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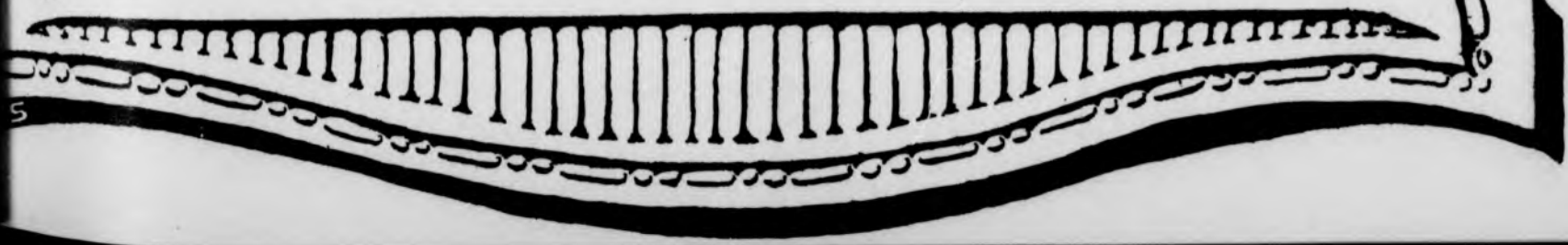
May 4 1916



MAGAZINE SECTION

THE BATES STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

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## THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT AT BATES

BY ELINOR NEWMAN, '17

A well-known trait of human nature is that of quickly coming to regard as matter-of-fact and common-place, when once gained, an object, which had been long wished for and once regarded as a wonderful treasure. Undergraduates who are now working in the library, recitation rooms, and laboratories on our campus, seldom think that many of these facilities are new, were not at the disposal of students a few years ago, and how much more difficult it would be to accomplish work, if our present equipment were lacking. They do not think what aims are being worked for in the departments with which they are familiar. They are even more ignorant of the work being done in other branches than those in which they are studying. For instance it is probable that a number of students, as well as some of the older graduates, do not know what work is being accomplished in the special department of Biology under the charge of Professor Pomeroy. In a brief discussion it is possible to touch on only a few points of general interest and recommend to the reader that he secure some first hand information on the subject for himself.

The work rooms of the department are in Carnegie Science Hall. On the first floor are two laboratories, which have an unusually fine equipment, also a recitation room, office, and a biological library. This collection of books is worthy of special notice. On the fourth floor is an animal room which is an

interesting place to visit. There are kept rabbits, guinea pigs, and mice, for purposes of experimentation in breeding, and to furnish materials for laboratory work. For the rabbits a new group of pens have recently been built, much larger and more comfortable than the old ones. Among these specimens, one is pointed to with pride—a Flemish Giant albino rabbit, which is a valuable member of the community. Tragedy has figured in the animal room this winter. An epidemic broke out in the colony of guinea pigs and of the thirty-five or forty, living last fall, all but about half-a-dozen died. Interest, other than scientific, may be furnished by the waltzing mice which are supposed to live up to their name by executing a dizzy dance, or by the crawfish, natives of Louisiana which resemble a lobster, although they are small and live in fresh water.

This spring a new course has been introduced into the department, called "General Biology." The object is to furnish a desirable foundation for students who intend to continue the subject, and to furnish practical knowledge of different forms of life for those who do not continue to more advanced work. The subject has proved very interesting this year. It includes a study of life and its development from the simplest single-celled, to more complicated forms. So far work has been done with bacteria, yeastes, ferns, and the earthworm. The lobster will be the most complex subject studied in the course.

After completing this course, the student, wishing to continue the work, has three years and a half of work in Zoölogy, which he may do, with the object of becoming a professional biologist, or of doing something in applied biology, as in medicine or sanitary biology.

The work of the department is not completed with the graduation of the student. The ambition of Professor Pomeroy is to have the interest of the college follow the graduate, helping him and assuring him of sympathy in his work, and in turn to have the graduate lend his interest to the department and to the students who are at work there.

**THE CYNIC**

BY ALICE E. LAWRY, '17

There is nothing so strange as the once familiar viewed after a lapse of years. The mind struggles confusedly to reconcile the actual objects with those of memory, and if the years have been long and the memory cherished, the reconciliation comes slowly. Philip West sat in the little parlor of the frame house in which Faith Kimball lived with her maiden aunt, and wondered if the distance between opposite walls had been so short ten years ago. Ten years! Last week when the vague wistful dream of returning some day to his boyhood village, had resolved itself into action, his absence had seemed many decades. Now, back in the old surroundings, pitilessly strange in their familiarity, the long absence denoted by those words seemed incredible.

Ten years. Was it so long ago, in this room, that he had made his farewell call on Faith Kimball? So much can happen in ten years. The black, mantel clock surmounted by the prancing bronze horse, ticked out the words monotonously in the silent room: "So much—so much!" A transient, all but imperceptible shiver touched the man's broad shoulders, but his face, rugged almost to the point of severity, remained unchanged.

His thoughts went repeatedly back to that last night; back to the moment when he heard Faith's light footsteps in response to his ring, and received her polite greeting. As he followed her into the little parlor—the room in which he now sat—he understood why her effort at cordiality had not been wholly successful. Richard Lawton, impatient at the interruption that had called Faith away, turned toward the door as West entered, and a shadow of displeasure flittered over his naturally genial face. For this was his last night, too. His last night with Faith for as much as a year, perhaps. His last night for a length of time we do not measure in this world, Philip West

knew now; but at that time the three young people in the room would not have interpreted, even had they heard, the tick of the bronze steed's pedestal: "So much——so much."

