theories that are contradictory when placed in a larger system of relations, the devotee of philosophy may be pardoned if he chooses to question some fond theory of the scientists. As in science one unquestionable fact may demand a readjustment of all the other facts in a system, so in philosophy one well-established theory

may demand a modification of all other theories so as to make room for it in the system of truth to which it belongs.

If we are to form any scientific view of society as it exists to-day, we must regard its individual members as parts of the social system in which they are placed. And if we seek a philosophy of society, which can explain the progress of human history, we shall find it in the fact that the institutions, codes, and policies of a given time represent the highest conceptions of the age they were intended to serve. The military organization of the primitive state was made necessary by the war-like character of the people. A republican form of government is impossible to any people who have not learned the art of self-control. The Reign of Terror during the French Revolution was the result of mistaking liberty for license. The suspicions and jealousies engendered by years of oppression and tyranny, took full possession of the mobs, and the men who were supposed to represent a government dared not defy their demands.

The history of a people is meaningless, unless careful attention is paid to the influences exerted upon their institutions and customs by the nations with whom they come in contact. "By history in its highest sense," says Freeman, "we understand the history of those nations which have really affected one another, so that their whole story from the beginning to our own time forms one tale of which, if we wholly leave out any part, we cannot rightly understand what follows it." The early writers of all nations have recognized this necessity, and have sought to comply with its requirements, in explaining the origin of their race, by means of mythological persons in direct descent from the gods.

The periods of history follow one another in logical succession, each growing, naturally, out of the conditions prepared for it by the preceding age. With the downfall of Carthage came a period of ease and luxury which made the conquest of Italy by the Goths and Vandals a natural result.

The men who have been prominent in the historical development of the race, are better understood when viewed in the light of the times in which they lived. An Alexander, a Cæsar, and a Napoleon could never have been produced by an age of peace. The spirit of the age in which they lived was that of war. Physical courage was the highest virtue. To gain renown upon the field of battle was to win a crown of glory for which men were ready to sacrifice their lives.

The story of Braddock's defeat at Fort Duquesne affords us an example of a general of unquestioned valor, who had become so influenced by the methods of warfare in which he had been trained, as to utterly disqualify him for efficient service under changed conditions. When attacked by the Indians in ambush he forced his men to stand out in full view, to be shot down by an enemy they were powerless to resist.

The literature of a period shows the influence of the political and social conditions of the time. The war songs and ballads of primitive peoples reveal the spirit of the political conditions of which they were born. The great demand was for courage in battle, and those early expressions of thought were designed to inspire bravery in the breasts of the soldiers, by recounting the deeds of their chieftain. The moral and social ideals of an age are seen in the literature it produces. An expurgated copy of Shakespeare was not needed in the seventeenth century when Dryden and Lee were writing for the English stage. It is said that Mrs. Centlivier's comedies during the period of Queen Anne show no trace of purity.

The men who, by their genius, have exerted a lasting influence upon the world, have never been appreciated by their generation. The Jews stoned their prophets and crucified their Messiah. The Greeks ostracized the honest Aristodemus and poisoned their Socrates. The Shakespeare that was apologized for in the seventeenth century is idealized in the nineteenth. The poets who dared to break away from the mechanical form of verse of the eighteenth century were persecuted and ridiculed by the critics of the day. Lord Jeffrey, commenting upon Wordsworth, called him a "drivelling idiot."

Every age has had its own standards by which to judge the moral, intellectual, and social life of the time. We look backward over the pages of history, and see how systems have arisen by a steady growth, and where they have declined, leaving behind them only their accumulated experience as a warning and a guide to succeeding generations. When we attempt to unravel the threads of social progress from broken fragments that remain to remind us of the worn-out systems of the past, we are surprised at the blindness of the men who were then upon the scene of action. But they were then, as we are now, parts of a social order, prisoners of the age in which they lived, and could only move forward with the slow progress of intellectual growth.

In our own country the spirit of individualism

has been developed to a greater degree than in any other nation. In the prologue to the Declaration of Independence it is declared, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." This declaration is the direct outgrowth of the philosophy of men like Rousseau, whose famous declaration of "liberty, equality, and fraternity" became the war-cry of the French Revolution.

Our celebrated declaration breathes forth the spirit of the time when it was written. But it sets forth a doctrine which, if followed to the letter, would destroy every vestige of civil liberty we now enjoy. Are "all men created equal"? Is not the individual born into family relations? Are not our earliest memories those of restraints? Are there not peculiarities of disposition and temperament that we have inherited from our ancestors? And have not the influences of the homes in which we were trained determined, to a large extent, the way in which we view many political, social, and religious questions? The great majority of men in the country vote the same party ticket that their fathers voted, and for no other reason.

Few ever rise to a higher social level than the one in which the first ten years of their lives are spent. The church relations in which children are trained almost always determine their religious preference in later life. Men are not created equal. They are not equal in physical endurance. They are not equal in mental endowment. They are not equal in moral courage, or love for liberty.

Freedom is not an unalienable right. Society has enacted laws for the government of itself, and no man is free to violate them. The right to life on the part of one member of society binds him to respect the lives of others. If one man murders another, society takes his life in return.

The right to liberty on the part of one member of the community, binds him to respect the liberty of others. If one person infringes upon the rights of another, society places the offender where he will not disturb the social order. So with property. Society protects the property of one man on condition that he respect that of another. The only unalienable right which the individual possesses is the right to do as society tells him. He has a right to life so long as the state does not need it. But when she commands him to march to the front and defend her institutions with his life, he must obey. He has a right to property so long as the state does

not demand it for public use. Thus, society has devised rules for the government of itself which make every individual the prisoner of his age.

Not only does society place legal restrictions upon the individual, but custom comes in with her set of rules declared to be good form, and no matter how ridiculous they may make the individual appear, he is almost powerless to resist them.

In the business world, men are bound by the customary rules of trade. So in the professional world. Each profession has its own peculiar customs and social relations which its members must observe.

Institutions have their traditions which succeeding generations must perpetuate. In the industrial world, demand and supply determine what shall be produced and at what price it can be sold. Competition determines what kind of machinery a man must use; when he shall strike the market; what shall be the quantity and quality of the goods he produces. Both capitalist and laborer have found it necessary to give up their individual liberties and combine their strength, in order to meet the demands of the age. Organized labor is trying to defend the laboring man against the oppressions of organized capital. They treat with one another as organizations, and not as individuals. The individual is lost, the organization alone lives on.

The part played by the individual in American politics to-day is exceedingly small. Everything, from the ward caucus to the national convention, is in the control of the party machine. The platforms adopted by conventions are designed more to secure votes than to enlighten the voter. The requisites of a good candidate are, that he be a strong party man, and does not have an opinion of his own. The candidate sinks his individuality in the party system, and appears only when re-election is sought. A Congressman may be allowed to say what he thinks upon a question at issue, but he must vote in accordance with the party policy. If newspaper reports can be trusted, our present House of Representatives comes near being a burlesque on the name of political liberty.

In religious thought, tradition has woven a web of faith and fancy in which most of our denominations have become entangled, and tradition is allowed to palm herself off for either Christianity or theology, as the case may demand. Few discriminate between the two, and the majority will discount fact for fiction. Dr. Abbott's recent attempt to show that the science of theology is not out of harmony with the prevailing philosophy of the day,

was the signal for an exhibition of ignorance and bigotry that would have been more becoming to an earlier age.

Philosophy has acquired the art of changing her form with more ease than her sister subject, theology, and makes her periodical appearances in new terminology with old meanings. The Pantheism of one century appears as Paulogism in the next, with an imaginary distinction between the two terms. Philosophy is sometimes thought to be the sole possession of educated men, but the number of philosophical novels published in the last few years is an evidence that the fascination of speculative thought is obtaining a strong hold upon every class in the community.

Almost every conceivable subject, from the amœba to the Creator of the universe, has been explained on a theory of evolution. And if one should be so bold as to suggest that there are as yet limitations to the theory, and regions where its explanations are open to question, his courage may be admired, but his judgment would doubtless be questioned.

While it is true that man is and always has been the prisoner of his age, it is equally true that he has been the builder of his own prison. The influence of the individual member of society may be very slight, but when taken with the combined work of others, it accumulates a momentum that forms are powerless to resist. The contributions of a single generation to the wisdom of the world may be almost imperceptible, but however slight, it is none the less important.

The institutions and customs that now surround us, are the safeguards of society. They represent the accumulated wisdom and experience of a million years. Remove the restrictions of government, and anarchy reigns supreme. Remove the customary rules of trade, and socialism is upon us in an instant. Remove the customary courtesies and forms of social life, and confusion is the inevitable result. We shall gain little or no freedom from the destruction of old forms. They can be cast aside only as they are outgrown. We can move forward only with the growing intelligence of the world. Education is the only guarantee of liberty. As we go out from our college home to take up the responsibilities that society will place upon us, we have a right to assume the attitude of intellectual independence, and to examine every question at the bar of our own reason, and if reason demands that a custom be defied, or a tradition broken, we are bound to follow her dictates, as we serve God rather than

men. Our unconformity may bring down upon our heads the ridicule and criticism of the public, but time will secure our justification if we are right.

We owe it to ourselves and to future generations that we have an intelligent purpose in life, and that we follow it at whatever cost. We owe it to this, our *Alma Mater*, that we be loyal to the spirit of intellectual independence that has been her glory in the past, that is transmitted to us as her choicest gift of the present, that contains her brightest hope of her future.

CLASS-DAY POEM.

By J. W. HEWITT.

"ELLE ME VOIT!"

"God wills it!" Long years silent, rings that cry
Again o'er France. In glowing piety
Saint Louis has the heavenly call obeyed
And forth will lead another fierce crusade
'Gainst Paynim power, to Egypt's distant coast,
A blow to strike at Islam's western boast.

There dwelt within the bounds of rich Champagne,
Reared up in castles neighboring, lovers twain.
He was Amauri, strong and brave and tall,
For courtly grace, the pride of festal hall;
In tourney's sport, in battle's turmoil grim,
His prowess, great renown had won for him.
Tried knights had yielded to his youthful lance:
No squire so famed in all the land of France.

His fond companion, e'en from childhood days,
When, free of heart, they roamed the wildwood
ways,

In childish sport beguiled the careless hours
Or sought the gladdening spring-time's earliest flow'rs,
Was Marguerite, a dark and slender maid,
Whose heaven-blue eyes, 'neath lashes long,
betrayed

By their fond sparkle, tender thoughts within,
And soul unswayed by a taint of sin.

But now the days of youth were nearly past;
Still in the blind god's bonds their souls were fast.
That longed-for time had come, when he might take
The vows of knighthood, and his young life stake
In conflict with God's foe, the Saracen,
Cruellest, fiercest, bloodiest of men.
All duties for novitiates laid down
Were well performed, and he in each had shown
Himself a true and valiant son of God,
Worthy to serve him with his toil and blood.
And see, he stands prepared his arms to take,
His armor bright to don, youth's tasks forsake.

He hears the Master say, in solemn tone:—
"Obey thy God, and worship Him alone;
Be bold, be brave, be loyal, never shrink
From danger's dragon eye, nor even think
Of flight, defeat, despair, but let all be
For honor of our noble chivalry
And the advancement of our holy faith.
Press ever on; thine only rest be death."

In this proud moment by his side there stood,
In bloom of beauty and of maidenhood,
The lady Marguerite, and as she bound
Gently the knightly spur his ankle round,
And handed him the shield, from rim to boss
With no device or motto marked across,
And wept to think the parting now so nigh,
He clasped her fondly to him, strove to dry
The welling tears, kissed her sweet up-turned face,
Whispering, "Weep not, neither time nor space
Can part our hearts, tho' I afar may roam
On yonder sea, and leagues of barren foam
May 'twixt us toss their heaving, hoary manes.
By Nile's broad stream, on Damietta's plains,
To fight that heathen horde, our Saviour's foe,
The crescent-crownèd Mussulman, I go.
My shield is bare of motto, let me have
This magic sentence, bidding me be brave:
'She sees me,' blest assurance, let that word
Be my companion constant, let it gird
My loins with strength of fire, my arm make steel,
Infuse my heart with courage. I shall feel,
In battle's fiercest shock, thine eyes rest calm
And tear-bedewed upon me, healing balm
On festering wounds applied, my heav'n's sole star.
Then can I fail, in yonder fearful wars
The Saracen to meet, and calmly wait
For weal or woe, the fixed decree of fate,
To win the fight, and safe return to thee,
Or, lying prone, to pour ungrudgingly,
E'en to the last red drops that slowly well,
My blood for Christ and thee? Farewell. Fare-
well."

So he was gone; and, to his promise true,
Soon on his shield, in gold and azure hue,
Those magic words resplendently outshone.
These near, he felt least lonely when alone.

Now on the tideless deep, behold him tossed,
A speck on Neptune's vasty bosom lost,
Seated on deck when Luna's glorious car
Climbed the steep heaven, and that steadfast star
Which seeks no rest beneath the ocean rim,—
The sailor's guide, suggested oft to him
Her whom his tireless heart must ever woo,

As turns the compass-needle, constant, true
To its far love, the North Star.

When at last

That huge array, its ocean perils past,
Lay camped on sandy plain, lone in his tent,
When all was still, and the night wind had spent
Its dying breath in yonder rustling palm,
Steeped in the restfulness of moonlit calm,
He felt the quiet in his soul, could hear
The loved low tones, the words of whispered
cheer,—

“She sees me,” knew her thoughts from France did fly
To him alone, beneath that southern sky.

Great deeds and famous there the French performed,
The lordly Damietta, fiercely stormed,
Could not the conquering Christian might withstand,
But discord, greed, disease, attacked their band,
And, captured, freedom late they bought with
hoard

Of gold disgraceful, rather than with sword.
Yet in those struggles stubborn and hard-fought,
Amauri gained renown, for aye he sought
The post of danger, with endurance stern
Joining impetuous bravery, to earn
His sovereign's highest trust and confidence,
Still governed by a sentiment intense
Of loyalty to her, now on life's main
No more a separate sailor, but by pain
Of passion fervent, welded to his soul,
The two, one—one forever.

Now the roll

Of white-capped billow crossed once more, returned
Not knight, but banneret, reward hard-earned.
With his ancestral arms he hung that shield,
A charm in peace, as on the bloody field,
For aye, a spell and comfort to his eyes.
And, in the after years, when, chance, would rise
Thoughts of those times of struggle, he would tell
Once more to Marguerite, who though she well
The story knew, loved once again to hear,
Of those past seasons, when her image dear
Had hovered o'er him, and her eyes did rest
Upon him, urging him to do his best.
So had he won, by truth and courage tried,
His sovereign's favor and his cherished bride.

We too are entering on a great crusade,
Long fought and stubborn,—right against the wrong.
For this fierce conflict, 'neath her fragrant shade,
Bowdoin has trained her sons. A century long—

She's sent brave warriors forth the wrong to smite,
And drag Injustice from her high seat down,
Its lawful place to give the eternal Right,
Heeding not danger, nor the lowering frown
Of Progress' enemies. And Bowdoin's sons
Have ever proved her teachings cherished well.
He in whose veins true blood of Bowdoin runs,
Yields not one inch to Error's armies fell,
Though rank on rank they hurl their mighty force
Against his steadfast front, a bristling host,
As towering billows speed their maddened course
'Gainst haughty cliffs, on some wild rock-bound
coast.

Our lessons have been learned, our tasks are o'er
Here in this pleasant shade. Bowdoin has done
Her best for us; from out her bounteous store
Her century-gathered treasures on each one
Has lavished, that we too may some day reach
The lofty heights gained by those noble souls
Who trod these walks before us; sought to teach
Where wrong lay, where lay the right; has shown
the goals
That each should strive for. 'Neath yon towers'
shade

Four years we've loved the music of her name,
With loyal hearts, her honor, ours have made;
Stainless we leave it, e'en as when we came.
Forth as we go to play on life's wide stage
Our needed part, like knight of old we know
Her eyes rest on us, as on her an age
In wonder gazes. Shall we then be slow
To action brave? Her eyes no tears must spill
To see her son a slave in Error's train.
Nay, rather must her breast with fond pride fill
To see the evil downed yet once again
And by her manly sons as oft before,
As yon sad tablaturs which skirt this hall
Mark those brave souls, who in the battle's fore,
Proved themselves worthy sons of Bowdoin all.
Such she delights to honor, for 'tis they
Who honor her, who are the surest sign
Of her high power, who make her proudly say
O'er their wept graves: “There lies a son of
mine.”

Bowdoin! we honor thee, and our farewell,—
Our best farewell, most grateful to thine ears,
Is earnest promise, ever to excel
In fealty to thee; and as the years
Roll o'er that lovely whitening head of thine,
Thy honor be, e'en as thy color, pure!
Thou art the mother of a goodly line
And in thy sons' affection rest secure.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Under the branching arms of the old Thorndike Oak, surrounded by scores of pretty girls in gay attire, the Class of '97 completed its day's literary programme. The programme was of a high order of excellence and was as follows:

Opening Address.	MUSIC.	George Monroe Brett.
History.	MUSIC.	George Edgar Carmichael.
Prophecy.	MUSIC.	Stephen Osgood Andros.
Parting Address.	MUSIC.	Alfred Page Cook.

The parts are printed below in full:

OPENING ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE M. BRETT.

"*Morituri Salutamus*" was our beloved Longfellow's greeting on that memorable fiftieth anniversary of his renowned class. *Victuri Salutamus* is our greeting on this our bright and happy Class Day.

His was the last but ever hopeful voice of a small band of men, who for fifty years had traveled the rough road of life with success to themselves and honor to their *Alma Mater*. Ours is the joyous cry of a large class, which this day takes its first step into the world of conflict and activity. May our journey be as long and successful as theirs!

Victuri Salutamus; we who are about to live salute you. I say we who are about to live, not that we have been dead or even asleep in the past—nay, some of us, perhaps, have been too lively at times during our college course to maintain the dignity required by our worthy President and Faculty—but now that we are brought to the point of realization, we can see that the life upon which we are about to enter differs from our college life in a great many ways.

These past four years we shall reckon as the pleasantest years in our memory, as my classmates will all agree. Every summer we have separated to spend a pleasant vacation with our friends, always anticipating a happier time at the return in the fall. We have been free from cares and responsibilities. And yet, have I not heard the undergraduate telling the hesitating high school student what a grand thing a college course is, because it throws one upon his own responsibility? Yes, and he is right to a certain

extent. We have been away from home and have felt responsible to our parents and friends. But to them has belonged the real care and worry; to them, who have labored and deprived themselves of luxuries and even necessities in order that we might secure an education. For nine-tenths of us every trouble has been straightened out by placing the responsibility upon our parents' shoulders.

From now on the burden is changed. To-day we step from the smaller college world into that broader one of busy every-day life. We cannot come back here together next fall as we have for the past four; but we must separate and each one pursue his own chosen profession. As doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, or citizens, our responsibilities are multiplied and we must assume them ourselves.

But let us congratulate ourselves that we have had such a golden opportunity to prepare for the duties which society will thrust upon us. Who is it that leads and ennobles every walk in life? It is the college graduate. In literature the college has more influence than any other factor. To be sure some of our masterpieces have been written by men of self-education. But it is the moulding and developing character of a university training alone which can give true permanence and advancement to a country's literature. In science the progress of the college is more marked than in any other branch. The curriculum of to-day is scientific as well as classical. Persistent experimenting in the laboratories brings forth inventions and discoveries which undeveloped genius would take years to produce. In medicine, law, and politics the same formula is true.

The influence and training of a college course places its recipients at the head of their professions, while the demand for higher instruction in the gospel and in the schools can be supplied only by the highest institutions of learning.

Although our class contains leaders in all these professions, some of our names cannot be inscribed upon the roll of fame. Some of us must be content with less lofty achievements. But we all owe it to old Bowdoin, our dear *Alma Mater*, not to be, as was the Roman clerk in our poet's story:

"Tempt from our books and our nobler selves"

to the gain of earthly riches and vanity. It is the duty of every one of us, as a college graduate, to work for the sake of the work and to live noble lives of integrity and uprightness.

It is a time-honored custom with our college to celebrate this last day of undergraduate life by an account of our deeds and exploits of the past and of the future. If aught in the record of them seems

egotistical to any of you, I crave that you will pardon it as due, not to self-esteem, but to the mingled feelings of joy and sadness at this inevitable parting.

You, O ancient Pines, who have whispered the fame of our college for so many years; and you, O cherished Halls, about whom so many pleasant memories cling, we fondly greet for the last time.

To you, kind parents and friends, who have labored so unceasingly for our success, and who have watched our progress so carefully and affectionately, to you we extend a most hearty and cordial welcome to dear old Bowdoin and the Class Day of '97.

CLASS HISTORY.

BY G. E. CARMICHAEL.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

This class which you see before you has been making history very rapidly during the last four years, and it is but fitting that you, who have gathered here to help us celebrate our Class Day, should be told something of the college life of 'Ninety-seven.

Were a Prescott or a Bancroft given this task which now is mine, he would find very little material out of which he could construct a history. A few records, good, bad, or indifferent on the books of the Faculty, and a few more in the pages of the college publications, would be the sum total of available material. No, such a task as this is not for a historian of great renown, but simply for one who has lived the whole life of 'Ninety-seven from beginning to end and has shared all her sorrows and joys.

To such a one the question is not "Where shall I begin?" but "Where shall I stop?" Out of the confused jumble of incidents that fill up the brain of the retrospective historian, which shall he take for a class history? For to tell them all would require many volumes. It is hard to decide. All things, however, begin with the beginning, and the beginning of the life of a class at Bowdoin as such is its first chapel exercise.

As the bell began to ring for chapel on the morning of September nineteenth, eighteen hundred ninety-three, the various members of the Class of 'Ninety-seven began to put in an appearance. By that subtle intuition which will ever remain a problem for psychologists to solve, we recognized each other as Freshmen and classmates, and withdrew a little from the happy crowd of upper-classmen. The martial strains of "Old Phi Chi" were ringing out from the throats of the merry Sophomores. On all sides were salutations, hand-shaking, and gladness.

except in the group of Freshmen who looked on in innocent astonishment and vainly tried to make out the words of "Phi Chi."

At last the bell stopped ringing and we found ourselves at our first chapel exercise. Perhaps if we had known what trouble these same chapel exercises would give some of us in the future, we would have prayed that this first might also be our last. It was soon over, however, and if one or two of our number started to come out before the Seniors, they soon discovered their mistake. We ran the customary gauntlet of canes and Sophomores, and at last found ourselves free to roam about the campus, provided we did not get too near the dormitory windows.

All sorts and conditions of men we were. Dead game sports from Gardiner and Rockland, and unsophisticated innocents from Portland and Lewiston; big men and little men, young men and old men, and even married men and single men went into the make-up of this glorious class.

Every night during the first week we received at the parlors of Mr. William R. Field, and regaled the whole Sophomore Class with fruit and confectionery, while Jim Rhodes worked the slot-machine for cigars for the crowd. The usual first-week programme of impromptu concerts, cock-fights, and song and dance numbers was carried out to the full, and occasionally there issued a doleful sound from the tombs in the neighboring grave-yard.

The class was somewhat embarrassed at first through lack of leaders, but soon Bill White and Julius Howard Bradford Fogg came bravely to the front and constituted themselves President *pro tempore* and authority upon parliamentary rules. Under the efficient leadership of these modest young men we had a class meeting and transacted much business.

In the athletic contests of the first week we won the rope-pull, after vain attempts to pull up a hydrant and several trees, and, though we made a plucky fight, we lost the foot-ball game. The last event of the week was the base-ball game, and here 'Ninety-seven began to show what her boys could do in this line, for our unpracticed nine, playing together for the first time, gave the veterans of 'Ninety-six so hard a struggle that they won the respect of all. It was in this game that "the boy from Gardiner," of sainted memory, won fame for himself and established the foundation of a great reputation as a pitcher. The foundation is still there. Thus the first week came to an end, and 'Ninety-seven took up its college work with the

energy and persistence that has always characterized the class. In spite of required mathematics we succeeded in getting out about twenty-five candidates for a foot-ball team, and had the satisfaction of beating the Colby Freshmen, 18 to 4. The Rugby game with 'Ninety-six came and was gone, and we found consolation only in the fact that we had scored on the strong 'Ninety-six team by clear good playing at a critical point. Our visions of victory and glory had vanished, for the score stood 40 to 6 against us.

The day before Thanksgiving we undertook to spring our new twenty-seven section class yell at the station, but as the time was short and the Sophomores restless, we left off the last twenty-six sections by mutual consent, and have since used only the first. We passed through our first experience of final examinations with fear and trembling, and returned for the winter term with only three members missing. Of these, one had left to enter the Medical School and another on account of sickness.

The winter term passed along smoothly, and nothing of importance happened until the last day, when the following notice appeared upon the bulletin-board: "Freshman Examination in Greek postponed till next term.—F. E. Woodruff." Half of the class, being somewhat distrustful of the notice, which seemed too good to be true, decided to go to Memorial Hall at any rate and see if Professor Woodruff was there. They found him there calmly awaiting the arrival of the class and wholly ignorant of the notice of postponement. Great was the surprise of that portion of the class which had swallowed the notice whole when their rank in Greek for the term was sent home, and greater still was their disgust on returning to Brunswick to learn that the notice was a base fraud.

Spring term, with its showers falling alike upon the just and the unjust, was now with us. As the buds began to swell, so did our heads, in anticipation of Sophomore triumphs, but while everything around us was steadily growing greener, 'Ninety-seven steadily matured and began to assert herself as an important factor in the life of the college.

We had a boat-race—a statement, by the way, which no other class now in Bowdoin can make—and if our crew did not win, they rowed a plucky race and received well-deserved commendations. On Field Day we started out to win first place, but seeing that our friends the Juniors desired it very much, we let them have it. The banquet at Portland closed the year in a fitting manner, and the

punch-bowl which we broke on that occasion was, at last accounts, almost paid for.

Sophomores! Vacation over and 'Ninety-seven once more gathered together! Everybody hailed the campus with a yell and shook hands until his arm ached. We had returned sixty-four men, having lost five of the original members of the class, and having gained three others. During the year we lost five more. Billy Merrill stayed with us only long enough to help us beat 'Ninety-eight at football, and then, finding the class too swift for him, he dropped back into 'Ninety-eight, which he has easily led ever since.

The first week of Sophomore year passed off as usual. We let the Freshmen take their turn at pulling up the hydrant, and we also won the football game. The base-ball game was the next thing in order, and seeing that 'Ninety-eight's team was weak in batting and needed practice, we allowed Harry Sawyer to pitch until the Freshmen got a sufficient lead to make the game interesting, and then the invincible "Mamie" stepped in and 'Ninety-eight's fun was over.

The first few weeks of the year were filled with good-natured sport. Secret societies sprang up in every end, and lucky was the Freshman who escaped initiation into some one of them. Grave-yard excursions, artist's clubs, and open-air concerts flourished, and late each night could be heard "Phi Chi," and the ringing 'Ninety-seven yell.

We had a horn-concert—in fact '97 was the last class to indulge in this harmless (?) amusement. It has been said concerning us that we did not dare to stay out of "horn-concert." All I have to say in reply is that we did dare to go into it, which is more than can be said of certain other classes. We had a very good time that night watching the two upper classes trying in vain to squeeze water from a hydrant, which, thanks to our foresight, failed to respond to their efforts. Later the same two classes held a joint peanut drunk, which from their point of view was very successful.

It was during this term that an event occurred which attracted much attention on all sides. One morning we noticed a small white banner floating from the chapel spire. With a field-glass and some difficulty the figures "'98" could be seen thereon. Great was our surprise and chagrin. Most of us were inclined to believe that it was the work of some bold Junior, but a few were willing to place the credit where it was due. A few days later the name of the daring Freshman was revealed, and it was shown that the latter were right.

It mattered little, however, who put the banner up; the all-important question was, who should take it down? In a class like ours this was easily settled, and, during the night following the appearance of 'Ninety-eight's banner, brave Dan MacMillan climbed the lightning-rod of the spire and descended in safety, and to the anxious eyes of the 'Ninety-seven boys the next morning there appeared the glorious sight of the chapel spire crowned with a plng hat and a huge banner proclaiming to all the world that 'Ninety-seven was still on top. Do you wonder that we carried Mac into chapel on our shoulders that morning?

The time drew near for the Rugby game with 'Ninety-eight, and excitement waxed high. We had a strong team and were confident of victory, while the 'Ninety-eight boys said little but worked hard. We won the game 6 to 0, but many in the class overran their appropriations for that term.

In the spring we tried to have a boat-race, but owing to the Jewish element in 'Ninety-six and the inability of the Freshmen to realize that other shells were to be had besides the 'Ninety-six shell, our challenges were not accepted. 'Ninety-seven therefore is and probably will remain the last Bowdoin class to have issued a challenge for a boat-race.

The year of Sophomore wildness and freedom soon came to an end, and we scattered once more, already beginning to feel our Junior dignity. We came back dreaming of girls and of that mythical haven of rest known as "Junior ease," which, sad to say, we never found. We had lost no men from the class, but had gained four, and we now numbered sixty-three. During the year, however, we lost Rhines, whom ill-health compelled to leave, and Thompson, whom we gave over to Uncle Sam, and West Point gained through our loss. Henry Warren left to study medicine, while several others, after an interview with our worthy President, decided that their presence was needed elsewhere.

It was with sincere grief that we heard of the death of Tapley, a former classmate. We all knew and liked him, and I think there was not a man in the class who did not feel a deep and genuine sorrow at the news of his death.

Junior year glided along rapidly. The first term was marked by the signal success of 'Ninety-eight's Turkey Supper, the burning of the Maine Central Railroad station, and the "library serap," in which a body of Sophomores, guarding a banner which they had hung up in the chapel, were surprised and overcome by a band of upper-classmen. The participants in this memorable contest met President

Hyde a few days after, and all would have undoubtedly taken a short vacation had it not been for the brave and warlike appearance of Bill White and Fat Davis, who came in with shot-guns just in the nick of time. After an interesting lecture by the President, the company was photographed, and the picture may now be found in the Rogues' Gallery, in charge of Mr. G. M. Brett.

We resolved to profit by the experience of the class ahead of us, and not publish a *Bugle* that we could not pay for, but still to publish a book that should be representative of the college. This we did, and the only slur that was ever cast upon it came from a publication so inferior to ours in every way that we pass it by with deserved contempt. Our Ivy exercises were a graod success, and all who attended will long remember 'Ninety-seven's Ivy Day.

Vacation came and went, and we returned once more, glad to get back, but our joy was clouded by two things. We realized that it was our last year, and we missed the familiar faces of 'Ninety-six. We numbered at the beginning of this year, fifty-nine men, having lost three and gained three. Two have since left us. We have tried to realize that it was our last year at Bowdoin, but it has sped swiftly away, and to-day we find ourselves celebrating the day to which we have looked forward for years—our Class Day.

No history of 'Ninety-seven would be complete without mentioning a few of the bright and shining lights of which the class is composed. Our Encyclopedia of Universal Information is Freddie Dole, who has never been known to forget anything he has once learned. He is a splendid man to have for a neighbor in an examination, and, under the efficient management of Reuel Smith, seats in his vicinity have often sold for fabulous sums. Senator Frye's grandson is also a member of the class. We have a famous actor and reader, M. Sumner Coggan, who is also a foot-ball player. The Falstaff of the class is Blake, generally known as "Tammany." His motto is "Laugh and grow fat," and those who know him best affirm that his practice accords with his preaching. I must not forget to mention Georgie Haines, renowned far and wide as the toughest man in the class, or the late Mr. Hanlon, better known as "Flying Spud." Tomasso Keohan achieved distinction during his course by being elected poetry editor of the BOWDOIN ORIENT, when, as he himself affirmed, he had never written a single thing for it. Charles Lamb is the ladies' man of the class, having but one rival, Jack Morse. Harry

Lord and Jim Russell vie with each other for the distinction of Class Sport. At last accounts Jim was a little ahead, because Dimmick joined the Bon Ami Club. Harriman has the honor of being the father of the class baby, with E. F. Pratt a close second.

We stand before you to-day, a class of fifty-seven—the largest class Old Bowdoin has ever graduated. We have taken an active part in the college life during our course here, and have been well represented in all lines of college work. In Harriman, Varrell, Hewitt, Dole, Quint, and many others, we have scholars of a genuine type. In football we claim to have had in Stearns the best end, and in MacMillan the swiftest back that Bowdoin has ever had. The latter was forced by sickness to leave us at the end of last year, and it becomes his sad duty to graduate next year. We heartily congratulate 'Ninety-eight, but we are extremely sorry for Mac. In Shute and French in the line we have two men who have ever played a hard, steady game, and helped to win many a hard-fought battle.

On the track we are represented by French and Horne. To the latter the class and the college alike owe a debt of gratitude, for when Bowdoin most needed help on the track "Jim" was right there, and our first respectable showing at Worcester was due mainly to him. A series of unlucky accidents have prevented the fulfillment of an athletic career of great promise, but Horne has done his work and done it well, and college and class alike unite in extending to him their hearty thanks.

It is, however, in our base-ball prowess that we take most pride, and our base-ball spirit crops out in strange places. Once during Junior year the Political Economy division decided the tariff question by a base-ball game with a majority in favor of free-trade. This term the Jutes and Ishmaelites have crossed bats on the Delta, and later, Captain Tammany Blake led the Pinktown-wheelers on to glorious defeat administered by the Wingtown-peelers under the leadership of Captain Jack Morse.

But, all joking aside, our record in base-ball is one of which any class might well be proud. Four years we have filled the most important positions on the team. Four years we have had the catcher, three years the pitcher, and twice we have had the captaincy. We have had, in Bodge and Haines, one of the best batteries that Bowdoin has ever had, and in Hull a man who has played half of the positions on the team and filled them all equally well.

Following are our class statistics: Of the 57 men in the class, 4 are from Massachusetts, 3 from

New Hampshire, 1 from New Jersey, 1 from Rhode Island, and the rest from Maine. The oldest man in the class is Ellsworth, aged 29 years and 7 months. The youngest is Varrell, aged 18 years and 11 months. The average age is 22 years 6 months. The tallest man is Blake, whose height is 6 feet 2 inches. Booker and P. W. Davis are tied for the place of shortest man, the height of each being 5 feet 4 inches. The average height is 5 feet 7.68 inches. The heaviest man is Harriman, who tips the scales at 217 pounds. The lightest is Elliot, who weighs 123 pounds. Average, 158 1-2 pounds. We have two Cinderellas, Booker and Hagar, who both wear No. 4 shoes. White has the biggest head in the class, for he wears a 7 1-2 hat. After him there is E. F. Pratt, who also wears a 7 1-2 hat. There are 10 men who wear hats of the 7 1-4 size. The average is 6.9. 27 men in the class use tobacco. 3 men are married and 3 more are engaged. There are 38 Republicans, 16 Democrats, 2 Independents. There are 28 Congregationalists, 7 Methodists, 5 Baptists, 4 Universalists, 2 Episcopalians, 1 Swedenborgian, 2 Agnostics, and 7 who are indifferent on the subject. 15 members will teach, 7 will enter the ministry, 14 will study law, 8 will study medicine, 4 will go into business, 1 will study art, 1 dentistry, 1 electricity, 1 pharmacy, 3 are undecided, and one, the President of the Bon Ami Club, will be a gentleman of leisure.

And now I am done. Before the sun of another day has set, the life of 'Ninety-seven as undergraduates of Old Bowdoin will be, like this history, finished.

CLASS PROPHECY.

By S. O. ANDROS.

Mr. President, Members of '97, and Friends of the Class:

Shortly after I was delegated to act as a committee of one for ascertaining and recording the futures of my class, I began to wonder by what process I could predict the careers of these men who were destined to become renowned. Since I am not a Wall Street speculator, accustomed to dealing in "futures," this small, diminutive wonder gradually began to assume gigantic proportions and became an immense, robust doubt as to whether I was able to reveal the manner in which these men of '97 were to become illustrious.

Science has turned her search-light upon almost every subject, and scientific investigation has become the rule, rather than the exception, but the future still remains an unexplored country—unexplored

save by "Class Prophets." Eagerly I searched the list of the latest inventions, seeking some device for reading what is to be in our lives, but I could find nothing to aid me; the most recent products of man's ingenuity gave me no help. Sorrowfully I turned from Science and her achievements, to look further—but in what direction? Wildly I prayed to Somnus, God of Sleep, asking him to loan me the use of his son, Morpheus, for only one night, but in vain; no dream came to me. I fell purposely from the horizontal bar in "Whit's Gyn," striking on my head, but among all the tableaux phantasma that appeared to me consequent to my fall, there was not one that gave me any information concerning my classmates after their graduation. Holding, as I did, the position of Foreman of the Jury, I was debarred from "hitting the bowl" as a means of inspiration. How I longed for the faculty of Melampus, the first mortal endowed with prophetic power. Gradually there grew upon me a sense of my inability to prophesy; I began to despair, and finally I resolved to give up the attempt and acknowledge myself to be defeated. Acting upon this resolution, I ceased to make any endeavor to play the part of Oracle, and devoted myself entirely to my studies. Time flew by till the fifth week of spring term was reached, and still no ideas relative to my prophecy were produced; in fact, I almost had forgotten that this task, equal to any of those of Hercules, was not completed.

But I have wearied you enough by descriptions of how I did *not* write my prophecy; I will tell you now how I *did* come to write it.

One afternoon when, *mirabile dictu*, I was not "plugging," I strayed into the Senior Lab. I saw a large evaporating dish on a bracket in one of the desks and beneath it a Bunsen burner. Remembering the many times that, in that very room, I had labored assiduously, pouring acids into alkalies and *vice versa*, according to the instructions of Prof. Rob., I decided that it would give me pleasure to mix the different chemicals promiscuously and irresponsibly; so hunting after and finding a tray of chemicals, I seized a bottle of conc. H_2SO_4 , and pouring it into the evaporating dish I added to it a large quantity of Potassium Ferrocyanide and lighted the lamp beneath; then as some pleasant memories of happy days during my college course came to me, I sat down and, forgetting my chemical solution, fell into a reverie and gave myself up to reminiscences. I do not know how long I thus sat there wrapt in thought—it must have been an hour—when the door from the hall opened and "Rob." entered, bringing his preoccupied air with him. Seeing me,

he said, "Mr. Andros, if you will come with me—let me see, CO_2 is gaseous, and in freeing from compounds, effervesces—er, as I was saying, Andros, if you will come with me I will show you something that may interest you." Wondering whether he was about to show me a piece of hematite that he had found in his garden, or a precipitate of arsenic from the Brunswick water, I followed him. We went through the basement and up stairs to "Hutch's" private laboratory, where the imperturbable Hutch himself awaited us. He greeted me with a nod, and then Rob. disclosed to me a secret that made me thrill with joy. It was nothing more nor less than that they had invented a machine for seeing into the future. As soon as they had made perfect the Aldehyde lamp, so Rob. said, they had begun work upon this machine, which was intended to carry their names down to posterity as the two most ingenious men of their age, as indeed they are. I had noticed, when I entered, that one corner of the room was hidden by a curtain, and to this curtain they now led me. With one of his superb gestures, Hutch pulled it aside and left exposed to my curious gaze their wonderful invention. As I examined it gingerly, they explained its mechanism to me. To be brief, and not to be technical, I will describe only the general appearance of this mysterious machine. It resembled a large camera on a tripod, and Rob. told me that through the small aperture in front the inquisitive person was to look, and that on what would correspond to the ground-glass of a camera would appear one picture in the life of any person requested. I could name as many men as I wished, he said, and one picture in the life of each would appear. He then called my attention to a dial on the front of this machine containing figures from 20 to 70, On whichever figure I pressed, the picture that then appeared would be in the year of life corresponding to that figure. Such was the machine, and such its operation. I was eager to begin and clear up my difficulties in foretelling the futures of the members of '97, and immediately I asked permission to look through that aperture and see for myself the futures of my classmates. This permission was readily granted on condition that a nickel should be dropped into the slot for each picture shown. This slot had escaped my notice up to this time, and upon inquiry Rob. told me that the weight of the nickel released a spring that set the machinery in motion, and that the nickels dropped into this slot were given to Robinson Bros., Printers. When I had assented to his proposition, placing me on an insulated stool, Rob. told me that I might begin. With trembling fingers, I dropped a nickel in the

slot, pressed the figure 28, and placing my eye at the opening, said, "Let me see a picture in the life of "Ram" Pratt when he is 28 years of age." When I first looked in, I saw only a plate of ground glass, but presently there appeared figures and colors, gradually growing more distinct, until finally the picture, clear in every detail, appeared. Intently I gazed, but at first could not understand the meaning of what was shown me. I will tell you what I saw, and I believe you will appreciate my bewilderment. I seemed to be looking into a large room, around the sides of which were comfortable arm-chairs to the number of twenty. In every one of these chairs was cozily ensconced an old lady, and at the side of each was a table, on which was a tea-tray containing cups and saucers. On a platform at the head of the room, seated on a large throne, was "Ram" Pratt. The light from the open fire cast over his classic features a soft, warm glow, giving to his countenance a benign expression that I never had seen before. The whole room seemed pervaded by an atmosphere of contentment, and "Ram" was the most contented of all those contented beings. What could this mean, I thought. From his conspicuous position, I judged that Pratt must be in authority, but what about the old ladies? Ah! Suddenly I remembered Pratt's expressed preference for ladies over 54 years of age, and I understood all. This was one of the rooms in an Old Ladies' Home, of which Pratt was the founder and patron. Could any occupation be more sublime than that of easing these aged bits of femininity down the incline to the grave which waited all of them in a few years? I understood now why the fire-light had seemed like a halo about "Ram's" head. I looked again through the opening to study more closely the details, but the picture had disappeared. So, then, "Ram" was happy. Well, he always was fortunate; witness his success in the game in which he "bid two and called." With a sigh, partly of envy for "Ram's" luck in having his wishes fulfilled and partly of sorrow at parting with my money, I dropped another nickel in the slot, pressing figure 29, and said: "Let me see Blake." The picture that appeared this time surprised me so greatly that I nearly fell off the stool on which I was standing. The picture that I had seen before was one of peace and calm, painted in quiet colors; this one was all bustle and hurry, and painted in as many different colors as appeared on Coggan's face when describing leadership as "conscious and unconscious." It represented a ball-room, as I determined, and was filled with dainty damsels in abbreviated skirts and hyphenated sleeves. *O tempora! O mores!* Blake a teacher of

ballet dancing! He stood in a graceful position and seemed to be resting from recent gyrations. I noticed the looks of awe and admiration on the faces of his pupils, and by these tokens I knew that Blake, in his role as devotee of Terpsichore, was successful.

Fishing out another nickel, I deposited it in that never-to-be-satiated slot (the proceeds from which were going to Robinson Bros., Printers), and pressing the figure 30, called for a picture of "Mamie" Bodge. It came slowly, and I thought for a moment that I was looking at one of the pastoral scenes that Virgil so wonderfully describes in his *Bucolics*. (If I were to take Latin next year, that last sentence would ensure me first-class standing.) In the middle of a half-plowed field, beside a two-horse plow, leaning gracefully upon it in his usual pose, stood "Mary," with a far-off look in his "eygle oi," that look so often observed on the faces of deep thinkers. He stood with outstretched hand, calling the beauties of the landscape to the attention of his companion, who held the reins of the horses; and truly, that bit of scenery was worthy of admiration. The green, level fields stretched away to meet the horizon, and in the twilight of a spring day formed a likeness of tranquil farming life that could not be excelled. But what had so transformed "Mary?" What could have changed him from the giddy man of fashion to a farmer? Seeking for an answer, I glanced about the environments; surely I had met that driver of the horses before! Yes, it was "Kid" Lord; no longer the irresponsible, mischievous "Kid" of our college days, but a man on whose face was the stamp of a high, noble purpose in life; his clothes were as plain and homely as were "Mary's." In his pocket was a book, the title of which I could see was "Hegel's Philosophy of History." Well, there was a change in "Dimmick." I remember that his favorite author used to be Archibald Clavering Gunter, and now no lighter reading than the most abstruse Philosophy will suffice him. And this is the man who confirmed "Pink's" belief in evolution! I looked in a different direction, at the neatly white-washed buildings. Over the door of what was evidently the main dwelling-house was a sign bearing the words:

"HEGEL FARM. MILK FOR SALE."

This, then, was the reason for the sequestration of these two members of '97. A second Brook Farm experiment had been formed by these ardent seekers after Truth, for the purpose of studying Philosophy. Having a community of interest and making a community of property, they finally had decided to consolidate themselves, and, living far

apart from their fellow-men, earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow and meditate on the vanity of things worldly and the wonderful system of the universe.

With a feeling of exaltation at the sublimity of these men's occupation, I fished out another nickel, pressed figure 31, and demanded to see Ackley. This time it was the interior of a church that was shown me, in which the ceremony of ordaining Ackley was being conducted in the orthodox manner. There on the platform was Ackley, with that devout expression of his, and there also were Adams and Booker, Adams in the flowing robes of a bishop, and Booker as assistant in the ceremony, with a flowing moustache. The church was crowded, and by the happy faces turned towards the pulpit, I could see that this was an event looked forward to with delight by the congregation. It was an affluent congregation that attended this church, for evidences of wealth were visible, in the upholstery of the pews and the carpeting of the floor; so Ackley must be going to have a fat salary.

Pressing figure 35 I dropped another nickel in the slot and called for a picture of John Quint. A more complete antithesis of the last picture could not be imagined. Instead of a richly furnished church, I was looking at a room resembling the interior of a barn. The only similarity between the two pictures was that each contained a pulpit, but there the likeness ended. Instead of an immense congregation, there was a mere handful of people; instead of the inane, comfortable look on the faces of the former assembly, the countenances of this audience wore a look of close, undivided attention to the words of the speaker. The speaker was John Quint; at a glance I appreciated the situation; because of the unsoundness of John's theology he had been unable to obtain the pastorate of any orthodox church and so had hired this bare hall and was preaching to these faithful few who preferred originality and truth to the beaten path and error. I almost could seem to hear him denouncing the gullibility of the ordinary church-goer. I almost could hear him asking for proofs of the wildly fantastic creeds postulated by the different churches, but while I looked and thought, the picture faded from my sight and left only the blank glass.

I dropped another nickel in the mouth of that money-hungry slot, and pressing figure 24 demanded to see Horne. On the glass there gradually appeared a shooting gallery. The most conspicuous figure was "Jimmy," who stood near the railing at the extreme end of the gallery, loading the rifles and holding them out beseechingly to the occupants of

the room, as if begging them to try three shots for five cents. Jim always was fond of a rifle, and even in college had become expert in its use, so that I was not at all surprised to see him at his present occupation.

This time I deposited my nickel, pressed figure 55, and asked to see Harriman. This picture seemed to take a long time in making its appearance, and I was somewhat surprised, when it did appear, to see nothing but an immense book, the title of which was "A Refutation of Giddings's Sociology, by A. S. Harriman." No explanation was necessary to me when I had read this title. The production of this volume had been the labor and delight of Harriman since his graduation.

Contributing another nickel to the collection of Robinson Bros., I pressed the figure 24 and asked for Stearns. I saw the veranda of a large summer hotel by the sea; in the drive-way was a natty little trap. On the veranda, scores of pretty girls were clustered about a finely built man, who stood with folded arms, and each of them seemed to be asking a favor of the motionless figure that, Sphinx-like, made no answer. The man was Stearns. I could understand the story without being told. The proprietor of this hotel, finding that the number of women who spent the summer at his place continued to increase, and the number of men to decrease, advertised for a college graduate of good appearance, with great muscular power, to make interesting the sojourn at his house of his guests of the female persuasion. When the power of Stearns's arm became known, there was a great demand for moonlight drives with him. Happy was the girl whom he chose to be his companion. His favors were distributed impartially, however. Of course, for the performance of such arduous duties, Stearns received a large salary.

Pressing figure 26 I asked, after the usual contribution, for a glimpse of "Pewee" Davis. I looked in bewilderment, for, although I saw "Pewee," who was as short as ever, he seemed to have grown a pair of large wings. On a close inspection, I comprehended that these wings were part of an automatic flying-machine. I could read the story easily; developing a greater "tendency to non-existence," or, in ordinary language, growing lazier, "Pewee" came to dislike the exertion attendant on walking, and consequently invented this machine. In "Pewee's" case not necessity, but laziness, was "the mother of invention."

When "Pewee" had faded, I called for Danny Linscott, after pressing figure 31 and dropping my nickel in the slot. Immediately I was looking at a

street that I think was Fifth Avenue, New York. On the shady side were four men dressed in the height of fashion and sporting canes and tall hats, with the *blasè* air of the typical city man. The quartette was Linscott, Clark, Hatch, and Pease. I was disappointed to think that any '97 man should degenerate into that species of the *genus homo* commonly known as "dude," and with tears in my eyes I turned away from the picture in disgust.

Hoping for better results this time, I dropped in the slot another nickel, pressed figure 36 and asked to see Sammy Bean. I never shall forget the grandeur and horror of the picture that appeared in response to my request. I saw a battle-field upon which two great nations were struggling for victory. No smoke obscured the view of the battle, for smokeless powder, of course, was used. Italy and Turkey were the contestants, and Italy had by far the greater advantage. A terrific charge of Italian cavalry was taking place; the captain of the company nearest me was Sammy Bean. Bareheaded, with shining, outstretched sword, he led his men. Heedless of the dead and dying on the ground, he urged his gallant charger to greater speed, and by the grim look of determination on his face, I saw that he was primed to do deeds of valor for his adopted country. Unlucky Turkey! If you but knew who was the captain of one of Italy's companies, you would fly in dismay. Sammy had entered the Italian army and obtained a captaincy. It seemed incredible that the mild, lamb-like Sammy was a soldier, but the Mechanical Future Reader could not lie.

Sliding my finger around the dial until I found the figure 30 I pressed it, dropping in my nickel, and asked to be shown Georgie Haines. Immediately I was looking at a deep-sea picture; sub-marine monsters in plenty could be seen swimming about the motionless figure of a diver, dressed in the regulation suit. As the diver was the only human being in sight, I judged that it was Haines. At first, I came near mistaking one of the monsters for our phenomenal catcher, but discovered my error. Remembering Georgie's attempt at diving through the ice without a suit, I considered that he had developed great common sense, although his first trial at exploring the river bottom created quite a sensation.

With my next nickel, pressing figure 50, I asked to see Jimmy Rhodes. After the picture appeared, I saw a court room in which a trial was progressing, and the Judge was Jimmy. I wished to give the old cheer, "Jimmy Rhodes, Rah! Rah!" but somehow it didn't seem appropriate now, for Jimmy was too sedate and dignified. Evidently some trial of

national importance was taking place. The four lawyers, whom I judged were counsel for the prisoner, were Dole, Lamb, Hanlon, and Gribbin. None of them had changed much in appearance, and I could imagine Lamb saying, "Hello, got your Greek?" These four men were conferring together on some important point and seemed to take the matter very coolly, as if their success was already assured. The man that appeared to be conducting the prosecution for the state was Vining, and by the angry looks of the jury, he evidently had scored a point against the prisoner. From the brief in the hands of Dole, I saw that the prisoner was charged with embezzling \$200,000. That prisoner must have been like Richard III, an "artist in crime." I looked closely at him and recognized George Brett. The path that he had entered when he took the management of the foot-ball team had led him to this. With the hope that his punishment would be made to fit his crime, I turned away, and pressing figure 41, after depositing my nickel, asked to see Kneeland. I now saw the operating room of a hospital; a patient was stretched on the long table, and clustered about him were the surgeons with their sleeves rolled up. Kneeland, who appeared to be the head surgeon, was calling the attention of his colleagues to the exact spot where he would make the first incision. The faces of some of the surgeons were familiar to me; among them I distinguished Merriman and Shordon. Eastman was administering the anæsthetic and appeared to be talking in a low monotone. I remembered the soporific effects of his long speeches while he was in college, and I felt pleased that the patient had been so easily and quickly rendered unconscious.

When I had relieved my pocket of the weight of another nickel and pressed the figure 28, I asked to see Cook. The scene changed from the operating room of a hospital to the stage of a dime museum. On a pedestal stood Cook, arrayed in purple and fine linen, and at his feet was a sign bearing the legend "The Only Morally Perfect Man; this is the only man who never has done those things he ought not to have done and who always has done those things that he ought to have done." Of course, Freddie was drawing a large salary.

Pressing on the figure 25, I asked, for my next nickel, to be shown Jack Morse. When this picture appeared, I was undecided whether or not it was one of Landseer's productions or a dog-pound; but I could not reconcile the idea of Jack as a common dog-catcher, so I studied the picture closely to get a clue to the situation. The picture showed a large yard fenced about and containing thirty or forty dogs.

Jack stood in the centre of the inclosure; from the surrounding buildings, I saw that this was the old Delta. After puzzling a short time, I found an explanation of this singular scene. I recalled the fact that when Jack was taking the course in Biology, he had lamented the scarcity of dogs that could be procured in a legitimate way for dissection, and this recollection, combined with the location of the dog-farm, unravelled the mystery. Believing that an attempt to raise dogs solely for the use of students in Biology would be successful, he had bought the Delta and turned it into a "doggerly," and, as I saw on looking at the corner near Adams Hall, he also had dug a pond and stocked it with frogs. His efforts had been successful, for Jack was very well dressed and still carried his supercilious smile.

Pressing the figure 30, I dropped in my nickel and asked to see Frank Small. I was shown an Indian reservation, and the "bucks" were seated in a circle about a tall, commanding figure, clad in a gym. suit and wearing a Gainsborough hat. I had some little difficulty in recognizing Frank as the figure in the centre, but Frank it was. He seemed to be inciting his tribe to insurrection against the "White Father" at Washington, and his fiery harangue was meeting with great approval. The squaws were looking on from a distance, and in the eyes of one of these Minnehallas there was an unmistakable light, the light that is in the eyes of a wife when she looks at her loved husband. So Frank had forgotten the donor of that Wellesley banner. Well, all men are liars, and Frank was no exception to the rule.

As I pressed the figure 22 and put my nickel in the slot, I asked to have Chase Pulsifer shown to me. The picture when it came, represented a fashionable drawing-room, filled with the members of New York's 400. No men were present, or, yes, there was one, but so surrounded by the representatives of the fair sex that he hardly could be seen. He was dressed with a careful negligence and carried in his hand a book of poems entitled, "Sonnets to My Lady's Finger Tips, by the author of According to Law." Presumably there was one sonnet to each finger tip. The poet's hair was "cut long" and resembled the branches of a weeping-willow. His eyes that looked forth beneath languid lids were large and lustrous. This poet of much fame and little merit was "Plootz." There was no mistaking that short, stubby figure. The picture vanished, and I was glad to see it go.

After dropping another nickel and pressing the figure 45, I asked for Varrell. I saw the office of a large daily newspaper; along the walls were the

desks of the reporters, nearly all of whom were hard at work. "Kid" stood in the centre of the room talking to a pompous-looking individual, who was evidently the editor-in-chief. There could be no doubt that this bundle of rotund pomposity was "Fat" Davis; by the sheets of paper covered with figures that "Kid" held, I easily decided that he was business manager. I could not determine the subject under discussion between these two men, but I am of the opinion that "Kid" was trying to show that if 2,000 papers were sold at one cent each, the result would be \$30. He would have no trouble in obtaining such a result by use of the tricks that he learned from Buck. What these tricks are, I do not know; I was not fortunate enough to learn anything about Math., except that when attendance rank was 6 and rank for recitation 0, the two gave an average of 3. Glancing at "Fat's" editorials in the back numbers of his paper, I saw that his ambition was to prove that Bill White was his satellite while in college. It had been the consensus of public opinion that "Fat" was an adjunct of Bill's, and Davis found it hard work to change popular belief on the subject. Among the busy reporters, I recognized Gilman at work on copy for the society column, and Jimmy Russell putting the finishing touch to an article for the sporting page. Jimmy was resplendent in his pink shirt and paste diamonds.

Pressing the figure 27, I sent another nickel after those "gone before," and asked for a picture of Bobbie Hull. I was shown a bare little attic chamber in which, writing at a large table, was the genial Bobbie. He was surrounded by scores of large volumes that he had used for reference. I glanced at what he had just written and perceived that he had nearly completed his book, evidently a textbook, for I saw the words, "My treatise, no doubt, has proved instructive to you." I became interested to know on what subject Bobbie had devoted so much time (for that he had spent a great amount of time and labor on his work was shown by the last page, which was numbered 720). I looked at the title-page, which had fallen to the floor, and read, "Practical Botany; warranted to contain more 'yellow stories' and less botany than 'Pink' gave in his course for Sophomore year." Bobbie was a credit to '97. The need of a work of this kind was greatly felt when he and I were in college, and his efforts would be appreciated by all the undergraduates in old Bowdoin.

With a pressure of the figure 32, I gave up another nickel and asked for Randall. I saw the stage of an immense theatre; on this stage there was but one man, and he appeared to be delivering a

long monologue. He held a skull in his hand, and I judged that Hamlet was the play and Randall the Hamlet. From the size and appearance of the voluntary contributions thrown on the stage by the audience, I came to the conclusion that "Rufe" was being "egged on" to greater effort. The "melancholy Dane," as portrayed by Randall, was evidently destined to become more melancholy as the performance should continue. There could be no question as to what had caused "Rufe's" downfall; it was the example of Cog, in his periodic rendition of "Old Ace." Thinking that "Rufe" had better be looking for another occupation, I pressed the figure 26 and requested to have a glimpse of Holmes, at the same time slipping another nickel in the slot. I was shown a band-stand in a magnificent park; it was a warm summer afternoon, and probably the knowledge that Charlie Holmes and his orchestra were to play had attracted the thousands of people who were present. The neatly uniformed orchestra showed the influence of a master spirit, and its members were watching closely for the signal to begin. Charley was on a seat elevated above the others, and gazed fondly at the music before him. It was a copy of "Loved Memories of Topsham," composed by the famous conductor himself. I noticed Joe Stetson among the musicians and he was a clarinet player; he handled his clarinet as if it were a pipe and he was about to "hit it." Without a doubt as to the excellence of the music to be given, I pressed again the figure 26 and, reluctantly parting with my coin, asked for a picture of Bill White, our noble President. I was shown the office of an immense hotel; busy men were rushing to and fro with telegrams in their hands; friends were greeting each other; the chairs along the sides of the office were filled with guests reading newspapers; but in spite of the hurry of the business men, in spite of the joy of friends at seeing each other again, in spite of the deep interest in the topics of the day that the newspaper readers displayed, I noticed that every one of the great throng that filled the office would now and then pause to look fixedly at the fine figure and beautiful face of the man behind the desk. With the hotel register in front of him, this man leaned upon the counter with a nonchalant air, a calm smile upon his handsome face. This was surely an exceptional clerk in regard to form and features. It was none other than Bill White. Attired neatly in a close-fitting business suit, his "shape" was displayed to great advantage. It was no wonder that the hotel was crowded; such a clerk would fill the meanest house in the city, for a guest willingly would put up with the discomforts of a poor room, if behind the

office desk there was a man like Bill. I quickly comprehended this story without words. After Bill left college he started on the hunt for political fame; finding that so many other men of ability equal to his own were also loaded for fame in politics, he abandoned its chase, but being unable to exist without the plaudits of the multitude, had decided that behind the desk of a large hotel he would be more observed than at any other business, and so he began the pursuit of notoriety, and—there he was. Glancing at the register in front of this modern combination of Hercules and Apollo, I saw among the names of the day's arrivals, that of E. F. Pratt, with the prefix "Hon." and after it the letters "LL.D." I could not see Pratt in the office and I could not tell whether he was a U. S. Senator or a Representative, but I had no doubt that he was a member of one house of Congress. The LL.D. spoke for itself; he had climbed far up the ladder of success, and '97 should be proud of him.

I pressed the figure 30, and giving up my nickel, asked to be shown Ellsworth. Since Ellsworth was a "theolog" I expected to see him engaged in religious work of some kind, but I was not prepared for what I did see. The picture showed me the old familiar Bowdoin campus. Marching about it was a familiar band of three men clad in white, Ellsworth, Dunnack, and McCallum. Dunnack carried a banner on which were inscribed the words, "We will cleanse the den of iniquity." No further explanation was needed; realizing the need of home missionaries to be greater than the need of workers in the regular field of the ministry, they had remained in Brunswick and were trying to reform the men rooming in "South Maine." The leopard had not changed his spots and the "tiger" in South Maine had the same stripes as it did when I was in college; South Maine was a den of iniquity still. I did not know whether the color of the suits of this band of reform was chosen because white was the color of old Bowdoin, or because white was the emblem of purity, or because white was the color of the uniforms of the New York street cleaning department, and what had proved successful for the street cleaners of New York would be of service to the cleansers of South Maine. Whatever the reason was, the men made a brave showing, and I wished them success in their arduous task.

My stock of nickels was almost gone, and there were a number of men whose futures I had not yet discovered, and the first of those men not yet "futures," whose name I remembered, was Hagar. For a long time I debated with myself on the question, "Is it necessary to waste a nickel on such a

little man as Hagar?" Remembering, at length, that I was commissioned by the class to prophesy about every member, I pressed the figure 25, dropped my nickel in the slot, and called for Hagar. The picture came into focus quickly, remained but a few seconds, and then disappeared. It did not vanish, however, until I had noticed Hagar and his occupation. He was seated near a table on which rested a phonograph, and he was talking into the receiver. Filling phonograph cylinders was not a highly intellectual occupation, but I understood why Hagar was employed in this manner. After he had been out of college for a year, every one, friend and foe, had become excessively weary of listening to his effervescence of words, and before much time had "fugited" Hagar could not find a hearer even for his choicest monologue, entitled "A Long Talk on Hagar, by Hagar." But the sound of his own voice had become exceedingly pleasant to him, and so combining business with pleasure, he had accepted this position.

Pressing the figure 23 and dropping in one of my few remaining nickels, I asked to see Keohan. I was shown a large laundry with the show windows full of bundles of polished linen. Over the roof of the establishment was the sign "Wun Lung & Ko Han, Chinese Laundry." The firm was evidently doing a rushing business and doubtless making large profits. Tommy had had much experience in college, and long before his graduation had learned "all the ways that are dark and the tricks that are *not* vain" of the laundry business.

Pressing figure 45 and donating another nickel, I asked to be shown Elliot. I beheld a newly built house, on which the painters were at work. I saw Elliot on one of the stagings, his pail of paint by his side and his brush in his hand. He was surveying with critical approbation the portion of the house that he had just painted, and, although I have not the "artist's eye," I could see that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

I spent another nickel, pressed figure 38, and asked for a picture in the life of "Pomp" French. I saw what was, to all appearance, the office of some great business house; seated at a desk, gazing fixedly at a bottle before him, sat "Pomp." On the bottle was a label reading, "French's Hair Curler. The only preparation that gives the appearance of naturally curly hair. Prepared under the direct supervision of French, the discoverer and proprietor. Price, \$1.00." I always had admired "Pomp's" head of hair, and I determined that I would buy a bottle of this wonderful liquid at the first opportunity.

After I had dropped a nickel in that voracious

slot and pressed the figure 30, I asked for Coggan. I was shown a lecture hall; on the platform was Cog, attired as usual in a dress coat and corduroy waistcoat. His large audience was spell-bound; not one person out of the three or four thousand present could be seen to move. I wondered if Cog's subject was "How to render 'Old Ace' effectively," but when I looked at the programme, I saw that he was booked to deliver a lecture on the "Errors in Hoyle's Book of Games." The Fools' Club had had one member who was destined to become famous. I remember the first error of Hoyle's that Cog detected. It was during a secret meeting of the Fools' Club, and on being told that four of a kind beat a flush, Cog protested. Finding that a rule to this effect was in the book, he said that Hoyle did not know the game (I forget what the game is called), and then there declared his intention of composing a set of rules that were honest. I no longer had any feeling of surprise at Cog's success. That lecture was worth going miles to hear.

Pressing the figure 27 and depositing my nickel in the slot, I asked for Carmichael. '97 was a class containing many literary men; here was Carmichael in a sumptuously furnished apartment, hard at work on a book that I quickly saw to be a "horse on Faust." Looking at a book-case in a corner of the room, I noticed that it contained many more books bearing Georgie's name. The one on which he was so busily engaged at present was one of a series of translations of German authors, "being written," so the introduction read, "in a highly polished style, interpreted poetically wherever possible." What a help to future college men! Carmichael's poetry is a thing of beauty *per se*, but when it also can be used in "plugging," it is doubly sure of being a blessing to mankind.

After transferring another nickel from my pocket to the slot, I pressed figure 25 and asked for John Shute. The picture that appeared in response to my demand, showed me a large brick building in the centre of spacious lawns. Tennis courts, ball grounds, and running tracks also were visible. On the building was the sign, "The Boys' Own School; College Preparatory Course. D. D. Spear, Principal; John Shute, Director of Gymnasium. Tuition and Board, \$1,500 per annum." Under this sign was a smaller one on which was painted in Latin the motto of the school. The motto was "*Bellum omnium contra omnes*;" and directly beneath was this translation of the Latin quotation—"A sound mind in a sound body." I failed to be surprised at the error in translation, for I remembered that Davy Spear never could understand Latin.

I pressed the figure 31, dropped a nickel in the slot, and asked for Sewall. I saw a very swell turnout; dressed in elegant livery, Sewall sat on the box. The harnesses of the coal black horses were trimmed with silver. Sewall's face wore the same look of stoical imperturbability that it had while he was in college; he made a coachman, par excellence.

I pressed the figure 50, again dropped a nickel in the slot, and asked to be shown a picture in the life of Hewitt. I saw the reading-room of a large library; through the windows I recognized the Art Building and Appleton Hall. At a desk sat Hewitt, and near him, writing at a table, was Reuel Smith. Studious men passed back and forth with books in their hands; looking through the doors on each side of this large reading-room, I saw that there were four rooms of much larger size than the reading-room, and that they were lined with shelves containing books. This was Bowdoin's new library, and Hewitt was chief librarian with Reuel Smith for an assistant. On a bronze tablet in the reading room, I read that in recognition of the past services of Professor Little, this building was called the "Little Library." For such a large structure, this name seemed rather paradoxical, but I was pleased with it, for no member of the Faculty had Bowdoin's interests more at heart than "Mush."

My store of nickels was exhausted. I had found out the future of all the members of '97, but, as you can imagine, I was desirous of ascertaining what was in store for myself. How could I do it? I had no more money, and "The Mechanical Future Reader" did not show its pictures on credit. The only way that I could make that machine work was by paying cash. I was in a quandary. Finally I asked Rob. if he would loan me five cents for a few days. In reply Rob. told me that the future was the future. If we improve the opportunity of the present moment, we need have no fear of what is to happen. It is largely in our power to be what we desire to be. I knew that his words were true, but they did not stifle my desire to see a picture in my own future life. Again I asked Rob. for a loan, and this time I was successful. Hardly waiting to thank him for the nickel that he handed me, I dropped it in the slot, pressing figure 40, and asked to see a picture of myself. Suddenly there was a flash and a deafening explosion; the machine vanished into air, and when I opened my eyes, I was lying on the couch in Rob.'s private office, with anxious faces bending over me. Rob. was nearest to me, and in a voice that sounded strangely faint, I asked if the Future Reader was destroyed by the explosion. Rob. looked puzzled. Again I said, "Did it ruin the machine?" "What

machine?" asked Rob. "Why, your future machine that showed a picture in the life of any one asked for," I answered. Rob. smiled. "Mr. Andros, you have had a very narrow escape. You did the very thing against which I warned you particularly when you studied chemistry. You put together sulphuric acid and potassium ferrocyanide and heated the mixture; consequently, according to chemical law, it gave off carbon mon-oxide, a very poisonous gas, from the effects of which you were rendered unconscious, and we had hard work to resuscitate you."

So, then, the Mechanical Future Reader was an hallucination; or was it an illusion? Whichever it was, it gave me great assistance, for without it I never could have written my Class Prophecy.

Classmates, it is no small task to foretell the futures of such a body of men as the Class of '97. If my best efforts are not satisfactory to you, do not deal harshly with me. Remember what the people of old said of Phaethon, when he was dashed to earth in his attempt to drive through the heavens in the chariot of his father, Phœbus Apollo; they said of him, "Here lies Phaethon, the driver of his father's chariot; he failed to manage it, but he fell in a great undertaking." I ask you to judge me in the same kind manner.

PARTING ADDRESS.

By A. P. Cook.

Classmates and Friends:

Again a year has passed and another class has arrived at this, its last day of undergraduate activity. It is my sad privilege to speak for the Class of 1897 and say farewell. Our student days at college are behind us. With them are inseparably linked ties of closest friendship and warmest affection. They have been happy, happy days, bright and full of sunshine, rich in hallowed associations, and teeming with fruitful opportunities. But now comes a change, and the conflict of life is close at hand. The turning-point is reached. From the little sheltered valley of college education we must advance to climb the mighty rugged mountain of the world at large, that now looms up so dark and uncertain right before us.

Four years ago we were strangers to one another. But how different now. We have lived in a world by ourselves and the strangers of the past are the comrades and friends of to-day. Side by side and shoulder to shoulder we have been united in the joy of victory and in the gloom of defeat. In chapel and recitation room, in the library, and on the athletic field we have been continuously and intimately associated. In the many phases of this daily contact we have learned to understand and allow for the

distinctive traits of each individual's character. The class has been transformed from sixty separate individuals into an harmonious whole. Now the harmony must be dissolved and the members scattered, never again to be fully reunited. I assure you that the parting is solemn and sad to each one of us.

Can you blame us for pausing regretfully as we leave? Four of the choicest years of our youth we have given to old Bowdoin. Meantime, deeper and deeper has grown our appreciation of the Professors; greater and greater has been our regard for one another; stronger and stronger has become our love for the college. To-day, as never before, we realize the value of a college education. Clearer too than ever we see our mistakes, our failures to embrace the offered opportunities. But for all the advantages made use of we are sincerely thankful. All that we have acquired is ours and cannot be taken from us. Yet this very training and development that we have received imposes corresponding obligations. As we now step into the ranks of college educated men it is our duty to prove that we are worthy of the place. Nay, more, the glorious line of former Bowdoin classes encourages us and urges us on to strive to be deserving of the proud title of Bowdoin graduates. It is a noble trust that is committed into our keeping. May we ever realize that our lives henceforth must indicate to the world what the college has been to us. Grant that we may be truly representative and add our share to the ever-increasing fame of our dear *Alma Mater*.

Dear old Bowdoin, illustrious mother of famous sons, sadly do we depart from thy loved halls. Gratefully do we acknowledge our debt to thee. Though we wander far from this, thy beautiful campus, we shall ever hold thee close to our hearts. In all the varied paths of life thy influence shall attend and strengthen us. For thy honor we will live and strive

"Until the sands of life are run."
Farewell, O Bowdoin, *Alma Mater*.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.

After the literary exercises, the class gathered about in a circle upon the grass and smoked the traditional pipe of peace, a ceremony of unusual interest to the crowd of spectators, especially to anxious parents and relatives. The pipe passed safely around, and then the ode was sung beneath the Thorndike Oak. The class ode was written by Charles H. Holmes, and was as follows:

CLASS ODE.

AIR—"America."

The knell from yonder tower
No more shall mark the hour
Of toil or prayer.
No more thy "whispering pine,"
No more thy sun's decline
For us our home define,
Fond *Mater* fair.

We look back on the past,
We see, like shadows cast,
Our college days.
Oh, days so free from strife,
With mirth and pleasure rife,
Shed o'er our future life
Thy radiant rays.

Fond mem'ry brings to light
Visions which dim the sight,
Forever past.
Backward the thoughts may fly,
There ease and plenty lie;
Forward life's cross is nigh,
With doubt o'ercast.

Like seamen on the deep,
Whilst we our courses keep
O'er life's rough main,
Ill winds may rage life's sea,
Agents of Destiny.
Not till Eternity
Peace rules again.

CHEERING THE HALLS—FAREWELL.

Headed by the band and Marshal French, the class went the rounds of the buildings and gave rousing cheers for each. At the front of Memorial the class formed in a circle and gave the '97 yell; then came the hand-shaking, the most touching of all the ceremonies. After this the circle broke and the afternoon's exercises were at an end.

Graduation Exercises.

AT 10 A.M., Thursday, the Commencement procession, marshaled by W. G. Beale, '77, headed by the graduating class and the Salem Cadet Band, marched to the church, where the exercises were held. There was a large crowd in attendance, and the speaking

was above the average and was well received. The order of exercises was as follows :

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Industrial Socialism. William Frye White.
International Arbitration.

Archie Sherman Harriman.
The Armenian Crime. Robert Sidney Hagar.

MUSIC.

The New Birth of Scholarship.
* Harry Maxwell Varrell.
Political Lessons from Other Countries.

Fred Gustavus Kneeland.
The Preservation of Our National Liberty.
John George Haines.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

PRAYER.

BENEDICTION.

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS.

CLASS OF 1897.

Archie Sherman Harriman.

George Mouroe Brett, Fred Gustavus Kneeland,
George Edgar Carmichael, Hugh McCallum,
Frederick Howard Dole, John Hastings Quint,
Daniel Weston Elliot, Frank Jackson Small,
John George Haines, Harry Maxwell Varrell,
Joseph William Hewitt, Eugene Conrad Vining,
Robert Lord Hull.

Samuel Page Ackley, San Lorenzo Merriman,
Cecil LeRoy Blake, John Hinckley Morse,
Alfred Page Cook, Edwin Francis Pratt,
Fred Keith Ellsworth, Frank Austin Stearns,
Robert Sidney Hagar, William Frye White.
Charles Herbert Holmes.

The following is a list of the graduating Class of '97, who received diplomas and the degree of A.B. on Thursday. They now are alumni, and have no active connection with Bowdoin. Their addresses are added for reference.

Samuel Page Ackley, East Machias.
William Cushing Adams, Bangor.
Stephen Osgood Andros, Rockland.

George Samuel Bean, Biddeford.
Cecil LeRoy Blake, New Gloucester.
Eugene Leslie Bodge, South Windham.
Frank Daniel Booker, Brunswick.
George Monroe Brett, Auburn.
George Edgar Carmichael, Medway, Mass.
Ralph Harrison Clark, Limerick.
Marcellus Sumner Coggan, Malden, Mass.
Alfred Page Cook, Portland.
Earl Clement Davis, Auburn.
Philip Webb Davis, Portland.
Frederick Howard Dole, Gorham.
Henry Ernest Dunnack, Dixmont.
Clark Barker Eastman, Cumberland Mills.
Daniel Weston Elliot, Brunswick.
Fred Keith Ellsworth, Brockton, Mass.
Benjamin John Fitz, North Bridgton.
Aldro Amos French, Norway.
Henry Gilman, Scarborough.
Harry Everett Gribben, Portland.
Robert Sidney Hagar, Richmond.
John George Haines, Paterson, N. J.
Orville Leon Hanlon, Berlin, N. H.
Archie Sherman Harriman, Brunswick.
Augustus Thomas Hatch, South Dresden.
Joseph William Hewitt, South Berwick.
Charles Herbert Holmes, Brewer.
James Howard Horne, Berlin, N. H.
Robert Lord Hull, Deering Center.
Thomas Charles Keohan, Westbrook.
Fred Gustavus Kneeland, Lovell Center.
Charles Barnard Lamb, Saco.
Daniel Clarke Linscott, Jr., Boston, Mass.
Harry Dimmock Lord, Biddeford.
Hugh McCallum, Pawtucket, R. I.
San Lorenzo Merriman, Harpswell.
John Hinckley Morse, Bath.
Oscar Elmer Pease, West Farmington.
Edwin Francis Pratt, Wilton.
Edgar Gilman Pratt, Belfast.
John Hastings Quint, Dover, N. H.
Rufus Starkey Randall, Freeport.
James Edward Rhodes, 2d, Rockland.
James Percy Russell, Warren.
Charles Summers Sewall, Wiscasset.
Norman Clyde Shordon, Buxton.
John Melville Shute, West Hancock.
Frank Jackson Small, Oldtown.
Reuel Washburn Smith, Auburn.
Frank Austin Stearns, Norway.
Joseph Snow Stetson, Brunswick.
Harry Maxwell Varrell, Wells.
Eugene Conrad Vining, Freeport.
William Frye White, Lewiston.

After the completion of this programme, the Goodwin Commencement Prize, for the best spoken and written part, was awarded to William Frye White. His oration follows, in full :

GOODWIN COMMENCEMENT ORATION.
INDUSTRIAL SOCIALISM.

BY WILLIAM FRYE WHITE.

It is impossible for any man to judge correctly or wisely of the merits of any question, be it religious, political or economic, if his mind is embarrassed by prejudice. Prejudice as well as ignorance is fatal to sound reasoning. There is an opinion prevalent in the community that Socialism is only another name for that red-eyed monster Anarchy. It shall be my purpose to present to you a correct impression of socialism, together with a criticism of its proposals.

Anarchy demands very emphatically that the state with its governing and ennobling powers shall be thrown to the ground and that the individual shall become responsible to himself alone, his passions and desires constituting the only guide to his actions. Such a system of life can lead only to social, moral, and industrial chaos.

Socialism, on the other hand, does not attack the state nor does it propose to make the individual the sole judge of his own actions. Socialism rather exalts the state, entrusting to it functions heretofore denied; socialism recognizes the dependence of man on man and the necessity of law and order. Socialism is not anarchy.

Many there are who think that socialism exists only in name. Such people display only an ignorance of facts. The study of socialism shows it to be an exceedingly active element in the economic life of the world. Its large and in many respects powerful press is continually influencing legislation in behalf of labor; its numerous members in the legislative bodies of the world, more particularly perhaps in that of Germany, supported as they are by a large and increasing constituency, are causing their efforts to be felt and recognized. The greater part of the industrial reforms of the last century, such as the reduction of working hours, the prohibition of the employment of women and children under certain conditions, compulsory sanitation, these and many more may be attributed directly to the criticisms and untiring zeal of the socialists in one form or another. Do not, then, accuse socialism of existing only in name. It is rather a growing power in which is some

good, some evil. It is for us to separate these elements, profiting by what is profitable, avoiding what is unprofitable.

I have intimated that socialism is preëminently a system of criticism directed against the present industrial conditions. With the radical elements of the socialists we need not deal. We will, however, examine the demands of those who, realizing and appreciating the necessity of land and capital as factors in production, criticize only the private ownership of these forces. The fundamental proposal of socialism is this:—To replace the present system of private capital with a system of collective public capital. Such a system, it asserts, would abolish competition, replacing it with a system of common production and distribution.

Many and serious would be the complications arising during the period of transition from the present regime to that of socialism, and these complications would not vanish when the transition had been accomplished. Socialism from the industrial point of view alone must prove two points to the world before it can justify even an attempt at introduction of its schemes. First, it must show that production both in quantity and quality would increase, and second, that distribution would be more just. If the socialists are able to uphold and prove these contentions, they have some hope; if not, none.

The ability of the factors of production, that is, of land, labor, and capital, to produce, depends directly upon their efficiency. If, then, the three factors of production would lose any of their efficiency under socialism, it is evident that production both in quantity and quality would suffer.

The most powerful agent in determining what a man will accomplish in life is self-interest, or to use a less abused word, ambition. Self-interest or ambition it is that induces men to toil day in and day out to gain some cherished end. Ambition it is that has elevated man higher and higher in the scale of civilization as the centuries have rolled on. The greater the ambition, the surer, the nobler, the more productive the results. Thus, ambition very materially affects efficiency. In the socialistic state every man must work or starve, but in what a different capacity must he work from that of to-day. At present the laborer is free to work for whom and at what trade he pleases. Freedom is his own. Under socialism every man must work where and at what trade the state commands. Every man becomes at once a mere tool in the hands of the state. The personality of the man is lost. It is a well-attested fact that government employment is very likely to destroy ambi-

tion. The numbers of bright, ambitious young men who obtain employment in the departments at Washington and who gradually fall into habits of laziness induced by the good pay and ease of government work, are witnesses to this fact. If government employment affects men of high ability in this manner, what should be the result upon weaker men? The state itself recognizes the uselessness of attempting any large business enterprises. All its ships of war, railroads, canals, and docks are built by private concerns. Why? Simply because the state has been taught by experience that its employees can produce neither the same quantity nor quality of work for the same money and in the same time as those of private concerns. Governments were never created for business purposes, and have signally failed in almost every attempt to assume such functions.

Socialists assert that the gain made by the abolition of competition would more than compensate for any loss that could possibly be caused by any decrease of personal endeavor. While I do not deny that competition has evils that ought to be corrected, I do deny most emphatically its absolute unworthiness. Competition it is that has evolved man from his animal state. Competition it is that has evolved man from his savage state. In a word, competition has made man what he is. Competition and ambition are closely related. Take away the former and you strike a blow at the latter. Such men as Carnegie, Cramp, and Wanamaker, types absolutely essential to best production, would never be found where competition had been suppressed. There seems to be no conclusion to be reached but that labor would deteriorate very materially through the loss of efficiency under socialism.

Before the state could keep up the quantity and quality of its production it would be necessary for it to be able to add to its capital to meet increasing and changing demands, and also to replace impaired capital. The achievement of this requires a high rate of production in order that the profits over labor payments may be large. If labor were deficient and careless, capital simply would not be kept up. Capital would soon lose its efficiency. Again, if labor and capital were both weakened, land would not fail to add to the trouble by a lessening of its production, for the output of land depends directly upon the quantity and quality of the labor and capital expended upon it. It seems to be inevitable that the whole productive system must weaken and deteriorate under socialism.

The second premise of the socialists that each man would receive a juster remuneration for time spent in labor must now hold our attention for a few

moments. Professor Shacffle in his "Impossibilities of the Social Democracy" asks this question: "Will the fair value resulting from each man's contribution be secured to all, when the necessary needs of the community are satisfied, and then the rest of the product distributed according to the time that each man has given to his work?" To this question he replies, "By no means. On the contrary, each social worker who contributed more in a given time than his fellows would be disproportionately handicapped at the start in a covert manner by the preliminary deductions for the public wants. All those whose average productiveness was higher than that of their neighbors would come very short in their remuneration. He who produced really valuable goods; he who contributed the creative idea that alone can set on foot higher productivity; he who by his acts of prudence has saved revenue; each and all of these would not only fail to receive what was due him; he would, on the contrary, fall very short in proportion to the actual value of his contribution, and this is so because the produce is divided simply according to the time that each has given to his work." The system that proposes to award alike the really skilled and careful workman and the unskilled and careless workman simply because they have worked the same number of hours, is dangerous to both; to the inferior workman, because it encourages him to rely more than ever upon his neighbor; to the superior workman, because it has a tendency to reduce the zeal of his work. Surely there could be no justice in rewarding men like Tesla and Edison the same as a common laborer on a labor time basis. Let us rather reward men in proportion to the actual value of their contribution to society. Justice will then be done.

I have very briefly and very imperfectly commented upon the industrial phase of socialism. I have pointed out a few reasons why it cannot benefit society as an industrial reform. If any change from the present is needed, some other plan must be sought. Some plan less radical and less likely to carry with it such direful results into the social, religious, and political, as well as into the industrial spheres. The hope of the laborer lies not in socialism. It lies rather in the elimination of the evils of the present system. Let the laborer recognize the dignity of his position in the world; let him realize that he has a purpose to serve in the life of humanity; let him learn that capital is an aid, a friend and not an enemy; let him use his influence in the trades-union for the upbuilding of his fellows mentally and morally; let him exercise his franchise wisely, electing to office men who will legislate without fear; let him do these things, and the laborer will find his lot in life

much brighter and happier; he will find more pleasure in his work; he will have gained the respect and praise of his fellows; he will have become worthy of more trust and honor. When the laborer does these things, and may it be soon, we shall see the three factors of production working peacefully together for the good of all.

COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

After the exercises at the church were finished, the line of alumni, from 1836 to 1897, formed again and marched to the gymnasium. Here the Commencement Dinner was held, the greatest event of the week in the eyes of the returned alumni, and here the Class of '97 made their first public appearance as alumni. The dinner was of unusual excellence, and was a veritable dinner, not a mere lunch or picnic, as such so-called dinners often are. Great credit is due to the caterer, as well as to the college, for serving so substantial a meal to so large, not to mention hungry, a body of men. The gym was packed, each seat being taken, and had we space we should publish the full list of returned alumni. This being impossible, we give but a partial list of the older alumni present, as follows:

Rufus K. Sewall, '39; George A. Thomas, '41; A. C. Adams, '36; J. C. Pickard, '46; Edwin Leonard, '47; Charles A. Packard, '48; Charles Cothrey, '49; John S. Sewall, '50; J. E. Adams, '53; D. S. Linscott, '54; Galen C. Moses, E. B. Palmer, '56; J. N. Fuller, H. Fairchild, Henry Newbegin, James C. Strout, Francis P. Adams, Benjamin W. Bond, Edward A. Rand, Charles W. Pickard, '57; A. H. Davis, '60; C. O. Hunt, A. S. Packard, Loring Farr, '61; Marcus Wight, Henry O. Thayer, '62; Thomas M. Given, '63; James McKeen, Enoch Foster, '64; Charles Fish, '65; F. H. Gerrish, '66; S. M. Newman, I. S. Curtis, H. S. Webster, Stanley Plummer, J. A. McDonald, Winfield S. Hutchinson, '67; Clarence Hale, T. H. Eaton, '69; D. S. Alexander, '70; J. S. Richards, F. W. Spaulding, W. F. Bickford, Marcellus Coggan, George M. Whitaker, H. M. Heath, George W. Seiders, '72; C. C. Sampson, '73; H. Johnson, '74; Seth M. Carter, S. C. Whitmore, '75; Jere M. Hill, F. C. Payson, E. H. Kimball, George B. Merrill, Charles T. Hawes, A. T. Parker,

Charles G. Wheeler, '76; Philip G. Brown, P. H. Ingalls, William C. Greene, W. A. Golden, F. C. Hargraves, Joseph R. Greene, E. M. Cousins, F. H. Crocker, M. A. Sherman, E. A. Scribner, H. H. Smith, W. G. Beale, C. A. Perry, D. D. Giltman, G. L. Thompson, Charles E. Cobb, '77; Barrett Potter, George C. Purington, '78; A. H. Holmes, John Scott, Walter B. Perkins, Frederick Cony, F. O. Purington, '80; William King and F. A. Fisher, '81.

From time to time during the dinner, class yells, also the Bowdoin yell, were given with a will, and all seemed perfectly happy.

When the dinner was about half finished a tall, fair man, entered quietly and took a seat with the Class of '77. It took the crowd somewhat less than a quarter minute to recognize Lieutenant Peary, and then what an ovation he received, cheer upon cheer rent the air and reverberated through the rafters. After several minutes the tumult subsided, and the dinner proceeded.

After all had been quieted President Hyde announced the college hymn, and it was sung lustily. Then followed the speeches.

President Hyde in opening the post-prandial exercises expressed his pleasure at welcoming the alumni back to Bowdoin. He spoke of the progress that the college has made in athletics. It is now in the possession of a fine athletic field, and the collegians have shown themselves worthy of it by their recent achievements. Interest in the Art Building is shown by the gifts and loans which it is constantly receiving. The work in the Science Building has been carried on, and a discovery in new modes of disinfecting has brought great credit to the college. We are also rejoicing in the favorable termination of the college law suits. In relation to the Medical School especially the policy of granting large liberty to the student body is being extended rather than restricted, while means are being taken to quietly exclude those who, from defective intellectual attainments or morals, are undesirable as students.

The college is looking to an honor system calculated to bring out the best efforts of the leading students.

President Hyde announced that the degree of A.M., for merits, had been conferred upon B. L. Bryant and John A. Burbank. The degree of A.M. was conferred upon Dr. Charles D. Smith and ex-Governor Henry B. Cleaves of Portland. He also announced that Mr. H. C. Emery had been made Professor of Economics; that Mr. Wilmot B. Mitchell had become Edward Little Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution, and that a department of English Literature had been established with Professor Henry L. Chapman at its head. Long applause followed President Hyde's speech.

The next speaker was the Hon. John A. Peters, who responded for the state. Throughout his remarks he was warmly applauded and kept his listeners in the best of humor. He said, in substance: "I love Bowdoin College because I love my State of Maine, and the state loves Bowdoin College because she is the most venerable of her colleges. I think Bowdoin stands at the head of colleges. I don't say universities—I mean real universities. It takes a hundred years to make a college. Any legislature can make a university in a single day. (Laughter.) Bowdoin wouldn't be a university even if the legislature offered to make her one. It takes work to get the degree of A.B. here. It does not take much effort to accept the degree of D.D. if you can get it. I don't believe a fool can be pushed through Bowdoin College. It has been said that more students go through the larger colleges, but in the smaller, more college goes through the students. I believe that the degree of A.B. at Bowdoin represents an education second to none. I would be willing to go anywhere armed with that degree and expect success."

