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Dec. 14, 1916

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE
BATES
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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ON THE APPRECIATION OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY RALPH W. GEORGE, '18

At the close of a glorious autumn day three travelers were making their way up the slope of a steep hill toward the summit. When they had reached it, they came in full view of the setting sun whose majestic splendor was at that moment transcending all other beauties in nature. Fatigued by the dreary climb, the first wayfarer dropped to the ground to rest, all unmindful of the royal scene before him. The second turned to his companion and ecstatically murmured his delight at the maze of ever-changing color in the sky. Then he too found a resting place on the soft turf beneath, and completely forgot the gorgeous tints which had at first caught his eye. The third traveler, however, stood still, with upturned face, drinking in the silent beauty with understanding eyes. His joy, so full and comprehending, was due to one quality of his inmost nature,—the power of appreciation.

He whose life is bound up in the delights of books and who wishes to extend these delights to others will discover that humanity may be universally divided into three classes as regards its power of appreciation. Just as one wayfarer saw nothing of the beauty of that autumn evening, another only the outward dazzling appearance, and the third alone was enraptured by the divinity of nature's forms and colors, so there is one class of people which has no regard for the riches of literature, another which merely gloats over it without realiz-

ing the worth of the object of their ecstasy, while there remains a third class, small indeed in numbers, which silently gains inspiration and uplift from noble prose and beautiful poetry. The inquirer into the world of books may note that at present the second class is by far the largest. A large proportion of American citizens lay claim to a more or less extensive knowledge in the world of books, and, indeed to an understanding of literature. The falsity of their claims, in many cases, is immediately revealed when they enter upon a discussion of their favorite poet, or the merits of a stirring novel. Yet this very type of people very often forms the nucleus of our most sincere and, very often, our most intelligent communities. We are living in an age of unsurpassed educational advantages and culture. Why, then, is there this remarkable absence of true appreciation?

We may, perhaps, return two replies to this question. In the first place we may well come to a fuller understanding of the meaning of "appreciation" in respect to literature, and secondly, we may note some of the external forces controlling this appreciation. What is the true significance of literary appreciation? Does it mean simply a recognition of values, or the mere power to determine what those values are? No. Literary appreciation includes both of these elements, but it is greater and broader than them both, even when united. It comprehends in its entirety the reader's full and understanding sympathy with the author, his mood, his purpose, and the forces of historical time, place, and environment which unconsciously helped to direct his writing.

The external forces in the field of literature which are serving at the present time to keep low the standards of literary appreciation may be considered under three heads: (1) failure to understand the interrelation of history and literature, (2) failure to comprehend the unity of all literatures, (3) a lack of knowledge in the sources of literature. The most unimportant of these factors is the first. More and more is the world coming to realize that much of that which we term literature grows out of historical situations, and bears a close relation to the stirring life about it. The theologian makes a

careful study of the history of the Semitic peoples in order that he may appreciate to the utmost the scriptural writings. The historian has come to place a just and by no means unimportant emphasis on the historical novel. Nevertheless, thousands of English readers are still failing to appreciate the writings of their own language merely because they lack the historical perspective necessary to a full and enjoyable understanding.

The second of these external forces, namely the failure to recognize the unity of all literatures, holds a greater significance to our subject than would be supposed at first thought. Literature, assert the critics, embodies revelations of human passions, the motivating forces of man's existence. Yet human passions, declare the psychologists, are the common property of every race. Moreover this law has held true for very many centuries preceding our own. Therefore literature, the representation and embodiment of these emotions, must, in spite of its various forms, have a certain unity. A comparison of Aeschylus' *Choephorae* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet* will, almost in itself, serve as evidence of the truth of this statement. Shakespeare students have shown that the opportunity for this master of the drama to become acquainted with the play of Aeschylus was extremely small. Yet the plays have both the same underlying "motif." The heroes *Hamlet* and *Orestes* are wonderfully similar in temperament; both have a faithful friend; both are disturbed by a more or less powerful mental agony. It is needless to go further with the comparison; specialists in comparative literature have already performed the task for us. Although education in this country has reached admirable heights, yet we know of only one large university which has officially recognized this unity in world literature, and has, to any extent, modeled its courses in literature upon this basic principle. No wonder, then, that the vast majority of readers fail to distinguish a relationship among the masterpieces of every language. Until this principle has been recognized, the vast army of readers will fail to grasp this most essential of literary virtues—that of appreciation.

The third external force which debars the reading public as a whole from securing the deepest joys in the realm of

books is a lack of knowledge in the sources of English Literature. We may group these sources under three main heads, setting aside the less important fields of Indian Saga and Norse Legend. Our divisions will then be arranged as follows: (1) the Biblical field, (2) the group of Greek Epic and Tragedy, (3) the group of Celtic tales constituting in large part the Arthurian cycle of myth and romance.

It has not been fully realized until recent years how great an influence has been exerted upon our literature by the mass of Biblical writings. Yet allusions from this source have been woven into the very warp and woof of our dramas, novels, and poems. Writers from Milton to Hall Caine have found the scriptural documents the store-house of literary materials. *Paradise Lost* is unintelligible without a literary appreciation of the Bible. Hall Caine gives us his testimony that all of his novels find their bases on scriptural ideas. Who can have a realistic sympathy of Shakespeare when he makes Shylock say, "How like a fawning publican he looks," unless he himself has caught the New Testament picture of the publican, "the farmer in taxes?" Newell Dwight Hillis' treatment of the masterpieces of Ruskin, Eliot, Tennyson and Browning reveals how great is the debt of these authors to the Old and New Testaments. The aspirant to sincere literary understanding will make his own a literary appreciation of the Bible.

It is almost unnecessary to state the lasting obligation of English Literature to the fund of material contained in Greek Epic and Tragedy, and in the cycle of Arthurian folklore. Nevertheless, thousands of young people are being forever robbed of their literary inheritance through the failure to place before them such books as Bulfinch's *AGE OF FABLE* and *AGE OF CHIVALRY*. A mere glance into these books shows to what an extent our foremost poets have drawn upon the Tales of Homer and the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and the riches of Celtic folklore. The real debt of Tennyson, Swinburne, Arnold, and Morris to these sources is fully as great as is our debt to them.

Our reading public will only choose the noble and worth while in literature when they have learned to appreciate it.

The general tastes and ideals of the nation are largely determined by this one quality. The true lover of inspiring prose and exquisite verse may well bear in mind the requisites of literary appreciation. Only by so doing will these standards become permeated through the reading public; only in this way will the great number of literary aspirants be enabled to attain the heights of complete understanding—real and inspiring appreciation.

THE ICONOCLAST

BY MARY LAWRENCE CLEAVES, '17

I had forgotten that you were so dear—
Through the long winter that we were apart;
Eager imagination brought you near,
Mem'ry enshrined your sweetness in my heart,
Yet, till our meeting, never did I dream
How poor, *yourself* would make your image seem.



A BURMESE VISIT

BY PAUL S. BALDWIN, '19

It has been my lot to spend the greater part of sixteen years among the Burmese, a people little known except in a few English regiments, to merchants, and to Indian officers, whom duty or business leads, generally against their will, to the isolated province which forms the farthest boundary of the Indian Empire; and a time, for the most part, of leisure leads me to describe, so far as I may be justified by the recollections of an ordinary observer, some of the traits of character and some of the scenes of the daily life of one of the most remarkable among the many peoples who own allegiance to the Empress of India.

The American, for the first time transported to Burmah, feels like a man realizing a fantastic dream. Quaint indeed is the outward appearance, and quaint are the speech and ways, the dress and bearing, the customs and traditions of the people who occupy this strip of land wedged in between the overshadowing empires of India and China. Once landed in the country, it is not necessary to go far for illustrations of their character and of the life they lead. Let the curtain rise on the commonest scene of everyday life of the Burmese; let us take, for example, a scene in which a Burmese family pays a formal visit to an Englishman. As deputy commissioner and justice of the peace, administrator, in fact, of a large tract of country, he is fully aware of the importance of his office.

Before him, crouching to the ground, with bowed heads, hands folded as if in prayer, and eyes lifted only at intervals, are seated the members of a Burmese family, father and mother, son and daughter. In Eastern fashion they have brought an offering of fruits and flowers, the best in season, roses and orchids, plaintains (bananas), oranges, or mangoes and dosians, and laid them on the ground between themselves and their host. Moung Sheve Moung, the father, is the type

of Burmese respectability, probably a tax-gatherer or other subordinate official, and his object is in reality to introduce his son, whose education in the government school has been completed, and for whom he seeks a place under the all-powerful government. This object he would rather die than betray until he has paid a succession of polite visits, ostensibly out of simple respect and for the pleasure of conversing with the ruler of his district.

The face which thus hides what is in his heart, is of the fair Mongolian type, expressive, above all things, of good humor and easy living; but there is plenty of intelligence in the small eyes which twinkle with fun at the slightest provocation. Cheek and chin are hairless as a boy's, and the thin, wiry moustache is, as it were, composed of a few stray horse-hairs. A wealth of long, black hair is on his head, marvelously compressed into a shining top-knot at the center of his crown. A narrow turban—a ganng-banng—of pure white muslin is bound round his temples, and forms an inclosure from the midst of which the top-knot arises, the pointed ends of the turban turning upwards where they meet at the back of the head. His dress, scrupulously clean, consists of two garments; a white muslin jacket with loose sleeves is fastened across his chest; and his lower limbs are covered by a voluminous waist-cloth of some brilliant color, hanging much like a kilt. His shoes, which are really slippers covered with scarlet cloth, are left (out of respect), with those of the family, outside the house. His bare, brown feet are carefully tucked out of sight under the folds of his silk "putso." On the swarthy skin of his neck are patches of red tattooing, but his dress conceals the extent to which this form of decoration really ornaments his person.