In the morning, the young men were leaving together the town in which they had spent their boyhood. Different in nature as they were, they had always been fast friends. Even when they found themselves rivals for Faith Kimball's love, their friendship had stood the strain. Lawton was so clearly favored that he could afford to look with a sort of sympathetic benignity upon the less fortunate suitor, and Philip West was not the man to let personal disappointment, no matter how bitter, sever long-standing friendship.

At an invitation from Lawton's uncle—the proverbial black sheep who had left the family fold before Richard entered it, and had made good in the land beyond the Mississippi before the wool was worn off the wooly west,—the young men were going out to look the country over and to get a start in life. About the fulfillment of the latter purpose there could be no doubt. Theirs was the courage of manhood, and the confidence of youth.

West was conscious that his presence at Faith Kimball's that last night was unwelcome. Owing to Lawton's annoyance and Faith's politely veiled disappointment, the conversation was at first stilted and conventional. How it had finally drifted to a discussion of personal ideals, Philip West, painfully reminiscent of what followed, could not now recall, as he sat in the same cane-seated rocker with its same crocheted head-rest of ten years before, and waited for Faith Kimball to come to him.

Richard and Faith, obviously and obliviously in love, had looked straight at each other, and had maintained under the guise of youthful philosophy, the inspiration of cherished personal ideals—the infallibility of friendship's intuitions. Philip West, sitting somewhat apart and in the shadow, had broken in with bitterness:

"Personal ideals," he sneered; "Idols, you mean. Poor creatures of stone and clay—Delusive fireflies for the unreasoning to follow till they find themselves sunk in the swamp of disillusion. Vain, senseless——"

Faith turned on him with glinting eyes; a flush suffused

her neck and forehead; then left them by accentuation, paper-white.

“Delusive!” she cried, and her usually clear, even voice was high and harsh with excitement. “Delusive? Then it’s a pity a few more of us can’t be deluded. Oh, what is true if my conception of the people who are influencing my life for good, is false? If my ideals are delusive, then I hope—I pray—that I may never be undeceived. Oh—I *hate* cynics!”

That was ten years ago, and now for the first time Philip West translated the tick of the black clock: “So much—so much.” Absorbed as were his thoughts with the past, the man was yet alert for the quiet step which he heard presently in the hall, and rising, he faced the door as Faith Kimball entered the room.

It was significant that neither forced the smile which neither could with sincerity give. The woman took a low chair near the door and her caller sat opposite. West spoke:

“I thought perhaps I ought to come—” he began in a colorless voice; “That you ought to hear from one who was with Dick——” His voice did not falter but he stopped as if to give his companion a chance to speak. Her tone matched his in listlessness.

“I think you need feel under no obligation to rehearse the unpleasant story. Kind friends”—her lip curled ever so slightly—“have taken care that I should lack no detail. A drunken brawl in a gambling den—two men fought for each others’ lives, and one——” The woman’s voice sank; her acting was all over.

“Oh, I could not believe it for so long—so long. And when I understood—I have never clearly understood anything since,” she finished in a tired voice.

In West’s tone there was no note of sympathy as he resumed:

“And have you never been told that there was a man who interfered—that it was the man who tried to stop the fight, who was stabbed?”

He paused. The interrogation was lifeless, conventional. It seemed as though Philip West were reciting words in which



he had no interest; of which, indeed, he scarcely comprehended the meaning. His expressionless face now contrasted strangely with that of his listener. Her eyes were wide, her hands clasped tensely on her knee as she leaned forward with strained, white face.

“Dick?” she half asked, half thought, aloud.

Philip West looked vaguely, unseeingly at the opposite wall. The lines of his face which resembled dim traceries made by a painter, seemed suddenly to sink in like those made by a sculptor. His features were graven, set.

“Ah, your intuition tells you,” he said wearily, and now for the first time, he smiled. But here again, his face contrasted with that of Faith Kimball. She was speaking now; she was crying, laughing, questioning, urging him to go on—to tell the story.

“It is too unpleasant, too useless,” he said monotonously. “The man who interfered—who tried to prevent murder—was struck with a knife—an ugly wound—you know the rest.”

Philip West rose. He heard a voice far off, it seemed; the voice of Faith Kimball, and she was thanking him—blessing him—what was she saying?

“O Philip, I used to call you a cynic—to think you cold and unfeeling, but now you must see the beauty of implicit trust in our friends—in personal ideals. Dick was not unfaithful; was not less noble than I believed him. It is I who betrayed Dick’s trust in me—— But now I know; now our separation is not forever—and it is you who have made me understand, Philip. Oh, how can I ever show you how grateful I am!”

The man moved toward the door—“I thought you ought to know,” he said.

His companion scarcely heard him. She did not follow, but sat with the light of glad revelation on her face, and sad-glad tears in her eyes.

In the hall, the man paused. A smile in which there was no bitterness—only hopeless finality—came to his lips. He pushed back the cuff of his left sleeve and looked for a moment at the jagged, blackened scar of a knife wound. Then Faith Kimball, ecstatic with the recovered trust in her idealized lover, heard a door close, and knew that Philip West had gone.

**RONDEL**

BY HARRIET M. JOHNSON, '16

The spring-blood is high in the trees,  
And shad-bush has blossomed to-day!  
There's a flaunting of white in the breeze;  
The slender long petals are gay.

A feast is prepared for the bees,  
And charmingly hidden away,  
All nature doth revel in May—  
The spring-blood is high in the trees.

Ah, nothing is dull now nor gray;  
No vista refuses to please.  
One longs to keep watching for aye  
The charms of the woodland he sees.  
The spring-blood is high in the trees—  
And shad-bush has blossomed to-day.