Judge Peters spoke of the litigation in reference to the Fayerweather bequest, say-

ing that it was already won, but that a law suit was long lived. The Fayerweather case was to be argued some more. Argument was all there was left to it.

He continued: "I have been speaking of those who cannot get through Bowdoin and whom Bowdoin cannot get through. Now I know a young man who was seven years getting through another college. Then he went into the ministry because he didn't have sense enough to practice law. He went into the Episcopal ministry because he didn't have to make prayers and could steal his sermons. Then he went out and got the degree of D.D. from a university. One would have done just as well, and such a degree isn't worth a D. Think what a blot that would have been on the catalogue of Bowdoin, where are such names as those of Longfellow and Sargent S. Prentiss. This young man came from Philadelphia and had a wealthy father. He had lots of money and kept a barrel of beer on tap and was popular in college."

In conclusion, Judge Peters alluded to the labors of General Hubbard and Judge Putnam in connection with the Fayerweather case, and spoke of them as illustrating the integrity and success of Bowdoin lawyers.

Professor Egbert C. Smyth, the next speaker, responded for the Trustees. Professor Smyth spoke of the impression made upon him by the graduates of '97 as he saw them receive their diplomas. They impressed him as gentlemen and honest men, fine examples of the manhood which has gone out from Bowdoin.

He paid a glowing tribute to the graduates of Bowdoin who have gone into the ministry.

Judge L. A. Emery responded for the Board of Overseers. He said he was reminded of the fact that the Board of Overseers made only short speeches, often saying them loudly and sometimes disagreeably.

He spoke humorously of the pleasure taken by the "school teachers on the board, who say *no* to President Hyde once a year; the military men who say *no* to those distinguished generals, Chamberlain and Hubbard; the lawyers who say *no* on these annual occasions to the distinguished Chief Justice."

General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of the Visiting Committee, was greeted with cheers when introduced as an ex-President of the college, who had occupied many of its chairs and brought distinction upon it by his great services to the country. "The President has kindly referred to my connection with the college. I believe my name has been in the catalogue since I entered in 1848. The college has stuck to me, and I have tried to stick to it, but I have been put out of nearly every chair." (Laughter.)

General Chamberlain spoke of the efforts made during his presidency to help the college both financially and in the aim of making it look out on the world instead of too much in upon itself.

Mr. James McKeen of Brooklyn, President of the Alumni Association, was next called upon, and spoke briefly upon the relations of the alumni to the college. In particular, he said that those who came back after years spent in active business life are apt to be skeptical as to the value of college training, but after a few hours here they once more recognize its true worth. Mr. McKeen in describing the enthusiasm of the returning alumni, created amusement when he said: "After we have come here and fed off of this Brunswick ambrosia and inebriated ourselves on Androscoggin river water, we want to raise this roof, so that our cries for old Bowdoin may reverberate among the everlasting stars."

Lieutenant Peary was introduced by President Hyde as one who had added to the fame of the college. As Mr. Peary arose he

was again loudly applauded. He said, in substance:

"Mr. President and boys—I thank you very much for the kindly attention you have shown me. I was told to-day that I had been selected to speak for the Class of '77, yet I hardly know why. There were orators in the Class of '77. And, more than that, I do not know why the temperature should have been turned on as it has to-day. I am not accustomed to it. (Laughter.) I came back to visit Bowdoin to-day for the first time since my graduation. I have passed through Brunswick a number of times, and never, whether by day or night, without looking toward the campus and the church spire on the hill. I doubt if those of you who have been here often can appreciate the wave of love and homesickness which swept over me to-day when I again set foot on the campus. I find that the men of '77 are good men still. I am glad to see our old president on the platform, teacher, warrior, and statesman. Your face, Mr. President, is new to me, but your ability and level-headedness and the work you are doing for Bowdoin are widely known.

"Last year I attended a dinner in New York at which the Amherst idea was described. I do not remember just what I said on that occasion, but I thought the Bowdoin idea was one of sturdiness and tenacity. See what you want and stick to it until you get it.

"Gentlemen, I have dreamed of Bowdoin when there was nothing in the world around me but the infinite expanse of ice, the infinite expanse of the blue sky and the white sun. I have given the name of Bowdoin to a wonder of the far north. There is a bay there, at one end of which is a mass of ice two miles in height. It is a glacier two or three times the size of the Union glacier, and I have named it the Bowdoin glacier.

"Gentlemen, the solitude of my life has

not been conducive to speech-making. I have said just what came into my heart since I sat down here, and I thank you for your attention." Lieutenant Peary's speech was loudly applauded.

Rev. Edwin A. Rand spoke for '57, eleven members of which class were present, and "at the reunion last night there were twelve, but one, a military man, left this morning. That may look suspicious, but we did not do anything more convivial than to sing 'Auld Lang Syne.'" Mr. Rand spoke humorously of the different gentlemen of the class present. He spoke of the kindly wishes and the prayers of Bowdoin men which will accompany Lieutenant Peary, adding: "I believe he will get there and sit on the end of the North Pole if he wants to."

George A. Thomas of Portland, sang "The Friar of Albany" capitably, and was greeted warmly.

After this Rev. Charles T. Hawes was called upon, and made an interesting announcement. A debt of \$200 on the athletic field has been a worry to Dr. Whittier. Mr. Hawes announced that the members of the Class of '76 present had assumed this debt.

Rev. S. N. Newman of Washington, of the Class of 1867, also had an announcement to make. He spoke of the labors of Professor Little in adding to the usefulness of the library. The '67 men had chipped in and contributed \$57 to help Professor Little's work along. Professor Little has a plan to secure a book-case used by Longfellow when a professor here and fill it with books relating to Bowdoin's poet. The Class of '67 hope to be able to make this possible.

Hon. George M. Seiders, of the Class of '72, spoke briefly for that class, which held its twenty-fifth anniversary the evening before. Mr. Seiders spoke of the success which had crowned the efforts of the members in their chosen calling, success due, he thought, to

the fact that they came to Bowdoin from the farm and the workshop, having nothing but their hands and their brains on which to rely. They had gained a self-reliance and steadfastness which helped make possible their later success.

Prof. J. C. Pickard of Kansas said a few words, and Rev. Charles L. Merriman of Lowell, an alumnus of Yale, spoke on the relations and feelings between the two colleges.

Congressman D. S. Alexander of Buffalo was to have spoken, but was forced to leave to catch a train.

The dinner was now at an end, and the eminently successful exercises of Commencement week had been brought to a fitting close.

Medical School Graduation.

THE graduating exercises of the Class of '97 of the Medical School of Maine, took place at Memorial Hall, Wednesday forenoon, June 23d. Hon. Frank L. Dingley of Auburn delivered the address, and was it not for lack of space we should take pleasure in publishing it in full. From start to finish Mr. Dingley held his audience spell-bound. The Salem Cadet Band furnished excellent music. The programme was as follows:

	MUSIC.
	PRAYER.
	MUSIC.
Address.	Frank Lambert Dingley, A.M.
	MUSIC.
Oration.	George M. Woodman.
	MUSIC.
Presentation of Diplomas.	President Hyde.
	MUSIC.

The orator, Mr. Woodman, was unfortunately unable to deliver his oration, owing to a sudden illness, but we print it in full:

MEDICAL ORATION.

ASSOCIATED EFFORT AND MEDICAL PROGRESS.

BY GEORGE M. WOODMAN.

As we note the march of progress along through the ages, we find its pace rapid or slow, as conditions have been favorable or not, for man to unite his efforts with those of his fellow-man. Consider in what a marked way Rome contributed to human progress, by razing artificial barriers and welding scattered tribes into one great nation, and then securing law and order throughout her vast domain. And how effectually God dissipated the forces of man at Babel, by putting strange languages into their lips and thereby forcing them to dwell asunder. The strongest lever in the work of human advancement is co-operation. By associating their efforts, men are able to accomplish the most wonderful results. One by one the barriers to a united world have been removed, and man in this century has approached the marvellous, through the great power of combined effort.

With the advent of the railroad and telegraph, time and space were abridged; communities ceased to be worlds within themselves, men became co-workers rather than isolated laborers. Thereby there was rendered possible a concentration of intelligence, an interchange of thought, and a comparison of results, factors so necessary to true and speedy achievement. With the change in the relation of man to man, the step of civilization became marvellously quickened; days sufficed to ripen the former fruit of years. It made this century pre-eminently the grandest age of the world's history.

It would be interesting and profitable to consider the great betterment that has been realized by this century of united endeavor in the social, political, industrial, and educational worlds, but time forbids. It will be possible to hastily view it, only, in its relation to the progress of medical science. In this department of human affairs co-operation has played a most important role and has rendered possible the most wonderful results. More progress has been effected in medicine since the opening of this century than in the preceding two thousand years. At the dawn of the nineteenth century medical science was most imperfect and was dealing most ineffectually with disease. The surgeon of this period could lay claim to but little superiority over the followers of this art of hundreds of years before. His instruments and appliances were few and crude, and his technique far from scientific. Very few diseases had been

removed from the realm of the unknown, the laws governing them were in a great part a sealed book, and their treatment was most irrational. The physician often came into the sick chamber forced to be an idle spectator, and left it, humbled by the consciousness of the narrow limits which circumscribed the resources of his art. The records of this period show us how pathetically incompetent was the profession then, and what full sway was permitted disease to deal forth suffering and death.

It was not to the discredit of the workers in the field of medicine that they were not accomplishing better results; they were laboring most persistently and devotedly to advance the efficiency of their science; they were doing all that was possible in their day and generation. But the past was the day of isolated workers, and medical knowledge is the fruit of so much observation and research, its scope is so broad, and its sources of information so numerous and varied, that the most persistent and comprehensive mind working unaided and alone was able to accomplish but little. It is natural that with the conditions then existing, we find the progress of medical science discouragingly slow. The establishment of one fact or the elimination of a single error was then the work of a generation. To originate and perfect such a simple operation as the tying of a bleeding vessel was the labor of many years. The history of the discovery and adoption of percussion as a means of diagnosis, is a typical illustration of the slowness by which, previous to the modern age of united endeavor, additions were made to the general fund of medical knowledge. Percussion is that method by which the physician ascertains the condition of an internal part, by tapping the surface of the body and noting the sound that is elicited. This invaluable aid to diagnosis was discovered by a Vienna physician in 1761. After many years of patient labor, he announced his discovery to those few medical men with whom it was possible for him to communicate. Many years were required for it to permeate the medical world, and nearly a century elapsed before it was sufficiently tested for it to become universally adopted by the profession.

Contrast this with the introduction of a recent discovery—the germ theory. That minute living cells give rise to the infectious diseases and cause suppuration in wounds was an announcement of the most revolutionary character, and one that could not be adopted until its claim to being a fact was fully demonstrated. Modern means made this possible in a very short time, and in less than two decades it was universally adopted and had revolutionized

surgery and entirely changed the conception and treatment of infectious diseases.

With the workers in the field of medicine brought into touch, with the facilities at hand for one to learn from and improve upon the methods of another, it now becomes possible in a few years to arrive at results not possible in centuries in the past. The profession is now able to rapidly sift the wheat from the chaff. Various sources of error and danger are readily detected. New discoveries spread with lightning rapidity over the medical world, and in a few months their scope and value are determined and they become the capital of all.

The modern journal gathers up the treasures of observation and research from the four quarters of the globe. They are held up to the entire profession for inspection. They are put to practical test by thousands, and their true place is soon determined. In the medical society the consensus of opinion is brought to bear upon medical problems, and their solution thereby greatly facilitated. Previous to the modern facilities of cheap and rapid transportation, medical societies were known only to those in the larger centers, but now they embrace the entire profession even to the remotest districts.

Great advantage has been derived by those in the different departments of medicine working hand in hand. The conclusions reached in the laboratory are now quickly supplemented and corrected by observation at the bedside and in the operating room. In this way the exact truth is readily ascertained. To unhesitatingly adopt methods upon which the light of those in only one field of investigation has been thrown, has many times proved inexpedient. It has often been found that the body in disease does not respond to drugs exactly as the experimental therapist had determined it should. There is some factor present in their practical application that did not enter into his experiments, and there comes the necessity of modifying and supplementing the conclusions derived from his work. Our present perfect knowledge of diseases is the result of the observation of the physician, the surgeon, and the microscopist.

Having thus briefly considered the important relation that associated effort bears to the progress of medical science, let us now view its results as reflected in the medicine of the close of this century of combined effort. It will be possible to do this only in the most cursory way, picking out a treasure here and there, and leaving many grand matters untouched. It has made this science rational where formerly it was irrational. It has carried it beyond the reproach of being dependent entirely upon exper-

ience and tradition. The most crucial tests are now applied and the exact truth sought in a scientific manner. Nothing is taken for granted and nothing admitted as a fact that is not susceptible to demonstration.

In every department of the science great advancement has been made. The methods of operating, the means of diagnosis, the therapeutics, have all been wonderfully changed. Surgery can lay claim to having approached the nearest to perfection. It is now able to accomplish the grandest results, and can with safety invade the most vital parts, not hesitating to go wherever its skill is demanded. With the improved surgical technique wounds heal as if by magic, and blood poisoning, hospital gangrene, and other awful sequences of septic infection, which were formerly so general, have ceased to exist.

Reckoned according to its benefits to mankind, preventive medicine would be given the honor of first mention. With a full knowledge of the nature of infection, the intelligent application of methods to prevent disease has been instituted. By rigid quarantine and the adoption of wise sanitary regulations the spread of epidemics has been greatly restricted, and thousands of lives saved annually. The profession now stands guardian of the public health, pointing out the various sources of danger and teaching how they can be eliminated or avoided.

The advance of science and invention has carried diagnosis far toward exactness. By the aid of the microscope and the modern devices of chemistry, diseases are now positively differentiated, and what is more important, an early recognition is rendered possible in those cases where a fatal issue is only to be prevented by the application of remedies at the very inception of the malady. Modern diagnosis is of inestimable value. It enables the physician to act wisely and safely on the one hand, and to avoid unwarrantable procedure on the other. The natural history of diseases, how they originate, what laws they observe, how they progress, and how they naturally terminate, are problems most difficult of solution, but even here a vast amount has been accomplished, and the grim enemy has been forced to very narrow limits.

Great strides have been made in curative medicine. The merciless therapeutics of the past have been swept away. A more accurate knowledge of diseases and a better understanding of the action of drugs has led to effective methods of treatment. Medicines are now given with a definite idea of their action, and in cases where experience has taught recovery is more speedy without them, they are wisely withheld. Nature is now assisted rather than

hindered in effecting her cures. Few specifics have yet been discovered, but from what has already been accomplished it can be confidently predicted that the day is not far distant when a majority of the toxins will be met by their antitoxines.

And lastly, a word in regard to alleviative medicine. There is nothing for which mankind is more indebted to medical science than for the power it now possesses of controlling pain. We of this generation can never justly appreciate the boon to humanity in anesthetics. We cannot fully realize what it means to be freed from the awful shock and agony of surgical operations.

The nineteenth century has brought marvellous blessings to sick and suffering humanity, and the future is radiant with promise. Every day we see the extension and improvement of the means which in the immediate past have contributed so wonderfully to the progress of this beneficent science, and those of us who are permitted to continue this life well into the next century will witness development in medicine beyond the most extravagant imagination to predict.

Members of the Faculty, the Class of '97 is not unmindful of the debt of gratitude it owes the able corps of instructors of this school, and we deem it a great pleasure to express our sincere appreciation of your efforts in our behalf. Your kind words of encouragement and unflinching courtesy have smoothed our path and lightened our burden. You have taught us by example the lesson of zeal and application, and the influence of your personalities will be a constant and potent factor in shaping our future career. You have labored with untiring zeal in assisting us to lay a substantial foundation for the noble work before us, and it will not be your fault if we do not rear thereon a superstructure that will be an honor to ourselves, a credit to our profession, and a blessing to the sick and suffering. We go forth trusting that in us you may never find a source of disappointment, but rather that we may fulfill your highest expectations.

Fellow-graduates, the time has now arrived when we must bid adieu to old scenes, associations, and friends, and there is a thread of sadness woven in with all this joy and hope that we now experience. It is with reluctance that we speak the words of farewell. The ties that have bound us through these three student years must be broken, but the friendships here contracted will live on forever. As we step forth into the medical profession, may we be fully impressed with the nobleness of our calling. Great opportunities are before us, and let every one of us strive to abundantly improve them. Much is

given us, and much in return will be expected of us. Let us, then, be guarded, that nothing turns our footsteps from the path of duty. We must not let any fault of ours so mar our lives as to prevent an abundant realization of the hopes we now cherish.

After the oration, President Hyde presented the diplomas, and announced the following men as leading their class in the order named: George M. Woodman, Nathaniel P. Butler, Joseph C. Breittling, and George C. Littlefield. The following are the names of the graduating class:

Charles William Bell, Joseph Cushman Breittling, Nathaniel Purington Butler, Samuel Thomas Ferguson, Charles Pearl Field, Harry Weston Goodspeed, Daniel William Hayes, Harry Marshall Heald, Benjamin Franklin Hodsdon, Charles Benjamin Holt, Leroy Mason Howes, Frank Edgar Hoyt, Bela Geysa Illes, Spurgeon Judson Jenkins, Charles Edgar Johnson, Charles Milton Leighton, A.B., Erving Asa Libbey, George Curtis Littlefield, A.B., James Gardner Littlefield, Walter Emery Merrill, Dennis Joseph O'Brien, Clarence Capen Peaslee, Everett Clifton Perkins, A.B., Lester Forest Potter, Harry Lockwood Prescott, Frank Wayland Russell, Ross Eliot Savage, John William Schafer, Charles Roscoe Smith, A.M., Bernard Le Roy Towle, Charles Jewett Watson, Herbert Clark Wayland, Benjamin Franklin Wentworth, George M. Woodman.

The class officers are:

President, Charles M. Leighton; Vice-Presidents, Charles W. Bell, Ross Eliot Savage, Joseph C. Breittling; Marshal, Lester F. Potter; Secretary, Erving A. Libby; Treasurer, James G. Littlefield; Executive Committee, George C. Littlefield (chairman), Daniel W. Hayes, Bela G. Illes, Nathaniel P. Butler.

PRIZES AND AWARDS.

Following is a list of the prizes and awards announced during the spring term:

- Goodwin Commencement Prize—William Frye White.
- Pray English Prize—Joseph William Hewitt.
- English Composition—Archie Sherman Harriman and Frederic Howard Dole, first prizes; Harry Maxwell Varrell and Robert Sidney Haggar, second prizes.
- Brown Extemporaneous Prize—Archie Sherman Harriman, first prize; George Edgar Carmichael, second prize.

Junior Declamation Prizes—Harlan Melville Bisbee, first prize; Percival Proctor Baxter, second prize. Smyth Mathematical Prize—Drew Bert Hall. Sewall Latin Prize—Alton Amaziah Hayden and Harold Fessenden Dana, tied. Sewall Greek Prize—Lucien Percy Libby and Lincoln Lewis Cleaves, tied.

COMMENCEMENT BALL.

On Tuesday evening occurred the Dance on the Green, which later adjourned to Memorial Hall. The evening was perfect, and the occasion most delightful in every respect. About seventy-five couples danced. The green and the hall were both prettily decorated, and the Salem Cadet Band furnished music. Supper was served at Memorial Hall. The order of dances was:

Waltz,	Song of Love.
Two-Step,	Simple Simon.
Waltz,	The Swallows.
Two-Step,	The Old Guard.
Waltz,	Espanita.
Two-Step,	King Carnival.
Waltz,	Artists' Life.
Two-Step,	Oriental Echoes.
Waltz,	Sweet Rosie O'Grady.
Two-Step,	Richmond.

INTERMISSION.

Two-Step,	Maine Capitol.
Waltz,	Symposia.
Two-Step,	Jack.
Waltz,	Simple Simon.
Two-Step,	El Capitan.
Waltz,	Les Mousquetaires.
Two-Step,	King Cotton.
Waltz,	Danube Waves.
Two-Step,	University.
Waltz,	Au Revoir.

Five extras were added at intervals.

The aids were Stephen Osgood Andros, R. Sidney Hagar, John Hinckley Morse, M. Sumner Coggan.

The patronesses of the evening were Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Hutchins, Mrs. Whittier, Mrs. Files, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, Mrs. Hatch.

MEETINGS OF THE BOARDS OF TRUSTEES AND OVERSEERS.

During the week several meetings of the Trustees and Overseers were held, and much important business was transacted. All of their most important acts are mentioned in other columns of this paper with one exception; they voted to remodel Appleton Hall during the coming summer, and work is to commence immediately.

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The annual Commencement concert was held at the Town Hall on the evening of the 23d, and was well attended. The programme was excellent, and all the selections were well received. The Salem Cadet Band, the Temple Quartet, Miss Jennie Corea, soprano, and the remainder of the programme were all at their best. The Temple Quartet was of particular interest to Bowdoin men, as Willard, '96, is singing basso with them. He was warmly received and encored.

FRATERNITY REUNIONS.

After the Commencement concert the reunions of the various fraternities were held. These were all well attended, and are one of the chief attractions of the week to the older alumni, not to mention the younger. The morning sun was appearing as these reunions disbanded, and many a sleepy eye of the day following told of the happy hours of the evening before.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.

During the evening of the 24th, Thursday, President and Mrs. Hyde held their reception at Memorial Hall. This was well attended, and was a most enjoyable occasion. The hall was tastefully decorated, and refreshments were served during the evening. With this reception the exercises of Commencement week at Bowdoin close.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held at four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, in Adams Hall. The Fraternity elected fourteen members from the Senior Class, a very large percentage. Their names are as follows: Archie Sherman Harriman, Harry Maxwell Varrell, Joseph William Hewitt, Frederick Howard Dole, John Hastings Quint, Fred Gustavus Kneeland, John George Haines, Robert Lord Hull, George Monroe Brett, George Edgar Carmichael, Hugh McCallum, Frank Jackson Small, Eugene Conrad Vining, and Daniel Weston Elliot.

The officers for the coming year were elected as follows: President, Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66; Vice-President, Hon. H. H. Burbank, '60; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. F. C. Robinson, '73; Literary Committee, Prof. G. T. Little, '77, chairman.

At the business meeting it was voted that a portion of the members of Phi Beta Kappa be elected at the end of Junior year, this to commence next year; also the Bowdoin chapter gave her assent to the admission of scientific schools into the fraternity.

REUNIONS.

The classes of '7's had the largest and most successful reunions, with the exception of those of the younger alumni, who always return in goodly numbers. Among the papers read was the following poem, delivered by Henry S. Webster of '67:

OUR THIRTIETH.

What upstarts have usurped our place?
Where are the cap and gown?
The seven is on its proper base,
The six is upside down.

Reverse the figure and restore
To youth its wonted gleam!
We're Bowdoin's merry boys once more,
All else a fitful dream.

Up, comrades! Rally to the field!
'Tis Sixty-seven that calls!
Let's cause the Medic doors to yield!
Let's scale the chapel walls!

Our college days are almost o'er,
We'll frolic while we can,
Nor delve too deep in Packard's lore,
Nor Smythe's, that dear old man!

Alas for him whose treacherous mind
Time's ruin idly braves!
Our faltering footsteps are confined,
They stumble over graves.

Here Prex and Profs rest side by side,
There classmates' mounds arise,
And Fancy's witchery cannot hide
The ground where havoc lies.

We must confess the thirty years
Of mingled loss and gain,
The thirty years of hopes and fears,
Of pleasure and of pain,

Content that in the final cast
Of victory and dole,
With Memory's pen we may at last
Write plus before the whole.

So with a tear for those who died,
A smile to those who live,
With true and steadfast hearts we bide
Whate'er the future give.

And, Bowdoin, ere we part, to thee
We'll lift the voice of praise,
For hours of mirth and jollity,
For staid, scholastic ways.

We do not care, while memories last,
One tittle to forego,
Or of the days when we were fast,
Or those when we were slow.

For surely life, when lived aright,
Is aye a checkered thing;
Joy mates with grief and dark with light,
And autumn follows spring.

Both thou and we have had our days
Of halcyon calm and rest,
When not a cloud perplexed the gaze,
Nor wave the soul distressed.

Why venture forth on unknown seas
Where storms perchance were loud,

When we might glide with favoring breeze
O'er those our fathers ploughed?

Why face the wrath of Cyclades
Or lure of siren-song,
When Ithaca had sunny leas
Its peaceful shores along?

But now I see thee spread thy sails,
New regions to explore,
And woo the breath of untried gales
Which ne'er filled sail before.

Thee from thy course shall tempests blow?
Or thee shall waves o'erwhelm?
We have no fears, because we know
Whose hand is at thy helm.

Then, Mother, bravely speed thy way
To zones of greater fame,
And light of love and glory play
Around Old Bowdoin's name!

MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting was held Wednesday, June 23, 1897, in the Physics Lecture Room of the Science Building at 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. The following papers, commemorative of the quadri-centennial of the discovery of North America by John Cabot, were presented and read: Introductory—"A Brief Resumé of Cabot's Voyages," by Hon. James P. Baxter; "The Old World at the Dawn of Western Discovery," by Professor J. W. Black of Waterville; "The Cartography of the Period," by Rev. H. S. Burrage of Portland; "The Land Fall of Cabot and the Extent of his Discoveries," by Professor William MacDonald of Brunswick; "The Value and Significance of Cabot's Discovery," by Professor John S. Sewall of Bangor.

These officers were chosen for 1897-98: President, James Phinney Baxter of Portland; Vice-President, Rufus K. Sewall of Wiscasset; Treasurer, Fritz H. Jordan of Portland; Corresponding Secretary and Biographer, Joseph Williamson of Belfast; Recording Secretary, Librarian, and Curator, Hubbard W. Bryant of Portland; Standing Committee, Henry S. Burrage, Henry L. Chapman, John Marshall Brown, Edward P.

Burnham, Samuel C. Belcher, Charles E. Nash, John M. Glidden.

The following men were elected resident members of the society: Frederick Atwood, Winterport; Edward A. Butler, Rockland; Henry B. Cleaves, Portland; Samuel T. Dole, South Windham; John H. Fogg, Portland; Ivory F. Frisbee, Lewiston; Francis Keefe, Eliot; Seth L. Larrabee, Portland; Sidney W. Thaxter, Portland; Robert T. Whitehouse, Portland.

These were elected corresponding members: Professor William F. Genung, Northampton, Mass.; Professor Charles F. Richardson, Hanover, N. H.; Henry Herbert Edes, Cambridge, Mass.; D. S. Alexander, Buffalo, N. Y.

It was voted that the field-day excursion be held at York, Isle of Shoals, early in September. M. A. Safford of Kittery was appointed as chairman of Committee of Arrangements.

It was also voted that resident members of thirty years' standing may be placed, at their own request, upon the list of honorary members.

The meeting then adjourned.

Collegii Tabula.

The occupants of Appleton Hall were kept busy during the last week, moving their furniture.

The Freshmen banqueted at Portland according to custom on the evening of the 10th. The class attended in a body, and all enjoyed the festivities.

The alumni-varsity base-ball game was played Wednesday afternoon on the Athletic Field before a crowded grand stand. The game was somewhat loosely played by both sides, but it had its interesting features. The varsity was represented by Haines, c., Bodge, p., and Hull, 2b., assisted by French, 1b., Wilson, s.s., Smith, '99, 3b., Clarke, '99, 1.f., Neagle, c.f., and Baxter, r.f. The alumni were Chapman, Plasted, Fairbanks, Merrill, Warren, Hinkley, Libby and others. When play ceased the score stood 7 to 4 in favor of the varsity.



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Another summer has passed, and again the old campus is the scene of the life and activity which deserted it last June. To the majority of us its surroundings, its customs, and its faces, save those of the incoming class, are familiar. But to the Freshmen everything appears strange and novel. The same change has taken place which occurs year after year; the outgoing class has departed, much lamented, while the others move forward one step to make room for the new arrivals. 'Tis as useless for the ORIENT to eulogize the Class of '97 as to advise the Class of 1901. The former class completed an honorable record as many a preceding class has done, while the latter must yet make a name and a place for itself among its predecessors.

The ORIENT greets the students, one and all, and hopes that the year of '97-'98 may be one of unusual brilliancy and success for the college in every branch of its varied life. Let our present and future be as free from rupture and discord between individuals, professors, and classes, as our past, and Bowdoin's onward march from prosperity to prosperity will be uninterrupted and irresistible.

NO radical changes have occurred among the ranks of our Faculty. Owing to the absence of President Hyde in Europe, his position is filled by Professor Chapman, and his Senior courses have accordingly been more or less changed. By a readjustment of the Senior schedule nothing is to be omitted, and each course will receive its proper attention.

The ORIENT welcomes to the college our two new professors, Professor Mitchell and Professor Emery, the latter having but returned from a prolonged trip abroad. In filling these two chairs the governing boards of the college showed their appreciation of marked ability, and the ORIENT speaks for the college in extending its best wishes to both Professor Mitchell and Professor Emery as they return to us in their new capacities. Although they may not find their classes more eager for knowledge than before, on account of the change from *instructor* to *professor*, still their words should now bear more weight, and the royal road to learning, if such there be, may be more accessible to their classes.

The members of the present Senior and Junior classes remember full well the college days of our new assistant in mathematics, Mr. Herbert O. Clough, and we all, from '98 to 1901, are glad to see him amongst us again. Since graduation he has been pursuing post-graduate work at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., and comes fully prepared for his line of work. May his paths, as well as those of his classes, be smooth.

WHAT are our foot-ball prospects this autumn? This is the all-important question about college at present, and it is a question that cannot be answered with words; deeds only can reply in this case. The ORIENT may as well speak plainly and state the true condition of affairs. The Class of '97 carried away several of our best

men, and there seems to be a scarcity of good material which is available. The candidates are far too few, and this too at the commencement of the most important season of foot-ball that Bowdoin has ever entered upon; a season when our superiority over our sister Maine colleges is to be questioned, and questioned moreover by foemen worthy of our muscle as well as of our brains. The old story that the other Maine colleges never could overtake us in foot-ball is indeed out of date. Why should they not, with men, money, and brains? Our prestige and experience will serve us only so far as we supplement them with men, money, and brains, equal if not superior to theirs. How shall this be done? Every one knows the answer, every one knows his duty, and if every one does his duty all will be well.

The foot-ball management is all that could be desired—the captain, manager, and coach—and they will accomplish whatever is in the power of man; but three men, two of whom are non-players, can not defend Bowdoin's honor upon the gridiron. As Coach Warren recently said: "The Bowdoin spirit is proverbial, and now is the time to uphold it, when severely pressed." We need men, and moreover there are men at college just such as we need, and we must have them. Foot-ball is Bowdoin's specialty among sports, as Dr. Whittier remarked at the mass-meeting last week, and as such, strenuous efforts should be made to produce as strong a team as the college can afford.

The question of finance must not be overlooked in our efforts to strengthen our team. The management has wisely decided to incur no debts, and to play only so long as funds are supplied. The students therefore will not only be to blame if the team is weak, but also if the season should be abruptly stopped for lack of proper financial support. This is the situation facing us, and it would seem hardly necessary for us to urge upon

the student body the performance of its duty.

A SUMMER vacation has never passed but that some improvements have been made about college. In times past our progress has occasionally been somewhat slow, but it can be safely said that Bowdoin has never reached a position of standstill, much less of retrogression. The foremost step taken last summer was the remodelling of Appleton Hall, a step long contemplated and much needed. Now the college possesses two dormitories of which it is justly proud. Under the efficient supervision of the college janitor, Mr. Simpson, work has been pushed rapidly, and the dormitory was ready, much to the surprise and satisfaction of all, as soon as the term opened. The occupants of Appleton should thank Mr. Simpson for his efforts in their behalf, for not one building in a hundred is ready upon schedule time. The occupants of Appleton should take especial care to preserve the freshness and neatness of their home, and let the men of Maine Hall vie with those of Appleton in maintaining order and cleanliness about their respective buildings. In the rush and hurry of remodelling Appleton, the other buildings have by no means been overlooked; Massachusetts has received new office furniture, recitation rooms have been repainted, and everything in fact placed in perfect condition for occupancy. What better proof is needed of the college's prosperity than the well-kept lawns, weedless paths, and spick and span buildings? No stranger need ask as to the progressiveness of Bowdoin if he but uses his eyes.

THE ORIENT Board is glad to receive again a former member, who was absent from college a year, Mr. John W. Condon, who has joined the Class of '98. He resumes his duties at college and upon the board with the best wishes of all.

THIS, the first issue of the ORIENT of the present collegiate year, is sent to each member of the Freshman Class, in the belief that each will wish to become a subscriber. College journalism should be supported as well as college athletics; in fact no branch of college activity ought to be neglected. College life is many-sided, and each side should receive its legitimate attention. Unless a notice is received by the business manager, before the appearance of the next issue, to discontinue the paper, it is understood that you wish it continued, thereby becoming a subscriber. A word of advice to those entering upon their first year, and to them only, for it is too late for the others. Many a student fails to preserve his ORIENTS from fortnight to fortnight. When his commencement arrives he wishes his ORIENTS bound, as they contain a complete journal of his college course, but long before that they have been lost or destroyed, and he is deprived of one of his most valued souvenirs of college life.

Last spring the ORIENT Board voted to discontinue each and every unpaid subscription of over a year's standing. This was deemed necessary in self-defense, and if any students or alumni fail to receive the ORIENT, the reason is not far to seek. This radical step was deemed necessary owing to the large and increasing number of "dead-heads" upon our lists, but we trust that our subscriptions will not suffer thereby, and that all will square their accounts immediately.

The Experiments of Alphonso Gibbs with Cathode Rays.

"ATTORNEY AT LAW," read the sign on the door of Alphonso Gibbs's office, and the few persons who entered his sanctum did indeed find a number of old briefs scattered about the room; otherwise the little old room seemed to be a sort of cross between a laboratory and a photographer's studio.

Alphonso Gibbs in his student days had read that it is well for a professional man to have some hobby which will quite divert his mind from his regular duties, and, like many other people, Alphonso Gibbs had allowed his hobby to gain the greatest share of his time and attention. While his brothers in the profession were busy working up their cases and tending strictly to business, Alphonso Gibbs was tinkering around with sulphuric acid or developing plates in his dark room.

Poor Elvira, Alphonso's wife, had always had a hard time when she wished to get anything done by her better half. "Alphonso is so forgetful," she would say, "but I don't have the heart to scold him, for he is always so afraid that he is not going to live that I fear he is not long for this world." Poor Alphonso Gibbs! His wife's words were indeed true; the poor man had a nervous dread that he was going to die soon, and this thought had tormented him for years. As day after day came on, so did one fancied disease after another come to trouble this nervous man. On Monday, heart disease was likely to take him off any minute; on Tuesday, consumption was fast eating up his life; Wednesday morning he was sure that he had Bright's disease, and if he happened to have a fall on Thursday he knew that he had dislocated a joint.

As to his forgetfulness, I think he was the most absent-minded man I ever met. He had one method by which, however, he was aided in remembering to do some errand or small task enjoined on him by the patient Elvira. On his right hand he wore a large seal ring, and upon receiving his wife's commands, Alphonso would remove the ring from his right hand and place it on one of the fingers of his left hand. The peculiarity of the feeling generally lasted long enough for him to go from his house down town.

The errand completed, the ring was shifted back to its former position.

Now it happened, one Monday morning, Mrs. Gibbs wished her husband to buy either a box of tacks, or a bottle of cough syrup for mother's cold, or some other trifle. Accordingly the seal ring was shifted and Alphonso went forth to his business. Now it happened that this morning, when the errand was completed, Alphonso either neglected or forgot—we suspect the latter—to change the position of the ring, and this was the cause of the distress which, several days later, filled the mind of this worrying man.

This Monday morning Alphonso Gibbs, upon entering his office, seated himself, and pushing aside the scraps of litmus paper and a bottle of deadly-looking fluid labelled "Developer No. 1," took down from his scanty book-case a dusty, musty, old law book. He turned the pages aimlessly for quite a long time—it may have been for an hour or more—then his eye fell on the last number of his scientific journal, and soon he was in the midst of the subject of cathode rays and recent experiments along that line.

Enough of reading for Alphonso Gibbs! He must see for himself. In an hour this tinkering lawyer had prepared to photograph his hand with X rays. Naturally enough he photographed his left hand, for his right was busy with the camera.

The plate was carefully put in the dark room to be developed on the coming day. The lawyer went to his home and, when his attention was called to his ring, replaced it on his right hand without further thought; for a very absent-minded man was this Alphonso Gibbs, attorney at law.

On Tuesday Alphonso Gibbs developed his plate and put it in the bright sun to print. He took out the proof with delight. There was the grim skeleton of his hand in a dark mass of flesh. But what is that on

the third finger? Something which Alphonso Gibbs, with his smattering of anatomy, knows is not normal. The bones show distinctly, but just below the knuckle is something which looks like an abnormal growth. He feels of his finger. There seems to be nothing there. But still—look at the picture! The X rays show what is within. "Alas, poor Alphonso Gibbs, you must lose that finger! The doctor will say that amputation is absolutely necessary." Thus this nervous man speaks within himself. For two weeks or more Alphonso Gibbs quaked with fear. He dreaded to tell any one of his fearful discovery. He grew paler and thinner than ever. At last, summoning up all his courage, he called upon the best specialist in the city. He displayed his photograph and, pointing out his discovery, groaned, "Oh, doctor, doctor! What can this be?" Then the doctor, looking at poor Alphonso Gibbs, the attorney at law, smiled and said, "I should judge that you must have worn a large seal ring on your finger when that photograph was taken." And then he smiled again.

Cutting a Bee Tree.

"Some say the bee stings; but I say 'tis the bees-wax."

—HENRY IV.

WHILE one who is acquainted with the life and ways of the bee there can be no doubt of its ability to sting. But while the pain resulting from its attack is rarely serious, the danger of being stung, such as it is, only adds more zest and excitement to the cutting of a tree. My friend, one of those tall, lean, loose-jointed fellows, and I, had had the bee fever for some time. Various interruptions, however, had delayed our expedition till, on one clear July morning, we started to find a tree. The air was still and clear, and as we drove off through the woods we could see the bees everywhere at work upon the flowers.

Having arrived at a suitable place we took a small alcohol lamp and placed it under a

dish containing a piece of honey-comb. Near by a sheet of white paper, smeared with honey, was placed on a pole. Pretty soon the honey-comb on the pan began to cook and exhale a strong odor of honey. The bees working near by were attracted, and with long buzzings and dronings and big circles through the air they at length settled on the paper. In half an hour we had representatives from all the section about. The paper, with the bees on it, was then carefully placed in a small glass box in which a quantity of flour had been strewn. It was not long before each bee was as white as the flour itself, and we commenced to let them leave the box one by one. As soon as the bees were freed they would slowly rise in ever-widening circles above the box; till finally, having got the points of the compass, they were off in a "bee line" for the hive. By letting our captives loose from different points we were soon able to line several trees, and by noon had found three. One of these was a large cypress, some six feet through but all hollow at the base. This one we decided to cut in the afternoon, leave it till after dark when the bees had settled down, and then go for our plunder. After some hard chopping the tree fell with a loud crash, and we beat a hasty retreat through the underbrush while the bees swarmed everywhere about us. There was every evidence to believe the hive was a large one, and my friend jubilantly remarked: "I reckon we've struck a warm one;" though perhaps it proved to be warmer than he had imagined.

About eight o'clock, like a pair of robbers we silently went to the swamp. The night was dark, and loaded down with axes, kettles, and various utensils, we floundered along among logs, quagmires, and almost every conceivable obstacle. Around us the frogs, to judge from the sound, a good-sized army of them, were croaking in full chorus. Suddenly, without any obvious cause, they

were silent, and in the pause that followed we heard a low but well-defined, continuous rumbling sound but a short distance ahead. It was the bees buzzing in the tree we had cut.

With some misgivings we set about our task. Near the opening in the tree a fire must be built and a smudge made. Water must be sprayed on the hive and sulphur burned on the fire; and finally, after going through these and other incantations, we took our axes and fell to opening the tree. We well knew that in the dark not many of the bees would leave the hive, but then—it only takes one bee to make a strong impression. We were, however, unusually successful. The bees seemed bewildered, and flew around aimlessly without interrupting us in the least. The old comb, some of which was very dark, we separated from that of a lighter color, and it was all placed in the kettles we had brought for the purpose.

One of the most interesting parts of cutting a bee tree is always in the eating of some of the honey as it is taken out. My friend had become tired of chopping, and so seating himself on the log, he was complacently sucking a choice bit of comb. I had my back turned to him and was scooping up some honey while he was dilating on the value of our find:

“No doubt about it. It is the best place, the best spot”—when suddenly, to put the action as poetically as possible, something behind me “gat up and gie a croon.” I turned around, and there, going through contortions and antics, was a figure clutching wildly in the air. That tall, lank form, now, in the uncertain light, was only a maze of hands and feet and arms, each assuming the most fantastic positions.

“What is the matter, Montie?” I exclaimed with an ill-concealed smile.

A look of reproach and injured innocence was his only answer. He seemed all the

while to shake his clothes energetically, and finally, after much difficulty, managed to shake out of his pants leg a little bee—little, but oh! so warm.

“Did he sting you?” I inquired sympathetically, but my friend did not seem inclined to talk on the subject, and contented himself by observing that it was an “active little critter.”

After this encounter, however, we had but little trouble. When the rest of the honey had been collected, we gathered our things together and put out our fire. The bees were shaken into some tight sacks which we had brought along, and when we arrived at home, were gently placed in a new hive. Next day the comb was picked over and melted down into bees-wax; while the honey was strained and finally placed in some jars, to be for a long time a pleasing reminder of our adventures in cutting a bee tree.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Philosopher Speaks.

Why should I care tho' skies be gray;
Care if cloudy be the day?

Thine eyes are my blue skies.

Why should I care though light be fled?
Round about thy gold-tress'd head

A saint-like halo shines.

Why should I care tho' earth be sad?
Thy sweet smile shall make me glad,
And life be pure and bright.

In Vain.

I watched one summer by the sea
The ships come in.
I watched for mine.
I watched in vain.

The ships all bore some other name;
Were other owners' ships that came.
For mine I looked and watched
In vain.

I watch a life-time all alone
 For golden days.
 They come not by.
 I watch in vain.
 All others find that happy time
 And live amid the magic clime.
 For mine I look and watch
 In vain.

Chorus.

[Translated from the Bacchantes of Euripides.]

STROPHE.

Oh, thou blessed virgin Dirce,
 Child august of Achelous,
 Thou who in thy playful fountains
 Didst the Zeus-born infant shelter,
 When from inextinguishable
 Flame his heavenly father snatched him,
 Snatched him to his thigh, exclaiming,
 "Come to me, my Dithyrambus,
 In thy father's womb take shelter;"
 Saying, "Some day shall the Thebans
 Know I named thee Dithyrambus!"
 Tell me, O my blessed Dirce,
 Tell me, why dost now reject me,
 Me, who in thy fields and forests
 Make so merry, crowned with garlands?
 Why dost flee me? By the clustering
 Vine, the gift of Dionysus,
 Do I swear the day yet cometh
 When thou shalt remember Bacchus.

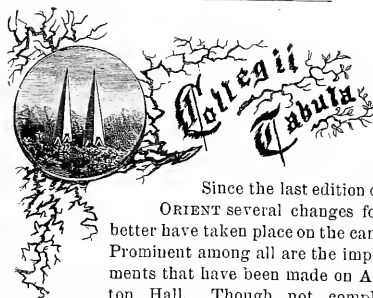
ANTISTROPHE.

Oh, what rage, what raging madness
 Actuates this earth-born Pentheus,
 Pentheus, sprung from creeping serpent,
 Gotten of earth-born Echion;
 Pentheus, Thebe's brute-faced monster;
 Not, indeed, a human being,
 But, in sooth, some furious giant,
 Wrestling 'gainst the powers of heaven,
 E'er to hope to bind with fetters
 Me, the chaste handmaid of Bacchus,
 E'er to dare to cast into prison
 The companion of my revels!
 Dost behold, O Dionysus,
 How we are beset with danger?
 Wing thy flight down from Olympus,
 Wave the golden-crowned thyrsus,
 Curb this reckless mortal's fury.

EPODOS.

Tell me where, O Dionysus,
 Thou thy revel-bands assemblest?

Whether 'midst the wilds of Nysa
 Or upon Corycian summits?
 Or amidst Olympus's wooded
 Chambers, where the god-like Orpheus
 By his lyre's enchanting music
 Brought the very trees to listen,
 Charmed the wild beasts of the forest?
 Oh, Pieria the blessed,
 Know that Erins respects thee,
 And that, stemming Axius's current,
 Leaving Lydias behind him,
 Giver of all wealth to mortals,
 Father who, with fairest streamlets,
 Waters the famed land of horses,
 Evius at last will greet thee,
 Urging on the dancing Marnods
 'Midst the sacred Bacchic revels.



Since the last edition of the ORIENT several changes for the better have taken place on the campus. Prominent among all are the improvements that have been made on Appleton Hall. Though not completely finished, the building was ready for occupancy at the beginning of the term, and presents now a far different appearance from what it did formerly. In the library several changes have been made, chiefly in regard to the position of the reading desks and the catalogue lists. A more commodious place, also, has been provided for Poole's Index. The frescoing on the Art Building is being renewed, and the "Gym." has been strengthened.

Topsham Fair, next!

Piper, '99, is out canvassing.

Phi Chi is in her ancient glory (?).

F. E. Drake, '98, is leader of the chapel choir.

Welch, '98, is assistant to Professor Hutchins.

Rollius, '99, is out teaching this term at Bristol.

Hewett, '97, is to serve as instructor in Greek and Latin.

The Bowdoin orchestra is not yet organized for this season.

Thompson, '96, is assistant to Professor Lee at his laboratory.

Potter, 1900, is out teaching, as is also S. M. Hamlin of the same class.

The Art Building has been undergoing some repairs about the main entrance.

New station, dream of days to come! Thou art still an ever-fleeting unreality!

Kyes, Warren, Eastman, and Bailey, '96, held a miniature class reunion last week.

McCarty, 1900, is employed at the Library, and Pearson, 1900, at the Art Building.

The treasurer's office in Massachusetts Hall has been improved by a hard-wood floor.

Colds and sore throats have been in evidence much of late, especially at Appleton Hall.

Joe Mahoney has been very busy these first few days getting the college rooms open for us.

Professor Chapman opened the first chapel this year with a short address of well-chosen thoughts.

Several Bowdoin students spent most of their summer studying medicine at the Portland Medical School.

Lucien Libby, the chapel organist, is playing the organ at the Baptist church in town each Sunday.

E. Leon Jordan, 1900, who was so unfortunate as to break his leg this summer, has returned to the campus.

The Trinity-Bowdoin foot-ball game has been canceled by Trinity, as her Faculty object to her making so long a trip.

Professor Chapman recently preached the annual sermon before the conference of the Congregational churches of Maine at Belfast.

What weather! The spring term was rainy, the summer, more so, and it now appears as though the fall term was to cap the climax.

The college book-store is for sale. It would seem, therefore, that this institution is not such a mint of money as many have supposed.

Foot-ball enthusiasts gather each afternoon on the athletic field to watch the men at work under their coach, Mr. Prescott Warren, Harvard, '96.

Misses Ethel and Eleanor Hyde, Mr. Arthur Hyde, and W. P. Thompson, Bowdoin, '94, gave a concert last Wednesday evening, at Pythian Hall. The concert was well attended, and was of exceptional musical merit.

Stetson, '98, is at home sick with rheumatic fever.

Minott, '98, is working in the library this week, in the place of Swan, '98, who is sick.

At a recent meeting, the Class of '99 elected Greenlaw as its member on the athletic committee, and Thompson as its jurymen for the coming year.

On account of the repairs made on Appleton Hall, most of the furniture of the occupants of that end was stored for the summer in the old gymnasium.

The familiar form of "Eph" is absent this fall. Through the activity of our capable janitor, Mr. Isaiah Simpson, this "friend" of all Bowdoin men is now boarding on the state.

The first themes of the term were due Tuesday, September 28th. The subjects were as follows:

JUNIORS.

1. Freedom in University Teaching.
2. A Vacation Trip.
3. Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice."

SOPHOMORES.

1. An Autobiography.
2. What Should Determine a Student's Choice of Elective Courses?
3. Cooper's "Spy."

A Freshman recently was discovered searching in the top of the Science Building for Professor Moody's office. Another member of the same class was heard to inquire innocently what an "adjourn" was.

A troupe of blind musicians gave a concert at the town hall one evening last week. The generally peaceful streets of Brunswick resounded with their strains, more or less musical, as they paraded the town.

The number of '97 men who have returned to visit the college has been unusually small this fall. It is hoped that the reasons for this are that they are all busily occupied, rather than that they are forgetting us.

The College Library has recently received a fine portrait from Harold Goodwin, Mrs. Mary M. Spencer, and Anna H. Vaughan, of their father, Rev. Daniel R. Goodwin, D.D., professor of Modern Languages and College Librarian from 1838 to 1853.

The first week passed with the customary "hold-ins," the fake foot-ball game, rope-pull, and the base-ball game between the two lower classes. As is usual, the Freshmen won the foot-ball game, while the friends of the Sophomores won the base-ball game.

Fairfield, '99, successfully passed the examinations for the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis, recently. But eleven of sixty-six candidates were successful. He will be greatly missed, and all wish him well.

The book-case owned and used by Longfellow in his study during his professorship at Bowdoin, which was presented to the college by the Class of 1867, has been set up in the library. It contains the publications of alumni who graduated previous to 1826.

By a new regulation, where there are more than twelve who elect Senior German, the class for that course is now chosen by rank. The members of the class for this year are as follows: Bonney, Condon, Eaton, Garduer, Howard, Hunt, Knight, Lawrence, Loring, Minott, Morson, Odiorne.

Last Thursday evening the Y. M. C. A. of the college gave an enjoyable reception to the members of the Freshman Class at the association's rooms in South Winthrop Hall. The committee in charge was composed of F. R. Marsh and T. E. Glidden of '99, and E. B. Holmes, W. B. Woodbury, and F. B. Merrill of 1900.

In the absence of President Hyde, during this fall term, the following changes have been made in the Senior courses for this year: The course in American Government will occupy two hours a week, throughout the first and second terms, and the course in Constitutional Law, three hours a week during the third term. The courses in Philosophy will occupy six hours a week during the second term, and five hours a week during the third term.

The following, entitled, "College Men in the Klondike," appeared in an exchange: "Frank J. Staley, one of Dartmouth College's foot-ball players, has gone to the Klondike. From St. Michaels he writes that in his party there is another Dartmouth man, Pinkham, '74, and Chandler scientific course, now a resident of Boston. There are also several other college men on board—two from Yale, several from Berkeley, one or two from Leland Stanford, two from Kenyon, one from Michigan University, one from Columbia, one from Harvard, and one from Iowa University, including two members of Delta Kappa Epsilon beside himself—Sturges, Cornell, '78; McGowan, Kenyon, '85. They are going to organize a college alumni association at Klondike."

"How did you spend your vacation?" is a question often asked these first days of college. With the thought that it might prove interesting

to all, the ORIENT gives below the way in which the different members of the Faculty passed the summer:

President Hyde started in July for his trip abroad, and has been travelling through Scotland and Ireland. Professor Chapman staid for a part of the summer at Moosilocuke, N. H. Professor Lee was in Brunswick nearly all summer. Professor Robinson was at Mt. Vernon, Me. Professor Houghton spent a few weeks in North Conway, N. H. Professor Johnson was at Thomaston, Me. Professor Woodruff staid during July at Great Diamond Island, Portland Harbor. For the rest of the vacation he was in Vermont. Professor Little spent one week in the White Mountains and another at the Isle of Shoals. Professors Moody and Hutchins took their annual outing in the Maine woods. Dr. Whittier was studying bacteriology in one of the Boston hospitals for most of the summer. Professor Files passed his vacation in Portland. Professor MacDonald was in Brunswick engaged on a volume relating to American and Constitutional History. Professor Mitchell was at Freeport all summer. Professor Emery returned from his trip abroad during the early part of vacation and staid for the remainder at Hancock Point. Professor Carrier was at Hallowell.

Below is a list of the new students, Freshmen, Sophomores, and Specials, who enter college this fall, with the fraternities to which they are pledged attached. This list is necessarily more or less incomplete, as the class is as yet unsettled. Any errors in this list should be reported to Professor Little at the library. The Senior Class has been increased by several '97 men, Macmillan, Thompson, and Condon.

CLASS OF 1901.

John Appleton, Δ K E,	Bangor.
Harold L. Berry, ♀ Y,	Portland.
Thomas W. Bowler, K Σ,	Hopkinton, Mass.
Royal H. Bodwell, Δ K E,	Brunswick.
Gibson E. Bradbury,	Buxton.
Roland E. Bragg, Δ K E,	Bangor.
Roland E. Clark, ♀ Y,	Houlton.
Scott M. Clark,	Brunswick.
H. H. Cloudman, K Σ,	South Windham.
Harry S. Coombs,	Lewiston.
John A. Corliss, Θ Δ X,	Bridgton.
Arthur F. Cowan, Δ Y,	Biddeford.
Fred H. Cowan, Δ Y,	Farmington.
Murray S. Danforth,	Bangor.
Ripley L. Dana, Δ K E,	Portland.

Otho L. Dascombe (Δ K E),
 Henry D. Evans,
 Frank A. Dillaway, Z ♀,
 Edward T. Fenley,
 Clarence B. Flint, Θ Δ X,
 Robert C. Foster, Δ K E,
 Edwin M. Fuller, Jr., A Δ Φ,
 John Gregson, Jr., A Δ Φ,
 Arthur L. Griffiths, A Δ Φ,
 Almon F. Hill, Θ Δ X,
 Frederick L. Hill, Θ Δ X,
 Phillip S. Hill, Δ Y,
 Samuel P. Hitchcock,
 Alfred L. Laferriere,
 Austin P. Larrabee, Δ K E,
 Edward K. Leighton, ♀ Y,
 George L. Lewis,
 Elliott W. Loring, K S,
 F. L. Marston,
 Henry A. Martelle,
 Harris J. Milliken,
 Bert D. Page,
 Artelle E. Palmer, Δ K E,
 Gardner M. Parker, Jr., K S,
 Percy S. Percival, ♀ Y,
 John A. Pierce, ♀ Y,
 George L. Pratt,
 Hugh F. Quinn,
 Thomas C. Randall, Z ♀,
 Walter L. Sanborn,
 Freeman M. Short, ♀ Y,
 Kenneth C. M. Sills, Δ K E,
 Arthur L. Small, K S,
 Ernest T. Smith, Θ Δ X,
 Donald F. Snow, Δ K E,
 Rufus Y. Storer,
 Herbert D. Stewart,
 Herbert L. Swett, Δ K E,
 Samuel D. Thompson,
 Lester D. Tyler, Z ♀,
 Harold P. Vose, Z ♀,
 William M. Warren,
 Theodore Wells,
 George C. Wheeler, Δ Y,
 John H. White, A Δ Φ,
 Roscoe E. Whiting,
 John H. Wyman,
 Clemens A. Yost,

SPECIALS.

George K. Bond,
 Charles S. Brown,
 Arthur C. Knapp,

East Boston, Mass.
 Augusta.
 South Bridgton.

Wilton.
 Camden.
 Lewiston.
 Portland.
 Cornish.
 Bethel.
 Bath.
 Worcester, Mass.
 Malden, Mass.
 Portland.
 Brockton, Mass.
 Saco.
 Bath.
 Norway.
 Gardiner.
 Thomaston.
 South Berwick.
 Yarmouth.
 Fryeburg.
 Richmond.
 Bangor.
 Richmond.
 South Brewer.
 Gorham.
 Waterville.
 Portland.
 Strong.
 Bangor.
 Freeport.
 Norway.
 Portland.
 Portland.
 Yarmouthville.
 Woodfords.
 Bangor.
 Brunswick.
 Richmond.
 Bangor.
 Bangor.
 Freeport.
 Machias.
 Bangor.
 Portland.
 Farmington.
 Lewiston.
 Brunswick.
 Skowhegan.
 Portsmouth, O.

Mr. Nutting,
 Henry H. Randall,

Hallowell.
 Farmington.

SOPHOMORES.

Harry T. Burbank, ♀ Y,
 Burton M. Clough,
 Harold M. Folsom,
 Robert S. Edwards, A Δ Φ,
 George C. Minard, Δ K E,

Exeter, N. H.
 North Sebago.
 Oldtown.
 Portland.
 Lewiston (Bates).

Athletics.

THE SOPHOMORE FOOT-BALL RUSH.

On the morning of the 17th occurred the customary foot-ball rush of the Sophomores. After the upper-classmen had called "Foot-Ball" for three successive mornings, a certain condescending Freshman tossed the ball in the midst of the Class of 1900. Thus commenced the lively but short-lived struggle. The ball first took a somewhat extensive tour about the Science and Art Buildings, then was rushed toward Appleton, where it was very nearly captured, two or three open windows increasing the probabilities of such a catastrophe. Nothing so serious happened, however, as the cohorts from Winthrop and Maine were most actively opposed against such a plan. After numerous personal encounters the maltreated little ball was hurried toward North Maine, and there was lodged by Pettengill, '98. The entire proceeding occupied less than fifteen minutes, and was one of the shortest rushes on record. There seemed to be a lacking of general interest, and the participants were principally those who always enjoy such "scraps."

Although there were many who wished to continue the game, the captors evidently thought too highly of their prize to again risk it, and the rush ended rather ingloriously. No recitations were indulged in, however, and the object of the scrap was thereby accomplished.

ROPE-PULL.

After the foot-ball rush of Friday had been suddenly terminated, there were sundry shouts for a rope-pull. These produced the desired effect of collecting the students, and also of procuring a rope. As the Junior Class had made no provision for furnishing the rope it was deemed expedient to appropriate the bell-rope of the chapel. This done, the classes assembled, although no Sophomores were to be seen about, and the pull-

ing commenced. The Freshmen worked with a will, tugging at hydrants, trees, upper-classmen, and so on, all the while shouting for 1900. That class, however, failed to assemble its forces, and the Freshmen were last seen disappearing, in company with the rope, around the northern corner of Winthrop. Thus ended the glorious contest called a rope-pull, which has so degenerated that it has become merely a waste of labor and time, since it is no longer a *bona fide* contest.

Class contests are beneficial both to mind and body, and tend to promote independence and self-reliance when properly conducted, but such exhibitions of mud-slinging, or "paint" slinging, as occurred on the delta the opening week, are anything but ennobling. This is

THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN FOOT-BALL RUSH,

the sooner abandoned the better. A small body of Freshmen as usual were linked together in the "pines," and the Sophs marched upon them in state. After separating them, the rushing and painting ensued, green paint having taken the place of crimson. With the assistance of upper-classmen the Freshmen won three goals to the Sophomores none, and thereby carried the day.

The customary contests of the first week seem to have lost a great deal of their former interest, and but little enthusiasm was displayed. But few participated, the majority serving as spectators. On the whole they were rather tame, and it is to be hoped that each year will find them tamer and tamer until they die a natural death, for no active measures to kill them probably ever will be taken, unless some class follows the example set by '98 in abolishing "Horn Concert." If these "fake contests" could but die and some wholesome sports be substituted, there not only would be more interest taken, but the lower classes would be given a fair opportunity of showing their true worth and strength.

Sophomores, 14; Freshmen, 8.

Saturday, the 18th, the annual Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game was played, and the Sophs won easily. Certain modifications of the rules of the game had to be made because of the lack of the catcher's paraphernalia which had been stolen.

Bacon was the life of the Sophomore team. He both pitched an excellent game and led the batting. Willey also batted well.

For the Freshmen, Tyler, on first base, showed

up the best. He is a player of some experience, and will no doubt be a help to Bowdoin's base-ball. White was batted hard, but pitched good ball at times. The score:

SOPHOMORES.

	A.B.	R.	H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Willey, c.,	6	2	3	4	13	0	0
Bacon, p.,	6	2	3	5	6	5	0
Willard, 1b.,	5	2	2	2	6	0	0
Colesworthby, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	2
Merrill, s.s.,	4	2	2	2	0	0	3
Minard, 3b.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	1
Robinson, l.f.,	3	2	1	1	1	0	0
Pearson, c.f.,	5	0	1	1	0	1	0
Giles, r.f.,	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Totals,	43	14	16	19	27	6	7

FRESHMEN.

	A.B.	R.	H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Flint, c.,	5	1	1	1	0	5	0
White, p.,	5	1	1	1	13	2	1
Tyler, 1b.,	4	1	0	0	3	3	3
Corliss, 2b.,	4	1	0	2	0	1	0
Cloudman, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	3	1	0
Palmer, s.s.,	5	1	1	1	2	3	1
Fuller, l.f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0	2
Foster, r.f.,	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Snow, c.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bragg, c.f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	40	8	8	8	25	4	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sophomores,	2	5	0	3	0	2	2	0	x—14
Freshmen,	0	1	0	0	5	1	1	0	0—8

Struck out—by Bacon 10, by White 4. Bases on balls—by Bacon 2, by White 3. Hit by Bacon 3, by White 3. Umpires—Greenlaw and Libby, '99.

FOOT-BALL.

The candidates for Bowdoin's foot-ball team reported for practice Thursday, the 9th, and hard, systematic work has been carried on since. Until the 20th the men were coached in tackling, falling on the ball, etc.; then they were lined up for hard practice.

Warren, Harvard, '96, is the coach, and the way he makes things hustle on the field is something new to Bowdoin's athletes. The practice goes on under almost military discipline, and the effects of such training are early noticeable.

The incoming class more than makes up the loss sustained by the graduation of '97, and the only thing lacking to make the foot-ball outlook bright is a little animation and support from the students. More men should come out to play on the second eleven, thereby urging every man to do his best, and to hold his position. The best foot-ball players are not developed in a single season, and every man who aspires for gridiron honors should come out and do his best, not only for his own benefit but for the sake of his college. In the line the most promising candidates are: Spear, Eames,

Merrill, and Wilson, from '98; Stockbridge, Jennings, Veazie, Lancey, Albee, and Hadlock, from '99; Sylvester, Merrill, Chapman, and Willard, from 1900; Bodwell, Gregson, Cloudman, Leighton, and Snow, from 1901.

The most promising backs thus far are Moulton, Clark, Hadlock, Cleaves, Merrill 1900, Minard, Knight, Stubbs, and Babb.

The following is the schedule of games for the season, and it is gratifying to know that so many excellent teams are to come to Brunswick. The Harvard game no doubt means a defeat, but it will surely benefit the team in the way of experience.

Wednesday, September 29. Open.
 Saturday, October 2. Bates at Brunswick.
 Wednesday, October 6. Harvard at Cambridge.
 Saturday, October 9. Open.
 Wednesday, October 13. Exeter at Exeter.
 Saturday, October 16. Tufts at Brunswick.
 Wednesday, October 20. Open.
 Saturday, October 23. Dartmouth at Hanover.
 Wednesday, October 27. Open.
 Saturday, October 30. M. I. T. at Brunswick.
 Wednesday, November 3. Colby at Waterville.
 Saturday, November 6. Tufts at College Hill.
 Wednesday, November 10. Open.
 Saturday, November 13. Colby at Brunswick.
 Wednesday, November 17. Open.

Captain Spear of the foot-ball team resigned his captaincy last Saturday, the 25th, and Charles D. Moulton, '98, was elected to fill the vacancy. Ex-captain Spear found that his duties as captain were conflicting with his other work, and that he was unable to do them both justice. He is not to cease playing, however; he has simply resigned his official position, and will be seen in his old position and old-time form. Captain Moulton's choice is regarded as an extremely happy one, and without doubt he will lead the team to victory. Either Spear or Moulton would make excellent captains, and the good work of the one will be continued by the other. All wish Captain Moulton well.

TRACK-ATHLETICS.

More or less has been heard of a fall meet, and the idea seems to be excellent. Captain Kendall is trying to stir up interest in this project, and he should be encouraged and assisted. The advantages of such a meet are self-evident to all of our track athletes, who should do all in their power to bring it about.

Hoag of Harvard is coaching the Bates eleven this season.

The total registration at the University of California this year is 1,600.



The Y. M. C. A. begins its fourteenth year this fall, and a very healthy "fourteen-year-old" it is, too. In the course of its existence the religious life of Bowdoin has undergone a revolution. It has broadened from the narrow society of sect to a fraternity of sociable, vigorous men, which takes in all sects and some of no sect at all. That the Y. M. C. A. will continue to do its good work in the ensuing college year the very successful opening meetings place beyond a shadow of uncertainty.

The first meeting of the year was held on Thursday of the first week of the term. Glidden, '99, led the meeting. He took for his subject the ever interesting discussion of "Strength in its Manifold Instances." Glidden's talk was the impetus for free and informal speaking from the society.

Professor Houghton addressed the Sunday afternoon meeting, September 19th. The subject was one to reach the student of to-day as the world finds him at Bowdoin. The theme that ran through the remarks was "The All-Round Man," for which the world is ever searching. The all-round man must be well balanced; he must not be so social as to neglect his physical, his religious, and his intellectual life. Much less should he be too intellectual, too physical, or too religious. He must be agreeable, he must be of healthy body, mind, and morals. Professor Houghton's talk was indeed very interesting.

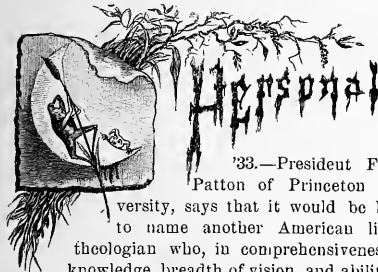
The annual Y. M. C. A. reception to the Freshman Class was held last Thursday evening in the society rooms as usual. There was a very good-sized company gathered to welcome the Freshmen to the religious life of the college. The receiving committee was composed of Marsh, '99, Holmes, 1900, Glidden, '99, Woodbury, '99, Merrill, 1900. An informal reception was held for the first hour, then fruit was served. The refreshments finished, acting-President Woodbury, '99, called the meeting to order and pleasantly welcomed the guests, one and all, to the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. President Woodbury then called upon Professor Chapman, who made one of those charming practical talks of his that make glad the listener's heart and stimulate his thoughts. Professor Chapman paid particular attention to the fact that the Y. M. C. A. extended its welcoming hand to *everyone* in college, making no distinction as to physical, mental, or social calibre, as do the other organizations in college. He emphasized the advantage of becoming

connected openly and manfully with the college religious society at the very outset of one's college life. In behalf of the college, Professor Chapman welcomed the Freshmen to the college and especially to the Y. M. C. A.

The next speaker, Professor Robinson, urged that the Freshmen join the Y. M. C. A., not because he thought he was doing the college a good turn, but rather because he felt that he was to obtain benefit for himself from his connection with the society.

Professor Little spoke interestingly and practically upon "Moral Courage" in college. He commended the man who had the courage to bolt his society's candidate and vote for the man whom he considered most fit, and the man who had the courage to object to cutting recitations and similar circumstances. Professor Little's remarks were distinctly to the point, and all struck home deep in the hearts of the listeners.

The reception was very successful indeed. Much credit is due President Woodbury for his untiring efforts.



'33.—President F. L. Patton of Princeton University, says that it would be hard to name another American living theologian who, in comprehensiveness of knowledge, breadth of vision, and ability to press all departments of learning into his service, is quite the equal of Dr. Samuel Harris of the Yale Divinity School.

Med., '36.—Dr. John Allen of Saco died September 4, 1897, at the age of eighty-five years. He was one of the oldest practicing physicians in that part of the state. During the civil war he served in the army hospitals, and has since held the position of pension examiner at Saco for many years. He leaves two daughters.

'40.—Rev. Elijah Kellogg was present at the dedication of the new St. Lawrence Street Church at Portland recently, and his remarks were listened to with interest by all.

'44.—Winthrop Tappan, son of Rev. Dr. Benjamin and Elizabeth Bowdoin-Temple (Winthrop) Tappan, was born February 19, 1826, at Augusta. He was named for his grandfather, Hon. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, but during the greater part of his life used the surname alone as his Christian name. He was prepared for college at the high school of his native city and by his father. After graduating with honor he studied theology at Princeton Seminary, also at Bangor for a short time, and subsequently abroad at the universities at Halle and Berlin. Ill health prevented his entering upon the active work of the ministry, and he turned aside to teaching. He conducted with success a private school at Auburn, N. Y., for three years, and one at Philadelphia for seven years. In 1872 he went abroad with his family, and resided in Europe twelve years. On his return he made his home in Washington, D. C., until 1894, when he removed to Bound Brook, N. J. Here he died, June 12, 1897, of intestinal paralysis. Mr. Tappan's "tastes were those of a student and scholar, and books and music were his greatest enjoyment. His reading covered a wide range of subjects in English, French, and German. He was a warden of St. Paul's Church, Bound Brook, and deeply interested in the missions of the Episcopal church at home and abroad." As foreigners of distinction were introduced to his uncle, the late Robert C. Winthrop, as the man in public life who best illustrated the best traditions in American life in the New World, so one could rightly desire strangers to know the nephew as one of the many gentlemen in private life who contradict the charge so often brought of the absence of thorough culture on this side the Atlantic. He was particularly interested in the Bowdoin College Library, and it is to him that we are indebted for a complete set of volumes of the American Journal of Archaeology. Mr. Tappan married, August 15, 1855, Pauline, daughter of Captain George F. Patton of Bath, who survives him with their children, Mrs. Mary W., wife of Dr. J. E. H. Nichols of New York, Miss Augusta Temple Winthrop of Bound Brook, N. J., and Mrs. Gertrude L., wife of the Rev. Arthur S. Phelps of Bound Brook.

Med., '54.—Dr. John A. Richards, a widely known physician, died recently at his home in Farmington, aged 68 years. He had been in ill health for some time, and two days before his death sustained a shock of paralysis, from which he could not rally. Dr. Richards was the oldest and one of

the most successful physicians of Farmington. He was born at Strong in 1829, and began the study of medicine in his native town, afterwards removing to Lewiston. In 1854 he graduated from Bowdoin College, and subsequently practiced medicine in Strong and Farmington. Dr. Richards married Miss Sophronia Hilman of Farmington, who, with a daughter and three sons, survives him.

'61.—An exchange gives the following: "Governor Powers, Tuesday forenoon, renominated Judge Lucilius A. Emery of Ellsworth as judge of the supreme court. Judge Emery's term of court expires October 4th, and his nomination will be confirmed at the meeting of the council, October 5th."

'76.—Dr. John H. Payne of Boston, formerly of Bath, and a graduate of Bowdoin, now a well-known oculist, tells the *New York Tribune* that bicycling has a tendency to induce fatigue of the optic nerve and the retina, and a chronic oversensitiveness to light, termed photophobia, which also produces reflex headaches. Dr. Payne, however, does not recommend bicyclists to give up their favorite sport, but only to avoid scorching or riding in a stooping position. If properly conducted, he believes bicycling is one of the most healthful exercises known to mankind.

'81.—Edgar O. Achorn has the sympathy of many friends in the loss of his wife, who died at Newcastle, Me., June 9, 1897.

'82.—The betrothal of ex-Mayor Edwin Upton Curtis of Boston, to Miss Maude Waterman of Thomaston, Me., is announced. Miss Waterman is the daughter of a prominent ship-builder, who, with his family, lived in Boston from the time of his retirement from business at Thomaston until his death in the spring of 1895.

'86.—Harry Ridgeway Fling has recently been made Professor of Biology at the State Normal School at Oshkosh, Wis.

'90.—Mr. Frank Purrington Morse, formerly of Brunswick, and Miss Mary Elizabeth Mitchell, for the past ten years first assistant teacher in the Freeport High School, were united in marriage at the home of the bride at Freeport, on Wednesday, August 25th, at 10 A. M. Mr. and Mrs. Morse, after receiving congratulations, took the afternoon train for Bar Harbor for a week's stay. Mr. Morse is principal of the Bradford (Mass.) High School.

'93.—Reginald R. Goodell has accepted the position of instructor in modern languages at the University of Maine.

'94.—Rev. Albert J. Lord of Ellsworth has accepted a call to be pastor of the First Congregational Church of Hartford, Vt.

'96.—A. P. Ward is undergoing an operation for appendicitis at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland.

'96.—H. R. Blodgett was recently married at Washington, D. C.

'97.—The birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Horne of Groveton, N. H., is announced. Mrs. Horne was Miss Anne Laurie Keene of Groveton.

'97.—News reached Gardiner in August of the death in Denver, Col., of Horace B. Rhines, son of Mr. George B. Rhines of Gardiner. Mr. Rhines went to Denver about one year ago, having been obliged to leave college during his Junior year, on account of his health, his lungs being affected. He was about twenty-five years of age.

The ORIENT gives as complete a list as possible of the members of '97 with their present occupations: Ackley, Clarke, Dole, Gilman, Hatch, E. F. Pratt, and Quint, are teaching mostly at their homes; Andros is instructor in English and athletics at the Detroit School for Boys, Detroit, Mich.; Bean is to study law at Boston University; Bodge is studying law with Scott Wilson of Portland; Brett is teaching at Auburn; Booker is at the Philadelphia Dentistry College, also Holmes; Coggan is at the Boston University Law School; Cook is in business at Portland; E. C. Davis is teaching at Billerica, Mass.; P. W. Davis is studying medicine at Portland, as is also Gribben; Dunnack is pastor of the West End Church, Portland; Elliott is teaching drawing at Lynn, Mass.; Ellsworth is preaching at Pittston, Me.; French is teaching at Westfield, Mass., and Hagar is teaching at Jackson, Me.; Haines is at the Andover Theological Seminary, also Vining; Hanlon is in business at home, as Lord, E. G. Pratt, and Pulsifer also are; Harriman is teaching at Bucksport Seminary; Hewitt is to assist at Bowdoin in Latin and Greek; Holmes is studying medicine; Horne is in business at home; Hull is teaching at Thornton Academy; Keohan is engaged in the jewelry business in New York; Kneeland is teaching at Denmark; McCullum is preaching at Waldoboro; Morse is at Bath in business; Randall is teaching at Bartlett, N. H., and Rhodes at Rockland, Me.; Shordon and Stetson are to study electricity; Stearus is in the hardware business in the West; White is to study at Washington, D. C.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 13, 1897.

No. 7.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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

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It surely should not be necessary for the ORIENT to call attention to the fact that it is a college paper, and that its columns are open to each and every undergraduate. To obtain variety and quality we should receive two or three times the amount of matter actually needed to fill our space, and this competition would work wonders by not only benefiting the ORIENT, but also by improving the literary style of the competitors. There is also an added incentive for writing, that is, two birds may be killed with the same stone, in this manner; themes are compulsory, and so many are required per term, as we all know. Now, since ORIENT work will be accepted as theme work, if it is of proper quality, a man may combine business with pleasure, for writing for the ORIENT should be a pleasure to all.

The ORIENT needs contributors to maintain its rank among our sister journals, and we must have them. There are men at college who can write the best of English, who never think of contributing to the college paper, and when asked for articles they either feebly laugh or give the lame excuse that they can't. Of course they can't unless they try once or twice. The

secret of the matter is they are too lazy to even give themselves a fair trial. The ORIENT does not beg for articles upon its bended knees, nor does it demand them; it simply states that it is a college institution, published and maintained for the benefit of the college by the students, and that its columns are open to any and all undergraduates who may wish to prosper it.

LAST Friday the Greek-letter fraternity initiations took place, and about forty members of the Freshman Class, as well as a few Sophomores, were admitted into the several bonds of fellowship of our seven four-year fraternities. In a small college of this sort fraternity life is an important factor, and a factor for good when properly restricted; but, like everything else that is of great benefit when properly guided, it is of great harm when its forces are misdirected. Bowdoin has suffered untold injuries in her past on account of fraternity feuds—injuries which years of healing cannot totally obliterate. We can truthfully say, however, that this unfriendliness has been upon the wane for several years, and that each year witnesses a marked improvement. This is one of the reasons of our prosperity, and bearing this in mind, if we wish still to prosper, we must closely guard against a revival or increase of fraternity discords. Fraternities are a blessing by themselves and within themselves, but they also are a terrible curse when they overstep their limits and permeate college affairs. The college should be managed by the college *en masse* and not by fraternities. The sooner "combines" die, the sooner shall the millennium for colleges reach us.

To the Freshmen who have just entered upon their fraternity life, the ORIENT bids good luck; but let them remember that fraternity life is not the only desirable portion of a college course; that there are fellows among the other fraternities and

of no fraternities, as bright, as pleasant, as cultivated, as in their own fold, and fellows who in after life will amount to as much. What a glorious opportunity there is for the Class of 1901 to make a name for itself! Let "combines" be unknown to them; let the best man invariably be elected; and let every man vote as though such a thing as a fraternity never existed, and it will prosper as a class never before has among these classic and weather-beaten walls.

THE time was bound to come when Bowdoin was to be defeated at foot-ball by another Maine team; but we must confess it came a bit sooner than we had expected. Last Saturday week we experienced the most crushing defeat of years, and a fair and square defeat at that. The game was lost by our poor and ineffective playing, and won by Bates's snappy work. Bowdoin men were much disappointed, and naturally should be, but what of that? We all meet with disappointments and set-backs in our lives, but if we are made of the proper stuff they should only serve to give us new life and a new determination. Possibly that defeat may be the means of our salvation in the future; surely we were awakened rather rudely by the shock, but an awakening was needed. Of late we have trusted rather too much to our prestige, and have rested a little upon our oars. Now, however, we are alive to the situation.

Certain sandless individuals asserted that it was foolishness to play Harvard, and recommended canceling that game. That would have proved fatal. Fortunately our foot-ball management is made of sterner stuff, and the game was played. With what results? The team did its best and upheld the honor of the college nobly. A different spirit prevailed from that of the Saturday previous, and the results speak volumes. Against heavy odds we won the admiration of all,

and each and every Bowdoin alumnus who saw the game was proud of his team.

In our coming games with Dartmouth, M. I. T., Tufts, University of Maine, and Colby, our team will play good, hard foot-ball that will do the college credit, whether we win or lose. Everything is not to be gained by victories, although they are very convenient as well as pleasant; still it is far more honor to lose a hotly-contested game than to win where one team scores at leisure. Do not for a moment imagine that our season is to continue as begun, for surely we made a decided step in advance against Harvard, and shall so continue to do for the entire season. Win or lose, and we shall win, our colors shall fly until the end.

THE report of the Finance Committee for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1897, has recently been published. A detailed account of the college's finances is given, and it is well worth while to spend an hour perusing this. No college can exist without funds, therefore it is of vital importance that these matters are thoroughly understood by all those having the welfare of the college at heart. A deficit of several thousand dollars has occurred during the past year. This is nothing new, for we have been running behind a little for several years. It is nothing serious, however, for our prospective assets more than cover it. The finances of the college are in the best of shape, and there is every prospect of their so remaining, thanks to the efficient management of our Finance Committee and Treasurer.

SINCE the last appearance of the ORIENT we have received communications from many alumni as well as undergraduates, asking why their ORIENTS did not appear. The reason is that they were not sent; but why? As we have previously stated, our financial

affairs were greatly muddled, and there were scores of unpaid subscriptions upon our lists. We determined to start a clean sheet, and all unpaid subscriptions of over a year's standing were cancelled. This meant a great shrinkage in our lists, but the shrinkage has taken place.

As an example of this, let us cite an instance. The Class of '97 graduated between forty and fifty men, all of whom received the ORIENT while in college. Today we have three '97 men upon our lists, only these three are subscribers. Other classes also have fallen considerably, as well as alumni. This is a sad state of affairs for a college journal, but a radical step was necessary and was taken. We shall be delighted to renew any and all subscriptions if old accounts are settled, but not until then.

The Deserted Farm-House.

We shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

—TENNYSOON.

IN one of my rambles the past summer I wandered to a hill, on whose summit stood an old, deserted farm-house, which I had never before noticed. Curiosity led me to explore its mysteries.

Built nearly a century ago and deserted many years since, the house presented a dismal aspect. The glass was gone from many of the windows, and the shingles on the roof were covered with moss and lichens. I tried the door, and as it yielded to my touch I entered, and found myself in a hall. A rat, startled at my approach, scurried across the floor and disappeared beneath the stair-way.

A breeze blowing through the broken glass caused one of the doors to open slightly, revealing the brick oven and enormous fire-place, while the hooks in the ceiling showed the room to be the kitchen.

From a shelf on the wall an ancient clock looked down upon this deserted room. Its face seemed sad, as though it missed the human companionship to which it had formerly been accustomed. Perhaps it was thinking of the merry frolics which had taken place in this very room,—the quiltings, the candy-pulls, the apple-bees, the kitchen dances, where all the young people of the neighborhood were wont to gather during the long winter evenings.

Passing through the house I explored each room, a history in itself. In the ancient parlor I found an old chair, and seating myself, soon fell into a reverie. In this very room a blushing maid and stalwart youth had plighted their troth, and here their marriage was celebrated. The scene can easily be fancied. The happy bride and her future husband are standing yonder, while the village parson pronounces the solemn words which make them man and wife. How trustfully she looks at him!

The scene changes. A cradle, over which a leaning mother sings a low, sweet slumber song. What calm, serene joy shines in her face as she looks down on the wee form of her first-born. A mother's love!

But still a second scene. The boy, grown to manhood, is about to leave the old home, seeking his fortune. His father and mother are with him in this room, where first he saw the light, giving him the last words of advice. The mother weeps; the father's face bears a sterner expression than usual. But the face of the young man is full of courage and hope. Little does he realize the bitterness of the parting.

Then the last scene of all. The curtains are drawn, and the room is draped in deepest black, for a still, white form lies on a couch in the center of the room. A terrible stillness prevails. The door opens, while a middle-aged man enters and slowly and sadly approaches the couch. He kneels

beside it, and gently removes the sheet which envelops the still form, then gazes sadly upon it. A groan bursts from his lips. "Ah! If I could have known. Dear mother, can you forgive my neglect? When I left home, so full of confidence—" But the words which the unhappy man utters fall on unheeding ears. This may have been the story which the front room would have told me, had it been endowed with the gift of speech. Who knows? And doubtless every room in the old house could tell strange stories; stories of life and death, happiness and sorrow.

The sun, shining in at the western window, disturbed my reverie, and warned me that my footsteps must be retraced. Sadly I closed the door and came away. The sky was cloudless with not a breath of air stirring. A robin flew into a tree near the house and sung his evening song. From the marshes could be heard the hoarse croaking of the frogs, while all nature reflected the calm of the quaint old house I had just left.

Miss Eaton, Contralto.

A FEW years ago, it was the custom of the boys in the writer's neighborhood, to spend an evening, occasionally, with an old Bowdoin alumnus—at least, he seemed old to us—who told very interesting tales of his former college life in his day. Most of those who gathered at his fireside expected to go to college sooner or later; and, once in a while, our number would be swelled by some Bowdoin boy, at home for a holiday.

The old collegian was delighted whenever he had an unusually large crowd of visitors, and never failed to please every one with his stories. One stormy winter evening, it seems but yesterday, seated among "his boys" before a roaring wood fire, he laughed loud and long over some yarn of Prescott's, a college Sophomore.

"That reminds me," said he, "of the first concert I went to in Brunswick. Did I ever tell you that story, boys?"

It appeared that every one wanted to hear it, whether it had been told before or not; so, leaning back in his chair, our friend told the following incident:

It happened, he began, during the first term of his Freshman year. One day, he, with two friends, noticed an announcement of a concert to be given that evening by the K— Quartette. Boy-like, they determined, upon the spot, to go, especially when one of them spied the words, "Aided by Miss Eaton, Contralto." They were just at that age, explained the narrator, when a notice like this would most certainly add to their enjoyment of the concert—at least in anticipation.

Their seats were bought, and in the evening they were at the hall, a full fifteen minutes before the concert began. The first three numbers of the programme were excellent; so excellent, indeed, that the violinists were recalled again and again. But the fourth number—"Ah, *forse lui*—Miss Eaton!" This was the one those three boys had longed for. At last it had come. What expectancy an observer might have seen depicted upon those three faces as the singer walked upon the stage! The boys applauded lustily; for, as Arnold said, "she was a queen!" Then they settled back and listened contentedly to the beautiful song. All too soon it was over, and the applause of the audience reminded the boys that they must encore her, and in it they heartily joined.

The rest of the programme was equally enjoyable. Almost every number was encored, but the fair contralto seemed to get the lion's share of the applause—and the boys were sure she deserved it.

After the concert they went back to their rooms and talked it all over. What fools they had been not to have had a bouquet

for her! What a voice she had, and wasn't it a fine concert! What a beauty she was! Wasn't her dress elegant, too! Finally, they wound up with an agreement to go down to the midnight train and see her off.

The next morning at breakfast every one talked about the concert. Every one seemed to consider Miss Eaton the star. At last, the Senior at their club turned to one of the Freshmen and demanded, "What did you think of her, Arnold?"

Arnold, of course, was enthusiastic in his praise, but studiously avoided the glances of his fellow-adventurers.

"Well," said the Senior, "I'm going down to the next train and see her off. She'll go back to Boston, won't she?"

"Probably," stammered Arnold. But the three Freshmen never told the Senior that she had already gone, nor that they were the only students who had "seen her off." And the joke was on the Senior.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Lunch Cart.

'Mong the fondest recollections
Which now haunt my retrospections,
And which push aside the veil of time my memory
to greet,
There is one which I shall cherish
Though all others sink and perish,
Of the gayly-painted lunch cart at the corner of
the street.

Far superior to grog shop
Was this famous red-hot-dog-shop.
Tow'rd its bounty oft at midnight I'd direct my
weary feet;
Oft I squandered my last nickel
Just to feel my palate tickle
With a frankfurt in the lunch cart at the corner of
the street.

Here were frankfurts rolled in mustard,
Pies of apple, mince, and custard,
Cake and coffee, luscious sandwich fit for any king
to eat;

New acquaintances I met with,
 Old friends I had many a chat with
 In the hospitable lunch cart at the corner of the
 street.

And if I am of the number
 Who will take their final slumber
 In the city built of treasure and with precious
 stones replete,
 It will be a source of pleasure,
 'Twill delight me beyond measure,
 If I can but see that lunch cart standing on the
 golden street.

Song of the Dying Soldier.

Fast, fast, by the shores of the wild, restless sea,
 Beneath the grim crags of the winter-capped mount,
 Close to the swift flow of Glen Cragie's dear fount,
 There lives a sweet maiden who's waiting for me.
 Years, years, have flown swift since we parted that
 day

Beneath the wild crags on the edge of the bay;
 She cried and she sobbed that I should be torn
 From the arms of my loved one, and o'er the waves
 borne.

I kissed and would cheer her,
 "I soon would be near her."

She smiled, ah! so sadly! and looked so forlorn!
 'Twas the last one in life, that kiss I then gave,
 For, a death-wounded soldier, I go to my grave;
 And she, faithful lassie, is waiting for me
 In her home 'neath the mountains that look on
 the sea.

At night, as I lie on my pallet of straw,
 My thoughts wander back to my dear native land,
 And fly o'er the ocean to Glen Cragie's land,
 To that house that is built on the edge of the shore,
 Where she, as she knits by the embers at night,
 Fond dreams of love's visions that death soon will
 blight.

While waves whisper songs of our love from the sea,
 She knows not that death soon will part her from me.

May Christ e'er be near her,
 And hope ever cheer her,

Though her life-work is hard, most constant to be.
 God grant that we meet in heaven again;
 By death and the grave we're parted till then.
 And she, faithful lassie, is waiting for me
 In her home 'neath the mountains that look on
 the sea!

Sunset at New Meadows River.

Half adown the western road
 Goes the day-star glowing,
 While beneath low-bending sky
 Blue New Meadows' flowing.

To the northward hills arise,
 O'er them clouds are turning
 Now from white to crimson hue,
 Now in gold are burning.

On the marsh till close of day
 Not a moment shirking,
 Piling up the stacks immense,
 Farmer's thrift are working.

Then comes floating, soft and clear,
 Sound and landscape blended,
 Far away, the curfew bell,
 Telling day is ended.

Hearts.

Old hearts, as young hearts, can love one another;
 Old hearts, as young hearts, can ever be true;
 Eyes become dim, but old age confesses,
 Hearts are restored every day fresh and new.

Time, the destroyer, may take as his tribute
 Bloom of our youth and strength of our prime;
 Love never faileth, the heart is its fountain;
 Hearts are secure from the ravage of time.