To his wife and daughter, I could not hope by description to do more than the most imperfect justice. There are those people, indeed, who say that they have never seen any beauty in a Burmese woman. In fact, it is hard to believe that this fair, slight girl, of delicate feature and cultivated manner, dressed in rich silks and decorated with jewels, and possessing all the repose of manner associated with high breeding, belongs

to an ordinary family of no high station. For even the poorest woman appears as though she had no care beyond the adornment of herself. Her hands are soft and delicate, and she is dressed with taste and care. Unlike her Mohammedan and Hindu sisters, she is happily free from restraints which are imposed upon them. Living in a genial climate and blest usually with a placid temper, the current of her life seems to roll with a truly enviable calmness.

Let me now attempt to sketch the features which characterize this maiden who is a fair enough type of Burmese beauty. She is undoubtedly of the Mongolian cast; and the forehead is too contracted for intellect; but the obliquely placed eyes are dark and expressive, the long lashes droop modestly under the arched and pencilled eye-brows, the natural fairness of a pale olive complexion is changed almost white by a cosmetic preparation which is made by grinding the wet bark of a tree called the "thanaka-bin." This Burmese girl is only natural, and so recognizes the principles that "all pretty women should look pretty." The humblest maiden seated in her stall in the bazaar may be seen with her small looking glass, giving the last touches to her eyebrows or complexion. And still, some observers have wondered why Burmese youths take a delight in "hanging around," so to speak, especially in these bazaars. To return to our particular model, let us observe further. Her long, black hair is drawn entirely off the face, without parting, and twisted into a simple knot at the back of the head; and into this knot is stuck a rose or wild orchid. A flower in the hair is the invariable crown of the Burmese belle. Her dress, consisting, like her father's, of two garments, is very remarkable in its simplicity, while its effect is wholly picturesque and characteristic. The principal garment is the "tamine," a long, close-fitting petticoat of silk, which reaches from immediately below the arms to the feet; folding across the bosom, it is fastened on one side, but at the upper extremity only. This "tamine" is woven in waves of many colors, and ends at the foot with a breadth of plain neutral tint.

Over the tamine a long white linen jacket is worn, open in front, and with tight-fitting sleeves; over her shoulders she

wears a scarf of soft silk, pale pink or yellow in color. Some costly jewelry completes the costume, for this maiden, though of no aristocratic family, is not of the poorest class. Close around her throat is worn a "rope of pearls;" from the neck to the waist hangs a necklace of deep red gold. In her ears, of which the lobes have been stretched by a gradual process, are massive gold earrings in the form of tubes, the extremities of which are set with diamonds and emeralds. Such is Mah Shwe Yuet (Miss Golden Leaf) as she sits modestly before the Englishman. Her voice is low and soft, and the Burmese language sounds musical from her lips. With shy and unaffected respect she assumes a self-possession which enables her to converse easily when addressed.

I need not call special attention to the rest of the family. The mother is more plainly dressed in more subdued colors. The youth, who is really the cause of this polite visit, wears no ornament, but is cleanly and plainly dressed like his father, except that he wears a turban of bright colored silk instead of plain white muslin.

Like all Orientals, the visitors attach no value whatever to time, and would sit in silence or conversation till nightfall if allowed to do so. The visit, however, is brought to an end by the host's intimation that he has other business to transact. Thereupon, they take their leave, each in turn offering an obeisance of profound respect. The joined hands are raised three times to the forehead, and the forehead bent three times to the ground; then, as if shrinking from holy ground, with hands still folded and turned towards their host, they move away, half stooping from his presence, avoiding, above all things, the disrespect of exposing their feet to his view.



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COLLEGE COURTESY

In these days of democracy, the college, along with most other institutions, is sharing in that fierce light which once beat with concentrated rays upon the throne. Just as it is the king and nobles whose acts are subjected to this searching light of publicity, so it is the college student who provides a target for abundant criticism. To be sure, it is the composite college student who is most discussed; but too often a particular college is judged from an individual representative. It consequently behooves each student to get in line with the highest ideals of his college, that he may not bring discredit upon it. He should learn this lesson from team work, both in athletics and in debate. But we do not propose an abstract discussion, nor are we qualified to judge standards of college courtesy in general. It is Bates in which we are interested.

On the whole, we think we are a rather passable student body. We early experienced that remarkable friendliness which Bates professors show toward Bates students, and for the simple psychological reason involved in the case of Mary's lamb, we came to the conclusion that our particular faculty is about the best ever. Prestige does not grow over night. The world has to be shown by results the worth of an institution. Ours is a comparatively young college, but its graduates are making good. The governor-elect of Maine is a Bates man.

The men's treatment of the women students is admirable. If there ever was a time when women were unwelcome here (and Bates was the first college on the Atlantic seaboard to open its doors to women on equal terms with men), we think we may say with assurance that they are now treated with that courtesy which is more delectable than mere formal politeness—the spirit of good comradeship. This spirit was shown at the athletic rallies this fall. After a certain football victory, the Bates boys sent a representative to the Dean of Women asking that the girls be allowed to go down town and feel that they were having part in the celebration. At the following rally, the dean's kindness in making this concession was not forgotten. When we consider why Tufts found co-education impractical, and why other eastern coeducational colleges have had similar difficulties, we realize that Bates men, in this respect, are courteous as well as reasonable.

Ours is a growing college. We want this growth to be all-round and symmetrical. For this reason it may be profitably humbling to consider frankly some of our shortcomings in regard to this matter of courtesy, and to ask ourselves a few questions. Are we as courteous to our college president, our professors, our dean, our librarians and all those in positions of honor and responsibility as we can be? Do we show this spirit of courtesy to our colleagues and rivals in every college activity? Do we show it off the campus, where, consciously or not, we are representing Bates? Above all, do we show it in our homes and in our community? G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, says: "On the whole, I am more and more inclined to regard the lamentably neglected college life for

the average student as more important for his influence and position in life later than the curriculum."

Perhaps we err oftenest in our little sins of omission. These in turn are often due to lack of opportunity for observing. Many Bates students come from villages and country towns where certain conventions of polite society are little emphasized. Of Rob Angus and a town more quaint and primitive, doubtless, than any represented here, Barrie writes: "Up to the day on which Davy wandered from home he had never lifted his hat to a lady; when he did that the influence of Thrums would be broken forever." It is no discredit to a student that he lacks such knowledge; he is culpable only when he neglects to seek it; when, upon gaining it, he disregards his obligation to practice it.

There is no cure-all for bad manners. A chair of etiquette even in preparatory school is more or less of a farce. The problem of college courtesy is an individual one. Promising scenes in which to work toward its solution are the dormitory dining-rooms, and the college library. Certain fraternities—not all—have this advantage: that in them the characters and manners of the members are scrutinized, and low standards discountenanced. Bates authorities believe that the small college derives more harm than good from secret societies, and we think they are right. But may not the small college itself incorporate the desirable characteristics of the fraternity? Something has been done at the Commons this year to improve diningroom conditions. But just as,

"The Colonel's lady, and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skin—"

—an observation which the Dean of Women finds true in her study of girls,—so the college boy in the dormitory has a good deal in common with Tommy Atkins, and

"Single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints."

We need to remind ourselves that Coram Library is not

primarily a social center, a rendezvous, nor yet a clearing house for campus news. This would seem to apply especially to upperclassmen—perhaps because they have had more time in which to forget their freshman lecture on the proper use of the library. We are called students. Do we deserve the name? It is a broad term and implies the willingness to study things as they are whether found in books or out of them.

VALEDICTORY

Until 1916 the students of Bates College issued only one publication. Originally this was monthly; then it became a weekly containing both news and literary material. This year the faculty and students interested believed the time had come for a separation of departments, and proposed the issuing of a monthly literary supplement in addition to a weekly newspaper. The plan was adopted.

First years in the execution of such ventures are precarious and significant. We hope the faculty and the students still favor this arrangement and feel satisfied with their choice of editors. These staff-members did not seek work on *The Student*. Their initiation into editorship was much like that method by which some diffident bathers have learned to swim,—by being forced into deep water.

Altho the editors have sometimes obtained with difficulty suitable material, their troubles dwindle in memory with the expiration of their editorship. The promised stories that never materialized, the laboriously written articles and editorials, the disappointments and rebuffs encountered in seeking new writers, the revisions and proof-reading, are already nearly forgotten. Even the tediums grow pleasant in the retrospect. We are glad to have had the new experience. A glimpse behind the scenes in any work is wonderfully enlightening. It may be disillusioning, but it makes us appreciate the fact that no product, artistic or economic, just happens. The realization of the work behind enhances the value of the finished article.

We thank all those who by their writings, their interest or their kindly encouragement have helped to maintain the magazine section of *The Student*. Members of the faculty have ever been willing to give friendly suggestions. To them we are indebted for much of the information embodied in the series of Bates articles published in the first five magazines. Spofford Club members have been loyal *Student* supporters. There are graduates in the class of 1916 whom we wish might receive this acknowledgement.