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## ADJUSTMENT

The end of another college year draws near. Within two months we shall bid goodbye to college halls. A large number of the present student body will doubtless gather again in the Fall; some will return from time to time to greet old associates; others will never return. Since the present group of students is destined never to be united again in so complete a manner, it is of fundamental importance to each of us that the remaining days of this college year be days of achievement and success.

The spring months of college life are always welcome. The interests which occupy the attention of college students are so varied that each man and woman finds in this season an abundance of opportunities to satisfy his or her peculiar taste. The philosopher, noticing the life which is apparent everywhere, obtains personal enjoyment in permitting his restless, dubious brain to query over the unsolved problems of life; the would-be

scientist, wishing to be more practical, makes use of the season to prove by actual experimenting with the elements of the universe what the philosopher says he has already established through a process of reasoning. The young aspirant to poetry feels himself impelled by an irresistible power to penetrate more deeply into the hidden mysteries of human life, while the college optimist suggests that things will be better now. All men must say at this time "Life is good."

During the spring months of the year, the college student lives in a new environment. With the change of season, occupations and recreations must alter. Curriculum courses may remain the same, but in addition to these, an entirely new field of activities is opened to us. Nature says that he who does not adapt himself to his environment shall be defeated. As college students, we cannot be indifferent to this law. To assume such an attitude during the next two months means a total defeat in attempting to realize achievement and success in the last days of our most complete union. The environment will not change for our greater convenience; we must make the adjustment.

Adaptation to changed conditions during the next few months means conscientious discrimination. How many new interests are coming in to demand our attention and to utilize our moments! Tennis courts are said to be in excellent condition. That May festival is coming soon. Uncle Johnnie's bird-walks are intensely interesting and stimulating. Six times our base-ball team needs support upon our own grounds; it needs support when away. Four times the best that is in our second team is to be displayed at home. A dual track meet is to be held at Bates. How we would enjoy participating or watching the participants in each of these forms of recreation. But—the winter schedule has remained constant; the Junior and Senior parts are soon due; history essays must be in on time; and exams are but six weeks distant. There is a limit to the endurance of even the college student, and the scholarship grade is not subject to variation. The situation is worth considering.

The problem of adjustment to the environment of the season, if solved successfully, must be solved at once. Days will pass rapidly. The student who neglects to conform to nature's law

will be gradually defeated in his present purpose of success, while his colleague who has endeavored at the start to become adapted sees his goal of achievement being constantly realized. Such is the immutable law of Nature.

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### THE WORRY HABIT

How many hours, even minutes, of the day are you free from your own or someone else's worries? Stop and think for a moment. Analyze the things which have been troubling you for the last week. Are you justified in keeping in a state of continual nervous unrest yourself and those with whom you associate?

At first sight these questions may appear ridiculous, irrelevant. And yet, considered seriously, the first query must interest us by the reply which it invariably calls forth. Passing through our dormitories a stranger has often been unpleasantly impressed by the pessimistic atmosphere pervading the place. In the rush and hurry of everyday duties are we not too ready to share our anxieties with all the world? "Oh dear, if I ever live through to-day!"— "I just couldn't sleep a wink last night; I was so worried over that basket ball game!" "I'm going to drop that course. I can't learn one thing, for I'm so horribly afraid I'm not going to pass."— All these or similar expressions are on the lips of the average student innumerable times during a busy week. Does it help you to hear someone bemoaning his hard fate? It does *not* unless it inspires you to display a more optimistic attitude. Practice for a week concealing from your nearest friend worries small and great. You will be astounded to find your own worries rapidly disappearing or even non-existent, and the pages of your diary will not fail to reflect the results of your efforts.

What are some of the things that continually vex and rob the mind of the ability to act at its best? A petty misunderstanding comes up between you and a classmate. Instead of a frank attempt at immediate settlement of the difficulty, you probably both try to worry through the day's or week's work,

your minds by no means free to give due attention to their necessary tasks. Someone says a thoughtless word which reaches the ear of another someone and hurts. Not many people are able to adopt the really sensible attitude toward such vexations. What is the use to worry and brood over what someone else may think? If the slighting remark was deserved, so much the more eager should the injured person be to try an active, not a passive, remedy and to make himself right in the eyes of his true self.

Furthermore, college is not exactly the place where every student may settle down to his own work, forget the rest of the world, and revel in his own misfortunes. He must rub shoulders with every other student, and in the jolting and jostling of college life the average person finds his own desires and whims submerged and overruled by the general will. If your will is not always law as it used to be when you were the venerable president of the Senior class in your high school, looked up to in awe by underclassmen, is it necessary or reasonable to become petrified, to worry night and day because your popularity seems to have flown? Perhaps a remedy might be suggested. Try scurrying around a bit. Really do something to merit such favor as you crave. Activity of this sort will have a tendency to drive away worry, even though it accomplish nothing else.

When one hears a person complaining continually about the endless work, the drudgery of college, he cannot repress the thought, "What did that someone come to college for?" Few of us in our most ideal dreams of college life thought of an existence of unmixed bliss. Nevertheless, even before difficult lessons are assigned, before disagreeable duties actually face us, we are bound to torment ourselves with anxiety for fear some terrible written lesson, some surprise quiz may be visited upon us. Stop to consider for a moment the people who are longing for the very opportunities you are so freely enjoying. What would your petty worries mean to them. Your troubles are ridiculously small compared with their great anxiety that they may never be able to profit by such advantages.