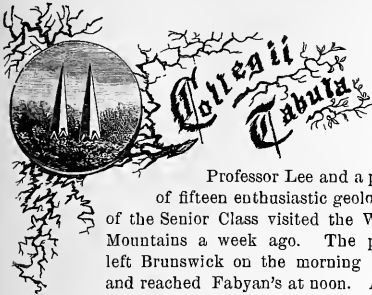
Life is a struggle, a contest and striving,
 Always and ever for life's greatest prize;
 Look to your heart, for there is implanted
 Love ever golden, and *love* never dies.

Robert Gailey, the Princeton foot-ball center, is
 to enter the missionary field in China.

The Freshman Class at the University of Maine
 this year contains 93 members.

The students at the University of California
 have interested their Faculty in a proposition to set
 aside an hour or two during the week for the con-
 sideration of questions which may from time to time
 arise that are of interest to the entire student body.

Lieutenant Cloman, commandant of the cadets
 of the University of California, is reorganizing the
 military department of the university so as to make
 it more efficient and popular. Several new features
 are being introduced, among which are a student
 fire department and a military bicycle corps.



Professor Lee and a party of fifteen enthusiastic geologists of the Senior Class visited the White Mountains a week ago. The party left Brunswick on the morning train and reached Fabyan's at noon. After dinner a tramp of five miles was indulged in, to Crawford's. Mount Willard was the chief goal of the expedition, and the ascent was made. After the party had been photographed, for cameras were in abundance, they returned and caught the evening train for Portland. There was a tired band of scientists which alighted from the midnight, a tired but wiser crowd. Many specimens were brought back.

Watch out for the *Quill!!!!*

Union Street will not be closed.

"The Bates bell rings once more."

Wheeler, '98, has returned to college.

Wignott, '99, is out teaching this term.

Swett, '92, was recently on the campus.

What has become of the class foot-ball eleven's?

Professor Files has been ill at home for a few days.

Tennis still lives while this beautiful weather lasts.

Briggs, '99, spent Sunday at Gardiner, with a friend.

Now for bon-fires! The trees are preparing for winter.

Moulton, '98, was elected juryman by his class, recently.

W. B. Perry of Brown, attended the Zeta Psi initiations.

Simpson, '94, was among the mourners at the Bates game.

Lavertn, '99, visited northern New Hampshire a part of last week.

Blake and Odiorne, '98, have moved into number 3, Maine Hall.

Kendall, '98, had an ankle sprained quite badly in the Bates game.

Pierce, '98, has been coaching the eleven of the Portland High School.

Professor Chapman, at Sunday chapel, spoke of Neal Dow and his work.

Philbrook and Dascombe, of Colby, joined with $\Delta K E$ at their initiations.

The Saturday Club is preparing an elaborate schedule of entertainments.

Graham, '98, preached at the Free Baptist Church, Brunswick, a week ago.

The genial "Mike" is often seen about the campus, and he always is welcome.

H. O. Clough, assistant in Mathematics, is organist at the Methodist Church, Brunswick.

October 20th, one of the foot-ball open dates, has been filled with New Hampshire College.

Merritt, '94, who is sub-principal of Edward Little High School, attended the Bates game.

At a recent meeting, the Class of 1900 elected Burnell as its member on the Athletic Committee.

The second themes of the term will be due Tuesday, October 19th. The subjects are as follows:

JUNIORS.

1. Should the Medical School Be Moved to Portland?
2. A Criticism of the Article by Grant Allen in the *Cosmopolitan* for October, on "Modern College Education."
3. Lamb's "Essays of Elia."

SOPHOMORES.

1. Do We Need a College Dining-Hall?
2. A Talk to the Students of My Fitting School on "How to Choose a College."
3. Scott's "Kenilworth."

A number of the students went to Portland to see Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," last Thursday night.

Owing to the illness of Professor Files, the various German divisions have been having a series of adjourns.

The Freshmen are undergoing their annual physical examinations, and the class appears to be of a fair average.

Many of the Boston alumni attended the Harvard-Bowdoin game last Wednesday, and they were greatly pleased at the result.

The Bowdoin and Colby Chapters of Delta Upsilon are to hold a joint banquet at Hotel North, Augusta, on the evening of Friday next.

No cider this fall! The apple crop has been so poor. This means a great deal to the students, for the cider trade oftentimes was very brisk.

The attendance at chapel was rather light the morning after initiation, the exercises of the preceding evening not being conducive to very early rising.

The Seniors and Juniors have been most fortunate with regard to adjourns this week, Professors Chapman, MacDonald, and Emery, having been absent for several days.

The College Bookstore, which has been kept by Pettengill and Martin in North Maine, has been closed out. The room where the store was will be occupied by Farwell, 1900.

The Freshmen have wisely adopted the rule that no one shall wear the class letters unless he shall have earned them by having represented the class in some *bona fide* athletic contest.

On initiation night the whole campus seemed wrapt in mystery and in silence. The bell on the Science Building, which of late years has marked off the long hours on this eventful night, was silent, and everything went on in quietness.

The Freshman Class held a meeting last week and elected the following officers for the coming year: Gregson, President; A. F. Cowan, Vice-President; Fuller, Secretary; Warren, Jurymen; Snow, Captain foot-ball team; Berry, Manager.

The Lewiston *Journal* of last Saturday contained an article entitled "The Modern War on the Microbe," by Professor Robinson. Prof. Robinson tells of the quarantine regulations at New York, and speaks of the great changes that have occurred during the past few years.

The great attraction in town this week is the Topsam Fair. It is said that Triangle will trot on at least one of the Fair days. Although he is getting a little along in years, Triangle has some good material in him yet, and the fellows always will watch his career with interest.

The course in drawing has been made elective to all the students of the college. This course is a helpful one to all in college, but most especially to those who are taking or expect to take Biology. It is to be hoped that a large class will be formed, for the opportunity is a rare one.

In the Obituary Record for the past year of the graduates of the college, two descendants of Governor James Bowdoin are mentioned. James Bowdoin, after whom the college was named, had three of his descendants graduate here; of these, two, Benjamin Tappan, '33, and Winthrop Tappan, '44, have both died during the last year.

Friday evening, October 8th, was initiation night on the campus. In all, from a class of 63 members, 42 men were initiated. Following is a list of the initiates and their fraternities:

Α Δ Φ.—Robert S. Edwards, 1900, Portland; Edwin M. Fuller, Jr., Bath; John Gregson, Jr., Worcester, Mass.; Arthur L. Griffiths, Malden, Mass.; Harris J. Milliken, Bangor; John H. White, Lewiston; all from 1901.

Υ.—Harry T. Burbank, 1900, Exeter, N. H.; Harold L. Berry, Portland; Roland E. Clark, Houlton; Edward K. Leighton, Thomaston; Percy S. Percival, Waterville; John A. Pierce, Portland; Freeman M. Sborn, Portland; all from 1901.

Δ Κ Ε.—George C. Minard, 1900, Lewiston; Royal H. Bodwell, Brunswick; Roland E. Bragg, Bangor; Ripley L. Dana, Portland; Robert C. Foster, Bethel; Austin P. Larrabee, Gardiner; Artelle E. Palmer, South Brewer; Kenneth C. M. Sills, Portland; Donald F. Snow, Bangor; Herbert L. Swett; all from 1901.

Ζ Ψ.—Frank A. Dillaway, Lewiston; Thomas C. Randall, Freeport; Lester D. Tyler, Freeport; Harold P. Vose, Machias; all from 1901.

Θ Δ Χ.—John A. Corliss, Brighton; Clarence B. Flint, Cornish; Almon F. Hill, Portland; Frederick L. Hill, Brockton, Mass.; Ernest T. Smith; all from 1901.

Δ Υ.—George L. Lewis, South Berwick; Arthur F. Cowan, Biddeford; Fred H. Cowan, Farmington; Philip S. Hill, Saco; Alfred L. Lafrierie, Norway; Walter L. Sanborn, Norway; George C. Wheeler, Farmington; all from 1901.

Κ Σ.—Thomas W. Bowler, Hopkinton, Mass.; H. H. Cloudman, South Windham; Scott M. Clark, Brunswick; Elliot W. Loring, Yarmouth; Gardner M. Parker, Jr., Gorham; Arthur L. Small, Yarmouthville; all from 1901.

The following were among the alumni who attended the initiations of their several fraternities:

Α Δ Φ.—Prof. F. C. Robinson, '73; Prof. H. L. Chapman, '66; Edward Stanwood, '61; F. V. Gummer, '92; G. C. Purington, '73.

Υ.—Albion Burbank, '62; C. T. Hawes, '76; Barrett Potter, '78; Prof. George T. Files, '89; G. M. Barney, Union College, '91; Dr. Charles F. Lincoln, '91; Prof. H. C. Emery, '92; R. W. Mann, '92; Walter Williams, '96; John B. Thompson, '96; F. B. Smith, '96; E. G. Pratt, '97; Alfred P. Cook, '97; P. W. Davis, '97.

Κ Σ.—J. W. Hewett, '97; H. O. Gribben, '97; R. W. Smith, '97.

Δ K E.—Dr. F. N. Whittier, '87; F. W. Dana, '94; R. P. Plaisted, '94; R. H. Baxter, '94; J. C. Minot, '96; Rev. Medville McLaughlin, Colby.

Z ♀.—Edgar O. Achorn, '81.

Δ T.—H. O. Clough, '96; J. E. Stetson, '97.

The following clipping is taken from the *New York Commercial Advertiser* of September 18th: "Dr. William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College and author of a work entitled, 'Outlines of Social Theology,' is said to have another volume entitled, 'Practical Idealism,' in the hands of his publishers, the Macmillan Co. The new book presents in a systematic form recent practical developments in psychology, logic, pedagogy, ethics, and philology. Part I. treats of man's mental construction and of the natural world in which he lives. Part II. deals with the spiritual world, and opens with a discussion of the topic of personality. Other topics named are the family and the marriage tie, the social significance of the new education, the social function of industry, with remarks on socialism, the moral idea in the social world, etc. These are a few of the subjects of later pages, while the concluding chapter sets forth religion as the 'unification of life through the acceptance of the will of God and participation in the spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of love.' It also discusses modern problems and finally attacks that of evil in its three-fold form, of evil in nature, badness in others, and sin in ourselves, concluding with an appeal for the union of philosophic insight to see the world as a whole, and the religious spirit to serve God as the great need of the world to-day."

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bates, 10; Bowdoin, 6.

The first game of the season was with Bates, and for the first time in the history of foot-ball, the Bowdoin eleven was defeated by a Maine team. The Bates team was in fine condition and played an excellent game throughout. They have been coached this season by Hoag, Bowdoin's coach of last year.

The game throughout was clean and fast foot-ball, but all of Bowdoin's team seemed a trifle slow. Then, too, she was more or less handicapped by the presence of five new men in the line, but they showed that they only lack practice to make them

as good as any men of their weight. No one was seriously injured, although Jennings was replaced by Wiggin during the second half and Kendall received a disagreeable sprain.

The game was called at 3.10, with perfect weather and a large and interested crowd. Bowdoin won the toss and Bates had the kick-off. The officials of the game were Mitchell for Bowdoin and Burrill for Bates, referees and umpires; and Prof. Bolster of Bates and Dr. Whittier of Bowdoin were the linesmen.

Bates kicked the ball well into Bowdoin's territory. Ives caught and advanced the ball five yards. Bowdoin had two downs without gaining, and Stanwood punted. Halliday caught and advanced the ball two yards.

Bates now held possession of the ball, and on a pass from half to right tackle, Call went through the whole Bowdoin team for a gain of 45 yards and a touchdown. Call was compelled to cross the goal very near the side line. This made a very difficult goal to kick, and Halliday missed.

Bowdoin then kicked to Bates's five-yard line. Halliday caught the ball and punted 20 yards. Ives caught it, only to be downed in his tracks and dragged back a couple of yards by Bruce.

The ball was now on Bates's 25-yard line. Bowdoin gained two yards, then Kendall made five yards around left end. Bowdoin fumbled and lost five yards. Bates got the ball on downs. Russell then bucked the line for two yards. Pulsifer went through Bowdoin's right tackle for two yards. Halliday was then sent through the Bowdoin ranks for two yards more.

Bates was gaining steadily. Pulsifer went around Hadlock's end for 10 yards. Purinton bucked Bowdoin's center for two yards. Halliday punted and Stanwood fumbled. Bruce rushed down the line and fell on the ball. Russell went through Bowdoin's right tackle for seven yards, and Bates forged ahead three yards. Bates then lost the ball in a scrimmage and Stanwood fell on it. Bowdoin gained five yards through Bates's line. Bruce then broke through and tackled hard, so that Bowdoin made no gain. Bowdoin tried a trick play and fumbled. Putnam fell on the ball.

Captain Pulsifer then went around Bowdoin's right end for 15 yards, eluding Kendall and three or four more men. Stanwood tackled him. The next down Bates gained no ground. Bruce then went through Stockbridge and gained six yards. Saunders ran through Bodwell for four yards. Purinton made a fast sprint around Gregson, dodg-

ing prettily, and gained fifteen yards. Bowdoin then lost ground steadily, although they fought for every inch. Captain Pulsifer then followed his blockers around left end for 60 yards and a touchdown. Halliday kicked the goal.

Stanwood kicked off for Bowdoin to Bates's 10-yard line. Halliday advanced the ball 15 yards. Bates bucked the line for three yards, and the whistle blew. End of first half. Score: Bates, 10; Bowdoin, 0.

Stanwood kicked the ball to Bates's five-yard line. Halliday caught it and sprinted 10 yards before being downed. Bates then sent Russell past Gregson for three yards; then five yards more in quick succession. Purinton went through Jennings for a four-yard gain. Halliday played near right end for Putnam to go into the Bowdoin left tackle, which he did, gaining three yards. Bates then sent her backs in the form of a wedge through Bowdoin's left guard for a gain of five yards.

Bowdoin was off side and Bates was given 10 yards. Purinton went around the left end for a five-yard gain. Russell went around Bowdoin's right end and gained five yards. Then Bruce carried the ball for five yards more. Russell ran around Bowdoin's left end for a gain of 15 yards. Call went through Stockbridge, gaining three yards. Pulsifer gained five yards around Bowdoin's right end. Sprague went through Jennings for two yards. Purinton was hurt and time was taken out.

Bowdoin got the ball on downs and sent a wedge into Sprague for two yards. Kendall went around Putnam for 20 yards and Stanwood around Richardson for 10 yards. Both men were tackled hard by Halliday. Bowdoin sent Stockbridge down the field for 20 yards and a touchdown. Stanwood kicked a pretty goal. Score: Bates, 10; Bowdoin, 6.

It was seven minutes of four o'clock, with seven and a half minutes to play. Halliday kicked to Bowdoin's 10-yard line. Stanwood gained 15 yards and was tackled by Richardson. Bowdoin now made no gain, but was given 15 yards on account of Bates's off-side play. Bates hammered Bowdoin back three yards. Jennings was hurt and time taken out. Stanwood punted fifteen yards, Halliday gaining 15 yards in return. Bates gained three yards and Pulsifer went through Bowdoin's center and gained 12 yards.

Bates sent a wedge through Bowdoin's right tackle for three yards, but Bowdoin was doing her best and tackling hard. Bowdoin gained the ball on downs. Kendall carried the ball into Bates's territory 10 yards and was tackled hard by Saunders.

Bowdoin then lost two yards. She then gained no ground, and the whistle blew just as Stanwood punted to Bates's five-yard line.

The line-up:

BATES.		BOWDOIN.
Richardson.	Left End.	Halfback.
Sprague.	Left Tackle.	Stockbridge.
Saunders.	Left Guard.	Clondman.
Hoag.	Center.	Spear.
Bruce.	Right Guard.	Bodwell.
Call.	Right Tackle.	Jennings.
Putnam.	Right End.	Wiggins.
Purinton.	Quarterback.	Gregson.
Pulsifer.	Left Halfback.	Moulton.
Russell.	Right Halfback.	Kendall.
Halliday.	Fullback.	Stanwood.
		Ives.

Score—Bates 10, Bowdoin 6. Touchdowns—Call, Pulsifer, Stockbridge. Goals from touchdowns—Halliday, Stanwood. Umpire—Mitchell, Bowdoin, '95. Referee—Burrill, Bates, '97. Time—20-minute halves.

Harvard, 24; Bowdoin, 0.

Bowdoin played Harvard upon Soldiers' field, Cambridge, Wednesday, October 6th, and the team showed marked improvement over the Bates game. Every man was in the game in earnest, and, as a result, Harvard scored but twenty-four points, a score much smaller than many expected.

On the kick-off, Dibblee fumbled the ball and was downed on his 15-yard line. After a five-yard gain, Houghton punted to Bowdoin's 20-yard line. Clarke went through Harvard's center for 10 yards, but a quarter-back fumble and failure to gain forced another punt. Dibblee caught the ball, and with good blocking by Houghton, gained 20 yards.

Good ground gaining followed, but the ball was lost on fumbles at Bowdoin's 25-yard line, and regained from Bowdoin on the same fault. The ball was passed to Dibblee, and he spun off around the right end and out at the corner for 25 yards. Houghton kicked the goal. Score, 6-0.

Maguire muffed the kick-off, but recovered the ball in time to return it with a left-footed kick to Stanwood, who also missed it, and was downed by Bouve 20 yards from the goal. Bowdoin was again forced to kick, Houghton getting the ball on his 45-yard line, and rushing it round right end for some 15 yards. Maguire performed some excellent bowling over in interference.

Short rushes by Brown and Bouve carried the ball quickly to the two-yard line, only to be forfeited on off-side play. Minard got back for a fake kick, but was downed in his tracks, making a touch-back. Score, 8-0.

Harvard again gained steadily down the field, and at the 30-yard line the ball went back to Houghton for a try for goal from the field. He failed,

and the ball was brought out to the 25-yard line again. An exchange of punts followed, Bowdoins being partly blocked. Dibblee got the ball 10 yards from the goal. He went round right end for seven and Haughton went over. The latter failed at goal. Score, 12-0.

In the second half Bowdoin started in at a scoring pace. Stanwood caught Haughton's kick-off and ran 30 yards. Ives followed through center for seven more, and Minard doubled the distance. Bowdoin pushed the Harvard center back to the 40-yard line before it could hold, and at length had to give up the ball on downs. Dibblee at once circled round right end for 25 yards, Brown round left end for 20 more, and Haughton then went across. He fumbled the ball before it went down, and Gregson carried it to the 35-yard line. Harvard recovered it on downs, and Dibblee, Haughton, and Moulton regained the lost territory, Haughton finally going over the chalk. Brown kicked the goal. Score, 18-0.

Parker then took Dibblee's place behind the line, and began with a 15-yard run after the kick-off. Cabot added 15 yards more, and Brown and Parker added several strips of five yards each. Bouve at last went through, and Brown kicked the goal. Score, 24-0.

Both teams were guilty of continued fumbling. One of these fumbles cost Harvard a touchdown and gave Bowdoin 40 yards back into the field again. Harvard had worked the ball up to within three yards of the goal, and Haughton was sent across. In the mix-up, and before the ball was down, it was squeezed out of Haughton's arms and rolled out into the field. Gregson captured it and sprinted 40 yards toward his goal before Maguire caught him.

Of the Bowdoin team, Gould, left end, Gregson, right end, and Spear, center, did the best line work. Of the backs, Stanwood did the best, but all three did excellent work, especially in tackling. Harvard scored two touchdowns, and one safely in the first half, and two touchdowns in the second. Three out of four goals were kicked. The line-up was as follows:

HARVARD.		BOWDOIN.
Cabot.	Left End.	Gould.
Wheeler.	Left Tackle.	Stockbridge.
Bouve.	Left Guard.	Cloudman.
Burnett.	Center.	Spear.
Shaw.	Right Guard.	Bodwell.
Mills.	Right Tackle.	Merrill.
Moulton.	Right End.	Gregson.
Maguire.	Quarterback.	Moulton.
Dibblee. }	Left Halfback.	Ives.
Parker. }	Right Halfback.	Stanwood.
Brown.		{ Clark.
Haughton.	Fullback.	{ Minard.

Score—24-0. Touchdowns—Dibblee, Haughton, Brown, Bouve. Goals from touchdowns—Haughton, Brown 2. Touchback—Minard. Umpire—W. Mackie, '94. Referee—J. G. Knowlton. Linesmen—F. Richardson and Ordway. Attendance—2,000. Time—15-minute halves.

Bowdoin, 1900, 20; Bath High School, 0.

A week ago Wednesday the Sophomores played their opening game of the season with the Bath High School team. The team was much weakened by the absence of Captain Chapman, who was called to his home in Portland, and was lacking in any decent sort of interference. The gains were made in a very trust-to-luck manner. The men in the line were very content to devote their attentions to the men playing opposite them, whatever the play.

Sparks played fairly well at quarter, but lacked speed and wit to accept opportunities. The backs played well, especially Merrill, who developed considerable speed at times. Babb made some fine tackles, which in two instances prevented Bath from scoring by a hair's-breadth. Hamm, at tackle, played a star game; in fact he played the best game of the team without any question. He easily played in 'varsity form, Wednesday. He made tremendous gains every time that he was tried. The Bath boys could not stop him at all. He kicked two very difficult goals.

The Bath team was large for a preparatory school team, but they lacked experience. Their captain, halfback Donnell, was a very sharp player, with a fine head for the game. He kept his men in splendid control. There were some on his team who were inclined to be unruly at times, and bad humor seemed to be an unfortunate ingredient in the make-up of one of the Bath guards. He was continually finding things which disagreed with his turn of mind. But, on the whole, the Bath team made a very good showing, and the 1900 team showed that they must work very hard if they expect to hold the Freshmen down to a reasonable score. The Sophomores won by a score of 20 to 0.

Babb, Merrill, and Hamm made the touchdowns for 1900. The halves were 20 and 15 minutes. The officials were Studley, '98, and Gould, 1900.

The teams lined up as follows:

BOWDOIN, 1900.		B. H. S.
Parsons.	Left End.	Curtis.
Gardiner. }	Left Tackle.	Sturtevant.
Giles. }	Center.	Carter.
Russell.	Right Guard.	Thompson.
Farwell.	Right Tackle.	Ingalls.
Hamm.	Right End.	Savage.
Sylvester.	Quarterback.	Perkins.
Sparks.	Left Halfback.	Murphy.
Levensaler.	Right Halfback.	Donnell.
Merrill.	Fullback.	Robbins.
Babb.		

Y. M. C. A.

The Bowdoin society of the Young Men's Christian Association has taken unto itself new life and vigor since the return of its president, Mr. Ernest Laycock, '98, who has been absent these first few weeks. President Laycock is a fine presiding officer and moving spirit to the society. His encouraging talks at the opening of the meetings are always full of life and enthusiasm for the noble work for which the Y. M. C. A. aims.

Prof. Frank E. Woodruff addressed the meeting the Sunday after the Y. M. C. A. reception to the Freshman Class. Prof. Woodruff's little talks are always very interesting and helpful towards the common end.

Graham, '98, led the meeting on October 2d in a very original way. Mr. Graham is fortunate in possessing a pleasant and easy method of putting out his ideas that is altogether agreeable.

Robinson, 1900, led Thursday night's meeting. Robinson is an enthusiastic worker.

The address to the society, last Sunday, was made by Prof. Robinson. Prof. Robinson's dry humor cannot help breaking out in whatever he happens to be doing. His address was strictly informal and very interesting.

Book Reviews.

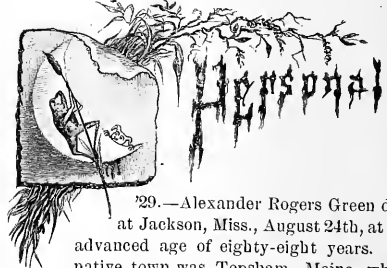
Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., the Boston publishers, are issuing a new series of the standard works of English literature, entitled "Heath's English Classics." These small volumes resemble in many respects the editions of "English Classics" published by Harper & Brothers, with which we are so familiar. There is one prime difference, however, and that is, Harper's "Classics" are edited by one man, Prof. William J. Rolfe, and Heath's by about as many editors as there are volumes. Whereas, the Harper's confine themselves rather strictly to Shakespeare, this new series comprises all branches of English literature. In appearance, as well as literary merit, this new series is fully the equal of its predecessor, and it is safe to predict for it a popularity equal to, if not greater than that of the Harper series.

Nothing which could aid the careful student of literature is omitted; the books abound in notes, glossaries, outlines, criticisms, and biographical references, all compiled and edited by thorough

students. The volumes of Shakespeare, the so-called "Arden Shakespeare," are of uniform style with the others, but are distinguished by a different color, thus dividing the series into two classes—Shakesperian and otherwise.

The ORIENT has received several of the series, among them Shakespeare's "Tempest," edited by Frederick S. Boas, M.A., of Oxford University; De Quincey's "Flight of a Tartar Tribe," edited by George A. Wainchope, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of Iowa; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," edited by Andrew J. George, M.A., of the Newton High School; and a volume of Tennyson, containing "Enoch Arden," "Locksley Hall," and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," edited by Calvin S. Brown.

This series will be widely used by schools and colleges, as both its excellence and reasonable price will create a large demand for it. Other volumes than those mentioned above are constantly appearing, for it is the object of the publishers to issue a comprehensive series that will become the standard of future years.



29.—Alexander Rogers Green died at Jackson, Miss., August 24th, at the advanced age of eighty-eight years. His native town was Topsham, Maine, where he lived until 1832. His father was Nathaniel Green, who was a member of the convention that framed the State Constitution. Mr. Green prepared for college at Monmouth and Gorham academies, and after graduating from Bowdoin, studied law with Charles Packard, Esq., of the Class of '17, at Brunswick. In 1832 he emigrated to Mississippi, where he was soon admitted to the bar. He then opened an office and practiced law at Holmesville for a few years. Later he turned his attention to cotton planting, and afterward became principal of the Jackson Female Institution. In 1846 he was a member of the Mississippi legislature. Mr. Green was a married man, and had five daughters.

33.—On September 26th, Judge Maurice C. Blake, ex-Mayor of San Francisco, died at his home

in that city. Judge Blake, who was called "Old Honesty," was born in Otisfield, Maine, October 20, 1815. He graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of 1838, among his classmates being Edward Henry Davais of Portland, Isaac Newton Felch, Professor Daniel Lane of Iowa College, Professor G. S. Palmer of Harvard University, Horace Piper of Washington, Rev. Enoch Pond, Professor Stephen M. Vail, and Robert Wyman, a missionary to Ceylon. Judge Blake practiced law at Harrison, later at Camden, and was collector of the port of Belfast and a member of the state legislature. In 1853, joining the tide of emigration, he braved the perils of a trip around the Horn, and arrived in San Francisco, where he again took up the practice of law. Soon after he was elected a justice of the peace, which office was followed by a probate judgeship, and later a position on the bench of the municipal criminal court. In all positions of trust he commanded the commendation and respect of the people by unswerving integrity, and for this virtue was kept on the bench for a period of sixteen years. In 1881 he was elected mayor of San Francisco, and at the close of this official career was among the most prominently mentioned for gubernatorial honors. He withdrew from this race, however, despite the protests of his friends, who were confident that success would attend his efforts for the high position of state, and resumed his law practice. He formed a partnership with his nephew, Maurice Blake, which was maintained until the death of the latter in 1885, and then allied himself with George N. Williams and Edward C. Harrison. Judge Blake was a staunch Republican, and attended the national convention in 1884. The San Francisco *Chronicle* gives the following account of his sickness and funeral:

Death removed one of the most distinguished of California's pioneers on Sunday night, Maurice C. Blake, ex-Judge and ex-Mayor, passing away after a brief illness. Judge Blake, a week ago last Sunday, suffered a slight stroke of paralysis, which, although of a trivial nature, combined with the eighty-two years he bore, proved fatal and closed a career which is well remembered by all of the early residents of this city. Death came at a time it was expected. The attending physician had announced that the venerable jurist was near his end, and the news had been hardly received by the friends of the stricken man when he passed away. Only one blood relative survives Judge Blake, a sister residing in the East. He was a single man, and lived at the residence of the widow of a nephew, Maurice Blake. The funeral services over the remains of the dead man were held at 808 Hyde Street, at 10.30 o'clock, the Rev. George C. Adams officiat-

ing, assisted by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins, formerly of Portland. The interment took place at the Mount Tamalpais Cemetery, at San Rafael, the funeral train leaving the city on the 11.30 boat.

Med., '56.—Dr. John Frank Pratt died at his home in Chelsea, Mass., on September 5, 1897, after an illness of three years. Dr. Pratt was born at Greene, Me., August 3, 1830. He was early a student at Monmouth Academy, and fitted for college under a private tutor at Hartland. In 1856 he graduated from Bowdoin College, immediately beginning the practice of his profession at New Sharon. In 1857 he married Annie W. Currier of New Sharon. He enlisted as surgeon at the outbreak of the war, and was connected with the Army of the Potomac in many positions of trust until the close of the war. The following year he was in charge of hospitals connected with the Freedman's Bureau. In 1866 he returned to his practice at New Sharon, removing in 1873 to Chelsea. Until his health failed Dr. Pratt had a wide practice. His first attack of paralysis came three years ago. Since last January he has been confined to his house, and since May, to his room. The shock which resulted fatally was received three years ago. Dr. Pratt was a close student of history, and a voluminous and valued contributor, as well as a skilled illustrator, to the local histories of his native state. Many of his books are profusely illustrated by himself. He was well known in literary and scientific circles, and had done special work for the state. His collection of rare volumes and prints was remarkably complete. Among the many societies by whom Dr. Pratt will be missed as a member, are the Bostonian Society, Massachusetts Chapter of Sons of American Revolution, the Maine Historical Society, and the Maine Genealogical Society.

'60.—Rev. Dr. C. F. Penney has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Court Street Baptist Church in Auburn, to take effect the last of October. Rev. Dr. Penney began his labors as a Free Baptist minister at Augusta, in 1862, where he remained pastor of the Free Baptist Church twenty-four years, one of the longest pastorates in Maine, and probably the longest in the Free Baptist denomination. His resignation there was forced by reason of ill health. The church gave him leave of absence for one year, declining to accept the resignation in the hope that with a year's rest he would be able again to take up the pastorate, but at the end of the year he was unable to resume the pastoral relations. He preached for two years at

Vinalhaven, after which he went to California, remaining there three years. Upon his return to Maine he occupied Rev. Thomas H. Stacy's pulpit, at the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn, from October, 1890, to the following March. He was then recalled to the pastorate of his old church at Augusta, where he labored for three years. He has been pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn about four years, and in this pastorate, as in all others, his labors have been singularly blessed. He has been beloved outside his parish as well as in it, and his relations with the pastors of Lewiston and Auburn, and with the Faculty of Bates College, have always been most cordial and pleasant.

'61.—Professor Lucilius A. Emery visited the college after having completed the Melcher-Hadley case at Auburn. He attended chapel and later was an interested spectator at the recitations of the Senior division in Political Economy.

'77.—Lieutenant Peary's steam-bark Hope has got safely back to Boston after a two-month's trip, in which it penetrated as far north as Cape Sabine, latitude 78° 44'. The Hope's trip was in all respects successful. Besides her crew of twenty, she carried a party of seventeen explorers, hunters, and scientists, who returned with valuable spoils and trophies. Lieutenant Peary found the old Greely camp at Cape Sabine, and brought home relics from it. Most important of all, he fetched home the famous hundred-ton mass of stone and iron discovered seventy years ago by Sir John Ross at Cape York, and believed to be a meteorite. To get that was a chief purpose of the expedition. All the objects of the expedition, including the establishment of Jansen at the whaling-station at Spicer Harbor, were accomplished without misadventure.

'90.—The following appeared in the Brunswick *Telegraph* of last week:

Another was added to the list of notable nuptial events in Bangor, on Wednesday, when the vows were exchanged which made Miss Frances Katharine Pierce the wife of William Wingate Hubbard, Esq. The marriage was solemnized at the residence of Mrs. Isaiah Stetson, an aunt of the bride, on Union Street, in the presence of a gathering of the relatives and the more intimate friends of those most directly concerned. The hour was eleven o'clock.

'92.—Swett visited the campus recently.

'94.—In Topsham, on Wednesday evening, October 6th, Rev. Norman McKinnou of Foxcroft, and Miss Etta A. Whitehouse of Topsham, were married at 8 o'clock. The marriage took place in the sight of a great assembly of friends of the bride and groom. The marriage was said by Rev. Phillip H.

Moore of Saco. Both Mr. McKinnou and Mr. Moore were engaged in study in the seminary at Bangor, and entered college after their graduation. Here they were closely associated, and graduating together, entered the ministry at about the same time. Both have Maine churches, and both have made names for themselves amongst the people of this state. Mr. McKinnou was escorted by the groomsmen, Mr. Harry H. Wood of Boston. The maid of honor was Miss Susan M. Whitehouse, sister of the bride, and the bridesmaids were Miss Mattie Gahan of Brunswick, Miss Annie Barrows and Miss Ada F. Whitehouse, a sister of the bride, of Topsham. The ushers were Mr. Cony Sturgis, Bowdoin, '99, of Augusta, Mr. Aurin Gahan of Brunswick, Mr. Preston Kyes, Bowdoin, '96, of North Jay, and Mr. Walter Scott Abbott Kimball, Bowdoin, '95, of Portland. After a wedding journey of ten days Mr. and Mrs. McKinnou will return to Foxcroft and enter a home which has been prepared for their reception. The bride is one of the most highly esteemed young ladies in her vicinity; she is the daughter of Superintendent Frank C. Whitehouse of the Bowdoin Paper Company, and aside from rare personal charms, possesses those uncommon qualities of amiability and grace which will fit her for the important duties which she will find in her new home. Mr. McKinnou's work in eastern Maine is too well known to need description, for his breadth of mind, his depth of character, the height of his ambitions, and his generous cordiality, he is dearly loved by his people in Foxcroft.

'97.—Haines and Varrell are at present in Albuquerque, New Mexico, travelling and studying.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA, Δ K E, }
October 11, 1897. }

Whereas, We have learned with profound sorrow of the death of our beloved brother, Horace B. Rines, at Denver, Col., last August; be it

Resolved, That the Fraternity has lost a loyal and honored member; and be it further

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to his family, and that copies of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT for publication.

EUGENE T. MINOTT,
THOMAS L. MARBLE,
CONY STURGIS,

Committee for the Chapter.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 27, 1897.

No. 8.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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A full meeting of the ORIENT Board was held on Friday last at its office in Memorial Hall, and several matters of interest were acted upon. Our business manager, W. H. Crafts, announced that owing to the large amount of work which was pressing upon him, he found it impossible to perform the duties of Business Manager, to the satisfaction of himself and for the best interests of the paper. He accordingly resigned his position, and his resignation was accepted.

The ORIENT regrets that circumstances prevent Mr. Crafts from continuing his duties, for it had been hoped that during the three years of management which lay before him, he might have the credit of putting the ORIENT upon its feet, financially. It was the belief of the Board that Mr. Crafts would have been able so to have done.

The choice of a successor to Mr. Crafts fell unanimously upon Mr. F. L. Dutton, '99, and the Board extends to him a cordial welcome. He is a man who is experienced in the management of a paper, and if he is successful in putting the ORIENT upon its feet again, he will receive the merited thanks of the entire college.

The Board decided to hold fortnightly meetings at its office, so that the members

might all work together for the best interests of the paper. These meetings are to be held alternate Wednesdays, preceding the appearance of the ORIENT.

The question of whether or not a member of the ORIENT Board shall in the future be allowed to act upon the *Quill* Board was discussed, but no action taken. The general opinion appeared to be that as good, if not better, results might be obtained if the papers were distinctly separate. There are sufficient men in college to manage both papers without overlapping, and more general interest might be obtained if a friendly competition existed. The matter was laid upon the table until the next meeting, when it will be decided.

COMPLAINTS are continually being made both to the town and college authorities that property of more or less value is lost from time to time about the college. Every few days something is missed, from wearing apparel to money and mileages, and no one is the wiser. Although occasional cases of kleptomaniacs may exist among the students, and some thefts may be accounted for in this manner, the greater portion of our thieving is committed by outsiders who come to us for the ostensible purpose of obtaining work. "The students themselves are responsible for this thieving, indirectly," said the sheriff of Brunswick, "for they employ persons of known dishonesty about their rooms, persons whose characters are so well known about town that their presence is never permitted." Last summer one such case was brought to light, but that was by no means the only one. To-day the students employ men who frequent the college for no other purpose than stealing, and should employment not be given these characters, a large percentage of our thieving would stop. Every man should be cautious in allowing persons to work for him, unless their honesty is known. The

police of the town are willing to assist in the suppression of this nuisance, but when such grand opportunities for thieving exist, it is practically impossible to accomplish anything of importance.

THE ORIENT has been requested to remind the College of the young pines that were so carefully planted, last spring, at the back of the campus, toward the lower village. These pines were set out at great expense and labor, so that the original "Pines of Bowdoin" might not be without successors. The tall grass has hidden these in places, and careless pedestrians have trampled upon and injured several of the young trees, not to mention the fact that fires promiscuously started and allowed to spread, have burned a few. The ORIENT wishes to forcibly call the attention of the students to these prospering pines, and thereby prevent further harm. Carelessness rather than wantonness has destroyed these, and it is hoped that a caution will prove sufficient. Dr. Whittier and Mr. Austin Cary, '88, were instrumental in starting this project, and their labors in our behalf should not be thwarted; rather, we should do everything in our power for the preservation of these "whispering pines" of the future.

CLASS foot-ball teams are of great benefit to the college, when properly managed, and of greater injury when improperly managed. No minor team, whether a class, or a so-called "scrub," team should ever be allowed to leave the campus unless it has proved itself worthy and competent to bear the name of Bowdoin, and to uphold that name by hard and creditable work. When a class team plays some fitting school in a miserably played game, when the name of Bowdoin, even though class letters be attached, is dragged through the mire, and when the game played would disgrace a

grammar-school team, a halt should be called. We do not claim that every team must win, that is impossible; but every team should play a respectable game of foot-ball, and if this is impossible, said team should remain concealed upon its native campus. Many people, when they read of such and such a Bowdoin team's defeat, never think of the class, and the college suffers thereby. Teams have left Brunswick that never have lined up, and many that have lined up never should have. The General Athletic Committee should take this matter in charge and should pass judgment as to the advisability of playing each and every game. No aggregation should undertake to play fitting-schools for the simple sake of having "sport," as it is expressed.

Since the mass-meeting was held, there has been a different spirit manifested with regard to our 'varsity foot-ball. More men have appeared, and much more enthusiasm shown. Although the meeting itself was not particularly enthusiastic, it produced a wonderful effect, which was seen that very afternoon. Mr. Warren of Harvard coached the team successfully, but on the whole rather severely, and his place has been taken by Mr. Libby, Bowdoin, '96. One mistake made during the first of the season was, that the second eleven was a bit neglected. If the second eleven is instructed in the new plays, how to play them as well as how to stop them, and if it is encouraged, the greatest difficulty has been overcome. If as much care is taken of the lesser players as of the greater, a coach will always be sure of two elevens, and the team is bound to win. All we need for success are a strong second eleven, financial support, and the proper spirit.

A YEAR or two ago the college authorities provided Paradise Spring Water for the students, and the two "split" barrels behind the chapel were visited daily by a large

majority of the college. At that time our authorities evidently appreciated the fact that only absolutely pure water is fit for drinking purposes, but since then they must have either forgotten this fact or changed their opinions, for the barrels disappeared and hydrant water was again called into use. This was done because the Brunswick water works were connected with those of Bath, and the water was brought from beyond the Kennebec. From that time on our water has been changed constantly—to-day we drink Androscooggin water, and to-morrow perhaps Bath, so that we can never be sure as to the purity of our standard beverage. Unwieldy schooners are constantly dragging their anchors up and down the Kennebec, with the result that the submerged pipe is broken, and Bath and Brunswick, when thirsty, are forced to resort to "hydrant juice" for days.

The ORIENT believes that the college would be more than recompensed by the increased and assured healthfulness of the students for whatever outlay it might be subjected to in reinstating and maintaining the old familiar and health-giving "split barrels." When one thinks of drinking Androscooggin water, and that, moreover, drawn not far from Frenchtown, one suddenly loses all thirst for H_2O ; for the sake of temperance, if for no other reason, Paradise Water should be supplied. The entire college hopes for an immediate renewal of our pure-water system, and there is no logical reason why this hope should not be fulfilled. Whether or not breaks occur in the Kennebec, Bath water is none too pure, and it would be much more healthful for the students to drink the same water continually, especially when that is of unquestioned purity.

The Freshman Class at Dartmouth numbers over 200. The seating room of the chapel is insufficient, and dormitories have been enlarged to provide for the increased attendance.

An Intercollegiate Base-Ball Game

THE base-ball season of 1896 was well under way for the Maine Intercollegiate League. Bates had played Colby and Maine State, and had won from both, while Bowdoin had taken one game from the latter and two from the former, not to mention defeating several colleges outside of the state. The two victorious nines were now to meet at Bowdoin for their first trial of strength, both confident of victory.

The old Delta, that sunshiny afternoon, presented a gay appearance. The grand stand, up against the end of Adams Hall, was filled with a crowd of students, members of the Faculty, and the lady supporters of both teams. Bates men were down in force, and from the northern side of the diamond they strove to enliven the time by giving their college yell, which was answered from the southern side and from the grand stand by a lusty "*B-o-w-d-o-i-n, Rah, Rah, Rah!*" Brunswick towns-people swelled the throng, and it was rumored that the Bowdoin "Medics" had organized a band in honor of the occasion. Copies of a song written by "Jake" Pierce, '96, had been distributed among the college boys, and, not content to wait for the game, the party in the grand stand struck up the opening verse as the team started out for preliminary practice:

"Gathered on the Delta, boys, we'll raise a mighty cheer;

Cheer with such a spirit that the Worcester team shall hear.

Bowdoin's nine must win to-day; 'tis Bowdoin's banner year;

And Bowdoin 's marching on!"

A moment later a great shout arose as, headed by their band, the medical students marched onto the grounds. In front, as Grand Marshal, strode the imposing form of President Worthing of the Senior Class, with tall silk hat and beribboned cane, and

behind came the banner of the school, and huge placards bearing such inscriptions as:

"Bates squawked in '94,
Stayed out in '95.
Why? Afraid of Medics!"

and:

"Can the Medics play ball?
Watch Bryant!"

The procession made the circuit of the field and finally halted on the southern side, opposite to the point from which the Bates students were trying to make themselves heard with their "Boom-a-lak-a! Boom-a-lak-a! Boom! Bates! Boom!" Then, amidst the blaring of the band and the cheers of the opposing colleges, the game began.

The first few innings were wildly exciting. Bowdoin started in by piling up six runs, and, at the end of the third, the score stood eight to four in her favor. The "Medic" band, having exhausted its *repertoire* (which seemed to consist solely of "Phi Chi"), was obliged to repeat it several times to give vent to the enthusiasm, and from the grand stand the refrain of

"Bowdoin, Bowdoin, Bowdoin, Bowdoin;
Old Bowdoin's marching on!"

swelled again and again.

In the fourth inning Bates made three runs to Bowdoin's one. This seemed to anger the "Medics," and they marched over to the Bates side of the field as if to sweep their opponents out of existence. Here, however, they were met by Despeaux, the town constable, and, after a "scrap," which took up most of the interest of the spectators during the fifth inning, the "Medics" returned to their first position. For a time, now, neither side scored, and the Bowdoin men in the grand stand expressed their approval of Bodge's pitching by singing the familiar lines:

"Mamie, come kiss your honey boy,
While the stars do shine!"

They also took the opportunity to renew "Jake" Pierce's song:

"We'll trust to Bodge within the box, and Haines behind the bat;
And Captain Hull and Frankie Dane, there's nothing slow in that;
When Auntie Coburn hits the ball it won't know where it's at;
While Bowdoin marches on.

"Then put them over, Mamie, and we'll have them in a hole,
For nothing passes Bryant and there are no flies on Soule;
While "Lib" and Greenlaw both combine to help us reach our goal,
And Bowdoin marches on!"

The eighth inning drew to a close. Bates had added three more runs in the seventh, and the score now stood 15 to 10 in Bowdoin's favor. The disheartened students from Lewiston began to leave the field. Some, it is said, went to the telegraph station and sent word home that Bowdoin had won the game. The Bowdoin boys were jubilant, and from the grand stand came again the song:

"Then shout again together, 'We won't do a thing to Bates!'
Thank God that we're from Bowdoin, though they call us sports and skates,
For Bowdoin was 'OLD BOWDOIN' when there wasn't any Bates!
And Bowdoin's marching on!"

Truly everything was in Bowdoin's favor. With a margin of five points, the last half of the ninth began. Bates was at the bat. One man out . . . two men out . . . and — what is that? A run? Two runs! three! four! five! *The score is tied!*

Just what happened to Bowdoin in that ninth inning has never been satisfactorily explained. Some said it was a case of "swelled head," others attributed the disaster to the "Medic" band, and still others laid the blame on "Jake" Pierce's song, and backed up their assertion by citing the

defeat received from Bates the last time "Jake" wrote a song for the game.

But whatever the cause, the result was only too evident. For another inning and a half, Bowdoin made a desperate effort to retrieve her fortunes, and then . . . the Bates yell resounded from the Delta, and the reporters sent off to the Sunday papers the dispatch: "Bowdoin, 15; Bates, 16."

On Casco Bay.

NOT long ago, the writer had the good fortune to be one of a party which took a bicycle ride to the shores of beautiful Casco Bay.

After the usual delay in picking up the different members of the company, we started off at a good pace, for the day was cool and cloudy. In the overflow of spirits, caused by the exhilarating first spin of the season, some of us tried racing, but shortness of breath and "lack of form" incident to the winter's rest, soon put a stop to such exhibitions. Then we settled down to a quiet gait, sufficiently swift for pleasure and comfortable to our untrained muscles.

All went finely till the main road was left and a short cut taken, which soon disclosed its true character. The soil was largely of clay; the road had been little used, and that apparently when in a semi-liquid condition, for the hoof-prints and wheel-tracks of the teams that had passed were seemingly as deep as when new, while in the bottom of each one lay an innocent little pool of water, ready for the unwary cyclist. But worse was to come, and come it did in the form of a hill, whereon one might experience the novel sensation of pedalling as hard as he could, while he saw the earth before him slipping farther and farther away. Our next difficulty was occasioned by a cross-road, about which no one knew anything definite. Finally it was decided to turn to the right toward a slight descent. We set

out, and soon were jolting and thumping down a hill comparable only to an old-fashioned corduroy road.

So far, our pleasure had been derived from overcoming the seeming opposition of nature, but we were yet to enjoy our reward. The shore was reached at a rocky little point, on which we all found seats, and then proceeded to amuse ourselves and each other by skipping shells and flat stones, examining rock-weed and telling stories, some with a "fishy" flavor peculiarly appropriate to the occasion.

Meanwhile, the sharp-eyed member of the party had discovered a little dot on the horizon, which he declared to be a vessel under full sail. When, after many directions and much craning of necks, all had made out the speck, the glasses were produced and proved our prophet a true one, and from that time forth he was not without honor in his party. But so far away was our fancy-laden craft that even through the glasses she appeared but a spot a trifle darker than her surroundings, as she seemed to lie floating in the air, so alike were the colors of the sea and sky—calm, thoughtful shades of gray. We watched her for a while, but could not see that she made any progress. There, like

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean"

she lay against the dim, faint distance; sombre, yet with a quiet beauty which only such gray mists, far off on the sea, can have.

All things, however, must have an end, so leaving our ship to travel its lonely course, we turned toward home, taking the more direct and, as it proved, the better road.

Chicago University is planning the construction of a new gymnasium. Its dimensions will be 100 by 800 feet, and it is proposed to make it the finest building of its kind in the world. An athletic field 100 by 600 feet will be added, with a seating capacity of 25,000 people. The field will be entirely closed and properly heated, so that sport can be carried on during the winter.

Bowdoin Verse.

Moon-Set.

The moon sank down in distant west,
Yet not so far away
But I could see the place it dropped,
Far o'er the dark'ning bay.

The pine tree stirred, as gently touched
Its top the waning moon;
And swiftly forth a fire broke,
Which changed the night to noon.

From far and near the people came
To idly stand and gaze,
And wonder'd, puzzled in their minds,
At what had caused the blaze.

But had they seen, as I had done,
The moon come down to earth,
The question would have solved itself;
They'd known what gave it birth.

Blue Eyes and Violets.

Dear Violets,
Sweet flowerets,
When sunlight falls adown blue skies,
I gaze into your tender eyes,
And gazing, dream of her,
Dear Violets,
Sweet flowerets.

Dear Violets,
Sweet flowerets,
When snow-flakes fall adown grey skies,
I gaze into her lovely eyes
And see my spring-time dream,
Dear Violets,
Sweet flowerets.

Reviens!

Summer, my dear Summer-time,
Hasten back to me!
Falling rose leaves, fading bowers
Die with love for thee.

But my lovely Summer-time,
Autumn twilights say,
Never will come back again.
Thou art gone for aye.

Is it that thou would'st not come?
 Nay, that cannot be.
 Fate it must, Fate doth hold
 Cruel reign o'er thee.

Life and Death.

I.

Life and Death once met together at a bed
 Where lay a dying mother and her new-born
 child;
 Death to claim the body whence the soul had fled,
 And Life to claim the babe who, all unconscious,
 smiled.
 Said Death: "Mine is the greater victory."
 Said Life: "But time alone the truth will see."

II.

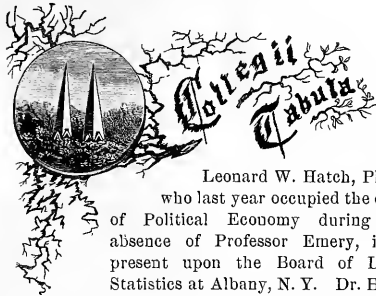
Years fled. Death at last the child his victim claimed.
 And loud exulting sped to Life and said:
 "Life, behold, thy treasure has my spoil been named.
 Now which is greater? Is not victory with the
 dead?"
 "Not so," cried Life, "you have but earthly
 clay,
 While Life Eternal takes the soul away."

Ode to an Old Pipe.

Old relic of the dusty past,
 Across the threshold of whose portals
 The legendary sunbeams cast
 But little light for curious mortals,
 I ween that in thy blackened bowl
 Are stored a host of recollections
 As vivid as a very scroll
 Of mankind's worth or imperfections.

Perhaps thou hast been much condemned
 By prudes and those who knew no better;
 Or looked on with contempt by them
 Who were a thousand times thy debtor.
 Who knows but some grand banquet-hall,
 Where glasses clinked and hearts were merry,
 Hath felt thy power to enthrall—
 To calm and soothe the mind that's weary?

Or, mayhap, in his study-chair,
 An author, loved by every nation,
 Had been reduced to dire despair
 But for thy friendly inspiration.
 Ah, well, old friend, I'm not the one
 To painful passions to provoke thee;
 Be mine a life of toil or fun,
 I'll try and be content to—smoke thee.



Leonard W. Hatch, Ph.D.,
 who last year occupied the chair
 of Political Economy during the
 absence of Professor Emery, is at
 present upon the Board of Labor
 Statistics at Albany, N. Y. Dr. Hatch
 is eminently qualified for such work, he having
 made a specialty along the lines of the labor and
 social questions.

Stetson, '98, is back.

Dane, '96, was in town last week.

Howard, '98, visited Tufts College a part of last
 week.

The voice of the mid-term "quiz" is heard in
 the land.

The burning of the dead leaves has begun.
 Snow next.

Clarke, '99, has been coaching the Freshman
 foot-ball team.

Nason, '99, attended the Δ K E initiation at
 Colby, last week.

The Sophomore Class in Physics has begun work
 in the laboratory.

The first rehearsal for the Mandolin Club was
 held last Monday.

The fence around the southern division of the
 "Mall" has been removed.

Adjourns were granted during the progress of
 the Mass-Meeting last Friday.

The reading-room has been refitted with racks
 for holding the papers in position.

The Bowdoin Orchestra played its first engage-
 ment of the season at the Fair Ball.

Briggs, '99, and Sturgis, '99, attended the Maine
 Music Festival in Bangor, last week.

An adjourn was given to the whole college the
 Thursday afternoon of Topsham fair.

Orders for fraternity note-paper of Dreka's house
 have been taken at 25 North Winthrop.

The Frou-Frou Club of Bath gave a dance last
 week, which some of the fellows attended.

Some of the students enjoyed a dance at the

Court Room recently. It was arranged by certain of Brunswick's young people.

Sinkinson, '99, refereed the Bates-Colby game at Lewiston, Saturday last.

The painters were at work in the Art Building last week, oiling the floors of the galleries.

Professor Emery acted as one of the ushers at the recent Chandler-Allen nuptials in Boston.

A number of Tufts alumni attended the Tufts game and cheered loudly and to good purpose.

Bacon, 1900, officiated as umpire at the Kent's Hill-Hebron game on the 23d, at Livermore Falls.

Roller polo begins early next month, and Bath's Alameda will again be a magnet for winter evenings.

Mr. Wiun Adams, formerly of the Class of '99 at Dartmouth, has entered the Junior Class at Bowdoiu.

E. R. Hunter, who sang with the Glee Club and drilled them last winter, is studying medicine in Boston.

Joe Mahoney is peddling candy sticks. "Little Joe" should be patronized by the students, one and all.

O. D. Smith and D. R. Pennell, '98, made a flying visit to St. Paul's School at Portsmouth, N. H., recently.

It is thought that La Farge's panel for the Art Building will be put up this year. Its subject is to be "Athens."

A mass-meeting for the protection of Sabbath observance was held at the Town Hall a week ago Sunday evening.

Dr. Kneeland of Boston gave an address before the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, on "The Student and his Sunday."

The Freshmen are to have an extra course in mathematics this term. The course takes up the study of Higher Algebra.

The Brunswick post-office has issued a convenient little card, giving the time of the closing and opening of the mails.

The Bowdoiu Sophomore foot-ball eleven played Portland High School, last Wednesday, and defeated them by a score of 22 to 0.

During a brief illness of Editor Dunning of the Brunswick department of the *Bath Independent*, his place was filled by Kelley, '99.

One of Maine's papers thinks it amusing that Consul Sewall's Samoan relics at the Art Building are labeled "Loaned by His Excellency."

The Alpha Delta Phi's held an enjoyable ride to the Gurnet during the "moon season." The moon, however, kept out of the way nearly all the evening.

Preble, '98, and Dutton, '99, represented the Bowdoiu Chapter of Delta Upsilon at the annual convention of the fraternity, at Amherst, last week.

Judging solely from the number of men seen limping about the campus in the last two weeks, it would be fair to state that we are in a "crippled condition."

The Juniors have voted to have the assessment for the *Bugle* paid in by November 12th, in order that the editors may not be troubled by any financial embarrassment.

The piano at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms was tuned recently. These instruments in public places do not generally receive too much attention of this sort.

The sixth annual meeting of the Maine Amateur Press Association was held at Orono last week. Forty-five delegates were present, representing most of the student publications of the state.

Why think of going to the Kloudike when dusky Princess Ton-on-ar-oo-nee offers a kingdom, and \$35,000 per annum as pin-money, to the man who will marry her? Don't all speak at once.

Brooke's Band of Chicago played at the Town Hall last Tuesday afternoon—that is, was to have played; but, as about a dozen appeared in the audience, the concert was adjourned *sine die*.

The Maine Music Festival in Portland, last week, drew some of our music lovers. Professors Chapman and Woodruff were members of the Brunswick division of the big chorus, the latter being its president. Professor Chapman wrote the introduction of the elaborate programme books.

The outside reading of this term for those who have elected Sophomore French is the same as it was last year. It embraces some of the works of Corneille, Molière, and Racine. The text-book for use in the class will be Crane's "Le Romantisme Francais."

Professor Robinson's large Saint Bernard dog, which was a familiar form on the campus, is no more. Last week he became involved in a scrap with a "yagger" bull-dog, and getting the worst of the conflict, crawled off to the grave-yard, where he was found badly chewed up.

It is rumored that a change is to be made in our postal service. Brunswick and Topsham may

be united, postally, and free delivery may result. What a boon this would be to the town and college! Think of receiving one's letters at one's door; and how many weary, wet, and cold tramps through Brunswick mud would be saved. This is a dream indeed, but a most practical, not to mention probable, one.

The A. D. F. Randolph Company is soon to publish a book called "The Ten Laws: A Foundation for Human Society," by Dr. E. B. Mason, pastor of the Congregational Church of Brunswick. The work is designed to show that these ten laws are the natural laws of man's life, and that they have their authority not alone in Moses, but in the nature of things or the necessities of social existence.

By a new arrangement, those of the Juniors who desire to take Senior German next year, have banded their names to Professor Files. The class is thus divided into two divisions which recite alternately every Saturday. Those who intend to take Senior German are drilled in grammar work, and in writing German in the script, while the remainder of the class have lectures and sight reading. There are nearly thirty in the first division at present.

A largely attended meeting of the Foot-Ball Association was held at Memorial Hall, Friday, October 22d. The object of the meeting was twofold, namely: to provide funds for the support of the team, and to stir up interest in the team itself. President Pettengill presided. Speeches were made by Dr. Whittier, Coach Libby, Manager Young and others, and new life was infused. A committee of nine was appointed to canvass the college for subscriptions, consisting of Briggs, '99, E. E. Spear, '98, Pierce, '98, Neagle, '99, A. B. White, '98, Lawrence, '98, Knight, '98, Odiorne, '98, and Hayden, '99. This committee was to report Saturday, and if proper support was shown, the season was to be finished. Coach Libby urged new men to appear upon the field. The meeting then adjourned. The beneficial results of this awakening were shown on that very afternoon, for almost three elevens were in uniform, and a goodly number of spectators to cheer them on. The committee for subscriptions should be warmly received.

The George Evans Debating Society held its first meeting for the year, on Tuesday evening, October 19th, with an attendance of some forty members and visitors. The programme consisted of addresses by Professors Mitchell and MacDonald, upon the importance of the art of debating, and the

best means for its acquirement. Their remarks were both entertaining and helpful, and were greatly appreciated by all present. After a brief business session, in which the programme for the next meeting was announced, and several applications for membership were received, the society adjourned. It is intended, beginning with the coming meeting, to make musical and literary parts a regular feature of the programme. A piano has been engaged and will be put into the Modern Language Room, where the meetings are held. The subject for the debate at the next meeting, Tuesday, November 2d, is: "Resolved, that municipalities in the United States should own and operate plants for supplying light, water, and transportation." The hour of meeting is seven, sharp. All are invited to attend.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

Bowdoin, 10; Exeter, 0.

Bowdoin won her first game of the season from Exeter, at Exeter, Wednesday, October 13th. The game was played at Exeter, and was a clean, hard game throughout. The interference on both teams was at times brilliant, but generally not of the kind to be expected so late in the season. Of Exeter's backs, Scales and Lynd evidently had an off day. The latter's punting was slow, and several of his punts were blocked. A muff by Scales gave Bowdoin her first touchdown.

Ives kicked off for Bowdoin, Baldwin catching the ball and advancing it nearly to the center. Bowdoin soon recovered the ball on a fumble, but, falling to gain, Ives punted. Scales missed the ball and McMillan got it and easily carried it 30 yards for a touchdown.

At the next kick-off, Exeter forced Bowdoin back for three downs, when Ives punted. Haggerty and Scales were now sent at the line, and they made repeated gains. It looked as though Exeter would score easily, but fumbling gave Bowdoin the ball, and McMillan made a 30-yard gain around right end, Sears finally bringing him down by a fine tackle. Bowdoin was again held and forced to kick.

Exeter's backs went through the line again, and Higley made good gains on tackle plays. Ives was the mainstay of the Bowdoin team, and his splendid tackling at this time undoubtedly prevented Exeter

from scoring in the first half, which ended when Exeter had the ball only 12 yards from Bowdoin's goal.

In the second, Bowdoin went into the game with a rush, and for the first time was able to break through Exeter's line. McMillan got around left end for 25 yards. Exeter finally held the college men on her 15-yard line. Lynd punted, but his kick was blocked, and Gregson fell on the ball three yards from the goal line. Bowdoin failed to gain in three downs, but on the fourth carried the ball over. Ives kicked the goal.

The game was in many ways a disappointment, for, while Exeter hardly expected to win, yet her play to-day was far behind that in her previous games. Greene and Baldwin tackled well, and the line was strong, but Exeter's team showed far less strength than was expected. Ives, McMillan, and Cloudman played a hard, steady game, and the tackling of the first was especially brilliant.

The summary:

Bowdoin.		EXETER.
Gregson.	Left End.	Sears.
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Jones.
Cloudman.	Left Guard.	Zimmerman.
Bodwell.	Center.	Greene.
Merrill.	Right Guard.	Mallett (Miller.)
Spear.	Right Tackle.	Higley (Capt.).
Veazie.	Right End.	Bailey.
Monton (Capt.).	Quarterback.	Baldwin.
McMillan.	Left Halfback.	Haggerty.
Stanwood.	Right Halfback.	Scales.
Ives.	Fullback.	Lynd.

Score—Bowdoin, 10; Exeter, 0. Touchdowns—McMillan, Ives. Goal from touchdown—Ives. Umpire—Pendleton. Referee—Ross. Linesmen—Wood and Smith. Time—15m. halves.

Tufts, 18; Bowdoin, 6.

Saturday, October 16th, at Brunswick, Bowdoin again met defeat on the foot-ball field. The team that performed the trick was Tufts, and the way they accomplished it heaps anything but credit on their heads, and speaks volumes in praise for the pluck and endurance of our team of substitutes. The Tufts team did all in their power to advance the ball, and more often holding and slugging were indulged in than clean, gentlemanly foot-ball.

On the kick-off, Spear, the "Bowdoin panther," was injured, and had to be forcibly taken from the field. We then had on the side-lines, Spear, Clarke, McMillan, Stockbridge, and Stanwood, and these are the men upon whom Bowdoin has mainly depended for her foot-ball glory for the past two years.

Tufts had the wind in their favor the first half. Bowdoin took the ball. Ives kicked off for 30 yards and the ball was down on Tufts' 35-yard line.

Bowdoin held Tufts for three downs, and all looked well for an easy victory. Ives made five yards and Cleaves made three, when Bowdoin fumbled. Tufts now got the ball and burlied her interference at the Bowdoin ends and tackles. Moses made six yards, then Carpenter took the ball and made a dash for 10 yards. By short gains, Tufts rushed the ball to Bowdoin's 25-yard line, where the ball was given to Maddocks, who cleared himself of all save the Bowdoin fullback, and finally dodged him. Tufts had scored. A goal resulted.

Ives kicked off to Tufts' 25-yard line, and the ball was rushed to Bowdoin's 50-yard line, where the home team took a stand and got the ball on downs. Tufts got through on Bowdoin's first down, and forced them back six yards. Ives punted, but was partially blocked and the ball went just to the center of the field. Then Tufts, by the fastest sort of foot-ball, smashed down the field for 55 yards and made their second touchdown. Maddocks kicked the goal.

Ives was suffering from a sprained ankle, so Bodwell kicked off. He usually has no trouble in kicking off to the goal line. But somehow or other the ball touched the ground about 30 yards from him and rolled along the ground to Tufts' 50-yard line. Tufts punted for 25 yards, but Cleaves fumbled the catch, and the Tufts' fullback fell on the bounding pigskin. This fumble was crisis number two.

Tufts failed to make the requisite five yards, and Bowdoin made two good gains, when the ball was given to Veazie for an end criss-cross. By fine dodging and running he made 30 yards. Time was called when he shouted "down" on Tufts' 45-yard line.

In the second half, Bowdoin played the old Bowdoin game. They went into it with a dash. Tufts-kicked to Bowdoin's 15-yard line. Wiggin caught the ball and advanced it 15 yards. Ives made a good gain through the center for five yards. Bowdoin lost the ball and recovered it again on downs. Cleaves made six yards around the end, and Veazie seven yards on an end criss-cross, then Gregson made a 35-yard run, and would have scored then and there could he have run fast enough to have kept out of the way of the Tufts fullback, who sprinted and tackled him on Tufts' 12-yard line. Then Ives easily carried the ball through Tufts' center for a touchdown. Ives kicked the goal. Score, 12-6.

Goddard kicked off to Bowdoin's 20-yard line, and Ives made a fine catch and ran 20 yards before

being downed. Then the signal was given for Ives to punt from his position in the lice. Tufts broke through and blocked the kick, and by hard fighting in 10 downs carried the ball 35 yards for a touchdown. Tufts kicked the goal, and the score was 18 to 6 in their favor.

The rest of the half was a hard struggle against heavy odds by the Bowdoin men. They fought a good fight, got the ball twice on downs, but could not break away from Tufts. Time was called upon Tufts' 30-yard line. Score, 18 to 6.

For the visitors, Almeida at quarter played the best game. Almelda was very swift and sure. For Bowdoin, Captain Moulton, Ives, and Veazie played the best game. Wiggin and Merrill played well at tackles.

BOWDOIN.		TUFTS.
Gregson.	Left End.	Foster.
Wiggin.	Left Tackle.	Carpenter (Capt.).
Clowdman.	Left Guard.	Bartlett.
Godwell.	Center.	Avery.
Spear (Merrill).	Right Guard.	Daniels.
Merrill (Albee).	Right Tackle.	Goddard.
Veazie.	Right End.	Burton.
Moulton (Capt.).	Quarterback.	Almeida.
Minard.	Left Halfback.	Moses.
Ives.	Right Halfback.	Maddock.
Cleaves.	Fullback.	Rand.

Touchdowns—Rand, Maddocks, Moses, and Ives. Referee—Pierce of Bowdoin. Umpire—Swett of Tufts. Linesmen—Stockbridge of Bowdoin; and Hildreth of Tufts. Time—20 and 15-minute halves.

Bowdoin, 1901, 0; Portland High School, 0.

Saturday, the 6th, the Freshman eleven played Portland High School in Portland, and succeeded in tying with them. The game was slow and uninteresting throughout. Both teams fumbled badly, and it was a very discreditible game for a Bowdoin team to participate in. Elated at being able to keep the High School team from scoring, the Freshmen seemed to forget that it would be well for them to score themselves, and they delayed the game and took so much time that the spectators decided that they didn't even know their signals, much less foot-ball.

The Freshmen should realize that foot-ball is not a waiting game, and brace up and get some snap. The line-up:

BOWDOIN, 1901.		PORTLAND H. S.
Snow.	Left End.	Anderson.
Griffeths.	Left Tackle.	Williams.
Leighton.	Left Guard.	Watson.
Cowen.	Center.	Smith.
Martelle.	Right Guard.	Dorticos.
Hill.	Right Tackle.	Feeney (Finnerty).
Short.	Right End.	Fogg.
Collis.	Quarterback.	S. Anderson (Walker).
Lefariere.	Halfback.	Twitchell.
Randall.	Halfback.	Webber.
Palmer.	Fullback.	Underwood.

Score—Portland 0, Bowdoin 0. Umpire—Griffeth of Portland. Referee—Walter Clarke, Bowdoin, '99. Time—15m. and 10m. halves.

Bowdoin, 1900, 22; P. H. S., 0.

Wednesday, October 20th, the Sophomore team played the Portland High School eleven and won handily. The Portland forwards pnt up a fine game. They held their heavy opponents well, and broke through repeatedly, but Portland's weakness was behind the line, where Underwood was the only man who could be relied on to advance the ball.

Within the last three minutes of playing time, the high school boys started a new style of play, namely, running the guards and tackles with the ball, and this plan worked to perfection. Watson, Williams, and Dorticos ploughed through the Bowdoin line for big gains, but the adoption of this style of play came too late in the game.

The first touchdown which the Sophomores scored was practically a gift. Bowdoin had worked the ball up to within three yards of Portland's goal line, and here the high school boys made a splendid stand and held them for downs.

When the teams lined up, the Portland backs were behind their own line, and under such conditions there was only one play to be made, and that was to punt. Instead of doing this, however, Twitchell was sent through the Sophomore line, or rather the quarterback intended that he should go through the line, but he utterly failed in the attempt, and furthermore dropped the ball, whereupon a Sophomore fell on it quicker than a flash, and the result was six points for Bowdoin.

The third touchdown was on a fluke. Portland had worked the pigskin to Bowdoin's 15-yard line and a touchdown seemed sure. Underwood ploughed through the line for a 10-yard gain, and then both teams piled up in the scrimmage. Suddenly out of the heap of struggling players rolled the ball. Chapman jumped for it and started down the field with the pigskin tucked under his arm. Before any of the Portland men knew what had happened Chapman had a tremendous start, and he never stopped until he had planted the oval behind Portland's goal posts.

The weather was just right from the player's standpoint, but the three hundred spectators who lined the field and sat in the grand stand found it rather chilly. Among those out to see the game, was May Irwin. Miss Irwin remained throughout the first half.

The following is the summary:

PORTLAND.		BOWDOIN, 1900.
Anderson (Capt.)	Left End.	Chapman (Capt.)
Williams.	Left Tackle.	Gardiner.
Watson.	Left Guard.	Willard.
Smith.	Center.	Russell.
Finnerty.	Right Guard.	Farwell.
Dorticos.	Right Tackle.	Bass.
Fogg.	Right End.	Sylvester.
Walker.	Quarterback.	Sparks.
S. Anderson. }	Left Halfback.	Merrill.
Weber.		
Twitshell. }	Right Halfback.	Babb.
Files.		Clark.
Underwood.	Fullback.	

Score—Bowdoin, 22; Portland High, 0. Touchdowns—Merrill 2, Bass, and Chapman. Goals from touchdowns—Bass 3. Time of halves—20 minutes and 15 minutes. Referee—Griffith of Portland. Umpire—Gould of Bowdoin. Linesmen—Clark of Portland, and Stubbs of Bowdoin.

Thornton Academy, 44; Bowdoin, 1901, 0.

The Freshman team visited Saco on Saturday, the 23d, and was completely outclassed by Thornton Academy. The Academy boys played a snappy, fast game, while the Freshmen were unable to withstand their onslaught for a moment. The game was most one-sided from start to finish. In commenting upon the game one of the newspapers remarked, "If any manager in the state is looking for something easy, he should arrange a game with the Bowdoin Freshmen." The line-up was as follows:

THORNTON ACADEMY.		BOWDOIN, 1901.
Boyer.	Left End.	Corliss.
J. Dow.	Left Tackle.	Griffith.
Hatch.	Left Guard.	Leighton.
Wentworth.	Center.	Cowan.
Hamilton.	Right Guard.	Martel.
Cole.	Right Tackle.	Hill.
Seavey.	Right End.	Short.
Leavitt.	Quarterback.	White.
Giles.		
Bradford. }	Halfback.	{ Snow.
Bean.		{ Randall.
E. Dow.	Fullback.	Palmer.

Score—Thornton Academy, 44; Bowdoin Freshmen, 0. Touchdowns—E. Dow 4, Bradford 2, Boyker 1, Bean 1. Goals from touchdowns—Bradford 6. Umpire—Kendall of Bowdoin. Referee—Hodgdon of Saco.

As the foot-ball schedule has been changed several times recently, the ORIENT publishes it as it stands at present. The Dartmouth game was canceled owing to the crippled condition of the team, and the New Hampshire game was postponed a week.

Wednesday, Oct. 27.—New Hampshire College at Brunswick.

Saturday, Oct. 30.—Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Brunswick.

Wednesday, Nov. 3.—Colby at Waterville.

Saturday, Nov. 6.—Truitt at College Hill.

Saturday, Nov. 13.—Colby at Brunswick.

Saturday, Nov. 20.—Open. Possibly University of Maine at Brunswick.

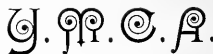
BASE-BALL SCHEDULE.

The Board of Managers of the Maine College League, consisting of President Ernest L. Collins of Bates, Secretary R. C. Stearns of University of Maine, Treasurer J. E. Stevenson of Colby, and L. L. Cleaves of Bowdoin, held a meeting at the Elmwood Hotel, Waterville, and arranged the following provisional base-ball schedule for 1898:

May 7.—U. of M. vs. Bowdoin at Brunswick.
 May 14.—Colby vs. Bates at Lewiston.
 May 21.—Bates vs. U. of M. at Lewiston.
 May 21.—Bowdoin vs. Colby at Waterville.
 May 25.—Bates vs. U. of M. at Orono.
 May 25.—Colby vs. Bowdoin at Brunswick.
 May 28.—U. of M. vs. Colby at Waterville.
 May 28.—Bowdoin vs. Bates at Lewiston.
 June 4.—Bowdoin vs. U. of M. at Orono.
 June 4.—Bates vs. Colby at Waterville.
 June 8.—Colby vs. U. of M. at Orono.
 June 11.—Bates vs. Bowdoin at Brunswick.

TRACK-ATHLETICS.

The proposed fall meet died a natural death. Not sufficient interest was shown to warrant such a meet, and no definite action was taken.



Robinson, 1900, led the meeting, held on Thursday night, October 14th. He took for his subject, "Contentment, its Virtues and Ills." He skillfully drew the happy medium of contentment, the point where ambition is still rife, and still, where peace of soul is manifest. Contentment is plainly a curse to the student who is entirely satisfied with a college standing that will barely keep him in college, and who has no ambition to better himself or his fellows in any way. On the other hand, contentment would be a boon to the man who is always goading himself and his friends to death to achieve some ever-fleeting object of his imagination, who is never satisfied with his state in life.

The Rev. Dr. Kneeland of Boston preached in the Congregational Church on Sunday, October 17th, and in the afternoon addressed the Y. M. C. A. in the society room. He spoke of the way the Sabbath is kept by college students, and how it should be kept. In the first place Dr. Kneeland said that physically a man cannot use his brain steadily seven days in a week without materially injuring his health. The rule of refraining from labor on Sunday was made from an hygienic point of view, undoubtedly. He denounced the method that some students have of doing all the work of the week on

Sunday. He also reproved the great mass of students who, from force of habit, allow little tasks to gather through the week to be done on Sunday. Probably two-thirds of the theme work in college is written on Sunday. Dr. Kneeland's talk was very bright and to the point.

Last Thursday night the meeting was led by Woodbury, 1900, who took as the subject of the meeting, "Perseverance." It was a very good meeting, but poorly attended.

A large audience attended the informal address last Sunday, given by Mr. D. E. Tobias of Brown University, who spoke upon the race question, and especially of the social question among the negroes in the South. Mr. Tobias was a very intelligent and cultured speaker. He plead for the social liberty of his race. He said that the white brothers dragged his people from happy homes in sunny Africa to a beast's life of servitude in the fields of the South. For two hundred and fifty years the colored people faithfully served their tyrant rulers. Then the white brothers shed the fairest blood of the world to gain the freedom of these slaves. And now the colored people are worse than slaves, as the doors of civilization are closed against them. Mr. Tobias was eloquent at times, and thoroughly impressed the society as to the virtue of his cause. Mr. Tobias is one of those modern Bolivars who are struggling for the freedom of their race from the yoke of public scorn.

He is thoroughly educating himself to enable him to take up the gauntlet with any in the realm. That he will be a blessing to the colored race in America, as Booker Washington is, there seems to be no question. He does not cry for sympathy, or pose as a martyr, but he rather is ready to convince people by the force of sheer logic and sense. He is a genuine student of economy, living in the richest soil for the economist.

Personal.

'29.—Hon. John F. Hartley, who died in Saco, October 20th, at the age of 88, was a resident of Portland in his early manhood. He graduated at the old Saco Academy, and later at Bowdoin, with high honors, in 1829; studied law in the office of John and Ether Shepley, and began practice in Saco. After a short time he removed to Portland, where he was engaged in practice till 1838, in the

meantime acting as editor for the *Eastern Argus*. He was also connected with the *Standard*. He spoke frequently at political gatherings, and gained so high a reputation in this line that his friends thought him destined to become distinguished in the political world. But his tastes led him in a different direction. In 1838 he received an appointment to a clerkship in the treasury department at Washington, under Hon. Levi Woodbury, Secretary, and also during the administration of President Van Buren. He was appointed chief clerk in 1863, by the late Salmon P. Chase, secretary of the treasury, which position he retained till 1865, when he was appointed assistant secretary of the treasury by President Andrew Johnson. He continued to discharge the duties of that office till 1875. Mr. Hartley's career in the treasury department showed in what high esteem he was held. Though a Democrat, he was retained in the position of assistant secretary through Republican administrations, even when sweeping changes were made among the officials of the department. Several times he was for short periods acting treasurer of the United States. He was an intimate and trusted friend of Secretaries Salmon P. Chase, William P. Fessenden, and Hugh McCulloch, the last of whom was an honorary graduate of the college. A Saco citizen, who was in the treasury during Mr. Hartley's incumbency, says that he was marked by a very unusual knowledge of the affairs of the department, especially of the laws and decisions relating to customs, and was regarded as an invaluable man in the place. In 1869, when the cash room in the north wing was built, the name of John F. Hartley, as assistant secretary, was inscribed upon it, together with that of Hugh McCulloch, secretary of the treasury. While in office, Mr. Hartley was influential in getting appointments for many Maine men, and there are some officials in the department now who owe their places to him. He leaves a large estate. Two sons survive him, Dr. Frank Hartley, and Attorney Edward Hartley, both of New York.

'50.—Hon. William P. Frye was elected a director of the Maine Central Railroad at its annual meeting, on October 20th. Senator Frye succeeds Mr. Payson Tucker as director, while the office of Vice-President, also held by Mr. Tucker, was abolished.

'56.—Major William Henry Smyth of Georgia, formerly a Brunswick man, has been recently made postmaster of Atlanta. Major Smyth is a son of the famous Professor Smyth of Bowdoin College, and held a position in the post-office in Harrison's administration. He has long been prominent in

Georgia politics, and was connected with the Atlanta Exposition.

'60.—A late number of the *Illustrated American* contains an article by Hon. Thomas B. Reed, entitled, "A Great Yankee Leader of the Past Generation."

'68.—Mr. George Langdon Chandler, supervisor of nature study in the Newton schools, died October 6, 1897, at the age of fifty-two years, from a complication of diseases. He was born in Waterville, Me., where his early education was obtained. Later he graduated at Bowdoin, in the Class of '68. He remained here as instructor after his graduation, and later became master of the high school at Franklin Falls. In 1888 he went to Newton as instructor in physics in the high school, holding this position until 1894, when he became supervisor of nature study. He was an exceedingly popular man, both in school and about town, and was a member of several prominent societies. A widow and a son survive him.

'70.—A Buffalo exchange notes the following: "The eighty-five gentlemen who attended the meeting of the Westminster Club, last Tuesday night, were agreed in pronouncing it one of the most successful and enjoyable in the club's history. Col. Alexander was at his best, and gave a most charming talk on Congress, entitled, "A First Session in Congress," a talk replete with reminiscence and anecdote, yet presenting a powerful picture of the Congress of to-day. Refreshments were served in the café of the "Lenox," and afterwards an hour was spent in social intercourse. Altogether the evening was a brilliant inauguration of the season's work."

'74.—Rev. Samuel Valentine Cole has been elected president of Wheaton Seminary at Norton, Mass. Hitherto its Faculty of instruction has been under the leadership of a woman. Mr. Cole was born in Machias, Me., in 1851, and graduated from Bowdoin College at the age of 23, leading his class. The next year he was tutor in rhetoric here, and later, after several years of experience in various preparatory schools, returned to his *Alma Mater* as instructor in Latin. A few years after he entered Andover Seminary, where he graduated in 1889. Returning from study in Europe, a year later, he became pastor of the Trinitarian Church in Taunton, Mass., where he has been very successful. Mr. Cole's varied talents have been employed in his pastoral and charitable work, and in contributing to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Andover Review*, the *New England Magazine*, and numerous other periodicals.

'80.—A delightful home wedding occurred at Freeport, on Tuesday, October 12th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Enos Allen. The bridegroom was Mr. Walter L. Dane of Keenebunk, one of the most prominent of the junior members of the York bar, and the bride, Miss Jeanette L. Allen. The ceremony was performed by Prof. Henry L. Chapman of Bowdoin College. Mr. Francis S. Dane, Bowdoin, '96, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast was served, after which the bridegroom and bride took the evening train for a

wedding trip to Boston and other places. Upon their return they will reside at Keenebunk.

'85.—The dictionary definition of Sloyd is as follows: A system of elementary training originating in Sweden, but introduced, with modification, elsewhere. "The Sloyd work consists of a series of manual exercises, carefully graduated in difficulty from the simplest discoverable tool-manipulation to the most complete kinds of joining. But these are embodied in complete and useful objects from the outset, and in their character as exercises they are carefully veiled from the pupil." At Long Beach, Cal., there has been established a Sloyd Summer School, of which Professor Howard L. Lunt is principal. An exhibition was recently given of the work of the school and of its principal, in regard to which a Long Beach newspaper speaks: "That interest in Sloyd has been awakened was made manifest by the number of people which attended the exhibition of that useful and fascinating study, held on the afternoon of Monday last. There were a number of tables arranged in different parts of the hall, on which were the finished product of the different pupils, the duration of the course being one month. Professor Lunt, who has made a thorough study of Sloyd, both cardboard and wood, graduated in the former branch from the manual training school at Leipsic, Germany, and in wood-Sloyd from the Boston training school, besides studying the art at Naäs, Sweden. Some beautiful models and specimens of his own handiwork in both branches of the art were on exhibition. The whole display included one hundred models in cardboard, which Professor Lunt imported from Sweden for use in his classes, specimens of his own work in the same material while studying at Leipsic, and of wood-Sloyd while studying at Boston, and lastly, specimens of the work of his pupils, which showed a wonderful aptitude."

'90.—Rev. Henry W. Webb, formerly at Grand View, Tenn., is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Gettysburg, South Dakota.

'95.—J. A. Roberts, who last year studied law at the Albany Law School, is at present reading with his father at Buffalo, N. Y.

'96.—J. H. Libby has been coaching the foot-ball team for the past few days, and his work is most effective.

'97.—J. G. Haines is spending the fall and winter in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he is instructor of German in the University of New Mexico.

'96.—Robert Newbegin recently left his home at Defiance, Ohio, for Boston, to enter the law school of Boston University as a member of the senior class. He has already read what is required in the courses of the junior and middle years in his father's office at home.

'97.—Harry D. Lord visited the campus recently. He is at work in the Pepperell Mills, Biddeford.

'97.—Frederick H. Dole of Windham, has accepted the position of assistant instructor of German at Bowdoin. He will enter upon his duties January 1st.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 10, 1897.

No. 9.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
THE COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The following vote that was passed unanimously by the ORIENT Board at its regular fortnightly meeting, last Wednesday, is self-explanatory. The question had been presented at a previous meeting, and laid upon the table for action in the future.

OFFICE OF THE BOWDOIN ORIENT, }
November 3, 1897. }

It is voted, that no student who is a member of the *Quill* Board can also retain a position upon the ORIENT Board, inasmuch as it is the opinion of the members of the ORIENT Board, that the interests of the college publications and the literary life of the college can best be promoted and encouraged if the two publications, the ORIENT and the *Quill*, are distinctly separate.

It is also voted, that those students who at present are serving on both boards shall not be affected in any manner by this action.

After a thorough discussion of this question, it was passed as above stated.

We hope that our action will be understood by the college, and that sufficient interest will be made manifest to have both papers well supplied with undergraduate productions, both verse and prose. This in no wise prevents any single student from contributing to both papers, and it is hoped that our intentions will not be misunderstood in that direction. New contributors are needed, and new contributors before long

become new editors. With this number the present volume of the ORIENT reaches its half-way mark, and prospective editors should be at work.

IN another column of the ORIENT we publish a communication from Mr. Henry S. Chapman, '91, relating to our athletic interests. The letter suggests a complete change in our athletic management by proposing that a committee of alumni take active charge of our various teams. At present the undergraduate body has practically complete control over sports, notwithstanding our General Athletic Committee, which numbers alumni among its members.

That a revision of our management is necessary, should be evident to all; but how shall this be accomplished? Mr. Chapman's plan has operated to perfection in other institutions, and it seems to the ORIENT that it would here. Undergraduates are, as a rule, inexperienced in affairs of such importance, and an error of judgment at critical times has often ruined a season. Added to the lack of mature judgment is the ever-present danger of fraternity influences. Bowdoin has suffered in the past on these accounts, and precautions against a recurrence of such misfortunes cannot be too rigid.

It is for the undergraduates to take the initiative in this direction, and as they are in control they must surrender their powers to others if the plan seems best. The alumni cannot assume control of our athletics; we must offer it to them.

Every student at college should give this matter serious thought, and when the time comes for action to be taken, he should be prepared to vote intelligently on the subject. We must either continue our present system, where we now prosper and now fail, or we must change to a condition of affairs where everything will tend toward a continuous state of prosperity and victory.

SUCH a wholesale disregard of college property and college rights as was made manifest by the Sophomore Class on Halloween should not pass unrebuked by the college press. For a band of students to disfigure and disgrace the college chapel to such an extent as occurred upon the night in question, and for that band to deliberately insult the Faculty as well as the upper-classmen, was shameless, and too severe criticism cannot be passed upon them.

The idea of blockading the chapel was thought to have died a natural death when the Class of '99 wisely and sensibly abolished it. The present Sophomore Class, or rather certain members of that class, wishing to do something very bold, and not possessing sufficient originality to think of something new, foolishly raked this obsolete custom from its hiding-place and re-instated it, much to their discredit. Had the Class of '99 re-inaugurated the vicious practice of "horn concert," abolished by '98, it would have taken such a step backward as 1900 has recently done. When a senseless and out-of-date custom is once abolished, let it hereafter so remain forever.

The members of the class who participated in this action were summoned before the College Jury. The following morning they were publicly reprimanded at chapel, and a notice of the same was sent to their parents or guardians. In addition to this, these twenty-five students were placed under strict probation for the remainder of the college year, with the provision that if they again should be brought before the Jury, their punishment should be more severe.

It is the opinion of the undergraduates, as well as of the alumni, that the time has long since passed when such practices should go unnoticed, and also that the sooner they are weeded from our midst the better for the welfare of the college.

The young gentlemen in question should

bear in mind the fact that a public reprimand was never before administered at Bowdoin, and it is hoped that it may never be thought necessary again.

WHEN a college is forced to cancel a scheduled game with another, it is generally customary either to give good reasons for so doing, or to allow time for another game to be arranged for the date in question. Neither of these unwritten rules of sport was fulfilled by Massachusetts Institute of Technology recently, when she canceled, last Friday evening at six o'clock, her game with Bowdoin which was to have been played the following day. Her reason for canceling was that a member of her team was disabled. What would become of nine-tenths of the foot-ball games of the country if every team canceled whenever one man was disabled? It is the opinion of the ORIENT that the Tech management displayed an unsportsmanlike spirit by this action, and as this is by no means her first offense, Bowdoin managers of the future should be very careful as to their terms when planning games with Tech. Of all condemnable actions in athletics, that of "crawling" is the most so. The safest way to insure the stability of a schedule is to give and require forfeits. A manager thus gains in funds what he loses on account of canceled games.

WHEN a man wears a B. it shows that he is an athlete who has represented the college in some recognized athletic contest or contests. But when the letters of a class are worn upon a sweater it signifies nothing but that the wearer is a member of that particular class. If a B. denotes a 'varsity man, class letters should distinguish a class athlete. The same rule applies in both cases, and no man should be entitled to wear a class sweater who has not earned that

privilege by having represented his class in some recognized contest. There is but one class in college that has made any such provision, and that is the Freshman Class. They have taken a step in the right direction, and when they become Seniors probably class sweaters will have risen so that they mean something. It is too late for the other classes to adopt such rules, but the Freshmen should hold fast to theirs.

THE next issue of the ORIENT will appear two or three days earlier, owing to the Thanksgiving recess. Contributors and editors will please bear this in mind, and send their manuscript earlier than usual.

Delta Upsilon Convention.

THE sixty-third annual convention of the Delta Upsilon fraternity was held with the Amherst Chapter on the 21st and 22d days of October. The delegates were entertained at the Norwood, in Northampton, a few miles from Amherst.

Wednesday evening the delegates went in a body to Springfield to hear Joseph Jefferson in "The Cricket on the Hearth," and "Lend Me Five Shillings." The fraternity colors were suspended from one of the boxes, and when Jefferson, in recognition of the tumultuous applause, stepped in front of the curtain to make a few remarks, he held in his hand a bouquet tied with gold and blue ribbons.

Thursday was devoted to the ordinary business of the convention. Two petitions for admittance to the fraternity were presented, one from a local society in the University of Nebraska, the other from a local society in McGill University, Montreal. The executive council was instructed to investigate the standing of these societies, and report at the next convention. The Phi Rho

Society at Wesleyan was refused admittance to the fraternity.