To the new editors we extend our earnest good wishes. We cannot but be truly and deeply interested in their work and in *The Student's* development. It is well that the paper's management changes yearly. If we unconsciously have fallen into a rut with *The Student*, new editors with fresh plans will take it out. New editors will see the possibility of new departments; other seekers will discover other writers. May they maintain and raise the literary standard of our college magazine, and may they keep its spirit clean and wholesome. We feel sure they will conscientiously try to advance the work it has been our privilege to begin. Let there be no precedent except in so far as it is helpful. We do not expect the new editors to keep the present departments or the present distribution of fiction, verse and write-ups unless they best suit their purpose. Our hope is that they will take the *Bates Student Magazine* from the point where we leave it with our valediction, and build it up into a more complete, more characteristic, and more representative publication, worthy of its name.

REWARD

And now the day draws to a close.
We sit before the fire, and doze,
And pon the day's work o'er.
If faithful done, and Godly meant—
A restful smile, deep peace, content—
Abba—we ask no more.

—Covado.

A FIRST ATTACK

BY HAZEL HUTCHINS, '19

“Goodbye, dear; be good today,” said his mother just as usual, and Harold Stanton, four and a half last Tuesday, just as usual went running down the street towards the schoolhouse. He was a happy, unselfconscious, scatter-brain, with a curly topknot of yellow hair, and grey eyes with what his father called a bit of the devil in them. Harold was a boy; not the dreamy, intellectual, wishy-washy kind of premature-minded animal that you call a lad, nor the hoity-toity, shrewd, rough, wrangling example of the species that you term a brat. He was something between the two types, with some of the qualities of both, and with a vast number of dormant characteristics which were waking up one by one, and were always looking out of his eyes at unexpected moments.

Sweet sixteen used to be given by novelists as the proper time for the coming of love; two and twenty is the favorite age fixed upon by the authors of today. But I say that somewhere between four and twelve a boy experiences a kind of love, sweeter and just as keen as that which he may feel in later years. Let us laugh and call it calf love, it is love all the same, and who knows but what there may somewhere be a miniature cupid who shoots his small arrows into the hearts of little folks? However, be it as it may, Harold Stanton was on his way to kindergarten, wholly unconscious of the new sensation which he was to experience.

“’Lo, Hal,” he was greeted by a number of his compeers, and, “Good morning, Harold,” was the greeting of his winsome little teacher who looked searchingly into his jolly little-boy grey eyes to see if she could see any symptoms of one of Hal’s mischief days.

It was when they were playing “We Push the Damper Out” that Harold first saw her. There had come a knock at the door, and a lady had come in, leading by the hand one of the prettiest dark-eyed little girls that Hal had ever seen. She

was dressed all in white with a blue sash, and a blue hair-ribbon looked as if it had just alighted on one side of her fluffy hair. Yet Hal had seen pretty girls before, and it was not until he was next to her in the ring, and had squeezed her hand just a bit too hard that the thing happened. All the other girls he had ever tried it on had squealed, but instead of that she ran her pink tongue out at him, and squeezed back so hard that Harold almost said "ouch."

"Saucebox!" she whispered, and then went in her turn to the center of the ring.

That squeeze marked a crisis in Harold's short years of boyhood. You have heard, of course, how "at the touch of his beloved's fingers, an electric thrill went up the hero's arm." Well, it was exactly the same way with Harold, only in his case the tingling was a real one, for his fingers ached from the not gentle squeeze. The result, to be sure, though, was the same—total enchantment.

Again and again Harold's eyes wandered across the ring to where she sat, pert and smiling, with stiffly starched little skirts which looked exactly like the lacepaper edges of the box of chocolates that Hal's Uncle Fred had brought him a week before.

Fortune was with Harold, for at just twenty minutes of twelve he again stood beside his goddess. This time they were to march together, and he took hold of her hand very carefully.

Now it may have been intuition, or it may have been that Harold was not wholly unattractive, but anyway she looked up at him and smiled, showing two perfectly adorable dimples in her cheeks, and disclosing between her pretty parted lips a darling little hollow between two front teeth where another tooth would soon be pushing its way. This latter attraction appealed to Harold more than did the dimples.

"Did you fall down and knock yer tooth out?" he inquired sweetly.

"No," came the reply, "I was playing dentist with the boy next door, and he pulled it out. It was loose anyway, so it didn't hurt much. What is your name?"

"Harold Stanton. What's yours?"

“Roberta Manning, but folks call me Bobbie. You may if you want to.”

“Alright! Play with me this afternoon? Tell me where you live, and I’ll come over to your yard.”

“Alright! I live on May Street, the house with the funny little coupy holes in the front piazza. I ain’t lived there long, I—”

“Children!” broke in the teacher, “what do you mean by talking out loud right in school? Harold, you may go and sit in the corner chair until twelve o’clock. Roberta, you are new here so perhaps you didn’t know better. March right along, Harold, or in the sixteenth part of a second I’ll—” Silence is oftentimes eloquent, so Harold marched, yet joy was in his heart.

At dinner that day Harold was unusually quiet, a thing so unusual that his father remarked on it.

“What’s the matter, man?” he said. “Are you in love? When boys don’t talk much in June that’s usually the trouble. Isn’t that so, wife?” he added smiling at Harold’s mother and nodding in the direction of Hal’s young unmarried uncle who was also rather thoughtful of late.

Harold looked at his father gravely. He had never thought anything about it, but then and there he decided that he, like Uncle Fred, must be in love.

“Mother,” Hal said after dinner, “can I have my white suit on? I’m going over to Bobbie’s, and I want to be dressed up.”

“Bobbie’s?” said his mother, “who is he?”

“She ain’t no he,” said Hal indignantly, “she’s my girl.”

“Oh!” said Harold’s mother; and then because she was a farseeing mother she dressed him up, and sent him away, smiling to herself as she watched him go down the street as proud as a little bantam chick.

It was just two o’clock when the little spick-and-span figure went down the street; it was just half after three when a little figure returned, no longer spick and span, but visibly the worse for wear both materially and spiritually. If you had been

present in Bobbie Manning's garden at about three o'clock this is what you would have heard:

"I say that when you cut an angleworm in two, it makes two angleworms." This statement was in a feminine voice, petulantly shrill.

"I say it don't," rejoined a masculine voice, loud and almost shrill, too.

"Well, you see if it don't. Gimme the worm."

"You can't have it. My mother says that you mustn't hurt things. Besides, I want it to take fishing."

"It's my worm, 'cause it come out of my garden."

"It is not! It's God's worm and he'd give it to me as much as he would to you."

"Gimme that worm."

"I won't!"

"You will, too!"

"I will not!"

"Get out of my yard!"

"I will when I get good an' ready to."

"You—," the rest of the scene was punctuated with blows.

If Harold had been the little gentleman of the usual tale he would have stood with arms straight at his sides and have let his beloved one strike him as she pleased. He did nothing of the kind. He hit back, and it was only because his adversary was the quicker of the two that he made a retreat which was undignified, to say the least. Angry lovers in books after a quarrel with their sweethearts, stalk with heavy steps from their beloved's presence. Harold scooted, and the maiden, like an avenging fury sat on the doorpost and shouted names at him as he ran.

Just now came the complexity of Harold's nature. If Bobbie had at the first slap of his manly hand gone shrieking to her mother, Harold would have lost interest, and would have gone to tease another girl. As it was, crestfallen as he was, his one desire was to make up with Bobbie. With the wisdom born of goodness-knows-what he somehow knew that there were two ways to make her like him; one by conciliatory means, the other by force. Accordingly, he resolved to take

the first opportunity offered, and try the first method.

His chance came the next morning, and taking advantage of the teacher's diverted attention he drew out of his pocket a treasured peanut and slipped it into Bobbie's hand. There was a pause; then quick as a flash Bobbie put the peanut on the floor and crunched it with her heel. There followed an unhappy experience with the teacher, but Bobbie was still ahead.

The other method remained to be tried. Harold ran all the way home from school, and when Bobbie went to open the gate which lead to her house she found Hal perched on the top of it.

"Get off of my gate," she roared, "or I'll push you off."

"I'll get off just when I get good and ready," said Hal airily.

The young lady was chagrined, but nothing daunted. She advanced and gave a push. With the grace of an eel Hal was off the gate, and had both of her wrists tight in his hands. She had won the other day because of her quickness, but this time it was a question of brute strength, and the man was ahead.

She struggled, she kicked, Harold still held on. She squealed, she screamed; Harold still held on. She whimpered, she sobbed. Harold still held on, and then— "Please let me go," she begged.

"Am I a baby?" he said sternly. "Am I a baby, now?"

"No, no, let me go!" She was really crying now.

"Aw! who's the baby now?" Hal said, and went home to his dinner.

Harold's mother wondered at the cockiness of Hal's manner as he ate his dinner, and she also wondered when she came upon him later in the afternoon digging in the garden. A little after two he went down the road, his pocket handkerchief carefully knotted and clasped in one gritty hand. He found Bobbie in her garden, and he proudly presented his gift, a baker's dozen of wiggling angleworms.

"Get yer shovel an' cut 'em in two," he said. "That's what I got 'em for."

In silence the lady rose and went for shovel, and silently she cut the worms one by one, and watched the halves part and wiggle away into the bushes. Then she turned to Harold who stood waiting for the thanks that he knew he deserved.

"There, what did I tell you?" she said triumphantly. "Didn't I tell you that if yer cut one angleworm in two you get two angleworms. Huh! I guess boys don't know everything."

Harold's temper began to rise. "Well, you needn't feel so big about it," he said crossly. "Are you goin' to play with me or aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," said Bobbie flippantly. "I don't like to play with dirty boys," and she looked scornfully at Hal's grimy hands.

