

2-1916

The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 01 number 01 - February 1916

Bates College

Follow this and additional works at: http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 01 number 01 - February 1916" (1916). *The Bates Student*. 518.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/518

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Special Collections at SCARAB. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Bates Student by an authorized administrator of SCARAB. For more information, please contact batesscarab@bates.edu.

Feb.

1911

Volume 1



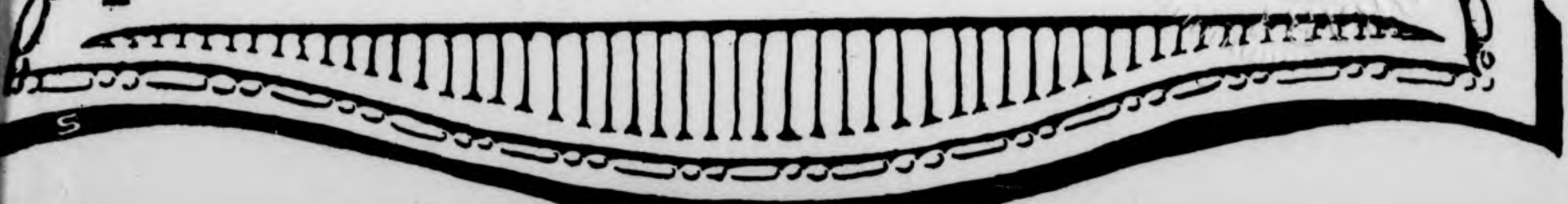
MAGAZINE SECTION

THE BATES STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE



275963





	Page
The Bates Cosmopolite	2
The White Bird (Verse) By Aura Emerson, '16	20
A Windham Legend By George M. Lawson, '19	10
Editorial	12
Lost Saints (Verse) By Alice E. Lawry, '17	15
Where There's a Will By Ida B. Payne, '17	16
Mexico and The United States By Irving R. Harriman, '16	21
To My Valentine (Verse) By George W. Flint, '71	32
Too Good to Keep	24
The Wonder of Neil Kincaid By Ruth Capen, '17	26
The Silent Voice (Verse) By Clair Vincent Chesley, '12	1

BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Published Monthly by the Students of Bates College

SUBSCRIPTIONS, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE

Vol. I. LEWISTON, MAINE, FEBRUARY, 1916 No. 1

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Lewiston, Maine

THE SILENT VOICE

BY CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

Peace o'er the breast of the night,
Peace—and the dew soft falling;
Why is it, I wonder, I wonder,
The silent voice keeps calling, calling?

Dusk and a calm on the hills;
And a lengthless lane to the west;
Song of a thousand whip-poor-wills;
Pause in a hopeless quest.

Night and the heart of June;
The firefly's mazy gleams;
Three tall poplars against a moon;
Voice calling far to my dreams.

Dawn—and the dew's dear pearls;
Hills shoulder up from the dark;
Mist in the day-beam writhes and swirls;
Life-lending song of a lark.

Soul of the deathless day!
Swiftly the dream-depths spurning;
Why is it, I wonder, I wonder,
A song in my soul keeps yearning, yearning?

The Bates Cosmopolite

6

One of the most interesting features of American college life today is the presence in it of the foreign student; his adaptation to this life; and the broadening influence on other students of his wider experience, and familiarity with other lands, other customs. Hitherto Bates has naturally been more sectional in her student body than larger colleges of the country, but this year we are happy to be feeling the cosmopolitan spirit on our campus to a greater extent than previously. The following biographical facts are the result of brief interviews with our cosmopolites.

John Goba, since he is a Senior equally in demand on the athletic rally platform, and in philosophical or literary circles; and since he is himself, may perhaps be considered: first in order of naming, first in prominence, and first in the hearts of his fellow-students. Mr. Goba is a Russian, or more specifically, a Lett. As a child he lived in a country district inaccessible to school, and was taught at home until he was nine years old. Then he was sent to a boarding school for similarly situated children. In connection with life at this school, Mr. Goba casually gave a bright, human, little picture of the pillow-fights which the boys, sleeping together in one large room, frequently had. We mention this rather trivial detail for two reasons: because Mr. Goba's natural modesty makes him reticent about himself and we like this side-light on his childhood; and because "one touch of nature" so truly makes us realize our kinship to our cosmopolites!

But the picture of pillow-fight days, fades quickly. To the least romantic among us, the name Russia probably has a dread sound, by association with all we have heard and read in regard to tyrannical suppression and unjust persecution. In expressing the spirit of the great Russian unrest or revolution, the people

of Mr. Goba's home province were particularly active. All who participated in the revolt, as well as many who did not—for few were sure of escaping suspicion—were persecuted. Mr. Goba saw certain of his schoolmates shot, and felt that his own life was endangered. For this reason, the most dramatic of any given by the interviewed students, he came to America.

In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where he first went, he attended night school in order to learn the English language. Here one of the teachers was Mrs. Cartland Roys, a Bates graduate. Mr. Goba speaks fervently of his gratitude to her for the help she gave him, and we echo his sentiment, since it was through her interest and influence that he went to High School, and subsequently came to Bates.

Naseeb Mahfoud Malouf sought America neither with definite aims nor moved by the spirit of adventure, for he accompanied his parents to this country at the age of seven. He was born in Mt. Lebanon, Syria, in a little town with a romantic name. It is called Kharayeb (The Ruins), a name dating perhaps, Mr. Malouf suggests, from the time of the Crusades. The family came to Boston where it remained seven years. At the end of this time, Mr. Malouf returned with his mother and brother to Syria. In a three weeks voyage, they passed through Gibraltar, Italy (Naples and Genoa), Algeria, Alexandria, Port Said, Joffa (the ancient Joppa) and landed at Beirut. The boy of fourteen was in a position to appreciate the experience of returning to the native land which his sentiment had colored. Its pastoral aspects were of great interest to one who had spent his childhood in the city. The silkworm industry, so extensively carried on in Syria, was in progress at the season of his return, and Mr. Malouf went into this work. He had hoped to enter the Syrian Protestant College, which was chartered in New York in 1816 by American missionaries, but his plans did not materialize. In less than a year he returned to America. Here he took his former position at the Blake Pump Works in Cambridge, but all the time cherishing a desire to continue his education. When first on the point of realizing this ambition, trouble with his eyes prevented. He was presently called to take up the work of missionary to the Syrians in Boston, and meanwhile

he took a course at Gordan Harvard Institute. After three years he resigned his position and entered Hebron Academy where he prepared for college.