Thursday evening the literary exercises were held at Amherst, followed by a "smoke talk," at the chapter house, where hospitality was not lacking.

Friday A.M. was occupied with business; but in the afternoon the delegates, accompanied by ladies from Smith College, which is located in Northampton, went on a mountain trip to Mount Tom. The trip was enjoyed by all. Friday evening was very pleasantly passed at Columbian Hall, where a banquet was served, Dr. McEwen, Adelbert, '78, presiding as toast-master. Saturday morning the delegates left Northampton, after saying farewell and cordially thanking the Amherst chapter for its kind entertainment.

The Bowdoin Chapter was represented by W. E. Preble, '98, and F. L. Dutton, '99.

Communication.

To the Editor of the Orient:

SIR:—The situation which was developed in the affairs of the Bowdoin foot-ball team during the early weeks of the present season, has led a good many alumni who still retain a deep interest in the undergraduate life of the college, to consider very seriously whether they cannot be of use in the effort to prevent a recurrence of so disagreeable an experience. Of course the alumni do, from time to time, as they are called upon, subscribe such sums as they can afford, to the support of the athletic teams which represent the college, or to the discharge of debts for which the present undergraduate body is in no way responsible.

But financial aid is the least valuable and most unnecessary form their loyalty can take. Under capable management, and with the proper amount of support from the student body, there is no reason why any athletic team should not be able to pay its own expenses. It has been proved again and again that it can be done, and it is better for the college that it should be done.

But there are other ways in which Bowdoin

graduates can render valuable service to the athletic teams. A practical example has been furnished this fall by several young alumni who were in their day members of the foot-ball eleven. After the defeats which began the season, and the departure of the hired coach, they found time to come down to Brunswick, to undertake the coaching and discipline of the team, and to inspire in the student body that virile and vital college spirit which seemed to be lacking early in the fall.

Their example should be followed next year by just as many of the younger alumni who have had foot-ball experience as can possibly do so. Even if they have not been the star performers of the eleven, even if only a few days' or a week's time can be spared, let them get back to Brunswick, and help to the extent of their powers, in turning out the best eleven the college has ever had. The undergraduates will respond instantly to their leadership. A few graduate coaches on the field and about the campus will do more to put life and snap into the team and courage and enthusiasm into the student body than the highest-priced professional coach in the country. It is the return of the old players to Yale and Princeton every fall, and the work they do for pure love of the college and love of the sport, that makes these teams what they are. A similar effect, on a smaller scale, can be produced here at Bowdoin by the same means. Doctor Carleton and Messrs. Libby, Swett, and Eastman, deserve the thanks of every alumnus of Bowdoin who is concerned for the healthy success of its foot-ball team. Their example is commended to every former foot-ball man for emulation next year, and to every member of the present 'varsity or class teams for imitation in the years to come.

But graduates will hesitate to come back and assume the right to direct and discipline the team unless they feel that they are the representatives of the whole body of the alumni. This leads me to suggest another way in which the alumni can be of service in the athletic affairs of the college, and that is through a graduate committee which shall, in connection with the undergraduate managers, have direct control over the base-ball, foot-ball, and track teams. Such committees have done great good elsewhere, and there is every reason to anticipate the success of the experiment at Bowdoin.

In the first place, it seems impossible at Bowdoin, as in most small colleges, to entirely divorce the management of athletic affairs from society politics. The alumni have all been students at some time, and they realize how hard it is for the

undergraduates to ignore absolutely all questions of society connection in the choice of a manager or captain, or in the selection of an athletic team. It might be much worse at Bowdoin, but there is too much of it as it is. The alumni have pretty well outgrown the jealousies and rivalries of college life, and the influence of a graduate committee would be salutary in the direction of harmony and the emancipation of athletic affairs from the confusion of society politics.

Then, too, the wider acquaintance and the business experience of the alumni, could not but be of service to the managers in selecting coaches for the teams, and conducting the affairs of the various associations. Finally, it seems probable that under this system the new and closer relations between the graduates and under-graduates of Bowdoin would assist in building up a yet stronger and more effective college spirit than exists to-day.

I have been led into writing a much longer communication than I intended, but the ideas which I have imperfectly expressed are so generally and earnestly held by all the young alumni whom I am in the habit of meeting, that I have been emboldened to present them at some length to the ORIENT. In the practical execution of such a plan it will be necessary for the under-graduates to take the initiative, since they are at present in complete control of athletic affairs. If the suggestion commends itself to their judgment, I am sure they will find the alumni thoroughly in earnest, and willing to do all that lies in their power, as soon as the students show themselves ready to accept their co-operation.

HENRY S. CHAPMAN, '91.

An Undaunted Hero.

WHAT is more pleasing than a picture of ambitious manhood, such as was made by Robert Dubois proudly marching between throngs of admiring and enthusiastic spectators at West Point? In his right hand he held a simple roll of parchment, very similar to that which many a student has suspended over his desk, and to which his eyes often fondly wander. Just such a piece of parchment was Robert Dubois holding as he marched with his class for the last time. What innumerable pleasures and sorrows, all pregnant with experiences, did this piece of

paper signify! What did the future have in store for him? Would he make his mark before the eyes of his countrymen, or would his name on the annals of West Point mean no inspiration to future soldier boys? Not the latter, for young Dubois felt that he would make his mark, and indeed who could doubt that, on beholding the flash of his dark blue eyes, the determination of his soldierly step, and his tall, manly figure, of which every muscle was hard and developed. The descendant of the best blood of America and France, he possessed the courteous chivalry of the Virginian, the impetuousity of the Frenchman, and the bravery of both. Yes, he would apply himself to his life's work, and would accept the appointment he had been offered in the West. With such thoughts surging through his mind he bade adieu to his beloved classmates and instructors, and left the happy faces and the picturesque scenery that had composed his environment for the past four years.

Fort B—, among the Black Hills, was hardly an attractive place, even to the few rough pioneers of that district, yet in the year 1882, with its palisaded walls, it seemed an elysium of retreat, causing comfort and peace in many a bosom, for one of those memorable Indian outbreaks, which have dyed many a page of our history with the life-blood of sturdy Americans, was upon the verge of explosion.

The few homes scattered here and there had already lodged their most cherished possessions within the inviting arms of the fort, and by night all within a radius of twenty miles would be safely under the protection of its homely walls. John Stanwood and his aged mother had settled within two miles of the fort, but as he was so near, thought he could safely remain under the more desirable shelter of his home for one night at least; but "to-morrow," as he told his help, he "guessed as how he had better am-

bulate to'ards the old fort, as them pesky varmints were powerful uncertain," and he "allowed" as how he "didn't have no women to lose in their bloody picnics." So preparations were accordingly made for an early departure in the morning.

At about twelve o'clock on the night of that day, the lovely sentinel at the fort heard an insistent sound, regular, and becoming clearer, until he recognized it as that of a fast-ridden horse, coming from among the hills on his right. In such hostile times it would be exceedingly unwise to ignore such an important sound. He glanced at his pistols, and grasping his rifle more firmly, waited. Soon, from around the hill, a company came at a fearful pace, and upon its back the sentinel recognized John Stanwood's hired man, even though his head was bound in a bloody rag, and blood had trickled down his leathery cheek, drying in ghastly, sickening streaks.

"Halt!" the sentry shouted. The man looked up, giving his steed a lift on the bridle that brought the beast onto its haunches, at the same time gasping incoherently:

"Them d— red-skins are on the war-path, and are giving it to John! For God's sake, get back to the fort like mad and send us some help!"

In a few moments several companies were moving in orderly trot among the hills towards the scene of action, leaving several families which had taken refuge, a few old scouts, and the inexperienced soldiers, to guard the fort.

"Colonel is crazy, to leave the fort with only us few," drawled old Jim Cummings, renowned for his keen insight into Indian trickery, an hour later—"them blasted cusses will likely as not sweep down on us and raise our hair before colonel discovers the trick—and I swan if there they aint," he suddenly cried, as a shout rent the air when the spiteful snap of the first terrible fusilade

fell upon the fort. Besides the settlers and scouts there were about fifty soldiers, well trained in military tactics, but as yet sadly unacquainted with Indian warfare. Among these was Robert Dubois, homesick and wretched, his pride wounded by the lack of attention shown this young Apollo, fresh from West Point. At last he would prove to these old veterans the material under his much ridiculed white skin, by his readiness and recklessness in sacrificing his life. It was a very dangerous mixture of ingredients.

The bullets were falling like hail upon the fort, but all knew it was simply a blind to cover a mad charge which was not long in coming. The brave defenders easily repelled them at first, but should each following rush take five of their number from action, it would be but a short time before the fort must fall. Another rush was made, and that dark mass of savages pressed forward with their blood-curdling yells. Suddenly they turned their whole force upon the east side of the fort, to the surprise of the defenders, since that side was almost impregnable on account of the cannon, which could mow down their ranks with grape-shot. They even collected under the mouth of these cannon belching forth death. A severe shock followed, and the warriors sought the shelter of the neighboring hills with, this time, shouts of joy. Well may the defenders tremble, for the Indians have spiked their cannon, and on account of the scarcity of rifle holes upon that side, the enemy can easily make a breach in the wall with the powder so kindly supplied by Congress. The seemingly impregnable fort was in a most critical condition, and unless the cannon should be freed, or the troops return, the defenders' fate, at least, is doubtful.

By this, his first engagement, Robert Dubois was visibly affected, as his pale face and sparkling eyes showed. Oh, for an opportunity to let these old scouts and unappreciating companions see that he would gladly sacri-

fiee all for his country. At last he thinks he sees the chance, if, like Sergeant Jasper of old, he should leap upon the embankment, down on the other side, and calmly fire the cannon, then return to his companions; how they would admire him, and his country would resound with the praises of this modern hero. Perhaps his second lieutenant's stripes would be changed for a promotion. Why weigh the cost? He should be about it, as there was no time to be lost.

He grasped the butt of the cannon and in a second had mounted it, then leaping upon the stone wall, with a cry of dismay from his companions who saw his intentions, he jumped to the ground just as the defenders saw by the early morn the Indians again rushing towards the fort.

The charge was never finished, for the boys in blue, after having found the mutilated bodies of the two unfortunate settlers, returned in all haste to the fort, and swept down upon the Indians, who fled precipitately to the hills. A parting volley, of which several shots were fired at the foolish but brave boy at the mouth of the now unobstructed cannon, ended the fight. The young soldier was carefully and tenderly carried into the fort, where the brusque but kind-hearted surgeon cared for him. It was found that several flesh wounds had been inflicted, the only serious one, however, being on his knee, where a bullet had shattered the patella and badly splintered the leg bone.

After several weeks of intense suffering, Robert Dubois was able to parade about the enclosure of the fort, but only with the help of his crutches. Now he had a surfeit of admiration, and his bravery and willingness to sacrifice his life for his country was undisputed, but in order to obtain this worldly recognition he had bartered away his career, since his stiff knee made him unfit for service in the future.

It was during the famous presidential

campaign of 1896, when stump speakers were in their glory. The town of C—, Ohio, was bedecked with flags and bunting, bands were playing, and the very atmosphere seemed heavy with pent-up excitement. The cause of all this was that that unique combination of war veterans, who were canvassing the country, were to explain the different national platforms to the good people of C— in their town hall that evening.

The last speaker of the evening was announced, and the enthusiastic audience hailed him with shouts of applause. He was a very young man, handsome and soldierly. In his speech he deviated from the paths of his predecessors in that he confined himself to no one platform, but spoke of the resources of this great and glorious republic, and the necessity of true citizenship if we would realize the best from our country. He finished with an eloquent plea for the performance of the suffrage by the people of C— in such a way that all their fellow-citizens may be benefited, and our national honor upheld. 'Mid deafening applause he bade them a courteous good-night, and as he stepped from the stage, assisted by a cane, our old friend, Robert Dubois, stood before us; neither the Robert Dubois of West Point nor of Fort B—, yet a man who was surely making his mark, albeit not world-wide, but as a just and enthusiastic advocate of true American citizenship.

Ground has been broken for Houghton Memorial Chapel at Wellesley.

A new set of rules relating to musical and athletic organizations has been published at Brown University, with the object of preventing students from neglecting regular work, and to discourage professionalism.

Governor Black of New York, who is a young man in the forties, was a farmer's son and one of a family of eleven children, yet he prepared himself, unaided, to enter college at eighteen, and graduated from Dartmouth at twenty-two.

Bowdoin Verse.

Apostrophe to Androscoggin Waters.

Thou beauteous, bounding, busy, boiling stream,
 We must, forsooth, admire thee *from afar*,
 So grandly splendid in thy winding course,
 So mighty and so ready to lend aid.
 But as a beverage thou'rt a failure.
 Not Hercules, in all his strength array'd,
 Could wrest this firm opinion from our minds.
 Of all the vile impurities which God,
 For some good reason (though to us unknown),
 Saw fit to impregnate this planet with,
 Dear Androscoggin, thou hast sure thy share.
 E'en from Umbagog, unctuous is thy tide;
 The deadly microbe, and the juice of sewers,
 And ev'rything that can be called nucleon
 Are cast into thy welcoming embrace,
 Thou scavenger of scum. All that have drunk
 of thee

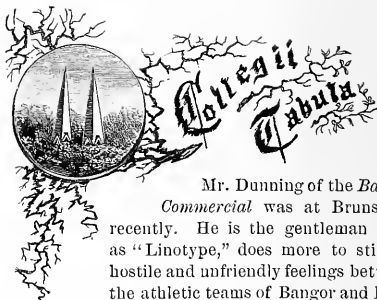
Do rue the day when they their epidermis filled
 With such a base affront upon their thirst.

We love thy music; and despis'd be they
 Who hurl foul epithets at thy fair name.
 We love thee; but our love of life demands
 That, when as a potato thou dost pose,
 Our parched lips, our dry and burning throats,
 Our very souls—all that within us is,
 Rise up in fierce rebellion at the thought,
 Cast but one lingering, longing look at thee,
 Then shun thee as we would mankind's worst foe.

The Shipwrecked Mariner.

Where the swelling of the deep
 Lulls the sailor into sleep,
 While the eddies and the shoals
 Cast their net for human souls;
 And the sparkling waters blue
 Promise safety, yet untrue;
 There in gaudy painted boat,
 Gayest of all barks afloat,
 Launched a youthful sailor proud;
 As he launched he cried aloud:
 "Ocean blue and ocean wide,
 Ever swept by surging tide,
 Take ye me, and on thy breast,
 Studded o'er with foamy crest,

Let my bark ne'er cease to sail,
 Laugh at storm and laugh at gale!
 Hail, ye dwellers of the land!
 Hail, ye bound and servile band!
 By the song Mæxæus sings,
 By the joy that Bacchus brings,
 Break away, and live with me
 Lives of endless jollity!"
 Onward far he flies apace,
 Lo! the waters change their face!
 While the surges foam and dash,
 Thunders roll and lightnings flash,
 Roundabout in fiendish glee
 Dance the waves in mockery.
 Now each angry surge in turn
 Shakes the bark from stem to stern;
 Now a thrill, a sudden shock!—
She has run upon a rock!
 "Hail! Ahoy!" he cries at last,
 "Life is fleeting, fleeting fast!
 Angry tempests threaten me,
 'Neath me yawns eternity!"
 But no human hands avail,
 Now to try is but to fail.
 Bending low the Master heard,
 Stilled the tempest with a word,
 Brought the sailor safe to land,
 Kindly guiding by His hand.



Mr. Dunning of the *Bangor Commercial* was at Brunswick recently. He is the gentleman who, as "Linotype," does more to stir up hostile and unfriendly feelings between the athletic teams of Bangor and Portland than all other sources combined. If he would but transfer his efforts from so unsportsmanlike a task to the purifying of interscholastic athletics, he would deserve the thanks of the public.

What of chess?

Thanksgiving, next!

The epidemic is on the wane.

The *Quill* appears Monday, next.

Where is the Hare and Hounds Club?

Wheeler, '98, was on the campus recently.

Mandolin rehearsals have been postponed until later.

The Juniors should wait and watch for those turkeys.

Photography abounds nowadays, with such weather.

Smith, '91, was upon the campus for a few hours recently.

The courses at the Art Building are growing in popularity.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," should be our foot-ball motto.

The Juniors had their class picture taken for the *Bugle*, last week.

L. P. Libby, '99, was elected secretary of the ORIENT Board last week.

Portland vs. Bangor proved a strong attraction last Saturday at Portland.

Bath's Food Fair last week drew some of our fellows to the city of ships.

The Bowdoin College Catalogue for 1897-98 is in the hands of the printer.

Nason and Hills, '99, are studying the mazes of the Terpsichorean art at Bath.

No new station. The present edifice is being painted. That tells the story.

There was quite general interest taken about college in the New York elections.

Professor Chapman last Sunday week spoke at chapel on "Public and College Spirit."

The M. I. T. game was cancelled the night before the day it was to have been played.

Mike Madden, the "genial Mike," has been giving several cake-walks among the boys of late.

Adjourns were granted in German the latter part of last week, owing to Professor Files being out of town.

Sparks, 1900, who represented the non-fraternity men on the college jury, has resigned that position.

The Pythian Sisterhood gave a fair and dance week before last, which was enjoyed by some of our number.

Acting-President Chapman represented Bowdoin at the meeting of the New England colleges at Cambridge last week.

1900's banner at chapel needs starch.

Bacon, 1900, is at his home in Natick.

Edwards, 1900, has been sick at home in Boston for the past week.

The Juniors commenced laboratory work in chemistry last week.

The ORIENT board holds meetings every other Wednesday afternoon at its editorial room in Memorial Hall.

Blair and Cummings, Specials, of last year, visited college recently. They enter the Medical School next winter.

The dance to have been given last week by Messrs. White, Gardner, and Bisbee, '98, has been indefinitely postponed.

The foot-ball team was coached by Swett, '92, Dr. Carleton, '93, Libby and Eastman, '96. Alumni coaches are what are needed.

A large number of students attended the Colby-Bowdoin game at Waterville. They returned a sadder but wiser aggregation.

The third themes of the term were due last Tuesday, November 9th. The subjects were:

JUNIORS.

1. Should College Property be Taxed?
2. The Power of the Pulpit in Municipal Reform.
3. The Lesson of Browning's "Grammarians' Funeral."

SOPHOMORES.

1. How a College Student Should Spend his Sundays.
2. Should Party Lines be Drawn in Municipal Politics?
3. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."
4. Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque."

Professor Little gave an address in Medford, Mass., before the Massachusetts Literary Club, on "Bibliography," last week.

What a treat it would be if Elliot Hubbard could be induced to deliver some of his lectures here, while he is touring Maine.

The great Italian Banda Rossa plays in Brunswick, Thanksgiving day. It ought to come when the fellows are in town if it is after a big house.

The chapel choir delights in singing "Now the day is over" and "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," mornings, before our work is hardly begun.

The Deutscher Verein held its first meeting of this term last Wednesday evening. The following officers for the coming year were elected: Vorsitzender, Condon; Schriftwart, Lawrence; Kasenwart, Morson.

Minott, '98, celebrated his arrival at manhood on the evening of November 5th.

The Library has adopted a new system of serving notices upon delinquent book holders. A slip is enclosed in each volume bearing the date of limit upon it.

An "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, with two bands, a cake-walk, and real, live bloodhounds, numbers among late attractions at the "Opera House."

Mr. W. J. Ryan of Portland, the "Old Farmer's Almanac Man," is making his fifteenth annual tour of the state. Last week he called at the college while "doing" Brunswick.

The Sophomore Class has elected the following men for their Prize Speaking: Babb, Bacon, Bunnell, Chapman, Jordan, Lee, McCarty, McCormick, Shorey, Sparks, Webber, and Whitney.

Hallowe'en was observed by the Sophomores. A banner was suspended, but later obscured; an attempt was made to blockade the chapel; and President Hyde's summer house was appropriated.

Professor Woodruff was elected Vice-President of the Brunswick and Topsham Choral Society last week. To his untiring efforts as President was due the success of this chorus at the recent Festival.

Quite a delegation of students from the Freeport High School visited the campus last week, and attended morning chapel. It was rather an unusual, yet most welcome, sight to see twenty or more young ladies at chapel.

May Irwin, who was playing in Portland the week of the Maine Festival, preferred watching the foot-ball game between the Bowdoin Sophomores and Portland High School to attending one of the afternoon musicals.

The '99 *Bugle* is progressing. Promises of an early appearance are being made. For the past hundred years, more or less, such promises have been made, however. A smile will be pardoned. '99 always was ambitious!

Rehearsals have begun for the new opera, "The Idyll of the Mill." The composer is Mr. Leavitt, who also composed "The Frogs of Windham" and "The Charter Oak." Several college men are to be connected with its production.

Rather an unfamiliar sight was to be seen upon the campus last Sunday. Three brindle cows were making themselves very much at home about the Art and Science Buildings. A stranger might have mistaken us for "the farm," or U. of M., so-called.

The number of books taken from the library during October was 923, an average of 30 a day. The greatest number taken on any one day was 87, on Monday, the 11th. The record for the same month last year is 755, which shows an increasing interest among the students in reading.

One of the foolish escapades of Hallowe'en was the tampering with the chapel organ. Several stops were removed, the pedals were disconnected, and the organ in general was bothered. A tuner from Portland has been sent for to thoroughly overhaul the instrument, the joke being that the Sophomores pay the bills.

Godfrey, '99, in a strength test according to the Sargent method, the other day, showed a total strength of 1716.2. This breaks the best Harvard records. Merrill of Yale stands ahead of Godfrey, but Harvard men do not wholly allow his mark, claiming that more than the required time was taken to complete the test. Godfrey is 19 years of age, stands 6 feet 4 inches, and weighs 206 pounds.

A contemporary publication recently displayed its ignorance of affairs of state in commenting upon the Polynesian collections of "His Excellency," Hon. Harold M. Sewall of Hawaii, at the Art Building. The publication in question was disturbed at the phrase "His Excellency," evidently forgetting the fact that every United States minister to a foreign country is addressed and spoken of as "His Excellency," the title accompanying the office.

Professor Robinson attended the annual meeting of the American Public Health Association at Philadelphia. Last year, at Buffalo, Professor Robinson introduced his lamp; this year he read a paper on "Formaldehyde;" and next year, at Ottawa, Ont., he will report further. The success of his lamp has been unprecedented, and scientific men on both sides of the Atlantic are using it to-day. The "ic" has been dropped from the name, so that now it is more pronounceable.

The College Jury met and organized on the evening of October 28th, as follows: '98, C. D. Moulton; '99, W. L. Thompson; 1900, C. S. Bragdon; 1901, W. M. Warren; A Δ Φ, A. B. White, '98; Ψ Υ, H. R. Ives, '98; Δ K E, P. P. Baxter, '98; Z Ψ, F. A. Thompson, '98; Θ Δ X, R. M. Greenlaw, '99; Δ Υ, L. D. Jennings, '99; Non-Fraternity, F. M. Sparks, 1900. C. C. Phillips, '99, was elected to the vacancy caused by Sparks resigning. White was chosen foreman, and Ives, secretary.

Athletics.

FOOT-BALL.

A game has been definitely arranged with the University of Maine for Saturday, November 20th, at Brunswick. Managers Webster and Young have made all arrangements, and the last game of the season will be played at the home grounds a week from next Saturday.

Colby, 16; Bowdoin, 4.

Sixteen to four was the score by which Colby, for the first time in her foot-ball history, defeated Bowdoin. The weather was just cool enough; the grounds moist, but not badly so, a good wind being the only objectionable feature. A delegation of University of Maine students were present; "rooting" with vigor for Bowdoin.

The game was highly interesting. Rice's 65, Alden's 34, and Kendall's 25-yard runs, Stanwood's and Rice's punts, and Moulton's touchdown from the kick-off, were plays which brought forth the greatest enthusiasm.

The style of the game used by the two elevens was very similar, and both teams put dash and vim into their games, and every man entered the plays with determination. After the first few minutes the play of the Colby team was very effective. Bowdoin's defense was good at first, but gradually weakened, and her offensive play became ragged, her interference going to pieces rather easily. The following figures may be of interest:

BOWDOIN.—Yards rushed, 111; number of rushes, 32; average rush, 3 1-6 yards; yards kicked, 275; number of kicks, 8; average kick, 35 5-8 yards; ball lost on downs, 4; ball lost on fumbles, 0; average weight, 157 pounds.

COLBY.—Yards rushed, 344; number of rushes, 64; average rush, 5 3-8 yards; yards kicked, 142; number of kicks, 4; average kick, 35 1-2 yards; ball lost on downs, 3; ball lost on fumbles, 1; average weight, 154 pounds.

That neither team was penalized speaks well for the players. A tendency to "hold" was noticeable, but made no material difference in the outcome. In detail the plays follow:

Bowdoin won the toss, choosing the westerly goal, having the grade and the wind in her favor. Scannell's kick-off was caught and advanced 25 yards by Stanwood to the 35-yard line. After three short rushes, Stanwood punted to the center. Seven rushes gained Colby but 20 yards, and the ball went to Bowdoin on downs. Stanwood punted to Colby's

45-yard line. Ten rushes carried the ball but 20 yards, and Colby kicked to the 15-yard line. Five rushes advanced the ball 12 yards, and Kendall went around Cotton for 28 yards. A few short plunges, and Stanwood got clear of the end for 10 yards, but Colby held for downs on her 33-yard line. After gaining seven yards on four rushes, Rice was given the ball on a trick play, which he executed to the sum of 65 yards, eluding Stanwood, and landing the ball four yards from the goal line before being brought down. Two rushes put it over, and Brooks kicked a hard goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Stanwood kicked off, sending the ball across the goal line. It was followed by Alden, who stood watching it roll along when Moulton, who had followed the kick, fell on it and claimed a touchdown. It was some time before a decision was reached, but the claim was allowed under rules 5 (a), 17, and 3. On the punt out it was claimed by Colby and allowed that Moulton advanced beyond his mark, therefore Bowdoin had no try at goal. Score, 6 to 4.

On Colby's kick-off Clark received the ball on the 15-yard line and passed it to Stanwood, who punted to Colby's 50-yard line. Bowdoin received the ball on downs at her 40-yard line, but was forced to punt, the half ending with the play; Colby's ball on her 45-yard line. Time was now called for the first half, with the score 6 to 4 in Colby's favor.

The second half opened with a rush. Bowdoin's kick-off was received on the 20-yard line and carried back 17 yards before downed. Kendall fell on the ball for Bowdoin on a fumble near the centre of the field. Colby held for downs and punted to the 35-yard line. She then held for downs and rushed the ball to within two yards of a touchdown, chiefly by her "guard's back" play. Here Bowdoin made a rally and held for downs. Stanwood punted to the 28-yard line. It took Colby three rushes to make her second touchdown, which Rice made on the same trick played earlier. The score, 12 to 4.

Bowdoin's kick-off fell on the 25-yard line, and once again a Bowdoin forward fell on the ball. Bowdoin was unequal to the task of advancing it, gaining but two yards on three downs, the nearest she came to Colby's goal line, except as above related. Colby carried it steadily over 18 chalk marks, Alden making a run of 35 yards around left end behind splendid interference, scoring her third touchdown just as time was called. No goal. Score, 16 to 4. The game was a surprise to Bowdoin in more ways than one. Cloud-

man, Veazie, and the backs played the best for Bowdoin. Every Colby man played well.

The line-up:

COLBY.		BOWDOIN.
Baneman.	Left End.	Gregson.
Putnam.	Left Tackle.	Albee.
Brooks (Capt.)	Left Guard.	Clondman.
Allen.	Center.	Jennings.
Scannell.	Right Guard.	Spear.
Powell.	Right Tackle.	Merrill.
Cotton.	Right End.	Veazie.
Hooker.	Quarterback.	Moulton (Capt.)
Alden.	Left Halfback.	Kendall.
Rice.	Right Halfback.	Stanwood.
Towne.	Fullback.	Clark.

Umpire, Dr. Edwards. Referee, Cobb. Linesmen, J. C. Minot, Bowdoin; J. B. Gibbons, Colby. Touchdowns, Moulton, Rice, Alden, Brooks. Goals, Brooks 2. Total score, Colby, 16; Bowdoin, 4. Time, 20-minute halves.

Bowdoin, 6-4; N. H. C., 0.

Wednesday, October 27th, Bowdoin played New Hampshire College, on the Whittier field, and the result was all that could be asked. Bowdoin kicked off to New Hampshire's 15-yard line, and Calderwood made five yards before he was downed. Then Bowdoin took the ball on downs. McMillan and Cleaves each tried hard to get the ball, as Jennings tried a new pass which resulted in a loss of seven yards. Then Moulton decided the old way was good enough. McMillan made 10 yards and Cleaves five, with seven yards for a touchdown. Ives ploughed through and in three minutes from the kick-off Bowdoin had scored six points.

N. H. C. kicked off to Ives on the 12-yard line, who carried it to the 30. Then by straight football, mostly end plays in five downs, Merrill made Bowdoin's second touchdown. Ives again kicked the goal. After this McMillan made a fine run of 30 yards, was tackled and badly bruised, so Kendall was put in his place.

N. H. C. kicked off 40 yards to Merrill, 1900, who rushed it 20 yards with splendid interference. Ives made 12 yards through a big hole of Merrill, '98's making. Then Kendall carried the ball to N. H.'s 35-yard line. Here Veazie took the ball around left end and made a beautiful run of 35 yards for a touchdown. They had played hardly eight minutes and Bowdoin had 18 points.

N. H. C. kicked to Kendall on the 16-yard line, and Calderwood tackled on the 40-yard line. Gregson and Merrill carried the ball to the 42-yard line and there the pigskin again fell to the lot of Kendall, who carried the ball 58 yards for a touchdown. Score, Bowdoin 24, N. H. C. 0.

Calderwood kicked off to Ives on the 15-yard

line and Ives ran 13 yards. Then Merrill made 25 yards. Ives and Kendall took the ball to the 20-yard line and Merrill again made 15 yards. The New Hampshire boys now took a hard brace and held Bowdoin within their five-yard line for two downs, when Ives rushed through for a touchdown. Ives failed at goal, and the score stood Bowdoin 28, N. H. C. 0.

Calderwood kicked off to Ives again on the 15-yard line, who carried it 20 yards. Then Merrill made a pretty dash of 25 yards, which Ives followed with 15 yards. Kendall carried it to the 20-yard line. Merrill made 10 more, and Albee picked up Ives in his arms and carried him across the goal line. Ives failed at goal. Score, Bowdoin 32.

Calderwood again kicked 35 yards to Kendall, who made 15 yards. Merrill made 20 more. Then the tackle back signal was given, and Merrill, '98, made a good line gain, followed by a 25-yard gain by Ives through right tackle. Kendall again took the ball, and just as he was downed the time-keeper cried "five seconds more to play," but Ives made his sixth touchdown. Then Ives kicked a goal, and the score stood 38.

In the second half, Cleaves took Merrill's place at left half back; Wilson, Veazie's place at right end; and Minard, Kendall's position at right half back.

N. H. C. kicked off to Albee on Bowdoin's 30-yard line. Albee fumbled a bit, but went ahead for a dozen yards. Cleaves then made a pretty run of 30 yards, which was duplicated next play by Gregson, who carried the ball to within three yards of the goal. Then Cleaves took the ball across, and Ives kicked the goal. Score, 44 to 0.

Calderwood's kick-off of 40 yards was punted back by Ives to the middle of the field. N. H. C. made a yard in two downs, and then attempted to punt, but was blocked so that the kick went straight up in the air and came into Ives's arms on the 40-yard line. Cleaves made 15 yards, and Minard a like distance. Gregson lost five on a fumble, but Ives regained it. Then Minard and Cleaves took it to the six-yard line and Ives made a touchdown and kicked the goal. Score, 50 to 0.

Ives made a splendid punt of over 60 yards in returning N. H. C.'s kick-off. They tried to punt, but Gregson broke through and stole the ball, and was on their yard line when Umpire Pierce called them back for off-side play and gave the ball to N. H. C. again, but they lost the ball on downs, with two yards' gain. With a few short center plays, by Ives and Minard, the ball went to the five-

yard line, and Minard made a touchdown through tackle and end. No goal; score, 54 to 0. Minard was hurt a trifle and Clark, 1900, was put in.

The next touchdown was a repetition of the others, mostly end and tackle plays. Clark and Cleaves made some fine gains, and Ives his eighth touchdown, while Clarke, 1900, kicked a goal. Score, 60 to 0.

N. H. C. kicked to Clarke on 15-yard line and Clarke came near getting by Calderwood for a touchdown from kick-off, but was pulled down by his arm. Cleaves made 25 yards, Ives eight, and Clarke went through the center for a touchdown. Clarke failed to kick a goal. Score, Bowdoin 64, N. H. C. 0, with one minute to play.

Ives caught the kick-off on the 20 yard line and carried it to the 45-yard line; then Gregson made a pretty dash to N. H.'s 30-yard line. Ives now went through center to the 15-yard line, and the ball was almost in play when time was called. This finished the game with the largest score made on Whittier field. The line-up was as follows:

Bowdoin.		N. H. C.
Gregson.	Left End.	Hunt.
Albee.	Left Tackle.	Mathews.
Cloudbman.	Left Guard.	Butterfield.
Jennings.	Center.	Givens.
Spear.	Right Guard.	Dinick.
Merrill.	Right Tackle.	Barnam.
Veazie. }	Right End.	Hancock.
Wilson. }		
Moulton. }	Quarterback.	Lewis.
Hadlock. }		
Merrill. }	Left Halfback.	Wilson.
Cleaves. }		
McMillan. }		
Kendall. }	Right Halfback.	Cleveland.
Minard. }		
Clarke, 1900. }		
Ives.	Fullback.	Calderwood.

Touchdowns—Merrill, Minard, Clarke, Cleaves, Ives 8. Goals from touchdowns—Clarke, Ives 7. Umpire—T. L. Pierce, Bowdoin. Referee—Demerit, N. H. C. Linesmen—Clarke, Bowdoin, '99; and Grover, N. H. C. Halves, 20 minutes each.

Tufts, 20; Bowdoin, 8.

Again Bowdoin's team suffered defeat at the hands of Tufts. The game was played at Medford, Saturday, November 6th, and was hard fought throughout.

Bowdoin did not show up in anything like the form that was expected. The right side of her line was weak, though the center was almost impregnable. The redeeming feature of her play was the superb punting of Clark and the tackling of F. Merrill.

Bowdoin won the toss and chose the wind. The ball changed hands twice, and Bowdoin got it on the 50-yard line. Clark went through the center

for several short gains, and Merrill circled Tufts's right end for 15 yards. Ives went around left end for a touchdown. Clark failed at goal. Score, Bowdoin 4, Tufts 0.

Tufts kicked off to the 20-yard line. Tufts held, and Clark kicked to Tufts's five-yard line. Goddard, Carpenter, and Maddocks worked the ball to the 20-yard line, and finally, Goddard was pushed over for a touchdown. Phillips failed at goal. Score, Bowdoin 4, Tufts 4.

Bowdoin seemed to lose heart at this point, and was forced to play entirely on the defensive. Moses made a splendid 60-yard run, behind interference, to Bowdoin's 20-yard line. Goddard went through for Tufts's second touchdown, and Phillips kicked the goal. Score, Tufts 10, Bowdoin 4.

On the next kick-off Clark, for Bowdoin, sent the ball on a long, low course, straight at Almeida, who failed to stop it, and it rolled behind the line, where Veazie fell on it for a touchdown. Clark again failed at goal. Score, Tufts 10, Bowdoin 8.

In the second half Tufts played an even faster game. Avery blocked the ball from the kick-off, and Tufts had it on her own 45-yard line. Successive rushes around Bowdoin's right end netted Tufts a third touchdown. F. Merrill tackled the runners almost every time, and seemed to play the whole game for Bowdoin. Phillips again kicked the goal, and the score was 16 to 8.

From the kick-off Tufts worked the ball from its own five-yard line past the centre of the field, and a trick play sent Maddocks over again on a 45-yard run. No goal. Score, Tufts 20, Bowdoin 8.

At this point Almeida gave way to Phillips, who was in turn replaced by Wells. Tufts got to Bowdoin's three-yard line, where Bowdoin held for downs just as time was called. Moses, Maddocks, Goddard, and Robinson played well for Tufts, and for Bowdoin, Clark, Ives, and Jennings excelled.

The summary:

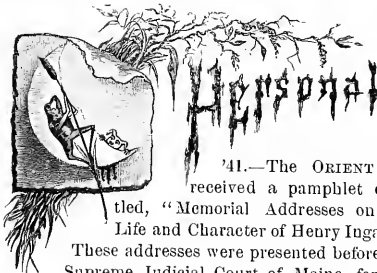
Tufts.		Bowdoin.
Robinson.	Left End.	Gregson.
Carpenter.	Left Tackle.	Albee.
Bartlett.	Left Guard.	Cloudbman.
Avery.	Centre.	Jennings.
Daniels.	Right Guard.	{ Spear.
Goddard.	Right Tackle.	{ Eames.
Phillips. }	Right End.	Merrill.
Wells. }		Veazie.
Almeida. }	Quarterback.	Moulton.
Phillips. }		{ Ives.
Maddocks. }	Halfback.	{ Merrill.
Moses. }		{ Clark.
Clarkson.	Fullback.	

Score—Tufts 20, Bowdoin 8. Touchdowns—Ives, Goddard 2, Moulton, Maddocks 2. Goals from touchdowns—Phillips 2. Umpire—Knowlton, Bowdoin. Referee—Dr. Holmes of Somerville. Linesmen—Barron of Tufts and Smith of Bowdoin. Time—20-minute halves.

Y. M. C. A.

Professor Chapman addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday afternoon, October 31st. Professor Chapman began his discourse by quoting the famous statement of Bismarck's, to the effect that a third of the students in the German universities go to the dogs, a third ruin their constitutions by over-application to study, and the remaining third govern Europe. The ruination of so great a percentage of the selected youth of Germany seems a very great price to pay for the success of the remainder. What is true of German students is true, though to a less degree, of the students of American educational institutions. It is true that an alarmingly large number of the college students of the present day are "going to the dogs." If there are young men here at Bowdoin who have shown such a tendency, the undergraduates of the college are best able to help them resist temptation. Professor Chapman closed by saying that the Y. M. C. A., by its influence and example, should strive to lead young men to a life of truth and morality.

A song service was held at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Sunday afternoon, November 7th. The meeting was well attended.



'41.—The ORIENT has received a pamphlet entitled, "Memorial Addresses on the Life and Character of Henry Ingalls."

These addresses were presented before the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, for the County of Lincoln. Among them were several by Bowdoin men: Hon. Rufus K. Sewall, '37; O. D. Castner, '79; and Emerson Hilton, '91. Judge Andrew P. Wiswell, '73, presided.

'49.—At the annual meeting of the American Antiquarian Society, held recently at Worcester, three new members were elected. Among these was Hon. Joseph Williamson of Belfast, Me. But two Maine men have ever been admitted, Hon. Joseph Williamson and Hon. James P. Baxter, Hon ,

'87. Mr. Baxter was admitted several years ago, and at the recent meeting was elected a member of the council of the society. This society is one of the most important in the country, and includes men of science and letters throughout the world.

'61.—Charles G. Atkins, of the United States fish hatchery at Craig Brook, visited Rangeley and vicinity during the summer with a view of establishing a government hatchery there. The investigation was made in answer to a special request of United States Senator William P. Frye, Bowdoin, '50. Mr. Atkins, in his report to the United States fish commissioner, said that the places examined presented very little encouragement for the establishment of a profitable fish hatchery.

'65.—Rev. J. Ellsworth Fullerton, pastor of the Congregational Church at Bellows Falls, Vt., died October 27th from injuries received by falling down stairs. Mr. Fullerton was born at Readfield, Me., July 4, 1843. He was graduated from the Bath High School in 1861. Upon his graduation from Bowdoin he was recalled to teach in the same high school. Later he was engaged as principal of the boys' fitting school at Hallowell, Me. He afterwards attended the Andover Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1873. He was pastor of churches in Southbridge, Mass., Laconia, N. H., Hopkinton, Mass., and Brighton, Mass. From the latter pastorate he came in 1890 to the First Congregational Church of Bellows Falls.

Non-75.—The Brunswick *Telegraph* printed the following: "This week the sad tidings have reached us of the death in Mexico of Frank Lane Furbish, aged forty-eight years. Mr. Furbish was born in Brunswick, and lived here until about twenty-five years ago. In the early seventies he entered college, and was a member of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity. The death of his parents, however, so changed his plans that he left college and went out west, and later to the city of Mexico, where he was engaged in active business at the time of his sudden illness, which so speedily terminated in his death. Those of us who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Furbish can strew his grave with the most fragrant flowers that can spring from the memory of a beautiful life. He was a man upright and generous in all his dealings, a devout churchman, and a loyal friend. One who knew him from boyhood up, says of him, 'Frank never had an enemy.' This was from no weakness on his part, nor from any lack of the positiveness that at times antagonizes some individuals against a good man.

He had no enemies, for he himself lived in love towards all men."

'76.—Professor Charles D. Jameson, formerly of Bangor, who has been in China the past six years, has been connected as civil engineer with some of the largest railroads in the Chinese empire, and has been given precedence over engineers from England, Germany, and France. He has been personally interested in numerous enterprises of great magnitude, and has brought about the importation of a large number of the locomotives of the Baldwin manufacture to be used on the Chinese railroads. In Tien Tsin, one of the larger cities of the empire, is a system of artesian wells, the establishment of which was due to the efforts of Professor Jameson. Pure water was unknown in that city until the system was inaugurated. It is thought that Professor Jameson is the person connected with the Jameson-Hooley syndicate, which has just made a loan of \$80,000,000 to the Chinese government.

'78.—H. C. Baxter recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at his home in Brunswick. Dr. Seth C. Gordon of Portland performed it.

'75.—It is rumored that Hon. James T. Davidson, a leading lawyer, bank president, and business man of New York, is among the candidates for Governor to succeed Governor Powers at the end of his term.

'82.—The wedding of Hon. Edwin U. Curtis, ex-Mayor of Boston, and Miss Maud Waterman of Thomaston, Me., took place at Chicago on October 28th. Miss Waterman is a daughter of a prominent shipbuilder of Thomastou, and is well known in Boston society. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Jesse E. Hall of Chicago.

'85.—In the recent Massachusetts elections, Mr. John F. Libby of West Medford was elected to the House over his Democratic opponent by 638 votes. Mr. Libby was born in Richmond in 1863. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1885, and, after extensive law reading, was admitted to the bar in 1890. He was principal of the Waldoboro High School for two years, of Bridgton Academy for a year, and was for some time with Attorney-General Littlefield in his law office. Until recently, Mr. Libby was a member of the law firm of Hanly & Libby, Boston, but a few months ago the business was dissolved, and since then Mr. Libby has conducted an office of his own. While in college, Mr. Libby was a member of the ORIENT Board.

Hon., '85.—Chief Justice Peters is now at the Carney Hospital, South Boston; where he is recov-

ering from the effects of a painful operation. On October 19th, Dr. Derby extracted a cataract from one of his eyes. The Chief Justice, in a note which he dictated, said: "The operation unexpectedly proved to be a critical one. On removal of the bandages, however, to-day, the indications are that the result will be a good one; still the amount and quality of sight which I shall get out of it cannot be exactly known for some time yet, thoroughly. The prospect is an encouraging one."

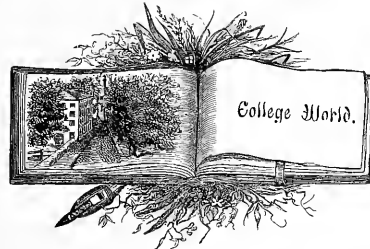
'89.—Clarence L. Mitchell has been re-elected and has entered upon a new year as principal of the Wareham, Mass., High School, a position he has filled to great acceptance for the past half dozen years.

'92.—T. H. Gately, Jr., was elected president of the Law Students' Club of Portland, last week. F. H. Haskell, '95, was elected treasurer.

'95.—George H. D. Foster is at the Columbia Law School of New York City. Last June he was admitted to practice before the New York Bar, and is now pursuing his courses at the university.

'96.—Fessenden and Pierce are studying law at New York, the former with Dayton & Swift, and the latter with Ed. J. Garegau and at the New York Law School.

'97.—Rev. Hugh McCullum delivered an address upon "Neal Dow as a Philanthropist," at Waldoboro recently, where memorial services were held for the late prohibitionist.



FOOT-BALL CAPTAINS.

Dartmouth, Eckstorm; Wesleyan, Young; Yale, Rodgers; Brown, Fultz; Holy Cross, Shannahan; Bates, Pulsifer; Syracuse University, O'Day; Harvard, Cabot; Colby, Brooks; Bowdoin, Moulton; W. P. I., Booth; M. A. C., Beaman; Williams, Lotz; Princeton, Cochrane; Lehigh, Gunsolus.

Through the generosity of an alumnus, the athletic field of Wesleyan University is to have improvements to the extent of \$30,000.

Ex-President Cleveland has been elected a member of the Nassau Club of Princeton.

Professor Pickering, director of the observatory at Harvard University, has lately devised an attachment to a photographic telescope of such a nature that eight photos can be exposed without disturbing the telescope.

There is a plan now under consideration to consolidate Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which would make one of the largest universities in the world, with a total of 6,000 students.

At a recent meeting of the student body at Williams it was decided to put the management of athletics in the hands of a committee of nine, composed of three Faculty, three alumni, and three undergraduate members.

A company of students, graduates, and instructors in Harvard University and Radcliffe College, assisted by ladies of Boston and Cambridge, will present Racine's "Athalie" in the original French, at Sanders Theatre, on the evenings of December 6, 8, and 10.

The supreme court has decided a suit brought against the city of Providence by Brown University, for the recovery of taxes paid under protest, in favor of the university. By this decision all property of the university is exempt from taxation. The city maintained that only the college grounds and buildings proper could be exempted.

The following gifts, exceeding one million dollars, have been given by individuals to educational institutions: Stephen Girard to Girard College, \$8,000,000; John D. Rockefeller to Chicago University, \$7,000,000; George Peabody to various foundations, \$6,000,000; Leland Stanford to Stanford University, \$5,000,000; Asa Paeker to Lehigh University, \$3,500,000; Charles Pratt to Institute of Berkeley, \$2,000,000; Paul Tulane to Tulane University, New Orleans, \$1,500,000; Isaac Rich to Boston University, \$2,000,000; Jonas G. Clark to Clark University, Worcester, Mass., \$2,000,000; the Vanderbilts to Vanderbilt University, \$1,775,000; James Lick to the University of California, \$1,000,000; John C. Green to Princeton, \$1,500,000; William C. DePauw to DePauw University, \$1,500,000; A. J. Drexel to Industrial School, \$1,500,000; Peter Cooper to Cooper Union, \$1,200,000; Ezra Cornell and Henry W. Sage to Cornell University, each, \$1,000,000; President Low to Columbia, \$1,000,000.

— *Princetonian*



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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 24, 1897.

No. 10.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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

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The Thanksgiving recess commences Wednesday noon, when for three or four days the college will be vacated and the wheels of education will be given a much-needed rest. For ten weeks the college has been in session, and the students will gladly welcome a breathing space, even though it be short. The coming days of rest should be profitably spent in recreation, so that when college re-opens all may be fully rested and well prepared to commence the strenuous efforts which usually precede the final examinations. The present term has slipped by with lightning speed, and few can realize that but three solid weeks remain. We should stop and think if our time has been profitably spent and if we have accomplished as much as we might have. Retrospection is of great advantage when occasionally employed, and now is the time when it can be brought into effective use.

As has been stated again and again, it is the duty of every student to so bear himself during the holidays that Bowdoin may be respected, and any slurs upon her fair name should be blotted out by conduct rather than words.

OUR foot-ball season has come and gone, and we may now review it as a whole. It may be said that the season has been the most uncertain one we have yet undergone in our gridiron history, as surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant, have been the order of the day. We invariably have done the least expected, and failed to do that which appeared the most probable. From the day when Bates, for the first time in the history of Maine foot-ball, defeated us, to the second and last game with Colby, when it was clearly shown that she was in no respect superior to Bowdoin, we have at times been happy and at times despondent. Of the eight games, we have won two, lost five, and tied one, and, although the record is not a particularly glorious one, it is by no means dishonorable. The spirit shown by the team in its defeats has been remarkable. Not a word was said advocating disbanding; not a man thought of giving up; but each went ahead determined to play until the end. And play they did. The last game of the season was sufficient to offset the entire series of defeats. Bowdoin showed her sportsmanlike qualities by sticking to the game and finishing strong; where many a team would have given up in disgust, Captain Moulton and his men fought to the end, and covered themselves with honor by playing the game of their lives against Colby.

The season opened with a defeat by Bates—a most unlooked for occurrence, and one as yet unexplained. Contrary to general expectation, a remarkably fine game was played against Harvard, and nothing but praise was given the team. Then followed a half-hearted victory over Exeter, two defeats by Tufts and one by Colby. In none of these games did the team bring itself much credit, playing good but not winning ball. Nevertheless, if a team plays its best, it really makes but little difference, from a philosophical standpoint,

whether defeat or victory result, though to win is much more agreeable. The one bright star amid these gloomy defeats was the New Hampshire College game, when touchdowns flowed as freely as Androscooggin water.

Passing these sad experiences, let us glance at the game of last Saturday. Never a more confident team trod upon a field than Colby, and never a more desperate team than Bowdoin. From the start, Bowdoin held her own against every play and trick that Colby could think of, and the result was that neither side scored. Several years ago Bowdoin would not have been so elated over such a result. There is no reason, however, why other Maine teams should not play foot-ball, and they do, as has been demonstrated.

Every member of the team, from Captain Moulton to the substitutes, is to be congratulated for having finished the season so well. The team has been well captained both by Captain Spear and later by Captain Moulton, and they have produced the best team possible under the circumstances. An unfortunate choice was made with regards our coach, but such misfortunes cannot always be guarded against.

The management has been all that could be desired, and no pains have been spared to make the season a financial success. The report of Manager Young will appear in the next ORIENT, and it will then be known as to the season's financial outcome. The manager has conducted the team upon business principles, and if our teams of the past had all been so conducted, we should be free of debt to-day. A losing team is much harder to manage than a victorious one, and grumblers always will be found; nevertheless these grumblers are the very men who are willing neither to help nor to hold their peace.

Bowdoin to-day stands as honorable as ever in foot-ball, and it but remains for the

team to elect a suitable captain, and the college a business-like manager; then we may feel confident that the team of 1898 will prove itself worthy of the name of Bowdoin, as the teams of previous years have done.

WHAT real interest is being taken by Bowdoin alumni in our proposed athletic reforms is shown by their communications, which have appeared and are appearing in our columns. They have carefully watched our teams during the past few seasons, and at last have awakened to the fact that something should be done, and now they are prepared to do that something.

Mr. Henry A. Wing, '80, has a communication in another column which seconds Mr. Chapman's letter of our last issue. The alumni are ready to act, and we believe the student body is, so that now something should be done. Our alumni are as patriotic and loyal as alumni of other colleges, and they will do all in their power to further our athletic as well as other interests.

The recent vote of the Faculty, that no games should be arranged by class teams without the consent of the regular Faculty committee that passes upon our 'varsity schedules, is a step in the right direction. We may now hope neither to see nor to hear more of those class teams that have brought only discredit to the college. No games should be allowed unless a strong team is assured, and whenever such a team is ready and willing to play, it should be encouraged to arrange games with the prominent fitting schools of the state.

WITHIN the past year the college has offered a new course to the student body, namely, that of art instruction at the Walker Art Building. These courses are under the personal supervision of Professor A. B. Currier, who devotes two entire days each week to his department. The impor-

tance of this work cannot be over-estimated. Every man who wishes to be well-rounded, who wants to be able to judge a work of art, or who intends pursuing this branch more or less in after life, should embrace the splendid opportunities offered. Individual instruction is given, and the pupil's work is suited to his ability and the time at his disposal. Next term, drawing from life is to be taken, and it is expected that the classes will be much enlarged, as this branch is much more interesting than plain cast drawing. The college has shown its liberality and progressive spirit in establishing these courses, and the student body must surely appreciate these efforts in their behalf. We have in our midst a small art school, the equal of many of the professional schools of the country, and there is every reason to believe that it has come to stay. When such movements enter quietly, and step by step force their way to the front, they generally become permanent; whereas, a great splurge and splutter denote weakness, and are indicative of probable failure. The art courses began in a modest way, but each term has brought more and more students, until now their future is assured.

WHE new Business Manager comes to his duties fully conscious of the financial standing of the ORIENT. The business of the ORIENT changes hands so often that it is highly important that its accounts be kept as accurately as possible; and a strenuous effort will be made to have the financial affairs of the present volume adjusted by the time the last number appears. In order to do this, however, the Manager must have the active support of the student-body.

In the past few years the financial attitude of the students towards the ORIENT has reflected much discredit upon all parties concerned, while the backing which they have given shows a great lack of appreciation of the benefits of a college journal and

of the arduous duties connected with its management. But we are loth to believe that the undergraduates of Bowdoin College, when brought face to face with the fact that the management of a college publication is a business matter, pure and simple, will withhold their hearty co-operation in making the ORIENT a financial as well as a literary success.

Communication.

To the Editors of the Orient:

IT was with much interest that I read the communication signed by Henry S. Chapman, '91, in the ORIENT of November 10th. I know that the plan of having a committee from the alumni who shall co-operate with the undergraduate managers of the base-ball and foot-ball teams, is one which would meet with hearty accord from the members of Bowdoin alumni.

Recently I have had occasion to converse with several members upon this point, and the consensus of opinion is that, had there been such a committee this season, some of the disagreeable features of recent foot-ball history would have been avoided.

A plan which has been proposed is this: That a committee of three from the alumni should be appointed for the purpose of consultation with the undergraduate managers in matters pertaining to the sports of the college. And it has been suggested that should that committee be residents of the state, less expense, and more ready response to the needs of the college, might follow.

Necessarily, this committee should be vested with full powers to act, or to decide questions of importance, or their usefulness would be too limited to be of practical value to the college. Such a committee as has been proposed would be valuable not only in ways already suggested, but could, when

necessary, act as a committee to solicit money from the alumni.

Although personally I agree with Mr. Chapman in his statement that sports at Bowdoin, when placed upon a proper footing and conducted under proper business methods, would be self-supporting, there will always be occasions when it would be desirable to raise money for matters connected with athletics, outside of the regular and natural income.

Should the undergraduates wish for the assistance of such a committee appointed from the alumni, it is of course necessary that the undergraduates take the initiatory steps. And perhaps it might be feasible for the undergraduates to hold a mass-meeting, for the expression of opinion as to whether or no the alumni committee is desired. If the question is decided in the affirmative, the students can then put the matter in proper form for presentation to the alumni at their annual meeting next Commencement.

It is eminently important, however, in the minds of many of the alumni, that a committee should be appointed, as soon as practicable, from the alumni of the four colleges of the state, who shall act as a board of arbitration to finally settle differences which may arise between the athletic teams of the different colleges.

HENRY A. WING, '80.

A Friend's Treachery.

THE great ocean liner "City of Paris" is about to begin her lonely voyage to England. About her curving gang-plank are thronged numerous parties of separating friends; but somewhat apart from these stand two that it will be our interest to notice, a young man and a young woman.

The young man, Valentine Sherwood, is going abroad for a year to study; his companion and *fiancé*, Ethel Boyd, meanwhile is

to polish her musical education, and otherwise fit herself for the wife of a popular young barrister.

The bell rings, the gang-plank is cleared, parting injunctions are freely exchanged, handkerchiefs wave, and the monstrous steamer puts to sea.

The year has passed. Valentine Sherwood has utilized every moment in preparing himself for his chosen career. He stands once more on his native shore, yea, on the very spot where he parted from his dear one only a year ago; but where is she whose fond farewell so effectually soothed the pang of their separation?

After a few weeks of separation a certain coolness gradually became detectable in the young lady's letters, closely followed by an accusation against Sherwood's honor. Pride never permitted him to refute the lies and treachery told by his bosom friend, which were all fabrications to win his sweetheart, and finally a newspaper notice, announcing "the broken engagement of Mr. Valentine Sherwood and Miss Ethel Boyd," destroyed any remaining hope of reconciliation.

Man is a creature of ambition; and, even though the disappointment of love may occasion most bitter pangs, his nature leads him into the bustle of the world to seek fame and honor. Therefore, when Sherwood receives an offer to manage an extensive mining plant in Colorado, he grasps the opportunity most eagerly, hoping the busy life may teach him to forget his sad experiences with the fickle goddess.

Three years in managing the "Silver City Mine," together with a claim of his own, fills Sherwood's coffers with a respectable amount of wealth; in fact, the interest alone on the principal, judiciously invested, will provide him with a sumptuous living. Three years have also wrought a change in the man. He is continually possessed by a craving to for-

get, to cast from his thoughts the plans and the companions of his young manhood. To do this he will enter almost any path of life, be it what it may.

A desire for a change of both scenes and actions moves Sherwood to resign his office and seek new surroundings. As a shipwrecked and hopeless man, he determines to plunge into the tide of pleasure, perchance in the whirl of dissipation, hoping to drift to a more contented state of mind.

Sherwood fits up rooms most elegantly in Chicago, purchases an ample stable, engages servants; he joins a swell club, the members of which account him "a mighty fine fellow." And now to live! To live like the gods! Will his scheme reap success?

As Sherwood is lounging in the sumptuous rooms of the "Bachelor's Club," one stormy winter night in January, surrounded by warmth and comfort, a cigar between his lips and the *Outing* before his eyes, he is disturbed by a "beastly telegram," which reads: "Come to M— Street station at once. Very important. A. S. T."

What any one can want of the swell Mr. Sherwood in the toughest part of the city at eleven o'clock at night is beyond the conjecture of either Sherwood or his friends; but a smack of adventure about the thing induces him to seek an explanation.

The police sergeant, as he ushered Sherwood into the station, informed him that a reporter, who had just received a death wound in a raid upon a gambling den, wished to see him at once, and, owing to the few minutes of life remaining, Sherwood had better hurry into the room.

In the dimness Sherwood makes his way to the lonely death-bed; a spark of sympathy rises in his heart at the abrupt summons of the unfortunate to his Maker; a feeling of awe and of his own unworthiness gradually possesses him. The dying man's eyes are closed, and his heavy breathing, intermingled

with groans, shows that he suffers. Sherwood bends over him, and a flash of recognition immediately lights up his countenance. The man's face carries him back many years to his happy college days, to the days when he planned and worked to be a man; the treachery of his college chum for the moment is forgotten as he looks upon his face, once so beloved, and now drawn by the pain of his death wound. A groan escapes Sherwood as Alfred Thorpe opens his eyes.

"Valentine Sherwood! My old friend—is not my punishment most just?"

"Alfred Thorpe, can you call me a friend, you who have—" began Sherwood, but Thorpe interrupted him.

"Listen—I-am-going," the dying man said. "She-knows-my-treachery; she-never-could-have-been-mine; my-falseness-she-discovered; since-life-has-been-a-hell-to-me. Valentine, go-to-her; promise-me-quick! Ah! you-promise-thanks-thanks-. How-I-have-wronged-my-dearest-friend; is-not-my-retribution-just? May-God-bless-you-and-her-forever; can-you-forgive-Val,-can-you? It-will-make-me-much-happier. Thank-you-most-generous-of-you,-you-always-were-so,-that-pain! I-am-going,-Val-!"

Sherwood placed his friend's hand in his, and on bended knee sought forgiveness for his own shameful life.

Several months later a member of the "Bachelor's Club" was most amazed to read the following paragraph in an odd newspaper he had chanced upon: "We learn that Mr. Valentine Sherwood and Miss Ethel Boyd, who entered into the bonds of matrimony last Wednesday evening, will spend a month in Colorado, where the bridegroom passed several years of his younger days. The united couple anticipate taking up their residence on Manhattan Island, where Mr. Sherwood will practice his chosen profession of law."

Bowdoin Verse.

Ad Fontem Molliter Fluentem.

O Fountain, thou crystal delight, that bath birth,
Soft flowing, from out of the bowls of earth,
Dispenser of blessings by day and by night,
All careless of poverty, riches or might,
Beside thy sweet waters, on banks green with moss,
I rest my worn body, and to the winds toss
The cares and the sorrows that would me oppress,
Forgetful of all things in thy soft caress.
I free my pent fancies to pictures and dreams,
And care not that each cannot be what it seems.
I look on thy surface unruffled by wrath;
I see there the glory of life's aftermath:
The image of azure thy waters reflect
Is like the sweet image of heaven's aspect,
The image the soul ever fondly doth hail,
Though seeing but darkly as through a dim veil.
I look in thy bosom, so deep and so clear;
I see there the beauty that death briugeth near,
The freedom from cares and the struggles of life,
The peace and the quiet, the rest from all strife.
O Fountain, my fancies from running on thee
Are turned to that Fountain of all purity.
That Fountain of mercy, that Fountain of love,
That God who has symbolized Himself by the dove,
The Ruler of justice, the King of all grace,
Whom we at the judgment shall see face to face.
And Fountain, in turning, I give thanks to thee,
For thou wast the cause that hath brought Him to me.

Father Time's Soliloquy.

I smile in my sleeve when I hear mortals boast
About their accomplishments, feeble at most,
For in all of their victories to which they refer
I do more than half or they'd never occur.
There's "training the lightning" and "tying down
steam,"
And thousands of things of which human minds
dream,
Their wondrous inventions and triumphs in rhyme,
But what could they do if they didn't have *Time*?

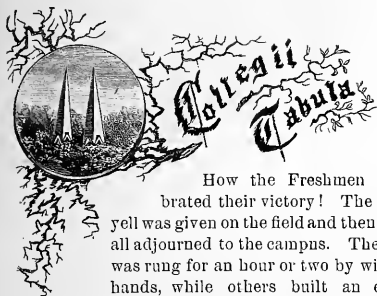
The family doctor looks wise as a sage
When aching limbs torture, or hot fevers rage.
He scratches his head, saying "I've done my best,
And Nature and *Time* must accomplish the rest."
And many a task which these mortals would do,
And have it all done in a moment or two

(

(Drying paint, raising wheat-crops or locating crime)
Must await my best pleasure, because it takes *Time*."

So I, Father Time, claim a certain degree
Of the credit and glory whate'er it may be.
They may brag of their genius, their learning and
wit;

But these without me wouldn't help them a bit.
'Tis a maxim much used in all manner of storm,
"Time and Perseverance will wonders perform."
"Time will tell," say these mortals, and upward
they climb
As they never could do if they didn't have *Time*.



How the Freshmen celebrated their victory! The class yell was given on the field and then they all adjourned to the campus. The bell was rung for an hour or two by willing hands, while others built an enormous bon-fire, using "the Sophomores' doors" for the purpose. "Phi Chi" resounded from fifty Freshman throats, and the fire was constantly fed by the happy victors. No Sophomores were to be seen, save for an occasional straggler who dared face the storm. For the first time in years the Freshmen held full sway without hindrance, and it is needless to say they enjoyed the novelty.

Philoon, '99, is ill at his home.

Gym. next! What visions of bliss!

Hamlin, 1900, is back in college again.

The first snow fell last week, but did not remain long.

The Reading-Room should be warmed now-days.

Wignott, '99, has returned to college after a long absence.

Sophomore French is reading "Le Romantisme Français."

Before long the exodus of student teachers will commence.

Professor Robinson has been granted a patent on his new lamp.

The Freshmen recently decorated the chapel with a giddy banner.

Pierce, '98, officiated at the Bangor-Portland game, also Bates, '96.

The Seniors had a mid-term examination last Monday in chemistry.

Quite a delegation of Colby men came down to see the game Bates Saturday.

Mr. Poulteney Bigelow is to lecture November 20th. All should attend.

The Freshmen enjoyed several adjourns to Professor Woodruff last week.

There was a candy sale at the Congregationalist vestry one afternoon last week.

Baxter, '98, officiated as organist last Thursday and Friday in Libby's absence.

A meeting of the Prohibitionists of the college was held at Memorial, on the 17th.

What has become of our Republican Club? It should not be allowed to grow rusty.

The Debating Society has been forced to omit a meeting or two on account of illness.

It was rumored that a member of the Class of '96 was engaged to a Bath young lady.

The foot-ball picture and election of captain is taking place at Webber's this afternoon.

During the illness of the rector of Grace Church, Bath, Webber, 1900, acted as lay reader.

A good deal of interest was manifested among the students in the Harvard-Yale game.

The Sophomore Prize Speaking will be held this year on Thursday evening, December 16th.

The Senior Geology Class was given an examination last Thursday upon their term's work.

The *Quill* arrived Tuesday. The present board of editors have but one more issue to publish.

E. H. Willis has inaugurated a system of delivering his work from the Globe Laundry of Portland.

Baxter, '98, and Briggs, '99, started last Friday to attend the Δ K E convention at Chicago next week.

The Deutscher Verein held a "gesang" Tuesday evening and practiced several German student songs.

Good spirit was shown at the under-classmen's foot-ball games. The customary rushes were interesting.

The Juniors who elected English Literature, after having completed "The Age of Pope," are

now to take up a work called "The Beginnings of the Romantic Movement."

A massive Norwegian desk, made from carved oak, has been placed in the Boyd Gallery of the Art Building.

The *Bugle* editors are hard at work, and it may appear by Commencement. This is rather a stale joke, however.

Why is not that lantern ever used in chapel? Is it merely for ornament and to make one think of what might be?

M. J. Madden's famous "Sitting Bull" came was on exhibition in the room of Merrill, '98, the day of the Colby game.

Webster, '99, who has been at home in Portland some week or ten days, returned to the campus the first of the week.

Polo is on again, and the games are being fought out at the dinner table, now that foot-ball is fast becoming history.

A set of new outside doors and a new bell rope are among the improvements which have been made in the chapel recently.

Why don't some enterprising individual peddle corn-cakes and soda throughout the ends, evenings? There would be big money in it.

A pen and ink drawing by Du Maurier, the author, was framed last week at the photographer's, and is to be placed in the Art Building.

Glee Club rehearsals are held nearly every afternoon nowadays in the Modern Language Room, Memorial Hall, where a piano has been placed.

It is rumored that President Hyde will not come back to college at once upon his return, but that he is to remain at Harvard for a little time.

The Geology Class may be interested to know that Mount Vesuvius began to erupt on November 11th, and since then has been increasing in activity.

A recitation or two was recently missed by the underclassmen, owing to "scraps" in general. There was some difficulty about forcing an entrance to Memorial.

The papers still harp upon the impurities of Androsoggin water, and speak of the "terrible epidemic" that prevailed. This is all very true, but nevertheless a bit odd.

The Italian Red Band plays here Thanksgiving Day afternoon. If the few Bowdoin men in town that day attend the concert, they will hear some

great music. It is one of the best organizations in the town.

"The Walking Delegate" was the attraction at the Town Hall, Monday evening, and the students attended in goodly numbers. Standard attractions always draw the students.

The new chapel door is fine with its elaborate handle. We would suggest that the donors be allowed to put a plate on it. It is not every class that gives the college such a present.

University of Maine after all cancelled her Bowdoin game because her team could not stand the long training. They must have been anxious for a game. Actions speak louder than words.

Mr. P. S. Mooney, representing C. H. Nason of Augusta, was at 15 A. H., November 11th and 12th, with a fine line of samples of tailoring woolsens, ready-made suits and overcoats, and gentlemen's furnishings.

Among some interesting manuscripts recently presented to the library, is a Fourth of July oration delivered to the members of the Freshman and Sophomore classes in 1818 by the late Rev. Dr. T. T. Stone, then a lad of seventeen.

Professor Robinson gave a very interesting account last Saturday to the Juniors who take chemistry, of his recent trip to Philadelphia. He spoke in general of the work that has been accomplished by the Public Health Association, and in particular mentioned several subjects which were brought up at the meeting for consideration. The talk was enjoyed very much by all the class.

The Sophomores held their "Turkey Supper" on the evening of the 11th, and it proved a most successful affair. They were a bit careless and spilled their gravy on the Art Building steps, which, being limestone, absorbed it. No damage was done, however, though the entire class asked pardon of the Faculty for their carelessness. Whether or not it will be granted is as yet undecided, or at least unknown.

On Thursday and Friday evenings "The Idyll of the Mill," a comic opera of colonial times, was presented at the Town Hall by Brunswick and Bowdoin talent. Mr. Leavitt, who came here to drill the participants, is the composer not only of this work but also of the "Charter Oak," given last year, and "The Frogs of Windham," given two and three years ago. William T. Veazie played the part of Jack Knowlton, ward of the usurer, and Charles G. Willard that of the Minute-Man of Lexington.

In the chorus were Messrs. Varney, Sinkinson, Pierce, Adams, Drake, W. B. and A. W. Clark, and W. L. Thompson.

Among the new books of especial interest which have been received lately at the library is a series called "The Balminton Library of Sports and Pastimes." The work is an English one, edited by the Duke of Beaufort, and comprises some twenty-three volumes. These treat minutely of foot-ball, tennis, golf, cycling, hunting, yachting, and many other pastimes of a like nature.

The ORIENT has been requested to publish the following quotation. No comment is necessary, for, if true, it speaks volumes for itself:

"Col. J. G. Woolley, in his speech at the Neal Dow banquet in Boston, quotes the following address of the presiding officer of the Ohio Liquor League, at its annual meeting:

'The success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink.

'Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to some other more remunerative.

'The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys now will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite.'

The interest of our oldest alumni in the welfare of their *Alma Mater* is often brought forcibly to one's attention. Recently Isaac McLellan, Esq., the only survivor of the Class of 1826, a friend as well as a contemporary of Longfellow, and a writer whose contributions to literature have found a place in every anthology of American verse, sent a hundred volumes of current fiction to the library. A few days later he supplemented this with a gift of \$100, to be used in completing sets of American literature which may be incomplete.

The Bath *Independent* does the students an injustice when it says: "Bowdoin boys are longing for the Maine Water Works to again let in Androscoggin water—to give them an excuse for drinking beer." The consciences of the students are not so pliable as all this might imply. The *Independent* probably tried to be funny, but when Bowdoin wishes beer she drinks it, whether Androscoggin water or Nequasset water is in the pipes of the town.

Not a drop more beer is used at college when Androscoggin water is "on" than when Paradise or Pine Spring is used. We have not reached our second childhood yet.

The first regular meeting of the term of the George Evans Debating Society was held November 9th, in the Modern Language Room. The programme for the evening consisted in a piano solo by L. P. Libby, '99, and in the regular debate. The subject for discussion was, "*Resolved*, that municipalities in the United States should own and operate plants for supplying light, water, and surface transportation." The principal disputants were: On the affirmative, Bisbee, '98, and McCarty, 1900; on the negative, Burnell, 1900, and Rumery, 1900. The next meeting is to be held on Tuesday evening, November 23d. The subject for discussion is, "*Resolved*, that church and college property should be taxed." All are cordially invited to attend.

Professor Robinson gave a very pleasant "rabbit" to the members of the foot-ball team at his laboratory on Tuesday, the 15th. He told them that he wished to congratulate them upon the spirit of adhesiveness which the team displayed from beginning to end. He spoke of the efforts of the team and how they had done their best under most discouraging circumstances. Each and every member of the team and Dr. Whittier and Mr. Bryant were in attendance. The evening was pleasantly passed. Professor Robinson also spoke of the happy ending of the season, which compensated for previous defeats. This was decidedly an innovation and was greatly appreciated. The teams of the college need such friendly encouragement, and Professor Robinson deserves the thanks of the entire college, as well as of the team.

The University of Illinois has just completed a new library building at a cost of \$75,000.

A number of Harvard students were arrested recently for playing golf on Sunday.

The Faculty of Wesleyan have excused the foot-ball players from attending all three o'clock recitations during the remainder of the season to allow extra practice for the Thanksgiving day game with Brown at New York.

President Eliot, during a recent meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Schools, spoke favorably of a three years' course, and said that the hope of America depends upon such a reduction from the present time of the college course.

Athletics.

A summary of the foot-ball games shows that Bowdoin has scored 98 points, to her opponents 88. Bowdoin won two games, tied one, and lost five. The list is:

Bates 10, Bowdoin 6.
Harvard 24, Bowdoin 0.
Exeter 0, Bowdoin 10.
Tufts 18, Bowdoin 6.
N. H. C. 0, Bowdoin 64.
Colby 16, Bowdoin 4.
Tufts 20, Bowdoin 8.
Colby 0, Bowdoin 0.

Bowdoin, 0; Colby, 0.

For the second time this season Bowdoin and Colby met on the foot-ball field. The game was played Saturday, November 13th, on the Whittier Athletic Field, and was the cleanest, most scientific game ever played on a Maine gridiron. Colby expected to find Bowdoin no stronger, at least, than when she defeated her at Waterville, but she was mistaken and, moreover, out-played at every point. In the first half Bowdoin especially showed her superiority, gaining 167 yards to Colby's 80. Bowdoin was also much stronger on the defensive, and held Colby for downs more than twice as many times as did Colby hold Bowdoin. The game was very unsatisfactory to Bowdoin supporters, inasmuch as we did not win, but at the same time it was a very creditable ending to a disastrous season.

Brooks kicked off at 3.15 o'clock, to Clarke, on the 15-yard line. Clarke returned the ball to Colby's 45-yard line and Veazie downed Rice in his tracks. Alden tried to advance around the left end, and lost five yards. Then Brooks took the ball himself with Scannell behind him and the three-backs in tandem behind Scannell. This mass of beef plunged at Spear, who held them for a yard's gain. Again the same play and at the same man. This time they gained three yards. Again Brooks charged, but this time his career was stopped with a foot gain, and the ball was Bowdoin's on downs.

Moulton gave the ball to Merrill to go between Rowell and Cotton. Nearly ten yards was the result. Then Clarke went at the center, but the line failed to make a hole. Spear was hurt and was replaced by Merrill, '98, whose place at tackle was taken by Wiggin. Putnam broke through and downed Kendall the next play. Merrill failed to gain the distance, and it was Colby's ball.

Putnam was sent through Stockbridge for a short gain, and Rice duplicated it in the same place. But the next time Putnam tried it he made about an inch. Then Brooks adopted the old tandem play and banged three times at guard and tackle without success, and it was Bowdoin's ball on Colby's 35-yard line.

Clarke made a couple of yards between Putnam and Buneman. Moulton then signalled for a punt, and Clarke sent the ball sailing down to Colby's six-yard line. Veazie made a splendid sprint down with the ball and tackled Rice for a loss. Brooks wasted no time now, but arranged his battering-ram and tried every point in the line, making short gains every time, just enough to save them the ball. Cotton made five yards, however, through a tackle hole. With the ball on Colby's 50-yard line and the Colby rooters wild with joy, Brooks got through between Eames and Stockbridge, and things looked dubious. He drove down the field for 15 yards, and had Merrill, who looked small beside him, been pushed away, Brooks would have had 50 yards of clear field. Merrill ran and dove at his knees. Brooks fell, while Bowdoin went wild and Colby stock fell again. The Bowdoin line braced. Three times Brooks gave the signal for "formation," and three times Bowdoin stood firm.

With the ball on Bowdoin's 40-yard line (the nearest that Colby got to Bowdoin's goal in the first half), Moulton sent Clarke for a gain through tackle. Then the ball was given to Kendall, and before any one knew what was up he had made 25 yards around the end. On the third down Clarke punted to Colby's three-yard line and Veazie again happened to be around when Rice caught the ball.

Alden was tried again on an end play with the same success that followed Colby whenever she tried Bowdoin's ends. Time was called on Colby's five-yard line.

The second half was a repetition of the first half, except that operations were carried on more in the center of the field. Clarke kicked off to Colby's 20-yard line, and Stanwood and Veazie had Rice almost in his tracks. Colby rushed the ball in savage plunges for 20 yards, and was forced to punt. Rice punted 35 yards to Stanwood, whom Cotton pulled down easily. Cotton waited till Stanwood had caught the pigskin, and then dove magnificently into space while Stanwood was wiggling along for five yards. Kendall made the distance and F. Merrill added a couple of yards and Clarke four more, and so on to Colby's 35-yard line, where Putnam got the ball on a fumble, the first fumble in the game.

Brooks made two yards and Putnam four. Then Cotton with the assistance of Hook made 15 yards around the end. Once again the tandem play was tried, but the required five yards were wanting and it was Bowdoin's ball, only to go to Colby again on downs.

Here Brooks tried the double pass play that brought the touchdowns at Waterville, but Clarke was not caught napping and Colby lost five yards. Rice then punted behind the Bowdoin goal line. Clarke punted from Bowdoin's 10-yard line to the forty-five yard line and Kendall downed Rice after a little sprint.

Colby made 15 yards by tandem plays and lost the ball on downs.

The very first down Merrill fumbled and Colby got the ball. But Colby was unable to gain in two downs when time was called.

The following is the line-up:

Bowdoin.		Colby.
Veazie.	Right End.	Cotton.
Merrill, '98.	Right Tackle.	Rowell.
Wiggin.		
Spear.	Right Guard.	Scannell.
Merrill.		Allen.
Jennings.	Centre.	Brooks.
Cloudman.	Left Guard.	Putnam.
Stockbridge.	Left Tackle.	Benuman.
Clarke, 1900.	Left End.	
Moulton.	Quarterback.	Hooke.
Stanwood.		
Merrill.	Right Halfback.	Rice.
Kendall.	Left Halfback.	Alden.
Clarke, '99.	Fullback.	Towne.

Score—Bowdoin 0, Colby 0. Umpire—Dr. Cobb (Wesleyan), Gardiner. Referee—Prof. John H. Bates, Colby. Linesmen—H. H. Chapman, Colby; Ralph M. Greenlaw, Bowdoin. Time-keepers—Perry, Brown; McFadden, Colby. Time—20 and 25-minute halves.

Freshmen, 6; Sophomores, 0.

The annual Freshman-Sophomore game on the 17th, proved to be one of unusual interest. It was by far the cleanest and most sportsmanlike game of inter-class foot-ball that has been seen here for years. Both teams played to win, and at times it appeared as though neither side would score. The Freshmen, nevertheless, played decidedly the better game, both on the offensive and defensive.

The grand-stand was black with students, all eager for the fray, when the two teams trotted upon the field amid shouts and cheers. The weather was perfect, from the players' standpoint, though a bit raw for the spectators.

Captain Chapman won the toss and took the wind. Leighton kicked off to Sparks, who was downed, with no gain, on the 25-yard line. The Sophomores started with a rush and advanced the ball steadily. Chapman circled right end for a

short gain, Babb made four yards through the center, and Merrill and Clarke gained the required distance. Dana broke through and tackled Chapman for a loss of a yard, and on the next play Merrill made a run of 15 yards, being brought down by Palmer. After several rushes the ball went to the Freshmen, Merrill having held Snow in the line. Bodwell and Cloudman gained two and four yards respectively by the guards-back formation. Laferriere then made five yards through the center. The ball went to the Sophomores after four downs, but was soon regained by the Freshmen on downs, owing to several fine tackles by Hill. Gregson gained several yards by a "dive" play, and this was followed by short gains by the guards and tackles. Nevertheless, Leighton was forced to punt to Babb. The Sophomores lost the ball on a pass-ahead, and 1901 forced it to their 15-yard line, where it was lost on four downs. The Sophomores gained a few yards, but time was called with the score 0 to 0.

The second half opened with a kick-off by Clarke. Cloudman caught the oval and advanced it 10 yards. In addition to this, Gregson gained 30 yards, and Cloudman five more, but Minard then tackled Clarke for a loss, and the ball was punted outside, where Babb found it. The Sophomores could do nothing with the Freshman line, which held firm and even broke through, repeatedly tackling for losses. Clarke punted to Palmer, who made five yards. Laferriere and Gregson pushed it along a bit, followed by short, steady gains by Bodwell, Palmer, and Cloudman. Leighton was forced to punt, however, and Babb was downed with the ball on the 10-yard line. Randall tackled Clarke for a loss, and the Freshmen took the ball. A few rushes, and Gregson was over, with the ball under his arm. Score, 4 to 0. When the goal was tried, Minard was off-side, and, as no goal resulted, a second trial proved more successful, and the score stood 6 to 0. Corliss kicked the goal.

Clarke kicked off now, and Bodwell fell on the ball 15 yards from the center of the field. Gardiner was forced to retire with a bad ankle, and Levensaler substituted for him. After four attempts, 1900 took the ball. After the ball had been rushed about the center of the field, with no advantage either way, time was called, and the Freshmen had won, 6 to 0.

For 1901, Snow, Gregson, Cloudman, and Hill played the best, and for 1900, Chapman, Clarke, and Merrill.

The line-up was as follows :

1900.		1901.
Sylvester.	Right End.	Corliss.
Minard.	Right Tackle.	Hill.
Farwell.	Right Guard.	Bodwell.
Russell.	Center.	Dana.
Minard.	Left Guard.	Leighton.
Guardner.	Left Tackle.	Cloudman.
Levensaler. }	Left End.	Randall.
Capt. Chapman.	Quarterback.	Capt. Snow.
Sparks.	Left Halfback.	Gregson.
Clarke.	Right Halfback.	Laferriere.
Merrill.	Fullback.	Palmer.
Babb.		

Score—1901, 6; 1900, 0. Time—two 20-minute halves. Touchdown—Gregson. Goal—Corliss. Referee—C. D. Moulton, '98. Umpire—J. H. Libby, '96. Linesmen—Gould, 1900, and Clarke, '99. Timer—T. L. Pierce, '98.



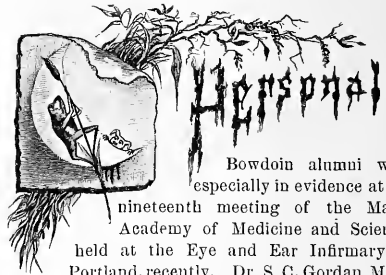
On Thursday, November 11th, C. C. Phillips, 1900, led the meeting. He took as his subject, "Betrayal of Self," and illustrated with examples from the ordinary college life. A man betrays his better self when he deceives his instructors and when he tries to give the public the idea that he is a *nonchalant*, an indifferent sport, and an imbecile, when his better nature is crying within him that he is lying. The outer man takes undue advantage of the inner man when it betrays it by such deeds. The outside man has the advantage of the inner, and it should not take a cowardly and mean advantage of it. Mr. Phillips's talk was very interesting indeed.

There was no meeting of the Association on Sunday, because the janitor had neglected to heat the rooms properly. It is the first time for a long while that we have missed a meeting.

Martin, '98, conducted the regular Thursday evening meeting for November 18th. He spoke of the great influence which a properly conducted Y. M. C. A. can exert over student life, and from this he treated of life after graduation. Not only does this religious spirit manifest itself in college, but it permeates the entire career of a man. The Y. M. C. A. at Bowdoin should be strengthened, more men should participate in the meetings, and the Association should and can be placed upon a footing equal to its sister. At such colleges as Yale and Princeton the Y. M. C. A. is one of the important institutions, and to be a member one must not be a mere dummy—one should work, and work enthusiastically. Bowdoin needs a Y. M. C. A. that does active work, a Y. M. C. A. that makes its meetings so interesting that all will gladly come. More and

good men are needed, men who take part in all branches of college work, from athletics to Bible classes.

President Laycock showed Mr. Ward, the Prohibitionist leader, about college, and he did excellent work in visiting the students, also at the meeting at Memorial.



Bowdoin alumni were especially in evidence at the nineteenth meeting of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science, held at the Eye and Ear Infirmary at Portland, recently. Dr. S. C. Gordon, Med., '65, presided. The president appointed Drs. George H. Cummings, '92, O. P. Smith, Med., '92, and F. W. Searle, Med., '89, as a committee to receive the nominations for officers for the ensuing year and term. The following nominations were made and the candidates elected: For President, Dr. M. C. Wedgwood, Med., '59, Lewiston; Secretary, Dr. N. M. Marshall, Med., '79, Portland; Corresponding and Statistical Secretary, Dr. Addison S. Thayer, Med., '86, Portland; Treasurer, Dr. H. F. Twitchell, Med., '83, Portland. Dr. Gordon was elected a benefactor of the academy, in view of valuable services rendered. A most interesting paper was presented and read by Dr. F. W. Searle, Med., '89, of Portland, upon "The Land Impoverished by the Sea; a Plea for the Return of Sewage to the Soil." Judge J. W. Synonds, '60, read an interesting paper on "Law and Medicine."

'34.—Bishop Pery, in his address before the forty-fourth annual convention of the Diocese of Iowa, alludes to the late Rev. E. A. Downing in the following words: "In the lamented death of the Rev. Elijah A. Downing, S.T.D., the senior priest, we believe, in the Mississippi valley, . . . there has been taken from earth to the rest of Paradise, one of the saintliest of men, one of the most devoted of priests, 'one whom none knew but to love, and none named save in praise.' . . . He was never superannuated. His ministrations, to the last, were most faithful and acceptable—and when age and its consequent feebleness led him, at his bishop's

repeated request, to intermit his missionary services, which required journeyings he was too old to attempt, as well as absence from the home he so dearly loved, and of which he was "the angel in the house," he gladly took such duty at the cathedral as was within his power. A ready writer, he was a constant and valued contributor to the church press, while his *magnum opus*—the continuation and completion of the late Bishop George Burgess's list of Ordinations to the Deaconate, has been given to the church, a work of reference at once most valuable and authoritative, which will embalm his name for lasting remembrance."

'49.—Charles Cothren departed this life suddenly on the 25th of October instant, at his beautiful home in Red Bank, N. J. He was attacked with heart trouble and asthma. Before this attack he was apparently in perfect health. His noble and useful life deserves far more than a passing notice. He was born on June 16, 1822, in Farmington, Me., on the "old farm," and continued to labor there till early manhood, when he commenced to prepare for college. This preparation was at Farmington Academy. He entered Bowdoin College in 1845, and graduated in 1849, esteemed by every one there. After graduating he taught school in several institutions in Maine, Connecticut, and New Jersey. One of these schools was the Ocean Institute, a large boarding school just back of Long Branch, where he taught several years with fair success. This building is now called the Dumbarton Asylum. He afterwards engaged in the business of the manufacture of gas fixtures in New York City, which, not proving satisfactory, he returned to Red Bank in 1880, where he lived till his death. He was twice married; first to Miss Hinman of New Haven, Conn., in 1854. She bore him two children, who died very young. His wife died in 1861. In September, 1862, he married Miss Alice Rodcliffe of Connecticut, who now survives him. A few years ago he was elected justice of the peace, and continued to hold the office till debarred by age. He devoted the most of his spare time to his duties as justice, and was respected by all for his able and impartial rulings in this court. He had, while teaching, spent much time in the study of the law, which was of great service to him in his judicial labors. He was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, and several other associations and institutions. He seemed to have had premonition of his death the past summer. He visited during the summer many scenes of his childhood and early manhood, remarking at the same time

that this was his last review, he never expected to see these objects again. He went to Commencement, saw many of his old college friends; visited many of his friends throughout Maine and elsewhere. But he was especially interested in the old farm; every scene of his childhood, the rocks, the trees, the orchards, the house where he was born, the brooks, where he had his miniature water-wheels, the trout brook, his favorite apple trees, place where the wild berries were most abundant, and a thousand other objects received his careful attention, and so he bid them, as it turns out, a sorrowful and a last farewell. He and his wife were greatly interested in church work and in Sunday-schools. He was remarkably fond of little children, and many of his little friends will drop tears, as they read these simple lines. He was kind, tender-hearted as a woman, considerate, sympathetic, a noble, Christian gentleman.

'60.—Hon. T. B. Reed left Montreal the 11th, by the Pacific express, in a private car. He will go through to the coast, and after seeing the situation of affairs in the West will return to Washington in time for the opening of Congress.

'63.—Dr. Newman Smyth has recently published a new book, entitled, "The Place of Death in Evolution." He is energetically opposed to the popular belief that "evolution" tends to reduce the mysteries of existence to mere phenomenon of force and matter. Instead of regarding science and religion as antagonistic, he believes that "the coming theologian, therefore—the next successful defender of the faith, once given to the saints—will be a trained and accomplished biologist. Not only will his thought, descending from the heights of solitary abstraction, and forsaking the cloistered shades of the schoolmen, ancient and modern, proceed like the wayfaring Son of Man along the familiar paths of human life, in closest touch with the common heart of humanity; but also each organic form will tell to him the story of its origin, and the least living cell will unveil the secret chambers of its divinity."