"Well, I wouldn't play with you anyway," retorted Hal, "'cause girls are silly. I heard my Uncle Fred say so."

"If you'll play house with me an' Edna Foster you can stay," said Bobbie sweetly, immediately wanting her companion to stay since he had decided to go.

But Harold had had enough. "Aw get some feller who likes dolls," he said grandly, copying an expression he had heard one of the big boys use. "I'm goin' to hunt 'jacks' with the boys." He went out of the gate and down the street whistling, a new accomplishment which sounded as yet rather squeaky. He had his hands in his pockets and an expression of satisfaction on his small face. He was no longer mad with Bobbie. In fact, she had entirely left his mind.



IN A WINDOW

BY ALICE EVELYN LAWRY, '17

Old woman seen in a window, who are you—
Watching and peering down on the motely crowd of a city!
I who was coming along lighthearted with happy remembrance
Saw you in glancing up, and strangled my gladness in pity—
Old woman seen in a window, who are you?

Old woman seen in a window, I scorn you:
Scorn you with all the strength and proud contempt of my
youth.

There at the dirty pane of a down-town tenement window,
You with your ugly wrinkled face; disheveled, uncouth—
Old woman seen in a window, I scorn you.

Old woman seen in a window, I know you—
Know you as well as myself; know all but your story and name:
You had a childhood once, and a girlhood such as I now have;
Hopes and dreams of some kind—you see it is all the same.
Old woman seen in a window, I know you.

Old woman seen in a window, I love you!
Up thru the poisonous mazes of hatred and scorn and self-love
Struggled my soul to your own; and with sympathy came
understanding.
See, I am happier now I can breath to the heavens above,
“Old woman seen in a window, I love you!”

JUST A COINCIDENCE

BY RALPH W. GEORGE, '18

What is life? The theologians say it is an opportunity. The scientists declare it to be a stage in evolution. And the philosophers—well they say different things.

Archibald Denison said it was a bore—a long extent of time broken only by two fancy balls, three card parties, and a trio of theatre trips per week. Archibald longed for real life, unspoiled by the cessation of new sensations. These sentiments, variously expanded and elaborated were set forth between intermittent puffs of a half dozen cigarettes, to his Monday evening caller, Jack Sands. Jack, lavender-complexioned, smartly dressed, and sleek looking, viewed his host with pity during his remarks. For Jack, life was always new, always unique.

“Life’s a bore, is it?” queried Jack after a few moments musing. “That’s bad. Certainly wish I was settled out in the country so you might come away from this dismal little hotel-suite of yours and breathe real air. However, you never would swing on to any of my advice for a good spree—

“Oh, I don’t know, I’m getting pretty desperate and—

“See here, if you will agree to my prescription for the recovery of an erst-while sunny disposition and other advantages, I’ll—”

“Stop your squeaking and say what you’ve got to say. I’ll do anything from turning a hand-organ while the owner’s feedin’ to accepting the socialist nomination for ward-clerk.”

“Aha! Reasonable chances for recuperation. Well, here’s my tonic. Board the 8.15 car from Benson Heights tomorrow morning and ride down town. During your ride keep sharp lookout for trim young woman, pink feathers in her head-piece, pink tailored suit and general en—”

“How do you know there’ll be any such charming damsel?” broke in Denison.

"I don't. I'm just guessing. If you don't care for my professional services—"

"Go on! Go on!" grunted Denison. Sands continued giving his directions, now and then uneasily eyeing his listener.

"During the forenoon you are to follow said young lady with diligence. Any deviation works ruin to the spell. At noon you will return to this room of yours for further directions from me. Be careful to do as I tell you, and life will no longer be a bore."

"There was silence for a moment. Then Sands arose nervously and made his way to the door. "Good-night," he said quietly. His host made no reply.

Denison felt a strange tremor in the atmosphere as his friend departed. He had noticed it before, less forcibly perhaps, for he knew that his boyhood chum was quite eccentric and that he kept his deeds hidden away from the knowledge of society in general. He resolved to banish all thought of the evening's conversation and the melancholy of life by a long night's rest.

The hours of darkness failed to bring any repose. Visions of pink feathers somehow dominated over the real desires of his conscience, and morning found him restless and irritable. He resolved, however, that he would under no conditions follow the gentle directions of Jack Sands for relieving life of its monotony.

But the fates had decreed otherwise. On returning from breakfast Denison discovered that his usual brand of forenoon cigarettes was not at hand, owing to his company of the night before. After all, he would certainly have to go down town. And—well, the 8.15 car from Benson Heights would be very convenient. Archibald Denison boarded the car prescribed by his mental healer the night before with much the same feeling possessed by a fat man who has just failed to tie the score in a baseball game on account of corpulence. He felt disappointed in himself for having seemingly given heed to the suggestions of his unworthy friend. However, there was no one in the car besides himself. He had known it all along—his caller was merely playing one of his crude jokes.

At the next street the car stopped jerkily. A passenger entered hurriedly. It was a young woman. She was daintily clad and wore a smartly tailored pink suit. Her stylish hat was adorned with a huge bunch of pink feathers. Denison was amazed. He gazed at the other occupant of the car with a petrified air. Indeed he might well do so; she was tantalizingly pretty. Then he began to argue with himself. A mere coincidence. He turned that thought over and over in his mind. Yes, just a mere coincidence. Things sometimes happen that way in life. At the next stop another young lady entered.

“Hello, Marion! Say, are you going to attend the ball tonight? It’s to be—”

“Sure, aren’t you?”

Archibald began to search his mind for half-hidden traces of something. Tonight’s ball. Yes. Jack had spoken of it the night before. He understood now. They were leading him into a trap. Well, he’d fool ’em.

The car had now reached the business section of the city. Denison got off at the next stop, wondering how best he could defeat the evident plans of his friends. To his dismay the young woman in pink alighted close behind him, and, passing hurriedly, walked quickly down the street. Archibald noted the door which she entered. When he came to it he found it marked Police Station No. 3. With a great effort he threw off all thoughts of the morning incident and entering a store bought his assortment of cigarettes.

The refreshing company of his favorite brand seemed to bring a restful reaction to the nerves of the troubled man. He made his way calmly to the street again, and in spite of himself searched with a sweeping eye the horizon furnished by the street. But in vain. The familiar figure in summer tints was missing. One, two, three cigarettes smoked smoothly, and no response came to his unspoken wish. Not a single feminine character merged forth from the door of the police station. Suddenly Denison glanced at his watch. It was nearly noon. Ridiculous! He turned away resolutely and walked toward his hotel. The sun was hot and he had been

standing under its burning rays nearly all the forenoon waiting for—probably nothing. Sands had no doubt enjoyed the results of his weakness from some vantage point much of the forenoon.

In half an hour he reached his room. Under the door was a note. "A. Denison" it read. "Called at 8.20 this A.M., but you were out, no doubt following my directions. Enclosed find ticket to the dance tonight. I leave for Kansas at 12 noon. Jack."

Archibald Denison mused for a moment. Then he began to choose his most dressy socks and gloves. He had resolved upon his line of action now. He would go to the ball, meet the young lady in pink, and incidentally learn the whereabouts of Sands. Never was guest in society more gallant than this young bachelor. He danced with the matrons—talked confidently with the odd groups of debutantes, and made himself popular in every way. But the main object of his attendance was not present. In vain he peered into the nooks and corners of the large reception room. His vision of the morning had not come. Sadly he seated himself near the orchestra and endeavored to enjoy the music. All at once the air seemed to become stifling. He stood up, sullenly murmured his thanks to the hostesses, secured his coat from the attendant and descended to the street.

Motioning for a taxi, he entered, having given his directions to the driver. Then he settled back in the upholstery of the richly cushioned interior. What was that he had said about life the night before? Yes, it was all a farce—a gloomy one.

An almost imperceptible movement in the corner attracted his attention. Snap. On went the lights and Denison found himself looking into a well-aimed revolver. The feminine hand that held it droppel almost immediately. Denison gasped for breath. Here was the girl in pink.

"I beg your pardon." The well modulated voice of the young woman sounded sweetly to his strained ear. He tried to reply, but could not. "You see I'm a detective," continued the voice after a pause, "and I expected to catch a sneak thief who has been getting away with valuables at balls. But

I've caught the wrong man. Excuse me, please,—I'll have the driver stop at once."

"Please don't—I mean, pardon me of course, but don't stop the taxi. I—I—I think this will be all right. Who was the sneak thief by the way?"

The young lady passed her hand over her head in a worried manner.

"Let me think. Oh I remember. At the police station they said his name was Jack Sands."

THE STORM

I saw the sea clothed in blue velvet gown,
 With fluffy white of skirts just peeping thru,
 And at her breast in sheen of glimmering folds,
 Were jeweled sails pinned scattered here and there.

I saw the sky grow black, and the fair sea
 Rend off her velvet gown, and turbulent
 Heave thru the tattered remnants of her dress,
 Made grey and grimed by storm and wind,
 Her naked limbs.

The jeweled sails unfastened were quick lost—
 Those sails pinned there as fancy's ornaments,
 The restless frenzy of a soul made mad
 Was in the seething deep.

Oh Europe! your bright folds are sadly torn,
 Your beauty unashamed lies marred and bare,
 Can it be that at last you will not hear
 A voice say to your wildness,
 "Peace, be still?"