Israel Acoff also came early to this country. He was born in Minsk in the southwestern part of Russia. When Israel was two years of age, his father left the family in Russia and came to America. Shortly after his departure, a fire swept the city of Minsk and destroyed two stores owned by him. From this time until he was seven, Israel spent most of his time with his grandfather. Then the remainder of the family decided to come to America.

There are two ways to get out of Russia: to have a passport, or to steal across the frontier. Passports are expensive and would have cost about seven hundred dollars for the four in the family. But stealing across the frontier is very dangerous. If a man is caught by the Russian guards, when trying to escape, he is fined heavily, or often imprisoned; especially if he be a young man of about military age. If caught several times, he may be sent to Siberia. The soldiers, however, are very unscrupulous and can be bribed for fifty or a hundred dollars to act as guides and to take parties safely across the frontier. A body of about fifty including Mr. Acoff's family came together in an old hut, near the edge of the frontier. When quite dark, one soldier led them into the forest, and put them in charge of a squad of guards who led them across the line. They were compelled to walk rapidly and steadily for six hours. Several times the party was terrified by fear of disclosure. The members were strictly commanded to hush all noise, for even the cry of a tired child might cause their capture. The frontier was crossed without serious mishap, and the party made its way to Hamburg, the port from which it sailed. After a voyage of fifteen days, the family arrived in New York where it was met by the father, and taken to Manchester, N. H.

Mr. Acoff's life in this country has been no more eventful than that of most boys. He had started school at the age of six in Russia, where the study of Hebrew was emphasized. After two years in Manchester, the family moved to North Attleboro,

Mass., and later to Foxboro, Mass., where Mr. Acoff went to High School.

David Alkasin was born in Abbey, Mt. Lebanon. After attending the American Missionary School, he worked for two years. Then an uncle who had been in America many years came back to Assyria, but dissatisfied with the "old country," he soon returned to America, this time bringing his nephew, David, with him. This was in 1911. Mr. Alkasin's brother, Salim, who is now in Harvard Dental School, had come to Bates in 1910 and stayed two years.

Mr. Alkasin sailed from Cherbourg, France, and landed in New York without severe examination. After visiting several places in America he joined his brother in Old Orchard. He worked a year at carpentry, and went to night school in Portland. He had heard about Esperanto, the universal language, when in Assyria, and had always wished to learn it. In Portland he joined the Esperanto Society conducted by H. H. Harris and studied the language which he expects to use in his future work. At Westbrook Seminary, where he prepared for college, he took part in athletics, playing on the football team every year; and it was the favorable impression of Bates which he gained while playing football and tennis here, that decided his choice of alma mater.

We all know that "Soldier" Adam is a German and that he can play football, but not every one knows how much broader is his experience than the ocean separating Germany from Maine. He was born in Hilkerode, Germany, where he spent the first years of his life and went to school. Having completed the course in the "grammar school," he went away to Hildeshum to attend the gymnasium. While still a student there, he was seized by that desire for adventure which sooner or later comes to most of us, and started out, at the age of seventeen, to travel. Having wandered to Hamburg and then to Brussels, spending a short time in each city, he came to Ostend, in Belgium. Here he bound himself out as apprentice on an English sailing vessel. For three years he followed the vessel from port to port visiting in turn Wales, Chile, Rotterdam, Cardiff, Bombay, Odessa,

Buenos Ayres, South Africa, India, Tampica, Mexico and Galveston, Texas. Mr. Adam whimsically remarks that he never saw Australia, to his regret.

At Galveston, he became ill with malaria and was unable to continue with his ship, although his term was not completed. After staying in Texas three months, he went to Baltimore to visit relatives. From there he went to New York, where he enlisted in the U. S. Army. From New York he was sent to Fort McKinley for three years. After re-enlisting, he decided, at the advice of the lieutenant, to go to college, and obtained furlough for three months. While still uncertain where to go, he met a Bates graduate, who persuaded him to consider our college. A visit to us convinced him of the wisdom of this advice and he entered with the Freshman class last fall.

Although bound to Germany by ties of blood and friendship, Mr. Adam has no immediate intention of returning. His most intimate schoolmate was killed within three days of the declaration of war, and two brothers are at present stationed at Hamburg. Wishing to express a personal sentiment, Mr. Adam dictated the following German proverb:

“Schuster, bleib bei deiner Leiste.” “But,” he adds, “I am glad I didn’t do that, for then I should have missed Bates!”

The life of Tadashi Fugimoto reminds one of the story-book in which the hero, handicapped in every way, sets out to seek his fortune. He was born in the town of Tokushima, Japan, where he attended elementary school for six years (the regular course is for eight), and entered High School by passing examinations. The High School course is a five years one, and includes study of the Japanese, Chinese and English languages. Sciences are stressed, and there are few electives; otherwise it is much the same as our High School course. While yet in school a pamphlet on America as the land of opportunity fell into Mr. Fugimoto’s hands. With this stimulus to his ambitions and adventurous nature, he determined to come to America. His first aim, which he subsequently abandoned, was some day to study electric science, and come home to practice it.

At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904, Tadashi

Fugimoto left Japan and came through Canada, via Vancouver to San Francisco. He had no friends in the United States and was dependent upon himself alone for his living. He had planned to work on the big farms in California, but owing to the bad weather that year, there was no demand for harvesters.

"The first work I was able to find," said Mr. Fugimoto with his frank smile, to the Student reporter, "was in Wyoming. There I worked on the railroad tracks at a dollar and a half a day for two and a half months."

It is in his next move, with its all but fatal consequences, that we realize the obstacles which he faced. A "greenhorn," as he characterizes himself, ignorant of the language, without money or friends in a strange country, Mr. Fugimoto walked into what proved to be a trap. Not realizing the situation, he welcomed an offer of work in the Chicago stock yards during a strike! He was mobbed by strikers and barely escaped with his life.

But his adventures in Chicago were not yet over. While at the stock yards, Mr. Fugimoto and other Japanese boys were befriended by a man, also a Japanese, who acted as a sort of boss over them. This man, through a misunderstanding, which Mr. Fugimoto explained in a clear, graphic way, had been arrested by the company, and, with no one to support him, had little hope of release. Mr. Fugimoto, determined to see justice done, went to a Japanese student at the University of Chicago for assistance. This student discouraged him; said the thing to do was to find work for himself, and not mix up in law. Handicapped as he was, Mr. Fugimoto persisted and finally got into communication with the Japanese minister. This official advised him to have his friend write out a full account of the case. The prisoner did so, and when the case was tried, he was acquitted.

