4-13-1916

The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 44 number 08 - April 13, 1916

Bates College

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE BATES STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE

BATES STUDENT MAGIZANE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

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

Vol. XLIV. LEWISTON, MAINE, APRIL 13, 1916. No. 8

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

THE BATES CAMPUS—A LOOK BEFORE AND AFTER

By Alice E. Lawry, '17

The majority of people have a tendency to take things for granted; to accept almost unquestioningly, and as a matter of course, the conditions in which they find themselves. Young people are more or less prone to accept all opportunities and advantages as their due; and students too often confirm the charge of thoughtless egotism brought against them, by enjoying their present surroundings with little thought of how conditions come to be as they are, and of what preceded them. Bates students are not exceptions; we take for granted our college as we found it, one, two, three, or four Septembers ago. Is it not requisite for a proper appreciation of our present campus that, while we enjoy it as it is, and look forward to those things which are before, we forget not entirely those things which are behind?

We who are Seniors or Juniors have witnessed one big change in the campus in the completion of the "new" Chapel—as it doubtless will always be to us. This makes it a bit easier for us to imagine the difference previous changes have made, and to picture those to come. We wonder if the members of the other two classes and those who come after them, can ever feel the same delight in the completed chapel that we do; we, who after lessons, at the close of short winter afternoons, stole in to watch the progress from day to day, and wandered down shaving-strewn aisles, in the impressive emptiness of the dimly lighted building.

The study of geologic time brings home to us the fact that a thousand years may, indeed, be "but as yesterday when it is past," but in this connection it would seem that the converse may be likewise true. We accept our inheritances with little thought as to when, in relative time, they originated. We avail ourselves of yesterday's invention along with the philosophy of "yesterday's sev'n thousand years." So, to the classes who come after us, the "new" Chapel will be one with Hathorn Hall in the scheme of things at Bates.

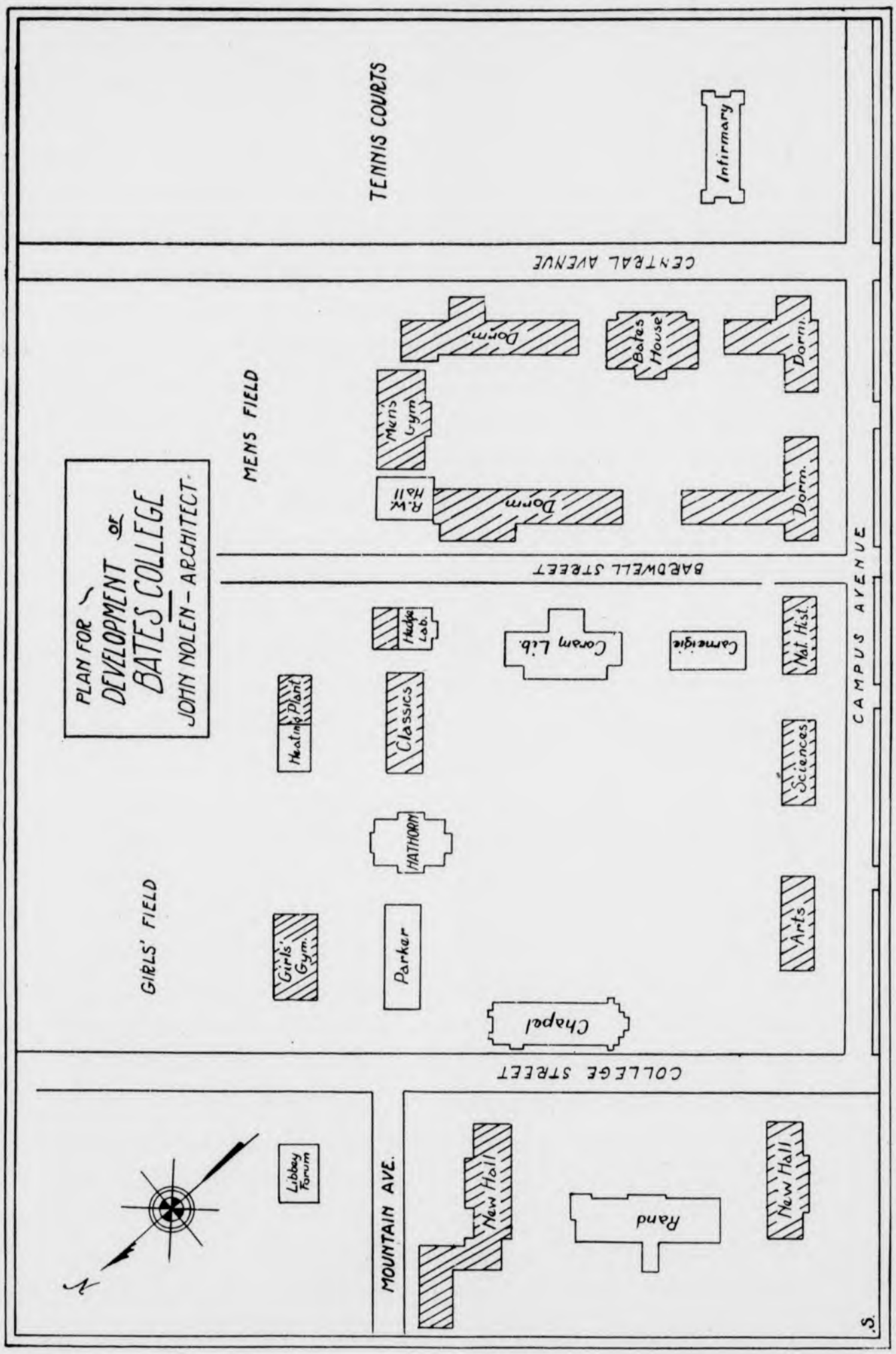
For our backward look at the Bates campus, we are not dependent upon conjecture, or even upon the written word regarding it. While Bates has now passed its semi-centennial, it is still young enough to have associated with it men who have watched its growth from the beginning, and whose reminiscences make possible our mental journey back to its early scenes. We are fortunate indeed, in gaining our first view of the early campus through the eyes of President Chase. "I had climbed Mt. David from Main Street," he says, "and when just as I reached its ledge-crowned summit, I looked down upon the place now hallowed by so many sacred memories, my heart throbbed with an ecstacy like that of the Crusaders catching their first glimpse of the Holy City. Here at last was the object of my dearest hopes, the Mecca of my long-delayed pilgrimage! The air was laden with the balmy odors of spring. A score or more of young men were singing in front of Parker Hall. They were students of the Maine State Seminary, and on the morrow I would be one of them." What was the scene which inspired such emotion in the heart of the ambitious boy destined to become the man we know and love? A twenty-acre plot of treeless, ungraded, ground, and two buildings—Parker Hall and Hathorn Hall. It would be interesting to know how many Freshmen, stepping from the "Figure 8" car on Campus Avenue, feel a like enthusiasm when they view for the first time the campus of fifty-six acres, the fifteen buildings, and the many rows of full-grown trees.

The attractiveness of the campus fifty years ago must have been enhanced by contrast with its surroundings. All the land between the present Bardwell Street and Central Avenue was marshy pasture, filled with stumps. A stump fence extended

from what is now Campus Avenue up Bardwell Street to Webster Street, and another fence bordered the campus on the west. These stump fences were favorite nesting places for house wrens —birds which disappeared fifteen years ago, Professor Stanton says, but are now returning. The fences themselves seem to have suffered gradual annihilation for use as fuel,—none of the buildings had steam heat until 1886—for old graduates tell of getting fire-wood from them. Lake Andrews, a campus feature of "our day," had a predecessor in a small artificial pond opposite the site of the present Milliken House. From this, by means of a wooden pump, the young men drew water for their rooms in Parker Hall. College Street (then Seminary Street) had a sidewalk on only one side—the right, coming toward the college. This sidewalk consisted of two lengthwise planks, laid parallel, but not contiguous, having a plank's width between them. This was to facilitate the observance of rules, which maintained that young men and young women students should not walk together on or off the campus. On the other side of the street there were no buildings down as far as Holland Street.