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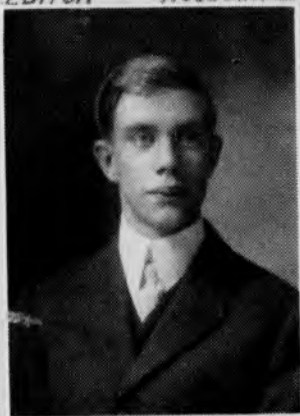
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THE SURRENDER

BY MARY LOUISE NEWCOMER, '19

The doctor closed his watch and walked to the window. His gentle face worked pathetically, and his hands were clenched at his side. He was waiting for the question which he knew would come.

"Well Sam, how long have I got yet?" came a weak voice from the pillow.

With an effort the doctor controlled himself, and returning to his friend's side, seated himself in a large rocking chair. Acting upon a strange impulse, for he was an undemonstrative man, he leaned forward, and took the sick man's hand.

"I can't tell exactly, Charlie, but I should say not more than forty-eight hours."

For an instant the pain-wracked face on the pillow turned away from that of his friend, then, as the pressure on his hand increased, he looked into the doctor's eyes.

"Give me another dose of your pain-killer, Sam, and then come sit here and smoke while I tell you a story. I am the last living soul who can tell this tale, and when I am gone, you may do as you please about repeating it. It is the true story of the surrender of Harper's Ferry."

Dr. Mervin administered the morphine, and, turning the light low, lit his pipe and settled himself in the armchair.

The warm light of the open fire played over the hearty, browned, wrinkled face of the doctor, and the pale, emaciated, furrowed face of his friend and patient, Charlie Parker. The latter had been a volunteer non-commissioned officer in one of the Michigan regiments in the War of the Rebellion, and during the years since, had passed many a winter's evening "swapping stories" with his boyhood friend.

"Our regiment was in camp on the lower ridge of Bolivar Heights when Stonewall Jackson completed his Valley campaign, in September, 1862, and reached Charlestown, eight miles up the Shenandoah. We were in possession, at that time,

of both Maryland and Loudon Heights, and the great stone fort, which was never completed, was in process of construction on the very summit of Maryland Heights. The machine guns which were stationed on the two mountains, commanded the pike leading into the village of Harper's Ferry on one side, and completely cut off the approach on the only other possible side. In addition to the thirteen thousand infantry under the command of Colonel Miles, we had with us a troop of cavalry, commanded by Colonel Ford.

"When we heard of Jackson's approach, our whole encampment was eager to give battle. The second after their arrival, we became impatient, for no move was being made either toward our further defense, or, as we most wished, toward offense.

"That night, before I went on picket duty, the men of my company talked the situation over. I noticed that Ben, a half-breed Indian from the Upper Peninsula, acted rather strangely. The boys were talking about Miles' apparent indifference concerning our position, and one fellow made some very slighting remark about the man's ability, hinting that he believed the old scamp was a kind of a coward, anyway. The light from the camp-fire fell directly upon Ben, and from where I lay on the other side of the fire, I could see the abstracted look on his face change suddenly to one of fierce determination. The large blue veins on his forehead stood out clearly, and his black eyes became so menacing, that for a moment I was startled. An instant later Ben rose, and walked away toward the little knoll where the officers' tents were pitched. The incident immediately slipped my mind, and I did not think of it again until the incidents of the following days recalled it to my memory.

"The next day passed as the one before, except that the discontent increased, especially among the cavalry. The weather was very hot, even for a Virginia September, and the men slipped away to the rivers as often as possible. Toward evening Colonel Ford called several of his officers into his tent, and two hours later, after it had become dark, I was startled to see Ben cautiously stealing away from the rear of the lodge.

At that time I did not connect this incident with the one of the night before.

"I went on picket duty at about eleven o'clock that night. The full moon had just risen over Maryland Heights, and the skeleton fort, with the row of cannon perched on the top, stood out distinctly against the blue sky. It was so light that I could see every house along the road, and, far below, at the confluence of the two rivers, the long, narrow bridge leading from the village to the Maryland shore, and connecting with the road across the mountains to Antietam, fifteen miles to the north.

To the west lay the sloping hills and fields of Jefferson County, and white and broad in the clear night, the Charlestown Pike, looping the summit of Bolivar Heights. For an hour nothing disturbed the dead calm of the summer night. Then, almost exactly at midnight, a tall form heavily wrapped in a long, military cape, appeared over the ridge, directly in my path. His face was uncovered, and as the moon fell upon it, struck me as being peculiarly noble.

"'Halt and give the password,' I called."

The man on the bed paused, and closed his eyes for a moment. The physician leaned forward anxiously, and took his friend's hand. The tired eyes opened, and smiled into those above him.

"Just give me a drink of water, old boy. I'm good for all night. And you had better tell Tom to put another log on the fire."

When the doctor came back to the bed-side, the man continued:

"The stranger replied without hesitation, and I watched him as he passed over the knoll, and into Colonel Miles' tent. For three hours all was again quiet, and then, as mysteriously as he had come, the man left the Colonel's tent, and disappeared over the ridge.

"When next I passed the tent, I noticed a dark form stretched flat on the ground, close to the wall. I gave no sign of my discovery, but concealed myself in the shadow of a provision wagon, a few paces beyond. Several minutes passed,

and then, creeping stealthily along like a haunted criminal, a tall, burly figure emerged from the shadows, and made its way toward our company headquarters. As the moonlight fell full upon his face, I was astounded to recognize again the half-breed, Ben. Half an hour later I was relieved, and turned in for a few hours' sleep.

“When I awoke, the camp was seething with excitement over the news of the impending battle of Antietam. Lee, with his army, was within a few hours' march of the scene of action, and the Federal troops were entrenching themselves on a hill beyond Sharpsburg. Throughout the day, discontent ran rife among our boys. There was another prolonged conference in Ford's tent, and Ben, like a sinister apparition, appeared and disappeared at the most unexpected times. At dusk, another messenger from Antietam brought us further news of the preparations for conflict.

“About sunset the rumor reached the men that Colonel Miles was planning to surrender. Consternation changed to open mutiny when the report was not denied, and it was with difficulty that the officers prevented a demonstration.

“The camp did not become quiet until nearly midnight, and I, pacing back and forth on my sentry, was deep in consideration of our strange situation when I noticed a sound, evidently coming from the Gap, which I thought at first must be thunder. But it was too continuous, and I strained my eyes through the darkness in the direction from which it seemed to come. I placed it at last—it was Ford's cavalry, crossing the bridge into Maryland. I hastily surveyed the camp to see whether there were others who had discovered the desertion. Not a soul seemed to be awake—the whole camp was deep in slumber.

“This, then, was my responsibility. Should I wake the camp; should I report to my superior officer; or, should I, who so wished that I were with them, keep my secret and allow them to escape. No, I decided, lucky dogs, I would not betray them. No one, until this night, Sam, has ever known that I was, in a way, a party to that patriotic desertion.

“Another hour passed, and still there was no move in the sleeping camp. The night was somewhat cloudy, and at times

the moon was entirely obscured. Then I could see nothing save the dim outlines of the tents, and the smouldering smudges along the ridge. Suddenly, like a great searchlight, the full moon would peer out, and, after flashing her rays over the hills and river for a few moments, would seem to murmur, 'All's quiet along the Potomac,' and withdraw again behind her cloud-curtain.

"I had just turned about on the knoll before Miles' tent, when, as suddenly and as quietly as a ghost, the commanding figure of the stranger of the night before appeared in my path. Again he promptly gave the countersign, and again he entered the tent of our commanding officer. There was no doubt in my mind, then, that Ben was hidden in the immediate neighborhood.

"The engagement at Antietam began before ten o'clock the next morning. By that time, however, our camp had subsided into a state of complete but mutinous despair; at eight o'clock we had received an official announcement that Colonel Miles, with his thirteen thousand troops, would surrender to Stonewall Jackson before noon."

The doctor stirred uneasily, and the sick man paused. Then, disregarding the anxious movements of his friend, he broke out in a voice full of repressed emotion,—

"Sam Bervin, if Miles had lived, he would have been executed, following a court martial, as a traitor to the United States. His action at this time has never been, and never can be explained. When he died, two weeks later, 'of his wounds,' as American Histories vaguely remark, his secret was buried with him. The only other man who could give any information about it, lies buried somewhere in the plains of Texas—that man was Ben, the Indian half-breed.

"At about half past nine that morning, a mounted officer rode through the camp, and along the lines of machine guns on the ridge, ordering all flags lowered. Ben, who operated a small pivot gun about ten feet from where I was standing, failed to salute as the officer passed, and received a sharp reprimand. The officer did not notice, however, that the small flag, fastened to the staff of Ben's gun, was not lowered.

“The sun came out, blinding and hot. Far over the mountains to the north, we could hear the thunder of artillery, as the first day’s engagement at Antietam began. Hardly a word was spoken among the men. It was no time for mere words, and our feelings were too deep for expression, anyway. Every one of us felt as though he were betraying his country. We thought enviously of Ford’s cavalry—how much better to die on the field, than to drag out an existence in a Southern prison.

“Think of it, Sam! Here we were, strongly fortified, with a fighting force infinitely superior to that scrub army with Jackson and not a shot fired in our defense!