Between true anxiety and fretful worry there is infinite

difference. We do not advocate the cultivation of a thoughtless irresponsibility. On the contrary, by conserving the energy expended in useless fretting, a vast store of strength will be left to meet and to bear true anxieties patiently.

Start the day *to-morrow* morning with a firm "no worry" resolve. What effect did your nervous restlessness, your self-centered gloom have yesterday? Did it help or hinder your roommate? A cheery "don't worry" expression can accomplish wonders; your inner self will soon begin to adjust itself to your outward appearance, and your services in the interests of the "no worry" habit will be indispensable.

How many are ready to "sign up" with the "No Worry Club?"

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### SIMPLIFIED SPELLING

BY C. R. HATCH, '17

The question of simplified spelling is best approached from the historical side. The first evidence of man's attempt to leave a written record of impressions is the various crude drawings on the sides of ancient caves. These drawings are histories; they represent the efforts of primitive man to record, in graphic manner, his most vivid first hand impressions. These were the beginning of the mode of written expression that, through numerous ages, became formulated and systematized to a high degree of perfection in the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians.

But as man's experience broadened, his mechanical skill increased, and his understanding of the world about him became more and more intimate, the picture writing system became too complicated and inadequate. Then there developed the idea of letting a certain mark stand for a word instead of an object. The Chinese language has hardly progressed beyond this. Practically every word has its own sign, and the alphabet obviously extends pretty well towards infinity. All languages could not remain at this stage, and the next step was the indication of a sound, i.e., a distinct vocal effort, by an arbitrary character, and the combination of the appropriate characters in the order of the

sounds to make a representation of a word. The set of signs known as the Phoenecian alfabet is the most widely used.

Now this very brief glimps of the history of writing is merely to emfaze this fact, that the original and only purpose of writing and spelling is to record and convey speech. Spelling is nothing in its self, only a means to an end, and it is true here, as elsewhere, that when means become unsatisfactory for the accomplishment of an end, it is natural and reasonabl to change them.

Let us consider specifically the origin of our present English spelling. After the Norman conquest in the eleventh century, we had the intermingling of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French tungs. Both wer more or less confused languages, in an unsettd state, with littl literature, and irregular orthografy. Now imagin mixing these tungs, in a haphazard way, by poorly educated peopl, with no gides but vage notions of fonetics and propriety (tho no one, apparently, was greatly concerned with either), and you hav the most infamous, illogical, and unscientific conglomeration that ever was, or, let us hope, ever will be flatterd with the term orthografy. Note that the word "orthografy" means writing by rule, orderly, correctly. We do not spel by rule; we spel by dictionary. A certain form is "correct" simply and soley because it is popularly supposed to be so.

The fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries were the Golden Age for spellers; every one speld about as he chose. Nobody worried—about precedent or usage,—there was none, yet. But as time went on, by a natural process of selection and the survival of the fittest, the English language should hav assumed some degree of rationality. To be sure, we cannot hope, without enlarging our alfabet, to hav a purely fonetic spelling, but conditions might easily be much better. We may here borrow a convenient figure from geology. Certain of the rocks wer formerly in a plastic, heterogenous, condition; as cooling began, where there was room enuf, and no interference with the natural cours of action, we find formd beautiful, orderly, crystals, all bilt on a definit plan. Where there was not room for these to form, and the hardening mas was prest in by surrounding rocks, the minerals solidified in irregular, shapeless, lumps. Our



language past thru some such process; in the early stages, the language was in a more or less plastic state, with no very definite standards. As it became settled and formed, there should have developed rational and scientific methods of spelling. We have a few perfect crystals; we spell "cat" reasonably enough. We might spell it "chatte" and have every bit as much right and reason with us as when we spell "hiccup", "hiccough", or "tizic", "phthisicke", as we did not long ago. But the great mass of our orthography, hampered and pressed in by English reverence for precedent and propriety, ordinary human force of habit, and the art of printing, hardened in the shapeless, unsystematic condition of the examples given. Printing raised particular havoc with spelling. Early printers cut out a letter here and inserted an extra one there to make the lines come out even: probably they had to do some wild guessing at times as to the spelling of the written manuscripts, and when once the thing was printed, it was there to stay, in just the proper form to be used as "authority." The point is this; it was ignorance, careless blundering, and pedantry, that gave us our holy and reverend, never-to-be-altered forms of spelling.

Some, while admitting that our present spellings are bad, trust to the natural tendencies of the language to bring it out all right in the end, not caring to bother with any active efforts toward simplification. But if ye are not for us, ye are against us. Our spelling changes by the mutation method, and not by any Principle of Innate Progression. Compare a page of Chaucer, which you can hardly read, with one of our own books. Every difference and improvement is the result of the efforts of adherents of simplified spelling. It was once just as revolutionary to write "thing" instead of "thyng", as it is now to spell "fonograf" with "f's" instead of the clumsy, and perfectly useless, pseudo-Greek "ph's."

The ludicrous objection is offered that, by adopting the new forms, we lose the association connected with the old spelling thru the works of the great writers. The argument fails at the very beginning. Shakespeare and Milton, for example, as we see them today, are totally different in orthography from the originals. Their spelling has been changed with the times, and if

anything of value has been lost with the old spellings, we must get the original (almost unintelligible) folios to fully appreciate the literature of those writers. Moreover, nearly all the great writers have been more or less in favor of simplified spelling. Tenneson was honorary vice-president of the Board of Simplified Spelling of his time; Matthew Arnold suggested a committee of improvement, and about every poet from Shakespeare to Walt Mason has used frequently the identical simplifications today recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board. What sort of logic then is it that rejects these because the old forms have such hallowed associations?