Hathorn Hall has the distinction of being slightly the oldest building on the campus, though it was not completely finished for over ten years. The original chapel, where students gathered for prayers twice a day, was on the ground floor. It included the Latin and History rooms, and ran back to the present girls' rest room. Two doors, one on the side toward Parker Hall, and one on the opposite side of the building, opened directly into the chapel. At the back of this large room was a platform on which all the teachers sat. Here the mail was regularly distributed, each student claiming his mail as his name was called off by the teachers. As the students thought their mail was often too thoroughly scanned, the arrangement became very unpopular. To supply the teachers with interesting variety, the young men used often to address each other in the strangest terms and with the most ludicrous appellations.

Parker Hall followed Hathorn closely in 1859, and was opened before the roof was on. It was the only dormitory in seminary days, and was divided by a brick wall into two parts, the young women occupying the side toward Hathorn Hall, and


PLAN FOR DEVELOPMENT OF BATES COLLEGE
JOHN NOLEN - ARCHITECT
TENNIS COURTS
Infirmary
CENTRAL AVENUE
MENS FIELD
Dorm.
Bates House
Dorm.
Mens Gym
R.W. Hall
Dorm.
Dorm.
BARDWELL STREET
CAMPUS AVENUE
Heating Plant
Classics
Hedge Lab.
Coram Lib.
Carnegie
Nat. Hist.
Sciences
GIRLS' FIELD
Girls' Gym.
Parker
HATHORN
Arts
Chapel
COLLEGE STREET
Libbey Forum
MOUNTAIN AVE.
New Hall
Rand
New Hall
N.
S.

the young men, the other. Mrs. G. B. Files, who was a student at the seminary, speaks of the kindness of Mr. J. C. White, the steward, and his wife. She says, "They were just the sort of people fathers and mothers would like to know their boys and girls were with." In the basement of the dormitory were kitchen, workrooms and a large dining-room. Two long, parallel tables extended almost the length of the latter. The young men and young women—perhaps two hundred in all—sat opposite each other, and here social intercourse, under the supervision of the teachers, was encouraged. The system of "opposites" is interesting. At the first day of every term there was a rush to the dining-room. Students had taken advantage of casual opportunities for learning who was who, and usually had some choice in the matter of seats. Adjustments could be made by mutual agreement, but the seating was ordinarily permanent for the term. It was not uncommon to hear a young lady refer to a young man as "my opposite," by way of designation, and *vice versa*. The dining-room served also as a music room, and in it the students used often to gather for singing in the evening or on Sunday afternoon.

"All houses wherein men have lived and died,

Are haunted—" says the poet. But are not college dormitories, the homes for four years of the students who leave them in the vigor and joy and confidence of life, also haunted? Haunted indeed—by the ghosts of the living. Many are the events and incidents—"glad, sad or mad"—which transpired beneath the roof of this oldest "dorm," but the tapestry of memories they wove is faded by the suns of fifty years. From the indistinct and tangled pattern, we make out only a few figures and incidents, scarcely significant or relevant in themselves.

Into a wood-shed which formerly joined Parker Hall on the east, a partridge flew one day, and bewildered by windows which directly faced each other in opposite walls, tried to escape through the panes. Cut by the glass, it fell dying. A young instructor lay very ill at the time, and the bird's fate was primitively interpreted by certain students as a bad omen. When the young man died, they considered their belief substantiated.

From the worn woof of the past, we pick another incident of

quite different nature. The central figure in this is a colored student—one of the first at Bates, and somewhat of a curiosity to his college mates. The boy whose room was under his on the floor below, mindful of the negro's proverbial superstition, conceived the idea of utilizing this characteristic for the entertainment of himself and the other boys. He cut a hole in the ceiling of his room and secured a large horn on which, at well-chosen times, he blew a mighty blast through the hole. The colored boy observed this phenomenon with interest. He soon perceived that every time the sound came, his carpet was raised in one spot. He cut a hole in the carpet—leaving it in place as usual for the time being—and secured a generous supply of molasses. When the last trump (for such it obviously proved to be) sounded, he was ready, and—it is to be hoped the trumpeter had a sweet tooth.

We pass on to the remaining buildings of the campus, which followed in this order: The gymnasium, John Bertram Hall, Hedge Chemical Laboratory, Roger Williams Hall, Cheney House, Coram Library, Whittier House, Milliken House, Rand Hall, the Central Heating Plant, Libbey Forum, Carnegie Science Hall, the Chapel. A few invite special comment. John Bertram Hall has had various uses. When the Maine State Seminary ceased to exist, this building had for two years been occupied as a dormitory for young women of the seminary. After the separation between the college and the seminary had taken place (1869), it became the Nichols Latin School, a preparatory school for boys. A rough wooden building known as the "barn" was built just north of it to serve as a dormitory for the students. When it was no longer needed for this purpose, it was sold and moved to the corner of Oak and Sabattus Streets where, in renovated form, it still stands. In 1899, the secondary school was discontinued and Nichols Hall was occupied for college purposes —for the Physics and Botany departments, and for lodging rooms. In 1912 it was changed into a Freshman dormitory.

In 1895 Roger Williams Hall was erected by Lewis W. Anthony, father of Professor Anthony, as the home of the Divinity School. This department had been established in 1870, but up to this time it had shared John Bertram Hall with the

Latin School. Roger Williams Hall was occupied wholly by the Theological School until the school was discontinued in 1908. Since then it has been devoted to college purposes, the ground floor including several administration offices, and the other floors serving dormitory uses.

Cheney House was President Cheney's home, and would have continued to be the residence of Bates presidents, had not President Chase chosen to keep his home on Frye Street, and asked the college to take the house for the first girls' dormitory in 1895.

Throughout the changes which have come to Bates, one landmark of the campus has remained unchanged. Mt. David, like the Northern Lights which Service mentions in "The Cremation of Sam McGee," has doubtless "seen queer sights," and if "the queerest (it) ever did see" is not that denoted by the poem's title, it may have been one of a kindred nature, namely, the Burning of "Anna," in the days when analytical geometry was compulsory at Bates. Mt. David is also the site of a dream observatory, which, at one time (1886), seemed about to materialize. This is an excerpt from President Cheney's diary: "Called on Mr. ———. He is about ready to give money for an observatory." The gift was never made, but we no longer regret the fact, for subsequent investigation has shown that the site is unsuitable. Dr. Tubbs says that Mt. David's cliff runs down to the railroad tracks, and that delicate instruments in an observatory upon it would be jarred by every passing train. For a similar reason, the Chicago University went one hundred miles away from Chicago to build its observatory. The college did, at one time, have a small observatory at the foot of Mt. David, back of Professor Stanley's house—the present home of Dr. Stanley. From this the telescope with its 6¼ inch glass was stolen. The thief was caught and imprisoned, but the telescope was never recovered, and the observatory, which was really too much under the hill, was not used again.

Any article on the Bates Campus which ignored the trees would indeed be incomplete. President Cheney was a lover of trees and many of the trees on the present campus were planted by his own hand. President Chase, when a student, helped to

set out a whole row of trees—the row next to Professor Stanton's tree, on the side toward the Library. Fifty-five years ago Professor Levi Stanton ("Uncle Johnnie's" brother) set out the maple at the left of the steps leading to Hathorn Hall. The maple at the right of the steps was planted by Professor Neal in seminary days. Professor Jordan's class planted an elm in front of Hathorn Hall, and Mr. G. B. Files set out one next to the Jordan tree, in the rear of the Chapel. In his retiring address President Cheney said: "I have walked this hall at midnight and wept when times were dark. On a retired spot in the adjoining grove I have prayed when no earthly help seemed available. There is not a tree or building or spot on this campus but seems a part of myself. Reverently I commit all the precious trusts which I now resign to the care of our Father in Heaven, whose love never faileth."