“A low hiss of contempt, promptly silenced by the officers, greeted Miles as he emerged from his tent. It was nearly ten o’clock, the hour set for the surrender. In a moment an orderly led forward the Colonel’s beautiful black stallion, and the staff galloped up from the lower end of the ridge. There was little delay. The staff, with the Colonel in their midst, rode slowly along the crest of the Heights, toward the broad field where they were to meet Jackson. The men were drawn up at attention, as the officers rode by—all except Ben. He, apparently entirely unconscious of his surroundings, was leaning carelessly over his gun, his back toward the approaching staff. Miles’ face darkened, and a look of haughty menace came into his eyes.

“‘Lower your flag, you damned Indian,’ he yelled, and touching spurs to his horse, galloped past.

“Slowly Ben turned, and, with an insolent but determined air, swung his gun around and trained it fairly upon Miles.

“I don’t think anybody else saw that move except Jake Dunn and myself. Jake died that winter in a Rebel prison, and I, a mere sergeant, was never questioned.

“Ben paused only an instant, then, taking a careful aim, and just as the Confederate staff appeared over the far end of the Heights, he fired.

“When the smoke cleared away, I could see the staff members lifting the wounded Colonel from the ground. They would have brought him back at once, but he refused to come.

They set him upright in his saddle, where he waited the approach of Jackson.

“He arrived at exactly ten o’clock. The two commanders passed a few moments in formal conversation, during which I drew nearer to the scene. Then, while two officers supported his fainting body, Colonel Miles passed his sword to General Jackson.”

With a great effort Parker turned and gazed a moment into the fire. Slowly he moved again and faced his still expectant friend.

“Well, Charlie?”

“Well, Sam, the man to whom Colonel Miles surrendered was the man whom I had twice passed into our lines at midnight.”

THE ABSOLUTE SUPREMACY OF MAN

BY A. LILIAN LEATHERS, '18

“I should think ’twas most time for him to be here; he’s always late to his meals,” Maria Hackett muttered to herself as she hurried around getting the meal ready. She stepped to the door and called, “Jonathan, Jonathan, dinner!”

She went back to her work but now she looked up from time to time at the kitchen walls. They were low and papered with dirty green wall-paper whose only purpose seemed to be to look as badly as possible with the red of the wood-work. There were two windows in the room which gave sufficient light to show how smoky the ceiling was. Then as if she was planning some dangerous campaign, Maria inspected the striped blue and brown paper of the “settin’-room,” and remarked, “Somethin’s gut to be done!” She turned back, took the potatoes from the stove and was putting them on the table as her husband entered.

“What’s the sense in callin’ dinner as if the house was afire, Mari?” Jonathan’s voice preceded him through the door. “I ain’t deaf.”

“Well, if you’d hurry around to get here on time half as fast as I have to to get some grub ready there wouldn’t be any need o’ hollerin!” Maria sounded a bit impatient and Jonathan forthwith attempted to pacify her.

“There, there now, don’t get huffy. Say, did you see that catalog cum this mornin’? The one with all them plows and harrers on the cevar?” Jonathan’s kindly intentions gave place to an eager interest in the mail and his own affairs.

But for some reason not apparent to him, Maria was not calm yet. “What do I want with your old plows?” she inquired sharply.

Jonathan continued unheeding, “There’s one of them as is just what I want—a sulky-plow, and it hain’t but a hundred an’ twenty-one dollars.”

“‘Hain’t but a hundred and twenty-one dollars!’ Where would you git a hundred and twenty-one dollars?”

“Why, Mari, there’s that cow o’ yourn,” and he meditated a minute before he continued. “She’d bring eighty—and your butter money—and I guess I got enough for the rest. I been thinkin’—”

But right then Jonathan lost his opportunity to express his thoughts and gained a new idea. Maria had taken it into her head to talk—to answer him. She sat down the dishes, pulled out her husband’s chair and then began.

“You and your thinkin’! What about the house, I’d like to know, Jonathan Hackett?”

“The house? Why what on earth’s the matter with the house?” Jonathan’s mouth was full but his tone was mild, for his wife was a good cook. “I can’t see why ’taint just as it always has been.”

Maria’s face said plainly. “I-told-you-so.” “Ain’t that just like a man? Never can see nuthin’!”

Jonathan looked around at the walls and floor, chewed complacently for a time and then remarked, “We put on new shingles last fall, so what more do you want? That green paper is real good with that red paint—’twas like that ever since I can remember. Looks real well—but now this plow—that’s somethin’ I need. Why if—”

Maria had no argument in the face of such dense satisfaction and she started toward the stove.

"If I had a plow," Jonathan asserted, "why I could work twice as fast and sit down to it. Then next year we could put in a milkin' machine—and new cows an'—"

Maria listened. Yes, Jonathan could do all that perhaps, but how about the dirty wall paper that she'd had to look at ever since she could remember. Then the house needed a new carpet and a new stove and it was her turn to have something. Her hitherto flat tone was sharp. "Were you plannin' to buy 'em with my money?"

"Why, Mari!" Jonathan gasped—that is as much as his pie-filled mouth would let him.

"Whatever is the trouble? Who's tetched your money? Besides, ain't it all mine?"

"How cum the butter money yourn? You said you was agoin' to use that?"

"Well, don't you want a new plow and things?"

"Now, Jonathan Hackett, what do I want with a plow? Can I use it to paper and paint the kitchen or put it on the floor for a carpet? An' can I wear it for a new dress? Why don't you answer me? Who does a woman's money belong to anyway, I'd like to know?"

Jonathan had started a second piece of pie, but this last remark caused an explosion. "To her husband!"

"How's that?" Maria inquired.

"What a fool question. When a man marries a woman, she belongs to him. Don't you know that? She's his, all her money, her clothes, everything is his! That makes the butter money mine." Having delivered his ultimatum Jonathan looked at the pie and continued, "After dinner you can get me the money and I'll go down to the village and order that plow."

Jonathan finished his pie in silence and started for the stable. Maria looked all around the room and then began to pick up the dishes. She had been busy quite a few minutes when presently she broke out with an exclamation: "Mother said if I didn't come up there inside a week she was comin'

down here for a visit. A pretty place—and it could be fixed up, if Jon could only see anything but plows. Besides there ain't enough dishes for two people—to say nothin' of three. I'm a goin' home! I'll take a leetle o' that butter money and he can buy that plow with the rest. He's out in the field for a good hour and I'm goin' to start now!"

She finished the work hastily and put a few things in a little handbag. "If most of the things are left, that ought to satisfy him. He can't cook—nor sew—nor—mend—I ain't never left him afore. Well, I'm goin' to now." And with about two more trips over the house she started, not even betraying by a closed door that she was away. She cut across a wood-path and was out of sight when Jonathan came stamping up to the door.

He called before he reached the house, "Mari, I cum fer that money. The hoss won't stand an' I'm all ready to go to the village. Jest hand it out, will you?"

Not a sound from the house. He went in, called, came out, hitched the horse, and began his search again. He did not know where she kept her hat an' coat, and had never thought of her things for five years. He used to notice more when they were first married, he remembered now as he went about the empty rooms. Then he thought about the conversation that day. What was that about wall-paper and carpets. He went into the kitchen and took a good look at the room. It was dirty paper—why it must have been on ten years. He didn't know just when, but maybe it did need fixing. "I'll tell Mari she can hev some new," he began generously and then stopped. Where was Maria. "She must be down to the neighbor's. I got business down there and I can find out that way."

He took the horse and started down the road. He had been gone but a few minutes when Maria came in through the woodshed, entered the kitchen, took off her wraps, picked up some stockings and went to darning. "Maybe I'm a fool," she murmured, "but Jon's good-hearted an' I can't leave him that way. Guess I can stand it a leetle longer."

She heard Jonathan drive into the yard talking to himself.

“They do say a woman can leave a man—never thought it of Mari, though—maybe I have been a leetle too hard on her. If she ain’t in the house wonder what I’ll do—what could I do? Say, that would be a mess!”

He tied his horse and then shouted, “Mari!” There was a pause just long enough to make him worried before she answered. He grinned, then asked kind of sheepishly, “Er—how much would it cost to fix up the kitchen?”

Maria hesitated from sheer amazement. “Why, Jon, whatever made you think o’ that?”

“Dunno. But say, could you do it for fifteen?” he asked.

“I reckon five would be a plenty—but I thought you wanted a plow.” Maria looked doubtful.

“You take the fifteen and get what you want. Can’t a man go without a plow if he wants to?”

END OF THE DAY

BY FAITH FAIRFIELD, '19

From Mount David in the evening,
While the sky is glorious yet
From the rays of brilliant splendor
Where the evening sun has set—
There’s a beauty and a glory
In the whole wide world around,
That shuts from mind and feeling
Every ugly sight and sound
That has gathered from my toiling
While my hopes were hid away
By the petty disappointments
And the hurry of the day.
Oh, I’m filled with joy and gladness,
And I leave with hope anew;
My cares are left behind me
In the broadness of the view.

THE COUNTERFEIT

BY KENDALL B. BURGESS, '20

Mr. McReynold opened the envelope which lay beside his plate. A smile passed over his face as he read and then passed the letter to his daughter. "So he's coming, Dad," she exclaimed after glancing at the contents. "I wonder what he's like!" She smiled in anticipation of future pleasures.

"I can't say, Bessie. I suppose he's like his father, and if he is I shall certainly be glad to see him."

Mr. McReynold, with his wife and daughter, lived on a large estate on the outskirts of the town of Rockland. He had acquired a considerable amount of wealth and had retired from business to enjoy the remaining period of his life in leisure, with only the care of his estate and the entertainment of friends to occupy his time. Thanksgiving Day, which was now but three days away, was to bring together many of his friends, for a general reunion. The letter which he had received was from the son of a once intimate friend who had removed to California fifteen years before. He had invited this son, George Wentworth, to spend a few days following Thanksgiving, at Rockland. As none of the family had ever seen the visitor, there was much speculation in regard to his appearance and character. However, they could but await his arrival.