'64.—Hon. Charles F. Libby, vice-president for Maine of the National Sound Money League (non-partisan), wrote to the meeting of that organization at New York, November 9th: "So far as Maine is concerned, I do not think that the silver question will be an issue in the Congressional campaign next year. I think that there is a feeling that a more elastic banking system is needed than is afforded by the present bank system, and many believe that the government should go out of the banking busi-

ness. On one point there seems to be greater unanimity of sentiment, that the 'endless chain' should in some way be broken up and a system substituted by which the burden of supplying all the gold that is needed shall fall on the banks rather than on the government."

'73.—Col. Edwin J. Cram, recently judge of the Biddeford municipal court and a former inspector of rifle practice in the Maine National Guard, distinguished himself as an athlete the other evening, by bowling fifty-one continuous strings in a local bowling alley. He threw his first ball at 11 A.M., and kept everlastingly at it till 10 P.M., using only the largest balls every string. His average for the fifty-one strings was 209 2-3, a total of 10,693 pins. From the alley he went home, took a bath, ate a light lunch, and then swung Indian-clubs two solid hours, at the same time studying a legal text-book. Then he went to bed, got a good night's rest and came down town looking as fresh as a daisy. He intends to further test his powers of endurance by bowling 24 consecutive hours.

'77.—Lieutenant Robert E. Peary made his last public appearance in Maine, before he leaves for the North, at The Jefferson, at Portland, on the 8th. His lecture was a graphic account of his last trip, and his bringing the Cape York meteorite home. His stereopticon views were unsurpassable, and his natives in costume won the admiration of the large audience.

'84.—Word has been received at Farmington, Me., of the death from consumption of William H. Cothren at Phoenix, Arizona, which occurred Friday of last week. Mr. Cothren graduated in the Class of '84, and was made assistant to Professor Robinson. His work attracted the attention of the Edison General Electric Company and he was offered and accepted a fine position with them, with headquarters in New York City. Afterwards he was transferred to the Chicago office, and it was while there that he was compelled to give up his work and seek a milder climate.

'86.—Levi Turner lectured in the East Windham Lyceum course on Saturday evening. Mr. Turner spoke of "The Duties which the Public Schools Owe the State."

'91.—Harry DeForrest Smith left Belfast Wednesday afternoon for Philadelphia, to enter upon his duties as instructor in the Greek language and literature in the University of Pennsylvania, to which position he has recently been appointed. His wife remains for the present with her mother,

Mrs. C. F. Wood, in Belfast, and will join her husband in Philadelphia as soon as he makes the necessary arrangements to establish their home there. Mr. Smith is a native of Gardiner. He took a post-graduate course at Harvard, and spent last year in Berlin, Germany, a student in one of the great universities of that city.

'96.—The following appeared among the "Nominations for Fellowships," recently published in the *Harvard Crimson*: "To a William Whiting Fellowship. Income, \$300. Vacated by the resignation of R. O. King. John Emerson Burbank, A.B. (Bowdoin College, Me.) 1896, A.M. (ibid.) 1897; Assistant in Physics at Bowdoin College, 1896-97; 1. year Graduate School; appointed University Scholar, June, 1897. For promotion. To study Physics."

'96.—J. Clair Minot recently officiated as usher at a brilliant wedding at Richmond, Me.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Bowdoin Club of Boston desires to express its loss at the death of GEORGE LANGDON CHANDLER, of the Class of 1868.

He was known to a large number of Bowdoin men as one of the college's most loyal sons. There was no part of the life of the college which did not have the stimulus of his interest and the support of his powers.

He was a scholar, thorough, broad, and sound.

In his closer personal relations he displayed the same unflinching interest, faith, and loyalty.

This tribute we wish to pay equally to the loyal son of Bowdoin, to the ripe scholar, and to the friend who had so much of our affection and our esteem.

EDGAR O. ACHORN,
EDWARD P. PAYSON,
HENRY S. CHAPMAN,

Committee for the Bowdoin Club of Boston.

About 225 Yale students were given permission to leave college to vote at their homes.

The Senior Class at Leland Stanford University have adopted sombreros for their class hats.

The Sophomores at Columbia have voted to do away with the annual cane rush.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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The term closes soon after the appearance of this, the last issue of the ORIENT, and the holidays then commence. In previous issues advice has been given as to spending our vacation profitably, and it is not necessary to repeat these remarks so soon. Each man knows better than he can be told as to what he should and should not do. The ORIENT hopes that the Christmas holidays may be enjoyed by all, and that none will consider it necessary to bother themselves with lessons during a period when such things should be farthest from our minds. In other words, we hope that the examinations will be successfully survived by all. Now is the time when "the sheep are separated from the goats"—the fewer the goats the better, however. After the trials of examinations, holidays appear all the sweeter. A Merry Christmas to all.

WHEN the invitation to enter an Inter-State Debating League was declined at a mass-meeting last week, the student body took the proper step. There is no doubt that such a league would be of great advantage and also that in time to come such a league will be formed, inasmuch as its benefits are self-evident. Debating is fast stepping into prominence at all American

colleges, and though inter-collegiate debates have their opponents, they probably have come to stay. Bowdoin, however, has neglected this branch of college activity for some time, and consequently has been forced to commence anew. The George Evans Debating Society has done much to encourage debating, but the college has done but little to encourage the George Evans Debating Society. By college we mean the student body as well as the Faculty. Of a membership of sixty not more than twenty, exclusive of non-members, attend regular meetings. When so little interest is shown, and when out of the entire college not more than fifty attend a mass-meeting to consider the advisability of an inter-collegiate contest, it would be pure folly to attempt to carry through such competitive debates. The truth of the matter is that the college does not stand behind the society, and to be representative nothing can be done without the backing of the college. Debaters, as well as athletes, must feel that they are representing something; that every man in college watches them with the greatest interest.

The Faculty, moreover, do not encourage debating as much as they might. No credit will be allowed for work upon debates, even though hours and hours are spent in original research. When the college debate was held last spring, the disputants worked with a will and devoted their entire time to that work, and for what? No credit was given them, not even a single theme would be cancelled. It was extra work, pure and simple. When so much labor is required it surely seems as though a little credit should be given; and it is given in sister institutions. The Faculty is a powerful factor for encouraging or discouraging college activity, and it appears to the ORIENT that our Faculty could furnish the much-needed impetus to college debating by being a bit more liberal along certain lines. If the Faculty would take the initiative the students would then work

with a will, and after we had gained a little experience we could combat our sister colleges and combat them successfully. The college then would stand behind its representatives, and its representatives would be such in the truest sense of the word. We need debating here and need it badly, and now it behooves us to do something to infuse life into it and into ourselves as well.

We already have too many undertakings on foot that are supported by the "enthusiastic few," and if new enterprises are to be undertaken they should not be placed upon the shoulders of these much-overworked patriots. Nothing new should be undertaken until we have perfected, to a greater or less extent, our present branches of college activity. Whatever we do let us do well, and accordingly we should be very careful not to have too many irons in the fire.

THE new Bowdoin catalogue for 1897-98 appeared last week, and is of especial interest to all. According to the lists of students we to-day have the largest enrollment in the history of the college, having sixty-one Seniors, sixty-one Juniors, fifty-six Sophomores, fifty-nine Freshmen, six Specials, and one hundred and forty "Medics," making a total of three hundred and eighty-three. Although it is not the policy of the college to enlarge its classes, it is gratifying to see that all classes are well filled and that everything is in perfect condition. It is a well-known fact that classes of double the size of our present could be had, but they are not thought desirable.

Nothing particularly new appears except that the entrance requirements in Greek and Latin have been altered for 1898. These involve different methods of preparatory study rather than an increased amount of work, and have been recommended by the commission of New England colleges on entrance examinations.

The new catalogue shows a list of five assistants in different branches of instruction. This step is in accordance with President Hyde's idea on supplementing the regular class-room instruction with the personal work of tutors. At present all indications point to the most successful working of this plan, and without doubt it has come to stay.

All in all, the catalogue shows the splendid condition of the college. There is not a branch of college work being neglected by the governing boards, and all are working for the best interests of the institution.

THE eagerness with which the offer of the College Library to sell to undergraduates two of its important publications at reduced prices was accepted, shows that a good thing is occasionally appreciated. Fortysets of the "Centennial Catalogue" and the "Bowdoin Art Collection" were placed on sale, and that was sufficient. The offer was most generous, and those fortunate enough to take advantage of it secured a veritable bargain. This catalogue is a necessity to every student and alumnus who takes the least interest in his *Alma Mater*. Many a man uses it more than his Webster's or Century Dictionary. The "Art Collection" is one of the finest books of its type ever published, and a credit to its compiler, Rev. F. H. Allen.

ON the 15th of this month the Bowdoin *Quill* will have reached the end of its first volume. Already a new Board of Editors, the personnel of which appears in another column, has been elected to carry on the work for the ensuing year. As to its literary success it is not for the ORIENT to say, but its financial standing is all that could be desired of so young a publication. It has survived the hardest and most trying year it probably will ever have, and to-day stands firmly upon a solid literary and business basis.

In fact it should live and prosper if ever a paper should, and it will, if the hearty support and co-operation of the student body and Faculty of the past is but continued. The ORIENT believes the *Quill* has become a permanent institution, and extends it her best wishes for its future welfare. We can support two papers, we have for the past year and we should in coming years. At a recent *Quill* meeting it was decided to make it a strictly Senior-Junior publication, so that only members of the Class of '99 were elected to office. The ORIENT believes this to have been eminently proper, inasmuch as more interest will be taken by competitors, the credit of being elected will be more, and there will be no danger of having any "stale" editors upon the Board.

One year ago this issue, the ORIENT announced the birth of its sister, but with mingled feelings of pleasure and fear; to-day, however, there is no need of fear, for she has proved herself a most robust and vigorous child. May she grow during the coming year under her efficient Board of Editors as she has in the past. She represents the literary life of the college, and we think she is a most creditable representative. New interest has been taken in literary work, and both papers have felt its stimulus. The ORIENT and the *Quill* always will live in peace and happiness in the future as in the past, and the ORIENT has only the best wishes for her younger sister. To the outgoing Board of the *Quill* we would say that under your fostering care, and by your untiring efforts, what at times appeared to be rather a doubtful undertaking, has now proven itself able to stand alone and fight its own battles.

W. J. Bryan has offered a prize fund to Ewing College, Ill., for annual awards for the best essays on the science of government. Mr. Bryan's mother and sisters were students there. The fund is to be known as the Mary Elizabeth Bryan prize fund.

Delta Kappa Epsilon Convention.

THE fifty-first annual convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held at Chicago on November 22d, 23d, 24th, and 25th with the Northwestern Alumni Association and the Delta Delta Chapter of the University of Chicago. The convention was a remarkably large one, about 30 of 35 chapters being represented by undergraduates, not to mention many alumni.

By Monday evening, the 22d, most of the delegates had arrived, and an informal reception was held at the Delta Delta Chapter House. Here all the delegates met and hospitality and good cheer were not lacking. On Tuesday forenoon and afternoon, business sessions were held and routine affairs were attended to. The convention headquarters were at the club-rooms of the Palmer House, where all meetings were held. The convention photograph was taken on the steps of the Art Institute, and an unusually large number were in attendance.

The convention ball at Bourniques's on Tuesday evening was a most successful affair. The beauty of Chicago was in evidence and the splendor of the occasion will long be remembered by its participants. After hours of dancing to the most perfect music the dancers disbanded, happier but more weary individuals. Wednesday forenoon and afternoon were occupied with business sessions. The conservatism of the fraternity was again shown in its refusal to grant several charters for which applications had been made. Other business of importance was transacted, and after it had been decided to hold the next convention at Ann Arbor with the Omicron Chapter, also at Detroit with the Association of that city, the convention adjourned.

The convention banquet was held at the Palmer House, and two hundred and fifty participated. The President of the Association, Judge Nathaniel C. Sears, Amherst, '75, called the meeting to order and introduced

the toast-master, Major Edgar B. Tolman, Chicago, '80. Toasts, serious and otherwise, were responded to by Andrew J. Hirschl, Amherst, '73; Hon. Albert J. Beveridge, De Pauw, '85; Judge W. C. Griffin, Union, '59; Jesse Grant Roe, Lafayette, '87; David B. Simpson, Lafayette, '86, and others. At the close the usual ceremonies were indulged in, and the banquet dispersed.

On the 25th lunch was served at the Delta Delta Chapter House, and from there the delegates adjourned to the Coliseum, where they occupied boxes at the University of Chicago-University of Michigan game. This ended the programme, although individual trips, etc., were sandwiched between these events. Theta Chapter of Bowdoin was represented by P. P. Baxter, '98, and F. W. Briggs, '99.

The Class of 'Sixty-One.

I HAVE always congratulated myself upon being a bachelor, and for having taken a degree from Harvard University, but how often have I lamented the fact that my name is Socket. My school-mates always plagued and teased me about my queer name (just as though I were to blame), and until my college days I scarcely enjoyed a moment's peace. But in November, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, on the twenty-ninth day, I had sufficient reason to dispute with my ancestors for handing down so unfortunate a name. At that time I chanced to be in Washington on business, and on that particular evening, a guest of Senator Dormer. Mr. Dormer was giving a reception and my presence was requested. The exact reason for my attending has always been doubtful, yet probably nothing else of importance was to be done. The Senator owned a beautiful residence, with spacious apartments, especially the drawing-room. At one end of this room was a splendid collection of palms and ferns, which gave the location an appearance

of a garden. It was about ten o'clock, I believe, when the Senator presented me to Miss Lucy Babbleton from Richmond. The young lady seemed fascinating. She was a brunette, with large, dark, piercing eyes, while her figure was tall and majestic. The Senator left us alone, and I was considerably taken back when my newly-formed acquaintance, in rather an abrupt tone, said, "Mr. Socket, may I interview you alone?"

"Certainly," I answered, wondering of what service I possibly could be to this young woman. She led me behind the palms and ferns, where I supposed she would stop, but, to my surprise, she passed out into the glass-enclosed balcony and closed the door behind us. Miss Babbleton now beckoned me be seated, and, to my astonishment, seated herself at the opposite side of the room. I hardly knew, under the prevailing circumstances, how to open the conversation, and was very glad to hear Miss Babbleton's voice. Suddenly, she said, with composure, "You are Mr. Charles Edward Socket from Boston, are you not?"

I replied that such was the case, and she continued, "And from Harvard, the Class of '61?"

"That is true," I replied, "and I'm proud to own it. Senator Dormer and I were classmates and room-mates; also were then, as now, the most intimate of friends."

Miss Babbleton snapped her black eyes and bit her lips. By some she might have been called attractive and striking.

"Mr. Socket," she resumed, "I little suspected when I was leaving Virginia I should find you here. The trip has really repaid me. I did not know even that you were alive."

Although the last statement decidedly took me by surprise, I was kind enough to attribute it to Miss Babbleton's eccentricity, which was most obvious to me. To say that I was speechless would be moderate.

"I would have crossed the ocean to see you, Mr. Socket," she continued in a most mysterious manner, and compelled me to question somewhat her sanity. In reply to this I jumbled something to the effect that she seemed "very friendly."

"Yes, Mr. Socket," she said, "I know you perfectly well." But how could that be possible, I attempted to ask; but she resumed, "You knew my father, Richard Babbleton"—(I probably did, but to recall him was impossible)—"and he trusted you." "How good of him," I reflected; but Miss Babbleton's continuous flow of words hindered me from making even the briefest remark.

"Few men have lived whose lives have been more pure, upright, and honest than was my poor father's. His greatest failing was that he believed every one else as honest as himself. But the time came when he was most cruelly deceived."

I attempted to say, "how sad," but my fair acquaintance evidently had the floor, so I refrained from being rude enough to interrupt her.

"How men can use their fellows so wickedly, so contemptibly, I cannot understand; but remorse finally conquers, and when it embraces vicious men in its grasp, I rejoice. How a man can deliberately steal one million dollars' worth of the W. S. K. and C. bonds away from a feeble, dying man, actually staggers me! Oh, Mr. Socket," she exclaimed, rising to her feet with tears in her eyes, "don't you fear the wrath of God?"

Here, for the first time in at least twenty minutes, had she given me an opportunity to speak. I felt confident that she was lacking as to her mental strength, yet deemed it wise to answer. Even she unnerved me. "I most certainly do, Miss Babbleton," I replied with emotion.

"Then, Mr. Socket," she begged in pleading tones, "in Heaven's name cleanse your conscience at once. How dare you

live, knowing the uncertainty of life, without making reparation for your wickedness?"

She was trembling violently and breathing convulsively. At the same time she kept so scrutinizing a stare upon me I dared hardly watch her countenance. All the occurrences of my youth, college days, after life, passed vividly before me. I could hear music from the drawing-room, also the active buzzing of female voices.

When I looked up, Miss Bableton had disappeared. Like one awakening from a nightmare I arose and tried to stand. With the utmost difficulty I found my way into the drawing-room, and, to my surprise, it was empty. Even the Senator himself had retired. Stepping into the street, I found there my coachman, although a little drowsy. "Drive quickly," I called.

Soon I was in my room. A cheerful fire burning in the grate welcomed me, but I was too nervous to sleep. It was so strange that a mere demented woman could work such a change over me! Yet I was a bachelor and unaccustomed to it all. I knew I must read, but what? My books were all at home. A thought came to me. Opening my trunk, the first reading matter that caught my eye was an old college catalogue. Commencing, I read from the beginning, yet hardly comprehended what it was all about. At last my eye fell on the names of my class, that dear old gathering of 'sixty-one. I had pasted little clippings from the papers beside every name that had come to my notice. Here and there I found an account of the honorable attainment of some brilliant classmate. Atherton had been elected governor of his state, Bailey was a poet, Clarendon was a judge, and so on until I came to the letter S. Alas! Few there were who had attained any worthy mention under that category of letters, but opposite one name was a photograph and rather a lengthy clipping from the

Journal. And they were both most serviceable to me.

At an early, although very seasonable hour, the following morning, I sent a neat little package with an explanatory letter to Miss Bableton. The gist of it all was this: I had a classmate whose name was precisely the same as my own, and we both hailed from the same town. Never before in my life had we publicly been confounded until I met Miss Bableton. I was stupid not to have remembered his history, especially not to have been able to recall the man on that particular occasion. But I left that labor to the musty, time-worn *Journal*, which told her that "one Charles Edward Socket, a student of Harvard University, a member of the Class of '61, had been arrested, tried, and convicted of pawning stolen silver at a Hebrew broker's shop in Boston." Alas for the name, but more so, ten thousand times more so, for the man!

A College Letter, 1755.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., October 9, 1755.

IT is now, my dear cousin, nearly six months since I left you at Bristol, and since that time many strange things have happened to me, which may interest you. In ye first place, my voyage across ye great ocean was of two months' duration, but pleasant withal, as for the most part the sky was blue and ye weather good. We, my father and the rest of us, arrived at Jamestown and thence proceeded to Richmond. This new country is strangely different from old England, as you may imagine, but that is not ye purport of my letter. I am telling you somewhat of my adventures.

The chiefest of these was my taking part in an expedition against ye French and incidentally ye Indians. They are a most strange race, Tom, copper-colored and usually stolid and dirty. They are, however, wondrous

fine wood-craftsmen, and yet in this they are often excelled by ye colonists. Would that poor General Braddock had had less respect for his own stiff red-coats and more for the red-skins. But I am digressing.

One day when we were quietly settling down to read (it was Sunday, and my father, pious old gentleman that he is, never allows us to do anything else on that day), I saw Tom Riley, an excellent woodsman with whom I had already made one or two hunting trips, beckon to me from the window. I went out, and he told me that that very night an expedition was to start to surprise a French outpost not far from Ticonderoga—that is one of the devil-made names they have here. Without asking my father's consent (I right well knew I could not have obtained it) I then determined on ye undertaking. That night I slipped out of ye house and joined the scouting party. We all wore moccasins—a sort of leggings, and one of you Englishmen would have regarded our march through the forest with astonishment and awe. After a two days' tramp we arrived in ye enemies' country, and then still greater care was taken. On the fourth morning we were walking along, single file, with scouts ahead, when we heard far off in ye forest a whip-poor-will's cry. Nothing strange, do I hear my English cousin say? In another minute it was answered, and before we knew it we were surrounded by a throng of ye yelling "naturals." How it happened that such expert woodsmen as we were surprised, I leave to you. You can account for it as well as I.

But there we were, and I tell you it was no pleasing sensation, either. Of course we all protected ourselves by staying behind trees, but in spite of that, ye naturals were fast getting ye best of us. Then a prodigy, as Virgil would say, happened. The Indians fell to shooting at each other, and we, during the confusion, made off a little way. Pres-

ently we heard yells of triumph, and an Indian voice yelling, "Welcome, Englishman." We still distrusted them until Tom Riley, speaking in their outlandish lingo, found them to be a tribe who were friendly to us, and had by stratagem (that is their only virtue) united with the French Indians and afterwards conquered them. After ye fight was over, ye Indians came to greet us, and each one had a bloody scalp hanging to his wampum belt. Thank my lucky stars that my hair does not now decorate some Indian brave.

With the aid of these friendly Indians we captured the outpost, and then I came home in company with two young officers—one George Washington by name—a pleasant though reticent young man.

I can almost hear you saying, there's Jim Greenough, lucky boy, he has adventures by the wholesale, while I, luckless youth, must stay here cooped up in England. Wholly wrong! Here I am now in William and Mary College, at school all because I did not tell my respectable father of my little journey in ye woods. A cruel fate!

Ye students here, they number nigh on sixty, are well termed bloods. All they care for are racing horses, game-cocks, and spending ye time at ye billiard or gaming table. Such you know I never cared for, and I prefer to spend my time at hunting with an Indian youth, Ciascio by name, whom the worthy clergy are educating. 'Tis very true, as I have heard some one say, that as we Christians have taken away the heritage of the savages on earth, we should in return share with them our interest in the promised land. Ciascio and I are, I fear, but poor Christians, and poorer students, and the next chance we get we will leave this place, where we are slowly dying of ye stagnation, and take part in another expedition.

And now, Tom, how is your sister, my pretty cousin Ethel? I have not seen a fair

girl since I took leave of her. Does she ever think of this poor mortal thousands of miles away?

Truly, I swear, this writing of a letter is more labor for me than partaking in twenty Indian expeditions. It plainly shows my regard for you, Tom, my boy, and so you must soon let me know how "Merrie England" is and all about the French war. We get our news rather late here. Now good-by.

Your respectful and obedient servant,

JAMES GREENOUGH.

TO MASTER THOMAS HALE,
Clifton, near Bristol, England.

Bowdoin Verse.

Bowdoin Down in Maine.

An unaccustomed pensiveness comes over me to-day,
And bears my not unwilling mind to pleasures far
away,
Which ev'ry hour makes dearer, though I'm absent
from their joys,
And for a time each passing scene my faculties
decoys.
Deep in my heart there lives a hope that some day
I'll return
To that lov'd spot for which my thoughts continually
yearn;
And in my daily walk of life, its pleasure and its pain,
My heart still clings to Bowdoin, Old Bowdoin down
in Maine.

The classmates and companions whom I on the
campus found,
The learn'd professors, who the depths of knowl-
edge did expound,
The friendly rushes, and the games, the victories
we won,
Through my imagination their successive courses
run.
Whate'er the pleasures of the hour, whate'er per-
plexing cares,
I seem to hear the chapel bell enjoining us to
prayers;
And in my dreams my chapel "cuts" I figure o'er
again,
Just as I did at Bowdoin, Old Bowdoin down in
Maine.

I see the Androscoggin sweeping down between the
hills,
And with it I associate the music of the mills;
But, dearer to my memory, the river, as it flows,
Across the background of my life a vivid picture
throws.

For, ere the broad Atlantic takes the river in his
grip,
And the drops that turned the mill-wheel help to
bear the gallant ship,
I know the roaring river sings a resonant refrain
As it passes dear old Bowdoin, Old Bowdoin down
in Maine.

OCTOBER 15, 1896.

J. W. C.

'98

Uncle John's Comment on Modern Poetry.

They ust to say, "Oh, Goddess, sing,"
But we say there's no Goddess;
Then words, they had a modest ring,
But ours aint quite so modest.
We write our verse, and all the praise
(Just s'posin' there's some due us)
We take ourselves that modest phrase—
Ah, me! But aint it cu'rus!
That men should write, an' write, an' write,
And own no insperation!
And work the Mews for day and night,
An' give no compensation!
Some fust-rate things that have been writ
Are spiled for me in readin';
When some poor cuss, unfortunit,
Shows *mediocer* breedin'.

Penelope.

Upon the sea-girt isle through lonely years
She waited true as native mountain height
For him who wandered far beyond her sight,
Her patient love surmounting all her fears.
And like a star her faithful name appears
While ages pass; with lustre pure and bright
It guides those losing hope amid the night,
And strengthens those who wait and mourn in tears.
Beside her loom we still can see her there,
Looking with yearning eyes out o'er the sea,
The mellow sunlight gleaming in her hair,
A crown of glory through all years to be.
Her story makes the world more blessed and fair;
Her noble life from death is ever free.

Hazel Eyes.

Long years ago in a rustic town
Where beauty blooms in cheeks of brown,
I saw beneath a rose-bud crown
Two hazel eyes.

'Neath tresses dark a silvery light,
Like moonbeams 'neath the veil of night,
Shone o'er a smile most sweetly bright
From hazel eyes.

With every glance a dart sped, too ;
Straight to my fluttering heart it flew
And pierced it deep, though no one knew,
Oh, hazel eyes !

Since then full far have my footsteps strayed ;
Since then have I met full many a maid ;
But none hath such magic charms displayed,
Such hazel eyes.

As I into the fire-place gaze
Where drowsily the red flame plays,
I see transfigured in the blaze
Two hazel eyes.

As forth into the night I spy,
Like twin stars twinkling in the sky,
Amidst the shadows I descry
Two hazel eyes.

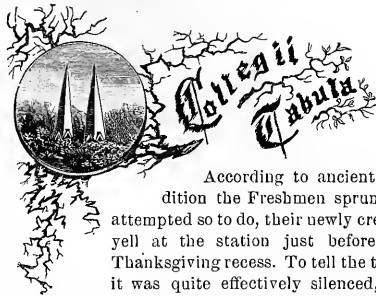
And as I lay me down to sleep,
While the little stars their vigils keep,
Into my dreams serenely creep
Those hazel eyes.

But all are phantoms; no more I see
The angelical reality,
The glance that enslaved my heart to thee,
Dear hazel eyes.

And all are solaces to remove
The deeper and harsher stings of love
Till I shall see in realms above
Those hazel eyes.

The privilege of unlimited cutting has been extended to this year's Senior Class at the University of Vermont.

The University of Pennsylvania's bowling team, composed of the eight men with the largest averages in twenty-five games, has an average score of 153.



According to ancient tradition the Freshmen sprung, or attempted so to do, their newly created yell at the station just before the Thanksgiving recess. To tell the truth, it was quite effectively silenced, the more's the pity, for it really is a very effective yell. More will be heard of it later, however. The Sophomores were aggressive and kept the Freshmen well under control. The *Brunswick Telegraph*, our contemporary, speaks thusly, exaggerating a bit, however: "The young gentlemen who are pursuing a course of studies at our famous institution of learning, entertained the wondering spectators at the depot, on Wednesday noon, with an imitation foot-ball game. Heads were punched, clothes torn, and bloody noses were quite frequent sights. This is called rushing, and the boys profess to enjoy it hugely. It looks queer from the road, and at times the spectators expected to see somebody knocked underneath the car wheels. The sport, however, was all in fun, and the boys being hardened to this rough sport, very rarely get hurt."

Junior assemblies next.

Philou, '99, is at home ill.

The '99 class pictures are out.

Russell, '97, visited the campus.

Godfrey is ill at home in Bangor.

The Seniors are reading Chaucer.

E. E. Spear, '98, returned last week.

Hagar, '97, visited the campus recently.

L. L. Cleaves, '99, is teaching at Bristol.

Brett, '97, was on the campus last week.

Marston, '96, visited the campus recently.

W. W. Fogg, '96, visited college this week.

Abbot, ex-1900, was on the campus recently.

Webber, 1900, recently officiated as organist.

A few fellows spent Thanksgiving at Brunswick.

The Freshmen have appeared in their new blue and red sweaters.

The foot-ball men had their picture taken just before Thanksgiving.

No skating as yet.

Edwards, '98, returned last week.

Bacon, 1900, has returned to college.

Sophomore prize speakers have begun rehearsals.

Blair, '95, Medical, '98, was on the campus recently.

Young, '98, spent the recess with Ives, '98, at Portland.

C. C. Smith, '98, has returned to college after a long absence.

Byron Stevens has some new Bowdoin mono-graph paper.

"The Country Merchant" played at the Town Hall last week.

The time is close at hand for the return of the medical students.

Potter and Hamlin, 1900, who have been out teaching, are back.

Those owing foot-ball subscriptions should hasten to pay them.

The Seniors in Geology probably are to have an oral examination this term.

Gym work is now to be noted among the attractions of the near future.

Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, has been made a fitting school for Bowdoin.

The Dekes have changed their eating club to Mrs. Stetson's, on Page Street.

The Juniors in German are taking up Storms's "Immensee" for sight reading.

Theme work is over for this term. Last ones were due Tuesday of last week.

The first snow of the season to make an impression appeared on December 1st.

Storm-doors and double windows are again in order. But cheer up, spring is coming.

Great plugging going on nowadays, owing to the near approach of examination week.

The Banda Rossa gave a splendid concert in the Town Hall, Thanksgiving Day afternoon.

"Mike" Madden attended chapel recently and occupied a Faculty seat with Dr. Whittier.

Professor Mitchell is to preach in the Congregational Church at Pownal Center, this winter.

Rector McLaughlin held a special service for young men, St. Andrew's Day, at St. Paul's.

The chapel bell failed to ring Monday morning, but the service was nevertheless well attended.

Several of the clubs are revelling in fresh venison brought back by some of their Nimrod members.

The last themes of the term were due Tuesday, November 29th. The subjects were as follows:

JUNIORS.

1. How Bowdoin May Be Successful in Foot-Ball.
2. College Journalism.
3. Does Novel Reading Lead to Inaction?
(See "Great Realists and Empty Story Tellers" in Forum, Vol. XVIII., p. 9, 724.)

SOPHOMORES.

1. How to Learn to Write English.
2. A Criticism of President Andrews's article in the *Cosmopolitan* for September, on "Modern College Education."
3. A Short Story.
4. Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

Glee and Mandolin clubs are busy with rehearsals. There are quite a large number of applicants for the latter.

Wignott, '99, refereed the local game on Thanksgiving Day, and was highly spoken of in the Bath papers.

The new catalogue shows an enrollment of 383 students, 7 more than were given in last year's summary.

President Hyde, after completing his trip abroad, is to spend a few weeks at Harvard before returning to Bowdoin.

At a meeting of the foot-ball team, November 27th, Clarke, '99, was elected Captain of next year's team.

The ORIENT has received "Harvard Episodes," by Charles M. Flandreau, published by Copeland & Day of Boston.

Drake, '98, played a prominent part in "Cophetua," at Bath, last week. W. P. Thompson, '94, was one of the soloists.

During the Thanksgiving recess two foot-ball teams, the Brunswick High School and the Brunswick Siftings, occupied the Delta.

Professor Chapman lectured in the Deering Star Course, Thursday evening of this week. "Macbeth" was his subject.

The new catalogue is here. All who wish copies sent out of town, should leave their addresses at the Library desk with the attendant.

The thirty-first annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of Maine, was held in Lewiston, November 19th, 20th, and 21st. The Y. M. C. A. of Bowdoin was represented by Woodbury, '99.

The Junior Class held a meeting last Thursday and elected the assembly committee. It is composed of Sinkinson, White, and Lancy.

Stanwood, '98, has purchased of Ives, '98, "Kappa," who holds the enviable position of being the only dog in college at present.

Quite a number of Bowdoin students attended the amateur performances of McLellan and Hight's operetta, "Cophetua," in Bath last week.

A few weeks ago we wrote an inquiry as to why the lectern in chapel is not used. Imagine our dismay in reading "Jantero" in the ORIENT.

Byron S. Philoan of the ORIENT Board is sick with typhoid fever at his home in Auburn. His friends will be glad to know that the fever has turned.

The Freshmen are anxiously awaiting the outcome of the examination week. Eighteen is said to be the number of those who received a minus in the Algebra exam.

At the American banquet held at Berlin, Thanksgiving Day, at which Ambassador White officiated as toast-master, President Hyde responded to "Friends Across the Sea," and was warmly received.

The number of books taken from the library during November was 879, the most on any one day being 87, on Wednesday the 17th. The number taken out during the same month last year was 755.

The examiners appointed for the special fitting schools of the college for 1898, are as follows: Fryeburg Academy, Professor MacDonald; Washington Academy, Professor Moody; Thornton Academy, Professor Woodruff; Lincoln Academy, Professor Houghton.

Professor MacDonald addressed the Women's Fortnightly Club of Bath recently on woman suffrage and kindred subjects. He handled the subject fairly and squarely without fear of treading upon people's toes, and his remarks were thoroughly appreciated.

From the accounts which have been appearing in the papers of late, one would be inclined to think the foot-ball season still in its prime. Several all-Maine teams have been formed, but so far no satisfactory conclusion to any party concerned seems to have been reached.

For the first time this term the entire Senior divisions in Political Science and Political Economy were present on December 1st. Both Professor MacDonald and Professor Emery spoke of the fact. Evidently the Seniors apprehend the day of reckoning that is drawing near.

The *Quill* Board recently elected A. H. Nason, H. F. Dana, F. R. Marsh, L. P. Libby, and H. H. Webster, all of '99, as members of the Board. These, with R. L. Marston, organized and elected R. L. Marston, chairman, and F. W. Briggs, '99, business manager. P. A. Babb, 1900, resigned from the Board as assistant business manager.

The Foot-Ball Association should not delay its election of manager. In the past, delays have proven costly, and the sooner a manager commences upon his schedule the more satisfactory will it be. The meeting should be called this week, before the matter is forgotten. The duties of a manager are many, and no time should be wasted in useless delays. A manager can as well be elected at once as several months later.

The *Brunswick Telegraph*, in speaking of the characters of the "Idyll of the Mill," says: "Young Willard, 1900, will press his brother hard with a little more training. His voice is good. Veazie, '99,—that young man has a voice, and he let it out just as if he were making a forty yards' run round the end for a goal. By the way, his practice at tackling came in well just here, too. He and Miss Aubens had a very sweet, tuneful scene, and it was well done."

One of the most valuable of recent gifts made to the College Library is that of "The Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada," by Samuel H. Scudder. The edition of twelve volumes is by far the most comprehensive account of this subject in existence. Its steel plate engravings are superb, and it is one of the finest works of science ever published. The college is indebted to George W. Hammond, Esq., of Yarmouthville, Me., for this gift. Nothing has been spared to make this a thoroughly standard work, and it stands to-day unique in its branch.

The regular meeting of the George Evans Debating Society was held in the Modern Language Room on Tuesday evening, November 23d. After a piano solo by Webber, 1900, the chairman announced the subject for discussion: "Shall Bowdoin Enter a Maine Intercollegiate Debating League?" During the meeting, the fact was brought up that at an informal gathering of students from the four Maine colleges, held at Bates, November 29th, it was decided to request each college to send a delegate to a meeting in Lewiston, November 27th, to organize a Maine Intercollegiate Debating League. After a free discussion of the subject by members from the floor, it was decided that, owing to the

comparatively small number of students present, it was inadvisable to commit the college to any course of action. On Tuesday after the Thanksgiving vacation, a mass-meeting was held in Memorial Hall to consider the matter, and instructions were sent to Lewiston to the effect that Bowdoin would not enter the League.

The ORIENT has been requested to publish the following: Mr. Charles Fairchild (38 Union Square, New York) is chairman of the American Committee headed by Henry M. Alden and Edward S. Burlingame, which receives subscriptions to the proposed memorial to R. L. Stevenson in Edinburgh. Lord Roseberry heads the English Committee, which includes Sidney Colvin, George Meredith, and J. M. Barrie. Subscribers of ten dollars or more will receive a special edition of Stevenson's "Aes Triplex," not otherwise obtainable, which has as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait of Stevenson, done by John S. Sargent.

An exchange is evidently taking time by the forelock when it says: "The long-talked-of plan to remove the Maine Medical School, in connection with Bowdoin College, to Portland, looks like an early realization. The site for the school has practically been secured. A committee, consisting of Drs. F. H. Gerrish, S. H. Weeks, and Superintendent Charles O. Hunt of the Maine General Hospital has been actively at work looking over the most valuable pieces of property. The site has been secured. This property is handled by Mr. Franklin C. Payson, and it is with him that the committee has held its conference. The property has a frontage of 153 feet and it is 144 feet deep. The location for such an institution is an admirable one, and plans for the construction of the building will probably be made in a few weeks. While the residents of Brunswick will deeply regret the removal of the school to this city, the Faculty and students generally are unanimously agreed that Portland, with its great hospital on the same ground, will offer unquestionably more conveniences and better facilities for carrying on the work."

The following is taken from a recent issue of the *Boston Advertiser*: "Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1776-1861," edited with notes, by William MacDonal, Professor of History and Political Science at Bowdoin College, is the title of a book announced by the Macmillan Co. This work is designed to meet the needs of teachers and students who desire to have, in a single volume of moderate size and cost,

an accurately printed collection of important documents illustrative of the constitutional history of the United States. The selections, 90 in number, cover the period from 1776 to 1861—from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence to the outbreak of the Civil War. The documents are given either in full or in significant extracts, as their nature and importance seemed to indicate, and follow in each case an official or authoritative text. Each document is prefaced by a brief introduction and a select bibliography. The introduction is restricted to an account of the circumstances of the document itself, with special reference to its legislative, diplomatic or legal history. The bibliographies aim primarily to indicate the collateral documentary sources and the most important general discussions. For the guidance of students, a general bibliographical note on the use of the printed sources, particularly the congressional documents, has been added."



The Y. M. C. A. meetings were suspended during the recess with the other branches of college work.

A happy coincidence in connection with the last two meetings was that they were led respectively by a father and son. The Thursday evening meeting of December 2d was led by Elbert B. Holmes, 1900, and the services of last Sunday included an address by the Rev. G. T. Holmes of the Methodist Church of Brunswick.

The Rev. Mr. Holmes's address was very interesting and helpful. It was a particular plea to the students of Bowdoin College to recognize the real aim of life. It was a students' sermon throughout. He eulogized the life of the apostle Paul as the example of a truly great and unselfish man, who stands as he has stood for centuries, the central figure of Christian Idealism.

He read a few verses from Paul's epistle to the Colossians, third chapter; the idea which he took as a text being the words of Paul: "*Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.* For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ, in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

Mr. Holmes said that success was not the com-

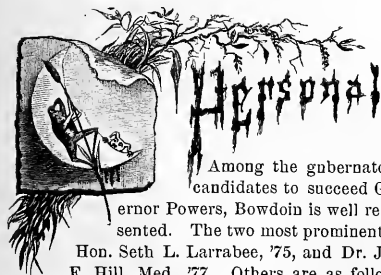
plete success unless "Ye be risen with Christ." A man in college might set his aim upon owning a great business establishment or a great farm with broad acres all his own. The one might labor as a clerk doing the hardest work for years and rise gradually step by step till he had reached the pinnacle of his desires. The other might hold the plow and till his neighbor's fields, buy a little farm for himself, pay off his mortgage and increase his estate till he was the master of all his eyes could survey, the very millennium of his aims. But if they had neglected the culture of their souls with their brains and fields, their grand lives were failures. If they have sought only those things which are on earth and have neglected to "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," their success is not the *real* success.

Mr. Holmes asked that they be not mere merchant princes or masters of broad acres, but that they be first, above all, Christians.

In selecting a vocation or avocation for the future life, aim high above the mark, for it is better to over-shoot than to under-shoot. Success in the abused sense awaits but the favored few, but the real success in the eyes of God is waiting for all who ask. Mr. Holmes told his audience not to be allured by the false prizes of earth to neglect the culture and protection of the soul, "For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

President Laycock, '98, made a few interesting remarks at the close of Mr. Holmes's address.

The meeting was one of the most enthusiastic and sympathetic of the year.



Among the gubernatorial candidates to succeed Governor Powers, Bowdoin is well represented. The two most prominent are Hon. Seth L. Larrabee, '75, and Dr. John F. Hill, Med., '77. Others are as follows: J. T. Davidson, '78, W. T. Cobb, '77, and Thomas W. Hyde, '61.

There was a meeting of the Portland Medical Club Thursday evening last, at which the following

officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. F. W. Searle, Med., '89; first Vice-President, Dr. H. H. Brock, Med., '90; Treasurer, Dr. Daniel Driscoll, Med., '85. The club is in a most wholesome condition.

'41.—The ORIENT recently received probably the only extant copy of a certain poem published at college in the year 1839. It is entitled "The Conflagration: being a Full, True, and Amusing Account of the Destruction by Fire of Maine Hall, a Building Appertaining to Bowdoin College; to which is added a Supplementary Book Containing an account of the Burning of the President's Domicile." The author of this work with so formidable a title was H. T. Cummings, '41. This poem is interesting principally on account of its antiquity and the wonderful metre and rhyme of its verse. Several theories as to the origin of the fires are advanced, and these form the most important as well as interesting portions of the work. The verse is hardly classic, though some of it is fair. The pamphlet is hand-written, never having been put into type. On the whole the document is very valuable as a curio, and is now in the College Library. Dr. D. A. Robinson, '73, of Bangor, sent it to the ORIENT.

'47.—Dr. J. M. Small, a well-known physician of Lewiston, died at his home on Park Street, Saturday evening. He was a native of Limington, Me., and about eighty years of age. He began his business career as a wholesaler in Portland, at which he was eminently successful. He graduated at Dartmouth and afterward studied medicine at Bowdoin Medical School, graduating in the Class of '47. He went to Lewiston about thirty years ago. He leaves two sons and two daughters, his wife having died about a year ago.

'52.—Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain was one of the principal speakers at the recent meeting of the Loyal Legion at Bangor.

'53.—Rev. Ephraim C. Cummings of Portland, has been very seriously ill with heart disease, but has greatly improved during the past few days.

'60.—John Marshall Brown of Portland was recently elected president of the Church Club of the Episcopal Diocese of Maine, and Thomas H. Eaton, '69, was elected secretary.

'73.—Hon. Augustus F. Moulton addressed the members of the Law Students' Club of Portland, on the subject of "Negligence," last Friday.

'77.—Married in New York City, on November 3, 1897, Dr. Frederick Henry Dillingham and Mrs. Susie Ganson Ferguson.

'82.—Ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis was nominated for Mayor of Boston, November 29th, by the Republican municipal convention. The nomination was made unanimously, and by acclamation. We clip the following from the speech of the gentleman who nominated him. "Whom shall we select to lead us in this movement? Do we hesitate to name a man because he was born and raised in this city, and did not move in to ripen for the office? Shall we delay to choose him because he has already been tried and found true by a safe, prudent, clean, economical administration, that so commended itself that at the end of a term it received the largest business indorsement ever known in this community? Having gained a business experience by handling his own affairs, and not those of others; having ripened that experience by a term in the Mayor's chair, and further qualified by a voluntary unpaid service for the state, where he saved the commonwealth and the tax-payers of this city thousands of dollars, will you hesitate to select him? With such a man so qualified can anybody to-day be found as fit to lead this movement? And may I not ask you all to join with me in the nomination by acclamation as the candidate of this convention for Mayor of Edwin Upton Curtis?"

Hon., '85.—The many friends of Chief Justice Peters will be delighted to learn that he will return this week from Boston, where he has been undergoing a critical operation upon his eye at the Carney Hospital. The distinguished jurist is in excellent general health, and though his eye is yet too weak for constant use, he has been fitted to glasses and is able to read fine print. Before the operation it was sightless. Its strength is fast returning, and before many months the chief justice will have two as good eyes as belong to any man.

Hon., '87.—Hon. James P. Baxter of Portland, has an article entitled "The Municipality, Old and New," in the December *New England Magazine*.

'88.—The *Kennebec Journal* gives, in brief: "A son was born to Joseph Williamson, Jr., Monday afternoon, November 29th."

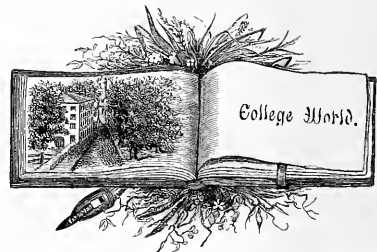
'91.—Parker C. Newbegin of Defiance, O., and Miss Frances Burleigh of Houlton, Me., were married on the eighteenth of last month, at the home of the bride's father, Hon. Albert A. Burleigh, Houlton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Edward H. Newbegin, the groom's brother, of Ayer, Mass., also a '91 man. The newly married couple spent several weeks in Ohio. Robert C.

Newbegin, '96, attended the wedding. Mr. Parker C. Newbegin is superintendent of the Patten & Sherman Railroad, and will reside in Patten, Me.

Med., '92.—An exchange gives the following: "The members of the graduating class of the medical departments of Bowdoin College, who are attending the Portland School for Medical Instruction, were entertained Thursday evening by Dr. O. P. Smith, at his home on Congress Street. A supper and whist were included on the programme, and the young 'medics' dispersed at the end of a very enjoyable evening, after voting Dr. Smith a capital host."

'92.—Rev. Earl B. Wood has just closed a year's pastorate over the Congregational Church of Lovell, Maine.

'97.—Rev. Hugh McCallum was formally installed as pastor of the Congregational Church at Waldoboro, Me., on the evening of November 17th. The ordination sermon was preached by Professor Henry L. Chapman.



The Freshman Class at Oxford University has a membership of 725 this year.

Harvard and the University of California have arranged for an intercollegiate chess match by telegraph to be played next month.

G. H. Butler, the short-stop and star batter on Princeton's base-ball team last year, has been elected captain for the season of '98.

Chicago is to try military drill, which will be a substitute for gymnasium work. An officer from the regular army will be secured as instructor.

The following, taken from the *New York World*, will probably prove interesting: Fatal accidents in different branches of sport since 1894: Swimming, 1,350; boating, 986; hunting, 654; bicycling, 264; horseback riding, 333; ice boating, 22; base-ball, 6; tennis, 4; golf, 2; foot-ball, 11.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JANUARY 19, 1898.

No. 12.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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

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By the time the ORIENT appears, the third week of the term, the customary editorial referring to the holidays, which have long since passed, hoping they were pleasantly spent, and offering advice and consolation for the hard work to come, is a bit out of date. Long since have the holidays passed from our minds and any suggestions as to New Year's resolutions at this late day would be of no avail. We now are busied with our day to day work and that is apt to be sufficient for the minds of most of us; in fact it should be if it is not so, as the courses offered are enough to demand the undivided attention of ordinary minds, and we couldn't with modesty profess to have anything more. The winter term is that of work, probably as much if not more being done then as in the combined fall and spring terms. Such should and always will be the case.

With the opening of the Medical School, the college is greatly enlarged, and although the medical students appear to take but little interest in college affairs, they are always welcome, especially those of them who have passed four years in the academical department. Both the Medical School and the College are what they never were before, and it only rests with us to advance them to

still further success. The battle of this winter term is fairly on, and let no one shrink from taking his due share in the struggle. With the spring term ahead, bringing its many pleasures and trials, for every term has trials, we should work with renewed vigor. At the end of these thirteen weeks, we shall consider them as less than thirteen days. If anything is to be accomplished it must be commenced immediately.

THE ORIENT welcomes the return of President Hyde from his prolonged trip abroad, and trusts that his journey was most successful. Every member of the college from the Freshman to the Senior is glad to have him with us again. After such a journey, with its comforts as well as its discomforts, it surely must be agreeable to be at home again, surrounded by old associations and engaged in familiar occupations. Travel as one may, that longing for one's native land never dies, and although home may be less exciting and novel than foreign lands, who is there not subject to its attractions. If President Hyde is one-half as glad to be at home as we are to have him there should be satisfaction on all sides. What was our loss was his gain, however, and that being the case we couldn't begrudge him one moment of his time. During his absence Professor Chapman has conducted the affairs of the college in a most successful manner, and great credit is due him. He identified himself with every interest of the college and nothing was neglected. In fact everything has progressed as usual, thanks to his care and watchfulness.

SEVERAL important changes in the personnel of the ORIENT Board have occurred since the appearance of the last issue. Owing to the election of Messrs. Libby, Webster, Dana, and Marsh, all of '99, to the *Quill* Board, they resigned their positions upon

the ORIENT. This was due to the resolution adopted some time since prohibiting a man's serving upon both boards. The newly-elected men are Messrs. Hall, '99, Babb and Whitney, 1900, and we welcome them to their new positions. This radical change necessitated a new assignment of departments, so for the sake of reference we give the changes:

JOHN W. CONDON, '98, Bowdoin Verse.

DREW B. HALL, '99, Personals.

JAMES P. WEBBER, 1900, } Collegii Tabula.

PERCY A. BABB, 1900, }
JOSEPH W. WHITNEY, Assistant Business
Manager.

The other members hold their former positions. The new Board is fully the equal of the old, and the college may rest assured that the standard of the paper will by no means suffer. With a smaller board, as we now have, more unity of action and less friction results, so that the paper to-day is as strong, if not stronger than before.

IN our athletic column is published a tabulated account of the finances of the Foot-Ball Association for the season of 1897. By studying this document one sees that all expenses incurred during the season have been paid, and, as though that was not good enough for us, who have been so unfortunate of late in our athletic finances, a good percentage of old debts, to the extent of nearly one hundred dollars, have been paid. To have paid running expenses and to have accumulated a surplus last fall when our prospects were not bright and our team, to say the least, was not inspiring, is a feat of which ex-manager Young may well be proud. With defeat staring us in the face, with most miserable weather and with a lack of interest almost unprecedented, none would have been surprised had we added several hundred dollars to our already burdensome debt. Again the possibility of making our

athletics self-supporting has been proved, and if any one thinks the season just passed was easier to manage than former seasons when large debts have been incurred, that person has been grossly misinformed. What has been done can be done in the future, and should have been in the past. Bowdoin undergraduates can support Bowdoin teams without alumni help, and they should; when the day comes for us to appeal for outside aid, upon that very day we should halt, and not continue in athletics until we are again able to support our own projects.

It is of but little use to bother ourselves with the past, except to take warning from it for use in the future. Former seasons should have been as successful as the one just passed; nothing new was tried, and no reforms were made; but why then its success?

Business methods were employed by business men, and the result was as we have it. Can an unbusiness-like student manage a team of foot-ball or base-ball players, or track athletes, successfully any more than an unbusiness-like man can run a cotton mill or iron plant on a paying basis? Who has been to blame in the past? We ourselves have, and we may thank or curse ourselves for it. In a majority of the cases where poor managers have been thrust upon us, this has been due to fraternity combinations, clique vs. clique, where the college should have been united. We have chosen fraternity, not college, managers. An honest difference of opinion as regards the fitness of candidates may often be held, but this has not been our case once in a dozen times.

Our future is of our own making; therefore let us make it as brilliant as possible by choosing the proper men. Throw fraternity politics to the four winds and unite upon the proper man. Have the managements open to inspection as the past has been, and have as little secrecy as possible. The college has a right to know what is going on, and the

better aired questions are, the better will they be settled. The matter of making a schedule and managing a team is not so delicate but that it may be made public; we are not diplomats engaged in delicate questions of foreign policy, as often has appeared. Let the best men be chosen, and let them be open in their dealings; then we shall be cursed with no more debts, and we shall not be forced to apply to outsiders for aid.

TRACK-ATHLETICS are as important to our standing as the other college sports, but they are too often not recognized as such. Because the success of a track team depends more upon individual effort than foot-ball or base-ball, it is not watched with such feverish excitement. Just as much courage and grit are necessary, however, to produce a good runner or hurdler as a good foot-ball player.

The proposed entering a team in the mile relay race, and possibly athletes in other events, at the indoor meet of the Boston Athletic Association has been favorably received about college, and justly so. The meet is one of great importance, and if we should do creditable work and win, our athletic standing would be greatly benefited thereby. Owing to our somewhat uncentral location at Brunswick, we do not have the opportunities of competing with larger colleges as we should were we nearer the center of the college population of New England. Therefore it behooves us to embrace every favorable opportunity and show our abilities. The expense is comparatively slight, and the possibilities of our doing very creditable work at Boston are many and great. The men are at work now, and all that is needed to assure success is a little enthusiasm and interest on the part of the student body. As in all phases of college work, if every one performs his share the burden will not be felt, and great good will be accomplished.

Hawthorne: A Sketch.

FOR the Bowdoin student, the lives and the works of his older brethren, the alumni, have a peculiar interest and charm. And when a graduate going forth from college acquires more distinction and fame than is the common meed of men, it is with a feeling of pride and fellowship that his books are read and his biography studied by the student body of his *Alma Mater*. Ask a collegian here who made up that famous Class of '25, and he will doubtless quote Longfellow for you or tell you his opinion of "Twice-Told Tales." But would his answer be as definite if a question should be put to him concerning their earlier days or their character?

College life, however, did not differ so very much from that of ours to-day. Boys had their trials then as now—burning the midnight oil was one of them. Yet even that had its compensations. Many a student had an extra kerosene can, which never held a drop of—kerosene. In those days, too, mathematics was dreaded, and early chapel was a great trial to many boys who have since become much distinguished—perhaps in the ministry! Hawthorne, himself, was a typical college youth. Although fairly studious, he often received a "dead" in "math." and nothing on earth could induce him to declaim. In the languages, however, he was proficient.

The hardships of the past seem greater in comparison with those of the present; college life in the early history of Bowdoin does not appear to have been as enjoyable as that of to-day. Yet college boys have been, are, and always will be proverbially gay and happy. Hawthorne, if tradition is true, had no aversion to the glass or to the gaming table. He reformed once in a while, too, as the following passage from one of his letters shows:

"Lately I have been as steady as a sign-

post and as sober as a deacon; have been in no 'blows' nor indulged in any wine or other strong drink." All of which sounds virtuous enough, but he adds, significantly, "I have had no money this six weeks."

In 1825 Hawthorne graduated, ranking eighteenth in a class of thirty-eight. After that year he visited Brunswick but once, in 1852, for some college celebration. It is sometimes said that his affection for Bowdoin was never great and that the best thing she did for him was to give him two or three friends. Such assertions are manifestly unjust; he himself, in his writings acknowledges his indebtedness to his *Alma Mater*, and the four years spent there are in striking contrast with his solitary life at Lake Sebago, before he entered college, and at Salem, where he lived in seclusion for a long time after graduation.

On leaving Bowdoin, Hawthorne did not immediately become engrossed in business. He thought of entering an uncle's counting-house and at one time wrote: "I have almost given up writing. No one can be a poet and a book-seller at the same time." Yet a few years later he proved that statement to be false, when, at the height of his literary powers, he occupied a position in the Boston Custom House, and a little later became surveyor of Salem. His was truly a roving life and sometimes he spoke pathetically of his lack of a home.

Many think of Hawthorne as a silent, sad man, who kept himself from the world and desired the world to keep from him. The fact that for twelve years he led the secluded life of a hermit to a certain extent justifies this opinion. It is also the cause of several anecdotes, one of which may not be out of place here.

"About the year 1833, Hawthorne came home captivated by a mermaid of Swampscott. He would not tell her name, but said she was of the aristocracy of the village—

the keeper of a little shop. She gave him a sugar heart, a pink one, which he kept a great while, and then (how boyish, but how like him!) he ate it."

This quaint story is a good illustration of his simplicity, especially as regards women. But perhaps experience gained in this and other ways was of advantage to him; for his married and family life was of singular happiness.

In a business way, Hawthorne was no great success. Like most of our early writers his receipts from his books hardly compensated him for the labor undertaken. For one of his most widely-read works he received but one hundred dollars. At times the great author became discouraged and tired of his pen. It was during one of these fits of despondency that he told his publisher he had no manuscript, and a few minutes later thrust into that astonished man's hands what turned out to be the "Scarlet Letter."

The charm of Hawthorne's writings, the purity of their diction, the originality of their thought, are all well-known. His versatility is remarkable; in romance, in short stories, in children's tales, in descriptive narrative, he is unsurpassed. And his mental feelings, as his talents, were very varied. On one day gay and happy, on the next morose and despondent, sometimes confident in his own powers, at others doubting his ability to write even a newspaper article, yet always Hawthorne, the true, courteous gentleman.

KENNETH SILLS, 1901.

Friends Forever.

THE position of the Union Army considerably troubled Grant; although that worthy commander was ever prepared for an assault, yet he did not relish the idea of fighting a battle on this unfavorable spot, so unsuited for effectual artillery maneuvering; truly the place was rightly named "The

Wilderness." As twilight approached, Grant determined to learn through a scout just the situation of Lee's right flank, from which he expected the opening of an attack on the morrow morn.

Richard Davenport of Yale, '63, then of Grant's Army of the Potomac, was ordered to attempt this hazardous undertaking, but to this robust collegian the danger was accounted as naught when compared to the chance of an adventure and to the duty owed his country.

That night about eleven o'clock, as the moon shone upon Sedwick Creek, a solitary figure might have been seen moving down the bank which was somewhat freer from the characteristic tanglewood of this district. Armed with a revolver and knife, unhampered by unnecessary clothing and trappings, a cool head and iron-like muscles, surely the young man was most suited to get within the ranks of the wily Lee.

Davenport, not knowing the position of the Confederates' sentinels, soon drew back into the darkness of the forests, picking along his way, guided only by the murmur of the tumbling waters.

The forest and tanglewood ended abruptly at the foot of a short, steep hill, and on the level at the top, Davenport felt that there the Confederate tents were pitched.

With the utmost stealth he crept toward the rise, but even with the greatest care dead branches occasionally broke, sounding weird and startling in the stillness. Davenport had gotten nearly out of the woods when a glitter to the left caught his eye. The thoughtless Confederate sentinel had forgotten that the moon reflecting on his bayonet was an excellent pointer to any lurking enemy, but it saved Davenport's life.

The Union scout crept toward the unsuspecting watch; the least noise meant discovery if not death, but yet he went on. Inch by inch the distance between them

diminished until Davenport stood behind the very tree against which the sentinel was leaning. One quick blow from his revolver and at his feet lay the insensible Confederate.

Davenport quickly seized the sentinel by the shoulders to drag him into the bushes where he could gag him; as he lifted the still form, he noticed the face—he saw something familiar about it, and even recognized it. A groan fell from his lips as he staggered, sick and weak, against a tree with the limp, yes, dead body of his bosom friend and classmate of Yale, '63.

Lee's right flank fell upon the Unionists early the next morning, but, to their amazement, they found the doughty Grant already drawn up for battle behind a low line of breastworks. All day long bullets hummed between the contending armies, but Lee could make no headway against his enemy, forewarned and forearmed.

Davenport, heart-sore and wretched, took his position on the extreme right of the earthworks, which happened to be the most exposed to the raking fire of the Confederates. He conducted himself with an openness and recklessness that seemed to invite death, hoping that the excitement and danger would for the time heal the rankling sore in his heart.

When the day waned, and the cannon had ceased from their noisy destruction, some soldiers in repairing the breastworks found a man near the right end of the works, lying partly hidden in a small clump of tanglewood. He was stretched out on his back and a ragged hole over his heart told the sad tale, but yet there was a calm, contented look upon his grim features, as though death had come as a friend.

Another member of Yale, '63, had gone to his Maker.

P. A. B., 1900.

Bowdoin Verse.

A Jack.

When playing High-Low-Jack or Pitch,
He tried the cards to stack,
So that his partner or himself
Would surely catch the Jack.

In after days, we lately learn'd,
His mania did not slack,
For finally he went down South
And caught the *Yellow Jack*.

Low Tide.

Green is the water in the bay.
Brown and green the flats lie bare.
The wind has sunk into a breath,
The smell of salt is in the air.
The tide is out.

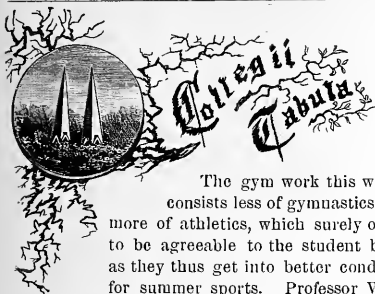
Over the marshes skim the gulls,
Close upon the slack sea-weeds,
Where crawl the crabs in trails of mud,
Where hang the clustered fucus beads.
The tide is out.

The Girl and the Flower.

She said "It weeps"—
The flower trembling in her hand;
She said "It weeps,"
And tried to understand.

"It is not tall,"
She said; for she herself repined
That she was small;
And this cause she assigned.

It has been generally supposed that the abolition of all prescribed work for the A. B. degree would be a blow to the classics. The result of this experiment, as made at Cornell this year, is interesting to note. Greek has not suffered materially. Latin has increased 20 per cent. The mathematic classes are larger. There is an increase in the political sciences. Physiology and zoölogy have fallen off considerably, as have microscopy, histology, and embryology. Thus it may be seen that neither the classics are injured, nor the sciences.



The gym work this winter consists less of gymnastics, but more of athletics, which surely ought to be agreeable to the student body, as they thus get into better condition for summer sports. Professor Whittier is assisted by Pettengill, '98, Kendall, '98, Minott, '98, Stetson, '98, and McMillan, '98, with the Freshmen; Eames, '98, Babb, 1900, and Sparks, 1900, with the Sophomores; Marston, '99, with the Juniors; and Pettengill, '98, and Wiggin, '98, with the Seniors.

Quite an influx of Medics.

Preble, '98, is at home, sick.

Percival, 1901, has left college.

Skating and polo are on again.

Examination week was a muddy one.

Professor Johnson is riding a new Rambler.

L. L. Cleaves was on the campus, Saturday, the 8th.

Cats are in great demand. Look out for your pets.

Look out for the man with the subscription paper!

Professor Mitchell visited Littleton, Mass., recently.

Usher, 1900, is ill at the Maine General Hospital, Portland.

Professor Files was called away by the sickness of a relative.

Fred U. Ward, late of Wesleyan, is taking a special course.

Sinkinson, '99, spent his vacation in New York; also Sturgis, '98.

The Sophomore Logic will, as usual, be enlivened by weekly class debates.

Baxter and Young, '98, took a trip by sea to New York during the vacation.

Theta Delta Chi again enjoyed deer meat, secured by C. C. Williamson, '98.

Varney, '98, is just getting over a disagreeable inflammation, the result of a cold.

Judge Enoch Foster, '54, was at Brunswick, Saturday afternoon, calling on his son.

The Juniors have been enjoying selected readings from Burns's songs and poems.

During December, up to vacation, five hundred books were taken from the Library.

Professor Lee recently lectured on Labrador to a select audience at Rumford Falls.

F. L. Hill, 1901, who is teaching in an adjoining town, was on the campus, Saturday.

Crafts, 1900, does not return this term. He will join his class in the spring, however.

The sleighing about town has been very good for the past two weeks (January 16th).

The '99 *Bugle*, or what there is of it at present, sat at Webber's, Friday, the 10th of December.

The Cornell Concert Company made a week's stand at Brunswick. A few students patronized.

The first award of the recently-established Political Economy prize was made to Marble, '98.

President Hyde arrived in Brunswick, Wednesday, December 22d, after a six months' trip abroad.

Thompson, '99, entertained the dwellers in Winthrop with a gramophone concert, Saturday night.

Efforts are being made to secure a coach for the track team, now that Mr. Garcelou can no longer be had.

Mr. Abbott Thayer has been at work at the Art Building retouching his mural decoration, "Florence," in Sculpture Hall.

The Christmas number of *Youth's Companion* contained an interesting tale of musk-ox hunting, by Lieut. Peary, U. S. N.

Anna Held proved to be a drawing attraction at the Jefferson, January 8th. Her praises are still on the lips of several students.

The Seniors are having Philosophy six hours a week. Because of Professor Hyde's absence during the fall, three terms' work must be done in two.

The Bowdoin Orchestra returned to Brunswick to furnish music for New Year's ball, Friday evening, and for the Saturday Club the evening following.

R. R. Goodell, '93, of the University of Maine, is assisting Professor Johnson in Freshman French during the long vacation given by that institution.

The College Library has received several letters addressed to Governor Bowdoin, in the original handwriting of Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, and other notables, which are highly prized.

Professor Emery attended the session of the American Economic Association at Cleveland, during the holidays. He is a member of the council of that organization.

The Juniors have taken up "Faust." The first part is to be finished this term. Professor Files reads the more difficult passages dealing with Goethe's philosophy.

Dr. Stephen M. Newman, of the Class of 1867, has recently presented the Library with forty volumes of American literature, and thirty-five of periodicals and magazines.

Professor Woodruff has offered to the Juniors a new elective in Greek this winter. Quite a number have availed themselves of the opportunity; they are reading "Anthologica Lyrica."

The third lecture in the Deering Star Course was delivered before a large audience. Hon. Augustus F. Moulton, '73, introduced Professor H. L. Chapman, who delivered his lecture, "Macbeth."

Delegates are to be sent to the business meeting of the Mott Haven Athletic Association, to apply for membership. The meeting, held at New York, occurs sometime during the coming month.

Professor Chapman was one of the speakers at the dinner given by the Bowdoin Club of Boston to E. O. Achorn, '81, who has recently been appointed Secretary of the United States Legation at St. Petersburg.

At the closing of the Maine Medical School at Portland, the four students who acted as demonstrators were each presented with a silver tonsil cutter by the Faculty. Alfred Mitchel, Jr., '95, was among the number.

The Juniors have elected the following committee of arrangements for the assemblies: Henry W. Lancey, Joseph D. Sinkinson, Wallace H. White, Jr. The first assembly will probably take place the third week of the term.

At the exhibition of fine prints, on December 13th, in the Congregational vestry, there were, besides the Copley Prints, a number of very beautiful photographs, by Professor Hutchins, of the most famous paintings in the Art Building.

The following members of the Senior Class will compete for the '68 prize at the close of the present term: Percival Proctor Baxter, John Wilbur Condon, William Witherle Lawrence, Thomas Littlefield Marble, Robert Robertson Morson, Frank Herbert Swan. They were chosen by rank for excellence in writing and elocution.

Professor Houghton recently delivered a very able address at the Pedagogical Convention at Augusta, on the proposed changes in Latin and Greek requirements for admission to college. A proposition has been made that they be easier.

So many desired to take the examination given the last Saturday of the term to applicants for positions on the library staff, that it was found necessary to adjourn to the Physics Laboratory. Twenty-three men, members of the lower classes, completed the paper.

Lawrence E. Willard, who attended the Medical School last year, was in town last Saturday afternoon. He will leave his home, Woodfords, Me., Monday, for Baltimore, where he will complete his course of study of medicine in the Baltimore Medical School.

The mid-winter Boston Athletic Association games come off in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, February 5th. Bowdoin is to be matched against Harvard, Cornell, or Holy-Cross, in the mile relay, and the team will probably be composed of Kendall, '98, Stanwood, '98, Snow, 1901, and Gregson, 1901.

A class for the purpose of studying current politics is being organized among the Seniors, under the direction of Professor Emery. A permanent organization is to be adopted soon, and regular meetings held. The class was pleasantly entertained by Professor Emery on the evening of the 10th.

The following is copied from the bulletin board: "A Teachers' Class, for the study of the aims and methods of preparatory classical instruction, will meet twice a week during the present term. Seniors or Juniors who may wish to join are requested to communicate with me as soon as possible. (Signed) Wm. A. Houghton."

After several months had elapsed it was hoped that the matter of "That New Door," as it is called, would be allowed to drop. But no, the *Lewiston Journal* must have several inches of its valuable space occupied with an account of it and the sum paid by the Sophomore Class. News must be scarce to be "re-hashed" so often.

At a mass-meeting of the Foot-Ball Association, held last term, the following officers were elected for '98: R. L. Marston, President; H. C. McCarty, Vice-President; L. M. Spear, Secretary and Treasurer; C. M. Willard, Fourth Director; J. Gregson, Jr., Fifth Director; H. W. Lancey, Manager; R. F. Chapman, Assistant Manager.

The *Telegraph* gives: "George Gould, Bowdoin, '99, undertook to heat his bed one cold night this week by placing an incandescent electric light beneath the bedclothes, and it worked to a charm. But George was suddenly awakened by something decidedly warm. The conflagration was subdued with nothing more serious than a burned hand."

The Sophomore prize speaking at the end of the fall term proved to be a most interesting contest. Lee won the first prize, and Whitney the second prize. The programme was as follows:

MUSIC.

Charles Sumner.—Curtis. Ernest Leon Jordan, Auburn.
The Dandy Fifth.—Gassoway.

Albro Leonard Burnell, Woodfords.
The Man who Wears the Button.—Thurston.

Francis Melville Sparks, Bangor.
The Battle of Fontenoy.—Davis.

Henry Augustus Shorey, Jr., Bridgton.
MUSIC.

Massachusetts.—Lodge.
Harry Oliver Bacon, Natick, Mass.

The Soldier of the Empire.—Page.
Joseph Walker Whitney, Portland.

Hervé Riel.—Browning. James Plaisted Webber, Bath.
The True Power of the State.—Browning.

Frederick Crosby Lee, Newcastle.
MUSIC.

Spartacus to the Gladiators.—Kellogg.
Robert Franklin Chapman, Portland.

Lasca.—Desprez.
Islay Francis McCormick, Boothbay Harbor.

Traditions of Massachusetts.—Lodge.
Harry Clinton McCarty, Portland.

The Signing of the Declaration of Independence.—Anon.
Percy Andrus Babb, North Bridgton.

MUSIC.

Committee—Louis Mahlon Spear, Joseph Walker Whitney, Frederick Crosby Lee.

The first themes of the term will be due Tuesday, January 25th. Subjects for Sophomores and for Juniors not taking Political Economy: 1—Arctic Expeditions; What Aid have they rendered to Civilization? 2—Does Labor-Saving Machinery Drive Men Out of Employment? 3—The Good and Ill Effects of Ranking in College Work. 4—Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

There seems to be plenty of excellent base-ball material, and the prophets predict an unusually good team. Not only are there several new men showing good form, but also a larger number of "Medics" than usual, among whom is Bryant. The manager is now hunting for a coach, which, together with the present material and an excellent schedule, should give an excellent season of sport.

If any of the towns-people miss their pet cats they would do well to betake themselves to Professor Lee and lodge a complaint, plus a description of the animal in question. No time should be lost in this procedure, for although their pussies may have nine lives, it does not take a biological student much longer to dispose of nine lives than one; their fate may be decided any moment. "The man who hesitates is not lost," but he loses his cat.

The Library has received a little book on "Punctuation," by F. Horace Teall, Department Editor and Critical Reader of Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary. It contains seventeen short chapters dealing with the comma, colon, dash, marks of reference, use and non-use of capitals, etc. Other new books at the Library are: Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's "Foreign and Colonial Speeches," and John Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors."

The candidates for the Glee, Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar Clubs are as follows: Glee Club—First tenors, Alpheus G. Varney, '98; Winburn V. Adams, '99; William T. Veazie, '99; Wallace H. White, '99; Walter B. Clark, '99; Albert W. Clark, 1900; Royal H. Bodwell, 1901; Gardiner L. Sturdivant, Medical. Second tenors, Harlan M. Bisbee, '98; Philip C. Haskell, '99; Ernest L. Jordan, 1900; Geo. W. Russell, 1900; Joseph W. Whitney, 1900. Baritone, Edward Hutchins, '98; Archer P. Cram, '99; Joseph D. Sinkinson, '99; William L. Thompson, '99; Henry W. Cobb, 1900; George C. Minard, 1900; George B. Gould, 1900; Larrabee, 1901. Second bass, Frederick E. Drake, '98, leader; Edward F. Studley, '98; Francis L. Lavertu, '99; Leon B. Leavitt, '99; Edwin M. Nelson, '99; Charles G. Willard, 1900. Mandolin and Guitar Club—First mandolins, Alfred B. White, '98; C. C. Smith, '98; Henry P. Merrill, Jr., Medical; Willis B. Moulton, '99; Walter S. M. Kelley, '99. Second Mandolins, Edward F. Studley, '98; Philip P. Haskell, '99; Arthur B. Woods, 1900. Henry W. Cobb, 1900; Robert L. Chapman, 1900. The Mandola, Ernest L. Jordan, 1900. Guitars, Dwight C. Pennell, '98; Emery G. Wilson, '98; Carl V. Woodbury, '99; Leon B. Leavitt, '99. 'Cello, George L. Dillaway, '98. The prospects for a most successful season are exceptionally bright.

The Maine Medical School opened its seventy-eighth course of lectures, Thursday afternoon, January 6th, at 3 o'clock. President Hyde presided, and the Medical Faculty occupied the platform. The hall was well filled. The opening lecture was given by Professor Franklin C. Robinson, and its

subject was "The Importance of Right Ideas in Scientific Research." There are several notable changes in the Faculty. Dr. Alfred Mitchell, the secretary, who for 27 years has had the chair of Diseases of Children, and for 26 the chair of Obstetrics, will lecture on Pathology and Practise. Added to the list are: Charles Augustus Ring, A. M., M. D., Obstetrics; Addison Sanford Thayer, A. B., M. D., Diseases of Children; Alfred King, A. B., Demonstrator of Anatomy; and Frank Nathaniel Whittier, A. M., M. D., Instructor in Bacteriology and Pathological Histology.

The names of the medical students, together with their addresses, are here given:

FIRST YEAR.

William Everett Jonah, B. A., Eastport; Harry E. Gribben, A. B., Portland; Virgil C. Totman, Bar Mills; Roswell F. Averill, Waterville; Michael F. Gallagher, Marlboro, Mass.; James W. Loughlin, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carl R. Doten, Portland; Harry C. Todd, B. A., Calais; John S. Milliken, Farmington; Clarence P. Doten, Portland; Oliver B. Head, Denmark; Edwin L. Soule, South Portland; James A. King, Millville, Mass.; Eugene M. McCarty, Woodfords; Edwin F. Pratt, A. B., Topsham; Henry K. Stinson, Richmond; Linton E. Waldron, A. B., Waterville; Chas. O. Caswell, Portland; Edmund P. Fish, Fairfield; Fred W. Day, Gardiner; Geo. K. Blair, Boothbay Harbor; Wallace W. Dyson, Portland; Albert F. Stuart, Appleton; John B. Clair, Waterville; Daniel A. Barrell, Auburn; Nelson O. Price, Havelock, N. B.; Francis H. Hobbs, Waterboro; Edson S. Cummings, Lewiston; Winthrop Fillebrown, Boston, Mass.; James D. Nutting, Jr., Hallowell; Willie H. Baker, Portland; Louville M. Stevens, Auburn; Philip W. Davis, A. B., Portland; Matthew J. E. Conlin, Spencer, Mass.; Alfred William Haskell, Portland; Herbert M. Brery, Richmond Corner; Clinton T. Swett, Greene; Francis W. Donahue, A. B., Portland.

SECOND YEAR.

Philip L. Pease, Corinna; Wallace W. Robinson, East Deering; Edmund E. Foster, Westbrook; Albion H. Little, Portland; Ralph D. Simons, Madison; Charles C. Rogers, Windham; Edward C. Hooper, Winslow; William F. Hayward, Brockton, Mass.; Gardiner L. Sturdevant, Fryeburg; Arthur C. Doten, Woodfords; Norman J. Gehring, Cleveland, Ohio; Chas. H. Leach, China; Justus G. Hanson, Augusta; Guy H. Hutchins, Auburn; Herbert E. Milliken, Surry; Walter E. Tobie, Portland; Angus G. Hebb, A. B., Gilead; Lester G.

Purington, West Bowdoin; Samuel J. Redman, Hampden; Hiram L. Horsman, A. B., Princeton; Frederick N. Staples, Temple; Howard A. Milliken, Surry; J. Lowell Grindle, Mt. Desert; John B. Thompson, A. B., Topsham; Henry B. Hart, Portland; George H. Rounds, East Baldwin; Harold S. Bryant, Brunswick; Frank H. Jordan, Milton, N. H.; Ezra B. Skolfield, Brunswick; William H. Mitchell, Brunswick.

THIRD YEAR.

Bertram L. Bryant, A. M., Lowell, Mass.; Henry L. Elliot, Thomaston; Samuel W. Crittenden, Oswayo, Pa.; Walter S. A. Kimball, A. B., Portland; Phillip R. Lewis, South Berwick; Herbert A. Black, Augusta; Henry P. Merrill, Jr., Portland; Alfred Mitchell, Jr., Brunswick; Benjamin F. Sturgis, Jr., Auburn; John W. Joyee, Lewiston; John J. Galley, Watertown, Ct.; Joseph W. O'Connor, Biddeford; George E. Washburn, Augusta; Clarendon M. Whitney, Unity; James H. Dixon, Portsmouth, N. H.; Byron W. McKeen, Fryeburg; Lorenzo W. Hadley, Ph. B., Frankfort; Harry E. Hitchcock, Farmington; Albert I. York, Wilton; James S. Scott, Guysboro, N. S.; Joseph F. Starritt, Warren; Chas. J. Watson, Portland; Sumner B. Marshall, Buxton; Chas. H. Burgess, Bangor.

Debating Society.

The George Evans Debating Society held its first meeting of the term, January 11th, Vice-President Woodbury presiding. The question discussed was: "Resolved, That debating should be made a regular course, optional with themes." Affirmative—Webster, '99, and Rumery, 1900; Negative—West, 1900, and Rollins, '99. On the merits of the question ten votes were cast in the affirmative, and two in the negative. After the opening speeches, the members on the floor warmed up to a brisk discussion. White, '98, was elected to fill the vacancy on the Executive Board, caused by the absence of F. E. Glidden. The Hawaiian situation will be argued at the next meeting, January 25.

The Faculty at Jobus Hopkins has at last given permission for the publication of a college paper in the university. It is to be under the direction of a board of two editors, and if successful it will be turned over to the student body.

Athletics.

REPORT OF THE MANAGER OF THE BOWDOIN COLLEGE FOOT-BALL ASSOCIATION FOR THE SEASON OF 1897.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from 1896,	\$0.52
Collected from 1896 subscriptions,	77.00
Collected from 1897 subscriptions,	581.24
Bates game, admissions and grand-stand,	180.05
Harvard guarantee,	175.00
Exeter guarantee,	65.00
Tufts game, admissions and grand-stand,	77.25
N. H. College game, admissions and grand-stand,	49.25
Tufts guarantee,	125.00
Colby game, admissions and grand-stand,	101.44
Total receipts for the season,	\$1,431.75

EXPENDITURES.

Express, telegrams, repairs to suits, etc.,	\$24.80
Traveling expenses, hotel bills, etc.,	416.60
Lime for marking field,	4.90
Labor on athletic field,	8.25
Sundries,	6.09
Police,	4.00
Prescott Warren, coaching,	165.00
General Athletic Committee,	33.68
Adams & Townsend, shoes,	2.50
Bates guarantee, and expense one official,	50.70
Printing, advertising, stationery, etc.,	31.25
Postage for the season,	8.00
Training table,	16.50
Perry & McKenney, ankle supports,	2.00
Chase & Hall, sundry bills for shoes, etc.,	68.10
Tufts guarantee,	125.00
Prescott Warren, Boston to Brunswick and return,	6.50
N. H. College guarantee,	60.00
W. O. Cobb, M.D., referee Colby games,	10.00
Mrs. M. A. Hill, Warren's board six weeks,	21.00
Expenses graduate coaches,	54.20
Wright & Ditson, athletic supplies,	214.07
Total expenditure for the season,	\$1,333.23
Balance for the season of 1897,	\$98.52
Paid bills left over from the season of 1896,	93.25
Balance paid the graduate treasurer, Prof. Moody,	\$5.27

Submitted at the annual meeting of the Bowdoin College Foot-Ball Association, December 15, 1897.

S. E. YOUNG,

Manager for 1897.

I have examined the foregoing report and have found the same correct in every particular and properly vouched.

RALPH M. GREENLAW,

Auditor for the General Athletic Committee.

Y. M. C. A.

The Sunday service on January 9th was led by J. W. Hewitt. The service was one of praise, and proved to be a most successful meeting.

On Thursday, the 13th, President Laycock took charge of affairs in his customary able manner. The meeting was well attended.

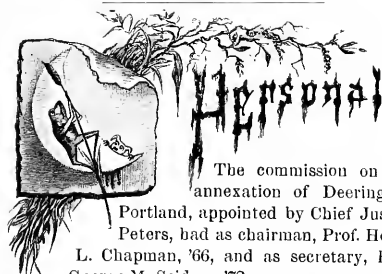
One of the most interesting and instructive meetings ever held was that of last Sunday. After the usual preliminaries, President Hyde spoke. His subject was "Influence," and he treated it in a most practical manner. The attendance was unusually large.

Book Reviews.

(The Ten Laws: A Foundation for Human Society, by Edward Beecher Mason. A. D. F. Randolph Co., New York, 1897. 75 cents.) For some time we have awaited the appearance of this little volume, and now we have it we are compelled to pronounce it a perfect success. Dr. Mason treats of the old ten commandments in a new way; instead of preaching a long and technical sermon, he gives a brief, practical talk, such as any reasonable man may understand. That is not all; his reader not only understands the subject, but it is impressed upon him in so quiet, yet powerful a manner that he must of necessity remember it. That is the secret of the book; once read it will prove of very practical use in the hurry and hustle of the present day. The ten laws are treated as a unit in the first two chapters, then each is treated separately in a chapter by itself. This plan makes it very readable, for one law may be read and thought upon for some little time, and then another. By this process the mind is permeated with them, and most assuredly it could contain nothing of more use to it. Dr. Mason has given us one of the neatest and most practical religious books of the day. It is a "foundation for human society," and, moreover, a firm foundation. The book will be well received, and its author may congratulate himself upon having written a non-denominational religious book; one that is interesting as well as instructive.

(Harvard Episodes, by Charles Macomb Flaudrau. Boston: Copeland & Day, 1897.) This book

has been a much-discussed volume for some time past, and especially so among Harvard men. Some assert that it represents true Harvard life, while others proclaim it untrue to all her traditions, and much more so to her life at present. The truth seems to lie half-way between, as truths generally do; that it pictures certain forms of Harvard life most vividly. Indeed it would be a remarkable book that could present all sides of Harvard life, in the form of stories, in the space of some three hundred pages. Harvard is a world by itself, and needs more than one volume to present her in her entirety. The book, however, should be reviewed by an outsider as a book, while the discussion of its truthfulness may be left to specialists. The stories are well written, the plots being good and the language excellent, if judged from a college standpoint. There is of necessity more or less slang; this, however, is but natural. The author evidently knows how to tell a story, and he also understands the art of making something quite interesting out of everyday happenings. As a collection of stories of undergraduates the book is well worth reading, and although some of its stories do not present the most attractive features of college life, they are probably true. Such features exist as all know; the only question is, should they be spread abroad in books, or should they remain at home concealed as much as possible? Might not the outside world take a wrong impression from such stories, and judge the whole by the part here represented? The book, as has been stated, is well written, but as that is by no means the only requisite of a good book, it might be well to consider whether or not other considerations justified its ever having been written.



The commission on the annexation of Deering to Portland, appointed by Chief Justice Peters, had as chairman, Prof. Henry L. Chapman, '66, and as secretary, Hon. George M. Seiders, '72.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science the following officers were elected: President, Dr. M. C. Wedgwood, Med., '59, Lewiston; Secretary, Dr. N. M. Marshall, Med.,

'79, Portland; Corresponding and Statistical Secretary, Addison S. Thayer, Med., '86, Portland; Treasurer, Dr. H. F. Twitchell, Med., '83, Portland. The retiring president was Dr. Seth C. Gordon, Med., '55.

The 28th annual dinner of the Bowdoin alumni of New York was given at the Savoy on the evening of January 12th. About 300 persons were present. Professor William A. Houghton represented Bowdoin's Faculty, and in an informal speech told of the college affairs during the past year. Among the other speakers were General Thomas H. Hubbard, '57, and Dr. Newton F. Curtis, '71. Letters of regret were read from Chief Justice Fuller, '53, and Speaker Thomas B. Reed, '60.

Med., '46.—Abial Libby of Richmond died at his home in that village, a few days ago, of heart failure, aged 75 years and three months. For a week he had not been in his usual vigorous health, but was apparently getting better and was out upon the street that forenoon. His death came as a shock to the community, and many will mourn his loss as that of a personal friend. Dr. Libby was the son of Joseph and Lydia (Libby) Libby, and was born in the town of Gardiner, October 1, 1822. He received his education at the Gardiner Lyceum, Monmouth Academy, and the Maine Medical School, graduating from the latter in 1846. He then attended the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. In April, 1849, he settled in Richmond, and has ever since been engaged in the practice of his profession there, having been one of the leading physicians of the town. August 6, 1861, he was commissioned assistant surgeon in the 4th Regiment Maine Volunteers. He was promoted to surgeon, April 15, 1862. He saw active service in the Peninsular campaign, but resigned in July, 1862, on account of sickness in his family at home. He had been a member of John Merrill, Jr., Post, G. A. R., since its organization. He became a member of Richmond Lodge, No. 63, F. and A. M., in March, 1850. He was actively interested in the educational affairs of the town, having been a member of the present school board. He was also a director of the Richmond National Bank. He was a member of the Congregational Church, and was twice married. A widow, three daughters, and one son survive him.

'53.—Ephraim Chamberlain Cummings died December 14, 1897, at his home, No. 112 Park Street, Portland, Me. He was born September 2, 1825, at Albany, Me., being the second son of Francis and Lois Chamberlain Cummings. Fitting for college

at the North Yarmouth Academy, he passed his entrance examinations for Bowdoin in 1841, but was delayed by unfavorable conditions from actual entrance until 1849. He was easily among the first in the Class of 1853, a class bearing on its roll the names of the lamented John Barrett Southgate, early called from a brilliant career, William A. Wheeler, the erudite lexicographer and Shakespearean scholar, and the present Chief Justice of the United States. For two years after leaving college Mr. Cummings was engaged in teaching, one year of the time being spent by him as tutor at Bowdoin. He graduated at the Bangor Seminary in 1857, after which he spent a pastorate of a year or two in Brewer. From 1860 he was pastor for about ten years of the North Congregational Church in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Within this time he served in the army as Chaplain of the 15th Vermont Volunteers. He also visited Europe and the East in 1865-66. Two other visits to Europe were subsequent to his St. Johnsbury pastorate. His life after leaving St. Johnsbury was passed mostly in the city of Portland, the chief exceptions being his European tours and a year's engagement in Bowdoin College, where he filled the chair of Mental and Moral Science in 1872-73. He was married, October 18, 1866, to Miss Annie L. Pomroy, daughter of Rev. S. L. Pomroy, D.D., and Anne Quincy Pomroy, formerly of Bangor. Mrs. Cummings survives him. Wherever Mr. Cummings lived he commanded the admiring regard of his friends, and his friends were of the choicest. His productions appealed to a somewhat high order of mind, or, at any rate, required thoughtful perusal or attention for their fit appreciation and fruitful use. But the appreciation of the man was not confined to those who followed him in all his intellectual movements. His truth, his purity, his genuine friendship and human sympathy, his unflinching self-possession, his calm elevation of mind and character, have left wide their impress on human memories and hearts. Of him, as of few others, his friends will say, "We shall not look upon his like again." Beside two smaller books—"Birth and Baptism" and "The Great Question"—he published in 1884 (second edition, 1887), "Nature in Scripture: A Study of Bible Verification in the Range of Common Experience." Those whose privilege was of close friendship appreciated the unassuming man, whose profound investigations into the gravest problems and fearless declaration of his conclusions challenged the respect of the seekers for truth. His

thorough scholarship and complete mastery of the English tongue were a model of excellence, and his constant, cordial friendliness, destitute of pretence and beyond all price, won their hearts. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Drs. Fenn and Jenkins of the Congregational Church, Rev. J. C. Perkins of the Unitarian Church, and Rev. Dr. Dalton of the Episcopal Church, and those who bore him to his last resting place were Hon. George F. Talbot, Judge Nathan Webb, Hon. J. P. Baxter, Rev. Dr. Burrage, Dr. Whidden of Portland, and Rev. Dr. J. E. Adams of Bangor, a classmate of 1853.

Med., '57.—Dr. J. W. Mitchell, who has been a resident of Freedom, Me., for many years, and was widely known in his profession, died Saturday night, November 20th, of pneumonia. He was the father of the late John W. Mitchell and Mrs. Maria T. (Mitchell) Stephenson, who were formerly teachers in the Rockland schools, and Mr. John Mitchell had also taught in Belfast. He was active in the temperance cause and as state constable did effective work in Waldo County.

'60.—Hon. T. B. Reed went to Philadelphia during the holiday recess and delivered an address at the celebration of the semi-centennial of Girard College.