Mr. Fugimoto next found work in a private family, but he presently succumbed to an illness brought on by long hours and overwork. For two months he was cared for by the man whom he had saved from unjust imprisonment. When he was able to

work again he found a place as errand boy which kept him out of doors until he was stronger.

Mr. Fugimoto frequently revealed a keen sense of humor to the reporter, and at this point he spoke laughingly of his next experience—or experiment. He seems to have tried out Robert Service's assertion, "You may bank on it, there's no philosophy like bluff," for he answered an advertisement for a cook. "I didn't know much about cooking," he said, "and my employers soon discovered it; but every bit of experience is worth while."

All this time, the Japanese boy had college in view. "I have changed much, naturally, since I came to America," he said. "When I came I was not a Christian, but I was converted to Christianity about two years afterward. I prepared for college at the Central Y. M. C. A. School in Chicago, where a Bates alumnus interested me in this college. I should like, later, to study medicine, and I am much interested in Y. M. C. A. work. I do not now expect that I shall ever return to Japan."

Birtill Thomas Barrow was born in Barbados, British West Indies, where the people are commonly called Bimms. He was living there at the time of the volcanic eruption of St. Vincent and Martinique. When the dense smoke and fragments of rock began to come toward the town, there was naturally great terror, but aside from the fact that the ground was covered with lava to the depth of two inches, no serious damage was done. When ten years of age, he came to America with his parents, who were both teachers at home. Here his father, after going through Yale Divinity School, entered the Christian ministry. Mr. Barrow graduated from Boston Latin School, and came to Bates because his brother, who was college organist last year, is a Bates graduate.

Elwin Jordan was also born in Barbados. Before the year 1912, he was privileged to visit several of the countries of South America. In 1912 he went to work at the Panama Canal, and was there when the water was first let through. While at Panama, the superintendent of education urged him to come to America to study. He came to Cambridge, Mass., where he

attended the Prospect Union School, and last September, entered Bates.

Besides the truly foreign students at Bates are several Americans who have lived abroad. Paul S. Baldwin was born in Hartford, Connecticut, but was taken when five months old to Burma, India. Here he was educated in the English Government High Schools through the 7th standard. At sixteen, he returned to America, and prepared for college at Vermont Academy, Saxtons River, Vermont. Having lived so long in Burma, Mr. Baldwin knows intimately the Burmese life and language. He quoted to the Student reporter a native poem, illustrating the characteristic rhythm of Burmese verse, with which he is familiar.

Evangeline Lawson was born in the Marhatti Mission, in the walled city of Ahmadnagar, India, where she lived until she was three years old. During the famine and plague which fell upon the city in her third year, her mother's health broke down, and the family returned to America.

Joseph and Charles Hamlin were born in Balasore, Bengal, India, and lived there until they were respectively nine and six years old. They returned home by way of California, coming straight east to Maine.

Ada Bell Kennan was born in Pawpaw, Michigan, and was taken to Bhinpore, India, when she was three and a half years old. Miss Kennan speaks as familiarly as does Kipling, of her native "ayah" (nurse), and of going up to the "Hills" to school. She returned to America when she was eleven.

These, then, are a few of the many interesting facts about our cosmopolites, which may serve to make us better acquainted. In spite of different languages and home customs, we find our tastes so congenial, our aims so similar, our ideals so much alike, that we re-make for ourselves the ancient discovery and observe that the world of people is, after all, a small place.

A WINDHAM LEGEND

GEORGE M LAWSON '19

8

It is difficult for one who lingers in summer days on the beautiful village green of Windham, where evidences of wealth, comfort and plenty confront him on every hand, to bring back the scenes and conditions of that eventful year, 1754, which made possible the curious incident which I am about to describe.

It was the night of June 14, of that year, that the gruesome and grotesque circumstances occurred. The green was as fresh and vivid in color then as now, the elms arched as gracefully, the stream broke over its barriers and flowed under the rustic bridge as murmuringly, but in the minds of the people there was foreboding and expectation of the imminent outbreak of a savage foe. It was the eve of one of the bloodiest Indian wars.

Goodman White's negro slave, Pomp, was the first to experience the terrors of that night. Having lingered late beside a dusky Phyllis in one of the neighboring farms, he at last started to return to the village, a Voodoo charm about his neck and his hand clasping a horseshoe as a protection against spooks. The night was still, misty and intensely dark. Pomp went his way whistling, his fears equally divided between the unsubstantial ghost and the more material Mohawk. He reached the green when all at once a dire uproar burst upon him. Every imaginable noise came from everywhere at once, above, below, on this side, on that, from field and forest. To say that Pomp fled, shrieked and prayed, conveys no idea of the celerity of his flight or the intensity of his groans and supplications. Everything at the green was in a turmoil and uproar. All were huddled in little groups, looking fearfully up through the murky gloom to see the glory of the opening heavens, and the awful visage of the descending Judge. But the levin-stroke of judgment failed to

come. Peering into the darkness and shrinking from the possible deadly tomahawk they watched and waited. At length amid the general babel, distinct articulations were heard which resolved into the names of Windham's two most prominent citizens, Colonel Dyer and Squire Elderkin. "We'll have Colonel Dyer! We'll have Colonel Dyer!" and "Elderkin too! Elderkin too!" the mysterious sounds declared; no one but trembled as to the fate of these two strong pillars of the commonwealth.

So in fear, doubt, speculation, and distress, the fateful night wore away. Morning came and never was it welcomed with more hearty accord by the people of Windham. Hours passed but no enemy appeared and this might have gone down in Cotton Mather's "Wonder Book," had not Pomp, watering his master's horses the next morning, discovered legions of frogs lying dead and blackened in the water. Then it came out that an army of frogs, smitten by some deadly epidemic had made the affrighting sounds.

Somehow, too, the story got abroad and sent a ripple of laughter over the whole country. Even now going through on the railroad people turn their heads and smile to hear some father tell his wondering son about the frogs of Windham.



EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, THEODORE E. BACON, '17

MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT

LITERARY EDITOR, ALICE E. LAWRY, '17

MAGAZINE EDITORS

CHARLES C. CHAYER, '17; ELINOR NEWMAN, '17; CORA B. BALLARD, '18;
HERBERT W. CANFIELD, '18

NEWS DEPARTMENT

NEWS EDITOR, ALTON W. BUSH, '17

LOCAL EDITORS, RUTH L. LEWIS, '17; F. BROOKS QUIMBY, '18
ALUMNI, AILEEN LOUGEE, '17 ATHLETICS, WALDEN P. HOBBS, '18
ASSOCIATE EDITORS, JOHN L. SHERMAN, '17; MARTHA E. DRAKE, '18

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

MANAGER, CLARENCE R. HATCH, '17
ASSISTANT MANAGER, FRANK J. GOOGINS, '18

FIRST AND LAST

In which the Reader is Introduced to the Student Supplement

Thomas Moore's "Last Rose," and Daudet's "Dernière Classe," gain their romantic appeal from the common experience of realizing delight in a customary object, or occurrence, only when we are about to lose it, perhaps forever. How often, as in the case of "The Last Class," the parting is made harder because we are conscious of lost opportunities which an earlier analysis of the situation might have prevented. Here is where a proper evaluation of First Things proves important.

You are now holding in your hand the first copy of the Student Supplement—your college magazine. In order to publish this monthly, in addition to the weekly newspaper, the

editors will obviously need much more material than previously. Are you going to see the venture through?

The sentiment which attaches to *Last Things*, psychology attributes in large part to habit. Let the rules which apply to the forming of any habit be employed by you in acquiring the habit of supporting your college magazine. Start with a strong initiative, and never let an exception occur, we are told. That is, start a short story, an essay, a serial or a poem for the *Student* this very week; and thereafter let no week pass without dropping something in the *Student* box at the library, if it be only a joke on a Prof. or a "slam" on your roommate.

President Chase says that never before have there been so many societies at Bates. Practically every department in college is represented by its corresponding society. Watch out for the good paper read in yours, and let no worth-while material sink into oblivion. Strengthen your good intentions by anticipation of the time when you will hold in your hand, the *last* copy of the *Student* to which, as an undergraduate, you can ever contribute. See to it that your class, your society, your dormitory and all your interests are properly represented in this magazine. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse invabit."

Finally, be generous with your criticism and suggestions. Let every man and woman realize that this is his or her paper, and that if it is not a success, it is his or her failure. But ours is the "lexicon of youth."

ON EXAMS

"Exams" is a laconicism from that hot-bed of abbreviations, the modern college. From the sad experiences of the never-to-be-forgotten past, however, we know that the brevity is all in the suggestiveness of the short and easy word, for exams themselves are infinite in nature, number, extent, and variety. We cannot even stop to give them their full resounding name of examinations; we must spend in frantic preparation the time that might be lost in pronouncing the extra syllables.

Exams are dreaded by some students with an unspeakable

dread. It is not fear, however, but uncertainty, that kills—or flunks—the most. This fatal uncertainty comes primarily from the great diversity of tests which even one professor can originate in a short space of time. This creative professorial genius adds infinitely to the college spice of life. A few illustrations will show the wide variety which gives appalling zest to the struggle for the survival of the academically fittest.

One semester all the questions in Geology will be a multiplicity of insignificances—twenty topics with several subdivisions each. The next term the exam has only two questions, very broad, decidedly unexpected, and approaching the impossible. For a History test the unexpected is all that is ever asked. No matter how carefully the student has picked out the most unlikely and unexpected-appearing places to attempt to expect, the talent of the professor for achieving the impossible always comes out ahead and “goes them one (or two) better.” Surprises in German are rife. We study the latitude and longitude of Deutschland, and are requested to describe in German the current events of Last Chapel and Ivy Day. After a semester’s struggling with the really awful mathematics of astronomy, we are brought face to face with the appalling command: “Give your conception of the universe.” Whatever conception we may have had immediately vanishes. Illustrations flee, and formulae are of no avail. Our own insignificance is all we feel. In exams, in very truth, there is stupendous variety.

Moreover, there is an extreme extensiveness in exams. English is the best example of this, for history records the fact that some classes have been obliged to carry lunches with them to tide them safely over the seemingly endless river of “Monies’ ” inspired interrogations. The awe-struck students grow weary, but they dare not faint lest some new questions be sprung and they be “flunked.” And very few are ever rash enough to hope that the last topic on the board is really the last, for too many times, alas, have they been assured that “there are plenty more where those came from”—an assurance which has oft been verified.

Variety, then, gives a pleasurable uncertainty, and extent

adds weariness of soul. But the one supreme agony of exams, the mental torture that far outweighs the physical torments of the chairs made purposely uncomfortable, was expressed this morning by a student who anticipated with utmost dread the final test in English 4a. "I don't mind *ordinary* exams," she magnanimously said, "but oh, I do *hate* an exam where you have to THINK."

LOST SAINTS

BY ALICE E. LAWRY, '17

"—A love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

I am not sad: sadness is sweet to this—
This sickening of the heart! Anger? Ah, no,
The idol made of stone graved not itself—
You were no more nor less than now, but oh,
I honored, loved you so!

A little more of doubt and less of trust;
A shattered, fond delusion—let it go;
A star of heaven fallen in the dust;
A little worldly wisdom gained, but oh,
Would God I did not know!

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

IDA B PAYNE '17

5

“Yes, that’s her. I’d know her if I met her in Europe, and I guess I’d ought to, for she’s been here every summer for as much as ten years now.”

The housekeeper was standing in the kitchen door of the little seashore hotel, watching the arrival of the “wealthy widow from Montreal.” She had worked for the former proprietor and had been retained by the new owner to help in getting the house under way for the season. Among other duties, she performed the self-imposed task of introducing to the uninitiated employees the regular patrons of the hotel, among whom she clearly considered the widow most “distinguished.”

“They say she’s worth around fifty thousand, though you’d never guess it to look at her, would you?”

“Why, she don’t look a bit stylish!” put in the pretty girl beside her, as she reached up to pat her own smooth braids and to pull out the folds of her ribbon.

“No, and she’s homely as a stump fence in the moonlight, but you mark my word, Mr. Hardy won’t never once think of that part of it.”

“Mr. Hardy! Why, he won’t care anything about her!” exclaimed the girl. “They say he never has looked at a woman since his wife died. You know they were married only six months,” and she sighed with grave sympathy.

“Yes, so he told me, but just the same fifty thousand dollars’ll catch him—you just wait and see. I never see the man yet that wouldn’t take it, if he could get it. But, dear me, I better get to work, and it’s time for you to be getting the tables ready for supper.”

Meanwhile, the stout, self-complacent, and extremely English Mrs. Henderson ascended the front steps, stopped a moment to sniff appreciatively the cool salt breeze and to glance at the white breakers, then, curious to meet the new proprietor, stepped solidly into the office. As the man at the desk rose and came toward her, she covered him from head to foot in one appraising glance, and high, bald forehead, scanty hair, small, gray-blue eyes, fat, red face, bristling mustache, ample waist line, neat, blue-serge suit, and shiny shoes were simultaneously recorded in her competent mind.