Two days later, a young man left Columbia University with a small suitcase in his hand and took a train for Rockland. The young man was George Wentworth. As he sat in the train watching the landscape, he, too, indulged in speculation: would Bessie, of whom he had heard, prove to be an interesting girl? His imagination conjectured that she would.

While he was dreaming of the few days in Rockland, a boy came through the train. "Telegram for George Wentworth," he called. "Here," Wentworth said, and held out his hand for the message. The telegram read:

Leave train at Trueville, ten miles before Rockland. Will meet you there. Joseph McReynold.

"All right; no answer," Wentworth told the messenger.

Again he leaned back on the cushioned seat and wondered as to the meaning of the telegram. Probably Mr. McReynold had some plan for his entertainment before going to the house. Or, perhaps he might have been at Trueville in his car, on business, and thought that a ride from Trueville by automobile would be more pleasant for his visitor than to continue by train. At any rate, he was to get off at Trueville.

"Trueville," announced the brakeman some time later. Wentworth put on his hat, took down his suitcase, and moved toward the door. As he stepped off the train, a man approached him. "Mr. Wentworth?" "Yes." "Mr. McReynold sent me over here to give you a ride through the country around here. He thought you might enjoy a few miles in the car rather than on the train.

"As I thought," Wentworth said to himself as he followed the man to a large, comfortable-looking automobile, a short distance away. "Yes, I should like the ride in the car much better," he admitted to his guide.

After a half-hour's ride in the car, they turned in the road to a small farm house. "I think we shall find Mr. McReynold here to meet us," Wentworth was told as the car stopped. "Come on in."

They went to the front door of the house. As Wentworth passed ahead of him into the house, the man closed the door and turned the key. "I'm sorry that I had to tell you a few untruths in order to get you here," he said pleasantly to Wentworth as he displayed a revolver. "However, it seemed necessary. Now, Mr. Wentworth," as the one addressed began to recover from his first astonishment, "I didn't bring you here to rob you or do you any harm at all. I've just got to keep you here till tomorrow morning, and then you'll be free to go. I'm sorry that I can't tell you any more. Now, if you will let me, I shall try to make things very pleasant for you during that time. All that I ask is your promise to stay here till tomorrow morning."

Wentworth's spirit rebelled against such a promise. "What will you do if I don't give my promise?" he asked.

“Well, I shall have to take steps to make sure that you do stay here. It will be much easier for both of us if you give your parole, so to speak, till tomorrow morning.”

Wentworth looked at the revolver and thought for a moment. “Well, it looks as though I can’t help myself. All right, I’ll stay here till morning. You realize, of course, that you are liable to get into trouble by keeping me here, don’t you?”

The man laughed. “Well, maybe,” he said. “On the whole, however, I guess not.”

A half-hour after Wentworth got off at Trueville, a man stepped from the train steps at Rockland and approached an automobile which was waiting at the station. “Is this Mr. McReynold?” he asked of the elderly man in the car.

“Yes. You are George Wentworth, I suppose,” Mr. McReynold said with a smile. The other acquiesced. “I’m very glad to see you, George. I hope that we may be able to give you a good time while you are up here.”

“Thank you. I am very certain that I shall enjoy it,” he was answered.

The counterfeit Wentworth got in the car and they drove to Mr. McReynold’s estate, where he was introduced to the other members of the family and to the numerous friends who had already arrived. After luncheon Bessie spent a pleasant afternoon in the company of the guest. “He’s fine,” she told her father briefly when asked her opinion of the guest.

A reception and dance had been planned to follow dinner. To this a number of Rockland friends were invited to join with those from further away. About half-past eight a party of guests arrived, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop. “Mr. McReynold, I want you to meet my cousin, Mr. Fraser,” Mr. Winthrop introduced another man. “He was out this way and dropped in upon us this afternoon. Consequently we brought him along with us tonight, as we knew that you would be glad to see him. To tell the truth, he is a cousin whom we had never seen before today.”

“I’m very glad to meet him, indeed,” said Mr. McReynold, extending his hand.

In the back part of the reception hall, opposite the door, the man who had been received as George Wentworth was apparently enjoying the conversation with Bessie and another girl friend. Yet as often as possible without attracting their attention, he looked up toward the new party seeming to single out Mr. Fraser especially in his glances.

"Would you care to step out on the side piazza for a little fresh air?" he asked the girls.

"Why, yes," they agreed. Wentworth led them to the further corner of the porch, where the light from the windows hardly penetrated. There he offered them chairs.

Several moments of general conversation passed between them. Then the door opened and Mr. McReynold and Fraser stepped out. "Here they are," said Mr. McReynold as he heard conversation at the further end of the porch. The two approached. "Bessie, I want you to meet Mr. Fraser," introduced Mr. McReynold. The other girl was also made acquainted with Fraser, and they turned to Wentworth, who had kept in the background. When he shook hands with Fraser, his face had assumed a queer, puckered expression, though hardly noticeable in the dark. He said nothing, but merely bowed in answer to Fraser's, "Very pleased to meet you."

For a moment Fraser chatted with the girls; then he left to go inside again. "Would you pardon me a few moments, while I step up to my room?" Wentworth requested the girls. "Certainly," they acquiesced with a smile. Wentworth immediately left. As he went inside, through the hall, and up the stairs, he seemed contriving to keep from the sight of Fraser.

A half-hour passed, and Wentworth did not return. Bessie began to wonder at his non-appearance. Her father, noticing her alone now looked around for Wentworth. Not seeing him, he stepped over to Bessie. "Where's George?" he asked.

"He left us about a half-hour ago to go up to his room for a moment, and hasn't come back yet," answered Bessie.

"Well, he'll probably be back soon," suggested Mr. McReynold.

The entertainment of the other guests occupied everybody's attention for the remainder of the evening. After a period

of social intercourse, the guests engaged in dancing. About ten-thirty, one of the ladies made a discovery: as she put her hand up to her throat she found that her necklace was missing. She reported this to Mr. McReynold. "Probably it has fallen off during the evening and will be found somewhere," she said, "but it was a particularly valuable necklace with a diamond set in front, and I am rather worried about it."

Mr. McReynold assured her that he would do the best he could to find it, in case one of the guests did not find and bring it to him. A few minutes later he was surprised and perplexed when another lady informed him of the loss of a very handsome pearl necklace with a locket of great value attached. However, he assured her likewise that he would do the best that he could to find it. Nobody thought of breaking up the party to look for something that would eventually be found.

The party did not break up till nearly twelve o'clock, when it was noticed that Mr. Fraser and Mr. Wentworth were both missing. Mr. McReynold, thinking they might have gone together to Wentworth's room, went up to the door and knocked. There was no answer, and he opened the door. It was dark. He turned on the light; the room was not occupied. "Perhaps Fraser and Wentworth have gone out for a stroll," thought Mr. McReynold.

All at once the thought came to him, "Could Wentworth and Fraser have stolen the necklaces?" Then he laughed at himself. That was incredible; the son of his friend could not do such a thing, and Fraser was evidently not a thief.

He went down the stairs again, where Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, who had not yet left, approached him. "Have you seen Mr. Fraser?" they questioned. "We have not seen him for an hour or more."

"Mr. Wentworth is also missing," said Mr. McReynold. "I imagine they went off for a stroll together. Probably they got to talking and forgot that time was moving on."

For a while longer, they waited for the two men. "I'll send Mr. Fraser home in the car if you don't want to wait for him," suggested Mr. McReynold. This plan was finally adopted, and Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop departed. The other

guests had all gone to their rooms, and Mr. McReynold sat down to read while awaiting Fraser and Wentworth. By two o'clock he began to feel alarmed. His mind reverted to his momentary suspicion as to their responsibility for the loss of the necklaces; yet he was unwilling to believe that either of them had been guilty of theft. He began to look around to see if he could find the necklaces on the floor; no trace was to be discovered. At least he was forced to believe that it might be possible. At any rate, although the necklaces might still be somewhere in the house, it would be best to take steps to locate them in case a theft had been committed. As he was about to step to the telephone, the door-bell rang. "There they are now," he thought, relieved. But when he opened the door he found another man.

"Mr. McReynold?" the man inquired.

"Yes."

"I am George Wentworth."

Mr. McReynold stared at him in astonishment. Wentworth then told the story of the telegram and its results. He ended, "I had given my promise, however, to stay until morning; but as soon as it passed twelve o'clock I crawled out of the window and tried to get here. At first I didn't know which way to go, but an automobile came along and I hired it to bring me here."

"Then the other fellow who has been here in your name is an imposter!"

"It seems so."

Mr. McReynold stepped to the telephone, called for the Western Union Telegraph office and sent a message to a detective agency. Nothing more could be done that night; therefore he showed Wentworth a room, and they both retired. Early next morning the detective arrived and began his work. After obtaining the story of the theft, including what Wentworth had to tell, and a description of the criminals, he left.

While the family and the guests were eating breakfast and talking over the affairs of the evening, an automobile came up the driveway, a man got out, and the door-bell rang. "Mr. Wentworth," a servant announced to Mr. McReynold. "He wants to see you."