On the wall of the reading room in Coram Library, hangs a framed copy of the Maine State Advocate for January, 1856. In this paper there is a picture of the proposed Maine State Seminary. One building with a bell-tower corresponds to Hathorn Hall; but the building which was probably the first conception of Parker Hall, since it is approximately the same in size and plan, extends lengthwise with College Street rather than as it really materialized with one end toward College Street and the other toward Hathorn Hall. The idea of duplicating Parker Hall evidently persisted, for in the bound *Student* for 1882 we find a drawing of three buildings—Parker Hall, Hathorn Hall (both standing), and a building (prospective) on the other side of Hathorn Hall, of which Parker Hall is the prototype.

Mention of these early proposals in regard to buildings, brings us to a consideration of the campus plan made in 1914 by John Nolen, landscape architect, on which we must depend for our forward look at Bates. President Chase had long seen the need of a campus plan that should serve as a guide in erecting future buildings. He was anxious to prevent donors from selecting unsuitable sites and thus destroying the symmetry and beauty of the final campus. Three years ago, at his request, the executive committee of the college appropriated money for employing a landscape architect. At the initiative of Miss Woodhull.

former dean of the women, John Nolen of Harvard Square, Cambridge, lectured in the George Colby Chase Lecture Course. Afterward his services were secured by the college and he made the plan for the future campus which is now in Coram Library.

This is a carefully wrought and extensive plan by observance of which successive buildings may go into their proper places. It provides for the addition (in a few cases, the substitution) of new buildings, brings the buildings nearer together, and arranges them as nearly as possible in quadrilaterals. Hathorn Hall remains the "hub," so to speak, of the campus. The Bates House means primarily a center for the interests and social life of the young men. It will provide accommodations for entertaining college guests, and will include reading and singing rooms, athletic headquarters, Y. M. C. A. secretary's room, and rooms for Bible study classes. The auditorium, as planned, will be large enough for class-day exercises, allowing more room than Hathorn Hall at present offers.

The men's gymnasium will open directly upon the athletic field. This building has long been talked of, and will probably be among the first added. The girls' gymnasium will adjoin their future field and, as planned, will contain a much desired swimming pool. Their present gymnasium is already crowded, especially in regard to baths and locker rooms. Furthermore, the space it now occupies in Rand Hall could be utilized to great advantage. Miss Buswell suggests improvements now needed or highly desirable, which would be facilitated by such a change. They are: A telephone room, in order that girls may not have to use the telephone in the dining-room, as now; a reception-room on the first floor; a reading-room; a game-room; a rest room for girls not taking the regular gymnasium work; a music-room in which girls may practice; and domestic science rooms to accompany the introduction of such a department. Greater seating capacity in the dining-room for special occasions is needed. At present, Fiske Room, the dining-room, and the gymnasium are all on different floors, and cannot be thrown together when the occasion demands a larger room than any one of these alone. At the banquet given last year in honor of President Chase, only

the dormitory girls, and representatives from the town girls could be present because of the limited room.

Besides the new buildings, provision is made for the enlargement of several of the present ones. Although not indicated by Architect Nolen's plan, Coram Library may be one of these. According to its original plan, President Chase says, it is only half completed. The Library is rectangular with the stack-room projecting behind. This shape provides an easy means of exactly doubling its capacity should the need for so doing arise. By erecting a building facing Bardwell Street, that should duplicate Coram Library, with its projecting room joining the present stack-room, we should have a finished building in the shape of the letter H. The stack-room in the middle would be quite spacious, and might contain tables and chairs.

No general administration building appears in the plan, but such a building is considered of great importance by some members of the faculty. It would include rooms for the Dean of Men (when there is one), the Dean of Women, the Treasury Department, and other administrative departments now scattered about the campus. At a central office, visitors could be directed about the grounds and given such information as they might desire regarding the college. It has been suggested that the roof of Libbey Forum be raised, that the societies have their rooms on the second floor, and that the first floor be used for these administrative offices.

Most of the present buildings will remain, although their uses may change, as in the case of John Bertram Hall which is especially suited by its isolated position for an infirmary. Milliken House and Whittier House will be supplanted by professors' homes. Cheney House will be replaced by a large, new dormitory. If to some of us, as we visualize the future campus and find no longer upon it the home of Bates' first president, the first girls' dormitory and our college home, there comes a feeling of regret, it is but transient. We see the significance of the larger house built "as the swift seasons roll," and we gladly lay our personal sentiment on the altar of our college's growth.

We have looked before and after, but it has scarcely increased the proverbial tendency to "pine for what is not." By the past,

we read the future "far as human eye can see," which is, after all, a little way. Bates will grow as it has grown, and the campus will change; but we needs must remember it most vividly with ever-returning spring, as it awakens to life this year. The future campus cannot be too beautiful; the plan for its perfection cannot be too quickly realized. And yet, as we walk the little irregular path that leads diagonally from Campus Avenue to the Library, we feel a jealous tenderness for things as they are. Whatever glories shall supplant them, this is *our* campus—*our* Bates!

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings, and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!"

A STUDY IN BLUE MOIRE

By Hazel A. Mitchell, '16

Annie Lamieson entered the department store of Hander & Schultz by the rear entrance and walked leisurely toward the clerk's register. Evidently she was in no hurry; for she stopped to draw off a soiled, white glove before entering the turnstile which guarded the register. Slowly and gracefully she turned the nickel hand of the register about the rows of tiny, numbered disks. The near-diamonds on her fingers glittered and scintillated as she finally pressed the metal indicator in at the circle marked with her number—47.

The new errand boy who was hoping—as all errand boys at the modest department store of Hander & Schultz always hoped—for a chance to work up, grinned sympathetically as he noted that the clerk with the wonderful hat and smile had marked in just eighteen minutes too late. But all of his pity was wasted; for not the faintest suspicion of care or regret rested on the too pink cheeks or the too white forehead of the "head girl" at the lace department. The new boy pondered deeply on the extraor-

dinary nonchalance exhibited by a clerk who had just registered in eighteen minutes late. He was unable to comprehend it; but he recalled, as he saw her enter the clerks' coat room, that the elevator boy had once referred to her as "the sportiest kid" of the store. The errand boy's inexperience did not permit further deductions.

In the deserted coat room, Miss Lamieson proceeded to hold a lengthy and elaborate conference with the sidewall mirror. Its wavy surface sent back a reflection of very pink cheeks, of heavily arched eyebrows, of gleaming dark eyes, of hair so elaborately arranged as to baffle all analysis—in short just such a reflection as Annie most desired.

She shut the vanity case with a snap as she opened the door and started toward the lace department. She walked along with slow, sliding steps—a long stemmed, full blown, American Beauty held loosely in her fingers. The gait was her own natural production; the twirling rose an inadvertent addition. This was good psychology. Annie did not know psychology; but she did know that every girl on the first floor was looking at the rose and wondering which one of her friends had taken her out to dinner. Here and there she stopped at a counter long enough to exchange artful hints about the flower.

At last after her triumphal entry had had its best effect, Annie Lamieson, the most envied, stylish, and daring girl at Hander & Schultz, went quickly to her own department. There her two counter companions were waiting to be impressed. "Want a sniff, kids?" she asked graciously tossing the rose on the counter. "For a real *swell* feed with all the extra fixings, give me Caldwell's every time."