"My stars, I tell you hits 'ot," she seemed almost to shout, so loud and coarse was her voice, though not at all unpleasant. Before the man could utter his polite inquiry, she resumed:

"I'm Mrs. 'enderson; hi suppose you was expecting me, heh? I take hit you're Mr. 'ardy, the new proprietor. 'Ow d'ye like hit 'ere so far?"

At this opportunity to readjust his shaken sensibilities, Mr. Hardy found voice and words to reply:

"Yes, I am Mr. Hardy, and I like the place very much, thank you. Will you register now, Mrs. Henderson, or go at once to your room?"

"I think hi'll go right hup now. You needn't mind, hi know the way." She stopped him with a gesture and marched firmly up the stairs. At the top she turned to call back to the bewildered proprietor, "You can send my trunk right hup when hit comes, Mr. 'ardy."

Half an hour later, the supper bell rang, and to Mr. Hardy's great wonder Mrs. Henderson was the first to respond. Smiling and fresh as a girl in her much-ruffled flowered muslin, her black, carefully-waved hair parted and combed low about her plump, but sallow cheeks, she stopped at the door of the dining room to greet her old friends with gay rallies and loud laughter and to make the acquaintance of new guests.

During the meal, the usually quiet dining room seemed animated with a new spirit. The guests called to each other from table to table; everyone laughed, either with, or at Mrs. Henderson, who seemed to care little so long as the merriment continued.

She, on her part, talked incessantly. Indeed, those who had met her before were led to ask themselves if they had ever seen her when she was not talking.

After supper, she sat with the rest of the guests on the piazza watching the surf, fighting the mosquitoes, and keeping up a steady flow of conversation. When, after a time, Mr. Hardy joined them, he was immediately drawn into the talk and wondered at himself when he found it so entertaining. One by one, the others excused themselves, but Mrs. Henderson showed no intention of retiring. Even when Mr. Hardy yawned and timidly suggested that it was half-past ten, she laughed and said she never went to bed before eleven. There was evidently nothing for him to do but to sit there with this strange, but undeniably interesting woman until she should see fit to release him. This she did shortly after eleven o'clock.

The next day Mrs. Henderson laughingly informed him that two of the women had asked her what time she went to bed.

"And hi told them both that you and hi beat them hall and set hup till hafter eleven. You hought to seen 'em look hat me. Hi just love to shock the hold maids, don't you?" And she took no notice whatever of the look of consternation on his face, but asked unconcernedly why he wasn't bathing, and, taking the key of her bath-house went out.

Hardy did not bathe that day or the next, but he did every day after that and soon began positively to enjoy the glances cast sidewise at them, as he came up the walk with the dripping, but ever-smiling, ever-talking widow. Their evening tete-a-tetes became an established and unbroken custom.

One day she came to him fairly bubbling with merriment. "Say, Mr. 'ardy, what d'ye know habout this? You know them sweet peas that hi got yesterday for my table? Well, that fussy hold Miss Jackson saw that they was hin your flower vase so she thought you'd presented 'em to me. She come and hasked me habout hit but hof course hi wouldn't let hon where hi got them flowers. She told me folks was talking habout you hand me hand that some said you must be hin love with me."

Hardy blushed painfully at this well-aimed shaft and looked about as if for a way of escape.

"Guess what hi told 'er." She grew sober and her voice became very soft and low.

"Hi said hi was halways taught not to think hof such a thing huntill the man said something." It was her turn to blush now, but Hardy had turned away so that he did not see her flaming cheeks and the questioning, almost wistful glance cast toward him.

She soon regained her composure and joined the ladies in the parlor, while Hardy sat at his desk as if dazed.

The days passed quickly and one by one the guests returned to their homes. But still Mrs. Henderson lingered, dreading to leave the beach, so she said, and resolved to stay as long as possible.

At last the latest ones had all gone, and stores were to be closed and the cars to be stopped in one week more. Mrs. Henderson had packed her trunk and was to leave the next morning. That evening she and Hardy sat in their accustomed seats on the piazza, although the air was cool and they hugged their wraps closely about them.

The moon shed a bright pathway over the gleaming, ever-moving water, and far across the bay shone a few scattered lights. An unaccustomed silence had fallen upon the pair and, for the first time since their acquaintance, Hardy felt obliged to start the conversation. After a few unsuccessful attempts, he fell into a reminiscent vein and began, with a sigh:

"I do declare, this summer has certainly gone quick." His only answer was a responsive sigh. He glanced at his companion and ventured farther:

"I didn't have any idea that I would enjoy my first season so much, but I am really sorry that it's over."

He heard something like a sniff, then a tremulous voice, so unlike that of the gay, boisterous woman with whom he had spent the last few weeks that he leaned anxiously toward her.

"Don't you feel a bit sorry 'cause hi'm going haway?" she blubbered, then stopped to dab at her eyes with her handkerchief.

“Why most certainly, my dear Mrs. Henderson, in fact I—
I hope to see you next year, and—and—”

“Well, you won’t. Hi never shall come ’ere hagain,” she
stated with all her old vigor.

Here he leaned nearer and pleaded earnestly, “What have I
done? I wouldn’t have displeased you for the world, if I had
known.”

“Do you mean that?” she demanded.

“I do, with all my heart.”

To one overhearing this declaration, it would have sounded
like an avowal of love. Evidently the widow took it as such, for
she threw her arms suddenly about his neck and pressed her wet
cheek against his, as she murmured happily, “Oh ’arry, hi knew
you did care.”

THE WHITE BIRD

BY AURA EMERSON, '16

Oh, White Bird, come homing,
Little White Bird!
Too long you’ve been roaming.
My tears must cleanse anew thy wings,
Thy wings, so sadly deep-enmired,
Wafted once but by thought of holier things,
Drooping now and pitifully tired.
With all-compelling faith I sent thee forth
Thy purity to prove the word’s true worth.
I think that thou didst never find thy nest
But only dreamed it so.
Those shattering dreams which never give thee rest,
But leave thee lone-wandering in the dark below,
With bruised head!
Oh, for that my heart has bled.
Little White Bird, come homing,
Too long hast thou been roaming.



Mexico has been in the fatal cycle of revolution, anarchy, dictatorship for a century. This condition will persist unless a helping hand is given them, until through education, which can not be hurried, the people are capable of more complete self-government.

There have been two forms of government: a president elected for four years, and an emperor chosen for life. In spite of this fact, between 1836-76, a period of only forty years, fifty-two presidents and emperors ruled in Mexico.