Perfectly sane people often advance the esthetic argument. They find a beauty in the old forms (after they have forgotten the toilsome hours spent in learning them) which we fail utterly to appreciate. "Would you," say they of the artistic temperament, "trim down a violet to stamens and pistil?" Certainly not, for the violet best serves its purpose as a thing of beauty in its present form, but we have trained down the exquisite wild carrot to fat red roots and sparse "tops", and no one objects; moreover, we have cut the extra-"te" from the spelling of that vegetable's name, and the erstwhile "violette" has suffered similar loss without serious effect on its standing in the floral world. The beauty of language lies in the beauty of that behind it, not in the number of letters taken to record it. A chrysanthemum by any other orthography would smell as sweet,—and be vastly easier for long suffering third-graders to spell.

In regard to the practical need of simplified spelling, there are three viewpoints. Educators want it because it will save about a year and a half in the education of the child; German children average a year or more ahead of ours on this account. Writers and printers ought, and many of them do, want simplified spelling because of convenience and economy. As a stock example, it costs American printers something like a million dollars a year to put in the absolutely superfluous e's. But, if for nothing else, the simplified forms are preferable because they are more scientific; they better fulfill the original purpose of writing, i.e., to record speech, for, as Voltaire said,

“writing is the portrait of the voice; the better likeness it is, the better it is.”

To convince people that simplified spelling is logical and desirable is a very different matter from getting them to use it. The eternal deadly fear of being “out of line”, of doing something a bit radical, is sometimes the most pernicious relic of animal nature left in man. A horse will often refuse to use a new bridge, though the old one threatens to break at every step. It is the same fear in man that has prevented spelling from becoming wholly phonetic by this time. It is neither reasonable nor scientific. Nobody has any objection to using modern business or laboratory equipment. The “latest fashion” is the prime necessity of life for some. Why, then, should we fear newness in spelling? Suppose we are “out of line”, it might be well to notice what company we have; who are some of the cranks that support and approve of simplified spelling? The advisory council of the Simplified Spelling Board includes, not many high school principals or college instructors, it is true, but college presidents and professors, the foremost educators, several editors, poets, authors, and men of affairs. The “Independent” and the “Outlook” are among the prominent magazines in whose columns appear many of the reforms suggested in the Fourth official list.

There is nothing over-radical in simplified spelling. It only represents a concerted, intelligent, sane, systematic, effort of men in authority (if you worship at that shrine), to restore writing to its original, legitimate, office of recording speech intelligently and scientifically.



**WITH THE PROCESS OF THE SUNS**

BY I. B. P., '17

The day was warm and sweet, as an April day should be. The man was very young and his tasks had been wearisome. Leaving his books, he went to walk in the fresh, cool wood where frolicsome birds twittered their welcome and mayflowers invited him to play hide-and-seek with them. But he passed them by, gloomily wishing for some human companion, someone to chat with him in his own language and arouse his indolent spirit with gay laughter.

Suddenly, among the mossy trees, he espied someone seated on a green bank, among the ferns and grasses—a pretty young girl with her lap full of flowers and her feet swinging in time to the song which he now heard distinctly. She met his pleased and wondering look with an unembarrassed smile and called cheerily to him, “You were looking for me, weren’t you?” A little rudely, the man asked, “Who are you, and from where do you come to invade my wood? You must be some little fairy, such as I have heard of.”

But already she had sprung up and seized his hand, saying, “Come, let us run together down this little hill. At the bottom we shall find a pretty spring and violets, sweeter than you have ever seen.” And with joyful shouts and laughter they skipped away hand in hand.

When evening came, and, refreshed and happy, the man was about to return home, he took her hand and asked beseechingly,

“Dear little fairy, when may I come to see you again?”

“Come and find me whenever you want someone to play with”, she laughed as she danced away. But he called after her, “What is your name, little fairy?” She stopped an instant and a look of seriousness came into her eyes as she looked back at him. Then, “My name is Woman,” and he saw her no longer.

He had visited her many times since that first meeting and

had spent many refreshing hours in her company. But now it was early June and as he walked slowly thru the wood, the ravishing scent of flowers intoxicated him, his blood ran warm in his veins, and his heart yearned for love and beauty. He had no desire for play and almost hoped he might not find the fairy. And his wish was answered, for on the grassy bank sat not the dancing, laughing girl, but a beautiful maiden with head down-cast and fingers idly clasped in her lap. As she heard his step and glanced modestly up, he caught the look of her deep moist eyes and held them in one long gaze while his heart clamored for release from the prison of his breast. With arms outstretched, he went toward her, stammering,

“Lovely creature, who—who are you?”

“My name is Woman”, she whispered, as she gave herself to his embrace and yielded up the sweetness of her lips.

Weeks had passed. Again he was walking in the deep wood. The summer air was sultry and the man was ill and sad. He was thinking of his childhood and the tender mother, whose care he had long since lost, and his eyes smarted with unshed tears. Still on he went, believing to forget in love or in play the aching of his heart.

But when he reached that now familiar spot he found neither of the forms he knew, but in their place, a calm-eyed, sweet-faced matron, the embodiment of motherly care and affection. On her kind breast, he laid his head and wept for joy those tears designed for sorrow.

“How did you know that I needed you just now?” he asked in wonder. For answer she murmured softly, “My name is Woman”. And with her soothing hand she cooled his aching head and lulled him to sleep with a song of his childhood days.

It was Autumn, the season of labor and care. The man looked out over the world and saw that there was much work to be done. As he thought of his responsibility, he seemed to feel the weight upon his spirit of a heavy burden, and he cried aloud for help in performing his many duties. He thought of his fairy, always ready when he needed her, but said,

“No, she has helped me at other times but now there is

surely nothing she can do, I need wise counsel and able assistance."