Annie was still reveling in the sensation which this sentence produced when the Walker appeared in sight. Instantly every girl within sight of Annie's counter was alert; for it was a store secret that the Walker was "sweet on" Annie Lamieson. And there were those who had once heard Annie admit that she liked to "jolly him along."

The Walker stepped down to the very end of the side counter. It was the regret of all the near-by and interested counters that he always did this. There the lower display cases gave a better

opportunity for quiet conversation. He stopped as usual and nodded in his most professional manner to Annie. "Miss Lamieson, a moment please." Annie finished the arranging of the remnant box before walking slowly to meet him. The Walker's eyes were fastened on the rose drooping over her velvet girdle and they looked sorry. The Walker had that kind of eyes anyway, and was much more human than Walkers are generally reputed to be. He glanced meaningly toward the flower and then into Annie's face. "Who's your new friend?" Undoubtedly his tone was too laconic.

A flash of color that did not come from any vanity case swept over Annie's face. Her voice was unusually sweet. "O! a gentleman!" She waited an instant before the final thrust. Then, "Nobody *you'd* know." In an instant she was almost sorry that she had said it; for the Walker was looking at her as no other man had ever looked at her before. She considered briefly what she should say next. Was it possible that she had gone too far? Of course she had no intention of marrying the Walker and settling down in the little flat that he was always talking about. That was foolish when the department store world offered such signal advantages for pleasure; yet the thought of incurring the Walker's real dislike made her feel uncomfortably queer.

The Walker, however, was smiling, or trying to. "Come off with your joshing, kid! I'm guessing that you and me don't get to fighting. We ain't forgetting some things. Eh?" There was challenge in his tone.

Annie's answer held a little of concession. "I've known this gentleman for *years*. He's on gloves for a New York house."

The Walker looked relieved. "How about a little trip out to City Grove tonight, Girlie?"

Annie fingered a lace box carelessly. "Oh! I don't know." Her voice was absolutely devoid of enthusiasm. "City Grove is getting awful common now. And if *he* don't take the afternoon express back, I'll probably go somewheres real swell with him."

This time the Walker did not take refuge in badinage. His manner was at once businesslike. "I just came along to tell you

that the firm wants somebody from your department to visit that Miss Henderson who's been out so long. She is up at the City Hospital. There is some doubt about the girl's being taken back, I guess. Probably your report will settle it. And anyway old Schultz is a crank on visiting sick clerks." The Walker turned to go, then said suggestively, "I thought you might go yourself; but anybody from the department will be all right. As I doped it out the trip will take the whole afternoon."

Annie returned to her companion clerks—her manner elaborately careless. "Just a message from the firm," she explained easily. "Well, kids," as she untied her apron, "I've got to leave you now. I am on my way to do a special errand for old Schultz, and *also* I'm going to have a look-in on that blue moire I was telling you about yesterday. Believe me, kids, that little coat has got the style! I may need it tonight." The last words held delightful and mysterious possibilities. Annie laughed as the four eyes fastened on the rose all asked the same question. "He's a great one on style, take it from me!" she confessed.

This time Annie left the store by the front entrance. The American Beauty, now wilted and drooping, had been transferred to her suit coat, and seemed in striking contrast to the dashing figure of the "head girl" at the lace department. Even the coat, however, with all its display did not prevent the "V" neck from seeming very low; while the glittering pendant, altho it sparkled bravely, appeared very inadequate. Beneath the stiff, white hat with its shining black ornaments and its decided tilt to the left, the little, piquant face was very bright. An afternoon off was not to be lightly esteemed.

The up-town car was crowded and was obliged to make frequent stops; but Annie did not mind, for the vision of the blue moire coat was clear and well defined. It certainly was a trade, she meditated as she left the car and walked up the granite steps to the tall, brick building with its many windows,—a real bargain. Marked down from thirty-five! And exactly the shade that she most desired! She was wondering what she would wear with it for a hat. She did not have to count the bills in her hand-bag to know that there would be very little left after paying the twenty-two dollars and seventy-nine cents—the price of the moire creation.

The great swinging doors were opened by out-coming visitors and Annie stood uncertainly in the high, empty hall outside the office. An attendant met her and directed her to the ward where she might find Miss Henderson. Annie's tiny, high heels clicked loudly on the hard, resounding floors as she suddenly decided that she could manage to get the hat if she made it from maline.

Indeed it was not until Mina Henderson's white face welcomed her that the last of the blue moire vision faded. Even then it was relegated no further than her sub-conscious mind. "Why Miss Lamieson!" Mina's joy was equaled only by her surprise.

"I came up for the firm," was Annie's gracious explanation.

After the first greetings were exchanged conversation flagged. The two girls, as unlike as two clerks of the same store could be, seemed to have little in common. Mina, after explaining joyfully that she was to leave the hospital in three days, had little more to say; while Annie someway felt that it would be incongruous to mention either her New York friend or the dinner at Caldwell's.

Mina could not disguise her interest in the store. "How long do you suppose they'd keep a place for anybody that was sick, Miss Lamieson?"

"That depends," Annie said slowly fingering her coin purse. She chose her next words carefully, using a phrase that she had once heard a manager use. "The firm of Hander & Schultz is very considerate of its employees."

Mina seemed greatly comforted as she explained, "The Doctor said if I was to go somewheres to rest for two weeks I'd be all right. And then my cousin that lives way down in the country wrote and asked me to stay with her as long as I wanted to. I know where I can borrow the fare. If I was sure they'd keep the place at the store—" Mina finished with uncertainty as she noted that Miss Lamieson's gaze and interest were directed across the ward.

Annie rose quickly and stood a bit unsteadily on the pivoting heels of her satin pumps. "Mina, was you ever as sick as she is?"

"The one in the bed they're putting the screens around?"

"Yes," Annie nodded.

"Goodness, yes," Mina's tone was condescension itself. "*Sicker!* I didn't know nobody for more'n a week." Then Mina stopped; for Miss Lamieson was leaving. "Good-bye, Miss Lamieson," Mina finished.

"So long, Mina," gaily called back Annie as she hurried down the ward corridor—her steps already directed toward City Square and Round's Department Store where, up on the second floor in an all-glass display case, the blue moire coat reposed in all its shimmering loveliness.

An hour later when Annie returned to Hander & Schultz, she went direct to the clerks' coat room and drew from her hand-bag a letter. It had been written in the patrons' parlors of Round's store, and presented a mixture of both the business and personal element. Annie read it slowly:

"Dear Mina,

Enclosed you will find $25 for you from the firm. I had it with me this afternoon; but I forgot to give it to you. Your place will keep all right while you are down in the country. The firm of Hander & Schultz is very considerate of its employees.

Annie Lamieson, Dept. Head.

P. S.—Don't say anything about it to nobody. The firm don't want it known.

Annie."

Annie had just left the coat room and had given the letter with an accompanying coin to the new errand boy when she met the Walker. His face was dark. "Your New York friend has been in here looking for you. He left some message or other with the girls."

Annie looked up with polite interest. "Oh! is that the goods? Well, it's all right I wasn't on hand because I've changed my mind."

A sudden glad surprise and new hope glowed in the Walker's face. "Say, Girlie, you ain't meaning that—"

Annie laughed tolerantly at the joy in his voice. "Oh! come off! I ain't said nothing, have I?" Then she shot him a sobered and truthful glance as she added, "But I can tell you one thing. I'm just keen on seeing City Grove!"

THE GIRL—THE ROSE

By Ruth Capen, '17

The girl knelt down
And buried her tear-wet face
In a dew-drenched rose—
In a deep red rose
With dew-drops quivering
On its soft, curved petals.

It was early morning;
The east caught faint hues
Of myriad sweet peas.
There was mystic quiet,
And the rose perfume was like incense—
And the sad, sweet face of the girl.