The year 1876 marked a radical change. Porfirio Diaz was elected president. The new president proved himself a great and lasting friend to his people. Diaz aimed to give to his people a long period of peace in which to prepare for self-government. He maintained a peaceful government for over thirty years. The reign of peace brought industrial development. A great many foreigners were encouraged to make their homes in Mexico. The government acquired a wealth of \$73,000,000 before 1910. During this time Mexico built some of the finest government buildings in the world. The number of miles of railroad increased from four hundred to sixteen hundred miles. The telegraph lines were in the hands of the government. These facts all speak well for Diaz, but in the mean time, many ambitious political opponents must have been secretly annihilated.

At the beginning of this century there were fifteen millions of people in Mexico, about twelve millions were Indians and only a few thousand able to read and write. Having the above named condition and the condition of Mexico today in mind, it is not difficult to appreciate what Diaz did for his country. But in

spite of all this progress, about 1900, agitation was started which could not be checked. Many wanted a share in the prosperity of the government. At once there was a cry for rotation in office. The Socialists harassed the people with stories of the injustice of land laws and taxation. Finally after the election in 1910, which resulted in the re-election of Diaz for a six-year term, force was used to unseat the old ruler. He was eighty years of age and his army weak. Madero soon made matters so serious that to restore peace Diaz retired.

A sketch of Francisco I. Madero seems necessary at this point. Madero was born of a wealthy family. He was educated in Maryland and California. Three years were spent in Paris studying socialist problems. He loved American freedom and proposed to give it to his own country. A long period of education did not seem necessary from his point of view. With this myopic policy Madero went into Mexico and gathering a band of followers, began spreading the ideas of injustice in government, which resulted in the revolution of 1910.

Madero was elected president in 1911. Some planks of his party are noteworthy. He promised to the people free speech, press and right of assemblage, also universal suffrage which in the light of existing conditions was obviously impossible. In a few weeks he suppressed some of the leading newspapers, and forbade all assemblage except the church. Among other promises was that of prison reform at Vera Cruz. This was one of the most inhuman and unsanitary prisons in the world. The prisoners were exposed to the washing of the tide each day and night. Madero's reform consisted in removing all the prisoners and confining his enemies.

As a result, prosperity ceased, the wealth acquired by Diaz vanished. In 1912 an insurrection led by Felix Diaz, nephew of Porfirio Diaz, resulted in the overthrow of Madero, who was assassinated February 24, 1913. Another party led by Huerta came into power and was recognized by most of the leading powers except the United States.

Mr. Taft, during the two years of his term which remained, allowed the atrocities of Mexico to pass unrecognized. Mr.

Wilson refused to acknowledge Huerta as president. Instead of aiding the Diaz government, after its thirty years of peace, we sided with the rallying forces of Madero by an embargo on arms against Huerta. There was a constant flow of arms and ammunition into Mexico to be used against a friendly government. When Orozco rebelled against Madero, we put an embargo on arms thus helping Madero a second time. Then we lifted the embargo for Carranza who was fighting Huerta. In April, 1914, we seized Vera Cruz at the cost of a score of Americans and two hundred Mexicans, to prevent a steamer from landing a load of arms to Huerta; and a month later allowed the same steamer to land the same load of arms at another port farther down the coast for the same Huerta. Then we placed an embargo against Carranza, who was still fighting Huerta, later lifting this embargo that Villa might fight Carranza. When Carranza seemed on the verge of downfall we vacated Vera Cruz to his forces, giving them life and the best port in Mexico. Similar procedure has brought us to a present recognition of Carranza.

To sum up briefly the situation during the past five years, there have been from three to forty political parties, each party naming a capital and issuing currency. Three hundred foreign lives have been lost and property of foreigners amounting to \$200,000,000 has been destroyed.

A treaty between the United States and Mexico guaranteed the safety of American life and property. The Democratic platform, in 1912, assured an enforcement of this particular guarantee. How has the situation been met?

This is the story of Mexico and our policy of "watchful interference." It seems that the fatal cycle must go on turning until out of distrust and discordance, the educational blast-furnace has smelted confidence and cooperation.



Prof. Knapp (Translating Martial's epigram on what constitutes a happy life)—“lis numquam, toga rara—A law suit never; a dress suit hardly ever.”

Frequent Caller at Cheney House: “Is there a young lady here I may see?”

Junior Girl Answering Bell (flippantly): “Yes, one or more.”

Frequent Caller: “Well, it's Mower I want.”

Monie (Reading “Danny Deever”)—“I'm dreading what I've got to see—”

Door opens, and group of tardy Seniors enters.

Prof Gould, discussing the British Conscription Bill: “Why wasn't Ireland included, Mr. Kennedy?”

Mr. Kennedy (conclusively): “Because all the available men are already at the front!”

Seniors quoting Scripture coming out of Chapel: “Because straight is the gate, and narrow is the way—”

W. W. M.: “Not much show for you, Russ!”

Mr. Peterson in Geology: “Are people foolish who ask about the end of the earth?”

Dr. Tubbs: “Which end?”

Prof. Baird (discussing personal magnetism): “It doesn't depend upon physical size, does it? I suppose we can all think of a small man with great personal magnetism.”

Sophomore Voice: “Cloutman.”

Prof. Baird: “Yes, only I was thinking of St. Paul!”

Monie: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of somebody else."

Professor: "What did Odysseus have to do to become reconciled with Neptune?"

"Well, he went somewhere—and did something—and said something—but I don't know the rest of it."

Monie: "Now we have learned that Ben Johnson's father was a minister, and Ben was a minister's son. He got jailed for committing some rash deed. Now, Mr. G, how did he escape punishment?"

Mr. G: Well, I think— He did it for the "benefit of the clergy."

"By the way, Professor, can a bird fly backward?"

"Well—er—now, Mr. ———, if you ever noticed it, the bird always turns around and flies the other way."

Monie: "What language would you speak to a ghost?"

Junior: "A dead language."

Monie (Carefully leading up to it): "When is a Stuart not a Stuart?"

Mr. D.: "When she's an Orange."

Monie: "Who settled Northumbria?"

Junior: "The Danes."

Monie: "Well, not exactly. You might say the Danes settled the people who were there!"

Monie: "What is an objective ghost?"

Miss N.: "A concrete one."

Monie: "Yes, only that's a hard word!"

Monie: "What was the 'Brut?'"

Junior: "A country tale."

Monie: "What kind of a tail is that? You might say that of a cow!"