'60.—On December 17th, the President sent the following nomination to the Senate: "William W. Thomas of Maine to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Sweden and Norway." By this time Mr. Thomas has reached Sweden, and is again installed in his office as minister.

'70.—An exchange says:

Comptroller Roberts is prominently named as a Republican candidate for Governor of New York at the next election. He has the equipment of ability, integrity, and a remarkably efficient career as comptroller. It is significant that both Governor Black and Colonel Roberts are natives of York County, Me.

Med., '77.—Dr. O'Neill W. R. Straw of Gorham has been studying at the Philadelphia Polyclinic Hospital the past few months. He contemplates moving to Boston.

'77.—The papers of the country have been filled with notices of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, '77—his travels, lectures, and plans. He reached this country from England on December 26th, and since then has been lecturing. When in London he addressed the Royal Geographical Society with great success, and many of the leading geographers

of the world listened to him. Previous to the lecture he was banqueted by the Society, where he met several noted Arctic explorers.

Med., '78.—Died at South Paris, Friday, Dr. Isaac Rounds, aged 55 years. He was a graduate of the Medical School.

n., '78.—Senator Frye, according to a dispatch from the national capital, decided to recommend Isaac W. Dyer, n., '78, of Portland, for U. S. District Attorney for Maine. The President is expected to send Mr. Dyer's name to the Senate soon. Mr. Dyer filled the position under the last Republican administration.

'79.—Hon. A. L. Lumbert has moved from Houlton to Bangor, where he is practicing law.

'81.—Edgar Oakes Achorn, who has been appointed Secretary of the Legation at St. Petersburg, was born in Newcastle, Lincoln County, Me., in 1859. Mr. Achorn was educated in the public schools until he entered Lincoln Academy to prepare for Bowdoin College, where he graduated. He at once became principal of the High School at Whitman, Mass., and held that position two years. At the end of that time he entered Boston University as a law student. He was admitted to the bar, June 16, 1884. He was prominent in Scandinavian circles.

'84.—Portland has a new afternoon daily, the *Star*. Llewellyn Barton, '84, of the Democratic State Committee, is editor-in-chief. The *Star* has started well, and bids fair to become an influential journal.

'85.—Dr. F. N. Whittier contributed a very interesting article to the *Sunday Times* in support of foot-ball.

'92.—Ernest B. Young, M.D., has lately been appointed assistant in Anatomy at the Harvard Medical School.

'94.—Rev. Mr. McKinnon spent Christmas week with his wife's family at Topsham.

'95.—At a recent examination, Perley D. Smith was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, being one of ten successful ones out of nineteen applicants. He has commenced the practice of law at Lawrence, Mass.

'95.—The *Telegraph* gives the following :

At the residence of Thomas H. Riley on Pleasant Street, Tuesday evening, December 21st, there occurred a very pretty home wedding. The contracting parties were Miss Millie L. Smith and Allen Quimby, sub-master of the Cony High School of Augusta, Me., a graduate of Bowdoin, Class of '95. The ceremony was performed at 7.30 in the prettily-decorated parlors by the Rev. Langdon Quimby, '95, of Gardiner, a brother of the groom, assisted by Dr. Edward Beecher Mason of the Brunswick Congregational Church. The bride was given away by her uncle, Thomas H. Riley, n., '80. From 8 to 10 a host of friends tendered congratulations to the happy couple. James P. Webber, 1900, presided at the piano during the reception. The wedding presents were numerous and very beautiful, evincing

the popularity of the couple in Brunswick society. A delightful supper was served at 9. The happy couple took the midnight train for a short wedding trip. They will be at home after the holidays at Augusta.

'96.—R. T. Plumstead is teaching in Eureka, Nev.

'96.—John H. Bates, athletic instructor at Colby, is pursuing his medical course at Brunswick.

'96.—Herbert O. Clough has charge of the Freshman Mathematics this winter. This change enables Professor Moody to offer to the Sophomores a new elective, which is less rigorous than the regular course.

'97.—In the list of instructors given in the recently-issued catalogue of Thornton Academy appears the name of Robert Lord Hull as the head of the Science Department.

'97.—F. H. Dole is acting as assistant to Professor Files in German this winter.

'97.—James H. Horne has accepted the position of athletic instructor at Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me. In previous years he has coached the Academy team and his excellent work was appreciated.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 2, 1898.

No. 13.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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Hoping that more interest might be aroused in the literary portion of the ORIENT, it was voted at a recent meeting that all articles be signed with the author's name, or with some *nom de plume*. In this way a certain personal element is added which tends to make an article much more readable, and when a pen name is used a little curiosity is stirred up as to who may have written this or that. Then, also, when a student writes anything good he naturally enough wishes credit for it, and if credit is given he is encouraged to write again; if his story be poor he will be ashamed to have it appear over his name. Thus both the reader and the author are benefited.

The ORIENT calls attention to the fact that now is the time for candidates for the next Board to be at work. But three issues more are to appear before the new Board is elected, and as three vacancies are to be filled, a large number of candidates is needed from whom to choose. As is customary, all articles accepted, even though unpublished, are credited to their authors.

ONE of the most important branches of college work, a branch that is of use not only in college, but out of college, the Political Club, appears lately to have fallen into

disfavor, or at least into disuse, with us. This is due, probably, to the fact that elections of national importance occur but once in four years; still the club represents certain principles, and why should these principles be absolutely forgotten unless elections are near? A political club should be a permanent one, and its members should associate during peace as well as during war. "In times of peace prepare for war," may be used of politics as well as of military affairs. Our Republican and Democratic clubs could and should perform a true work in college circles; men should ally themselves with one party or the other as early as possible, and when could a better time be found than during a college course. What the country needs is that greater interest be taken by the more educated citizens in politics. What a man is in college he is very apt to be after leaving. If he draws back from active political work during his student life he is liable to be one of those useless, and worse than useless individuals who take no interest in political work, and then when affairs go wrong, complain that they are not better. A man can't say to himself, "I will not bother myself with politics when in college, but when I leave will show myself a good citizen and take active interest." Nine cases out of ten that man never changes.

Our Republican Club has not met for over a year, and owing to the dissensions among our Democratic brethren it is now a matter of history, and ancient history at that, since they held a meeting. Let some of our class politicians take up the matter of national politics, a much worthier field for their abilities. We have too much of the wrong sort of politics at present, and sorely need a change. Bowdoin doesn't seem to take very kindly to many clubs and associations for some unaccountable reason. The air doesn't seem to be congenial. The existence of fraternities probably is responsible for this to a great

degree, and if so it is unfortunate. We need clubs, and thriving clubs, the more of the right sort the better. Let the political clubs again show their heads, let every man join one or the other, and let them again prosper.

What has become of the Snow-Shoe Club? What more perfect weather could be found than this? Such snow we have not seen for several years! What has become of the Portland Club, once so famous; the Chess Club that in years past brought us renown? Rise up, ye clubs, and do something; shake off this stupor and show the world that we are not so wrapt up in our individual tasks and our fraternities that we can think of nothing else.

AS has been said, we are very backward in our support of clubs, but surely we are not so in forming them. That is our great fault, we form them enthusiastically, and then when our enthusiasm cools, the clubs cool in proportion. Nevertheless, the recently organized Politics Club has entered upon its career with flying colors. This club is composed of members of the Senior Class, and its name clearly signifies its purpose. Such a club should prove of great benefit to its members, and indirectly to the college. It has been firmly established and bids fair to become a permanent organization. Its object is social and political, a combination which should stand the test and ravages of time. The ORIENT gladly welcomes it to our midst and wishes it long life and prosperity. May it not succumb to those influences of jealousy and inertia which have wrecked many a seemingly prosperous organization.

TO express it moderately, it seems unfortunate that our walks about the campus which, during the spring and fall terms are so beautifully kept, should be allowed to fall into such states of neglect during the winter. The college authorities seem to reason that

because we are strong and healthy young men we can trudge through all sorts of paths, now deep with snow and now overflowing with water and mud. One of the comforts of life is that of being able to get about with ease and a comparative degree of safety, and there is no reason why college men should be forced to wear rubber boots weeks at a time. Either the walks might be drained properly, or temporary board walks might be constructed on the principal paths during our season of bad weather. It is a wonder so many wet feet do not produce more illness about college. Other institutions have convenient walks, and we also should. Nothing would be more appreciated than this. Our present method of clearing the walks is by a one-horse plow, which, in about fifty per cent of the cases, does not make the same path twice; it all depends upon the sagacity of the horse, evidently. Any reform in this line would be a blessing to the college, health would be improved, and what is even more important, the state of mind of the students would be greatly benefited.

THE prizes offered by the Century Company to college men for literary productions of various sorts will be found mentioned under the Collegii Tabula. This offer is most munificent, and should be well considered by those interested. Without doubt hundreds of students throughout the country will compete, and surely among this number we should find Bowdoin men. We have a past reputation at Bowdoin which should and can be upheld, and there is no reason why a Bowdoin man should not win in this competition. The difficulties are great, but the honor of winning is thereby made greater. To win one of these prizes means credit to one's self as well as to one's college, and every Bowdoin man should "lay on" and do his best. The goal is worth striving for, and the more of us who strive the greater our chances of success.

The Haunted House.

IT WAS my good fortune last summer to pass a few days at a little inland town in the White Mountain region, and while there an incident came under my observation which might be interesting to some of the ORIENT readers.

Not far from this wee bit of a town is a small mountain, to which the inhabitants of the town have given the name Mount Athos; this hill, for such it really is, is a favorite place for pleasure seekers. On its summit is a large house, which for many years has been unused, but which, in former days, was a fashionable summer resort. This is the house that contains my story.

One beautiful morning in the middle of July, three boys, aged eleven, thirteen, and fifteen respectively, started out a-wheel with the purpose of spending the day upon Mount Athos. Having reached its foot their wheels were abandoned and soon the boys were toiling up the steep ascent, a task by no means easy, but one quickly accomplished by these plucky youths.

As they were leisurely reclining upon the broad piazzas of the deserted house, one of the more adventurous conceived the idea of entering the building upon a tour of exploration. With them, to think was to act, and soon they were wandering through the halls of the deserted castle to their hearts' content, despite the numerous placards announcing such a proceeding unlawful. As they were about to explore one of the empty rooms, suddenly a thump, thump, thump, was heard, as though some one was approaching. To the terror-stricken lads, the footsteps sounded like those of some terrible monster, and without turning their heads or stopping to learn the "whys and wherefores," they tumbled over one another in their haste to gain the open air, never checking their pace until they were half way down the mountain side. Here they halted, thoroughly fright-

ened, and greatly out of breath. Stopping to consider their hasty retreat, however, it appeared cowardly, and they determined to solve the mystery. Slowly wending their way up the mountain again, they collected the most formidable weapons obtainable, a pair of iron tongs and clubs of wood, one of the party even having a revolver. At the top a halt was made for breath, and then summoning up their sum total of courage, they boldly re-entered the hall of their recent departure. A second time was heard that ominous thud, thud, thud, which echoed and re-echoed throughout the rooms, striking terror to their hearts and causing the hair of their youthful heads to stand upright. Nearer and nearer came the dreaded creature, and each second the thumps grew louder and louder. Bravely, yet with trembling limbs, they awaited the attack; at last the cause of the alarm came in sight, and the eldest of the three, declaring with shaky voice that it was nothing but a huge bear, gave the signal for the attack. Strange to relate the ball from his revolver went far from its mark and punctured a window pane in the rear of the house; again and again was the assault repeated. When the capture had been made, after much difficulty, what was their dismay, disgust, and chagrin, to find that instead of a terrible monster, they had put to death a harmless representative of the hedgehog family.

Instead of keeping the matter a secret, as was at first agreed, boy-like they told their friends, and a vivid imagination is not required to picture these small boys at the mercy of their thoughtless companions.

—X., 1901.

A Turkey Supper.

A NUMBER of years ago at a certain preparatory school, three of the students, Harry Benson, Frank Henry, and Tom Nichols, planned one night a little adventure which

was to be followed by a feast the next day. That same evening one of the turkeys in a neighboring farmer's flock disappeared, and, neatly plucked and ready for roasting, spent the next day in No. 16, the room of the three adventurers. The farmer, on discovering his loss, suspected the students and hastened to report to Mr. K—, the instructor, who roomed in the dormitory, requesting him to be on his guard for roast turkey.

A merry party gathered in No. 16 that evening. The turkey was produced and roasting commenced, while the youthful banqueters gathered about the fire, telling stories and cracking jokes.

Rumors of the feast had been noised about, for nothing truly secret ever happened at a preparatory school, and the occupants of No. 23, directly beneath the impromptu dining-hall, No. 16, were feeling rather out of sorts, not having been invited; nevertheless they were trying hard to make the best of their ill-fortune, when a familiar step was heard. Mr. K— had scented the turkey, which the merry-makers had by this time cooked, and he was prowling around to discover whence the odor came. Everything in No. 23 was legitimate, so he passed on.

The inmates of No. 16 were not slow in recognizing his step and made haste to cover up all signs of revelry. Most of the feast was hastily hidden in the closet under books and papers, but what to do with the turkey? Mr. K— was almost at their door.

"Here, I've got an idea," said Tom; "give me a stout string and have it long enough, and we'll hang his majesty out of the window."

No sooner said than done; the turkey was tied to a strong cord, hurriedly suspended from the window, and made fast to the blind catch.

"Now," chuckled Frank, "let old K— come on; we're ready for him."

Mr. K— soon made his appearance, and

though the smell of turkey was very strong about the room, he found nothing suspicious and finally left, leaving the boys in high spirits.

"Haul away on the string and let's have his highness again," said Harry, while Frank went to the window. To his surprise, however, the cord came up without any effort.

"What in thunder!" he exclaimed. The turkey was gone, and the rope bore traces of having been cut with a sharp knife. In the desire to have the cord long enough to get the turkey out of Mr. K—'s reach, they had lowered it to the window of room 23, and its occupants had made haste to appropriate their much-longed-for feast.

The thoughts and words of the three in No. 16 may be better imagined than printed. Suffice it to say that this was the end of *their feast*, while in No. 23 the following night a brilliant spread was held to which, however, the hosts were kind enough to invite Frank, Harry, and Tom.

—Z., 1901.

Bowdoin Verse.

Freshman's Song of "Bendar."

Sure a monster most fell
Was this horrible Bendar,
I wish him in—well,
Though a monster most fell,
'Tis improper to tell
Or in poetry render.
Sure a monster most fell
Was this horrible Bendar.

—L. P. L. '99.

Olympians versus Giants.

Long ago, at high Olympus, was a favorite resort
Where all the gods and goddesses in summer went
to sport;

For here they found it pleasant, free from all official
care,

To view the mountain scenery, and breathe the
mountain air.

Now, Zeus and all his family, for this sufficient reason,

Had pack'd their Saratogas, and gone up to spend
the season

At a great Olympian summer-house, a grand and
stately manse,

Where they'd engaged a suit of rooms, and paid
cash in advance.

While here they met with many who had come to
mend their health,

And others who made no pretense but to display
their wealth.

A handsome young musician, named Apollo, was
the "lion,"

When anxious mothers heard he was a royal family's
scion.

But this precocious youngster, at the peril of his
life,

Fell in love with charming Venus, the blacksmith
Vulcan's wife;

And on a state occasion, when Zeus gave a big, swell
dinner,

Young Apollo sat near Venus, and resolved that he
would win her.

The guests had eaten heartily of fricasseed ambro-
sia,

And polished off on ice-cream, in the greatest of
composure;

The pretty waitress, Hebe, brought in nectar for
each guest

(A barrelful for Bacchus, and a plenty for the rest),
And ev'ry one was happy, as they sipped the glow-
ing wine,

And the prospects of a night, noise and revelry,
were fine.

Poor sleepy-headed Morpheus drank as long as he
was able,

Then, seeing he was not a tank, he rolled beneath
the table.

Dan Cupid to fair Psyche on the sly his love did tell,
And all went merrily as the proverbial marriage
bell,

Till suddenly Fran Venus, who had drunken so
much nectar

That early in the ev'ning 'twas beginning to affect
her,

Now clasped her hands above her heart, careless of
what might follow,

And sank back gracefully upon the breast of young
Apollo.

At this the sturdy blacksmith flew into a raging
passion,

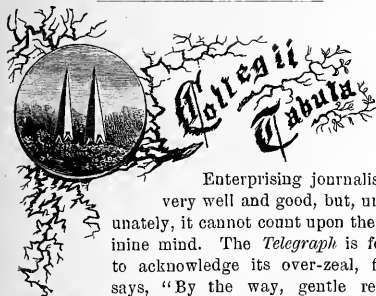
And swore he "didn't care a tinker's dam about the fashion ;
 When any man embraced *his* wife under his very nose,
 He'd smash him into smithereens, and feed him to the crows."
 And young Adonis, who had been a favorite of Venus,
 Swore by the Styx, most vulgarly, "no coon shall come between us."
 They rushed upon Apollo with a clear intent to throttle,
 But Comus landed heavily on Vulcan with a bottle,
 And some one struck Adonis, which created such a fuss
 That the chances for Apollo's life looked mighty dubious.
 A brawl was fast ensuing, when Argus, hundred-eyed,
 Who, to watch for signs of trouble had been posted just outside,
 Sent in the startling message that the Giants (or police)
 Had come "to apprehend the crowd that had disturbed the peace."
 The dread Gigantes enter'd, while the culprits look'd askance.
 It was, you can imagine, a perplexing circumstance,
 Till warlike Mars demanded of the blue-coats of the law,
 That they, "since uninvited to the dinner, should withdraw,
 Or he and his companionous would be apt to cause a row—
 Which *might* result disastrously," he added, with a bow.
 The chief Gigas knew Mars had been a terror in the wars,
 And straightway sent a messenger to summon the Centaurs
 (A force of mounted officers, called only on occasions
 When offender's wouldn't listen to the usual persuasions).
 But Mars was not to be outdone. He called to him Mercurius,
 The errand-boy of all the gods, and said, with anger furious,
 "Go telegraph for Hercules to come and help us out"
 (For Hercules was down at Thebes, recov'ring from the gout).

The re-enforcements came at last—the Centaurs, with their nags,
 And Hercules the Gouty, with his foot done up in rags.
 No need to give particulars—the upshot of the matter
 Is, when the Centaurs first saw blood, they thought it time to scatter,
 And left the bold Gigantes at the mercy of their foes
 (Which mercy wasn't over-great as ev'rybody knows).
 The Giants, thus deserted by their treacherous allies,
 Began to see their finish from the corners of their eyes,
 And, since the trouble showed no inclination to diminish,
 When Pollux yelled, "Let's keep it up and fight 'em to a finish,"
 His pugnacious proposition was disfavored by the Giants,
 And with a howl of mingled desperation and defiance,
 They bolted for the portals, bent on making their escape
 From what they now concluded was a miserable scrape.
 But, not content with having won the battle and its laurels,
 The revelers pursued, with oaths—they had no time for morals—
 And when they overtook them, to the sorrow of the Giants,
 They robbed them of their billies (a policeman's chief reliance),
 And used the very handcuffs which the officers had brought
 To make the latter prisoners as fast as they were caught.
 When all of the Gigantes had been caught and bound together,
 And Pluto made a bid to have them sent to regions nether,
 The captors quickly dug a pit of most prodigious size,
 And cast the captives into it, despite their doleful cries,
 And built a fire around them—no ordinary smudge,
 But such as deities employ to satisfy a grudge ;
 And then, as if to satisfy themselves beyond a fear
 Of their triumphant machinations getting out of gear,

They lifted up Mount Etna (quite a task you will admit),
 And dropp'd it on the Giants, who were howling in the pit.
 And even to this day, though centuries have come and gone,
 The Giants try to burst their prison, ever and anon,
 By throwing out the fire through Etna's summit tow'rd the sky;
 But all to no effect, their constant failures certify.

The deities, at last, to high Olympus did return
 To see what of the erring young Apollo they might learn.
 But, taking due advantage of the hubbub, he had flown—
 Had stolen Vulcan's overcoat, and left for parts unknown.
 The gods were much fatigued by their exertions in the fight,
 And, as the daylight now began to take the place of night,
 They took another drink apiece, and with exultant laughter
 Retired to their respective homes, and "prospered ever after."

—J. W. C., '98.



Enterprising journalism is very well and good, but, unfortunately, it cannot count upon the feminine mind. The *Telegraph* is forced to acknowledge its over-zeal, for it says, "By the way, gentle reader, Madame Blauvelt wore the other costume, but wouldn't she have looked sweet in the one we described?"

Sleigh rides are now very popular.

A runaway or two is reported in town.

The wheels of the '68 speakers are buzzing fast. Many of the students are at present out teaching.

Veazie enjoyed a visit from his brother, January 23d.

And now comes the Mandolin and Glee Clubs trips.

Coombs, 1900, will be out of college for several weeks.

Some of the fellows have the polo craze and have it badly.

Bailey, '96, recently spent several days with his college friends.

Twenty degrees below last Saturday morning—a record breaker.

Mandolin and Glee Club Concert in Memorial, February 3, 1898.

The Sophomore History Class enjoyed a written review last Monday.

John H. Morse, '97, visited the campus recently and attended chapel.

The Freshman Foot-Ball Eleven sat for pictures at Webber's recently.

Charles Potter, 1900, is pianist with the Columbia Orchestra of Bath.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs have been sitting for pictures at Webber's.

The Sophomore German Class is reading from Harris' German Reader.

Knight, '98, who has been teaching in Pittsfield, is on the campus once more.

S. P. Harris, 1900, and Sturgis, '99, attended a recent assembly in Portland.

The rehearsals of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs have become very popular of late.

Bowdoin foot-ball men are hoping to secure Hazen of Yale as next year's coach.

Several students took advantage of the day of prayer and "put in" a week at home.

What's this we hear? '99's *Bygle* to be out right after the athletic entertainment?

The *Lewiston Journal* is publishing breezy letters from some Bowdoin correspondent.

The annual reception and ball of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity will be given early this month.

Fifteen or more students attended "The Heart of Maryland," at the Jefferson last Saturday.

What philosophical disquisitions issue from the Seniors, now that they are coping with James!

Next Friday evening St. Paul's parishioners tend a reception to the student choir in the court room.

Usher, 1900, who has been at the Maine General Hospital with a bad shoulder, came back last week.

The second themes of the term for Sophomores and Juniors not taking Political Economy are:

1. Causes of Abandoned Farms in Maine.
2. The Place of Revivals in Religious Work.
3. An Open Letter to the Strikers in the Cabot Mills.
4. Kipling as a Poet.

Juniors taking Political Economy have been assigned the following subjects:

1. Wampum as Currency.
2. Tobacco Money in Virginia.
3. Early Metallic Currency in the New England Colonies.

The foot-ball rules of the country are just now undergoing extensive "alterations and repairs."

The Saturday Club concert, which was given in Town Hall, January 29th, was especially attractive.

Short, 1901, served a Welsh rabbit to some of his friends in North Winthrop the other Saturday evening.

Cram, '99, is out of college on the U. S. S. Fish Hawk of the Fish Commission, which is at work in southern waters.

J. D. Sinkinson, '99, who has been in New York on account of the illness of his brother, has returned to college.

A quartette from the Mandolin Club furnished music for the Odd Fellow's public installation last Wednesday evening.

The college Mandolin Club, sixteen in number, had their picture taken at Webber's studio, last Wednesday morning.

An original drawing, by the late Du Maurier, has been added to the already fine collection at the Walker Art Building.

Students intending to work during the coming summer have commenced to plan and to count their unhatched chicks.

We wonder if the original ancients ever had so much snow at their feet as their likenesses on the Art Building now stand in.

Byron Stevens has published a book of verse, by Professor Henry Johnson. It is called "Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems."

The relay team has been matched against a Harvard team. It is to be regretted that there are not better facilities for training here.

Mrs. William A. Houghton entertained Madame Blauvelt upon her recent visit to Brunswick, with Chapman's Maine Symphony Orchestra.

The members of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity rode down to Jake's, Saturday before last, and par-

took of one of his famous shore suppers. It was a merry time.

A surprisingly large amount of letters leave the college every Sunday night. How many sweet-hearts and mothers are made happy, Monday!

A clever charcoal drawing, advertising the *Bowdoin Quill*, has been in the window of Byron Stevens' bookstore. It is the work of Lawrence, '98.

The January number of the *Quill* has a new cover design, drawn by Lawrence, '98. It is a graduation silhouette in miniature frame of the poet Longfellow.

The annual concert of Brunswick's Saturday Club was given at the Town Hall, last Saturday evening. This year the Eichberg Quartette (string) was secured.

Bob Evans is peddling pop-corn, corn-cakes, and cigarettes through the ends these winter evenings. We have needed such a man ever since Uncle Bradbury died.

Thursday was the Day of Prayer for colleges, and special services were held. Many of the students took advantage of the recess and spent the day at their homes.

The Senior Class of Freeport High School had their class pictures taken last Friday by Webber; incidentally they took in chapel service, the gym., and several of the buildings.

Byron Philoon, '99, a member of the ORIENT Board, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, at his home in Auburn, is at college again. His friends are glad to have him back.

One of the ORIENT's exchanges, the *Madisonensis*, has adopted the rather novel method of requiring all candidates for the editorial staff to write reviews of a certain number of specified books.

In the lists of "Merrill's Teachers' Agency" are found the names of ten or a dozen Bowdoin men, alumni, who either are desirous of securing positions as teachers or of changing those held at present.

The two men elected to fill vacancies in the corps of library assistants are Bragdon and Lee, both of 1900. They were chosen in a competitive examination, in which there were some twenty-five contestants.

Again that most bare-faced of all circular letters, advertising all sorts of "college essays, orations, and debates, \$3.00 to \$15.00," has reached us. Such a firm could not exist from year to year unless

patronized, and this, unfortunately, speaks rather poorly of the undergraduate honesty of the country.

Professor Hutchins gave an interesting illustrated lecture on the Cathode ray before the Sophomore Physics Class last week. At the close of the hour the members of the class were allowed to look at their bones.

The Glee Club was sorely disappointed on the Day of Prayer, at not being allowed to render their second selection, for which they waited so patiently. They may console themselves with the fact that they heard an excellent address by Dr. Lewis.

Bishop Neally visited St Paul's, Sunday before last, when confirmation was ministered. Among those confirmed were C. C. Smith, '98, and H. M. Folsom, 1900. The Bishop attended chapel in the afternoon and gave an address before the students on "Reality."

The *Colby Echo* has at last made a re-appearance, but in a novel form. It is now a four-page weekly, and its first issue is very readable. If it is able to maintain its standard there can be no doubt as to its success. Its news is up-to-date, and its editorials well-written. May it prosper.

Last Thursday, being the Day of Prayer for Colleges, the usual exercises of the various classes were suspended, and a service was held in the chapel in the forenoon, on which occasion the student body listened to an able address by the Rev. George Lewis, D.D., of South Berwick. Dr. Lewis is an honorary Bowdoin man, of the Class of '94, and has a son in the present Freshman Class.

Abbott H. Thayer, whose mural painting "Florence" adorns the south wall of the sculpture hall in the Art Building, has sold a painting, entitled "Caritas," to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. It is rather interesting to note that the central figure of this latter work is the same as that of the "Florence" piece, with a slight change of pose. The two children, symbolizing painting and sculpture, which are in the Bowdoin picture, also appear in "Caritas," but are there divested of the symbols of art.

Realizing the difficulty of making classes of thirty master a modern language, and feeling that there is a need of more personal relation than can exist between a teacher and classes of such size, Bowdoin has introduced assistants in French and German, who meet the lower-classmen in divisions of four or five once a week, when special training is given in the fundamentals of the lan-

guages. As mentioned in our last issue, R. R. Goodell, '93, is assisting Professor Johnson in French, and F. H. Dole, '97, is assisting Professor Files in German.

The ORIENT publishes the following, hoping some of the students may be interested:

THE CENTURY'S PRIZES FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates, *The Century Magazine* offers to give, annually, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250 each, open to the competition of persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900.

FIRST.—\$250 for the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

SECOND.—\$250 for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

THIRD.—\$250 for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1st of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the Editor of *The Century Magazine* marked, outside and inside, "For the College Competition," signed by a pen-name, and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate sealed envelope, which will not be opened until the decision has been made. The manuscript submitted must be the product of literary work done after graduation, and must not have been published. A circular giving full details concerning the competition will be sent to any address by The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

One of the features of a co-educational institution has been brought to the attention of the ORIENT recently, more forcibly than ever. In the last issue of the *Colby Echo* is published a list of the engagements of the students announced recently about college. Seven of the students of both sexes have entered upon the preliminaries of matrimony, five Seniors and two Sophomores. This is indeed a record of which Colby may well be proud, and it speaks volumes for co-education. All the matrimonial bureaus in the country will soon be cast into the shade if our colleges all turn co-educational. *Libera nos, Domine!*

A writer in the *Telegraph* has at last dared to criticise the sidewalks of Brunswick. For years, the college has realized their shocking condition, but it was deemed dangerous to mention the subject. If Brunswick needs walks, what does the college need? Of all inconvenient, dangerous, and ill-kept walks, ours are the most so. The *Telegraph* utters these truthful remarks: "We wonder if the greatest need of our town, at present, is not

good sidewalks? With a few exceptions, notably that of Main Street, we have scarcely a sidewalk worthy of the name; for when there is mud in the street there is nearly as much on the sidewalk, and to our mind, there is but little choice between walking through mud four inches deep on the sidewalk, and five inches in the street. Towns much smaller than Brunswick have good concrete walks. Why may not we have those or something better?"

Lincoln's Birthday is our next holiday, and it comes on Saturday, the 12th of February.

The recent heavy storms have piled the campus with several feet of snow. The walks are deep valleys, running in all directions. Won't the first thaw work havoc with this mass!

It is decidedly unfortunate for the Seniors that no hot water can be obtained by them at the Gym. The preceding classes use it all. 'Twas not so when the old fireman was with us. We prefer a little less virtue on the part of our fireman, and a little more heat.

The first concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was given at Armory Hall, Bath, before a large and enthusiastic audience. The Glee Club sang with great force and accuracy, showing that Leader Drake has drilled them with great success. Leader White of the Mandolin Club showed great enterprise in having the *Bride-Elect* for his club, inasmuch as it is of but a fortnight's age. The concert was greatly enjoyed by all, and the club proved itself a most competent one. The hit of the evening was made by Thompson in his reading, he being called back again and again. The only way he could silence the audience was by rendering his "Gondola" story, which produced the desired effect. The programme is:

PART I.

The <i>Bride-Elect</i> March—Souza.	Mandolin Club.
We are Foresters Free and Bold—Reyloff.	Glee Club.
The Darkies' Cradle Song—Mandolin Quartette—Wheeler.	
Messrs. Merrill, Moulton, White, and Pennell.	
Tell Her I Love Her So—De Faye.	Glee Club.
Selection—Jack and the Beanstalk—Arr. by Barker.	Mandolin Club.

PART II.

The Beetle and the Flower—Veir.	Glee Club.
Mandola Solo.	Mr. Jordan.
Ye Cattle—Seymore Smith.	Glee Club.
Reading.	Mr. Thompson.
Serenade Rococo—Mayer-Helmund.	Mandolin Club.
Bowdoin Beata—Words by H. H. Pierce, '96.	
	Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

The annual elections of the Senior Class of the Bowdoin Medical School were held Saturday.

The following officers were elected: President, Edville Gerhardt Abbott of West Sullivan; First Vice-President, Joseph Franklin Starritt of Warren; Second Vice-President, Benjamin Franklin Sturgis, Jr., of Auburn; Third Vice-President, Lewis Franklin Soule, A.B., of Phillips; Secretary, John William Joyce of Lewiston; Treasurer, George Edward Washburn of Augusta; Orator, Walter Scott Abbott Kimball, A.B., of Portland; Marshal, Herbert Allen Black of Augusta; Executive Committee, Henry Libby Elliott of Thomaston, Byron Wesley McKeen of Fryeburg, Elbridge Gerry Allen Stetson of Brunswick, Thomas Henry McDonough of Winterport.

The Politics Club, composed of Seniors, met with Baxter and Young at South Appleton, on the evening of the 24th, and organized. The club consists at present of thirteen members: Professor Emery, Eames, Blake, Marble, Baxter, Hamlin, Dana, Ives, Young, Sargent, Sturgis, Laycock, and Lane. There are to be three new members elected from applicants. The object of the club is represented by its name, and it is both political and social. International politics are informally discussed at the meetings in connection with a "rabbit." The officers are Baxter, President; Ives, Vice-President; and Sturgis, Secretary and Treasurer. These three constitute the Executive Committee.

The first Junior Assembly, held in the Town Hall last Wednesday evening, was a very enjoyable affair. There were about fifty couples. The evening trains brought about two score of young ladies from Bath, Lewiston, and Auburn. The patronesses were Mrs. William DeW. Hyde, Mrs. Franklin C. Robinson, Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Mrs. William A. Houghton, and Mrs. Stevens, a guest of Mrs. Houghton. The college orchestra furnished excellent music, and the whole thing was pronounced a success. The young ladies from Lewiston and Auburn were chaperoned by Mrs. Frank H. Briggs of Auburn, and those from Bath, by Mrs. Lincoln of Bath. The assembly was one of the most successful ever given, if not the most so, and its success augurs for the coming dances of the Junior Class. The committee are endeavoring to make the second assembly superior to the first.

President Eliot of Harvard has issued a statement favoring the game of foot-ball and condemning the bill passed by the Georgia legislature to prohibit the game.

Debating Society.

The regular meeting of the George Evans Debating Society was held in the Modern Language Room, Tuesday evening, January 25th, First Vice-President Woodbury presiding. The meeting was opened with a selection by the Glee Club, and then, after reading of the minutes and routine business, the society proceeded to the debate.

The subject for the evening was, "*Resolved, That the United States should speedily annex Hawaii,*" and the principal disputants were, Affirmative—Hall, '99, Nason, '99; Negative—Burnell, 1900, Bisbee, '98. Although the size of the audience was anything but inspiring, the debate proved a decided success. The speakers were well provided with ammunition and did not hesitate to use it, and a red-hot fire was kept up on both sides until nearly quarter of ten, when the debate was decided for the negative on the merits both of the question and of the principal disputants.

The question for the next meeting, Tuesday, February 8th, is, "*Resolved, That the Civil Service Reform should be made of much more general application.*"

G. M. C. A.

The society has been favored with a *coterie* of able speakers since the last number of the ORIENT.

It is always agreeable to have new ideas and new men represented in the meetings. The Rev. Sumner R. Vinton, of McGill University, Montreal, gave a bright and interesting address on Friday night, January 28th. Mr. Vinton is a representative of the Student's Volunteer Mission Movement, and came to Bowdoin to induce the society here to send a representative to the convention of the association at Detroit, to be held soon. The Bowdoin society has practically decided to send at least one man. Mr. Vinton comes naturally by his mission work, as his father and grandfather were both missionaries to India. Mr. Vinton himself will go to India this year.

The Rev. Mr. Russell, who is doing evangelical work in Topsham and vicinity, spoke before the society on January 23d, at the regular Sunday meeting, and on last Thursday evening. His address was upon evangelical concerns almost entirely; and was very interesting.

Professor Woodruff spoke before the Association last Sunday on the re-adjustment of religious ideas and faith—the mental and spiritual evolution which takes place in the life of every man. From the time that a child talks till he is ten to fifteen years of age, he has a simple faith and omnipotent feeling of the orthodox blessings and punishments. There is very often a lapse—perhaps it were better to call it a relapse—from this little era in which a laxation of all things spiritual takes possession of the youth. But after this agnostic impulse, there comes in the lives of all good men, a better realization of the great truths, a clearer and more original conception in religion. It was of this re-adjustment of thought that Professor Woodruff made an entertaining and helpful talk.



The 28th annual meeting of the Bowdoin alumni of

Portland and vicinity, was held on Saturday, January 29th, at the Congress Square Hotel. The anniversary poem was given by Mr. Frederick W. Pickard of the Class of 1894, and Mr. George Melville Seiders of the Class of 1872 acted as toastmaster. The business meeting was at seven o'clock P.M., and at its close dinner was served.

Med. '59.—At the annual meeting of the Maine Genealogical Society held recently, A. K. P. Meserve, M.D., was elected vice-president, and Frederick O. Conant, '80, secretary.

'41.—An exchange gives:

The home of ex-Governor Robie, Gorham, on the 19th, enjoyed a double-headed church celebration, in part the dedication of a beautiful brick and granite \$12,000 chapel, connected with the Congregational Church, and in part the centennial anniversary of the church itself. Ex-Governor Robie, who has been the largest contributor and the most tireless worker for the new structure, delivered an historical address, teeming with statistics and replete with entertaining information.

'46.—Dr. Abial Libby, whose death at Richmond, Me., of heart disease, on January 4th, was noted in the last ORIENT, was one of the oldest and best known physicians in Maine. He was born in 1822, in Gardiner. For fifty years he practiced medicine

at Richmond, and during the war was surgeon of the 4th Maine Regiment.

'66.—Governor Powers recently nominated Prof. Henry L. Chapman trustee of the State Normal Schools.

'70.—Comptroller James A. Roberts of New York has recently published his annual report. He proposes radical reforms in the taxing system of the State, and in fact publishes a thesis upon an entirely new system of taxation. He would abolish local taxation for the State purposes, also real and personal property taxes for State purposes. An increase in the collateral inheritance tax and the State's confiscation of the entire liquor tax law are measures he advocates. His views are independent and honest, in fact they are directly opposed to the State Tax Commissioners' plan which is now being prepared. Mr. Roberts evidently possesses the courage of his conviction.

N., '72.—Dr. Frank A. Mitchell of Brighton, one of the best known physicians in northern Cumberland County, died recently. He was stricken with paralysis last summer, and he never recovered from it. He was the son of the late Rev. John Mitchell, at one time a very prominent Maine Methodist clergyman. Dr. Mitchell leaves a wife and one son.

Med., '74.—Dr. E. E. Holt left for Albany, N. Y., yesterday, to attend a meeting of the Laryngological, Rhinological and Otolological Society.

'75.—An exchange gives the following:

Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard says that their gymnasium is not well enough patronized, and proposes three methods by which physical exercise may be made more general. First, every student must pass an examination once a term, showing improvement in his physical condition; second, a number of courses in gymnasium work, something like those given in the summer school, and counting toward a degree, should be established on a basis similar to the other courses in the university; third, a course consisting of three hours of gymnasium work and one lecture on hygiene a week should be required of the Freshman Class. This course should be obligatory, but should count as a half course toward the degree.

'76.—Bion Wilson recently resigned his position as National Bank Examiner for Maine. His successor has not yet been appointed, although recommendations have been made.

Med., '76.—Dr. Irvin E. Kimball has gone South for a trip of several weeks.

N., '78.—Hon. Isaac W. Dyer, Saturday last, qualified as United States district attorney for the District of Maine. The ceremony took place before Judge Webb, h., '90, in the chambers of the United States Court. The retiring incumbent, Col. Albert

W. Bradbury, '60, said that inasmuch as Mr. Dyer had been a former occupant of the office he felt that any words of introduction regarding the newly appointed attorney would be superfluous. Mr. Dyer then stepped forward and took the several oaths prescribed by the federal law. Judge Webb then ordered the clerk to spread upon the records the commission and oaths of District Attorney Dyer. At the adjournment of court, Mr. Dyer received hearty congratulations and expressions of best wishes for a successful administration from the officials of the court. He will at once enter upon the discharge of his duties.

'81.—Hon. Frederick C. Stevens of St. Paul, Minn., one of the most brilliant of the younger members of the National House of Representatives, is to address the Lincoln Club of Portland at their annual banquet on the 12th. Mr. Stevens spent his boyhood in Rockland, Me., and graduated from Bowdoin College in 1881. He was admitted to the bar in 1884, and has since that time practiced law in St. Paul.

H., '81.—Hon. James P. Baxter of Portland is to deliver an address, entitled "New England," before the American Geographical Society at Washington, at its next annual meeting early in February.

Med., '86.—A selection of books from the medical library of the late Dr. William Lawrence Dana has been presented to the Medical School of Maine, in which he was a valued instructor during the greater part of his short, but brilliant career.

'87.—The appointment of John V. Lane of the Class of '87 to the position of assistant postmaster of Augusta, leaves vacant on the *Journal* of that city the position of associate editor. After Mr. Lane graduated from college, he went to Augusta and assumed the duties of city editor on the *Journal*. Later on, for a year or two, he was night editor, and for the past five years has occupied the responsible position of associate editor. His work in that position has given him a place in the front rank of Maine newspaper workers.

'87.—Clarence B. Burleigh, president of the Maine Press Association, presided at its annual meeting held at Portland on Thursday last.

'89.—Frank M. Russell, who is in business in Boston, was the guest of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity recently.

'90.—Prof. Wilmot B. Mitchell delivered his interesting and instructive lecture on "Books and Reading," at Potter Academy, the 18th. The selections from "Othello" and "Silas Marner" were especially good.

'92.—The suit brought by Arthur L. Hersey of Portland, against the Maine Central for damages for assault and illegal arrest has been settled and there will be no trial. It will be remembered that the trouble occurred over a mileage ticket, the conductor claiming that the ticket Hersey had was not his, and causing his arrest on the arrival of the train at Portland for alleged evading payment of fare. It is said the Maine Central pays Hersey \$1,250.

'92.—A very happy wedding was consummated on Wednesday afternoon, the 19th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elton W. Ware of Bangor, when their daughter, Miss Maude Warren Ware, became the wife of Rev. Earl Boynton Wood of that city. The house was filled with guests bidden to the ceremony. The sister of the bride, Miss Ada May Ware, attended her as maid of honor, and the brother of the groom, Mr. Gorham Henry Wood, N., '95, acted as best man. The bride and groom left on the 8 o'clock train for a wedding journey, and upon their return will reside in Fort Fairfield, where Rev. Mr. Wood has been called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church for a year. They will be at home there after March 1st.

'92.—It is seldom that a doctor's thesis receives notice in a critical magazine, yet Professor Emery's "Speculation on the Stock and Produce Exchanges of the United States" is reviewed at length, and favorably in *The Economic Journal*, the journal of the British Economic Association.

'94.—The marriage of Rev. Albert J. Lord, '94, of Hartford, Vt., and Miss Maude Phillips, was performed at Ellsworth at the Congregational Church, and was a most fashionable affair. Miss Annie C. Emery, daughter of Judge L. A. Emery, '61, was maid of honor, and Rev. Alfred V. Bliss, '94, of Bangor, was best man. Three of the ushers were classmates of the groom, B. B. Whitcombe, H. A. Moore, and F. W. Flood, all of '94. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. Hosca B. Phillips, at the close of the ceremony. The couple took the evening train for a short tour through the New England States. The groom is the pastor of the Congregational Church at Hartford and graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary. They will reside at Hartford.

'95.—G. F. Mayo was admitted to practice law in the courts of McKean County, Penn., in December, 1897, and on the first of January, 1898, went into partnership with his father. The new firm will be known as E. R. Mayo & Son.

'95.—The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Knowles, teacher of Science in the Bristol

(Conn.) High School, and Fred O. Small, principal of Washington Academy in East Machias. Miss Knowles is a graduate of Bates, '97, carrying off the "first honors" in the class. Mr. Small has been principal of Washington Academy for the past two years.

'96.—The many friends of J. C. Minot will be glad to learn that he has been appointed to the responsible position on the *Kennebec Journal* formerly filled by Mr. Lane, '87. The *Journal* says editorially of Mr. Minot:

Mr. Minot fitted for college at the Cony High School in this city. He graduated from Bowdoin in the Class of 1896. During the four years of his course at Bowdoin he served as the *Journal's* correspondent there. He was also, during his Junior year, the managing editor of the college paper, the BOWDOIN ORIENT. In the winter of 1892-3, he did the *Journal's* Gardiner work and assisted the night editor. Last winter he served with marked efficiency as our general legislative reporter. At the close of the session he went to work upon the text of the *Journal's* souvenir edition, which was issued last June. The results of his labors speak for themselves. During the summer months he was in the editorial rooms as associate editor, and for two weeks, during the vacation season, conducted this department of the paper entirely alone. For the past few months he has been engaged in the study of law in the office of L. C. Cornish, Esq.

'96.—Walter S. A. Kimball of Portland has been elected orator of the graduating class at the Maine Medical school.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA OF Δ K E, }
January 28, 1898. }

Whereas, We have learned with profound sorrow of the decease of Ephraim Chamberlain Cummings, our loyal and beloved brother of the Class of 1853;

Resolved, That in him our Fraternity loses one who always took a deep interest in our welfare, and whose noble qualities made him respected and loved of all;

Resolved, That we grievously lament his death, and extend our warmest sympathy to the members of his afflicted family;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the relatives of the deceased and to the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

EDWARD HUTCHINS,
PERCIVAL PROCTOR BAXTER,
ROY LEON MARSTON,

Committee for the Chapter.

Book Reviews.

(*With Pipe and Book*, a Collection of College Verse; chosen by Joseph Le Roy Harrison. Preston & Rounds Company, Providence, 1897.) It will be remembered that Mr. Harrison is the editor of the "Cap and Gown" series of college verse. That in itself is sufficient guarantee for this, his most recent book, which pursues the same general principle—that of collecting the best verses from college magazines of recent date. Mr. Harrison has done this to perfection, his selections being admirable. Many of the verses we have seen in their original papers, and it is well they are to be preserved. The professional magazines of the country cannot surpass some of the poems here contained. Although the volume is much less pretentious than his former, its standard has by no means been lowered. Neatly bound with a sort of poster cover, it makes a most attractive volume, one to be read at odd intervals, and when once read, re-read, for it will bear any amount of repetition. The poem from which it takes its name is this:

With pipe and book, an old arm-chair,
A glowing hearth, what need I care
For empty honors, wealth, or fame?
Grant me but this: an honest name,
A cup of ale, a coat to wear,
And then, while smoke wreaths rift the air,
The banquet of the gods I share;
Content to sit before the flame
With pipe and book.

Above the city's noisy glare,
Yet sweet, tho' humble, is my fare;
For changing not from praise to blame
These faithful friends are still the same—
No earthly comforts can compare
With pipe and book.

(*Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the United States, 1776-1861*; Edited with Notes by William MacDonald. The Macmillan Company, New York and London, 1898. \$2.25.) This work meets the needs of teachers and students who desire to have, in a single volume of moderate size and cost, an accurately printed collection of important documents illustrative of the constitutional history of the United States. The selections, ninety-seven in number, cover the period from 1776 to 1861—from the adoption of the Declaration of Independence to the outbreak of the Civil War. The documents are given either in full or in significant extracts, as their nature and importance seemed to indicate, and follow in each case an official or authoritative text. Each document is prefaced by a brief introduction and a select bibliography. The introduction is restricted to an account of the circumstances of the document itself, with special reference to its legislative, diplomatic, or legal history. The bibliographies indicate the collateral documentary sources and the most important general discussions. For the guidance of students, a general bibliographical note on the use of the printed sources, particularly the Congressional documents, has been added.

While none of the documents are new or rare, many of them have not heretofore been readily accessible, save to those students who have access to large libraries; and such a collection as is now for the first time offered will be welcomed by teachers of American history who desire to enlarge the study of documentary material by their classes, but who have thus far been prevented from so doing either by inability to obtain for class use the documents desired, or by the practical difficulty of making effective use of a text where only a single copy is available.

The volume is adapted for use in connection with any narrative text-book on the period, or as a manual to accompany lectures. Therefore it will be found useful not only in colleges and universities offering extended courses in the constitutional and political history of the United States, but also in high schools and academies in which the study of American history is now receiving increased attention.

The work is upon the same general plan as "Preston's Documents Illustrative of American History," but it deals on the whole with later documents. It is one of the most thorough volumes ever published. Nothing has escaped the notice of its author, and even the most critical historian will find everything to his taste. Professor MacDonald is to be congratulated upon his work, which fills a long-felt want.

(*The Federal Judge*. A Novel by Charles K. Lush. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1897.) In the *Federal Judge* we have a well-written modern novel. Its characters are true to life and there is no tendency to overdraw either their faults or their virtues. The scene is laid in the Northwest, where great commercial interests center, and from first to last it teaches the great principle of "the force of environment." From the judge who was influenced unwittingly to support the schemes of greedy corporations, whose decisions were used to strengthen one faction against another, to the magnate who led a double life and died before he could escape from the country with his ill-gotten wife and worse-gotten gains, everything follows a logical course of events. Mr. Lush has drawn his characters with remarkable force, and he is free from that too common fad of leaving too much to the imagination. His story is finished definitely, and that is a relief after having read so many *fin-de-siècle* books, which leave their readers in a more unsatisfactory state at the end than at the beginning. It is an wholesome book and one showing certain phases of modern life in a true light. It reminds one very strongly of the play, "The Henrietta," which treats of similar matters located in New York, rather than the Northwest. It is indeed one of the strongest novels of the year, of the political and social type.

Books to be reviewed: "Practical Idealism," by William DeW. Hyde, D.D.; "Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems," by Henry Johnson; "Varia," by Agnes Repplier.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 16, 1898.

No. 14.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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

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The splendid success which the Glee and Mandolin Clubs of this season have had and are still having must surely be gratifying to all interested in the affairs of the college. After the concert given at Memorial Hall the clubs were praised in the highest terms, and the audience, composed largely of students, who are apt to be very critical on such occasions, was thoroughly satisfied. Without doubt our musical organization is the best we have as yet produced, and it deserves great credit. It is of no use to be parsimonious with praise when it can and should be freely given. We are often too ready to criticise any unsuccessful undertaking, but we are rarely too prompt to commend a successful one. Although criticism is of great good at times, it might be better if we should praise rather more than criticise, and also if we should be too free in bestowing praise rather than not free enough. Too much, however, cannot be said in commending the Glee and Mandolin Clubs; their work is artistic and fully up-to-date in every particular. Both the leaders of the clubs, Mr. White and Mr. Drake, may congratulate themselves upon their work. Mr. Thompson as reader is a pronounced success, and he adds greatly to the charm of the concerts.

The musical clubs represent the college as

much as her athletic teams, only in a different manner, and they possess the additional virtue of being self-supporting. Nevertheless their interests are ours, and whatever moral support we can give should be given freely.

DURING the past few weeks, by the publication of four important books, Bowdoin has taken a decided step upward in the world of literature. President Hyde's "Practical Idealism"; Professor MacDonald's "Select Documents"; Professor Johnson's "Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems," and Dr. Mason's "The Ten Laws" make an array of noteworthy productions that would cause any college in the land to stop a moment and gaze upon them with admiration not unmingled with pride. Philosophy, history, poetry, and religion are here represented, and most worthily so. When an institution of our size publishes four such volumes in about as many weeks, it is something of which to be proud; and it may safely be said that no such prolific literary activity ever was seen here before. If such a state of affairs is to continue, as we hope it may, we should do well to have a "University Press" such as the larger institutions of the country have. The progressive spirit of our Faculty is shown in no better way than this; that of giving to the world the product of their thought; and nothing adds more to the prestige of an institution than having its works largely read and used throughout the land. Judging from the comments of the newspapers, large and small, important and unimportant, and there is no surer method of obtaining the opinion of the public, these books have without exception met with unqualified success. "Practical Idealism" is the embodiment of President Hyde's advanced philosophic thought; it is a book that not only adds greatly to his fame, but that also will be of great influence in moulding the philosophy of the day, especially practical philosophy. Pro-

fessor MacDonald's book will be of inestimable value to the student of history, as it places inaccessible manuscripts and material at his disposal. It is a book for the student of history who deals with his subject in the modern method. Professor Johnson's book of verse is indeed a collection of marvelously beautiful poems. Many of his poems, though not containing the philosophy of a technical work, are truly philosophic in their nature, and they will powerfully influence their readers. Dr. Mason's book we claim as our own, though not published directly under the shadow of the college. It is a volume of practical sermons, such as all enjoy reading and hearing.

The alumni feel no less proud of this quartet of books than the undergraduates, and all hope that not only will more from the same pens be given us, but also that other members of our Faculty may publish works which will reflect such honor upon our institution.

AFTER having endured so many trials and inconveniences in the gymnasium, we are cheered through the present term by the promise that next summer the gym is to be thoroughly overhauled and put into excellent condition. This is indeed good news for suffering humanity; when we have our renovated quarters gym work, though compulsory, will be a pleasure. No longer will it be considered in the light of a bore, for nothing is more attractive or more beneficial than a well-equipped gymnasium. Our gym facilities for the past few years have been rather poor, in fact they have steadily deteriorated from bad to worse, and the news is therefore doubly welcome that no longer are we to suffer. New bathing facilities, new locker room, and new fittings are to be given us, and then all will be pleasant and agreeable. The authorities have for some time realized the shortcomings of the gymnasium, but the way

has not seemed clear to promise any radical reforms. Now everything appears to be assured, and all may give thanks from the depths of their hearts. With this prospect there is no need for further complaint, the petty trials of this term may be laughed at, and plans laid for the future.

BRUNSWICK, and no less the college, has complained for years that a suitable hotel was not to be found in the town, and such unfortunately was the case. A good hotel is indispensable, and such an establishment has long been needed here. Not only at commencement does the college patronize the hotel, but throughout the year relatives and guests must be provided for, and if suitable accommodations are obtainable the number of such visitors is greatly enlarged. Therefore we have all hoped for a change, and it has finally come. When the Tontine caught fire it might have been better for it to have burned down completely, then an entirely new building might have been erected; but it did not. Nevertheless the old hotel has received so thorough an overhauling that it would hardly be recognized. Everything has been put in first-class order, and its proprietor is to be congratulated upon his new accommodations. From attic to cellar the house is practically new; this is especially so with its culinary department. Students as well as towns-folk may now congratulate themselves upon the excellent accommodations of Landlord Huntton. May he keep his house fully up-to-date, and have everything in as perfect order in the future as it is at present. He is fully competent to do this, and he will.

DESPITE the forebodings of certain undergraduates, not to mention alumni, the *Quill* seems to thrive wonderfully well. No arguments are needed to prove this if one will but examine the February issue, which

appeared yesterday. If that is not a healthy, prospering, live paper it would be difficult to find one. The second volume of the *Quill* has entered upon its course with flying colors, and bids fair so to continue. Professor Chapman's "Diogenes" is a most effective character sketch, and it portrays this old college *habitué* to perfection. "A Chance Rencontre" and "Choice of Valentines" are both interesting, lively stories, while "A Sonnet on King's Chapel" is about as striking a bit of poetry as has been published for some time at Bowdoin. "Swiped" is one of the best verses of its kind that we have seen. As for the departments, too high praise can not be given them, they are bright and to the point. The new department called "Grey Goose Tracks" is particularly spicy, and an added charm is lent by the lack of all knowledge as to its authorship. In his arraignment of the student body for their lack of spirit the author of "Silhouettes" and the "Grey Goose" man as well, touches upon a time-worn and time-honored theme, but one which never grows stale. Year after year the ORIENT holds forth every now and then upon this subject, and probably the *Quill* will. It is one of our stock editorials, and will so continue as long as we remain human. The chairman of the *Quill* is eminently just, nevertheless, in his criticism; when less than 50 students attend a Glee Club Concert, affairs have reached rather a low ebb. If writing would remedy matters, we should sermonize every issue, but it won't, unless backed by something more substantial. A college dinner is suggested, and a royal good thing it would be. The gymnasium might be used and a rousing time had. The whole affair should be conducted by the students themselves, and the Faculty and some of the alumni invited. Nothing would serve to give college spirit a better start than such a dinner. It need not be very expensive, if

all would share, and it would repay us many times over. A few good speeches from the Faculty and one or two alumni, and some remarks by representative students would make an evening long to be remembered. Nothing will be accomplished, however, unless some action is taken; if all hang back and fear to be aggressive in the matter, it never can materialize. Let each give it a good, strong push, and when the ball is once rolling, it will almost carry itself along.

Another theme which has been harped upon until we all are weary, is a Press Club. We won't mention a single reason why one should be formed, however, but will simply say that a meeting of those interested will be held at the ORIENT office, Memorial Hall, Thursday, February 17th, at 5.30 P.M. If any of the newspaper representatives at college care to join in a serious attempt to collect the news of the college and publish it regularly in some systematic form, they will be welcomed at this meeting. Only those need come, however, who are willing to work and to work hard for the welfare of the club, individually and collectively. All such are invited.

Annual Meeting of the Boston Alumni.

THE Annual Dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni Association of Boston was held on the evening of the 9th, at the Copley Square Hotel, over one hundred members being present and enjoying addresses by President Hyde and Professor William MacDonald of the college, and Professor Egbert C. Smythe of Andover Seminary. Judge Daniel C. Linscott, '54, presided, and after the usual feast, introduced President Hyde, who was received vociferously by the graduates, old and young. President Hyde said that the college was never in better condition than to-day, and that for the first time every department had at its head a competent

professor. The college had received during the year \$90,000 from the Fayerweather fund, and an additional \$35,000 is expected. A new library building is one of the most pressing needs of the college, as there are at present over 4,000 volumes belonging to the institution for which there is no room.

Professor MacDonald said that it was the object of the college now to fit men to successfully hold good positions. He urged the Boston alumni to remain loyal to their *Alma Mater*.

Professor Smythe spoke in a general manner of college education. The following officers were elected: President, Oliver C. Stevens, '76; Vice-President, Professor A. E. Burton, '78; Secretary, William G. Reed, '82; Assistant Secretary, G. F. Bean, '97; Executive Committee, T. J. Emery, '68; D. S. Lowell, '74; W. A. Robinson, '76; W. W. Towne, '81; C. F. Moulton, '87; E. H. Goding, '91; and H. S. Chapman, '91.

Among those present were:

Guilford S. Newcomb, '48; Rev. Jotham B. Sewall, '48; Rev. E. C. Smythe, '48; George C. Robinson, '49; Daniel C. Linscott, '54; Henry H. Smith, '54; John G. Stetson, '54; Reuben A. Rideout, '61; Edward Stanwood, '61; Joseph W. Chadwick, '62; Professor George L. Goodale, '63; C. U. Bell, '63; S. W. Harmon, '65; Dr. Charles R. Brown, '65; Sylvester B. Carter, '66; James W. McDonald, '67; Thomas J. Emery, '68; Edward P. Payson, '69; Cassius C. Powers, '69; Alonzo G. Whitman, '70; Nathan D. A. Clarke, '73; John F. Eliot, '73; W. M. Payson, '74; Lucius B. Folsom, '85; Charles H. Wardwell, '85; Elmer E. Rideout, '86; George W. Parsons, '87; Thomas H. Ayer, '88; H. W. Jarvis, '91; Edward N. Goding, '91; Henry S. Chapman, '91; W. P. Chamberlain, '93; C. C. Bucknam, '93; H. E. Andrews, '94; Louis C. Hatch, '95; Dr. Fred B. Colby, '95; J. E. Hicks, '95; George T. Ordway, '96; Francis C. Peakes, '96; Robert Newbegin, '96; T. C. Keohan, '97; Oscar E. Pease, '97; George S. Bean, '97; D. Weston Elliott, '97; John F. Libby, '85; Irving W. Horne, '86; Edwin H. Hall, '75; Dudley A. Sargent, '75; Dr. Myles Standish, '75; George R. Swasey, '75; Dr. A. S. Whitmore, '75; Walter A. Robinson, '76; A. Sanford, '76; Oliver C. Stevens, '76; William G. Waitt, '76; John W. Achorn, '79; E. C. Burbank, '80;

A. M. Edwards, '80; Charles Haggerty, '81; William W. Towle, '81; Herbert H. Chase, '82; William W. Curtis, '82; William G. Reed, '82; W. E. Mason, '82; Henry A. Bascom, '83; A. E. Austen, '83; Rev. C. W. Longren, '84; Wilson R. Butler, '84; F. W. Alexander, '85; Craig C. Choate, '87; Carroll M. Austin, '87; George A. Ingalls, '88; Dr. H. P. Smithwick, '88; George L. Rogers, '89; Dr. Fred Drew, '91; Owen E. Hardy, '91; Dr. C. S. Wright, '91; Ervine D. Osborne, '92; Daniel McIntire, '92; Albert M. Jones, '93; R. H. Hinkley, Jr., '94; H. L. Bagley, '94; A. H. Stetson, '95; Allen L. Churchill, '95; W. S. Bass, '96; W. E. Leighton, '95; J. E. Burbank, '96; R. S. Hagar, '97; D. C. Linscott, Jr., '97; Edgar G. Pratt, '97; H. R. McIntyre, '98.

Annual Meeting of the Portland Alumni.

THE twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Bowdoin Alumni of Portland and vicinity was held Saturday evening, January 29th, at the Congress Square Hotel.

The business meeting was called to order at 7 o'clock by Judge Symonds, President of the Association. Messrs. Franklin C. Payson, Joseph A. Locke, and George F. McQuillan were appointed a committee to bring in a list of officers for the ensuing year, and they reported the following:

President, Joseph W. Symonds; Vice-Presidents, George F. Emery, Charles F. Libby, Clarence Hale, Augustus F. Moulton, Prentiss Loring; Secretary, Hannibal H. Emery; Executive Committee, George F. McQuillan, Virgil C. Wilson, Dr. C. A. Ring; Dinner Committee, Frederick O. Conant, Richard C. Payson, William W. Thomas; Orator, George F. Emery; Poet, E. S. Osgood; Toast-master, Frederick H. Gerrish.

At the close of the meeting the company adjourned to the dining-hall, where a fine menu was served.

After cigars were lighted President Joseph W. Symonds called the members to order and introduced George M. Seiders as toast-master of the evening. The following toasts were offered and responded to:

"The College," President William DeWitt Hyde; "The Clergy," Rev. H. S. Whitman; "The College Graduate in Commercial Business," Russell D. Woodman; "Our State and Her Star," Hon. Seth L. Larrabee; "The Legal Profession," Augustus F. Moulton; "The Faculty and the Faculty of the Faculty," Prof. Henry L. Chapman; "The Medical Profession," Dr. George H. Cummings.

The following were seated at the table: President William DeW. Hyde; Prof. Henry L. Chapman, '66; Prof. George T. Files, '89; George F. Emery, '86; Judge William L. Putnam, '55; Charles W. Pickard, '57; Judge Joseph W. Symonds, '60; Fabius M. Ray, '61; Joseph A. Locke, '65; Russell D. Woodman, '66; Frederick H. Gerrish, '66; Dr. C. A. Ring, '68; Rev. H. S. Whitman, '69; George M. Seiders, '72; George H. Cummings, '72; Augustus F. Moulton, '73; Hannibal H. Emery, '74; Seth L. Larrabee, '75; Geo. F. McQuillan, '75; Franklin C. Payson, '76; Charles Sargent, '76; Frederick O. Conant, '80; Henry S. Payson, '81; C. H. Gilson, '82; S. T. B. Jackson, '83; Eben W. Freeman, '85; Arthur W. Merrill, '88; Charles L. Hutchinson, '90; Henry E. Cutts, '91; Thomas H. Gately, Jr., '92; John H. Pierce, '93; Richard C. Payson, '93; Elias Thomas, Jr., '94; F. W. Pickard, '94; William W. Thomas, '94; Francis W. Dana, '94; W. W. Fogg, '96; E. L. Bodge, '97; Alfred P. Cook, '97.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Tokens.

In fair September, ere the summer flees,
The birds of passage herald fall by flight;
The birds who've sung the golden summer through,
Since first they built their nests in joyous May,
The little birds of passage, sweet of song,
Whose presence gladdened ev'ry field and grove,
Fly far away into the unknown south,
And summer goes with them indeed. We miss
Their songs among the yet green leaves. The day

Seems strange and still, because we hear no more
The little birds pipe up their melodies.

What matter though the leaves be green. They
hide

No more the robin, or the finch, or wren ;
What matter though the flowers bloom, the birds
Have fled away, and they must follow soon.
Then asks the soul, "What means this hurried
flight?"

When leaves are rustling on the ground, and trees
Are bare, and flowers faded, and the fruits
Are gathered in, the earth looks gray and cold ;
As, stripped of summer's glory and its pride,
She opens her bosom to the frost and gale.
And then again the soul asks, "What means this?"

The winter's snows have fallen bleak and drear,
A white expanse that covers all the ground.
The leafless trees are powdered each fall,
And rivers, frozen, show a spotless floor.
The wind has piled the snow in fancy shapes,
And drifted high great banks across the way.
Here breastworks rear their rounded heads, and
there

A threatening crag hangs o'er a shallow vale.
A weird look seems to haunt the woods and dales.
The houses, draped with ice cones, crowned with
snow,

Half buried in the drifts, look cold and drear,
And, save for smoke that rises, thin and gray,
From out the chimney, would deserted seem.
Oft merry sleigh-bells sound upon the ear,
And crack of whip, that, in the frosty air,
Sounds like a pistol shot. The aching eye
Looks out across the white expanse to see
The woodman goad the oxen through the snow,
And watch the logs drawn home from out the
woods.

Once more the soul says, "What can all this
mean?"

The strengthened sun shines warm upon the
earth ;

The winter's snow melts fast before its rays,
The trees put forth new leaves, the tender plants
Peep out above the ground. The grass grows
green,

The air is laden with the song of spring,
New life is born in all we see around ;
A life that grows, expands, enlarges still,
A healthy life, a life most glorious,
Each day adds beauty, and each night brings rest.

We look about us and we seem to feel
The very impulse that invigorates
Each tree and flower with its life and hope.
The soul is lightened of its fears, and cries,
"What miracle is this? Whence comes this
change?"

Fair Summer, queen of all the year, has come ;
Blest season, it is hers to be to us
The time of times we love, the life of lives.
Beneath her sun we bask in peace and joy.
The dreary past is lost, the future bright.
The heart feeds on each blossom and each bud.

The eye, in sweet content, feasts on each scene,
Grace moves in ev'ry line that she has traced,
And in her handiwork is beauty's touch.
Within her bosom have the birds found rest.
The little birds have returned to share
With other beings, all her feasts and joys.
The flowers find a pillow there and lie
Contented in her dewy lap. The kine
Find shade beside her gurgling brooks and
streams,

And laughing children drink of her delights.
Our souls leap up in us, and charmed they cry,
"This is not chance, this life, this joy, this hope.
No chance can make the seasons move like this,
From autumn unto winter, then to spring,
And from the spring unto the summer bright.
It is a purpose, set ! A work divine !
This life cannot exist alone. The world,
And all the moving of the universe
Has not resulted from an accident.

"In autumn earth grown gray, the flowers die.
The birds fly far away, the ground is bare.
But it is not the end. The seeds are then
Already to burst forth at touch of spring,
And birds but seek a temporary home.
Life going into sleep, not dying, this.

"In winter snow is on the ground, cold reigns,
And frost invades the earth, the stream, the air ;
But still the seed and bud are frozen not.
All life is but asleep. It is not dead.

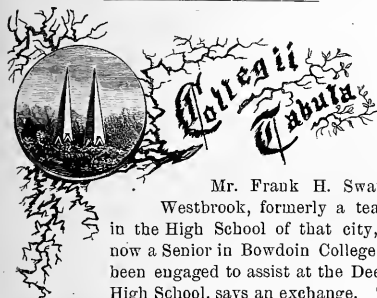
"In spring the snow is melted soon away,
The buds burst open and the seeds come up,
The birds return, and all the earth is glad.
The life awakes, refreshed by its sleep."

"In summer earth is at its best. Behold,
In everything is life, in land and sky.

If I but watch by day I see on earth
 All glad and gay and joyful; a great world.
 If I but watch by night I see o'erhead
 A countless firmament, a host of worlds.
 There are than these things none more beautiful.
 And yet, what can these awful wonders mean?"

What can these wonders mean, O soul? They
 mean

That there is near us a great, loving God,
 Whose every work is full of good intent;
 Who gives to us a home that's worth a race
 As better than our race as He is us.
 And all He asks of us is that we bow,
 And worship not to any one but Him.
 And worship? Aye, and love Him as our Own!
 —F. C. LEE, 1900.



Mr. Frank H. Swan of Westbrook, formerly a teacher in the High School of that city, but now a Senior in Bowdoin College, has been engaged to assist at the Deerling High School, says an exchange. This change was made owing to the sudden death of Principal Crosby. Mr. Swan will remain out of college the remainder of the term, but will return to graduate with his class.

Giles, 1900, is at college.

Bass, 1900, has returned.

Washington's Birthday next!

Lucky we brought our snow-shoes.

Numerous mid-term exams. last week.

Dana, '94, visited the campus last week.

Junior assembly, number two, February 16th.

Marston, '99, is drawing the cuts for '99's *Bugle*.

Bass, 1900, was visiting friends in Boston last week.

Robert A. Cleaves of Bridgton spent Sunday with his son.

A very unique group of Glee and Mandolin Club photographs announces the concert of those clubs.

The second themes of the term were due February 8th.

Jordan, 1900, has been at his home in Auburn the past week.

Webber, 1900, filled Libby's, '99, place as organist, last Sunday.

Bryant, '95, is instructing the second-year Medics in urinal analysis.

R. F. Chapman, 1900, spent last week at his home in Portland.

Young, '98, attended the Tontine Hotel banquet the other evening.

The Bowdoin Orchestra played at Richmond last Thursday evening.

Prof. Moody entertained the gentlemen's club on Friday evening.

A Δ Φ had a shore supper at "Jake's" the other Saturday evening.

Webster, '99, has been making a brief visit at his home in Portland.

Snow, 1901, has been elected captain of the Freshman indoor team.

The Sophomore English History Class is about to enjoy some map-drawing.

It is a little girl that has come to gladden the home of Dr. F. N. Whittier.

Professor Moody took pictures of some of the largest snow drifts last week.

F. L. Hill, 1901, who is out teaching, was visiting college friends last Saturday.

Well, we weren't defeated by so large a margin as Yale; that is some satisfaction.

Cleaves, L. L., '99, has returned to college after a very successful term of teaching.

Lancey, '99, who was called home by the illness of his father, has returned to college.

The *Bugle* subscriptions seem to be as usual—rather flighty to the Business Manager.

Wednesday morning, the bell turned over so that Condon was unable to call all to chapel.

The past few days have seen a considerable shrinkage in the snow drifts about the campus.

Kendall and R. S. Cleaves attended the meeting of the N. E. I. C. A. A. at Boston, last Saturday.

Professor Lee delivered his stereopticon lecture on the "Klondike and How to Get There," in Oakland, last week. It was very instructive and entertaining.

The campus evidently is about to become submerged with its usual amount of slush and water.

The Glee and Mandolin clubs are planning a trip to Northern Maine for the week of the twenty-second.

The Seniors have finished Psychology and are deep in a thesis during President Hyde's absence at Harvard.

Pettengill, '98, has been chosen squad leader, making the fourth year that he has served his class in that capacity.

President Hyde recently announced that hereafter Lincoln's birthday would be no holiday, as it was not legally so.

There was a dancing party at Armory Hall, Bath, last Wednesday evening, which a number of Bowdoin men attended.

E. H. Wheeler, ex-'98, who is in the law office of Weston Thompson, Esq., made a short business trip to Massachusetts this week.

W. H. Smith, C. C. Williamson, and L. P. Libby attended the Semi-Centennial Convention of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity in New York.

Rev. E. B. Mason of the Church on the Hill has bought the site of Old Fort Madison at Castine, and will erect a summer home there.

There are about twenty men taking the baseball training. They are divided into two squads under Capt. Greenlaw and Edward Stanwood.

The temperature has been below zero at sunrise for the past eight days—the longest period of severe cold recorded for the past forty years. February 5th.

Polo enthusiasts have been looking forward to a proposed game with a Bath team to be played at the Town Hall, but the contest has had to be given up.

President Hyde, who has been appointed one of the university preachers at Harvard, is at Cambridge for two weeks, conducting the Harvard chapel exercises.

The Senior Class of Westbrook Seminary have engaged Hoegg Hall for the evening of March 4th, when the Bowdoin Glee Club will give a concert for their benefit.

The New England Orchestra furnished music at the social dance, held in the Court Room, Wednesday evening, February 9th. Bibber of the Bowdoin Medical School led the orchestra.

President Hyde and Professor William MacDonald represented the Bowdoin Faculty at the annual

meeting of the Bowdoin Alumni Association at Boston, Wednesday, February 9th.

On the third of the month adjourns were quite generally given. The lecture rooms were very cold. The Seniors were granted one, also the Juniors, and the Freshmen two or three.

The Politics Club held its third meeting of the term at the room of Messrs. Ives and Dana, Maine Hall, Monday evening, February 7th. The South African question was the topic under discussion.

Wallace White, Jr., '99, and Oliver Dow Smith, '98, left recently for a trip to Toronto, where they represent the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity at its convention. The convention was held the latter part of last week.

The Sophomore Class meeting of a week ago resulted in the following officers: President, West; Vice-President, Willey; Secretary, Goodspeed; Treasurer, Knight; Captain of Team, Merrill; Squad Leader, Gould.

The ORIENT has received the *Anti-Cigarette League Herald*, which is published at Waterville. Its mission is that of forming clubs for the suppression of this evil, but its efforts are confined principally to school-boys.

A good crowd of students witnessed the Portland-Bath polo game at Bath, Wednesday evening, February 9th, and quite a number of students passed a very enjoyable evening at the hop given by the young ladies of the Tricola Club at Bath.

A Bath paper gives:

William L. Thompson of Portland, who made his first appearance on the stage as humorist with the Bowdoin Mandolin and Glee Clubs in this city, made a great hit and showed marked talent in that rôle. He bears a strong facial resemblance to the popular comedian, Nat Goodwin.

✓ Kenneth Sills, 1901, gave a luncheon for his mother, Mrs. Dana, Miss Sills, Miss Mary Merrill, and Miss Wright, in his rooms on Saturday, the 5th. Rev. Mr. McLaughlin also gave an afternoon tea in honor of Mr. Sills' guests. Several Brunswick ladies were invited and a large number of students.

The ORIENT has received a circular from the Metaphysical Club of Boston, inviting all friends of good morals to co-operate in an earnest movement to abate the crying evil of *Modern Sensationalism*, or *Yellow-Journalism* as it is more popularly called. Surely such a staid old paper as the ORIENT is heartily in favor of this movement, but about the only aid she can render is by her example.

It is a nuisance, as well as an injustice to the student body, for any one to selfishly purloin the books of reference put on file by the various instructors. Professor Mitchell has been obliged to adopt the plan of having those using such books in his work, sign for them at the library desk, thus assuring their return on the user's leaving the library.

The Sophomore-Freshman Debate is evidently bound to come. The Sophomores have elected ten men, from which the two for the debate are to be chosen. The following men are to compete: Bragdon, Burnell, McCarty, McCormick, Rumery, Sparks, Ward, Whitney, West. The Freshmen have not as yet decided the manner of choosing their debaters.

The Military Fair, held in Town Hall last Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, was a great success. The evening entertainments were all most enjoyable, and the lecture on the Klondike by Professor Lee was full of interesting facts. Wednesday evening, Dennett the humorist gave a very original act. Thursday evening the Æolian Quartette gave a concert.

LECTURES ON THE UNRECORDED LIFE OF CHRIST.

Prof. Alfred W. Anthony of the Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, will give a course of seven lectures on "The Unrecorded Life of Christ," on successive Wednesday afternoons, beginning Wednesday, February 9th, at 5 o'clock. The lectures will be in Room 5, Memorial Hall. The subjects of the lectures will be as follows:

1. The Playmates of Jesus.
2. The Education of Jesus.
3. The Home and Early Circumstances of Jesus.
4. Apocryphal Lives of Jesus.
5. The Baptism of Jesus.
6. The Messianic Self-Consciousness.
7. The Temptation of Jesus.

Judging from the first lecture, which was given last Wednesday, they will prove of great interest. A good-sized audience attended and fully appreciated the discourse.

Farwell, 1900, was suddenly stricken with paralysis Tuesday afternoon, the 8th. He had been exercising at the gymnasium as usual and returned to his room. Everything appeared well, until he was suddenly taken very ill, and upon the arrival of Drs. Whittier and Mitchell, his case was pronounced paralysis. The work at the gymnasium is in no way responsible for this sad occurrence, as his exercise was the ordinary amount and he was

in no wise injured. It is simply unaccountable. Being young and of a robust constitution it is earnestly hoped by all he will pull through. His parents arrived the day following with a trained nurse, and he appears to be on the road to recovery.

The opening of the newly-renovated Tontine Hotel was celebrated on the 9th by an elaborate banquet given the business men of Brunswick and vicinity. Landlord Huntoon provided a sumptuous repast for his 125 guests, who appreciated his efforts to furnish a hotel for Brunswick equal to any in this section of the state. The Tontine, it will be remembered, suffered from a severe fire some weeks ago, and this opportunity was taken to thoroughly renovate every portion of this well-known hostelry. Every room has been fitted up in a neat and attractive manner; the dining-room and office are handsomely furnished with steel ceilings and plate-glass mirrors. The banquet was attended by all the prominent citizens of the town, and Landlord Huntoon gave them a regular "house-warming" of the most approved sort. Music was furnished by the Bowdoin Mandolin Quartette. Baxter, Marston, and Marble were present as press representatives.

Mr. Simpson, the college janitor, recently received a note signed, "Respectfully in Behalf of the Y. M. C. A.," which requested him to stop Bob Evans peddling cigarettes around the "ends" evenings. Bob is a blessing. He brings his corn-cakes, his ginger-ale, and his cigarettes for those wishing them, and tries to make an honest dollar. He deserves support. The Y. M. C. A. officers have been interviewed, but know nothing of this letter. It would seem that some one is bent upon making trouble. Anonymous letters are the meanest and most sneaky things in existence. If college students can't judge as to the advisability of smoking cigarettes, they had best be sent home immediately. Bob may as well sell cigarettes as the down-town dealers, and his peddling does not encourage or increase their use. Let this would-be reformer come from his hiding-place and show himself, and not falsely conceal himself under the skirts of our Y. M. C. A.

The annual concert of the Bowdoin Mandolin and Glee Clubs was given February 3d, at Memorial Hall, to a crowded house. These concerts are becoming quite the social event of the season at Brunswick. The first selection on the programme was the "Bride Elect" march from Sousa's new opera, by the full Mandolin Club. The fact that the opera has been going only a couple of

weeks shows the progressive management of Mr. White. The Glee Club was given an ovation when it came upon the stage. There were one and twenty voices. Old Memorial fairly shook with echoes as the club sang its selections. Everything went with a snap and a zest. The repertoire is in keeping with college life and feeling; there was not a dull moment in the programme. This concert was far ahead of that at Bath. The men had confidence and were not afraid to let themselves out. The Mandolin Club has a baker's dozen in it, and a mandola which acts as a backbone to the club. The Mandolin Quartette, composed of Alfred B. White, '98, Willis B. Moulton, '98, Walter E. Merrill, Med., and Dwight R. Pennell, '98, guitar, is made up of artists who have played together for three years and are in perfect sympathy. The mandola solo, with Mandolin Club accompaniment, by Ernest Leon Jordan, was fine. The mandola is such a deep, rich-voiced instrument that it sounds almost like a harp. Then came one of the best numbers of the evening, by William L. Thompson, '99, the reader of the clubs. His first selection was a dialect story of a fat Dutchman, which brought him out for an encore. The rest of his selections were little original make-ups. He was repeatedly encoered until he was exhausted. The concert closed as all Bowdoin concerts close, with "Bowdoin Beata" by the combined clubs. There were thirty voices, and the instruments, singing

"Bowdoin Beata,
Our dear *Alma Mater*,
There is no fairer mother 'neath the sun."

The programme was as follows:

PART I.

The Bride Elect March.—Sousa. Mandolin Club.
We are Foresters Free and Bold.—Reyloff. Glee Club.
The Darkies' Cradle Song.—Wheeler.

Mandolin Quartette.

Messrs. Merrill, Moulton, White, and Pennell.
Tell Her I Love Her So.—DeFaye. Glee Club.
Selections—Jack and the Beanstalk.—Arr. by Barker.

Mandolin Club.

PART II.

The Beetle and the Flower.—Velt. Glee Club.
Mandola Solo. Mr. Jordan.
Ye Cattle.—Seymore Smith. Glee Club.
Reading. Mr. Thompson.
Serenade Roccoco.—Meyer-Helmund. Mandolin Club.
Bowdoin Beata.—Words by H. H. Pierce, '96.

Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

THE PSI Upsilon RECEPTION.

The ninth annual reception of the Kappa Chapter of Psi Upsilon was held on the evening of Friday, February 11th. An afternoon reception

and tea was given at South Maine, Rooms 5 and 7, by the Fraternity. Mrs. J. E. Drake and Mrs. J. O. Lincoln of Bath, were the chaperones. The dance was given in Memorial Hall, which was tastefully decorated with the fraternity colors. J. J. Pooler of the Sherwood, Portland, catered, and Gilbert's Orchestra furnished music. The following order of dances was indulged in:

Waltz.	A Rustic Lass.
Two-Step.	Up the Street.
Waltz.	Babbie.
Two-Step.	Stars and Stripes Forever.
Portland Fandcy.	Popular Medley.
Waltz.	Sylvan Reveries.
Two-Step.	La Russe.
Waltz.	Zenda.

INTERMISSION.

Two-Step.	Hot-Foot Sue.
Waltz.	Affaire d'Amour.
Two-Step.	Facemaker.
Waltz.	Magnolia Blossoms.
Two-Step.	Belle of the Season.
Waltz.	Serenade.
Two-Step.	Idol's Eyes.
Waltz.	Don't be Cross.

FOUR EXTRAS.

The patronesses were Mrs. William DeW. Hyde, Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mrs. Leslie A. Lee, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Mrs. William A. Houghton, Mrs. William A. Moody, Mrs. Stephen J. Young, Mrs. Franklin C. Robinson, Mrs. Frank C. Woodruff, Mrs. Charles C. Hutchins, Mrs. William MacDonald, Mrs. George T. Little, Mrs. Wilmot B. Mitchell. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of W. W. Lawrence, '98, W. L. Thompson, '99, A. W. Levensaler, 1900, H. L. Berry, 1900. The delegates from the other fraternities were, A Δ Φ, D. R. Pennell, '98; Δ K E, G. F. Stetson, '98; Z Ψ, W. B. Clark, '99; Θ Δ X, E. E. Spear, '98; Δ Υ, G. H. Sturgis, '98. The dancing lasted from nine until early in the morning, and an hundred or more people were present. Portland, Lewiston, and Bath all furnished delegations of guests, and a more successful evening was never passed.

The relay team that competed at the Boston Athletic Association Meet at Harvard made a very good showing, and ran a good race, although not a winning one. The *Harvard Crimson* says:

In the race between the second Varsity and Bowdoin, E. J. Green, captain of the Harvard team, was unable to gain over Stanwood until almost the close of the first relay, when he spurred and secured a lead of two yards, which A. W. Blakemore increased to ten yards over Snow. E. D. Fullerton, '98, easily held his own against Gregson, and when S. P. Goddard, 1900, started the last relay against

Kendall he had a lead of fifteen yards, which he held to the finish. Harvard's time was 3m. 20 1-5s.

The *Portland Press*, in speaking of the meet, remarks:

The Bowdoin men were Capt. Clarence F. Kendall, '98, of Biddeford, who won the largest number of points at the Maine Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet last spring, and won two gold medals at the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association games at Worcester; Edward Stanwood, Jr., '98, of Boston, who was prominent in track athletics in the Brookline High School, and has been very prominent since his entrance at Bowdoin; Donald F. Snow, 1901, of Bangor, who has won the quarter-mile several times in the Maine Interscholastic meets, and John Gregson, 1900, of Worcester, Mass., who has run the quarter on the Mechanics' Hall track in 52 seconds. All of these men can do the quarter in 52 seconds, or better, on familiar tracks. The selection of the team from Bowdoin, one of the smaller colleges, to compete with Harvard, was a recognition of Bowdoin's high standing in college athletics. The team did not expect to win, but made a creditable showing.

Debating Society.

The regular meeting of the George Evans Debating Society on Tuesday evening, February 8th, was devoted entirely to business, chief among which was the resignation of President Philoon.

Mr. Philoon has been President since the organization of the society a year ago last fall, and to his efforts is due a very large share of the success which has attended the society thus far. His re-election for the present year was a most fitting recognition of his services, and it is with great regret that the society is called upon to lose so faithful and efficient an officer. His recent illness, with the long absence from college which accompanied it, constitutes a most valid and reasonable ground for his resignation at this time, and the society could not do otherwise than accept it.

The election of a new president was deferred until the next meeting, which, as it would regularly come on Washington's Birthday, will probably be postponed till a week later, Tuesday evening, March 1st.

Arrangements are now in progress for a joint debate to be held under the auspices of the society, between representatives of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, but as yet the details are in too indefinite a shape to be made public.

Y. M. C. A.

The Association has had printed neat folders containing the topics of the Thursday evening meetings for the remainder of the year. Appropriate references to the Bible are made to enable one to look up the subject before the meetings.

The Thursday evening meeting, February 3d, was a purely business meeting, the principal affair of which was to choose delegates to attend the Student Volunteer Mission Convention, at Cleveland. The society elected West, 1900, and Robinson, 1900, delegates. Generous subscriptions from the Faculty and students will defray the expenses of the trip. This move on the part of the association cannot but be a popular one among the students, who will appreciate the signs of progress. Sunday afternoon, February 6th, President Laycock led the meeting. He took as his subject, "The Child is Father to the Man," and made from it a very helpful address. He carried out the thought that man makes his own environments.

Last Thursday evening Merrill, 1900, led the meeting. The subject of the meeting, as prescribed by the topic cards, was, "The Best Way to Study the Bible," with a biographical reference to the 19th Psalm, 7th to 14th verse. The speaker carried out the idea brought in the 7th and 8th verse: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes."

Last Sunday, February 13th, the association enjoyed a treat from Professor Robinson, who spoke on the general subject of the Relation of Modern Science to Immortality. It was not a sermon, nor was it what might properly be called an address; it was a chat by a Christian man of science to an audience of Christian students, who are hungry for the truths.

Prof. Robinson spoke of the long supposed conflict between Religion and Science, and mentioned the works which had been written upon the subject. Modern Science, however, goes hand in hand with the ideas of St. Paul as to the immortality of the soul. The old theory that a thorough student and a deep thinker could never believe in this part of religion, is a thing of the past. The more that is learned of science and of immortality, the more must an investigator connect them.

Immortality can be satisfactorily proved by the principles of Modern Science. It used to be assumed that material things decay and go out of existence. This has been, and still is among slothful students, the principal argument against the immortality of the human being. But Modern Science has proved that matter is not a transitory substance, it does not decay and disappear. It is impossible for any particle of matter to be destroyed. Much less is it possible to destroy energy and force. They only change form when they seem to disappear. There is an admitted continuity of matter and of force.

If a person was sufficiently intelligent and trained, he could trace every particle of matter to a multitude of forms, and he could distinguish in either, the record of any man or thing. He could trace every evidence of force that ever existed to the first motion. Scientifically, we know, said Prof. Robinson, that every man has an indelible record of every act of his life. The world is a photographic plate which receives the impression of every motion. The world embodies the principles of the camera, the kinetoscope, the phonograph, the barometer, the thermometer, and many more instruments invented, or uninvited, of reproducing form, action, thought, sound, heat, etc. The world, however, is a continuous performance and has all out doors to store the reproductions in.

There is an immortality of action from which one cannot escape. The results will crop out sometime.

While Prof. Robinson did not go into details at all and only journeyed along the frontiers of the great subject, he certainly gave every one a clearer and more satisfactory understanding of the relations of Modern Science and immortality.

Prof. Robinson will speak further upon the same subject and show more the concordance and accordance of the revelations and the principles of scientific truth.

Book Reviews.

(*Practical Idealism*. By William DeWitt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1897. \$1.50.) The manner in which a new book upon Philosophy is received by the public may be illustrated by the following conversation. A man, robust, with a digestive apparatus in perfect working order, was striding across the campus, whistling the Wedding March

from Lohengrin, when he came up with a friend, spare, dyspeptic, and—reflective, with a ponderous book under his arm. After a hearty "how are you?" the one asked the other what book he had. "A new philosophy," was the reply. "I'll lend it to you after I have finished it." "Not if I know it," was the rejoinder. "I love the trees, flowers, sunshine, and mean to keep my faith in them," and the happy man turned toward the Art Building, resuming his whistle. Moral: May it not be wise to let philosophy alone? Yet here is a new book, and the author has the usual thwack at poor old John Locke. John was a Calvinist and dyspeptic, as all Calvinists have been popularly supposed to be by established people, and in constructing a theory of the world as it presented itself to his mind, he unwittingly left out an important bit of mechanism. It seemed all right to him, but, bye and bye, when others undertook to make it spin, it went to pieces, and the fault was found to be constitutional. Since then everybody, that is, every philosophic body, sets up his image of Locke and has his thwack at it. It always represents the same blundering fellow, though, at times, it may have a longer whisker or more pronounced hook of the nose; but the differences are no greater than in the many images of Guy Fawkes, which are so much in evidence on the fourth of November in orthodox England, and this suggests the thought that in the populistic evolution of things, it may come about that we may yet have a Jack Locke's day, when everybody can have his thwack at the old fellow as well as the favored few.