The sun came up
And climbed high in the heaven;
The trembling dew-drops vanished;
The rose's petals drooped pitifully.
It forgot the morning,
For there was no dew in its heart.

The Girl's sister came
And wiped her tear-wet cheeks,
And bade her cease sorrowing,
And forget—
The Girl's face grew less tender,
For there were no tears in her eyes.

THE THINKING OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

The charge is brought against undergraduates that they are so dependent upon text-books for their opinions, and so willing to rely upon their professor's views as infallible, that they indulge in little original thought; or as we hear it bluntly stated by self-complacent critics, "College students, as a class, do not think." Many of us, at an age when diminutive stature did not, as assumed, indicate complete lack of comprehension, have doubtless listened with interest to comments and speculations made about us by "grown-ups." As college students we experience somewhat the same sensation when we hear our tolerant or censuring critics discuss among themselves our capabilities, propensities and defects. Altho it has apparently never occurred to any of these interested onlookers to insert a "you" in the question "Do College Students Think?"—which might in the nature of the question be awkward—still, we choose to assume that it

has been addressed to us, and in an informal, personal way, to answer it from our undergraduate viewpoint. Do we think? Yes! What do we think? A great many things. How do we think? A great many ways. But we do think? We cannot help it!

The word "thought" is fairly broad. Dewey in his book "How We Think," says it is used in four senses—but we need not quibble over it here. As used in our subject-heading, we mean by thinking, independent and original reflection. College students, it is said, are saturated with the thoughts of others; the "wondrous minds of old" eclipse their own to such an extent that they show little inclination for this independent reflection.

The great bulk of studying is done to claim our educational inheritances—scientific, aesthetic, institutional, literary and religious—in order that each one of us, "the heir of all the ages," may truly start life "in the foremost files of time." But we should not assume that all incentive to thought comes from text-books and professors. Nothing is farther from the truth. At the very beginning of his college life, the Freshman encounters a changed environment, and must cultivate adaptability if he is to be assimilated into the student body. He is promptly initiated into the communistic living of the dormitory, and brushes elbows with students whose home environment, religious beliefs, social status, and financial means are different from his own. Can he, unless he is a bigot and a snob, remain intolerant and narrow-minded in such a circle? He is compelled to recognize the other man's view-point and to cultivate broad-mindedness. He is now dependent upon himself for the solution of many problems, more or less significant, which inevitably arise. The college is a melting-pot in which student character is tested. The student hitherto indifferent to great forces and principles, is now forced, if he stands the test, to uphold his convictions, and to reconcile, if he can, his former beliefs with his new knowledge. He may receive hard lessons, bitter disappointments and disillusions, but first, last and always during the process of adaptation, he has to think.

Nor is this new knowledge impractical and theoretical to the undergraduate. There may be students who make no use at the

time of the information they gain through observation during their college course, but they are assuredly the exceptions. A fairly large proportion of students—especially in the small college—acquire or develop executive ability in student societies and organizations, while the majority find ample use for, as well as urgent need of, applicable information in debating, speech making, preparing papers, and supporting student publications. There is scarcely a better field for applied psychology than among the widely different natures of a college community. All this not only necessitates conscious effort to an extent in thinking, but also invites meditation; not only requires that we, as college students, assimilate the best thoughts of others, but that we modify or supplement them with our own. So much for the incentive to reflection given by our social and campus relations. We now return to the curriculum itself and consider, by way of illustration, a few specific branches of study.

In Debating there is no escape from thinking. It is doubtless true that the debator is born, not made, but aside from developing potential and latent ability, a required course in Argumentation or Debating compels each student to apply reason according to his capability. No memorized platitudes, no flood of oratory, no crammed statistics alone will win a debate. There must be thinking, concentrated and long continued, with classification and organization of material before the debate; thinking, quick and accurate during the debate—thinking which produces at the right time what Lady Gregory calls "the sort of thing it would kill you to have thought of just one minute too late." Obviously, the real debator is the real thinker.

The great stimulus which language study gives to thought—aside from all technical preliminaries—is due to the impression of universality which a mere dip into foreign literatures cannot fail to stamp upon the student mind. Works from the dead languages are indeed revelations in this respect, and often startle us with their proof that "the ancients have stolen our best thoughts." The Epigrams of Martial show us that human nature changes little. Juvenal's Satire on the degeneracy of Rome was found so applicable to London in the eighteenth century, that Samuel Johnson's satire, "London," is almost a per-

fect paraphrase of the Latin. The study of modern languages cannot fail to diminish provincialism. The peoples whose thoughts we read and sympathize with, and whose lives lie revealed in their books, can never again become to us unknown quantities.

History gives us chronological perspective. Through it we see our society, our contemporaries, our civilization, not isolated, but related to all that has preceded. The student of history cannot help drawing comparisons; he cannot avoid making applications; in other words, he cannot avoid thinking.

Science may be defined as truth ascertained, but the study of science in college does not consist merely in accepting other men's proofs. Individual demonstration is the paramount factor in the study of Chemistry, Physics, and other sciences. The students' conviction of the truth of scientific principles comes from experiment, observation, and thought.

Geology and Astronomy, particularly, arouse us from indifference to awe with the dawning realization of infinity, the eternal duration of time, and boundless space. We find that we have been hitherto like the lotus-eaters, oblivious of the bigger things. Through the doors set ajar by such studies, we begin to gain a sense of world perspective; to see our interests, and our lives in less distorted proportion to the universe. We begin to perceive faintly the relation, the interdependence, of all things. The "flower in the crannied wall" inspires with awe because it is a part of the great Whole—the "Each and All," and the "inverted Bowl they call the Sky" has for us a new significance. The multiplicity of wonderful facts, the dawning conscientiousness of world perspective and of infinitude inspire meditation that does not lend itself to words. The conversation of the college student may be puerile and superficial, but he is merely trying to keep his equilibrium on the surface. Deep down he is thinking, and the thoughts of the undergraduate are long, long thoughts.

Grass of the afternoon—how many blades
Blow in the little breeze of this short hour;
How many breezes blown in hours gone

How many years ago; and still to come
How many years!

Countless stars of the heaven, spills of the pine;
Fields all white with flowers, and shores with their grains of sand;
Too many grains to count I can cover with but one hand;
Hands—how many there are in the world; and then
How many worlds!

CHRISTIANITY AND CREEDS

By John P. Goba, '16

Nearly two thousand years have passed since the birth of Christianity. The first three centuries of its existence were filled with bitter struggles with the still dominating, but fast decaying, and disintegrating, ancient religious Christianity, although suffering some internal loss, was victorious, and now for several centuries, it has been the ruler of the civilized world.

The universality which it now enjoys among the advanced nations, as well as its long existence within them, prompts us to think that the teachings of Christ should be prevalent among the members of such nations and its various classes and groups,—if such classes and groups indeed can exist in a society of Christian brotherhood. We also expect that his dictates should be obeyed by those nations themselves. Such expectation is nothing more than reasonable, and accordingly we comprehensively view the Christian world, but do we find in it the justice, the righteousness, and the love, advocated in Christ's teachings?

Indeed, in our narrow acquaintance, in our perhaps unconsciously prejudiced view, we may pride ourselves on our civilization, on our welfare. We know that the professional man or woman may float on the aesthetic enjoyments which art, literature, philosophy and other moral pursuits give. We know that the business man may sip from the cup of contentment which society likely holds out to him. We know that the society lady gives to her charming compatriots an afternoon tea, or whist

party, or entertains them in some other delightful manner; or perchance she even may be engaged in charity work. We have noticed all this, maybe been part of it and we say: "Things are pretty good."