THE WONDER OF NEIL KINCAID

BY RUTH CAPEN, '17

The wheels of the train ground monotonously on and on, and the sturdy, puffing engine penetrated farther and farther into the night made dense by the swirling snowflakes. The occupants of the car, few in number,—one does not willingly travel on Christmas eve—had long ago lost interest in their surroundings and had wrapped themselves up in cloaks of bored resignation, or dropped to sleep.

No one noticed the slender, grey-eyed girl in the extreme rear chair who momentarily closed her eyes and leaned her head back, with a movement of such utter weariness and dejection, that not even the long journey from New York into a stormy night should call forth. No one but the elderly, alert man who sat half facing her. He had swung his chair around in order to turn his back on a rather stout lady who was sleeping audibly and in a decidedly unpicturesque attitude, and now he studied the girl questioningly.

Behind her closed lids the girl was thinking hard. "Neil Kincaid—you are a weakling—. Yes, I reckon I am. I have tried—tried hard—and failed, and now I am going back like a coward and acknowledge it—. No, I am not a coward, I am only business-like; that is it, business-like. I aimed too high and fell short. Now I shall go back and get into business. I shall like it—I shall—I shall. I'll not even think of the other—. What right have I to? "Please, please God, give me a heart for any fate!"

Slowly she opened her eyes. The train was barely creeping through the storm. She looked at her watch. At half-past ten she should have arrived at Wayland. It was five minutes after twelve. She raised her eyes and encountered those of her neighbor,—kindly, quizzical, seemingly detached. Resolutely she stiffened her chin and smiled.

"Merry Christmas," she said.

"Thank you, child. But that seems almost mockery here

unless you have the cheerful spirit that is not quenched even by this annoyance."

"But I have. I am very cheerful," she assured him, forcing such a wistful smile that he winked vigorously himself and observed:

"Har-r-ump! Perhaps you will tell me the secret of your cheerfulness."

"I wasn't very happy at first. You see I've failed in my work and I am going home."

"Won't you tell me about it?"

The girl hesitated. This failure of hers rankled. Yet, somehow, the man invited her confidence.

"Why, you see, I graduated in June. For ever so long I have looked forward to the time when I could begin to work, and—and—I wanted to go to New York and write. So last June I had a long talk with my father. He thought my idea was foolish—that no girl could support herself with her pen. He said he respected my independence and he offered to take me into his office at the bank. But I couldn't consent to that. Somehow, clearing houses, and bills of credit, and—and—paying tellers and things like that seem to take the—the—flavor out of things, don't you think so?"

The man smiled understandingly.

"Second only to bills of lading and freight zones," he assured her.

That is it. We compromised. I was to try my plan and father gave me until Christmas. Then if I failed I was to try his plan. It was Aunt Lois who encouraged me. She seemed to understand. I came to New York and began. I got a job on one of the papers writing society notes almost for the privilege of having them printed. And I hated so to touch the money father had given me that I lived on grapenuts and sardines. All the time I worked on a story I had begun before, polishing it up—changing it in places—until I thought it finished. Then—"the girl's lip quivered but she had herself well in hand—"Then it started on its travels."

"What was the objection to it?"

“One editor sent me a personal note. It was a bread-and-butter type of story, he said, and the public wanted caviar.”

“Did you send it to Bond & Hammond? They are exponents of simplicity in the art of story-writing.”

“Bond & Hammond! No. The men whose work they publish are so great they can afford to be simple. Theirs is a wonderful art—the ideal I shall always strive for—that is, I should have. I am to be a business woman now.”

“Going back to your clearing houses and bills of credit and paying tellers?”

“Yes.”

There was a silence; a silence of bitterness on the part of the girl, followed by a second attempt at self-mastery, and of awkward sympathy on the part of the man. The train lurched and groaned. It was still advancing, but more and more slowly. Snow slashed against the windows. Neil shivered and drew her coat about her shoulders.

“Tell me about your story—the bread and butter one,” the man said suddenly.

“Why—I reckon the publishers were right. It *is* simple. I took for my chief character my own Aunt Lois; she has always seemed to me to be all that is noble and—and *understanding!* The girl in the story is she almost without change.”

“Have you the manuscript here?”

“Yes, I am taking it home to offer as a sacrifice on the altar of the Goddess of Business. Father has a fireplace in his office.”

“Will you read it to me? We will undoubtedly be delayed several hours, and altho I may not be a critic, I will be a good listener. I—I—don’t care for caviar either.”

Neil opened a suitcase and it was not difficult for her to get at the story; it lay on the top, packed last because of its late return from its last pilgrimage. It was foolish she thought to re-read it; to revive all the old heartache at her failure; but she settled back in her chair and began.

It was a simple story, simply told. The young village girl, daughter of practical, New England people; her love for a dreamy, poetic boy. The love was idyllic and as irresponsible

as the love of the gods on Olympus. But the parents were mortal-visioned. The girl must marry a man who could provide for her; the boy must give up his life of dallying and enter his father's ware-houses. There was the trial: the boy who would climb Parnassus was forced to tread narrow ways of business life. A feeling almost of suffocation and longing like that of a prisoner to be free. And all the time the girl's sympathy and cheer. Then came his resolution, born of despair, to give up his drudging and go away—to win fame by his verse, and then to come back for the girl. He went like a knight of olden times on a quest, and he had made his vow not to return until he could lay at her feet the laurel wreath.

Then came the long waiting on the part of the girl whose faith never faltered. Letters, at first so numerous, became fewer and fewer. The boy was having a hard fight and he preferred to make it alone.

Time went on. The girl's parents died, and it was she, the oldest, who kept the home together. The boy was now lost in the vortex of the city's crowd. The girl struggled on; a wealthy farmer asked for her hand, and promised to take care of her brother and sister. Calmly she did what she knew was her duty—she married him.

Simple? Yes, yet it fairly breathed of summer, moonlit lanes, and lilac bloom, and whip-poor-wills at dusk, and deep, passionate feelings masked under calm reserve and a puritanical sense of duty.

Neil's voice was soft and flexible. She knew the girl and she interpreted her every word with a sense of complete understanding and sympathy. The man's attention had never once wavered throughout the reading, and at the close he leaned forward.

“And the girl—what does—did she think of the boy?”

“That is where her heroism lies. She did not marry the other man spitefully. Her loyalty to the boy is now as strong as ever. She does not believe that he has failed. She really has hoped, I think, that his love for his work was so strong that when he found himself it was the greatest thing in life. You

see, she has always believed in his genius."

"Is she happy?"

"Yes, I think so. She is always busy, and she has done her duty."