So he did not seek the fairy in the wood but sat his desk, lost in meditation. But soon he heard at his side a sweet, clear voice, "Here I am, dear friend, I have come to help you." Looking up in bewilderment, he saw her standing there, strong, calm, and direct. She answered his questioning look.

"I am your sister, ready and able to share everything with you. My name is Woman", she added and paused.

The man's first impulse was one of grateful joy, but in a moment his soul filled with vexation and he turned away in anger.

"Woman's place is in the wood, where I have always found her."

With a wise little smile, she quietly replied,

"My place is by your side, dear brother. I have known it always. Now that you have felt the need of me, I shall not leave you again."

Anger gave way to an unpleasant anticipation and he exclaimed bitterly. "Who now will amuse me when I am tired? Who will respond to my carresses when Spring comes again to my heart? Who will comfort me when I am lonely? Must there be nothing more but unremitting labor?" And he bowed his head in sorrow.

But she, standing over him, spoke softly. "Look at me, O man! Have you forgotten that I am your fairy? I can be all things to you—companion, sweetheart, comforter, friend and helper. For this was I given to you. My name is Woman."



**CHEAP AMUSEMENTS**

BY H. B. CLIFFORD, '16

Is our student body weary of being told that college men and women must take the lead in affairs? Regard the repetition of the statement as homage due a moral and intellectual aristocracy. It is the purpose of these few words to enlist your sympathies and your wills in one of the forward movements of the day, the attack against cheap amusements. The wide prevalence and the importance of the desire for recreation is thoroly recognized by thoughtful men and women but they also realize that the modern tendency is not to amuse oneself but to be amused and that with the commercialization of our places of amusement there is a great menace to the public.

Let us briefly consider three cheap amusements all too prevalent in our college: trashy literature, moving pictures, and vaudeville. By cheap is meant degrading. We all desire a better society with less misery and more happiness, and a proper attitude toward this problem will insure our making a definite contribution toward that end. Literature, motion pictures and the theatre have important functions to perform; we must exert our influence against a misuse of them.

The cheap magazine is a menace to all good literature. It may have a service to render those intellectually incapable of appreciating anything higher, if such a class exists, but a college campus is no place for the stuff. Yet in some of our dormitories anyone interested can find five copies of "Adventure" to one of "Harper's" or "The Literary Digest." There is small excuse for the fact when two fine libraries are within easy access. If one wishes light reading or something exciting, he can find these elements in our best literature; and when reading such, one unconsciously acquires an appreciation of the best in literary style along with thoughts of permanent value. This, then, is an appeal to cultivate a taste for what is elevating in our everyday reading.

Let us consider another recreation which has both good and

bad points—the moving picture. We grant at once that it can be used to convey the loftiest of ideals and that in some instances it is serving well the interests of the school. Interesting and instructive current events are often portrayed. These valuable contributions must be retained, but on the other hand pictures are often shown which are distinctly objectionable especially as regards children; pictures which portray life falsely and set forth base ideals. There is a great cry today to the effect that children should know the sin and misery which there is in the world in order to guard against it, but surely indecent movies are no medium by which to convey this knowledge to them. College students will not attend two or three times a week if for no other reason than because their body, mind and spirit do not demand continually that type of recreation, and because they have something of positive value claiming their attention. If we care for this amusement, let us spend an evening occasionally at the moving picture theatre; but let us demand good wholesome pictures which will have some value for us and which will not work moral harm upon those who have not had our advantages.

Little good can be said of the vaudeville show. Occasionally clever farces are presented or an exhibition of neat juggling is given which anyone can enjoy. Never entirely absent from the program and often predominating, however, is vulgarity in its worst forms. This subject needs no lengthy discussion; we have all attended vaudeville and know something of prevailing conditions. In the case of children the matter so commonly seen tends to break down their moral nature and to give them erroneous views of life. Among college students its effects are seen in the general lowering of standards. It is a psychological fact that impressions made upon the brain are retained and repetitions from habits which inevitably mould the character. As men and women destined to fill the places of trust and responsibility in the years to come we can take no careless attitude in this matter.

Young America can never enter fully into its inheritance while its play contains vitiating elements. What is to be our



part? Simply to demand for ourselves and for others not the base, not the mediocre, but the best from books and from play-houses.

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### SONG

BY C. V. CHESLEY, '12

You ask if our love will live—  
 How can we know?  
 Shadows the birches give  
 Bent with the snow.

You ask if our love will die—  
 How can we know?  
 Does the spring butterfly  
 Dream of the snow?

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### THE GENTIAN PATH

BY MARY LAWRENCE CLEAVES, '17

“A real han’some day”, Grandfather declared; “Guess I’ll have to show ye the way to the gentians.”

The path led us first thru the half-acre cornfield opposite the farmhouse. The corn was breast high for Grandfather, and for us a warm yellow and green forest in which it was great fun to bob about, grasping at the brown silken tassels and making the tall stalks wave and swish above us. But we soon missed the sky, and the clasp of Grandfather’s hand, and peered for a pair of long black striding legs to guide us back to the open. Between us and the pasture beyond was the railroad track, a long, shining, gently curving river of steel. We scrambled down and up the banks, vigorously shaking the water from our garments as we reached the other side. The pasture had once been a veritable forest, and pines still remained which we considered the grandfathers of all the trees in the world,

and honored with the names of our favorite Spanish War heroes. Grandfather lifted me into the strong arms of Admiral Dewey, where I rocked gently.