But take a broader, a more comprehensive view of society. Look at the political corruption, bribery, graft, bossism. Consider the dishonesty in business, over-reaching competition adulteration, gambling, fraud. When we suggest that Christian principles should be followed also in such matters, we often learn that Sunday School talks are good enough for some things, but that they must be left out of business and politics. I have seen even ministers who would add to this their "Amen!" Then there are the industrial battles between capital and labor with their attendent strikes, boycotts, lockouts and chain of other evils. Again we know of the degradation through luxury on the one hand, and poverty with its accompaniments, disease, misery, and crime, on the other. Thousands of people live in poverty and misery, thousands of them perish by crime and disease. Hundreds and hundreds of women are forced to a life of vice and complete degradation. According to a statement of one of the investigating committee, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., nearly fifteen thousand such women were located in a single borough of New York City! And how many children are stunted mentally and physically in our factories or in places where conditions are similarly unfavorable.

Consider all this and then add to it the present calamity now raging in Europe,—and all this among Christians!

What is wrong, we ask. Is not religion the guide of life? We have noble and lofty religion—we are good Christians, striving hard for our religion. Why then have we not noble and lofty life in society? Why have we not a real Christian society, a society of brotherhood?

The reasons for this are various, but I shall take only one of them—a reason which pertains more directly to the present discussion.

I mentioned above, that while Christianity conquered the ancient religions, nevertheless, in that contest it suffered not insignificant modifications and losses. Christianity started in

life with lofty and beautiful conceptions of living, but the world was not ready to receive it. First of all, the material conditions were against it: a state of true brothership could not exist between the slave and its owner, between the plebian and the patrician. In the second place, the growing strength and influence of Christianity brought to its ranks a foreign element, which was successful in defeating, from inside, many true Christian aspirations. Slowly and gradually, some of the old religious ceremonies and ritual worked into the Christian service, and herein, Christ, the hater of all "outward show," was defeated. Simultaneously with the growth of Christianity there arose numerous heated discussions and quarrels, caused by the contradictions of its early authorities. Finally a council was held at Nicea. There among much wrangling, and through the forceful intervention of King Constantine, the Nicean creed was adopted, the paragon of the later creeds. We easily can imagine how fully it could express the beliefs of Christianity, and we know how much it does express of Christian principle.

Before the time of this council, and subsequent to it, the Christian religion was organized into a centralized church system, and out of the living and beautiful soul of Christianity, scarcely anything else remained except its outer garment, and that had not been made by Christ.

In such a state, it remained during several of the succeeding centuries, and the real, true, Christianity was kept buried within the walls of the monasteries, and was guarded by the clergy, lest it should see too much of the outer life, and should influence the outsiders, living in darkness, to start toward a brighter, nobler day.

But with the advance of the Renaissance, came doubts and intellectual aspirations, and with it, the Reformation movement. These two movements revealed the rottenness and unreality of the then existing religious, or rather theological, systems, and exerted some purifying influence upon the church. Since then, we have made more prayers, and Christianity has lost more of its fetters.

However, we have not yet freed it from its early yoke of outward form; we are still sectarian; we are still exclusive.

Matters of mere form still separate the churches and keep them looking askance at each other. We have not come to the time when Christ's greatest commandment will be emphasized above all creeds.

And this is one reason,—not the only reason, however,—why there is still so much injustice and misery in society, such shameful settlements of international complications, so much greed and avarice. The various religious sects as yet do not work together for perfection, for making society a better place; their accomplishments are still meagre. The theological system is still the most important thing in the church. In the popular view, one who subscribes to the doctrine, even though he be the worst criminal, is still a better Christian than a virtuous man, who disagrees with the creeds, yet strives conscientiously to embody in his actions Christ's greatest commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Theology with its mysterious dogmatism, and intolerance, still holds sway, dividing the church, setting one people against another, diverting the attention of the people from more valuable objects, and keeping its gates shut for some, who seriously strive for the betterment of mankind, for living, and not talking Christianity.

Should this be so? Should we persist in emphasizing the theological side of religion? Should we have any creed whatever?

In considering these problems we first of all ask ourselves whether fixed creeds have any value. Early Christianity had no creed, no regular theological system,—yet its growth was tremendous, and as far as we know those people were as good Christians as any that have a creed. It is a noticeable thing, that after the adoption of the creed, a universal stagnation overcame Christendom. Its clergy sank to the lowest degradation; its laymen were intellectual paupers. This condition lasted till the study of non-Christian literature and philosophy created doubts and questionings and this brought again a general revival and life. Man began to be again more appreciative, more admiring, of the Infinite Power surrounding him. And then,—what did the self-styled "substitutes of God" do? With the help of rack, fire, and axe, they immediately tried to make an end of those who

had dared to go against their injunctions, and had started to follow Christ's commands: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your father in Heaven is perfect," or "Seek and ye shall find," according to their own interpretation. We know of their success in attempting to subdue the scientific spirit. Yet many a man, who would have been valuable to his own generation, and those following, was mercilessly murdered.

We are sometimes under the impression that the creed holds the church together,—but how about those movements that have no creeds? Take, for example, the same early Christianity, or the present Socialist movement. It is purpose and common aim that holds movements together, not a piece of paper, with some words on it. How many men are there anyhow, who believe word for word in the creed?

But supposing the creeds or a theological system to be serviceable to human beings—how are they possible?

Studies in the history of religion prove that theological views, like everything else in nature, are changing with all peoples according to the stage of their advancement. Their conceptions of the supernatural, of the divine Being, are always within the limits of their knowledge, experience and imaginings. Our early ancestors believed the earth and sky to be populated with gods. They saw them in streams, in brooks, in forests. Gods occupied the sylvan depths, the craggy mountains, and the ever surging sea. Some of them had even taken up their abode in animals, or other natural phenomena. From these beliefs we have come to a higher conception of God—but as all conceptions so this one is subject to change. Our later ancestors prayed to Him as to an angry, jealous, and revengeful God; to us he is a Loving Father or even a Great Force, pervading all the universe. The more we have become acquainted with the infinity of the cosmos, the less presumptious we have become in claiming knowledge of the supernatural, of the transcendental. We would hardly discuss nowadays the proposition: "How many angels can dance on the point of a needle," as some of our clergymen did not long ago. Neither do we picture hell to ourselves in all the profuse colors, as we did formerly; in fact, this place, together with its keeper, is slowly leaving our serious conversation and sermons.

Thus the change in theology has been from ikons to God, from the definite to the indefinite and from the finite to the infinite. This change has been continual and is still going on without signs of abating. There is struggling between Protestantism and Catholicism, between literalism and conservatism. Some are dissatisfied with the church and leave it, others try to reform it, to bring it into harmony with science and philosophy. There are still others, who would revise the creeds, and some advocate their complete abolishment. Some churches already demand no acceptance of any creed as the condition for membershinp.

Considering all these changes, we perceive plainly the impossibility of any true, lasting, theological system. What we consider as true today, may not be considered so tomorrow. The theologians themselves admit that theology is a progressive science, not fixed. A fixed theology always harms the people with whom it is associated.

Still, there are some people who think that if we abolish creeds and dogmas, there will be little left of religion. Let us, however, recognize that by abolishing formal creeds we by no means seek to destroy the beliefs which they embody. Everyone would still be free to retain the interpretations of the Scriptures to which he is accustomed. By abolishing creeds we only affirm that they are not the foundation-stones of Christianity. The creedless religion would give to every individual a better chance to worship God as revealed to him personally; as he feels and knows it is most appropriate to worship Him.

If, however, a common creed is deemed an absolute necessity, it must be based on the teachings of Christ, not on the stories about Him; the creed must be ethical, not historical or mythical. Such a creed must emphasize what Christ emphasized; its basis should be the greatest commandment, and its purpose should be the binding of people, by means of high moral principles, into a better society which would strive for the Christian brotherhood advocated by Christ so many years ago.