It is pleasant to say, however, that President Hyde treats the victim in a gentlemanly manner, which Cousin did not do, for, not content with pounding him, he threw him down and jumped upon him like the Frenchman that he was.

When we look over the philosophic field we are inclined, if we are robust, to whistle. When Locke put forth his Essay, it was regarded as a perfect piece of work, and its author was almost deified. In England, such men as Hartley and Priestley became his disciples and worked out his problems to results little dreamed of by him; while in France, Condillac and Bonnet introduced him with a flourish of admiration, and, for a while, Locke's sensational system was the rage.

In Germany, however, the system of Locke never took deep root, and flourished but moderately for a time. In England opponents soon arose, and sensationalism was subjected to the closest scrutiny.

It was seen that Locke's idea, followed to its ultimate analysis, played the mischief with the religious system in which Locke was a faithful believer. One of the most vigorous opponents of sensationalism was Dr. Samuel Clark, who in his valiant efforts to show that infinite attributes were fundamental, placed himself in antagonism with Leibnitz and Spinoza. The bitter contests which were now waged between the metaphysical theologians and the deistical writers of Clark and Butler's day, bid fair to underwrite the very foundations of Faith.

Amid these controversies, Dr. Berkeley, like many others, feeling that any philosophy which made such havoc with religious faith must be radically wrong, set about constructing a new one which should meet the case. Locke's fundamental idea was that knowledge consists in ideas as the immediate objects of consciousness, and Berkeley, not questioning this, applied himself to a study of Locke's method of transition from the inner sphere of ideas to the objective one of material existence, and here, as he believed, found the corner-stone of a philosophic edifice which would defy the storms of criticism, and this corner-stone was, that as it is impossible for the human mind to get beyond ideas, ideas are the only real objects of knowledge. Thus he did away with objective existence, for if ideas are everything we can never prove that our sensations are occasioned by external objects of a material nature. A slight change in the organ of vision would change the object; indeed the eye might behold an object where no object existed. Confusion became worse confounded. Sensationalism, Idealism, Scepticism, Dogmatism, Eclecticism, were filling the world with discord, when Immanuel Kant, who had imbibed much knowledge from Leibnitz, stepped upon the scene with his Critical Philosophy and at once obtained an attentive audience. He started like Locke to search into the origin of ideas, and applied reason to the task. "Reason," he says, "is the faculty which furnishes the principles of cognition, *a priori*. Therefore pure reason is that which contains the principles of knowing something *absolutely a priori*." President Hyde has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of these confusing systems, and in "Practical Idealism" attempts to realize what he finds true in them. In his introduction he forecasts his method. "There are no worlds ready-made—each man must build his own. This effort of the mind to build the materials of sensation into an intelligible world, and this struggle of the will to mould the relations of persons into a moral order, is philosophy. *Every*

man must have a philosophy, just as he must wear a coat." He then proceeds to construct a "world of Sense-Perception; of Association; of Science; of Art; of Persons; of Institutions; of Morality; of Religion;" and in his work he uses the simplest materials possible. This is one charm of the book. The first chapter, "The World of Sense-Perception," our robust friend may read and whistle the while, for it presents in a clear and interesting manner, which he cannot fail to understand and admire, ideas which some writers have clothed in a terminology altogether confusing to him. The infant starts with his rattle, and finds it looks pretty, feels hard, sounds loud. Here he finds a mental key which fits the lock of the external world and opens the door of sense-perception. He is no longer imprisoned in the here and the now, but passes from the present sensation back to sensations which he has had before; forward to such repetitions of past sensations as he desires. The immediate and present becomes the symbol of the absent and remote; he gets a glimpse of an ideal, universal, and eternal world. The difference between the simple world of the infant and the complex world of the sage, saint, and seer, is in the amount of elaboration to which these sensations are subjected, and the amount of symbolic meaning they are compelled to support.

The world of association is the world we get by grouping things and events according to their more obvious relations. Association works along two lines—contiguity and similarity. By contiguity we put together elements found together in the outside world. The sight of the postmaster calls up the idea of the post-office; the whistle of the locomotive, the train and track. Association by similarity is a more subtle process. A watch calls up the town clock, because the idea of the watch and of the clock have the same element of time-keeping. Association by similarity is the intuitive performance of the function which science and reasoning make explicit. Science begins when we pass from mere perception of facts as they flow by us on the ceaseless stream of sensation, to precise and accurate observation. Science is, however, a skeleton of which the several natural laws are the constituent bones. Yet, though real and universal, these laws like bones have no warmth and life in themselves, apart from the flesh and blood of concrete facts and forces. Their life is in the facts, and their worth is the power they have to control facts and forces. This control of the facts and forces of the world through ideals according to laws is not

science but art. Art gives us the warm tints of the flesh, the graceful outlines of the form. Through science and art, nature and man are reconciled. The chapter devoted to Art closes the first part of the book, entitled the Natural World, and the second part, the Spiritual World, opens with "The World of Persons." This brings with it a new ideal. The world of science brought truth, or the harmonious relation of parts to each other in a system too vast for the harmony of the whole or its beauty to be sensibly perceived. The world of art brought beauty or the harmony of relatively small wholes. The world of persons demands goodness, or the harmony of free and independent members in a whole of their own creation. Thus the common work of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good is harmony, unity, self-consistency, wholeness, system, organization. The world of persons expands our range of interest and sympathy; but while we admire and adore, there yawns a gulf between our separate individualities. This gulf is bridged by the World of Institution. This chapter is perhaps the most noteworthy in the book, and should receive a wide and careful reading. In it the author is enabled to present his ideas of education, which are of a most advanced character and eminently practical.

To grasp the world as a whole, is the goal of all thought. Sense-perception ties a few bits of sensation together; association arranges them into larger groups; science binds them together in the bonds of the identity of common concepts and the relation of parts to each other, which the whole involves. Art moulds matter into the form of its ideal. Human life and love introduce new elements of caprice and waywardness. These are reduced to harmony and order through social institutions. Into this Edeu of institutional conventionality crawls the serpent of selfishness, and the resulting break between man and his social environment produces strife and discord without, guilt and remorse within. Morality tries to patch up these breaks and lesions where they occur, but gets entangled in the toils of subjectivity. To stop at this point is to leave our world uncompleted, our minds unsatisfied, our hearts unfilled, our wills unfreed. Religion alone offers a complete and ultimate unification of life. The world of religion is not a world apart from these special worlds of sense and science, art and humanity, institutions and morals. It is rather the larger, deeper unity, in which all these special aspects inhere, to which they all stand related, from which they derive their meaning and rationality. The

world of religion is the world of the Absolute Reason and the Eternal Love that includes all finite reality, and embraces all finite persons. The object of religion is God. Thus far we have quoted liberally from the author. In reading, one often seems to detect the influence of the great Swedish philosopher, whose so-called mysticism was, after all, in many respects, extremely practical. Doubtless with him and with Boehme, the author is familiar. Had the former not imposed such heavy burdens upon the credulity of students, his popularity with them would have been greater. As it is, other thinkers have been credited with some of his greatest thoughts.

This admirable book must add new laurels to the author's growing fame as a deep thinker, a close reasoner, and an accomplished writer. While it deals with abstruse subjects of thought, the language employed is so simple and direct that any one may apprehend the author's meaning without difficulty. This will commend it to many who dread contact with a new book of philosophy as with an easterly fog.

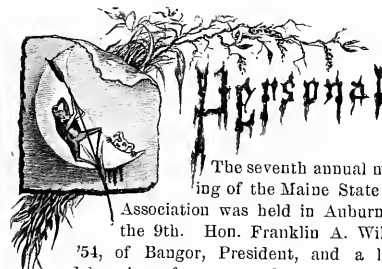
(*Varia*. By Agnes Repplier. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Boston and New York. 1898. Price \$1.25.) To review a new volume of essays is a much more difficult task than that of writing a notice of a new novel. So many different subjects are treated, in so many different veins, from the comic to the sarcastic, that each essay well might have its individual review. Especially is this the case with "*Varia*." Of the nine essays in this, Miss Repplier's most recent book, no two treat of subjects even remotely connected; each essay is a jewel by itself, while the nine form a crown of the greatest value. Her themes, which are refreshingly new, overflow with sarcasm, mirth, and good sense. Every essay has a pointed bearing which cannot be overlooked. No sermonizing is indulged in, however, for that is farthest from her wish. Commencing with "The Eternal Feminine," a scathing satire upon the modern new woman, whom Miss Repplier proves anything but new, she gives essays on the keeping of Diaries, on Guides, and so on. One of her best is "Cakes and Ale," which shows the utter absurdity of certain modern tendencies to eliminate all reference to drinking from our literature. Many of our best songs have that congenial occupation for their theme, and well they have. This collection of essays places its author fairly and squarely in the first rank of essayists. Her work may be classed with that of Robert Louis Stevenson; indeed, there is a striking similarity

between the essays of that author and this authoress. "Varia" may stand side by side with "Virginibus Puerisque" and the other essays of Stevenson.

(*The World Almanac and Encyclopædia*. New York. 1898.) Of all almanacs and encyclopædias this of the *New York World* is by far the most complete. Its statistics are remarkable for their completeness. Nothing seems to be omitted, and all conceivable topics are treated. It is a gigantic work, within the reach of every one. No newspaper office, no student of modern affairs, in fact no one can afford to be without a *World* almanac. Its five hundred pages are filled to overflowing. As for its ability to answer questions, the ancient oracles of Greece and Rome could not compare with it. Inexhaustible is the only term to be used in its description.

(*Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems*. By Henry Johnson. Byron Stevens, Brunswick, Me. 1898. Price \$1.25.) The publication by Professor Johnson of this exquisite volume of poems marks an event of importance, not only to himself but to his college; to himself for having given to the world a collection of highly artistic poems, and to the college for having such a collection appear from the pen of one of its professors. The poems are eminently sound in every respect; none of the doggerel verse that too often passes under the title of poetry is here contained. One-half of our modern poetry is unworthy of that name, but "Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems" is classified in the other half. As the highest praise that can be given a literary man is to call him a true poet, so the highest that can be said of a verse is that it is a true poem. Every one of Professor Johnson's poems is a poem in its best and truest sense. A new book of poems is not apt to be received with such a sounding of trumpets and beating of drums as a new story or novel. The story rises suddenly, is received with unbounded enthusiasm, and then drops out of view and practically of existence. Not so with a new poem or collection of poems. They rise much more gradually into favor, and the waning process never even commences. A true poem takes its place in the world of poetry, and holds it through thick and thin forever. Its influence never can be either lost or forgotten. After the dedicatory poem, which is one of the most delicate and effective of all, the volume is divided into those treating of Nature, Art, and Love, together with a collection of various poems and twelve sonnets. This arrangement is most fortunate, as it

relieves the confusion of having all sorts of poems hurrying one upon the other in apparent confusion. The poems exhibit a charming grace, a delicacy of feeling, and a love of nature, which make their readers wonderfully responsive to their sentiments. Too much cannot be said in praise of the spirit in which they are written—that of art—for in this matter-of-fact world what is most needed is some one to cultivate a taste for literature in its highest, most artistic form. The binding and make-up of the book harmonize perfectly with its contents. Its printers are the creators of *The Bibelot*, and that assures the attractive simplicity of the volume, which is in perfect taste.



The seventh annual meeting of the Maine State Bar Association was held in Auburn, on the 9th. Hon. Franklin A. Wilson, '54, of Bangor, President, and a large delegation of attorneys from all over the State, were in attendance. Among the officers chosen were George M. Seiders, '72, Portland, Vice-President; and Clarence Hale, '69, Portland, as a member of the executive committee. President F. A. Wilson delivered the annual address, a cogent and well prepared paper treating of law reforms. At the banquet served at the Elm House, President Wilson presided. Among the gentlemen who spoke was Hon. H. M. Heath, '72, Augusta. Covers were laid for 50. All the speakers favored drastic reforms in court practice, particularly in the acceleration of trials and decisions.

Med., '34.—Dr. Sumner Laughton, the oldest practicing physician in the Penobscot valley, died at his home, February 7th, at Bangor, of heart trouble. He had been about, although in failing health, until a week or more ago. He has been a prominent man in the profession for many years, having been in continuous practice since being graduated from the Bowdoin College Medical School in 1834. He came to Bangor to reside permanently in 1849. He was born in Norridgewock, April 5, 1812. His wife, who was Miss Mary Ann Parker of Hampden, died in 1896. He leaves two children, Mrs.

Frances P., wife of Benjamin H. Mace of Los Gatos, California, and Edward Sumner, who lives in the west. Two children have died, one son, Hon. Frederick M., ex-mayor of Bangor, passing away in 1897.

'41.—Hon. Frederick Robie was recently elected president of the Portland Clearing House Association at Portland.

'50.—The third annual banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers of the United States, took place Monday night at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, and was one of the largest and most elaborate affairs of the kind ever given in that city. One thousand guests were seated at the tables. President McKinley opened the speaking. Senator William P. Frye of Maine was next introduced as one of the greatest friends of the merchant marine service. In commenting upon his remarks, the *Lewiston Journal* says:

Senator Frye addressed the merchants' convention in New York City, Thursday evening, and as usual, he stirred the blood of the banqueters with his eloquence. Our Maine Senator was warmly applauded when he advocated single American control of the Nicaraguan Canal. Mr. Frye believes that Britain will get hold of Hawaii within a year unless we annex that country—an opinion which elicited some dissent. When Mr. Frye urged the importance of increasing our merchant marine he elicited hearty endorsement. Our Maine Senator thinks that we can learn something from the eagerness of European nations for territorial expansion, and he does not forget there is such a doctrine as the Monroe Doctrine.

Med., '54.—The *Journal of Medicine and Science* says:

The *Journal* takes pleasure in presenting a brief sketch of one of the most distinguished physicians of Kennebec County, Dr. Albion Parris Snow of Winthrop, who was born in Brunswick, Me., March 14, 1826. Like a majority of men who have attained eminence, Dr. Snow spent his early life upon a farm. Urged on by a strong desire for an education he acquired enough to teach school at the age of eighteen, in which position he improved every opportunity until he fitted himself for college, but on account of poor health he was unable to attend. He studied medicine under the instructions of one of the most brilliant men of his time, or, for that matter, of any time, Professor E. R. Peaslee. He attended lectures at Dartmouth Medical School, and graduated at the Medical School of Maine in 1854. In both schools he was Demonstrator of Anatomy. After six years of active practice, Dr. Snow visited the medical centers of Europe and this country. He early became a member of the Maine Medical Association, and in 1873 he was its president, advocating zealously the establishment of a State Board of Health in his address. He was one of the origi-

nators of the Kennebec County Medical Association and its president in 1869. He has done active work in the American Medical Association. In 1879 he was appointed a trustee of the Maine Insane Hospital, at Augusta. He was a member of the legislature in 1871, and made his public service subservient to his profession by introducing a bill to regulate the qualification of practitioners in medicine in this State. Next to his profession, the cause of education has been nearest to his heart, for he has constantly kept in view the appreciation and value of an education, owing to the obstacles he had to overcome to obtain one, and he has served many years on the school board of Winthrop. In fact he has constantly exerted a refining and elevating influence in his town, and its citizens have learned to love and respect him. This is one of the highest ideals of life and a great solace in the declining years of a life well rounded out like that of Dr. Snow's. The *Journal* trusts that the evening of his life may be long and that he may be permitted to remain many years among his numerous friends and admirers.

'58.—The *Knox County Historical and Genealogical Magazine* is edited and published by J. P. Cilley of Rockland. This magazine is publishing the complete family records of Knox County, and is one of the most authentic and complete genealogical publications on the market. The task is almost endless, but Mr. Cilley gives his work to the public in installments through his magazine. Mr. Cilley was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Maine Press Association at its annual meeting on the 26th.

'60.—*Leslie's Weekly* gives a portrait and the following sketch of Hon. W. W. Thomas:

William W. Thomas of Portland, Me., the new American minister to Sweden and Norway, has departed for his post. Mr. Thomas was appointed American minister to Sweden and Norway by President Arthur, but was succeeded by an appointee of the first Cleveland administration. When President Harrison came into office he restored Mr. Thomas to his post. Mr. Thomas's selection is regarded as a particularly fortunate one. His wife is a beautiful Swedish lady of noble birth and heritage, and during her husband's last mission did much to popularize Americans. Mr. Thomas himself is a great admirer of Sweden, and has written a very good history of that country and its people. Minister Thomas was born in Portland, about sixty years ago. His services in the State Department began as a young man of twenty-three, when he was selected by Secretary Seward as a bearer of an important treaty to Turkey. While on this mission Mr. Thomas was appointed as consul at Constantinople. Later he was one of the thirty war consuls appointed by President Lincoln, and he was sent to Gothenburg. Here he remained three years, thoroughly mastering the language of the country and making a close study of the people. In 1890 he went to Sweden and picked out fifty hardy Swedes, brought them to America, and founded a colony on the St.

John's river, in Maine, calling it New Sweden, sharing the privations of the colonists as if he were one of them himself. New Sweden is now a village of three thousand souls. Minister Thomas enjoys the personal acquaintance and regard of King Oscar, and on more than one occasion has been on hunting trips with him. The reception accorded Mr. Thomas by King Oscar last week was almost unprecedented. Both the King and Mr. Thomas spoke most enthusiastically of the cordial relations existing between their governments.

'62.—The Postmaster-General has appointed George G. Kimball of Wells, Me., post-office inspector with headquarters at Spokane, Wash. The position pays a salary of \$1,600 a year, with \$4 a day for travelling expenses. Mr. Kimball has been a clerk in the office of the post-office inspector at Spokane for about a year, and his good fortune comes in the nature of a civil service promotion. When Speaker Reed was a student at Bowdoin College, Mr. Kimball was also. The two were fast friends as students, which accounts in large part for the present appointment. Young Kimball went into business. Shortly after the war he drifted to South Carolina, where he owned and edited a Republican paper. When the Republicans were ousted from the state government, Mr. Kimball lost his newspaper and not a little money. Later Mr. Kimball engaged in newspaper work in New York and finally became head of the New York Associated Press, where he was paid a salary of \$5,000 per annum. Mrs. Kimball was in poor health, and on her account Mr. Kimball was compelled to give up his good position and go to Washington to live. His entire fortune was consumed in attempting to restore her health. At last he secured a position with the census office, which he retained for some time. When this position was no longer available for him, Mr. Kimball was reduced to extremities. He remained in Washington for a time until he secured a clerical position in Spokane, as above stated. Speaker Reed knew of Mr. Kimball's ill fortune and interested himself in helping his former college mate. Senator Frye, Representative Alexander, a native of Richmond, Me., and elected to Congress from a Buffalo district, both of whom are graduates of Bowdoin, and Representative Dingley, all turned in to help the Speaker secure the appointment, which was announced late last week. Mr. Kimball's father was Israel Kimball, who lived in Washington for many years. He was employed in the Internal Revenue Division of the Treasury Department and invented a device for cancelling revenue stamps that is in use by the government to the present day. Mr. Kimball, however, never

received a cent for this invention, and for many years prosecuted a claim unsuccessfully before Congress to recover compensation. Mr. George G. Kimball is a lawyer by profession and has lived a part of his life in Portsmouth, N. H.

'64.—Hon. Charles F. Libby has been appointed a committee of investigation on the troubles of the Cumberland Bar Association. Cutting rates have apparently been resorted to, owing to an over-supply of lawyers, and this committee is to thoroughly overhaul the matter.

'73.—David W. Snow has been elected one of the directors of the so-called Paper Trust recently organized in New York. This corporation represents \$45,000,000 capital, and is called the International Paper Co.

'73.—Hon. Augustus F. Moulton has consented to become a candidate for the Republican mayoralty of Deering, Me. He is a strong anti-annexationist, Deering-Portland.

'74.—Prof. D. O. S. Lowell of the Roxbury Latin School, who has just returned from a year of travel abroad, lectured upon Russia at the Temple Baptist Church, Roxbury, Mass., last evening. Prof. Lowell has the happy faculty of making others see through his eyes. In the course of his remarks he said: "A Polish philosopher once remarked—'God made Venice, man made Rome, but the devil made St. Petersburg.'" From this point the lecturer took up briefly the story of the life of Peter the Great, founder of the city, and gave his picture, as well as those of all the Russian rulers who have followed him. Many fine views of scenes, people, and buildings in St. Petersburg, as well as in Moscow, were presented. The audience was highly appreciative and applause was frequent. The lecture was under the auspices of the Young Men's Union of the church.

Med., '83.—The regular meeting of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science was held at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, Portland, Monday evening, the 14th. The programme included a paper by Thomas Fillebrown, M.D., D.D.S., on the subject, "The Physiology of Vocalism."

Med., '84.—Dr. John C. Bowker gave the first in a series of three travel talks at The Jefferson, Portland, last Monday evening, before an audience that embraced many of Portland's best known citizens. Dr. Bowker is probably one of the most travelled men of the day, and he has well informed himself during his visit to South Africa of all the people and events in the Transvaal that have brought that country so prominently before the world in the

last year. Dr. Bowker lived in Portland from 1881 to 1884, and was a student at the Portland Medical School. He took his degree at Bowdoin. He has a very agreeable manner, understands how to mingle the humorous and serious, and in fact, may be considered a lecturer on foreign countries far in advance of any we have had, perhaps barring Mr. Stoddard. This series of Illustrated Travel Talks are of great interest. Dr. Bowker has been a great traveller and his lectures have commanded most unstinted praise from the most critical audiences in the large cities. His programme at The Jefferson comprises The Transvaal, a romantic story of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes and the famous Barney Barnato and Acres of Diamonds at Kimberly; Spain as she is to-day, with side lights on the Cuban question; and Hawaii, Paradise of the Pacific, all illustrated with magnificent scenes.

Hon., '85.—There is a strong movement in favor of Judge C. W. Walton, for the vacancy soon to occur on the Maine Bench at the expiration of Judge Foster's ('64) term. Another candidate who is prominently mentioned is Judge A. D. Cornish, n., '69, of Lewiston. It is said that Judge Walton, who hesitated to accept a renomination when his term expired, on account of his health, is now in excellent health and would not decline renomination. Judge Walton is three-score and ten and a little over. The nomination will be made about March 24th.

Med., '87.—Dr. E. W. Gould, who was formerly fish and game warden of Maine, and who, until recently, was in practice in Thomaston, will leave Rockland next Monday for the Klondike. Dr. Gould is one of a party of seven. These gentlemen have made a thorough study of the situation and figure that it will cost them about \$800 apiece be provisioned for a year and a half. They go by to get to the gold diggings, and that they will take the way of Seattle and Chilkoot Pass, leaving Seattle about the first of March. This hazardous journey is not the outcome of a sudden inspiration, but has been in the minds of Mr. Gould and his associates for a year or more. Every man in the party is well-to-do, having been prominent in Maine business and professional circles for many years. Those who leave families behind leave them well provided for. The members of the party are figuring on all sorts of dangers, and know full well that it isn't a summer pleasure trip on which they are about to embark, but they have pluck and endurance, and if fortune favors them, will endeavor to wrest a fortune from the land of gold and ice. Dr.

Gould will take along his surgical kit, although it is his intention to confine his time wholly to mining. He will also take along a portion of his splendid fishing gear, unable to withstand the temptations offered by the plentitude of salmon and grayling in western waters. The best wishes of countless Maine friends will follow this Isaak Walton and his party.

'90.—The New England Education League has recently been formed. Its object is to aid in giving to all children in New England equal public school advantages. The League is to have a general committee of one hundred members. Prof. W. B. Mitchell represents Bowdoin on this committee.

'93.—The municipal elections at Portland are producing an unusual stir this season. In Ward 6, two Bowdoin men are running for councilmen on Republican tickets,—John H. Pierce, '93, and Elias Thomas, Jr., '94. Both have begun active canvasses.

'93.—George S. Mahan, A.M., M.D., who, since his graduation from the Medical School in 1896, has been connected as medical attendant with the Rhode Island Penitentiary and Insane Hospitals, recently received the appointment of Assistant Physician and Pathologist to the Rhode Island State Institutions at Howard. As Dr. Mahan's new duties do not require his presence continually in Howard, he has settled for general practice in Providence, seven miles distant, after having successfully passed the rigid examination imposed by the State laws upon medical practitioners.

'94.—R. H. Baxter is in the far west on a business trip. He is connected with a large water company there as treasurer.

'97.—John H. Morse is studying medicine in the Harvard Medical School.

Hon., '97.—Reuen Thomas, D.D., Vice-President of the New England Sabbath Protective League, presided at the third anniversary meeting of that society, in the absence of the President, Senator George F. Hoar. The *Boston Journal* says:

Mr. Thomas gave a brief history of the league and the object of its formation. It arose, he said, out of the efforts of those who were convinced that, unless something were done to protect the Lord's Day, it would become a disgrace to the good old State of Massachusetts. Members of the League believed that the Sabbath is a divine institution, and that no man could have formed and perpetuated and sanctified the day of rest unless there was a divine ordainment.

The Sophomores of the University of Minnesota challenged the Freshmen to a spelling match. An admission fee of ten cents was charged, and the proceeds went to the Oratorical Association.

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At the various alumni meetings that have been held during the past month the questions of our college policy have been freely and fully discussed. The matter of individual instruction, of entrance examinations, of courses, of finance, and of Bowdoin's contribution to the welfare of the country have all been thoroughly commented upon and understood. Two questions, however, there were which have not generally been understood and about which considerable misapprehension has existed, especially at college among the undergraduates—that of admitting larger classes and that of discriminating against athletes.

For some time rumors have been afloat that more than fifty per cent. of those applying for admission were turned away, owing to the severity of our entrance examinations and the raising of the standard of admission purposely to cut down the entering classes. It has been said that last year some one hundred and twenty or thirty applied and only about sixty admitted, thus showing the policy in this direction. The truth of the matter is this, that last year some one hundred and forty applications were made for examination papers, preliminary and final, and of this a good fifty per cent. were preliminary papers. In round numbers, seventy applied

for admission last fall, and about sixty were admitted. Surely this is not the great weeding-out process of which we have heard. To admit sixty out of seventy applicants is all that could be either desired or expected. This case illustrates the absurdity of these criticisms. The college authorities are not opposed to growth—healthy growth, and they want it to a man. What they do not want is an abnormal growth, encouraged by those dishonorable means which seem to be so much employed by certain sister institutions. No inducements are offered, and if sixty, seventy, eighty or more apply for admittance unsolicited, and if they pass the examinations, they are heartily welcome to our midst. Bowdoin must grow, but we don't propose to use all the modern appliances in this direction.

A like misapprehension has existed with regard to admitting athletes. This has been probably due, in large measure, to our recent unfortunate efforts in athletics, and the attempt to find a solution for the difficulty. The solution found, however, is entirely false. Both the Faculty and the students favor athletics, both want winning teams, and both will do and are doing all in their power to produce such teams. Bowdoin is an athletic college; she has accomplished wonders in that line, and she hopes to duplicate them in the future. No college appreciates her athletes more than we do, and no Faculty could be less discriminating against athletes than ours. We encourage honorable athletes, and if any apply for admission and can prove themselves able to pass the examinations and to maintain a certain standard of scholarship, which is by no means too high, we receive them with open arms, Faculty and students. We don't resort to the tricks of professionals in the conduct of our athletics, however. If any athletes or prospective athletes have been turned away, they have themselves to blame.

These rumors of discrimination have originated with such men, and we wish to stamp them, without loss of time, as absolutely false. We discriminate neither for nor against athletes, any more than either for or against singers, writers or theological students, and it is high time such reports were contradicted, fairly and squarely.

Bowdoin treats all alike, from the student to the foot-ball player; she encourages both, and she rejoices in their successes and mourns over their defeats.

PRESIDENT HYDE recently announced to the Boston Alumni Association, at their annual banquet, that the college could now afford a new library building. This statement coming from one in authority may well make the hearts of all Bowdoin men joyful. With a new library building, our cup of happiness will be well-nigh complete; well-nigh, we say, for Winthrop Hall needs renovation, also the gymnasium, and sundry other improvements are called for. Nevertheless, we can never be satisfied, something always will be wanted, and well it is that such is the case. We must grow better and better unceasingly. A library building, however, is the most pressing necessity, except the two above mentioned, and they are positively assured next summer. Many thanks are due those who have so successfully maintained our rights in our litigations. We shall all await any further developments of the library case with interest, and hope that now we are able, no time will be lost in making the building a reality.

WHEN the Maine State College obtained from the Legislature, some time ago, a large sum of money and the title of the University of Maine, the other Maine colleges looked with disfavor upon this seeming partiality. By adroit manœuvring the Legislature was brought into line, and the appropria-

tion forced through in a manner not altogether dignified. Ever since then there has been a strong sentiment against this action, and the most recent manifestation of it comes from a newspaper outside the state. This paper is authority for the report that the University of Maine is "endeavoring to put aside the agricultural courses of study," and that she "is about to add a law department to her equipment." Continuing, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, the paper in question, says that the contempt in which manual labor is held is overcrowding the professions, and that agricultural pursuits are being looked down upon by "those aristocratically inclined persons in Maine."

These charges are eminently just. The University of Maine is primarily an agricultural institution, and such it should remain. When the country is flooded with law schools and deluged with lawyers it would seem a crying shame to unnecessarily add more to this already overburdened profession. When that institution was founded for the advancement of agriculture, when it is ostensibly maintained for that purpose out of the public purse, why should it branch out into fields with which it has no logical connection? When the state is in great need of a practical, scientific agricultural class, when mortgaged farms abound everywhere, it would seem that our State Agricultural College has all the work to which it can profitably attend. In the present condition of agriculture, where modern methods may be used, it is no disgrace to become a farmer, it is an honor. The country and the state need farmers, and the University of Maine should cultivate them.

Outside newspapers may well call us "aristocratically inclined," but the people of Maine in general are not, only the Faculty of the University of Maine. The three colleges of the state, Colby, Bates, and Bowdoin, do not grudge their sister institution one

cent of her large annuity, in fact they would be perfectly willing it should be doubled if the University of Maine would but be content to perform her duty and not try to branch out into the numberless departments of education. The state should no more establish a law school than a divinity school, a medical school or an art school. As long as the University of Maine continues to be an agricultural college she will be respected and beloved by her sister institutions, so long and no longer.

THE idea that members of the Senior Class should, at an early date, give up their various positions at the head of the college organizations to members of the Junior Class, is one based upon absolutely false grounds. This idea, moreover, seems to be slowly hardening into a practice with us, and once a practice it is but a short step to a tradition. When a *tradition* is attacked, it is well-nigh hopeless to expect any change, therefore the *IDEA* wishes to utter a protest against the *idea* that Seniors should be superseded as managers, presidents, editors, leaders and so on before it is absolutely necessary. This may seem rather personal as it comes from the pen of a Senior, but such is far from being the case. Members of the Senior Class are of larger experience, wider knowledge, and better equipment in every respect for conducting the undergraduate policy of the college. Age, if nothing more than a single year, counts for much when we all are so very young, and who are prepared to manage affairs capably unless the Seniors are? Some may say that Seniors have no time to devote to the general affairs of the college, but such arguments come only from members of lower classes who are anxious to assume premature control. Who ever heard a Senior say he had no time to do this or that for the welfare of the college, or that his commencement part or committee

work prevented him? A man has as much time as he wishes, and there is no limit to what he may accomplish. The excuse of "no time" is by far the most pitiable one ever offered by an undergraduate. The Senior always has time, and should be allowed to use it in the interests of his college.

Not alone in college managements, but in our general life the Senior is treated too much like a distinct being. He is the head of the college body and supposedly the most capable in all branches of college work; if so, why should he be forced into a false condition of leisure. He takes as much and more interest in college affairs than others, and should have the privilege of conducting them. If the tendency to place other classes in control grows much larger, we may soon have Freshmen managers, Freshmen editors, and possibly the Freshmen may change places with the Seniors in our morning chapel services.

The ORIENT pleads for Senior control in all branches of strictly collegiate life: he has time, ability, and inclination, and should not be robbed of the chance to display them. Let the Senior be our leader until the very day of his graduation.

Alpha Delta Phi Convention.

THE sixty-sixth annual convention of the $\Lambda \Delta \Phi$ Fraternity was held with the Toronto Chapter at Toronto, Canada, on February 10th, 11th, and 12th. Although Toronto is one of the baby chapters of the fraternity, it was very evident that her manner of entertaining the brothers from the states was anything but childish. A few delegates arrived on Wednesday night, but not until Thursday morning did they pour in on every train. At the station the delegates were welcomed by a corps of Toronto brothers. It was a largely attended convention, there being over one hundred delegates from the various chapters.

The convention was called to order at 10.30 in Temple Building by Brother Charles E. Sprague, secretary of the Fraternity, and acting president in place of Clarence A. Seward, deceased. At 2.30 there was a business session of a private nature. At 8 P.M. a brilliant gathering assembled in Association Hall on the occasion of the public exercises. Sir William Meredith presided over the opening ceremonies.

After the playing of several fraternal airs by Ghouna's orchestra and the singing of fraternal songs by the brethren, addresses were made by Dr. Parkin of Upper Canada College, President Raymond of Union College, and Brother Charles E. Sprague of New York.

At the conclusion of the public exercises a large number of the sisters of the Fraternity and their friends adjourned to the Temple Building, where a reception was held, followed by a dance. The beautiful hall of the building was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers, and a more pleasing spectacle than that presented by the jolly party as they fitted to and fro, could scarcely be imagined.

On Friday evening the brothers assembled at the Temple and celebrated the last night of the sixty-sixth convention of the Fraternity with a thoroughly enjoyable banquet, characterized by a spirit of good fellowship, heightened by the close ties of friendship which bound the brothers to one another.

Toasts were responded to by Brother Sprague of Union, Brother W. H. Moore of Toronto, Brother Benjamin Franklin of New York, Brother Loran L. Lewis of Williams, and Brother Tracy C. Beeker of Buffalo. The speeches were pleasantly varied with songs and jests, and it was a well-pleased gathering that broke up at an early hour in the morning. Bowdoin Chapter was represented by Joseph Banks Roberts, '95, Oliver Dow Smith, '98, Wallace H. White, Jr., '99.

Theta Delta Chi Convention.

THE semi-centennial celebration and fifty-first annual convention of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity was held at the Windsor Hotel, New York City, February 8th, 9th, and 10th, and was the greatest event in the whole history of the Fraternity. The convention was in session forenoon and afternoon, on the 8th and 9th, and much business of importance was transacted. On the evening of the 8th a reception was tendered to the delegates by the Graduate Club of New York City, and a very enjoyable evening was passed.

An open session was held on Thursday morning, February 10th, in the convention hall, which was crowded to overflowing. The oration on this occasion was delivered by President Capen of Tufts College, and was a masterpiece from beginning to end. The poem was recited by Rev. Cameron Mann. The history of the first quarter century was given by Col. William L. Stone, and that of the last quarter century by Professor Duncan C. Lee of Columbia University. Abel Beach and Andrew Green, the only surviving founders of the Fraternity, were present, and were tendered a reception immediately at the close of the exercises.

Fully two hundred and fifty loyal Theta Deltas, young and old, took their places in the banquet hall on Thursday evening, and a bountiful repast was served. Rev. Mahlon L. Gilbert was toast-master. A lively and joyful spirit pervaded the guests, and stirring speeches were made.

Eta was represented by N. R. Webster, '81, E. H. Newbegin, '91, J. H. Morse, '97, C. C. Williamson, '98, W. H. Smith, '99, and L. P. Libby, '99.

The celebration was a great success and surpassed, in fact, the most sanguine hopes of its promoters. Every charge was represented, from Minnesota to Maine. Gray-

haired men came from California and Florida to attend the festivities, and each went away feeling that he was well repaid for his journey.

Meeting of Washington Alumni Association.

TWENTY-ONE of the Bowdoin alumni were seated at one big table at the Shoreham, at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association in Washington, Monday evening, February 14th. Chief Justice Fuller, Speaker Reed, Senator Frye, General Ellis Spear, Representatives Alexander of New York and Stevens of Minnesota, S. G. Davis, J. C. Strout, Dr. Woodbury Pulsifer, W. F. White, John B. Cotton, Col. W. H. Owen (U. S. Army), H. L. Prince, Fred O. Fish, Prof. John W. Chickering, Rev. Frank Sewall, Horace Jordan, Amos L. Allen, A. D. Willard, Rev. W. S. Southgate, Albert C. Cobb, and Editor Hayes of the *Washington Star*, were present.

Chief Justice Fuller, president of the association, presided, and when the menu had been concluded, opened the course of speeches by appropriate remarks. He referred to the gathering of the alumni of Bowdoin as a practice that should be maintained, and said the college had great reason to be proud of the men who had been connected with it, both as its Faculty and as its students.

Mr. Cotton was chosen toast-master. Representative Alexander, '70, was first called upon. Mr. Alexander, being a new member, said he was surprised that he was given an opportunity to speak so soon, and casting a glance at Speaker Reed, said he feared he would be hammered down before he proceeded very far. He referred pleasantly to some of his earliest remembrances of Mr. Reed, when the latter exercised the power of czar over a school many years ago, and he said he had no doubt the scholars bowed to his mandates then as gracefully as others had done forty years later.

"I don't believe it," said Senator Frye, from the other end of the table.

"They did, Frye," retorted Mr. Reed, with a smile.

Toast-master Cotton presented Representative Stevens, of the Class of '81.

"I think the toast-master appreciates the situation in which I am placed," said Mr. Stevens. "I am grateful to him, for I think I ought to have an opportunity to talk in the presence of our Speaker somewhere; but I rather fear the Speaker will take advantage of my being given a chance to speak here to make my speech run over the whole session. I did not come here to make a speech, for I hoped to make a speech in the House. I regret that my remarks cannot go in the *Congressional Record*, so that I might get an opportunity to re-elect myself," concluded Mr. Stevens.

"If it were put in the *Record*," interposed Mr. Reed, "nobody would ever know that you had made it."

William Frye White, '97, spoke at some length regarding the present condition of Bowdoin.

Mr. Reed then spoke briefly. He said he was glad to see that Representatives Alexander and Stevens always had a chance to speak at the alumni meetings, although he discovered that they complained that they did not have that privilege in the House. He was surprised that they wanted their remarks in the *Record*, where they never would be seen.

Speaking of remembrances of Bowdoin, he said they were to him laden with much sadness. "If any one had told me when I was at Bowdoin," he said, "that I would ever run for Congress or that I should ever be elected if I did run for that or any other political office, I should never have believed it."

Mr. Reed said as he looked back upon his college days it was not the bright fellows who had prospered, who had the largest place in

his heart, but that place was given to some of the "scapegraces." He said he was glad to learn that to-day there is pleasant intercourse between the Faculty and students. There was no such association in his days, when the professors were regarded as the natural enemies of the boys, though he made the president of the college an exception to this rule, and to him he paid a high compliment.

Senator Frye made feeling references to Elijah Kellogg and to the great work he had done for Bowdoin College.

Rev. Dr. Sewall spoke of his college days, and, making reference to the movement for the erection of a monument to Longfellow at Washington, spoke of the monument to the poet at Portland.

Toast-master Cotton also referred to the movement for a statue of Longfellow.

Chief Justice Fuller made some further references to the movement for a statue of Longfellow, and he said he was satisfied that it would result successfully.

Toast-master Cotton concluded the evening's speeches by saying, as he glanced toward Speaker Reed, that the alumni would soon be honored by having one of its members chosen to be chief executive of the nation.

Chief Justice Fuller was elected president for the ensuing year.

The evening's entertainment concluded with the singing of college songs.

At Last.

HMASA GREY graduated at Harvard with the Class of 1813. That class was small, as compared with a Harvard class of to-day, numbering but forty, and Grey was the youngest of all, being but nineteen at graduation.

Naturally somewhat wild and roving, he spent the next forty years wandering about the world. He had visited the land of Homer and the empire of Confucius; he had

seen Etna pour forth its flames, and watched the destructive fire sweep over the prairies of Kansas; and finally he had drifted back to old Massachusetts to find himself the only surviving member of the Class of '13.

Then came the cry that echoed and re-echoed through the country, "Sumter has been fired upon." This was immediately followed by Lincoln's call for volunteers.

Grey, now an old man of sixty years, went straight to the recruiting office, and swearing by all that was great and good he was but forty-four, begged to be allowed to enlist. Permission was granted, and he became a private in Company D, Second Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He behaved with great bravery in the various battles of the first three years of the war, and began the siege of Petersburg as a sergeant.

For nine long months the Army of the Potomac lay there before the city and with it Amasa Grey, while Lee, hemmed in as he was, racked his brain to discover a plan whereby he might save Richmond.

On the second of April, 1865, Grant ordered a division of infantry, screened by cavalry, to gain the rear of the wily Lee. The Second Massachusetts was in that division. The plan worked to a charm. At midnight the column was in position, and at daylight a charge was made upon the fortifications. Lee had discovered them, and protected by his earthworks, was prepared for defence. They charge with fixed bayonets; the rebels fire, the line wavers, it recoils; the color-bearer of the Second drops dead, but Amasa Grey seizes the banner, and with a shout rushes for the works. The Second follows him and the division follows the Second. He has planted the standard on the works. The rebels flee, and the fort is taken.

Now Grant holds the position for which the Army of the Potomac has contended for

four long, bloody years, and the cry runs through the North, "Richmond is taken."

But in the midst of all this joy and gladness the Second Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry is sad; their brave but reckless color-bearer is dead; the last of Harvard '13 has passed to a better world.

W. L. SANBORN, 1901.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Village Wharf.

From sylvan steeps the moon ascends

On high to soar;

To journey its lone path it tends

As day is o'er.

The croaking frog now rends the still

From marshes near,

While by the lake tunes whip-poor-will

So sad and clear.

The aged wharf looms dark and cold

Where wavelets kiss.

Its twilight charms have ne'er been told,

Yet here is bliss.

Oh, happy hours that heedless glide:

Would they had stayed!

On these rude stones at eventide

Hath childhood played.

Here dreamy youth, when day was o'er,

Light footsteps turned.

To dizzy heights would fancy soar,

While ardor burned.

Plain rustics sought this spot aside

Love's vows to make

To maidens purer than the tide

Which sweeps yon lake.

And doubting souls, athirst for truth,

In plaintive tones

Have prayed to God for grant of faith

On these cold stones.

O granite grey! 'mid joy and tears

Upon the shore

All secrets die in thy deaf ears

For evermore.

—PERCY A. BABB, 1900.

Mr. Noman.

(From the *Odyssey*.)

All lovers of Archaic lore, attention give to me,
For I will sing most cheerfully, that each and all
may see

How Polyphemus drank the wine which, in a good-
sized cup,

The sage Odysseus poured out, and to him handed up.

Now, one-eyed Polyphemus had Odysseus in a fix ;
The brains of his companions in a soup-dish he did
mix

And eat. But wise Odysseus such a fate did not
invite,

But thought, "I'll put his eye out e'er he takes
another bite."

Three times he filled the bowl, and thrice the giant
drank it up,

And then the first words that he said were, "Good,
kind sir (hiccup),

Pray tell me where you got this drink, it is such
fine old wine ;

Also your name, for you, I think, must be almost
divine ;

"And I will give to you a gift." Odysseus, bending
low,

Replied, "Dear sir, I would that you and every
man should know

That Mr. Noman is my name." Quoth the giant
with a roar,

"Then Noman will I eat the last, the others all
before."

He then fell back, for he was full—as we should say
"dead drunk,"

And when the frightful ogre into drunken sleep had
sunk,

'Twas then Odysseus took a stick, and when 'twas
heated well,

Jabbed it into the Cyclop's eye,—Oh, deed most
follly fell.

Then Polyphemus, in a rage, and suffering great
pain,

Exclaimed, "They've put my eye out," and then he
roared again.

His brother giants heard his cries, and, standing
round his cave,

Cried, "Polly, what's the matter ? Why do you so
madly rave ?"

But them he answered with a groan, "Oh dear, don't
question me ;

Noman is hurting me by force, no one by craft,"
said he.

"Then go to bed and get to sleep, and don't make
such a fuss ;

If nightmare's all that troubles you, why do you
bother us ?"

And with this answer to his words, away in baste
they went,

While Odysseus, from his corner, after them a
chuckle sent.

Then in the morn, Odysseus and his friends escaped
the cave,

Not knowing how the giant in the future might
behave.

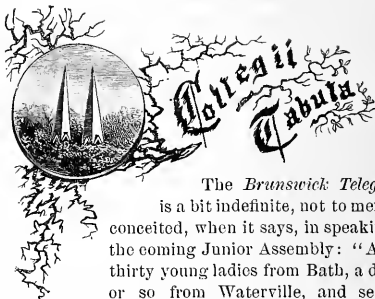
But from the cavern's entrance they had not pro-
ceeded far

Before they turned around and yelled, "By-by,
Cyclops, ta-ta."

"Mr. Noman" now is ended. Of Odysseus and
his modesty

If you would more acquaintance have, go seek it in
the *Odyssey*.

—Z., 1901.



The *Brunswick Telegraph* is a bit indefinite, not to mention conceited, when it says, in speaking of the coming Junior Assembly: "About thirty young ladies from Bath, a dozen or so from Waterville, and several from Lewiston, are expected. The most attractive of the company will, as usual, hail from Brunswick." This is rather a sweeping statement and might be open to question. It all depends upon the point of view as to what constitutes attractiveness, also upon the use of the singular and plural.

Bacon, 1900, has been absent, sick.

Strout, 1900, is out sick (homesick).

Bass, 1900, was at home on business.

College closed on Washington's Birthday.

Foster, 1901, was out on account of illness.

Bodge, '97, was visiting friends.

Stubbs has been visiting friends in Boston.

The ORIENT board faced Webber recently.

Sawyer, ex-'97, visited a few friends recently.

W. W. Fogg, '96, spent last Sunday with college friends.

"The Twelve Temptations" will be in Bath the 10th.

A great many students are confined to their rooms with colds.

Pussies are fast expiring for the cause of science, the Seniors tell us.

The second Junior Assembly, scheduled for the 16th, was postponed.

W. J. Sargent, '98, has been passing a few days at his home in Brewer.

F. Hill, 1901, Tyler, 1901, and S. M. Clark, 1901, are back from teaching.

The Freshman Class is about to begin the course in Trigonometry.

F. C. Lee, 1900, has been confined at his home in Newcastle, by illness.

The Tufts Base-Ball Team is scheduled to play here on the first of June.

S. M. Clark and F. L. Hill, 1901, who have been out teaching, are back.

A mid-term exam. was the terror to the Sophomore Logic Class last week.

Clement, 1900, who has been teaching for several weeks past, is back at college.

Robert Edwards, 1900, has been at his home in Boston, with a sprained ankle.

'99 has had several meetings of late. Her great question is that of popular man.

Albee, '99, who has been teaching school in Gorham, has returned to college.

Several students took a short respite at home during the absence of the President.

Dr. Whittier is to instruct the third year Medics in Bacteriology during the spring term.

Prof. Woodruff recently addressed the Colby students upon "The Bible in Education."

Prof. F. C. Robinson as Supervisor, seems to be very popular just at present in local politics.

The Freshmen have elected P. S. Hill as squad leader, and Foster as manager of the track team.

West and Robinson, 1900, are in New York, representing the College Y. M. C. A. at a convention.

The Freshmen are to read as outside reading in French, Souvestre's "Un Philosophie sour les Toits."

P. S. Mooney, representative of C. H. Nason, is at 15 South Appleton, with samples of tailor woolsens.

Spring is coming. One morning last week the birds were singing. They were not robins, however.

The Sophomore German Class is using as a book for sight reading, Guerber's "Märchen und Erzählungen."

The Athletic Exhibition is to be a grand one. It has been appointed for the 18th of March, a week earlier than usual.

Farwell, 1900, is reported as improving slowly, and his recovery is now pretty well assured, thanks to the best of medical care.

Minard, 1900, who has been teaching in the Bowdoinham Grammar School for a term of about ten weeks, has returned to college.

Edgar G. Pratt, '97, who has been in Boston since last September studying law at the University, was at home for a few days' rest.

There has been a goodly influx of "stiffs" into the Medical School cellar during this term, in fact the authorities have rather more than they need.

The Twentieth Century Twelve Dancing Party to be held in Lewiston, will draw many of the fellows who were so fortunate as to receive invitations.

The third themes of the term were due Tuesday, March 1st.

SUBJECTS.

For Sophomores and for Juniors not taking Political Economy:

1. The Old-Time Lyceum as an Educator in Maine.
 2. Will Electricity Supersede Steam as the Tractine Power on our Railroads?
 3. A Short Story.
 4. Tennyson's "In Memoriam."
- Junior themes of Political Economy division:
1. The Bond Contracts of the Cleveland Administration.
 2. The Theory of Money.
 3. Fall in Prices Since 1873.

The Bates Student for January arrived the middle of last month. Its delay was probably caused by its new dress, which is a decided improvement upon its old.

The Juniors enjoyed Prof. Johnson's hospitality last Thursday evening, as preceding classes have done. They all appreciated the reception, and it was a most pleasant occasion.

A double quartet, composed of singers from the Bowdoin Glee Club, furnished some excellent singing at the Baptist Church, Topsham, last Sunday evening. Lucien P. Libby, '99, was organist.

The second lecture of Professor Anthony of Bates, was given last Wednesday. These lectures are truly worth while attending, and they should draw a larger attendance from the student bodies.

It seems probable that the custom of having a dual Freshman meet, as instituted by the Classes of 1900 of Bowdoin and Colby, will be continued. It would be wise if the Freshmen would bring the meet here this year, as it was held at Colby last year.

The Sophomore Class has selected as the men to participate in the coming debate with the Freshmen, Burnell and Ward. It is quite likely that the sides will consist of three men rather than two as was first intended.

The athletic entertainment is one of the coming events. The class drills are now well under way, and are practiced to the music. A new feature has been introduced in the relay races, that of touching hands instead of passing flags.

The Y. M. C. A. Association has had printed neat folders containing the topics of Thursday evening meetings for the remainder of the year. Appropriate references to the Bible are made, to enable one to look up the subject before the meetings.

The *Quill* is rapidly becoming a rival to the *Bugle*, although on a smaller scale. When the question as to when it is to appear is asked, the reply is not "in two weeks," but "to-morrow." To-morrow generally means anywhere from one to four days.

Polo has even found sleepy Brunswick. February 19th the teams from Bath contested for goals, while last Saturday, Portland were defeated in a very interesting game by their less experienced opponents, Bath Juniors. Many fellows cheered the fine playing.

Many of the books referred to by Prof. Anthony at his Wednesday afternoon lectures on the "Unrecorded Life of Christ," have been placed in an available position beside the shelves for new books at the library. We noticed there one work from Prof. Anthony's own pen.

The annual dinner of the Maine Schoolmasters' Club will be held at the Tontine in Brunswick on Friday, April 1st. Among the after-dinner speakers

are the following: Prof. H. L. Chapman and Prof. F. C. Robinson of Bowdoin, and Superintendent Lord, n., '77, of Portland.

It may be of interest to Bowdoin to know that Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania has signed a bill which prevents the wearing of any badge of any fraternal organization without right to do so by membership. The act provides that any person who shall so do, shall be fined \$100.

The ORIENT has received one of the printed lists of the members of the Association of Bowdoin Alumni of Boston and vicinity, from Mr. George S. Bean, '97, the assistant secretary. The list shows a membership of over four hundred, and the association is probably the strongest of all our alumni organizations.

The second Junior Assembly was postponed until later in the term. About six young ladies from Waterville came. They were entertained at college. The fellows prepared luncheon. In the evening the young ladies went to the High School dancing class. After all, they say they had a very pleasant evening. They returned on the Pullman.

The *Kennebec Journal* says:

The selection by Harvard of President Hyde of Bowdoin to be a college preacher at Cambridge was a high compliment to Bowdoin, as well as to the distinguished man at its head. It is an open secret that Harvard has an eye on Dr. Hyde, and that President Eliot of Harvard has indicated him as his first choice for the next president of Harvard. Maine and Bowdoin, however, hope to retain this brilliant educator for many years yet.

Prof. William R. Chapman of New York, director of the Maine Music Festival, in a recent interview said: "Speaking of college glee clubs, I want to tell you that I never listened to a more pleasing entertainment than that given by the Bowdoin club the other night. Both the glee and mandolin clubs are exceptionally good, but I think that I never heard such delicacy of shading and finish in any similar combination of instruments. I did not before realize that there was so much real music in mandolins and guitars."

At the meeting of the N. E. I. C. A. A. held recently, Boston College was refused admission to the association, and the application of Holy Cross was not acted upon. The annual games will be held at Worcester, May 21st. The following is the substance of the several amendments made to the constitution: An athlete to be eligible to compete in the annual games must be a regular student November 1st, previous to the games. The trian-

gular league—Amherst, Williams, and Dartmouth—voted to suspend its meeting this year.

An exchange gives:

Alger V. Currier of Hallowell, who, some years ago, achieved much prominence as an artist, after a period of attention to other occupations, has returned to art. He has established a studio at his residence in Hallowell, having for several months been busily at work, during which time he has finished two pictures and has another large one in progress, a composition picture, thirteen feet in height. Mr. Currier has lost none of the skill which he displayed when in Paris, and in some respects shows an improvement.

President Hyde has returned from his Harvard duties. In an editorial welcoming him, the *Harvard Crimson* took occasion to remark:

Though as a graduate of Harvard, President Hyde is one of our own number and doubtless feels a special interest on that account in the service to which he has been invited, yet, as the head of a neighboring college, he performs an act of friendship and courtesy in coming here, which cannot fail to be appreciated, especially as it necessitates a complete interruption, for the time being, of his active and valued work as head of a neighboring college. Here is certainly a most pleasing evidence of an intercollegiate fellowship, which no university is, or should be, more desirous of cultivating than Harvard.

The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave their concerts at Bangor, February 21st; Houlton, February 22d; and Togus, February 26th. The trip included Oldtown, but unfortunately the storm of last Wednesday detained them at Houlton, so that they were obliged to cancel that engagement. While the fellows all had very pleasant receptions in the three towns, yet they would feel somewhat more satisfied if the ticket office had done a little more business. They were stalled in the snow-drifts some twenty miles west of Houlton for twelve hours, and lived upon sandwiches furnished by the Bangor & Aroostook; it is safe to say they ate heartily at Bangor.

The annual election of the Senior Class took place the 16th, at Memorial Hall. At a previous meeting it was voted that nominations be made by ballot; the three highest being considered candidates. With one exception, however, the nomination ballot elected, the candidate receiving a majority of votes at once. Such almost unanimity of opinion might seem rather unusual, but circumstances considered, it was by no means so. The following officers were chosen: President, H. R. Ives; Vice-President, R. W. Alexander; Secretary and Treasurer, C. W. Proctor; Marshal, Edward

Stanwood, Jr.; Chaplain, G. L. Dillaway; Orator, P. P. Baxter; Poet, J. W. Coudon; Opening Address, A. L. Hunt; Historian, W. P. McKown; Prophet, T. L. Pierce; Toast-master, C. C. Williamson; Odist, T. L. Pierce; Closing Address, G. H. Sturgis; Committee of Arrangements, S. E. Young, C. D. Moulton, C. C. Smith; Committee on Pictures, F. A. Hamlin, J. E. Odiorne, W. J. Sargent.

The Junior Class also elected officers upon the same day, and the results were: President, W. B. Moulton; Vice-President, H. B. Neagle; Secretary and Treasurer, J. E. Wignott; Marshal, B. S. Philoon; Orator, F. L. Dutton; Poet, H. F. Dana; Chaplain, C. V. Woodbury; Odist, L. P. Libby; Curator, W. L. Cane; Committee of Arrangements, W. H. White, Jr., A. M. Rollins, W. H. Smith.

The *Harvard Crimson* says:

A Physical Training Conference open to all members of Harvard University, was held Wednesday evening, February 23d, in order to promote discussion on the various plans of adopting some course of Physical Training at Harvard. There were three principal speakers: The Rev. President W. DeW. Hyde, D. D., of Bowdoin College, who was then conducting morning prayers, and who has carried into successful operation at Bowdoin a course of Physical Training; Dr. Henry P. Bowditch of the Harvard Medical School; and Dr. Sargent, Bowdoin, '75.

Delegates from Colby, University of Maine, Bowdoin, and Bates, met at Bates on the 19th, for the annual meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association. It was decided to hold the annual field meet this year at Whittier field, Brunswick, on the second Wednesday in June. The election of officers resulted as follows: E. H. Maling, Colby, President; H. H. Oswald, University of Maine, Vice-President; R. S. Cleaves, Bowdoin, Treasurer; D. C. Merrill, Bates, Secretary. The officers constitute the executive committee. The officials of the annual field meet were chosen as follows: W. F. Garcelon, Boston, Bates, '90, referee track events; Prof. C. B. Stetson, Colby, and Mr. Howard of Belfast, University of Maine, '82, judges at the finish; W. W. Bolster, Jr., Bates, Richard Andrews, University of Maine, and Dr. F. N. Whittier, Bowdoin, timers; Dr. E. H. Carleton, Hanover, N. H., starter; T. L. Pierce, Bowdoin, clerk of course; F. R. Griffin, Bates, scorer; C. C. Williamson, Bowdoin, marshal. Field events—P. Walker, University of Maine, and L. F. Soule, Bowdoin Medical School, measurers; Prof. F. A. Knapp, Bates, and Prof. J. H. Bates,

Colby, judges; W. H. Smith, Bowdoin, and A. B. Warren, Colby, scorers. A meeting of the executive committee was held immediately after the adjournment of the association meeting, and it was voted to have the medals for the winners in season to present them at the annual field day.

In vain has the ORIENT ransacked the college catalogues of years past and present; in vain have the numberless records of the library been overhauled; and for what? To find the record of an alumnus, "T. H. Cowan." And what of this Cowan? The readers of the *New York Journal* have been feasting upon the love letters of 5,889 would-be sons-in-law, and all these sons-in-law would be the husband of one wife. It seems that a wealthy cattleman of the State of Washington offered a dowry of \$10,000 to the man who would marry his daughter and move to the West. Since then hundreds of letters have poured in upon him until he is nearly frantic. Think of 5,889 sons-in-law and only one girl for them all! Among these many letters, one is found which was written by a graduate of Bowdoin College, now a student at the Boston University Law School. There are 89 college students in the list, and by good fortune Bowdoin is among them. This Cowan, among other things, writes: "I have met some exceedingly nice young ladies, but the seeming insincerity of the eastern society women in no way appeals to me. A pure woman, free from those notions which appear to be a characteristic of the New England girl, is an ideal for any man of common sense." Evidently Mr. Cowan is a critic of women, and especially of Eastern women. Who is Mr. Cowan, however? That is the question. At the present time Bowdoin has less than a half-dozen students at the law school in question, and not much detective work should be needed to find out this one. His many friends, both in and out of college, wish him the best of success, and were it possible, would drink a rousing health to T. — o—o—an and his hoped-to-be Western bride.

Yale has determined to improve the tone of the news sent out from the university to the great papers. To this end a meeting of correspondents was held recently and a list of such correspondents was printed in the *News*, that the students might know the representatives of the different papers and co-operate with them in publishing more reliable news.

Athletics.

THE DARTMOUTH-BOWDOIN BASE-BALL TROUBLE.

In view of the disappointment abroad in the college, because of the failure to secure the usual games with Dartmouth, I think best to publish the correspondence carried on between Manager Bartlett and myself. At the beginning of the college year, letters were sent to all the colleges we ever play, and to others. Nearly all answered promptly, but nothing was heard from Dartmouth. In two weeks a second letter was mailed; and, after an interval, the following arrived:

HANOVER, N. H., November 2, 1897.

Manager Bowdoin College B. B. Association:

Dear Sir,—I can offer you two games at Hanover, May 17th and 18th. The usual guarantee. If you wish these dates, answer at once, as we are cutting down the number of our games, and Vermont, Tufts, and Wesleyan wish dates.

(Signature.)

Meanwhile the date, May 18th, had been scheduled with Amherst, and a letter to that effect produced the following response:

HANOVER, November 14, 1897.

My Dear Sir,—I am very sorry that you cannot give me those dates. Nevertheless, I wish to play you, and can offer you May 16th and 17th. As you will be on your way to Amherst, and as we lose the money of a Wednesday game, I can offer you only \$100, \$75 one game played, \$50 no game. This is absolutely my best terms and my only dates. Please answer by return mail.

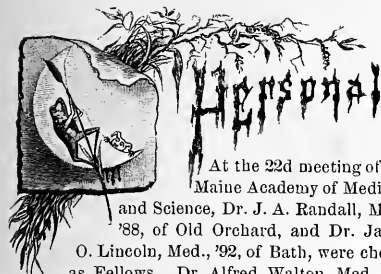
(Signature.)

Such an offer I could not accept on my own authority, and delayed for the purpose of consulting Dr. Whittier. He advised that the terms be refused. Meanwhile, negotiations were on foot for a game with Williams, and their terms were awaited, with a view to a possible substitution of them on our schedule in place of Dartmouth. Finally, the Thanksgiving recess intervened, and Manager Bartlett's letter was not replied to until about December 1st, immediately after the recess. This reply, embodying a refusal of his offer, was answered by Manager Bartlett in a letter showing offence at delay, and refusing any further terms.

In conclusion, I think Manager Bartlett's correspondence was much more dilatory than my own. Application was made to him for games before he had touched his schedule, even before the Triangular League dates were settled. To accept his

offer of \$100, was to force all future Bowdoin managers to do the same. It is an impossible feat to accomplish the long trip to Hanover without loss with the usual guarantee (\$150), though to take in Amherst on the trip makes it possible with economy.

L. L. CLEAVES, *Manager.*



At the 22d meeting of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science, Dr. J. A. Randall, Med., '88, of Old Orchard, and Dr. James O. Lincoln, Med., '92, of Bath, were chosen as Fellows. Dr. Alfred Walton, Med., '67, of New York City, was made a Corresponding Fellow. Dr. Thomas Fillebrown, Med., '83, delivered an address upon "The Physiology of Vocalism."

At a recent meeting of the Bowdoin Club of Albany, Flagg, '94, was elected president, succeeding Plaisted, '94, who has recently been admitted to practice law at Bangor, Me. Roberts, '95, was re-elected secretary and treasurer. Notwithstanding the small number attending the annual dinner this year, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and every one present voted it a great success.

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, '52, Col. Franklin M. Drew, '58, Col. Augustus C. Hamlin, '51, and Gen. Thomas W. Hyde, '61, are the incorporators from Maine in the act to incorporate the Fredericksburg and adjacent National Battlefields Memorial Park Association of Virginia, passed by the Legislature of Virginia the 12th inst., Abraham Lincoln's birthday. The incorporators met Tuesday, Washington's Birthday, at the Court House in Fredericksburg, Va., to organize under this charter. The object of this association is to mark and preserve the battlefields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, The Wilderness, and Spotsylvania Court House, and adjacent battle-grounds on which were fought those great battles of 1862, 1863, and 1864.

Several Bowdoin men are among the leaders in the movement so well under way toward founding a hospital in Augusta. A committee of three, consisting of President C. B. Burleigh, '87, Dr. Sanborn, Med., '66, and I. H. Randall, was recently elected to furnish such a part of the building in

such a manner as in their judgment they would deem necessary, and that steps be taken to put it in operation. A second committee, consisting of Hon. H. M. Heath, '72, S. W. Lane, and Dr. Sanborn, Med., '66, was appointed to appoint the medical staff and formulate rules for the internal regulations of the hospital. The committee is to meet at the office of D. O. C. S. Davies, '79, and Med., '83.

The *Cosmopolitan* for February contains in an article on the "Personnel of the Supreme Court," a brief but very interesting account of Chief Justice Fuller's work and personality. It is accompanied by a fine photograph. In closing, the author says: "His home is one of those hospitable, comfortable old houses that used to be the fashion a generation or so ago. It opens on one side into a garden full of roses and syringas and other sweet, old-fashioned flowers; from the upper window you have a view of the river and the hills over in Virginia. Here in this quiet home, surrounded by his many children and grandchildren—and a pet parrot named Laura, who is his constant companion—the Chief Justice of the United States lives as tranquil and domestic a life as any private citizen. One has only to look at the man to see that he has a kindly, lovable disposition. It is written in his face, with its beautiful, abundant white hair. The calm dignity and sweetness of his expression seems to promise justice, tempered with mercy—very much tempered. In his presence one feels that the court of last resort may not, after all, be so awful as it sounds."

'37.—John Quincy Adams Scamman. By the death of Mr. Scamman, Saco loses her oldest member of the York County Bar and the last male member of an illustrious family. Mr. Scamman was born December 2, 1814, and was named for the President of that day. Mr. Scamman was the son of John F. Scamman, who was once a member of Congress, a statesman in the early days of this nation's formation and development from a group of colonies. His mother, Sarah Call, was of a no less distinguished family. Mrs. Scamman's great-grandfather was the renowned Parson Fairfield. Thus the sterling qualities of several of the oldest Saco families—veritable blue-blooded folks—whose descendants are justly proud of their delicious antiquity and sturdy qualities, were happily united in his parents' union and represented in their children. Mr. Scamman was a studious boy, a characteristic he retained and enhanced year by year until mature life. At eleven years of age he was a student in the famous old Thornton Academy, long

since reduced to ashes. In 1837 he graduated from Bowdoin College. Two of his famous classmates were Fordyce Barker, M.D., a foremost New York physician, and Governor Andrew of Massachusetts. Mr. Scamman chose the law for his profession. He was admitted to the bar in 1842 and was given the freedom of the state, then a signal honor. He first practiced in Saco, then entered into partnership with S. W. Luques of that city for a few years, having a lucrative business. He was next engaged in business in Boston, then in New York, then in Philadelphia. He was not attending wholly to law business then, but was engaged in other enterprises. He was successful to such a degree that, aided by a share of his father's estate, he was enabled to retire from active business soon after. Possessed of a delicate and refined nature, a zest for study and research; dearly loving his native home and its honored associations, no leisurely pursuit was more congenial to him than was the study of its history and general mental cultivation which characterized his last years. Always a gentleman of refinement and magnetism, a delightful and interesting conversationalist, a man of mature and lofty ideas, born with the fine blood that flowed in Saco's veins one hundred years ago. It was literally a remnant of the old days to be associated with him and hear him discuss those times intelligently from acquired information, which was only supplementary to his own early observations. The phrase, "a type of the old-school gentleman," is somewhat hackneyed, but it applies pertinently to his nature. Not that Mr. Scamman was purely old-fashioned, quaint, simple, and merely a story-teller for children to listen to, but a man who comprised much more than that—a man of refinement and studiousness—one who was modern without losing the charm of originality, and who was not spoiled by conceit, arrogance, or insincere conventionality. Certainly Saco has lost a man and a gentleman of whom no duplicate remains, nor is there material with which to construct or develop one. Many there have been like him, but all have passed away before. Those who knew him best and to whom these qualities appeal, and whose delight they are, realize the city's loss by his death. Other men it has of various types, and scores of them, but few of so pleasing originality or who are so individual. Mr. Scamman was a Democrat always and an attendant at the Episcopal church. Mr. Scamman married, June 25, 1845, Julia Cutts, daughter of Thomas Cutts. Three daughters, Mrs. B. W. Goodale of Saco, Mrs. Charles Riggs Park of Scanton, and

Miss Alice Scamman, and two sons, Walter E. and Albert Q., survive him. The sons are well-known theatrical managers. Two sisters also survive him, Mrs. Elizabeth Briard and Mrs. Martha Ann Nott of Saco.

'45.—Rev. Lewis Goodrich of Marlboro, Mass., who resided at the parsonage of the Union Congregational Church with his son, Rev. L. B. Goodrich, died Tuesday evening, February 15th. He was born in Bingham, Me., in 1817, was a graduate of Bowdoin and the Bangor Theological Seminary, and was ordained a minister in 1850. He was assigned to duty in various places in Maine and New Hampshire, and for the last eleven years was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Manchester, N. H., and, although not in active duty, he managed a large Sunday-school and preached up to his seventieth year. He is survived by a wife and seven children: Rev. L. B. Goodrich, pastor of the Union Congregational Church, Marlboro; Rev. C. S. Goodrich of Plainfield, N. J.; A. L. Goodrich, principal of an academy at Utica, N. Y.; John A. Goodrich of Manchester, N. H.; E. S. Goodrich of Denver, Col.; Mrs. E. P. Woodbury of Lancaster; and Miss Belle Goodrich of Manchester, N. H. The body was taken to Manchester for interment.

Hon., '71.—Hon. A. A. Strout addressed the Cumberland Bar Association at its recent annual banquet at Portland. Judges W. L. Putnam, '55, and Nathan Webb, Hon., '90, also spoke. Among the other speakers were Augustus F. Moulton, '73, and Charles F. Libby, '64.

'73.—Augustus Freedom Moulton, the Republican nominee for Mayor of Deering, was born May 1, 1848, at Jay, Me. Mr. Moulton comes from excellent English stock, his ancestors emigrating from Ormsby, England, in 1638, and locating at Hampton, N. H. Mr. Moulton received the rudiments of his education in the public schools. He subsequently attended Westbrook Seminary, from which he received his diploma in 1869. He then entered college, graduating in 1873 at the head of his class, and was the orator on Commencement day. In 1874 Mr. Moulton was a tutor in Bowdoin College. In the following year he began his law studies with Hon. William L. Putnam, remaining with him until admitted to the bar of Cumberland County in October, 1876. In 1878 and 1879, while a resident of Scarborough, he represented that town in the state legislature, being a member of the judiciary committee both terms. Mr. Moulton is prominent in the Masonic lodges of Portland, belonging to the Ancient Landmark Lodge, Mount Vernon Chapter,

Portland Council, and Portland Commandery. He is also a leading member of the Fraternity Club. He has been for several years one of the trustees of Westbrook Seminary.

73.—Ex-Judge Edwin J. Cram of the Biddeford Municipal Court is a candidate for re-appointment to that office. He served six years under Governor Burleigh's appointment.

75.—Col. George F. McQuillan, who ran as a candidate for the Democratic mayoralty of Portland, failed to receive a majority of the votes at the convention. His nomination was generally predicted, and had he been chosen, the Democratic party would have been greatly strengthened.

75.—Seth L. Larrabee has been elected treasurer and attorney of the Casco Loan and Building Association.

76.—Jere Merrill Hill. The Deering school committee has unanimously chosen Mr. J. M. Hill as principal of the High School. Mr. Hill was for several years principal of the Bangor High School, going from there to the principalship of the Hyde Park (Mass.) High School, where he remained for seven years. In both places he was highly successful. Principal Hill will take charge of the school, Monday, March 28th, which is the opening of the summer term.

76.—Franklin C. Payson has been appointed clerk of the Union Telephone Company. This company has a capital of \$10,000,000. It proposes to deal in all branches of the telephone business.

77.—Charles Wyman Morse. *Frank Leslie's Weekly* for February 24th contains an interesting article on "The Ice King of New York," accompanied by a photograph of the Maine man who has come to be so called. The writer says:

He was born at Bath, Me., October 21, 1856, and was the son of a ship-builder. Young Morse was very apt in his studies as a lad, was graduated from the local academy at the age of sixteen years, and from Bowdoin College at the early age of twenty. He was keenly interested in business matters when he was but a boy, and while he was a student at college had time to devote to profitable investments in the ice business. On his graduation he entered actively into business with his father. They were shippers of ice to southern ports, and Maine ice was a profitable article of domestic export for use in New Orleans and among the coast cities, including Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Mr. Morse came to the city of New York in 1891. He was recognized as a power in the ice business, and soon became interested largely in the distribution and sale of that product here. In 1895 he resolved to put an end to the destructive warfare

between the competing ice companies, and undertook the exceedingly difficult task of bringing them together in one large, economically-managed concern. With rare diplomacy and persistence, and after the expenditure of millions of dollars, he finally united over twenty companies and all their properties, embracing over 100 ice-houses, covering the ice business of the Hudson River and most of the business in Maine. The ice-houses owned by the Consolidated Ice Company, thus organized by Mr. Morse and his associates, have a capacity of over two and one-half million tons. The company owns 105 ice-barges, has wharf properties in New York City and at other points worth more than \$2,000,000, and all its properties and appurtenances are valued at \$19,000,000, which is the capitalized value of the company.

Mr. Morse is largely identified with the ice business in other sections of the country besides New York. He is a director in the Knickerbocker Ice Company, the principal one in Philadelphia, and also the John Hancock and Commercial Companies in that city. He is largely interested in the Consumers' and Cochran-Koler companies of Baltimore. He has been president of the Knickerbocker Towing Company at Bath, Me., for fourteen years. He is vice-president of the Garfield National Bank of New York City, director of the Sprague National Bank of Brooklyn, the Bank of the State of New York, of New York City, and of the Lincoln National Bank of Bath, Me. He is also prominently identified as a stockholder with more than a dozen other trust companies and banks, and is probably more widely known and more influential in business circles of New York than any other man of his years. Mr. Morse finds his pleasure in his business and in his home circle in the company of four bright and lovely children, unfortunately bereft of a most affectionate mother a year ago.

Mr. Morse's success has been due not only to the early advantages he enjoyed in connection with his father's business, but also largely and mainly to his self-reliance, quick perception, determination, and conservatism. No question in business has been left unsettled. He has always had the courage to grapple with great problems, and has mastered difficulties as they came one after the other. Generous to his friends, patient with his enemies, he wastes no time on the trifles of life, but concentrates his talents in directions where great results can best be achieved. He is a good example of what a sterling character can accomplish in this land of great possibilities.

N., 77.—Superintendent O. M. Lord of the Portland schools, left last Friday for Chattanooga, Tenn., where he attended the meetings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association.

81.—Congressman Frederick Clement Stevens, who recently accepted the invitation of the Lincoln Club of Portland and was a guest at its annual

banquet, is one of the most promising of the younger generation of men in the West. He did not come to Maine as a stranger, for he lived for several years in Rockland, and in the common schools of that city was fitted for Bowdoin College. In the Class of 1881 at Bowdoin were a number of young men now prominent in Portland and other cities of Maine. After leaving Brunswick, Mr. Stevens went to Iowa, and in the university of that state took a course in law. He was admitted to the bar in 1884, and at once began practice in St. Paul, Minn. Since that time his success at the bar and in politics has been constant. He has one of the largest law businesses in the Northwest, has served long on the committees of his party in Minnesota, was a member of the legislature in 1888 and 1890, and now represents the Fourth District of his state in the National House of Representatives, having received at the last Congressional election, 24,686 votes, to 14,444 for his fusion opponent. He is regarded as one of the best campaign speakers in his state, and his services have long been in demand as an orator in the Northwest. It is doubtful if Congressman Stevens was ever more warmly greeted than he was the other evening when he arose to address the Lincoln Club. Foremost in leading the applause which came with his introduction were three or four of his classmates in old Bowdoin, Mr. F. H. Little of Portland among the number, who were assembled there to greet their old friend and college mate. His speech was a splendid piece of oratory. He showed great knowledge of national affairs, and handled his subjects in a masterly manner. Hon. H. M. Heath, '72, also spoke.

'81.—Clinton L. Baxter has gone to California on a business trip.

Hon., '81.—The *Washington Post* of February 15th, gives the following:

The second lecture of the afternoon series, under the auspices of the National Geographic Society, was given at the Columbia Theatre, February 14th, by Hon. James Phinney Baxter. Mr. Baxter is a historian and geographer of high reputation, and has devoted his studies most particularly to New England. He has also been prominent in political life, and served several terms as Mayor of Portland, Me. He was chosen by the committee in charge as the one best fitted to treat of New England. The object of these lectures is to show the development of the influence exerted by geographical environment upon the character of the people inhabiting certain sections. At this lecture Mr. Baxter described the character of the geographical features of New England and their effect upon the people who have inhabited that country. The lecture was historical, and from the spinning-wheel of two hundred years ago to the thousands of looms now at work, the history of the industries of New England was reviewed.

Hon., '83.—The article elsewhere quoted regarding Chief Justice Fuller, speaks as entertainingly of Associate Justice Harlan, who, since Justice Field's resignation, has held the seat of honor at

the right of the Chief Justice. Mr. Harlan is especially remembered for his famous dissenting opinion in the income tax cases.

Med., '84.—Dr. John C. Bowker, who recently finished his fine course of lectures in Portland, tells this story of himself. Shortly after graduation he went on a long sea voyage in a sailing ship. As his diploma was the apple of his eye, he determined to carry the sheepskin with him. Off the island of Terceira, one of the Azores, a fearful storm threatened to send all hands to Davy Jones's locker, and the ship was abandoned, the crew and one other passenger besides Dr. Bowker taking to small boats as their only chance, and a mighty slim one at that. Happily they succeeded in making land at Angora. The moment the shore was reached, the young doctor discovered that in the haste of departure he had forgotten his diploma, which had most probably, by that time, gone down with the ship. His state of mind was far from happy. The next morning, a wild-eyed, pale, and anxious youth might have been seen patrolling the shore. The ship was still afloat some three miles distant, rolling frightfully on the seas, which were running very high. Dr. Bowker decided to save his sheepskin if he lost his own skin in trying, and despite the protestations of his comrades he started off in a small boat manned by Portuguese sailors, whom he was obliged to bribe heavily to brave the dangers of the stormy deep. Luck favored him; the ship's rope ladder was still dangling over the side. It was brief work to mount it, and hastening to his cabin he recovered the prize and started to return to the little boat, which was bobbing like a cork on the angry waters, when he was saluted by an old friend, who cried, "Mew, mew." It was the ship's cat, hungry, thin, and alarmed. Woefully enough he was obliged to leave her, but the next day the sea was sufficiently calm to allow a return, when Madame Felina was regaled with all the delicacies the town afforded. The diploma was kept very near the doctor after that, traveled many thousand miles subsequently, and now reposes in a safe deposit vault not far from the gilded dome of Boston's State House.

'85.—Dr. Frank N. Whittier, '85, has been appointed one of the judges of the Colby Indoor Meet, to be held March 8th. John H. Bates, '96, has been chosen starter of that meet.

'90.—Charles L. Hutchinson of Portland has been requested by prominent Republicans in Ward 5 to accept a nomination as a candidate for school committee. He has consented, but will not make an active canvass for himself.

'91.—Dr. Ralph H. Hunt of the Soldiers' Home, Togus, visited college last week.

N., '96.—J. E. Dunning has just been appointed city editor of the *Bangor Commercial*. Mr. Dunning, as "Linotype," has made himself prominent in journalistic circles throughout the eastern portion of the state, and this appointment is well merited.

'97.—Rev. H. E. Dunnack addressed the Portland Y. M. C. A. last Sunday.

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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

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We hear so much now-a-days of the evils of sensationalism, or "yellow journalism" as it is more generally called, we are apt to overlook the fact that it may be employed in a good cause as well as in a bad one. Moreover, when so employed, its ill effects are doubled, for it not only adds to the evil, but detracts from the good. Such has been the result of the recent attacks upon the morality and general good standing of Yale University. The *New York Voice*, a prohibition paper, has made unwarranted assaults upon the Faculty and students of that institution, until the blood of every alumnus of that splendid old college fairly boils with indignation, and well it may. One would think that nine out of every ten students were confirmed drunkards. Recently this rabid temperance paper published dozens of the photographs and autograph letters of certain ministers and so-called prominent citizens. The letters abounded with denunciations of Yale, and their writers told how they never would send their sons to such "an hot-bed of iniquity," one even going to the extreme of preferring "hell to Yale." Such ravings become the mouths of fanatics better than those of ministers of the gospel. The cause of prohibition is indeed a noble one, but even to-day its advantages are often ques-

tioned. None are better judges of this than we who live in Maine, where prohibition as such is an unqualified failure. When the *Voice* can treat the liquor question and its relations to colleges in a calm and dignified manner, when it can descend from its high horse of theory and fanaticism and come to the level of every-day experience, then its efforts in a good cause may be productive of much good fruit. A severer rebuke could not have been administered this ranting, yellow journal, which clothes its sensationalism in the garb of reform, than that given by the Rev. Dwight L. Moody, in a speech at New Haven, when he said that he had never before seen the university in as good condition as it is at present, and that "my oldest son graduated there, and if my other son, who is now in the Freshman Class, gets as much good as his brother did, I shall have reason to thank God through time and eternity." Continuing, he said,—“I can honestly say I never saw so earnest and inquiring a crowd of young men as that which attended the optional service this evening;” and he concluded by saying, “in a state where there is a large city you can’t enforce statutory prohibition.”

May the peaceful life of Brunswick not be disturbed by any such calamity of misguided reform. On a smaller scale we are probably as deserving of rebuke as our much- vexed sister institution, and who knows but that we may suddenly be attacked for our wickedness, and that our sins may be made public? If such should prove the case, let us hope to weather the storm as bravely and safely as old Yale.

AT the meeting of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association, held week before last, at which ten of the high schools and academies of the state were represented, a proposition was made by the Bowdoin College Athletic Association. The Bowdoin

association offered the use of its track, with all its fittings, for the annual field meeting of these schools, if they would give the college association complete control of the meet. Although no definite action was taken by the schools, owing to a provision of their athletic constitution, the ORIENT understands that the necessary two-thirds of the schools favor accepting the proposition. The advantages of the offer are many and important. One of the greatest difficulties attending interscholastic athletics is the constant bickerings of the schools over minor matters; harmony is never secured. This jarring would be entirely removed without the loss of any independence on their part. Where at present the president of the association makes all arrangements for the meet, under many difficulties, the college would take charge of all officials, would have everything in perfect order, and would assure successful meets every year. The college proposes to offer individual medals, silver, bronze, and silk, and either a cup or pennant for the winning school; it proposes to assume all expenses of the meet, incurring a loss or gain as the case may be; in short, the most centrally located college in the state offers the best track and best all-round facilities to the fitting schools for their annual games, if they in return will but grant the college control of the meets. The offer is most generous in every respect. The Interscholastic Association would be stronger than ever, and would be assured of a splendid meet every spring. The only opposition that has arisen is that of the Colby association, indirectly, and directly from certain of the academies which are dominated by Colby influence; they seem to think that Bowdoin is too aggressive, that she wishes to monopolize affairs, but such is far from being the case. Bowdoin simply makes a business-like offer, which will be of great benefit to the schools and possibly in some remote manner

to the college. A committee of four, representing the four Maine colleges, was proposed, but such an arrangement would be highly impracticable; most of the large and successful meets are controlled by some central power, and that accounts for their successes. Moving from place to place, changing officials continually, having no settled policy, now ahead and now behind financially, are conditions that ruin any undertaking. These difficulties the Bowdoin association proposes to assume, and it guarantees to manage affairs in a manner perfectly impartial to all interested parties. Nothing in return is demanded.

After the schools and academies of the state have thought of this proposition carefully, after they have compared their past meets, the most successful of which was held at Brunswick last spring, they can arrive at but one conclusion. Everything favors and nothing opposes the acceptance of this offer. The ORIENT trusts every school will consider the matter carefully and not be led in either direction by outside parties; let the question be decided solely upon its merits.

When Colby, Bates, or the University of Maine can offer as central a location, as good a track, and as generous prizes, without asking anything in return, and without necessitating any surrender of independence on the part of the fitting schools, their offers can then be considered.

FOR some time past notices have appeared in several papers of the state relative to the moving of the Medical School of Maine from Brunswick to Portland. The papers report that a site has already been secured in Portland and that the school will be moved at once. Certain portions of these reports are correct; others are a little premature. The ORIENT understands from good authority that a site has been secured by certain parties interested in the Medical School's future; but not officially secured by the

authorities of the school. This land is at the disposal of the school when needed. The question of moving now seems to be only one of time and funds; or rather of funds and time, for it has been decided to leave the insufficient quarters at Brunswick for those at Portland whenever funds may be secured. It is to be hoped that means will be forthcoming so that before long a suitable home may be erected upon the splendid site now held in readiness. The policy of moving has been determined upon, and the school is anxious to leave as soon as possible.

The departure of one hundred and twenty-five medical students, when it does take place, will mean a serious loss to the town and the college. No longer can Bowdoin students, when questioned, reply that they have almost four hundred, "including the medics." We then shall be a short two hundred and fifty. The ORIENT will be loath to have the medics go, when they must, but what is our loss will be their gain. In Portland they will have all the advantages of hospital work and a larger life; they will be thrown into the stream of medical activity rather than remaining in the quiet pool of this quiet town. A college is better in a small country town and we want to stay here; but a medical school is different. Such a school needs to be where there are cases upon which it may work, where there is practical work to be done, and plenty of it; they do not need the peace of a wilderness, without evils and temptations, without suffering and crime, for those are just what medics need. The college, however, will in many respects regret the school's departure; we all have friends, and good friends, among the medics, and although we see but little of them, as their work, and ours, prevents, we shall miss them about town and about college. The Maine Medical School is a splendid institution; it has a most capable Faculty and an earnest set of students; it offers a

well-planned and comprehensive course, and above all, it has a history which cannot be surpassed by any similar school in the country. Most of the prominent and successful physicians of our state are alumni of this school, and it is safe to say that in years to come the same will be said of our physicians then. May the Medical School prosper wherever it is.

THE annual elections to the ORIENT are held this afternoon at 1.30 o'clock at the ORIENT office. All candidates will be given credit for unpublished manuscripts which have been accepted as suitable for publication. Three members are to be chosen to fill the vacancies caused by the coming graduation of three members of the present board. The number of candidates is fully as large as in former years, but it should have been much larger.

SOME subjects are rather delicate for a college journal to mention. In writing of such it is often necessary to acknowledge the existence of an evil publicly, and such an acknowledgment is not particularly pleasing either to an alumnus or to an undergraduate. Nevertheless is it not better to make a fair and square statement of the evil and try to correct it, than to conceal it and allow it to continue unchecked? The ORIENT thinks it is, or it would not say what follows. The occasional suspension of a student for obtaining outside aid in examinations, or "cribbing," as it is popularly called, is of practically no avail if it is intended as a part of a general policy to put a stop to such practices. Students should not be terrified into the pursuit of virtue; they should be taught to follow it for other reasons. If cribbing is to be stopped, let some effective means be adopted; do not make one offender a scape-goat for all the sins of his class. Cribbing exists at Brunswick, to what an extent we do

not care to state, but it surely exists and its very existence is a menace to the moral stamina of every student here. If the college authorities realize this and do not wish any change, it is not for us to criticise; but they may not be aware of it; in fact we know they cannot be. If cribbing exists in the slightest degree it should be taken into consideration. We don't care to make any sensational statements, for what has been said is sufficient. The only remedy that the ORIENT can suggest is the honor system, which is in vogue at many of the colleges of New England. It seems to operate very well, and a man who is found indulging in questionable practices is immediately brought to account, not alone by his Faculty, but also by his classmates. If this system could be established here it would stamp out an evil which is doing great harm to the college. Cribbing or no cribbing, the honor system is the product of the best modern thought in this direction. The sooner Bowdoin installs it, the better.

LAST year, when the present board of editors assumed control of the ORIENT, plans were discussed for changing it to a weekly paper. It was thought that the college needed a news-weekly; that a combination literary-news publication was out of date; and that the *Quill* could best serve our literary interests, while the ORIENT administered to our desire for news. All the pros and cons were discussed, estimates made, and the prospects appeared bright. After second thought, and after consultation with some of the college authorities, the prospects took flight one by one and soared away. The shadows of one or two have been seen hovering about lately, but we hope that they will hurry and again take flight to unknown parts. One of the chief arguments for the change was that literary productions could not be found for both the *Quill* and the

ORIENT. This was before the *Quill* had fairly started. Since then both the papers have had a very fair supply of manuscript; the *Quill* has not suffered, and the ORIENT has had even more good stories during the past year than it actually could publish. Bowdoin is too far removed from other important colleges to have much intercourse with them; she is in a town where there is but little activity in which the college shares, and to provide readable, even passable news, every week for any sort of respectable publication would be practically impossible. If Bowdoin were in a large city, or if she were large herself, the combined interests would furnish weekly news, but such is not the case. There, moreover, is not literary activity enough to warrant spreading it out over any larger area where it would be even more scattered than now, and a weekly paper would mean much more labor and worry for the few interested. To change the ORIENT, which is a reputable, self-respecting journal, to some ungainly news sheet, such as those published by certain colleges or very small towns, would be to lower its present high character, surrounded with traditions, to some half-and-half sort of newspaper. As long as the ORIENT is prosperous, as long as it maintains its former standard, and as long as its columns are fairly well filled, let it remain as it is. We believe both the alumni and the majority of the undergraduates favor it as it is at present. We hope the new board won't institute revolutionary proceedings, for we fear they would prove disastrous. Both papers have passed a successful year, and both can and will in the future.