The man sat back and half closed his eyes. Neil could not read his thoughts. She began to wish she had not read him her story.

Abruptly he opened his eyes.

"Your story—I like it," he said frankly and sincerely. "Sometime you will know what it has meant to me—this confidence—and the knowledge alone will repay you, I think."

Suddenly with a mighty bump, and a shiver that passed through all the cars, the train came to a grinding standstill. The passengers all awoke and began to question eagerly the brakeman who entered.

"Blocked by snow. Can't get any farther tonight. Houses near. You all better go and get put up for the night," he explained briefly.

The man turned to Neil.

"Perhaps I can be of assistance to you, now. I know the region fairly well and I can take you to a farmhouse not far away. That will at least be more comfortable than this car. It is getting beastly cold here already. Give me your suitcase. Let's get out of this crowd."

And he coolly and efficiently took charge of the situation.

Outside of the car Neil thanked her fortune for the man's aid. Dark, bitter cold, the snow beating against her face, and the wind almost taking her off her feet—she felt she could never have walked alone even the short distance to the house. A knock, a few explanations, and they were once more in warmth and shelter.

"Land, child, out on such a night—and Christmas eve, too! Are your feet wet? A glass of hot milk and then I'll put you to bed. John, light the fire in the south room and see what Mr.—Mr.—er wants."

And the hospitable woman, routed from her warm bed in the "wee sma' hours" for strangers, proved herself a true neighbor.

"Jackie," she cried, as a little boy blinking and yawning, peered out from behind a big chair, "what are you up for? How can Santa Claus fill your stocking if you don't go to sleep quickly?"

Neil smiled and held out her hands for the youngster, and scored a quick and complete victory for his friendship.

"Will you hang your storkin' side of mine?" he asked.

"Why, Santa Claus doesn't know I am here," said Neil.

The child's distress was evident.

"Well, hang it anyway. He'll see it, pwobly, 'n if he don't, I'll give you what's in mine from th' knee up."

"Yes, she will," promised his mother as she carried him off to bed.

And so Neil's stocking swung before the fireplace beside a little one, and very soon she was asleep in the big four-poster bed in the south room, dreaming of Aunt Lois, and delayed trains, and publishers who told her she must become a Russian fatalist, and learn to like Roquefort cheese if she wanted to succeed in business.

It was almost noon on Christmas Day when Neil awoke, with a curious lack of peace-on-earth-goodwill-toward-men spirit. But she summoned a smile, and went down stairs to find Jackie in a state of hardly suppressed excitement.

"Your storkin', Santa saw it. I told you he would. C'm on, let's open the things."

"Hush," responded his mother; then turning to Neil, "The man who was with you last night—what's his name?"

"I don't know. He was a stranger who was very kind."

"Well, he's gone. Said he had to get back to New York. The trains are running now. But he left you a note. Told me to put it in your stocking."

So he was gone. She was sorry. She was beginning to like the grave man. He had been cheerful, yet he had a sad look about the eyes, the look she had seen in her Aunt Lois—

"C'm on," urged Jackie.

Neil took her stocking curiously. On the top was a gingerbread cow, suspiciously nibbled about the horns.

“From me,” explained Jacky.

A few little gifts, and then at the bottom Neil found the note. She read:

“Dear Girl with the Grey Eyes: Bond & Hammond wish to know if you will submit your story for publication? We really want it, for it has those qualities we think are the highest in the art of story-writing. Will you call at the office soon?

“And, Grey-Eyed Girl, may an old man give you a bit of advice? Have faith in your work—work for it—but don’t regard it as an end; it is a means to a far greater end than it can be in itself—*understanding*. Don’t make the mistake many have made before, and break the heart of someone as was your Aunt Lois’ broken. Look clearly. Be true to yourself, and be happy.

Henry J. Bond.”

Neil’s heart quickened. Her story accepted! Her friend was the great Henry J. Bond! She had not failed! A great happiness came upon her. She recalled the letter.

“—Don’t break the heart of someone as was your Aunt Lois’ broken.”

She narrowed her eyes. Warehouses—bills of lading—freight zones.

“Oh I wonder!” cried Neil Kincaid.

TO MY VALENTINE

BY GEORGE W. FLINT, '71

All Hail to the Day, which St. Valentine christened.

When love is the sentiment dear to the heart
Of every young swain and fair maiden, who’ve listened
To the cooing and wooing of Cupid’s soft art.

Although we have passed the meridian of such pleasure,
And Young Love forgets us, we will not repine,

But we’ll bask in your friendship, which we count a great
treasure,

And send you this token of St. Valentine.

Jewelers

**The Up-to-date Jewelry Store of
Lewiston**

**A most Complete Stock of the
Best makes of**

FOUNTAIN PENS

**Watch Repairing a Specialty
All Work Guaranteed**

**Eyes Tested and Glasses Correctly
Fitted by Competent Registered
Optometrists**

Geo. V. Turgeon & Co.

76 Lisbon St., Lewiston

Opticians

**Has it dawned on you that your
shoes look just like new when
repaired at**

Geo. F. Bartlett's

**THE MODERN
SHOE REPAIR SHOP**

Cor. Park and Main Sts.,

LEWISTON, ME.

Clara Bissell

FIRST-CLASS WORK AT
MERRILL & BUBIER'S

Hair Dressing Parlor

189 Main Street, Corner Park

Closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 Tuesday and Thursday, at 6
Saturday, at 11

BENSON & WHITE, Insurance

AGENCY ESTABLISHED 1857

Insurance of all Kinds Written at Current Rates

165 Main Street, LEWISTON, MAINE

Photographs that Please
AT THE NEW
HAMMOND STUDIO

Reduced Rates to Graduates
HAMMOND BROS.
138 Lisbon St., LEWISTON, ME.

MORRELL & PRINCE

Shoe Dealers

13 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Ask for Students' Discount

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCY

Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors

2A Park Street, Boston, Mass. 317 Masonic Temple, Denver, Col.
156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 514 Journal Bldg., Portland, Ore.
809 Title Bldg., Birmingham, Ala. 2161 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 533 Cit. Bk., Los Angeles, Cal.

Send to any of the above Addresses or Agency Manual

THE BEST HOME MADE CANDIES

FRESH EVERY DAY

Fancy Hard Candies Chocolates Caramels Ice Cream and Soda

AT **HARLOW'S**

15 Sabattus Street

BATES COLLEGE BOOK STORE

161 Wood Street

Text Books Note Books Pennants Stationery Jewelry
Fountain Pens Student Supplies College Novelties, etc.

GEO. B. FILES, Proprietor