The present creeds and rites clearly cannot accomplish their purpose. Because of them many serious-minded and able men are kept outside the church. While, of course, they are sincerely believed in by some people, many others pay no attention to them, or merely tolerate them. They are misleading to people who con-

form to them, in that they lay emphasis on matters of relatively little importance, and overlook the more important religious truths. Imagine, for example, a lawless man considered a law-abiding citizen if he perhaps believes that Washington and Lincoln were excellent men; and imagine another man, living according to the law, yet treated as lawless because he has some ideas of his own in regard to the lawgivers. Thus the creed emphasizes the necessity of belief in certain things about the lawgiver, while the law itself is left at the disposal of the individual. The theoretical is held higher than the practical.

The present-day Christianity is still too dogmatic; it is still too much concerned with external matters; it is still materialistic, not fully spiritualistic.

However, changes are taking place within it, and it is freeing itself from theological narrowness and dogmatism. More people are beginning to believe that the individual should worship God in the way God has revealed Himself to that individual. What if he does not seek for God beyond the stars, but sees Him in nature, in the clouds, in the sunset, and hears Him in the breeze, the murmur of the stream, or in the whispering woodland? He worships the Infinite in adoration of all the beauty and wonders of earth and heaven, and he manifests his love of the Higher, through earnest striving after truth, through living nobly, and through sympathetic helpfulness and kindly deeds towards his fellow beings.

Let the individual believe about the Infinite what he sincerely can, and let us consider his beliefs as valid as our own. But let us all, in our attitude and in our actions be guided by the lofty principles of Christianity. And this is all that Christ himself asks. Lip worship is odious to Him. Not everyone who says "Lord, Lord" shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but only those who do the will of His Father. And when the Day of Judgment, the final word on our living, has come, and the sheep are separated from the goats, the question is not, whether you were a Protestant or Catholic, Baptist or Methodist—whether or not you had a creed, but whether you have lived up to the Christian principle embodied in the words: "As ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Should we then have a dogmatized, theological religion?

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL-MA'AM

By Genevieve Dunlap, '17

Sept. 10.—I'm a real country school-ma'am in the little red schoolhouse on the hill! I rang the bell this morning at 8.30 precisely, and in they rushed—the twenty-one human individuals, choice assorted, all different, no two alike, for whose moral and intellectual welfare I am now responsible. For a few minutes, the room was a blur of rough coats and red ribbons and tin lunch-pails. Then the confusion changed to an expectant silence, and I realized that I was the "Teacher," with twenty-one pairs of bright shining eyes focused upon me from above the wooden benches. For the first time that awful sinking sensation came over me. Then the idea came—"They're all afraid of you." For a few minutes I simply stood and looked at them, without seeing any of them. I hope they thought I was "sizing them up." My much-rehearsed schedule for the day's order came to mind; I opened my mouth carefully, and said, "Good morning, Children." It was a strange voice to me, but how could they know it was not my natural tone? The rest was easier—only I announced that I would read a portion of the Twenty-third Psalm, and thereupon read the whole of it!

Sept. 15.—One week is over. Such a school! Every age from four to eighteen. There's Mossy-John, whose real name is Maurice John—eighteen, and much taller than I. Mossy is used to being kicked and my boarding mistress informs me he has made life miserable for the three preceding teachers. Tuesday he swore, right in school, and I sent him home. I was afraid he wouldn't go, but he did. His father came to see me that night, and wept and begged me to take Mossy John back for another trial—he'd had a beating and promised to be good. So Mossy came back next morning, and stood up before the school and apologized, my dictation. At recess, I tried to talk with him; we got to discussing poultry raising, which Mossy knows a lot

about. Now we're the best of friends—Mossy brings me an apple every morning. Thank Heaven, I know the difference between a Barred Plymouth Rock and a Brown Leghorn.

Dec. 1.—A visit from Hungary! Yesterday I reproved my little Hungarian boy, Andy, for breaking a window with part of his lunch. He threw a biscuit. Andy went home in tears. This morning his Hungarian mother appeared and fairly overwhelmed me with a torrent of angry Hun. I couldn't talk to her, for she understood no more English than I did Hungarian. Finally, she subsided somewhat, and I got from Andy, who was still weeping, the information that his mother was angry because I made fun of her cooking. She wanted me to understand that she had had bad luck last baking day. It was fully fifteen minutes before I could make her comprehend that it was the broken window and not the hard bread that I had scolded Andy for.

Oct. 14.—The "sûper" called. He's a big, red-cheeked farmer with a six-months' agricultural course as qualifications. He asked Betsy Bates who discovered America; Betsy was nearly scared to death and said "George Washington." The Superintendent asked no more questions, but got away as soon as possible.

May 1.—Little brown-eyed, curly-haired Frankie told a lie and I had to ferrule his little grimy hands. I hope and believe I didn't hurt him much, but I went home and cried.

June 13.—The twins, Otis and Oscar, brought me some delicious large clusters of ripe field strawberries. Later, I found out they picked them in the grave-yard on their way to school!

June 15.—My first Geography class is studying Australia. Today I asked Milton Jenkens to name five Australian animals. Milton thought a few minutes, and then announced: "Two monkeys and three bears!"

June 26.—Last day. They all spoke pieces except Johnny who stutters and couldn't. All the proud mothers were there, dressed in their Sunday best, to hear the youthful orators. How they beamed when "Susie" or "Sonny" performed.

O, but I'm glad the year is over. Being a country school ma'am is no easy job—but—you have to try it to appreciate it.

HEYSE'S "L'ARRABBIATA"—A CRITIQUE

By Ruth L. Lewis, '17

Heyse's "L'Arrabbiata," at the first glance, is seen to be very different from his "Die Blinden." This tale is distinctly Italian, in setting and characterization of the people, while the latter is as distinctly German. The heroine is a wilful, passionate girl, headstrong, and fond of having her own way, far different from the calm, sweet, dependent Marlene of "Die Blinden." It would seem that the fiery spirit of hot Italy were embodied in the one, while the calm strength of the typical German woman is shown forth in the other. "Die Blinden" is entirely a land story, while the scene of "L'Arrabbiata" is laid, to a large extent, on the sea, and the life of the sea-faring people is constantly referred to. Another contrast might be shown in the unhappy home life of Laurella, the heroine of "L'Arrabbiata," in comparison to the nearly ideal homes of Clemens and Marlene, portrayed in "Die Blinden."

But to leave "Die Blinden," and to turn directly to "L'Arrabbiata," the nature element in the latter tale is found to be very strong. The opening scene is a beautiful one and serves also to show the life and industry of the people. "The sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius lay a large gray misty veil which extended far away in the direction of Naples and darkened the small towns along the coast. The sea was quiet. The quay of Sorrento, however, situated in a narrow bay along the high cliff, was the scene of industry, for there the fishermen and their wives were at work, drawing onto land the boats with the nets which had been let down for fish over the night. Other men were making ready their boats to go out, putting up their sails, as well as carrying along rudders and sail-yards from the great iron-railed vaults which, built deep into the cliffs, sheltered the rigging over night. No one was seen idle, for even the old men, who could go on no more journeys, pulled on the ropes hitched to the nets, while here and there stood a mother with her distaff on one of the flat roofs, or another who took care of

the grandchildren, while her daughter helped her husband."

A little farther on in the day, just as the boat starts out for Capri, the grandeur of Italian scenery is thus described: "The sun now stood in splendor over the mountains; the peak of Vesuvius towered up thru the mist, which still lay about its foot, and the houses on the plains of Sorrento shone white among the green orange-groves."

Later a beautiful description of Capri as seen from the boat, is given: "The landing lay at their feet; round about the steep cliff towered; the sea was blue in rare glory—it was a sight well worth a moment's stop."