It is very natural for a new board to think the old an old fogyish one with antiquated and very conservative ideas. We ourselves did last year; it is but human. Every new board teems with reform, but its members soon cool and settle into the old

ruts, which after all are fairly successful and fairly comfortable. Such we hope will prove the case with the coming board; may they talk reform to their hearts' content, may they have any number of ideas, new and fresh, but may the good old ORIENT still live on as she has for the past twenty-seven years, in peace and a fair degree of prosperity.

THE Annual Athletic Exhibition which takes place next Friday should be the most successful ever held here. All the contestants are hard at work and everything points to an evening of excitement. Every year these in-door games prove better than those of the former year.

No exception is to be made Friday, and it is to be hoped that not a vacant seat will be found in the hall. Do not allow the spirit of indifference, too common among us, to mar this occasion.

The squads, the captains, and their men, in fact all are eager to excel; all they need is encouragement, and it is safe to say that the town hall will resound with many a hearty cheer.

The Escape.

IN the late fall of 177- a New England privateer, which we will call the "Washington," was captured by a British frigate. All the crew were taken prisoners and carried to the old hulk, "Jersey," which, during the Revolution, was kept by the English in New York harbor as a prison ship.

Among the captives were three men who came from a small town in Maine, and to whom captivity was especially irksome and disagreeable. The food was wretched and the prisoners so crowded that comfort was an impossibility. Under these circumstances the leader, one of the three, Captain C., determined if possible to make an escape; but the ship was so guarded as to put such an attempt almost out of the question.

It was necessary to procure a supply of wood for fuel for the "Jersey" every few days, and several prisoners were detailed to go under guard to a place some distance off, and cut the required amount. The custom was for them to go one day, spend the night in a hut on the shore, and return the next. As the men chosen for this naturally did not like to labor for their captors, the amount of wood obtained was generally small. Captain C., noticing this, saw a means of escape and was quick to seize it.

When the boat returned one day with a smaller amount of wood than usual, Captain C. remarked off-hand, in the presence of an officer who was standing near, that with two men of his own choosing he could get double that amount of wood. As he expected, the officer overheard him and determined to take him at his word.

The next time it was necessary to get wood C. was called out, told to take any two men he might choose, and with them accompany the guard. He selected the two from his own town, and they proceeded in a boat to the place where the wood was obtained. Here they labored so well that they had cut a large amount of wood before darkness compelled them to stop. They then repaired to their hut to eat their supper and to spend the night.

The evening was passed quietly, the guards keeping careful watch upon the prisoners, intending later to take turns at remaining awake throughout the night. One by one the prisoners went to sleep, in appearances at least, and two of the three guards yielded to Somnus, leaving the third on watch. This man had, unfortunately for him, taken rather too much liquor in the evening, and soon began to doze.

When the fellow was sound asleep, C. roused slightly and whispered to his comrades. Rising and moving softly they first secured the weapons and ammunition of

their captors, and then, while one kept a loaded gun pointed at the guard, the others woke and bound them. Resistance was useless, even had they not been too surprised to offer any. When secured and gagged they were taken to the boat, and Captain C. and his countrymen hastened to embark, as it was necessary to get out of British lines before daylight. This they succeeded in doing unobserved, and were rejoiced to find themselves in the morning among their friends, with three prisoners to present to their colonial commander.

—Z., 1901.

A Fragment of Memory.

YOU see it is just such a night as this that causes such thoughts to come to one; the wind is howling and the rain beats incessantly. As I listen, how comfortable it seems to be sitting here doing nothing. The fire dances in the open grate, and sometimes as it burns a little higher than usual, it throws, as it seems, an atmosphere of recollection about the room that causes a thrill of pleasure, mingled with a touch of longing for the days that are past.

I am lonesome to-night—alone, save for the fire. It somehow reminds me of an evening long ago. Ah! how that scene comes before me now. The high cliff raising itself from the sea; our camp on its crest; the warm summer night; and the merry jest and good-fellowship. Yes, they all come back only too vividly.

Then come the hurried gathering of clouds in the west; the rising of the gale; the glare of the distant lightning, and the heavy boom of the thunder, rapidly drawing nearer. Then the first few pattering drops of rain, soon followed by the deluge. Now we fear for the safety of the tent, as we lie snugly tucked away in our cots, listening to the roar of the breakers, and the shrieks of the gale. Never was there sharper light-

ning, nor heavier crashes, as the lagging thunder follows. Follows? No, it is simultaneous. There is no break. It is one continual rumble, echoing from one island to the next. The rugged shore of Chebeague catches the roar and passes the echo on to the rocks of Hope, while from across the bay, the shore of the Foreside answers the chorus of the elements, and even the distant cliffs of Harpswell hear the call and answer with a dull growl.

It is glorious. This is the time when we love to think of what we are, and how we have made ourselves such—that our fathers were Anglo-Saxons, and that our heritage, through long ages, has been a struggle with wind and wave. Many a tribute have we paid for our heritage, many the life offered for our success, but we have conquered, and the mastery has been worth the cost.

It needs such a night to awaken such thoughts. How many of our people sleep in the dark depths below us? It never came home to me so clearly before. One cannot appreciate such things, unless he has experienced such exposure. It is to be a part of nature.

As I sit here now it comes back with redoubled force; all the scenes and the thoughts of that summer night. Indeed, it makes me feel more thankful for living, when I remember that I am as much a part of that same great nature as are the elements in their fury.

—H. C. McCARTY, 1900.

“Quits.”

OUTSIDE, the rain was descending in torrents. They couldn't play golf or tennis, sailing was out of the question; there was no need of going to the beach for a swim, as one could get a fine bath on the veranda; so there they were, five disconsolate men, seated around the fire-side of the large office in one of our summer hotels. Discon-

solate! No word (in use in polite society) could describe their feelings.

“This is what you get by paying two hundred dollars a month for self and wife, with all the charms of outdoor summer life,” growled the cynic. “There, there, don't grumble. Did you fellows ever hear my story of Simpson's election bet?” and forthwith the commercial traveler launched forth one of those literary enterprises, which are so common with men of his profession. One story suggested another, and an hour was passed in talking of “freak” wagers. “Come, come,” said the married man, “if you don't spin us a yarn you'll have to set up for the crowd; drinks are expensive, too, in a prohibition hotel.”

The *you* addressed was the quiet man, who, of course, never said much, but that does not imply he never had much to say. He was a well-known New York lawyer, which means he could talk when he got started.

“I don't suppose,” he began, “you have ever heard me speak of my friend, Lord Royall.” There was a general laugh, for the very few times he did converse, his topic was his English acquaintance. “At any rate I have never mentioned his peculiarities. He was the most eccentric man I have ever met, and you know some of my Tammany friends are pretty queer chaps. Like many English lords, he detested Americans. “Yourself included,” put in the cynic. “No doubt,” went on the quiet man. “But of all American abominations the most abominable in his estimation was the American newspaper. One day we got talking on the subject, and he made me a little angry by his statements. ‘Those reporters,’ he broke forth, ‘will publish anything, true or false, especially if it's false. No one can go to the States without either having his name in the papers or being interviewed. Why, it's atrocious!’

“Look here, my lord,” I said, “You speak without any knowledge of your subject. I dislike to have my countrymen unjustly run down, so I will bet you £100 that you can pass two months in America without attracting newspaper attention.” ‘Done,’ said he. I supposed my money was already made (we agreed to have a two years’ limit), for Royall was by no means a well-known lord, and was, I deemed, not over bright. I knew, too, his aversion to ‘scenes.’

“On my return to New York I settled down to business again, and soon all thought of my wager had left me. The only letter I received from his lordship was on business, and I did not consider his statement that he might soon come to America to make money on an hitherto unreturning investment, significant. Talk about your Yankee wit. That English lord displayed more than any down-easter I have yet seen. And he was sharper, why, sharper than—”

“Our hotel proprietor,” ventured the cynic.

“Now I’m ahead of my story. I picked up one of our dailies one day and saw in display type, ‘A Lord Detained.’ It gave me a scare by bringing back to me my bet, but this nobleman’s name was Arthur. It seemed that he had arrived in New York with only a one-pound note in his pocket, and had been detained, in spite of his protestations, as an indigent emigrant.

“A week later, while on my way home by the suburban train, I heard the familiar newsboy’s cry, ‘Latest Edition! Extra!’ This time the attraction was, ‘An English Lord Caged!’ Caught Pick-pocketing. This foreigner’s name was Greene. I put two and two together and soon figured that this unique specimen of English blood was Lord Royall. Taking the next train back to the city I hunted up Judge McCurdy, the justice of the police court, in which the suspected

nobleman was to be arraigned the next morning. I reasoned that the prisoner, to make matters even more sensational, would decline to pay for a lawyer, and arranged affairs so that our firm should be appointed his counsel. For a few days all the papers talked about was this lord. By my junior partner’s skill (I of course did not appear in court), he was acquitted of the charge and set free. A day or so later I received a very polite note, asking me if I remembered our wager, and requesting me to send Henry, Lord Royall, a check for one hundred pounds. I sat down at my desk and penned the following:

LORD ROYALL,

To W. D. NORRIS & Co., DR.,

For professional services in extricating his lordship from the “Tombs,” £100

Received payment,

W. D. NORRIS.

“So you see I was ‘quits,’” concluded the quiet man. “Or a ‘squealer,’” said the cynic.

—KENNETH SILLS, 1901.

A Mountain Prayer-Meeting.

IT was night. The same stars that shone over the distant city shone over the wild summits of the grim old mountains. The hour of the weekly prayer service was approaching, and the little chapel nestled beside the road in this mountain settlement was the centre of activity. On the still night air, made doubly so by the effect of the sombre shadows and mighty masses of the surrounding cliffs, and by the weird hoot of the owl and cry of some nocturnal prowler, was at last heard the expected rattle of wheels, and through the gloom was dimly seen a fast-moving vehicle. With a dash the stage was brought beside the great stone by the chapel door. As the occupants alighted the sexton started the mountain echoes with his bell, and soon the mountaineers already assembled are joined by others whose flicker-

ing lanterns were lately seen bobbing along up and down the road and across the adjacent sloping pasture. After greetings are exchanged the little assembly slowly comes together within the brightly lighted room. In the shed at the rear the stage has been harbored, the horses hitched, and, amid the turning of heads and curious glances of the people, the party from the hotel up the valley enters.

Down the dark mountain road, where the overtopping trees enveloped all in deepest gloom, over the edge of the height, where felled logs were the only barriers to the precipice, down and up stony steeps they had come, and, emerging from the woodland, had hurried by the little houses and cabins of the hamlet to the meeting at the chapel.

Some thirty habitations constituted the settlement, from the log cabin to the cottage. These were the homes of men whose ancestors had once walked the streets of Rotterdam and The Hague. In their names, Vanleuvan, Vandermark, Du Bois, Wynkoop, Decker, Verkerder, they still show their origin. During the summer they work for the hotel, and in the winter the demand for barrel hoops gives them sufficient employment to meet their scanty needs. Rough, hearty, hardy, yet not devoid of that self-respect that will ever make the true gentleman, they form in their mountain home a world large enough for all their pleasures and ambitions. Although the village was thus settled apart, the outside world found even this removed spot.

Such were the Trappes when an enterprising gentleman, seeing the business possibilities in the development of the beautiful lakes held in the bosom of these mountain ranges, built one and then another enormous hotel. At once fellow-feeling sprang up between this man, his guests, and his mountaineer helpers, and a change for the better was made. Erelong a little edifice arose in the settlement, and from its roof the chapel bell awoke echoes never before heard in this

peaceful vale. Warm-hearted and active workers came, and the better natures long slumbering in thoughtful bosoms were awakened. Inch by inch the ground was reclaimed, and the crowning triumph came when the saloon of the place closed its doors.

Through this retrospect we have arrived at the present and our party awaits us, long since seated within the chapel's walls. The gentlemen and ladies scatter themselves among the congregation, one steps forward as leader, and the simple service begins. A much-worn Bible is on the table, which supports one of the two lights of the place and a pitcher of mountain water. The August night is hot, oppressive, and the heat from the lamps renders it even more so. Through the open windows and door the insects of the night come in, adding a peaceful undertone to the religious quiet. Far up the road the flickering light of a belated member is seen, and, in the wild grape tangle, pushing its way through the locking branches of the trees that overhang the roof, the first katydid of the season gives warily the preliminaries to his rasping note. Darker against the dark background of the sky the gnarled and twisted mountain pines loom up, and over the hills the heat lightning fitfully flashes, and now and again Hudson's men are heard bowling. The owl hoots dismally down the gap, and again the night wind bears the cry of some larger haunter of the darkness. But how utterly are these surroundings forgotten within. Oblivious, the service begins with ardent song. The shrill, cracked voices of the older women and the unharmonizing basses of the men mingle in song. The leader expounds his text, simply, plainly, and the meeting is fully under way. Earnest, honest prayers are offered, and words of testimony begin. Interested, you listen to the words of the aged grandmother and the happy father; of former coldness and present regeneration, former blindness, present sight,—

always spoken with the same illustrations. Soon the homely tales of their lives become familiar, and subsequent meetings take interest from their repetition. One learns to associate the story with the face and even to depend on its repetition. The meeting goes on to its close. But perhaps to-night one of the converts from over the mountain has come up, and enlivens the meeting with his radical and strongly expressed views. He arises, and in an exhorting strain warms to his subject, filling the little chapel with his resounding declarations. But now the words have ceased, and all is quiet. Without, the storm clouds have massed nearer, the lightning is brighter, and it promises a summer tempest. Soon the lanterns are relit and flicker homeward. The party from the hotel rattles out of sight, and as the first few drops of warning descend from the dark clouds, the solitary sexton fastens the windows and the door, and our Sabbath sojourn reaches its close.

A. L. GRIFFITHS, 1901.

Ⓢ Bowdoin Verse.

The Men of the Maine.

I.

Not in the thick of battle,
 'Mid sound of bursting shell,
 While ship 'gainst ship contended,
 These gallant sailors fouled;
 Nor yet while facing danger
 That any of them knew,—
 Asleep, the dark Death Angel
 Came on the fated crew.

II.

Yet we in sorrow honor
 No less our stricken brave;
 For at the post of duty
 They met their watery grave.
 And so with pride, though mourning,
 We, thinking on them, cry,
 "Would God 'twere man's forever
 At duty's post to die!"

—F. C. LEE, 1900.

Trooper's Morning Song.

(From the German.)

Morning red

Dost light me to the early dead?
 Soon the trumpet call will blow,
 Then must I my life let go;
 I and many a comrade true!

Scarcely thought,

Ere his life's delight was naught.
 Yestern on his snorting grey;
 Through his bosom shot to-day;
 In the grave so cool to-morrow.

Soon, alas,

Stately form and beauty pass.
 Boastest of thy cheeks of silk,
 Rosy red and white as milk?
 Ah, the roses wither all.

Therefore still

Yield I me as God may will;
 Now then I will bravely fight,
 Then, if I am cold to-night,
 'Tis a gallant trooper dead.

—H. N. G., '98.

An Old Fable Illustrated.

"May never lady press his lips,
 His proffered love returning,
 Who makes a furnace of his mouth,
 And keeps its chimney burning.
 May each true woman shun his sight,
 For fear the fumes might choke her;
 And none but those who smoke themselves
 Have kisses for a smoker."

Kind reader of these humble lines,
 You surely are no stranger
 To that expressive fable of
 The canine in the manger;
 The biggest bores on earth are those
 (Now doesn't it strike you so?)
 Who are themselves too mean to smoke,
 And growl when others do so.

—J. W. C., '98.

"Hullo!"

From campus to post-office, daylight or dark,
 In sunshine, slush, mud, rain, or snow,
 You always can tell when those college chaps
 meet,

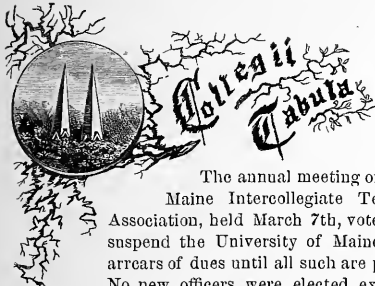
By their patent-applied-for "hullo!"

No formal and agonized "How do you do?"
As cold as the bleak winds that blow,
But a genial good-fellowship warms you clear
through
In that happy-go-lucky "hullo!"

The Senior, the Junior, the Soph, and the Fresh,
In ages can never outgrow
The friendly emotion that seizes the breast
In response to that hearty "hullo!"

From campus to post-office—no matter where
Our life work may call us to go,
May memory still throw its tendrils around
That unconstrained college "hullo!"

—J. W. C., '98.



The annual meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association, held March 7th, voted to suspend the University of Maine for arrears of dues until all such are paid. No new officers were elected except treasurer and secretary, as the new representatives of Bowdoin and Bates have not as yet been chosen. The presidency will go to Bates and the vice-presidency to Bowdoin. Action is to be taken at the next meeting in regard to holding the tournament at one of the colleges. Bowdoin was represented by J. F. Dana, '98, Bates by G. H. Conant, '98, and Colby by F. R. Pierce, '98. C. E. J. Shannon was elected treasurer and secretary. The next annual meeting is to be held at Brunswick.

Delicious slush!

Almost time for exams.

ORIENT elections to-day.

Dutton, '99, has returned.

No more polo in Brunswick.

Copy for the '99 Bugle is all in.

The Dekes were at Jake's recently.

Adjourns in German last Thursday.

Poly Con "exams" last Wednesday.

Edwards, 1900, has returned to college.

No "spikes" this year in the indoor meet.

Young, '98, is to manage the coming meet.

Page and Snow, 1901, are out vacationing.

The robins are with us again; how welcome.

Simon Hamlin, 1900, is on the campus again.

Burnell, 1900, who has been out sick, is back.

E. E. Spear, '98, has been in Boston for a week.

North Maine held a whist tournament recently.

"Feeds" at the ends are very common nowadays.

Russell, '97, was on the campus for a day last week.

The Deutscher Verein met with Odiorne, '98, last week.

Prof. Chapman spent a week in New York, recently.

A hand-organ was in town last week—sure sign of spring.

Local elections drew some of the fellows home last week.

Professor Robinson is once more superintendent of schools.

Professor Houghton conducted chapel Sunday, March 6th.

Rather a hot caucus for the good old town of Brunswick.

A runaway took in the campus in his mad career last week.

Reviews are in order and vacation looms in sight, also exam. week.

Minard, 1900, has left college to enter the office of a Bath lawyer.

Every class claims to be the winner of the coming in-door meet.

Gregson, 1901, has been at Newport taking West Point examinations.

Clough, '96, and Phillips, 1900, are taking dancing lessons of Preble, '98.

The Brunswick Electric Railroad took 71,936 passengers during the past year.

Ernest L. Jordan, 1900, has been at his home in Auburn on account of sickness.

There are at present one hundred and twenty-five students at the Medical School.

Johns Hopkins and Bowdoin have both been admitted to the Mott Haven games.

F. A. Thompson, '98, has returned to college, after a business trip to Round Pond.

Charles Willard, 1900, who has been at home sick for a week or two, has returned.

The class squad leaders are Pettengill, '98; Marston, '99; Gould, 1900; Hill, 1901.

Dr. F. N. Whittier will instruct the third year medics in Bacteriology during next term.

Farwell, 1900, is getting along nicely. Dr. Mitchell feels quite hopeful in regard to him.

Professor Lee delivered his lecture at Hallowell before the Baptist Church, Thursday evening.

Pettengill, '98, officiated as one of the judges at the Colby in-door meet, Wednesday, March 9th.

The two evenings of polo at the Town Hall, have proved to be the only ones of the season.

"Diogenes," from the *Quill*, was copied by the *Portland Advertiser* and *Brunswick Telegraph*.

Professor Lee has made quite an extended visit at the home of his parents in northern New York State.

The Juniors have to dive down into their pockets now, as the Ivy Day assessment is being collected.

Messrs. West and Robinson, Bowdoin, 1900, attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention at New York, last week.

If the authorities wish to rent the Town Hall for dancing purposes, they should immediately prohibit polo.

Professor Chapman will deliver an address to the students of Patten Academy at their coming graduation.

The youthful "Jo" essays to compete with "Bob" in the pop-corn business. May the best "man" win.

The Freshmen have chosen the following men for their debate with the Sophomores: Lewis, Sills, and Griffiths.

The Frou-Frou Club dance at Bath on Friday of last week, was an attraction attended by some of the fellows.

Professor Chapman delivered his delightful lecture on "Macbeth" before the Fortnightly Club at Bath, last week.

Several students attended the dance at Lewiston, Monday of last week, given by the "Twentieth Century Twelve."

The Mandolin and Glee Club concert at Westbrook recently was highly appreciated by both audience and press.

Those who attended the Grand Opera, "Tannhauser," last Tuesday in Portland, still praise the

beautiful mixture of music, scenery, and acting. It was truly wonderful.

A freight train was somewhat damaged by uncoupling near Oak Hill, outside of Brunswick, Tuesday, March 8th.

Professor Lee intends to increase, during the coming spring, the collection of birds in the cabinet at Massachusetts Hall.

Through the generosity of Prof. Chapman, "Assembly Hall," at the High School, has been furnished with a piano.

Charles A. Yale's operatic extravaganza, "The Twelve Temptations," attracted a large number of students to Bath last Thursday.

The old gym echoes from "noon till eve" and even later with the clash of foils and swords and the ring of clubs and dumb-bells.

Some of the students attended the performance of "A Rival by Request," presented by High School amateurs in Bath recently.

Lancey, '99, has been called to his home in Pittsfield by the death of a relative, and is detained by the severe illness of his father.

Photographer Webber is fast expiring in his vain attempt to get the Seniors to "look pleasant just for a minute," while he snaps their plizes.

Merrill, Moulton, Came, White, of '99, O. D. Smith, '98, and Webber, 1900, entertained the Octagon Club with a sleigh-ride to Jake's, March 3d.

A party of young ladies and students took advantage of the last moon and last sleighing to gather around Jake's festive boards. Jolly times at Jake's.

A brilliant party of Brunswick society people and Bowdoin students had a royal time at Jake's⁸ tavern, Saturday night, going down in Dunning's big sleigh.

We would suggest that the daily papers be locked in the bindings, as they would thus not be continually under the feet of careless students in the reading-room.

We came across somewhat of a curiosity in the library the other day. It is the libretto in German of Mozart's "Die Entführung ans dem Serail," and was published in 1787.

Miss Young gave a most delightful "five hundred" party on the evening of March 3d. Among those present were Professor Emery, Marble, Merrill, Ives, Stetson, Pennell, Thompson, all of '98, Sinkinson, '99, and Berry, 1901.

The Politics Club held its fortnightly meeting, Monday evening, at the room of Messrs. Blake and Sturgis. The Austro-Hungarian question was the subject under discussion.

Among those who attended the performance of "Tannhauser," by the Damrosch-Ellis Company at The Jefferson, Portland, last week, were Babb, Burbank, Webber, and Veazie.

Professor Mitchell announces as subjects for the last themes which fall due March 22d, the following. For Sophomores and Juniors not taking Political Economy:

1. A Description of Your Native Town.
2. Lying Newspapers.
3. A Talk to the Citizens of Your Home Town on "The Importance of Good Roads."
4. An Old-Time Husking-Bee.
5. Emerson's Essay on Compensation.
6. Browning's "Saul."

Professor Emery announces as subjects of themes for Juniors taking Political Economy, the following:

1. Bimetallism in France.
2. The Issue of Bank-Notes Against General Assets.
3. The Canadian Banking System.

The Choral Society of Brunswick gave a very delightful concert in Town Hall, March 1st. Among the soloists and chorus were Mrs. Lee, Professor Chapman, Professor Woodruff, Towle, '99, and Adams, '99.

Portland talent presented the operetta, "A Game of Bluff," in Brunswick Town Hall, last Thursday evening. We fear little funds were added to the good cause they were working for—the home for friendless boys, Deering.

More photographs by Professors Hutchins and Johnson are displayed at Byron Stevens' Book-Store. These last are of the paintings of Corot, D'Aubigny, and the supposed Van Dyke. The price of the photographs is \$1.50.

Several parties of young ladies, in town for the last Junior Assembly, enjoyed tea at the ends. One damsel remarked, "Why, how do you keep your room so clean and tasty?" Suppose she had entered unexpectedly an hour before!

The following, taken from a Maine paper, shows what a misplaced comma can do:

Invitations are out for a reception next Thursday evening to the Class of 1899 by Henry Johnson Longfellow, Professor of modern languages.

The Harvard discussion of the question of making physical exercise compulsory in the gymnasium has been the means of bringing the Bowdoin system into complimentary criticism. Bowdoin is the pio-

neer in this departure, and it is safe to predict that many of her sister institutions are soon to follow her example.

The *Bath Independent* says: "Fred E. Drake, leader of the Bowdoin Glee Club, is so musical that he bursts out singing cantatas, operas, and college songs, frequently in his sleep, and his chum, the gossip hears, has petitioned for divorce."

At a meeting of the George Evans Debating Society, held Tuesday evening, A. H. Nason, '99, was elected president in place of B. S. Philoon, '99, resigned. A. L. Griffiths, 1901, was elected secretary to fill the vacancy made by Nason's resignation.

It is high time that the track team should have a coach. The manager's strenuous efforts for a suitable one so far have been unrewarded, and some of the fellows begin to fear a first-class man may not be obtained. This would be most unfortunate, as material is plenty and should be coaxed into a winning team.

The library registers 1,168 books out for January and 1,028 books for February. The largest number taken out in one day was 111 books—on February 16th. The most popular books are Professor Johnson's "Where Beauty Is, and Other Poems," President Hyde's "Practical Idealism," "Quo Vadis," and "Hugh Wynne."

The Tennis Association held a meeting on Wednesday of last week and elected officers as follows: President, White, '99; Vice-President, Fuller, 1901; Secretary and Treasurer, West, 1900; Third Director, Dana, '99. The tournament will probably be held at Portland early in June.

The events for the third annual in-door meet will be as follows:

Class Drills,	20-Yard Dash,
Hurdle Race,	Potato Race,
Pole Vault,	High Jump,
Putting Shot,	Relay Races.

In the class-drill contests, first place counts ten points, second place six, and third place two. In the other events, first place counts five, second place three, and third place one. All entries should be made to the class captains, who are Kendall, '98, Hadlock, '99, Merrill, 1900, Laferriere, 1901.

Prof. Alfred W. Anthony of the Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, delivered his fourth lecture on "The Unrecorded Life of Jesus," at Room No. 5, Memorial Hall, Wednesday afternoon. The subject of Professor Anthony's discourse was "The Apocryphal Lives of Jesus." Professor Anthony handled his subject in an able and entertaining manner.

The Medics are soon to witness the amputation of a leg, and the poor unfortunate is our old friend, "Lish" Pollard. Some of the first-year men often have business outside during the bloodiest part of the operations, and they don't lose much time, either, in making connections with fresh air.

The last Junior Assembly was enjoyable. Mrs. Hyde, Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Houghton, Mrs. Hutchins, and Mrs. MacDonald, as matrons, toned the occasion to its proper social standing, and no one left the hall without regret. Refreshments were to have been furnished by Given. Following is the order of dances:

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Waltz. | 1. Two-Step. |
| 2. Two-Step. | 2. Waltz. |
| 3. Schottische. | 3. Schottische. |
| INTERMISSION. | |
| 4. Waltz. | 4. Two-Step. |
| 5. Two-Step. | 5. Waltz. |
| 6. Waltz. | 6. Two-Step. |

At the High School Assembly Hall, Monday afternoon, the birthday of Henry W. Longfellow was celebrated in an appropriate manner. The feature of the exercises was a talk by Professor Chapman on the life of Longfellow, plentifully besprinkled with delicious bits from his poems, and closing with verses on "Childhood," recited as only Professor Chapman can recite.

The ladies of Brunswick gave a banquet on the evening of March 5th to the hostess of the Tontine, Mrs. L. P. Huntoon. Several professors' wives were in attendance, and a jolly time was had. A sumptuous and splendidly-served menu was discussed, the latter part of the evening. Marble, '98, and Marston, '99, represented the press.

The *Telegraph* says: "The lecture by Professor MacDonald before the Saturday Club, on 'John Brown of Ossawatimie,' was very instructive and interesting, and attentively listened to by a large and cultured audience. Professor MacDonald is a close student of history; and knows how to impart his information to an audience. Brunswick is fortunate in having at her command talent which other places have to procure from abroad."

Rev. Dr. William DeWitt Hyde filed the Pine Street Congregational Church of Lewiston, March 6th. His morning discourse was a simple yet far-reaching and thorough analysis of the subject, "Bearing one another's burdens." His evening talk was upon the principles of considerate restraint in the Christian character. His efforts were greeted by the large audiences with the strictest attention and thorough appreciation.

Bowdoin is glad to learn that Colby is soon to have a new chemical laboratory. Recently Dr. Butler and Dr. Bayley, in company with Judge Percival Bonney and John Calvin Stevens, the architect, looked over the Searles Science Building for points in construction. They must have gotten several good suggestions, and it is hoped their new building will be as useful an ornament on their campus as is the science building on the Bowdoin campus.

The *Telegraph*, in the following, supports the idea advanced by the ORIENT some months ago. At that time, however, no trouble was anticipated; it was on general principles that a military company should be formed:

Now is the time for Bowdoin College to organize a military company. Although her past experiences are not of the pleasantest when it was made compulsory, we believe it would be a most beneficial move and would in time become popular. If every school in the United States should give military instruction, the country would be in a much better condition for an emergency of this kind. A standing army of magnitude is a standing menace to public peace, but a large volunteer militia is a very handy thing for a sudden call like the present.

Before building a new library, before renovating either Winthrop Hall or the Gymnasium, the ordinary comforts of civilized life should be secured to the members of this college. Of the thousands of dollars received during the past year or two, none could be spent more profitably than in furnishing passable walks about the campus. To-day, life is made absolutely miserable, health endangered, and patience tried by the shocking condition of the walks, and no attempt even to temporarily drain them is made. Such neglect is almost criminal, and there is absolutely no excuse for this state of affairs. If there is any spark of human kindness left in the breasts of the "powers that be," let it be blown into flame. It is not too late for relief this year. Let a man or two be put on with a shovel and make drains and clear away the slush. Wonders could be wrought in a few hours. Let a little enterprise be shown.

Athletics.

As the signs of approaching spring and summer increase, so does the interest and training in athletics. The prospect for Bowdoin's athletics has never been brighter. In base-ball she bids fair to add to past laurels. The candidates for the team

have been in active training all the term under the watchful eye of Captain Greenlaw. In the graduation of '97 several reliable players were lost, but the incoming class has material to counterbalance this. The base-ball schedule is still in process of construction, and although somewhat late, it is hoped that it may prove an excellent one.

The general athletic committee has taken a wise step in its determination to run a second nine in a business-like way. The team is to be under the management of the regular 'varsity, and will be furnished with appropriate suits and sweaters. For financial reasons most of the second team's games will be away from Brunswick. It is the plan to keep this team up as near the level of the first as possible. The captain will not hesitate to transfer men from one to the other, so that the man who holds his place on the 'varsity this year, will have to exert all his energies at all times.

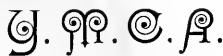
Steere, who coached the 'varsity team of '96, is practically engaged this year. All remember his efficient work in the past, and one and all, players and supporters should turn out to aid both him and Captain Greenlaw in again winning first place.

For the first time Bowdoin will send a team to compete in the Mott Haven games. That Bowdoin has never stood higher in the athletic world is amply testified to by this. But at the same time it calls for increased support from both alumni and undergraduates. In athletic material about the usual amount is to be found, but to compete successfully, as is hoped, with other Mott Haven teams, greater effort than usual must be made.

As yet no coach has been positively engaged. The management is corresponding with several excellent men, however, and at the beginning of spring term active training will be commenced. During the winter Captain Kendall has been carefully watching the new men in their gym work and he appears to be well pleased.

The Mott Haven games are to be held on the last Saturday in May, a week later than the Worcester meet. To the list of events at Worcester has been added the throwing of the discus.

The tennis outlook is as promising as ever. No work has been done, but there is no reason why Bowdoin should not do as well as in previous years. '97 carried away no champions, and 1901 has one or two promising candidates for honors. The tournament probably will be held at Portland in the early part of June.

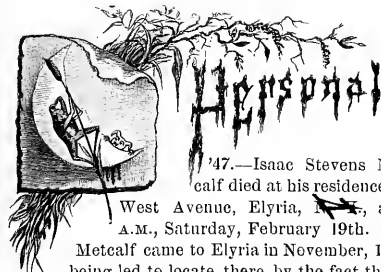


The regular annual business meeting of the society was held Thursday, March 3d. The reports of the officers of last year were heard and approved. The following slate of officers was elected for this ensuing year: Harold Preston West, 1900, of Lewiston, President; Clifford Sawyer Bragden, 1900, Cumberland Mills, Vice-President; George Lothrop Lewis, 1901, South Berwick, Recording Secretary; Burton Melville Clough, 1900, Sebago, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary. The president will appoint the various committees and report Thursday night.

On Sunday, March 6th, Professor Robinson continued his talk on the "Relation of Science to Immortality," which was begun in his afternoon address, on February 20th. It was very absorbing and convincing. It gave a new atmosphere to student thought, and perhaps laid the foundations for many individual philosophies.

Last Thursday night, A. J. Hamlin, 1900, led the meeting. He took as his subject, the topic assigned by the topic cards of the Association, "Stumbling-Blocks." He read the first fourteen verses of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew. It was a very interesting meeting.

Last Sunday the attendance was small and the exercises brief on account of the threatening weather. President Laycock led the meeting in his usual able manner.



'47.—Isaac Stevens Metcalf died at his residence, 43 West Avenue, Elyria, ~~Mass.~~, at 1 A.M., Saturday, February 19th. Mr. Metcalf came to Elyria in November, 1856, being led to locate there by the fact that it was the home of his sister, Mrs. Anna Rich DeWitt. He had been for some five years previously engaged in civil engineering in southern Illinois, but feared the climate and desired also to make his home where the educational and religious advantages

were superior to those of that part of the country. In Elyria he was always actively identified with the public interests of the community, holding many positions of trust and honor to which no salary was attached. Mr. Metcalf was married July 5, 1852, to Antoinette Brigham Putnam, daughter of Rev. John Milton Putnam, of Dumbarton, N. H. She died in Elyria, August 14, 1875. He was married in Elyria, March 25, 1878, to Harriet Howes, who died in Elyria, December 7, 1894. All of his children have been educated in the Elyria public schools, and seven of them have graduated at Oberlin College and one at Wellesley College. Mr. Metcalf was born in Royalston, Mass., January 29, 1822. His father was a school teacher, and taught a private school in Boston from 1827 to 1831. His father died when he was nine years old, and his widowed mother took her young family and moved to a farm in Milo, Me., thirty-three miles north of Bangor. Here they lived amid the privations of poverty and a frontier life in the sparsely settled Maine woods. With the encouragement of his mother and the help of his half-brother, Charles W. Rich, and his younger brothers who stayed at home on the farm, he set out to gain an education. He worked for his board in Bangor, and completed a course in the Bangor High School, teaching school and working on the farm in vacations. He entered Bowdoin College as a Sophomore, worked his way by ringing the college bell, teaching school in the various academies and towns in Maine, in vacations, and staying out of college for several terms in order to earn money, but graduated with his class in 1847. As soon as he completed his college course he became a civil engineer, and for the next eight years lived a very active life. He was engaged in surveys on three New England railroads, the Vermont & Massachusetts, New Hampshire Central, and Bangor & Waterville, and built bridges across the Connecticut river and the Kennebec river. In 1850 he went West, rode on the first train over the then opening Erie Railway, and reached Chicago on the same steamboat which carried the first locomotive engine ever brought to Chicago, intended to run on a small railroad just beginning to be built from Chicago toward Elgin, probably the first railroad out of Chicago. In 1851 he returned to New England, and was married, and his wife returned with him to Illinois, where he took charge of the construction of the second division of the Illinois Central Railroad. He built this entire division of the road, including Centralia, and the hotel and shops there, and a bridge over the Little Muddy

river. He had charge of the expenditure of more than half a million dollars, with very little assistance or advice from the chief engineer, whom he saw but once a year. When the road was completed, in 1855, he left with the highest compliments of the officers of the company. Meantime he had invested in land and coal-mining property, and laid out the village of DuQuoin, now an important station on the Illinois Central Railroad. After more than a year spent in New England he removed to Elyria in November, 1856, which was his home from that time until his death. In every relation of life Mr. Metcalf was conspicuous in his staunch support of those things which contribute largely to the welfare of society. It was never necessary to inquire where he stood upon moral questions. With both voice and pen he was ever ready to declare himself in no uncertain language. It was a sacredly kept motto of his to never ask for an office, and to never refuse an office, and whatever duties he assumed were discharged with fidelity. The influence of his life, during the forty-two years spent in Elyria, will be felt for generations to come. During the last year Mr. Metcalf prepared a full and interesting genealogical history of the Metcalf and Stevens families, which will soon be published.

'52.—Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain attended the quarterly meeting of the military order of the Loyal Legion, in Portland, Wednesday evening last.

'53.—The *Portland Advertiser* prints the following interesting note—and verses.

To the Editor of the *Portland Advertiser*:

Quotation by the *Advertiser* some days ago, from the "Songs of Bowdoin," published by the Class of 1861, calls to mind a bit of verse bearing the signature of no less a distinguished man than the chief justice of the United States, found in that notable brochure. Perhaps the distinguished jurist will not thank an admirer for recalling to memory the subjoined lines—yet he may recall one of La Rochefoucauld's most memorable maxims: "*Qui rit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit.*" However that may be, here is the song. A. Y.

BACCHANALIAN.

I.

Oh, bright is the gleam of the silv'ry stream,
As it leaps from its native mountain;
And sweet to the taste, in the desert waste,
Is the draught from the pure, cool fountain.
But sweeter than this, with its transient bliss,
To me in the desert roaming,
And brighter still than the sparkling rill,
Is the wine in our goblets foaming.

CHORUS.—Then fill each glass, as the moments pass,
Let the red wine mantle high!
As pledge we here, to mem'ry dear,
The pleasant years gone by.

II.

Oh, hard is the strife of the battle of life
 To the soldier youth contending!
 Full soon may fall e'en the plated mail
 He fancied himself defending.
 Yet we'll on to the fight with hearts so light,
 At the stirring trumpet's tone,
 And never will yield the battle field
 Till victory is our own.

CHORUS.—Then drink to-night, with hearts so light,
 To the untried world before us,
 And gaily laugh, as the wine we quaff,
 And join in the merry chorus.

'61.—A dispatch from Havana recently gave: "Gen. Hyde, President of the Bath Iron Works, Bath, Me., called on Gen. Blanco and Capt. Sigsbee to-day. He is on the way to Mexico on a trip for health and pleasure, and says his presence in Havana has no political significance."

'68.—At a "ladies' night," held by the Pine Tree State Club of Boston, at the Brunswick, recently, Hon. Orville D. Baker of Augusta was the speaker of the evening. His subject was "George Washington's Salient Characteristics," and the oration was very well received. Among others, Dr. F. N. Whittier, '85, was present.

'71.—Dr. E. S. Stackpole, who has accepted the call of the Green Street Methodist Church, Augusta, Me., to become its pastor at the commencement of the next conference year, is one of the ablest scholars and keenest thinkers in his denomination. He was born in Durham, Me., June 11, 1850, and was fitted for college at the Edward Little School, Auburn, Me. He graduated at Bowdoin with high honors in 1871. He taught several terms of school, before graduating, in different parts of the state, and after graduation taught four years in Machias, Me., and Bloomfield, N. J. He graduated from the School of Theology of Boston University in 1878, and at once united with the Maine conference, taking the humblest appointment, Kingfield Circuit, where the salary paid the year before was \$142. He built the churches at Lisbon and Woodfords during his next two pastorates. Mr. Stackpole was afterwards stationed at Westbrook, Bath, and Portland. From the latter place he was called to take charge of a Theological School in Florence, Italy, for the training of Italian preachers. He continued in this work between four and five years, during which time and for a year after he travelled extensively in Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. He also spent some time in the study of theology and New Testament interpretation at the University of Berlin. For four years past he has been pastor of the Methodist

Church at Auburn, Me. He is an extensive writer, being the author of "A Study of Missionary Methods in Italy," "The Evidence of Salvation, or the Direct Witness of the Spirit," and "Prophecy, or Speaking for God." The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Bowdoin College in 1888. He is familiar with the Italian language, and reads readily German and French. He has one son who is a Sophomore in college. His wife is a competent teacher of Italian, German, and French, having had a number of private pupils and large experience in former years as a teacher in public schools. The church and city are to be congratulated that they have secured such an able preacher and progressive citizen as Dr. Stackpole.

'73.—Judge Andrew Peters Wiswell, and Hon. H. M. Heath, '72, were members of the committee which awarded the honors in the Colby-Bates debate to the former. The question was: "*Resolved*, That municipalities in the United States of 25,000 or more inhabitants should own and operate plants for supplying water, light, and surface transportation," Colby having the affirmative.

'73.—Augustus F. Moulton was elected Mayor of Deering on the Republican ticket by a substantial majority.

Med., '81.—Dr. Abbott, the Republican candidate, was elected Mayor of Waterville by a majority of 170, in one of the most hotly-contested elections for years.

'90.—George Franklin Freeman, who graduated some years ago from the Harvard Medical School, has recently settled for general practice in Boston, with his office at "The Windemere," on Boylston Street. Mr. Freeman is also graduate house physician of the Boston City Hospital, and graduate house physician of the Boston Lying-in Hospital.

'90.—Charles L. Hutchinson, '90, was elected to the school committee of Portland from Ward 5, last week. John L. Pierce, '93, and Elias Thomas, Jr., '94, represent Ward 6 in the common council.

'91.—Charles V. Minott, Jr., was chosen chairman of the Board of Selectmen at Phippsburg, Me., at the recent town elections.

N., '93.—H. S. Baker, '93, was visiting Brunswick friends last week. He is with the large firm of Scott & Bowne, the makers of Scott's Emulsion.

Of the men chosen to represent Harvard in the debate with Yale, only one has had experience in intercollegiate debating. Forty-seven men spoke in the preliminary debate, and the decision was not rendered until after midnight.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA, Δ K E, }
March 11, 1898. }

Whereas, It has seemed best to our all-merciful Father to remove from the scenes of earth our brother, Isaac Stevens Metcalf of the Class of '47, whose ever-active interest in the Fraternity has won him a tender place in our hearts; be it

Resolved, That Theta of Delta Kappa Epsilon has lost a loved and loyal member, whose noble life has reflected lustre on its name; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

WILLIAM CHARLES MERRILL,
PERCIVAL PROCTOR BAXTER,
ROY LEON MARSTON,

Committee for the Chapter.



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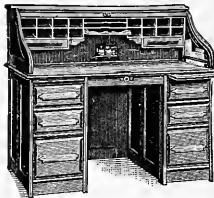
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BOWDOIN ORIENT.

VOL. XXVII.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 30, 1898.

No. 17.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY DURING
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BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

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This, the last number of volume twenty-seven, completes the labors of the present Board of Editors of the ORIENT. At the election held a fortnight ago, there were eight candidates for the three positions occupied by members of the Class of '98. Messrs. Lee, 1900, Griffiths and Sills, 1901, were the successful men, and they, together with the remaining members, constitute the staff for the coming year. The new board organized as follows:

R. L. MARSTON, Editor-in-Chief.

B. S. PHILOON,

Assistant Editor-in-Chief and College World.

F. L. DUTTON, Business Manager.

J. W. WHITNEY,

Assistant Business Manager.

D. B. HALL, Personals.

J. P. WEBBER, } Verse.

F. C. LEE,

P. A. BABE, Athletics.

A. L. GRIFFITHS, } Collegii Tabula.

K. C. M. SILLS,

The members of the coming board are well suited to perform their labors, and the college may rest assured that the ORIENT will by no means be allowed to deteriorate; rather the college may expect a volume the equal, if not the superior of those published

in the past. To the new board we wish the best of success in every branch of their work, and we trust that when they assume control next term, they may realize the responsibility which now rests upon their shoulders. It is for them to publicly state the college policy, to criticize whatever is evil, to commend the good, and to maintain the honor and prestige of the college through thick and thin to the best of their ability. Above all it is theirs to be independent, to have the courage to do and to dare.

BOWDOIN is democratic, and we would not lessen her democracy in the least. Some think, however, that the regular wearing of caps and gowns by the Senior Class might tend to diminish our general good-feeling, and that unnecessary form and ceremony would be encouraged thereby. We beg to differ with such opinions. There is every reason why the Seniors should wear caps and gowns during their last term. They should not be worn for the benefit of the other classes, but rather to make the Seniors feel more united. They constitute the proper costume of a Senior, they denote his position in college, they lend dignity to his appearance, and they are most becoming and picturesque. If the cap and the gown are thought too clumsy for general wear, the cap may be worn alone with perfect propriety; or if both are preferred, why should not they be worn to chapel and to the President's recitations, as a mark of respect. This might be done daily without great trouble, and surely the added effect would more than repay the slight inconvenience. Other colleges follow these plans, and as they are very reasonable, we also should. The ORIENT hopes that the Class of '98 may see fit to adopt a suggestion in this matter. Do not wear them once per week at Sunday chapel, but wear them every day, or portions of every day. They might seem a trifle odd

at first, like a new pair of shoes, but the novelty would soon disappear and '98 would set an example which would always be followed. The Senior Class has been a class of reform. When it entered, it took a long step toward civilizing the college by abolishing "horn concert;" since then it has continued its good work. Now as it is about to leave, let it complete its record, not by abolishing, but by inaugurating a custom. If, when Freshmen, they could reform a time-worn custom, surely when Seniors they should be able to create one.

THE Debating Club acted most unwisely in declining to accept the challenge of the University of Maine for an intercollegiate debate. This action will prove a severe set-back to an organization which at best is none too steady upon its legs. The U. of M. has never debated, nor have we. Both have clubs for debating and both hope to amount to something in debating at some future date. The two are evenly matched in every respect, both as to men and experience, and as both have the same end in view, the furtherance of college debates, there was every reason why we should have accepted so fair an offer. It was urged that Colby and Bates would say we were afraid to debate them when they challenged us, owing to their experience, therefore we should not accept the U. of M. challenge. We were afraid, purely and simply, and we declined as gracefully as possible. Why not acknowledge it? We wanted to learn something of debating before meeting experienced men; we wanted to come in contact with our equals first; then, if successful, look for more worlds to conquer. Bowdoin has as good debaters as any college in or out of the state, but they need cultivation, and therefore we declined the Colby-Bates offer. Now when we could meet an opponent upon equal footing, our Debating Club backs

completely down. Does it never propose to try? Does it intend to remain huddled in its shell forever and never run the risk of defeat? If it does not do something to quicken its pulse and the interest of the college in its work, it will die of very stagnation.

But it was urged, "our best debaters won't debate, and we mustn't send inferior men." If the men whom you think the best fitted for debate take no interest, send your next best, and nine chances out of ten, when they have the opportunity they will prove far better than the so-called best men. Send those who are willing to do their best, give them a chance to try, and do not wait for others whom you never have heard debate, but whom you only think could. Send the best you have. May not the U. of M. Club be beset with the same difficulties that you are; if so, they show excellent spirit and deserve commendation. Show your spirit, Debating Club, you don't know what you can do until you try. Branch out a little, run a few risks, and if you get burned, you may learn a little something. An honorable defeat is preferable to cowardice which dares not try conclusions.

TO bring to an end anything upon which we have worked and in which we have taken great interest, is always a sad task. The closing up of anything pleasant in this world makes a man realize how short is life, and every ending is but a stepping-stone to another and another, and so on. Nevertheless, we don't propose to moralize here. The past volume of the ORIENT has been very near to us; we have done our best to furnish the college a paper, such as it is, and it is not for us to pass judgment upon its merits or defects. We hope, as every board since the first has done, that we have not fallen behind our predecessors. Surely we have tried not. Others must continue this work,

and a work it is. The importance of college journalism we can't dwell upon here, but in taking our leave of the past, we, no longer the three old members of the board, but three members of the old board, hope for the future of the ORIENT. Everything has been harmonious the past year, all have worked well and faithfully, and not a man of the entire board has shirked. We have tried to keep the ORIENT to its contract of fourteen pages, for financial reasons, and had it not been for these, we should have furnished rather more matter. We leave the paper with sincere regret, and in the future shall watch its progress with the greatest concern; when it prospers we shall rejoice with it.

THE athletic prospect for the coming term is promising. We don't propose to indulge in the use of superlatives and loudly proclaim that we are to have the finest teams the college ever produced. Such phrases suit a preparatory school journal, not a college publication. In years past it has been customary to loudly extol a team before it accomplished anything. It is much more discreet, to state it mildly, to remain quietly at work and save one's praise until it can be well applied. This is our present policy. We are working hard in both base-ball, track work, and tennis, and we hope to accomplish something. In both base-ball and track athletics, excellent material was lost by '97's graduation, but by hard work their places can and are being creditably filled. We are not winning pennants this year before the season commences, for in the past, too many such have been counted upon. A second nine is to be tried again, and it is hoped it succeeds. We have hardly enough material, however, to form two nines that will bring any sort of attendance. The plan is an excellent one, if it can be made to succeed. At Worcester this spring, Bowdoin is hoping to

do as well, if not better than last year, but hard work and that only will tell. The same is true of tennis. Let it not be thought for an instant that the ORIENT thinks the outlook dark. Far from that, we only want to save ourselves from that too common evil, overconfidence, or self-satisfaction, or "swelled-head," as it is more vulgarly called. If that element is eliminated, if every man works his best and never becomes satisfied with his work, Bowdoin will be saved the disagreeable task of eating many a dish of crow in the future. The teams that win are those who work against heavy odds and those whose paths are the roughest. Victory under those conditions is indeed victory. Let Bowdoin learn the lesson that it does not pay to count upon teams too much in advance.

THE ORIENT has in the past agitated radical athletic reform, such as alumni control, alumni management, and so on. Of late, our ideas have modified themselves considerably. The present system, if properly conducted, is well and good. Our greatest difficulty has been finance. The past seasons of base-ball, of track athletics, and of foot-ball, however, have demonstrated that under the most trying circumstances possible, with suitable management, our athletics are more than self-supporting. Especially in base-ball and foot-ball, when the bad weather was unparalleled, and when the teams were not most inspiring, all accounts were more than paid. This simply shows that we should never fall behind in our accounts again. If future managers are prudent, there can be no excuse for any unpaid bills. The past three seasons have set an example which comes better late than never. It is useless to bewail our heavy debt, or to inquire how it was contracted, but in the future our athletic finance can not fail to be successful if properly cared for. The alumni can accomplish much more good by seeing that suitable undergrad-

uates are placed in control of undergraduate affairs, than by attempting to interfere and assume control themselves. Let the present system which has proved its worth, be slightly reformed, rather than that an entirely new one be created. Athletics can be better managed by undergraduates with the advice of alumni, than by alumni with the advice of undergraduates. Alumni should help to encourage athletics, but not manage them. Let the alumni be consulted as to coaches, and such matters; let them keep a watchful eye upon the college that the right men are chosen to the right places, and our present system will show itself most capable.

OUTSIDE of Brunswick "Bowdoin spirit" is spoken of in the most flattering terms; inside we often hear it run down and trampled on. Both the *Quill* and the ORIENT in the past have thought it their duty to shout that our old-time spirit is dead, etc., etc. It is by no means dead, however. Notwithstanding the periodical remarks of these papers to the contrary, Bowdoin spirit is as alive to-day as ever. The cause of these unfriendly charges is this; our interests are so diversified and our numbers so small, that a great deal is required of every man in college. If every man does not interest himself in every organization about college, it does not show lack of spirit. Men must choose. We have about as many organizations as men, and who wonders that some are more or less deserted? Bowdoin men support Bowdoin interests well, remarkably well, and there never was more activity in college than at this moment. The sooner we rid ourselves of the idea that our spirit is on the wane the better, for there is no surer way to kill it than to imagine it dead. When a college of two hundred and fifty men support a foot-ball team, two class teams, a base-ball team, track teams, tennis teams; when seventy-five men participate in an indoor meet, when

two papers are published, seven fraternities maintained, a glee club organized, an annual published, and so on almost without limit, we indeed must have a little spirit remaining. Let no more be said of lack of spirit here, for there is an abundance of it, and everything will receive its due share of attention. The ORIENT holds that there is not a college in the country with better and more spirit, not a college of our size that supports more successful institutions than ourselves. Therefore, let the "spirit" editorial disappear forever. Bowdoin spirit can never die; it needs no encouragement, no artificial stimulus.

Copperhead Fate.

THE township of Awawasting was now thoroughly stirred up. The third man in the Deyo family had fallen by the poisoned fangs of the dread copperhead. What made the calamity the more peculiar was that in the memory of the oldest inhabitant the number of such reptiles seen in the vicinity could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The gossips of the place had ample material in which to indulge their knowing head-shakes and whispered scraps of sage wisdom when chance brought them together. The men, in their daily work in the fields, kept a watchful eye looking for the appearance of another scaly devastator, and those who were obliged to work near the foot of the mountain, where Abe's body had been found, carried with them a long, stout branch. Since this third death, no one ventured out after dark unless under compulsion of necessity, for the universal feeling was that there was a considerable family of the copperheads crawling through the neighborhood.

Four years before, Abe Deyo obtained a pair of heavy moccasins from a peddling Indian who had passed through the town one of those remnants of the Mohawks who still haunt the ancient hunting-grounds of

their fathers. These long moccasins Abe had worn but a few weeks when one day he was found dead in the road, and the cause of his destruction was too plainly revealed in the form of a great copperhead which lay, with its head crushed to a jelly, beside him.

Abe had two brothers, Caspar and Uriah, both of whom were younger. After the death of Abe, such of his personal belongings as were convenient for the use of his successor were given his youngest brother. Among these possessions were the moccasins, still comparatively new. For some time there was no need of this protecting foot-wear, but at length Caspar found that their stoutness in the ploughed lands of the farm was a great comfort, and, accordingly, used them. Several days after he failed to return, and in the morning the neighbors found him on the border of the field with the swollen limbs and that look of intense suffering betrayed on the faces of those who are victims of the poisonous infection of that snake. No snake was visible, however, but on removing his left moccasin the two fatal blue punctures were seen in precisely the same spot as they had been on his unfortunate brother. The report at once spread that these moccasins were the abiding place of some vindictive fate, and they were held as objects of horror. The thought of wearing them again was thrown aside peremptorily. Finally, to get them away from the scene of the disasters which had attended them, they were sent to the house of the younger brother, Uriah, who lived some miles away. For months they lay in the attic of his house. At length their story became superseded by thoughts more pressing, and they were temporarily forgotten. Finally Uriah, led by his reluctance to see the moccasins unused, and reasoning that it was foolish to connect the deaths with these unmeaning and passive accompaniments, wore them. Immunity from harm strengthened his opin-

ion, and the matter was reaching a seeming more fortunate conclusion, when suddenly word reached the homestead that Uriah had met the fate of his brothers. It was true, and again the two deadly marks were visible in the same place. The third calamity placed an awful hush over the village, and the matter was fast going down into the annals of the town as a dreadful and unexplained mystery, when a college man happened that way, and, trained to reason to the cause of effects, asked to see the moccasins. They were brought to him, and, upon a close examination, in the left moccasin he found, corresponding to the spot where all the punctures had been, the fangs of the original reptile imbedded in the thick leather and protruding enough on the inside to cause a puncture when the leg got in such a position as to bear heavily upon the side in which the fangs were planted.

—A. L. GRIFFITHS, 1901.

Bowdoin Verse.

The Broken Ring.

(From the German.)

Down in a cool valley
 A mill-wheel turns round,
 But my loved one who dwelt there
 Is not to be found.
 She gave me a ring
 When she said she'd be true.
 She has broken her faith;
 The ring's suapped in two.
 O would, far and wide,
 Through the world I might roam,
 A minstrel, go singing
 From home unto home!
 Or fly like a knight
 Straight into the fight,
 And lie by still camp-fire
 Afield through the night!
 Heard I the wheel turning,—
 I don't know what I'd will.
 I'd like best to die. Then
 Forever 'tis still.

—1900.

Fin de Siècle Freedom.

"When Freedom from her mountain-height
 Unfurled her *Standard* to the air,"
 The pictures must have been a sight!
 But what on earth did Freedom care?

'Way up there on the mountain-top,
 Far from the view of vulgar eye,
 Why *should* she fear to skip and hop,
 And read the *Standard*, on the sly?

—J. W. C., '98.

An Object Lesson.

She toss'd her head disdainfully
 And laughed in sportive glee;
 She said it was as painfully
 Absurd as it could be,
 That I should claim the greater height
 When all the world must see
 That she, in stately manner, quite
 With ease looked down on me.

She stood close by me, and I knew
 That opposite to mine
 Were tempting lips of ruby hue,
 And dimpled cheeks divine.

"That you are just my height," said I,
 "Indeed I must insist."

And so to prove my statement—why
 Her pouting lips I kissed! —ANON.

Carmen IV.

Sharp winter melteth away beneath the change of
 pleasant Zephyrs,
 Again o'er the sea slip the skiffs from dry-dock.
 Flocks do not longer rejoice in barns or farmers by
 their hearth-stones;
 Nor meadows turn white, overspread with hoar-
 frost.
 Moonlit, the glades now resound where, led by
 Cytherian Venus,
 Are joined in dance, Nymphs and comely Graces
 Tripping along through the wood reverberating,
 while the forges
 Old Vulcan has lit for the molling Cyclops.
 Now it is fitting to wreathe the shining head with
 myrtle and flowers,
 Which peep from the mould freed at earth's relaxing.
 Now in the deep shaded groves to Faunus a sacri-
 fice must be offered,
 A kid, if he wish, slain, or if a lambkin.

—J. A. PIERCE, 1901.

Horace, Ode I.

[Metrical Translation.]

Mæcenas, descendent of ancestral rulers,
O protection and honor delightful to usward;
There are those in the race-course, the dust of
Olympus

To collect it delights and the goal-post avoided
With glowing hot wheels and the palm-branch
renowned

Lords of the earth it promotes to divine ones.
If this one the crowd of inconstant retainers
Contend to exalt to the manifold honors,

If for that one is stored in the barns of his kinsmen
Whatever is swept from the Libyan thresh floors.

Him rejoicing to plow in the fields of his fathers
You will never persuade with Attalian riches
As a timorous sailor to stem the Ægean,

In a Cyprian bark. So the merchant, abhorring
The South Wind upraising Iearian torrents,

Extols the repose of his far-removed township,
But at length untought to endure grave reverses
Refits his wrecked craft. There is one who

The cups of the long-hidden Massic rejects not
Nor to idle a part of the unbroken daylight
Now stretching his limbs 'neath the verdant arbutus

Now near the smooth source of the sanctified waters.
The camp, the mixed blare of the cornet and
trumpet

And war cursed by mothers there are some who
rejoice in;

And under the pitiless sky, forgetful of fond loving
consort,

The hunter awaits the swift deer by his dogs apprehended,

Or the Marsian boar as he breaks the round meshes.
But me the reward of the ivy, the tribute of well-learned foreheads

Among the divines would assemble. Me the cool-grove

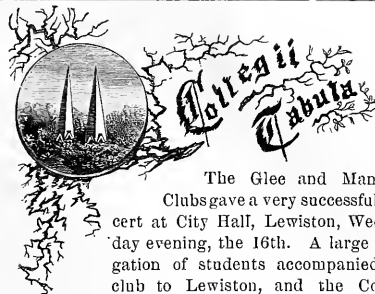
And the Nymphs in their dance with the Satyrs
Seclude from the people, if Euterpe refuse not her pipes,

And Polymnia, the Lesbian zither. But if me you enroll

Among lyric reciters, on high to the stars
Would I bear my highly exalted profession.

—A. L. GRIFFITHS, 1901.

Owing to the large amount of Personals and Collegii Tabula, the stories were necessarily cut in this issue.



The Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a very successful concert at City Hall, Lewiston, Wednesday evening, the 16th. A large delegation of students accompanied the club to Lewiston, and the College Orchestra furnished the music for the hop which followed the concert. The *Journal* said: "This concert was to that of last year by the same organization as a home run is to a two-bagger. As proof of this advancement in both instrumental and vocal divisions, when the two came together on the closing, popular "Phi Chi," they sang and played with a vigor and dash that woke up Gurnet clam flats and caused the lobsters at that good hostelry by the sea to grow greener with envy."

Exams are on.

Lancey, '99, is back.

Hear the wheels buzz!

The track is almost bare.

The walks are blissful, now!

And still, Jake's festive board.

Rumors of an excellent ball team.

The indoor meet netted about \$130.

First-class wheels down town for \$27.

Bicycles are again in evidence about town.

The Juniors had a Chemistry test this week.

H. W. Mabie is to lecture before the Saturday Club.

Gym work ended the 15th, two days earlier than usual.

'68 Class Speaking breaks the monotony of exams.

Instructor Clough officiated at the chapel organ recently.

The advance sale for the In-door Meet was unusually large.

Juniors had an extra session of Political Economy Wednesday.

The last themes of the term were due this week. This completes the work of regular theme-writing for the Juniors.

Examinations are held next week, and the term closes Friday.

Professor Woodruff preached two sermons in Bath, recently.

C. C. Smith, '98, contemplates teaching in New Mexico next year.

The interscholastic meets continue to remain a bone of contention.

W. L. Thompson, '99, is agent for Cottrell & Leonard, costumers.

When will the daily papers register else than sensational war news?

The students at the Art Building plan to draw from life the coming term.

Arthur Wood, 1900, gave a supper to a number of his friends last Monday night.

C. E. D. Lord, '95, of Biddeford, is taking a few weeks of special instruction here.

Topliff, '99, was taken sick early in the week and has gone to relatives in Augusta.

There was a goodly number of sub-Freshmen present at the Athletic entertainment.

Several '97 men were on the campus within the week: Smith, Rhodes, Hull, and Lord.

The Glee Club gave a splendid concert at Kotschmar Hall, at Portland, Saturday evening.

The base-ball men have been indulging in a little open-air practice in front of the gym.

Crafts, 1900, who has been out teaching, made his appearance for a few days on the campus this week.

They tell us the electricians to Bath and Lewiston are a sure thing. That is what they said about the depot.

The prize squad of the Class of '98, under Leader Pettengill and Pianist Pennell, posed at Webber's last week.

Farwell, 1900, is progressing wonderfully well. He is able to sit up at times, and his recovery is well assured.

President Hyde filled a Lewiston pulpit recently. He also preached at the "Church on the Hill" on the 13th inst.

This is the last appearance of the ORIENT for the term. On April 27th will appear the first issue of next term.

The Sophomores in History cut Professor MacDonald last week, and the Professor cut the Sophomores next day.

Saturday morning, after the athletic entertainment, there were several "adjourns" and cuts.

The newly-elected ORIENT board will give a banquet to the retiring members early next term.

The Sophomore Class is talking of having another class banquet this year. It will probably be held at Portland.

Mr. Nat Barker of Cedarville visited his friends, Charles C. Smith and F. L. Thompson, during the athletic entertainment.

A meeting of the governing boards of the college was held Wednesday last. Lunch was served at Massachusetts by Given.

Miss Harvey's Juvenile Dancing Class gave an exhibition in the Town Hall last Tuesday evening. It was followed by a social dance.

The last session of the Deutscher Verein for this term was held last Wednesday. Hunt and Knight entertained at South Windrop.

P. A. Babb, 1900, is to be engaged upon a summer newspaper at one of the leading resorts of the state during the long vacation.

If the library building matures, it is proposed to use the present quarters as a Y. M. C. A. room, a reading-room, and a magazine room.

The Finance Committee of the Boards of Trustees and Overseers of the College met upon business at Massachusetts Hall week before last.

Ralph Emerson of Lewiston, formerly of the Medical School, visited in town this week. At present he is engaged in literary work.

The annual '68 prize speaking of the Class of '98 will take place on the evening of March 31st at 8 o'clock, at Memorial Hall. The programme to be delivered is as follows:

Our Foreign Policy.	Frank H. Swan.
The Mission of War.	Thomas L. Marble.
Danton in the French Revolution.	Percival P. Baxter.
*The Tyranny of Public Opinion over Individuality.	
	John W. Condon.
The Regime of the Novel.	William W. Lawrence.
The Duty of the Church Toward Social Problems.	
	Robert R. Morson.

*Excused.

The United States Supreme Court on March 14th dismissed the case of Joseph Merritt vs. Bowdoin College for want of jurisdiction. The case was appealed from the Circuit Court for the northern district of California, and this decision was the second of the same character by the Supreme Court. This opinion will have the effect of sustaining the validity of the bequest made to the college.

The library assistants are hard at work upon the rank books of the Senior Class. About the only perfect marks are *Gym* work, and these are none too frequent.

The last lecture of Professor Anthony on the "Unrecorded Life of Christ" was given at Memorial Hall last Wednesday afternoon. The course has been an interesting and helpful one.

Hon. James Ware Bradbury of Augusta, the oldest living alumnus of Bowdoin, and the only living member of Longfellow's class (1825), visited the college recently. May he come many times more.

Pettengill, '98, is to teach a nine weeks' term as principal of the Milbridge High School, Milbridge, Me., commencing April 1st. He will return to college at the Senior examinations and pass them, graduating with his class.

Professor Chapman recently announced the following subject as that selected for the Competitive Pray English Composition Prize: "Shakespeare's Use of Humor in Tragedy." The article may be of any length desired by the writer.

The annual opening of spring occurred early last Tuesday morning. A very large number of students participated in the festivities. Spring, however, seemed rather chary of such an ovation, and the next day was almost cold enough for snow.

The third Junior Assembly was held last Wednesday evening at Memorial Hall. This place is so much better than the Town Hall that it is to be hoped that all the college hops in the future will be held there, now that a precedent has been established.

The fortnightly meeting of the Politics Club was held Monday evening, the 14th, at the rooms of Moulton and Sargent, in Winthrop Hall. A paper on English partisan politics was read by P. P. Baxter, and an informal talk on English Parliamentary leaders was given by Professor Emery.

The *Brunswick Telegraph* hands along this story: "They tell a peculiar yarn, those medics who have been dissecting this week the body of a woman who had been insane. In her interior economy they found a piece of nail, a tack, a piece of lead, and ten or twelve pieces of brick about half the size of a walnut. It was strange the lady died."

Professor Anthony, of the Cobb Divinity School, delivered his weekly lecture on "Wonderful Life of Jesus," at Memorial Hall, Wednesday afternoon, the 16th. "The Messianic Self-Consciousness" was the

subject of Professor Anthony's address. He concluded his series of lectures last Wednesday afternoon with a discourse on "The Temptations of Jesus."

It is rumored that a new organization has appeared, a so-called Bachelor's Club, the officers and members of which are not to be made known. Its purpose is certainly noble, but like a new resolution, it generally succumbs at the first temptation.

The *Lewiston Journal* published a long account of the base-ball prospects at Bowdoin. Pictures of Capt. Greenlaw and W. T. Libby appeared also. The four colleges of the state were represented, and all report excellent work on the part of their candidates.

The Boston papers recently printed a long and specific account of a new stained glass window which is being made in that city for the Congregational Church-on-the-Hill. They spoke in the most glowing terms of it. The window is given by the Sunday-school in honor of its founders, and bears this inscription: "The Sunday-School to its Founders and Promoters, 1812-1898."

For several years Memorial had not vibrated under the graceful movements of the "society class of the college *par excellence*" until last Wednesday night. The third assembly, if anything, surpassed the others. Girls galore and an excellent choice of matrons rendered it an occasion such as is read about. The usual order of two-steps and waltzes, with a schottische sandwiched in, was danced.

There is a movement on foot in town to further the cause of prohibition. Many of the most influential citizens have agreed to unite in the interest of the prohibitory law, and they invite "definite and reliable evidence of any violation of the spirit of the prohibitory law that may hereafter occur." The movement is intended to protect the town from intemperance "with the least possible annoyance and hardship to any of our fellow-citizens, and to avoid hasty, unjust, and underhanded action." Among the signers are President Hyde, Professors Chapman, Houghton, Johnson, Little, Mitchell, MacDonald, Robinson, and Woodruff, Dr. Mason, and about ninety others.

A writer in the *Thomaston Herald* says, concerning Brunswick: "Morally and religiously the town is one of the best. Literally and spiritually by night and by day the town is well lighted, and the same is true of literal and spiritual water. The electric lights here and pure water help the morals of the place, and our ample system of sewerage tends to

purity of character, and thus we are trying to keep the town clean, within and without, and to let our light shine. All the great crying evils of our day are here, however; Sabbath breaking, gambling, intemperance, profanity, and all the like signs of depravity." This might be open to question as to certain of its statements.

The *Bangor Commercial* says: "The members of the Bangor High School have decided that they vote for the proposed change in the affairs of the Maine Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association. The matter will be fully decided by all of the schools belonging to the M. I. S. A. A. in a few days, by a mail vote. The Bangor boys received a letter from the Colby Athletic Association a few days ago, which, they say, prompted them to accept the proposition of Bowdoin, more than anything else. Colby said that Bowdoin was only trying to get control of the affairs of the preparatory schools throughout the state, and that the schools, after they put themselves in Bowdoin's hands, would not have any voice in anything. This method of doing business the Bangor boys did not like, and they are not backward in expressing themselves about Colby's action."

Athletics.

The schedule of base-ball games as arranged, is as follows:

Fast-Day, probably Bates at Lewiston (exhibition); May 4, Brown at Providence; May 7, U. of M. at Brunswick; May 11, probably Colby at Brunswick; May 14, Boston College at Brunswick; May 18, Amherst at Amherst; May 19, Tufts at Tufts College; May 21, Colby at Waterville; May 25, open; May 28, Bates at Brunswick; May 30, open; June 1, Tufts at Brunswick; June 4, U. of M. at Orono; June 7, Newtowne Athletic Club at Brunswick; June 11, Bates at Lewiston.

No game has yet been arranged to be played at Portland. Possibly one will be later.

THE INDOOR MEET.

The Twelfth Annual Exhibition and Third Indoor Athletic Meet of the Athletic Association, which was held in Town Hall, March 18th, was pronounced by all to be an improvement, from an athletic point of view, on all its predecessors. The evening was mild and clear, the hall was filled to standing room, and class spirit was as never before; the result was that the contests were close and

spirited, and that the association's coffers received no small influx. The Class Drills were rather close, though not quite up to their usual mark of excellence, owing, doubtless, to the exhibition occurring one week earlier than usual; but the Class Relay Races more than made up for any little deficiency in the former. Every event was well fought, and, as a rule, the winner could not be picked out till the finish. For all the meet was so successful it was noticeably bare of surprises, excepting the Pole Vault. Two new records were made: Godfrey, by putting the shot 36 feet, broke the record 14 inches, and Wignott added 4 inches to the pole vault record by clearing 9 feet 7 inches. The Class Squads were made up as follows:

CLASS OF '98.—FENCING DRILL.

Charles S. Pettengill, Leader.

Messrs. Kendall, Blake, Odiorne, Dana, Pierce, C. C. Smith, Sturgis, Wiggin, Studley, McKown, McMillan.

CLASS OF '99.—BROADSWORD DRILL.

Henry E. Marston, Leader.

Messrs. Philoon, Lavertu, Merrill, R. S. Cleaves, Kelley, Randall, Briggs, Nelson, Woodbury, Varney, Leavitt.

CLASS OF 1900.—DUMB-BELL DRILL.

George B. Gould, Leader.

Messrs. Merrill, Sparks, Russell, McCormick, Colesworthy, Clarke, Rowell, Knight, Spear, Willey, Robinson.

CLASS OF 1901.—INDIAN-CLUB DRILL.

Paul S. Hill, Leader.

Messrs. Foster, Wheeler, Dana, F. H. Cowan, Bragg, Vose, Corliss, Clark, Gregson, Swett, Pratt.

After the meet, which ended about 12 o'clock, the usual hop was held in the Court Room, which made dancing far more agreeable than on the sticky floor above. The college orchestra furnished music. The captains of the class teams were: Seniors, Clarence Kendall; Juniors, Edwin Hadlock; Sophomores, Fred B. Merrill; Freshmen, Alfred Laferriere.

A summary of the events and a list of the officials is appended:

SUMMARY.

Class Drill.—Won by '98; 1900, second; '99, third.
 Class Relay Race.—Won by 1900; 1901, second; '98, third.
 Putting 16-pound Shot.—Won by Godfrey, '99; Bacon, 1900, second; Cloudman, 1901, third. Distance, 36 feet. Previous record, 34 feet 10 inches.
 Potato Race.—Won by Sylvester, 1900; Beane, 1900, second; Woodbury, '99, third.
 Running High Jump.—Won by Stanwood, '98; P. S. Hill, 1901, second; Smith, '99, Sylvester, 1900, and Dana, '99, third. Height, 5 feet 3 inches.
 Twenty-yard Dash.—Won by Kendall, '98; Smith, '99, second; Stetson, '98, and Bacon, 1900, third. Time, 2 4-5 seconds.
 Twenty-five-yard Hurdle.—Won by Kendall, '98; Sylvester, 1900, second. Time, 4 seconds.

Pole Vault.—Won by Wignott, '99; Minott, '98, second; McMillan, '98, third. Height, 9 feet 7 inches.

The Seniors won first place, with 30 1-2 points; the Sophomores second, with 25 5-6 points; the Juniors third, with 16 2-3 points; the Freshmen fourth, with 7 points.

OFFICERS.

Referee—Professor F. C. Robinson.

Judges—Professor G. T. Files, Mr. W. S. A. Kimball, Mr. J. H. Bates.

Timers—Mr. W. D. Hatch, Mr. B. Furbush, Mr. A. Mitchell, Jr.

Measurers—Mr. B. L. Bryant, Mr. H. B. Clough, Mr. J. B. Thompson.

Scorer—Mr. A. L. Hunt, '98.

Starter—Mr. L. F. Soule.

Announcer—Mr. P. P. Baxter, '98.

Clerk of Course—Mr. C. C. Williamson, '98.

Manager—Mr. S. E. Young, '98.

Debating Society.

The George Evans Debating Society held its regular meeting on Tuesday evening, March 15th, President Nason presiding. In accordance with the vote passed at the last meeting, the debate was omitted and the time devoted entirely to business, chief among which was the following letter:

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE, ORONO, }
March 5, 1898. }

President of Debating Society, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.:

Dear Sir—The members of our Debating Society are anxious to arrange a debate with you. Inasmuch as neither Bowdoin nor U. of M. has ever participated in a debating contest, might it not be beneficial to us both, and at the same time create a deeper interest in our local societies, and perhaps lead to the foundation of an intercollegiate debating league? Why could not we debate as well as Colby and Bates, and by so doing, prepare ourselves to debate with them?

An early reply is earnestly desired.

Yours very truly,

C. L. SMALL,

Secretary U. of M. Debating Society.

This proposition was quite fully discussed, but after careful consideration it was voted unanimously to decline. The ground for this decision was partly the lateness of the season, it being felt that a debate which could not be prepared for before the last of May, would scarcely prove popular. But the chief reason and the one which regardless of any other was decisive, was the opinion expressed at the College Mass-Meeting last November, when the

question of an intercollegiate debating league was under consideration, viz.: That it is unwise for Bowdoin to take part in any intercollegiate debate during the present year. After so decided an expression of opinion as was made at that mass-meeting, the society did not feel at liberty to re-open the question of an intercollegiate debate, and the secretary was instructed to reply to the letter accordingly. The arrangements for the Sophomore-Freshman Debate to be held under the auspices of the society were then announced as far as completed. The question is—"Resolved, That there should be a large and immediate increase in the sea-going navy of the United States." The Sophomore speakers, Messrs. Burnell, Ward, and Willey will have the affirmative, and the Freshmen, Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis, and Sills, the negative. This debate will come at the first meeting of next term, viz., Tuesday, April 19th.

The further arrangements are in the hands of the executive committee, but as some difference of opinion has arisen as to whether the debate shall be public to the towns-people, or only to the college, the society voted that before the executive committee should decide this point, the two classes concerned should take a vote on the question and report their wishes to the executive committee.

The committee appointed at the previous meeting to revise the constitution and by-laws of the society, submitted their report, which was read in full and laid on the table. The changes made by the new draft will be partly as a remedy for the loose phraseology of the present constitution, and partly to provide for defects of principle which were not foreseen when the society was founded. Among the later changes are the enlargement of the powers of the executive committee, with respect to the programme, the transference of the control of expenditures from the hands of the president to that of the society itself, the insertion of a provision for a quorum, and the substitution of Reed's Rules in place of Robert's, as parliamentary authority.

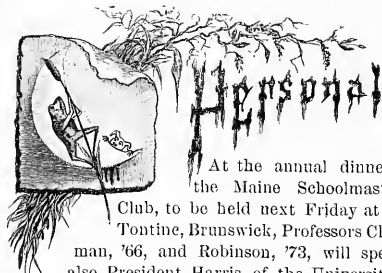
Y. N. C. A.

At the meeting held Thursday, the 17th, the Association listened to full and entertaining reports of the Cleveland Convention by the delegates, West and Robinson.

Rev. C. H. Covell of Worcester, Mass., addressed

the Sunday meeting, the 20th, on "Overcoming Difficulties." His remarks were illustrated by personal reminiscences. When thirteen years of age he shipped aboard a New Bedford whaler, and at the age of twenty-two became master of the ship.

Phillips, '99, conducted the Thursday meeting on the 24th.



At the annual dinner of the Maine Schoolmasters' Club, to be held next Friday at the Tontine, Brunswick, Professors Chapman, '66, and Robinson, '73, will speak; also President Harris, of the University of Maine, Hon., '94, and Superintendent O. M. Lord, N., '77, of Portland, are to speak.

Among the alumni who attended the Indoor Meet were E. T. Ridley, '95; J. C. Minot, '96; H. D. Lord, '97; R. H. Hill, '97.

'23.—In the March *New England Magazine* there is a long article on William Pitt Fessenden, famous in the Senate and as Secretary of the Treasury during the last year of the Civil War. As chairman of the "Committee of Fifteen," appointed to investigate all questions relating to the restoration of the Southern States, he wrote the report of that committee which contained the draft of the Fourteenth Amendment. "The report was written by Mr. Fessenden, and it has been said of it that with the possible exception of the Proclamation of Emancipation, it is the ablest state paper of the period." "The Senate of the United States never bore upon its long distinguished roll a name deserving more honor; a model Senator, with a character that was Roman in the highest sense, inflexible, yet courteous, pure without ostentation."

'43.—William Cothren died March 11th, at his home in Woodbury, Conn. He was born in Farmington, Me., November 28, 1819. He was graduated at Bowdoin in 1843, receiving in 1847 the degree of M. A. ad eundem from Yale College. He studied law, went to Woodbury in 1844, was admitted to the Litchfield County bar in October, 1845; in April, 1856, he was made attorney counsellor of the United States Circuit Court, and March 8, 1865,

was admitted as attorney and counsellor of the United States Supreme Court. He was a great authority on Connecticut genealogy, was a member of many historical societies, being vice-president of the Connecticut Historical Society, and corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. He was the author of "Cothren's History of Ancient Woodbury" and several other historical works.

'50.—Peleg Stone Perry died on March 4th at Phenix, Arizona, where he has been living for some years, practicing his profession of law.

'50.—Professor J. S. Sewall of the Bangor Theological Seminary, gave a brief sketch of the history and growth of Maine, at the celebration of the birthday of Maine, held in Bangor, recently.

'51.—General Charles W. Roberts died at his home in Bangor at seven o'clock on the morning of the 23d, of cancer of the stomach, complicated with other ailments. He was nearly 69 years old. Deceased was a native of Oldtown, Me., but lived in Bangor most of his life. He was thrice the Democratic candidate for Governor, in 1870 and 1875, both times defeated; and was collector of customs at Bangor from 1887 to 1891. He was colonel of the 2d Maine Regiment in the Rebellion, and later breveted brigadier-general for gallantry on the field. He leaves a wife and two daughters, and two sisters, one of whom is the wife of Chief Justice Peters of the Supreme Court.

'60.—Judge Symonds made the principal address at the exercises at the presentation of Gen. Neal Dow's portrait to the city of Portland. In the course of his remarks he said of William Pitt Fessenden of the Class of '23:

It is strange that the streets and squares of Portland are still without memorial to William Pitt Fessenden, the most intellectual man in public life during the period of the Rebellion, a grand, historic figure in the brilliant group of statesmen around President Lincoln, and perhaps greatest of all in his mastery of the grave and difficult problems of the period of reconstruction. Let us hope soon to see in Portland a public monument, worthy to commemorate his splendid career, and to express the universal sentiment of grateful admiration for his life and character and illustrious public service.

'60.—John Marshall Brown, Esq., of Portland, is passing the winter in the Bermudas, with his family; also James P. Baxter, Hon., '81, and family.

'67.—The *Washington Post* of the 19th gives: "Col. Stanley Plummer of Dexter, formerly post-master of the Senate, and representative De Alva Stanwood Alexander of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years a resident of this city, when he was serving

as Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, were fraternizing yesterday at the Capitol. They were old cronies more than twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Alexander, just from the war, was a Freshman, and Col. Plummer a Senior at Bowdoin College. From that day the warmest friendship has existed between them, and frequent reunions in Washington and elsewhere, have been milestones in their careers. Next summer Representative Alexander plans to invade the haunts of his boyhood at Richmond, Me., and thence journey northward to Dexter, where he will join Col. Plummer, who is now a member of the Maine Legislature. Then the two, armed with rod and line, will hold a further reunion on the sparkling trout brooks and blue lakes of the Pine Tree State."

Med., '67.—John Greeley Pierce died at his home in Yarmouth, March 9th. Dr. Pierce was a member of the Baptist church; a Democrat; and supervisor of schools for several years. He leaves a widow and one son.

'70.—A Washington daily furnishes this: "Representative De Alva Stanwood Alexander, of Buffalo, is an enthusiastic athlete. Although past the fifty-year mark he moves around with sprightliness and delights exceedingly in riding the bicycle. But Mr. Alexander gets pleasure out of the bicycle in a very practical manner. Maine people know that many Congressmen, in fact about all of them, have a great many department errands to do for constituents. Such errands would in most cities be performed by office boys, but when a man enters politics he must submit to lots of things, and the running of department errands is one of them. However, instead of trudging around on foot until one is nearly tired to death, for the departments in Washington are far apart, Representative Alexander mounts his steed of steel, and in two or three hours he accomplishes what his colleagues on foot will require an entire day for. And Mr. Alexander rides 'like the blazes.' Having long resided in Washington he is thoroughly at home on the smooth asphalt pavement, and he rides with great speed. Maine people need not be surprised some day to learn that he has been arrested by the bicycle 'cops,' who are assigned to duty here to catch bicyclists who score faster than the city ordinances allow."

H., '71.—Hon. A. A. Strout and wife left last week for a prolonged trip to California. Upon their return they will go to their summer home at Falmouth Foreside.

'75.—At the meeting of the Central Board of

Education of New York City, held March 7th, Parker Prince Simmons was elected Superintendent of Supplies, at a salary of \$4,000; receiving eleven votes to eight cast for former Superintendent Jones.

'75.—Hon. Christopher H. Wells of Somersworth, N. H., who is a son of the late Hon. Nathaniel Wells, has recently received the appointment of Judge of Probate.

'77.—A metropolitan paper says: "The transfer of the Amazonas from the Brazilian to the United States Navy, and the sailing of Lieut. Peary's newly acquired ship, were two events of unusual interest to Americans, which happened at Gravesend, England, yesterday."

'77.—Carroll W. Morrill has been elected City Solicitor of Portland, and Dr. Oscar P. Smith, M., '92, City Physician, with Doctors Charles D. Smith, M., '79, and H. H. Brock, M., '90, as his consulting physicians.

'78.—H. C. Baxter launched, last week, his steam yacht "Neckan." She has been wintering at Bath, where many improvements have been made.

'80.—The people of Augusta were shocked beyond expression, Sunday morning, the 13th of March, to hear that Frederick Cony, one of Augusta's best-known citizens, had died suddenly at his home, at about 7 o'clock. The deceased was born in that city on June 19, 1856, and had always resided there. He was the son of the late Governor Samuel Cony and Lucy W. Brooks. His education was received in the schools of Augusta, and at Bowdoin College, from which he graduated in the Class of '80. After leaving college he entered the grain business with his brother, D. A. Cony, and when in 1893 his brother died, he succeeded to the business, which he had since carried on. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Grace Ballard, daughter of the late George S. Ballard, who died in 1886. He was again married on November 29, 1888, to Miss Laura Lewis of Randolph, who survives him. They had no children. For many years Mr. Cony was very prominent in city affairs, serving in both branches of the city government. At the late Republican city caucus he was given a large vote for the nomination for mayor. Mr. Cony was a man of loyal nature. He was true to his friends at all times and under all circumstances. He was social in his instincts and generous in his dealings. His sympathies were broad, and he never lacked a kindly human interest in those about him. It is difficult to think that one who so lately moved among his friends in the apparent flush of health and vigor, has passed from the

activities of a busy and useful life to join the great majority, "Not dead, but gone before." It is difficult for words to express sorrow, and particularly so, when a sad bereavement has come into a happy home, without the slightest premonition or warning.

'81.—Edgar O. Achorn, Esq., who went out recently as Secretary of the Legation at St. Petersburg, arrived in New York on the Campania, Saturday, the 19th, having been obliged to resign his appointment by some misunderstanding as to his commission. The present incumbent, it seems, understood that he was to be re-appointed, and in fact held the necessary documents. Mr. Achorn presumably will require an explanation from the Department of State.

'90.—J. B. Pendleton of Wright & Ditson, Boston, is making his spring tour of the New England colleges.

'91.—E. R. Goding, who is now practicing law in Boston, recently enlisted in Battery A, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

'92.—E. B. Young, M.D., now practicing medicine at Boston, published recently in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* an article on "A New Head Support for Caries of the Spine," which has caused much favorable comment in orthopaedic circles. This article was copied in one of the English surgical journals. Dr. Young graduated from the Harvard Medical School in '96. Since then, until recently, he has served as House Officer at the Children's Hospital, also at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and at the Harvard Medical School as Assistant in Anatomy. He is at present located at 416 Marlborough Street.

'94.—R. H. Hinkley is with Estes & Lauriat, Boston, in their wholesale department, and F. B. Smith, '96, with Ginn & Co. of New York.

N., '96.—Henry W. Owen, Jr., formerly of the *Bath Times*, is upon the staff of one of the large metropolitan dailies.

'97.—J. E. Rhodes, 2d, visited the campus recently.

'97.—J. H. Horne, who is instructor of athletics at Hebron Academy, has inaugurated many changes in the athletic curriculum of that school. His winter work has just been completed by the annual exhibition held in the academy building, and it was a marked success. "To the untiring and well-directed efforts of Mr. Horne are due the splendid successes of this exhibition. He has watched his pupils with the greatest care during the entire term, and now may well take pride in their work," says a contemporary paper.

Med., '97.—Dr. George M. Woodman is at present located at the Maine General Hospital, Portland, as one of the physicians.

IN MEMORIAM.

HALL OF THETA, Δ K E, }
March 21, 1898. }

Whereas, This Chapter has heard with sincere sorrow of the death of one of its members, Frederick Cony, of the Class of 1890, be it

Resolved, That while we bow to the Divine will, we mourn the loss of this loyal brother of our Fraternity who is removed in the midst of the active labors of life; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family and published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT.

WILLIAM CHARLES MERRILL,
PERCIVAL PROCTOR BAXTER,
ROY LEON MARSTON,

Committee for the Chapter.

College World.

The Yale Co-operative Corporation did a cash business of over \$32,000 during the last college year at a profit of over \$1,600. Its present resources are above \$6,000. For October of this year the sales were \$10,000.

Yale University is the first to establish a system of pensions for teachers in their old age. Any professor who has served twenty-five years, may retire at sixty-five upon an allowance equal to about half his salary.

The University of Virginia has no president, and never has had one, because Thomas Jefferson, its founder, thought the office unnecessary. The chairman of the Faculty acts as presiding officer.

Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of War, is working to revive the annual foot-ball game between Annapolis and West Point, which was abolished by the Federal authorities two years ago.