“Grandfather, If all the men were one man, what a great big man that would be,  
And if all the axes were one axe, what a great big axe that would be,  
And if all the trees were one tree, what a great big tree that would be,  
And if—and if—if all the seas were one sea, what a great big sea that would be!

And if that Great Big Man  
Should take that Great Big Axe  
And chop down that Great Big Tree,  
And let it fall into the Great Big Sea,—  
What a Great Big Swish-Swash *that* would be.”

“Wouldn't it, Grandfather?”

“It would be a rumptumjoborumbinktumwhickkereebob of a swish-swash,” agreed Grandfather solemnly, “but—where's Brother Boy?”

His attention had been called to Brother Boy by a sharp cry a little distance off. We found the tiny truant on the other side of a barbed wire fence, one shoe lost, rompers torn, sun-bonnet askew, a bee-sting on one chubby arm; but the tears were already drying, and he was addressing a charming speech of thanks to an amazed cow two feet away.

“Me 'uvey l'il pussy. Her fur so warm!”

Grandfather thumped his breast in self-condemnation, but thanks to his long experience with “such young rascals”, he soon found the missing shoe in the damp moss. Then Brother Boy's face was washed at the spring on the slope of Sweet Fern Hill, and we each had a drink from a cup hidden under the juniper bush. So refreshed, we danced gladly upon the shaded, sunflecked path, over the varied “wood and dale” of woody pasture, finally stopping by a stone wall to wait for Grandfather.

He was smiling in happy anticipation when he overtook us. He lifted us over a gap in the wall and climbed over himself.

“There’s *blue* for you!” he said.

I looked into Brother Boy’s eyes, in sudden misgiving lest the blue we loved there might be outshone by the wonder of Nature’s color. The baby eyes, bright with pleasure, were lovelier than ever, and I returned in absolute enjoyment to the glorious scene. Blue autumn sky above, sparkling blue lake below, two little brooks, threads of blue and silver drawn here and there in the still fresh green of the meadow, and—bluest blue of them all—the quaintest and rarest of flowers nodding in profusion at our feet! Brother Boy, tired with his long walk, leaned against Grandfather’s knee, and I sat down upon a stone beside them. Quietly we watched the lovely blue flowers sway upon their stems, and the glint of the warm noon sun upon the water.

“Brother Boy shall have his morning nap before we start back for dinner”, said Grandfather at last, to the drowsy armful cuddled against his shoulder. Grandfather was as tender toward children as any woman, and often sung us the lullaby he had learned from his mother; but the gentle song is always part of the end of the gentian path to me now, and of Brother Boy’s eyes, and the water and sky, and sun and flowers.

“Lullaby, lullaby!

In the blessing of God may the children sleep,  
And the dear anxious mothers his comfort keep—

Lullaby, lullaby!”

“Lullaby, lullaby!

Little son, folded close to my soothing breast,  
Who will care for my dear when they lay me to rest?

Lullaby, lullaby!”

“Lullaby, lullaby!

Little shoes are sold at the gateway of heaven,  
And to all little barefooted angels are given,

Lullaby, lullaby!”

Lullaby, lullaby!

The Virgin sings soft to her own darling One,  
'Child of Mine, heed the prayers for each loved fallen son,  
Lullaby, lullaby!'

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### AN AVERAGE MAN

BY MARJORIE STEVENS, '16

An average man—what a time-worn and meaningless expression! Often upon meeting a stranger, and inquiring about him, we learn that "Mr. Smith is an average man"; and poor Mr. Smith immediately falls fifty per cent in our estimation merely because that odious phrase has been applied to him. I quote to you from a recent magazine story: "He is an average young American, possesses average looks and ability, wears average clothes, thinks average thots, and earns average salary—thereby fulfilling the average destiny of man." Have you a clear mental picture of our hero? You have not much information concerning him. Every individual reader of that story formed a different conception of him: a conception which on analysis would prove to be exceedingly vague.

Average, when applied to man, assumes a different meaning in each class of society: it is a term that changes in proportion to the complexity of social conditions. A member of the so-called upper class speaks of an average man as one who wastes his time, money and energy in amusing himself and boring others. A member of the laboring class thinks of the average man as the individual who works from six in the morning until six at night; one whose knowledge of life outside his own small sphere is gained chiefly from the moving-pictures. And a member of a college foot-ball squad would refer to an average man as a fairly good ball-player, a fellow who had won no great distinction, but was clever enough to keep on the team.

What a variety of interpretations is given to those seven letters! Can they be applied intelligently to man? If so, what is an average man? You are all sure he exists for those long

forceful speeches of that insurance agent impressed you deeply, and they cling tenaciously to your memory. He informed you that the average life of man is about sixty years; that the average age of the average man is thirty years; that his height is five feet, seven inches; and that he weighs one hundred and forty-eight pounds. Of course there is an average man!

But these figures deal only with the physical man. He can be reduced to a mathematical basis, and his average found. But if we limit man to his physical self, we are overlooking the fact that man has a dual personality, body and soul, physical and mental, and that one is as necessary as the other. By the former he is tethered to the earth, he has a hard, selfish, literal outlook, he knows neither right nor wrong. By the latter he is a social force, he is linked with the immensities of life, he has a broad, high intellect, he respects the rights of others. These two personalities must be blended, harmoniously and proportionately, to make the man; and the man depends upon the proportion. Of the physical man we do have a possible average; of the spiritual, social man we have none. Oh yes, Mr. Brown may have average mental abilities, and Mr. Jones an average disposition, generally speaking. But scientifically, that is impossible. A mathematical process is involved in finding an average—it deals with numbers, measures. Can our minds be reduced to numerical formulas? Can we add the mind of a great thinker to that of an imbecile and divide the sum by two? No; there is no unit of measure for the spiritual or mental man. We can not measure truth, love, ability, justice; we can measure none of the qualities that *make the man*. They are not simple or constant quantities. Plato has said: "Man is a very inconstant creature."