These passages show strongly Heyse's sense of the artistic and his love for the beautiful—especially as regards color.

The theme of this story seems to be the change which a great love may make in the character of a woman. The action is vigorous, and, as in many of Heyse's tales, is led by the heroine, who is the central character.

The character sketches are particularly good and especially may the various sides of human nature shown be of interest. Since Laurella leads the action, she may well be considered first.

Laurella is introduced to us as a slim, spirited girl of eighteen, with an "almost distinguished" way of throwing up her head, and with black locks, combed down over her forehead, which became her like a crown. As she comes down to the boat which is to take her to Capri, her temper flashes at the teasing of the boy who is to manage the boat and the clergyman, who is to take the trip with them, is obliged to sooth her. But when the conversation, during the little journey, turns to the subject of marriage Laurella becomes especially interesting. The clergyman asks her why she will not marry when it would help her mother, who is poor and sick. "I have a reason," she says softly and tremblingly, "but I cannot tell it." The passionate girl has given a hint of depths of tenderness not yet called into real being. And when the curate urges her to tell him she gives a suggestion of the trouble in her life, later revealed by the simple statement: "You have not known my father." The clergyman urges her to forgive her father, but her proud spirit cannot yet humble itself, as it learns to do, when she goes to Antonino.

"For that reason (her father's cruelty to her mother) I will remain a maid, so as not to be dependent on anyone who mistreats me and then caresses me." She declares that she will never marry the painter, one of her suitors, for he "makes the sort of eyes which she has seen her father make." Thus Heyse shows how physical features recall memories. Laurella's impetuosity and the hasty judgment of youth is shown in that she distrusts all men because she has seen one fail. She has not yet learned to discriminate between the true and the false and even the priest's gentle "Have you not seen happy couples?" fails to give her faith. "If love makes a woman silent, when she should cry for help, then I will never set my heart on a man," she says decidedly.

But during her visit at Capri a change is wrought in Laurella in some way. She comes back to the boat more earnest than formerly. Even her features have changed in expression. The "cross-patch" is growing older and more womanly. The quarrel in the boat, however, brings out the childish side of her nature again, especially in the teasing way in which she refuses to give Tonino's compliments to her mother for "Indeed," she says, "I do not know you!" What could be more tantalizing to the youthful lover? And the willfulness of the girl defies him also when she says independently: "Do as you wish; *I* also will do as *I* wish." Later, as in a playful mood, she jumps overboard and when, in the struggle to rescue her, Tonino's finger is badly injured, he is frantic, she disdainful.

But the child vanishes and the woman appears when, late at night, she comes to his home, repentant, with herbs to help heal his wound. Such is the range of feeling of the impetuous girl-nature that Heyse has so sympathetically portrayed, while the climax comes when she gives herself to Tonino with a kiss of surrender.

Tonino is but a subordinate character and only a slight picture of him is given. He is passionate, then repentant. Now he will force Laurella to marry him, now he is contrite at the thought of using brute force. He expresses a common opinion of his sex when, in response to the girl's absolute denial of marriage, he says: "You will be lonesome sometime, and then, ex-

travagant in assertion as you now are, you will take the first decent man!'' The thoughtful side of Tonino's nature is best shown here! ''There was no one besides himself in the two rooms, and through them he walked up and down. At the open window, which could only be closed by wooden shutters, the air came in somewhat refreshingly, as if over the calm sea, and he felt glad of the solitude. He stood for a long time before a small picture of the mother of our Lord and looked thoughtfully at the starry glory around her face, fashioned from silver paper. Still it did not occur to him to pray. What was there left to pray for, since he dared hope for nothing more? And the time seemed to stand still today. He longed for darkness, for he was tired and his wound troubled him more than he confessed to himself.'' Later, after Laurella has departed from the house, Tonino is again found ''standing by the window a long time, looking out over the sea, over which all the stars seemed to dance.''

Finally, there is the clergyman, the third character of importance in the story. In him Heyse has portrayed no pale-faced ascetic, but a man keenly alive to the differences of his people. The attitude of different persons toward him is especially interesting. One old man is thankful that they have such a priest to lend to Capri. While on board the ship the usual attitude of youth is shown when Heyse tells us that the ship-boys would have said more, had not their respect for the presence of the curate kept them still. The clergyman is an optimist for he tells Laurella not to believe horrible things and admonishes her by saying: ''Are you not always in God's hand, without whose will no hair from your head falleth?'' Again the humanity of the priest is shown by his insight into love, and in particular a woman's love, when he says to the girl: ''I tell you that you are a child and do not know what you are saying. You will not be asked much by your heart, whether you *wish* to love or not, when the time comes. Then everything that you have in your head—in the way of reason—will be of no use.''

The philosophy of the whole story is summed up in the closing paragraph, where the priest is found in meditation at the confessional, from which Laurella has just departed. ''Who would

have thought,'' he said to himself, ''that God would have had pity on this strange heart so quickly. And I am obliged to reprove myself that I have not threatened more severely the demon of obstinacy. But our eyes are short-sighted to the ways of Heaven. Now may the Lord bless her and let me live until the time when Laurella's oldest boy shall carry me over the sea instead of his father! Oh, oh, oh, L'Arrabbiata!''

POST-IMPRESSIONISM?

"Doc" Britan (expounding the principal that stimuli carried by nerves are the same and interpreted only by the brain): "When I look at Mr. Hatch I get the same sensation as I get from chewing gum!"

THOSE BIBLICAL ALLUSIONS!

Prof. Gould: "Did slave holders take any arguments from the Bible? Who can give Biblical references to justify slavery?"

Mr. Kennedy rises quickly and disappears thru the door.

Monie: "What was the trouble with Solomon?"

Junior: "Too many wives."

Monie: "Well, what happened on that account?"

Junior: "When he was asleep one time, one of his wives cut off his hair and took all his strength away."

Monie: "Mr. P., you may tell us why Pharaoh and his soldiers came to the Red Sea."

Mr. P.: "Well, they were chasing some people, I don't remember their names, but anyhow it was Christ and his followers."

Junior English Class, reading "Paradise Lost:"

"Starry lamps—fed with naphtha—"

Monie: "It is interesting to note they have naphtha down there. We're glad to know there's a future for the Standard Oil Company!"

Dr. Tubbs (illustrating a lecture on Evolution with pictures of widely differing heads of cabbage): "And now I will show you the original ancestor—"

Door opens, and Mr. Upham enters.

FROM PROF. MAC

"What do you mean by efficiency? Speed? Spell it with a small 's,' please."

"Make a good fat guess."

"You can put that in your eye without impairing the vision."

"Some people are so narrow that you could put seventeen of them on a buggy seat without crowding."

"Well, pshaw!"

"Active sympathy—not this sob-stuff."

"Born a man; died a grocer."

"Yes, it is risky to think but it's worth the risk."

"Echo answers, 'What?'"

THE BELLES

(With apologies to E. A. P.)

Oh! the belles!
Summer belles!
What a plentitude of heartaches
Their giddiness compels;
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,
In the sea-breeze-laden night;
How their victims squirm and wriggle
In the ecstacy of fright.

How they hurt!
When they flirt,
When with ghoulish glee they gloat
On the squirming of a fellow when
They have him by the throat.

Oh! the belles!
Brazen belles!
How they conjure, scheme, and plan
To entray the summer man—
The ribbon-counter gentlemen
Who masquerade as swells.

Oh! the belles!
Greedy belles!
How they wring, wring, wring,
Soda water, everything
From the pockets of those "cash"—
Exclaiming swells.

Oh! the belles!
Foxy belles!
What a wealth of hints they fling
To compel the pleasant ring,
Diamond ring,
Oh! the heart-engaging ring
Of the golden wedding bells, bells, bells,—
Oh! the belles!