The physical form is not the man; it is the machine thru which the inner life, the soul, heart, or mind reveals itself. That the physical condition may effect the mind is an undisputed fact, but that it makes or mars the man is not true. If it were, a hunchback would have a cramped, twisted, distorted soul, and nine times out of ten, he is a bigger, nobler man than the polished articles of society. A blind person would have hazy, narrow, groping ideas. Was Milton such a man? We

do not like a person for his appearance only. We may be attracted by a pretty face, sparkling eyes, or a pleasing smile, but we are held by frankness, truthfulness, kindness. A pretty face may win an admirer, but it does not keep a friend unless there are noble mental qualities behind it. We learn to judge a person not by his external, but his inner self. "Great men are those who see that the spiritual is greater than any material force; that thots rule the world."

Thus, it is the spiritual self that is the man, and of this we can have no average until the psychologist discovers a standard of measure for mental qualities. "Man is not to be measured by inches." Let us, then, become more wary in our reference to the "average man". Let us each one, realizing that his true self is made in the likeness of God, study the Bible as his guide, and Christ as his exemplar, for "to be a true Christian it to be a complete man." And were we all complete men, we would be all average men, in our own individual ways.





## SIMILAR CASES

### I

There was once a Neolithic Man,  
An enterprising wight,  
Who made his chopping implements  
Unusually bright.

To his Neolithic neighbors,  
Who were startled and surprised,  
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,  
We shall be civilized! —"

Then they all rose up in fury  
Against their boastful friend —  
Cried all, "Before such things can come,  
You idiotic child,  
You must alter Human Nature!"  
And they all sat back and smiled;  
Thought they, "An answer to that last  
It will be hard to find!"  
It was a clinching argument  
To the Neolithic Mind.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

### II

There was once a bold Progressive  
In the male-enfranchised age,  
Whose views on equal suffrage  
Filled all his friends with rage.

Cried they, "It is preposterous—  
This cry for woman's right;  
Suppose we let her have the vote  
It won't help things a mite."  
Said Number One, "T'would overthrow  
Our gov'ment—like as not.  
Society would be undermined,  
The home would go to rot."  
Said Number Two, "T'would be too much  
For the weaker sex to bear.  
Frail woman's health would break beneath  
The strain of so much care."  
Cried Number Three—"What foolish talk!"  
"It can't be done because  
The very thought of such a thing  
'S opposed to natural laws!  
"To institute so great a change,  
And do it with success,  
You must transform her Nature—  
You can't do that, I guess!"  
Then they thot they had him settled,  
And laughed with might and main,  
For they had reached the limit  
Of the Nineteenth-Century brain.

## III

There was once a Psychozoic Man,  
Of optimistic mind,  
Who, by his chronic hopefulness,  
Disgusted all his kind.  
In the midst of bitter strife, he said,  
"My friends, soon war shall cease  
And we shall see an era  
Of universal peace.  
We are going to live in harmony,  
And learn to arbitrate.



No more shall peoples, weak and small,  
 Be slaughtered for the great.  
 Of course, there'll still be problems,  
 And treaties, too, perhaps,  
 But I'm not afraid to wager  
 They'll be something more than 'scraps.' "

Then all this man's acquaintances  
 Called him dreamer,—poet,—fool.  
 Said they "You don't know History;  
 You'd better go to school.  
 What has been always will be,  
 No matter what you say;  
 The survival of the fittest  
 Is part of Nature's way.  
 You may cram the brain with reasons,  
 But blind instinct will rise.  
 You can't change Human Nature—  
 The man's a fool who tries."  
 "He can't get round that argument"  
 Laughed scientist and sage;  
 For that was proof conclusive  
 In the Psychozoic Age.

IDA B. PAYNE, '17

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### BEWILDERED

With apologies to—whom?

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson \* \* \* was asked to give an opinion on the decision of a Chicago judge last Friday which forever settled, so far, at least, as the United States judiciary is concerned, that Francis Bacon wrote the works heretofore credited to the authorship of William Shakespere. "The Baconians," he declared, "haven't a leg to stand on."

—The Harvard Crimson, April 25

Friends, Students, Counselors,—allay my fears;  
I come to query Shakspere, not to haze him.  
The dramas some men write live after them;  
And sometimes those, it seems, they never wrote;  
So let it be with Shakspere. From Chicago  
Comes one who tells you Shakspere is a humbug;  
At any rate it is a greivous charge,  
And he's, alas, not here to answer it.  
This judge says Shakspere never wrote his plays;  
And sure he is an Honorable man.  
“ 'Twas Francis Bacon,” now you hear them cry,  
“Who modestly did take that pseudonym.”  
Or, as you like it, state it thus, perhaps—  
Not Shakspere, but a man with the same name!  
'Tis settled, then, in court; at last 'tis settled.  
But—comes the unresigned Baconian actor,  
Forbes-Robertson, who says the judge needs crutches;  
And Robertson's a rather able man.  
The authorship is Bacon's legally,  
Yet Sir Forbes says his advocates are legless;  
He knows the plays as well as any man.  
I speak not to disprove what the judge spoke;  
I'm only speaking here what I don't know.  
O judgment! thou art fled in all directions  
And men use *so much* reason. Bear with me,  
My mind can fathom only something easy;  
“Was Hamlet mad?” is deep enough for me.

A, '17

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