Mr. McReynold went into the parlor where he found the counterfeit Wentworth waiting. The latter stood up and held out his hand. "Good-morning, Mr. McReynold." Mr. McReynold took his hand mechanically. What could this thief be doing here, talking so calmly? Was he going to put up some excuse for being out during the night?

"Mr. McReynold," the man began, "in the first place I must confess that I am not George Wentworth."

"We know that by this time," Mr. McReynold answered.

"And no doubt you wonder why I am here now, after acting a falsehood for so long. Well, allow me to introduce myself, Benjamin Weston." He took from his pocket a small badge, and passed it to the other. It was that of a detective. "It is not always convenient to wear this in plain sight, Mr. McReynold," he said, smiling. "However, I suppose you want to know what I am here for." He took from his pocket the two stolen necklaces.

"About a week ago I accidentally stumbled upon the knowledge that Jim Seton, whom you know as Mr. Fraser, was planning to come here to your party last night, with his usual intentions of relieving someone of jewelry. I happened to be acquainted with Jim, and he with me, so I knew it would be necessary to use special precautions. I wanted to really catch him with the goods. Therefore, instead of coming here to proclaim myself as a detective, it seemed essential that I should take the place of Mr. Wentworth, whom I ascertained to be a guest. You probably know how that was accomplished. The rest of the story amounts to very little. When I saw Seton come in, I knew that I should be introduced to him; therefore I was out on the porch in a dark spot when you and he came. The dark helped me effectually in disguising my features. Soon after, I left Miss McReynold and her friend in order to be able to watch him better. Even with all precautions I almost lost him, for he left the house so quickly that he was almost out of sight before I was ready to follow. By good luck, however, I managed to get him, and with him these two necklaces. He is now in a safe residence. I trust that the necklaces have not caused you any great trouble."

Mr. McReynold held out his hand. "Mr. Weston, permit me to thank you. I am certainly pleased to be able to return the necklaces to my guests. Allow me to ask your pardon for entertaining thoughts of you as one of a conspiracy to steal from my guests. Would you care to join us at breakfast?"





Imagine, if you will, the hour of twelve last night. Quite an uninteresting subject and quite possible. But—and remember I called upon your imagination—picture an individual who had, a few years before, *matriculated* at Bates. Kindly note that the individual is not referred to as a Bates student—sitting at his (or rather *the*) desk in a room in Parker Hall. The subject grows more interesting in that there is a chance for entrance of doubt. Now, stretch that imagination, and, if it be not too severely overtaxed, endeavor to ascertain the object of the above scene—the cause for the consumation of the “midnight oil.” At once the subject takes a long stride towards becoming interesting, and the impossibility of the whole increases in proportion.

To shift the time back a few hours. Here I sit, calmly reflective, musing, with an air of serene contentment in my solitude, mingled with a touch of anxiety for the denouement of my predicament. I look at the pile of blank paper before me on the desk. From there my glance wanders to the calendar, to the pictures on the wall and to the debris on the floor. I glance at my watch—or rather my roommate’s—my fingers run impatiently through the pages of a notebook and my attention is finally fixed again upon the paper on the desk. Still it is blank! I get up, walk around, look through a magazine on the table, peer into the adjoining room and smile as benignly as circumstances permit upon my loud-sleeping roommates. I return to my chair and sit down again, whistling. The melody is lost in an energetic yawn, and, as if pierced by a sudden thought, I bend over the desk, scratching diligently—with both hands. At length I straighten up and survey the result with a critical eye. And still the paper is blank although there have appeared upon the blotter numerous designs, contemporaneous with those executed by an agent of nature on the window at my elbow.

The clocks strike one. What a peculiar harmony in their chiming. Each one, if sounded separately does not necessarily attract attention—but it is the sound of all of them—the *combination*. Ah! Here is a subject. Enter several thoughts. It is not incidents in themselves—nor individuals—but the combinations of incidents, of individuals or of incidents and individuals that produces the laugh, or sometimes the tear. A hundred and thirty pound man is not unusual. A two hundred and fifty pound woman is not extraordinary. But let these two walk together down a thoroughfare and many will smile. Let them walk arm in arm and people will laugh outright. Another instance. “Schneider” was not comical. He was just plain “dog.” Our chapel is a dignified edifice and its services are impressive, but there were few straight faces in chapel the morning Schneider walked up the aisle. Again—rags are insignificant, we dispose of all we have for a few cents a pound; a young boy is a common sight, and we dodge his pranks every day; snow on a cold night is beautiful but not of rare occurrence; the ocean is wonderful, but not unfamiliar. But, take a young boy—in rags—on a cold winter night—place just one drop of the ocean in the corner of each eye, and we have an interesting product composed of uninteresting elements. It’s the same in practical everyday life. A couple of biscuits, half a loaf of stale bread, a burned pudding, a “fallen” cake and three doughnuts which the newly married groom is unable to separate from their holes—will make as fine a loaf of brownbread as was ever served in a Colonial kitchen.

The wind blows a piece of paper from the wall down upon my desk. I find it is a poem. I wonder, could I write poetry?—But how to start is the main question. Looking through an assorted collection of books and pamphlets, I find between the leaves of an old Sunday School Quarterly a treatise on writing poetry. One point is,

“Do not write of some self-evident truth. For instance do not say: The fleecy snow spreads o’er the earth—for where else could it spread—as snowing is no indoor sport.”

I shall try to avoid the violation of this rule. Now to begin—

I hear the gale whistle through the night.

Somehow or other that doesn't sound just right. Where's the trouble? Is it the meter? Perhaps it needs another quarter! To keep the thought, but change the wording—

I hear the sweet-voiced nightingale—
At once comes the sequel line:
A-calling to his mate.

Looking through a rhyming lexicon, I find "avail" to rhyme with "nightingale," and "date" with "mate." These words I place at the ends of the third and fourth lines respectively. Now comes the difficult part—to fill in these last two lines. I am beginning to think that poetry is not as easy to write as to criticize. Finally the thought comes—and here's the result,

I hear the sweet-voiced nightingale
A-calling to his mate;
But all his calling seems of no avail—
Perhaps she has a date.

The whistle of a locomotive interrupts my train of thoughts—if such they may be called. This brings before me visions of cold sleepless nights over a flat wheel, bribes, iron rods, trestles, crossings—a white barrier—the gate at the crossing. A young lady rapidly approaches the crossing as if to distance her annoying pursuer—a young man who follows at a close distance. As she comes near the tracks her hopes fall with the lowering of the gate and her impatience and annoyance rise with the roar of the approaching freight. The young man catches up with her and addresses her without further ceremony:

"Antoinette," he asks, "have you decided?"
"I have, Rodolphe," she replies.
"And what is the decision?" he begged.

"I am very sorry" said she. "But I cannot do as you wish."

"Very well, then," he said. "Everything falls through."

"That's hardly fair," she replied.

"Well, he added, "see it in your own light."

"I know, Rodolphe, but you had no right to ask this of me."

"Well, suit yourself," said Rodolphe indifferently.

A very thrilling dialogue! It almost seems as if there was too much repetition of "he said" and "she said." To enumerate these expressions,—

"He asked."

"She replied."

"He begged."

"Said she."

"He said."

"She replied."

"He added."

"Said Rudolphe."

I wonder if I could not improve upon these by borrowing from current fiction.

"Antoinette," he asked impatiently, "have you decided?"

"I have," she replied decisively.

"And what is the verdict," he begged—all ears.

"I am very sorry," she disappointed him, "but I cannot do as you wish."

"Very well then," he said with an air of finality, "everything falls through."

"That's hardly fair," she asseverated.

"Well," he added indifferently, "see it in your own light."

"I know, Rodolphe," she came back, "but you had no right to ask this of me."

"Well, 'shoot' yourself!" finished Rodolphe, slangily.

That's much better. I wonder—once again I am interrupted—this time by the dull thud of a falling shoe hurled with a dangerous degree of accuracy. As a soldier muses over a bullet lodged in the wall a few inches to one side of his head, so do I soliloquize upon this shoe and upon feet in general.

Feet are weighty arguments which branch out at the extremity of the leg. Feet vary as to size, arrangement and usefulness. The larger they are the less artistic; but the more durable, serviceable and impressive. In position, they are normally placed parallel but sometimes are stuck on at right angles so that their owner may work close to a post, or sometimes in a straight line so that he may stand on the mop-board and drive a nail in the wall. Since feet hold the lowest position in life, they are ruthlessly trodden upon. From having so much to bear, feet often become sore against their uppers and calloused to their surroundings. Their feeling often becomes intense but may be mollified with "ease."

Nearly every animal is endowed with feet, the number varying from one to several hundred. Some animals have so many that the loss of a few does not affect them. Man, however, hastens to replace a lost member with a substitute of wood, plaster or cork. This is the only sure method of eliminating corns.

Women in China bandage up their feet until they have shrunken like an Egyptian mummy.

Feet hold second place only to Fords as subjects for bum jokes.

Nothing is quite so pitiful as to watch a three hundred pound man peering anxiously over his belt, trying to pour a size twelve foot into a number eight boot.

In the days of Rome, undesirables and defeated candidates were removed from the scene by means of a long-handled hook. This is now being rapidly replaced by the boot which embraces portability and detachability.

Feet are fringed on the forward end by several bony tassels, designated as toes. These are always in the way and serve to find heavy obstacles in the dark. They are also convenient when one wishes to see a moving picture when standing in the rear of the hall. In a crowd they often serve as a camping ground for other people's feet.

Were it not for these useful pedal extremities of ours, it would be difficult for us to keep above ground on muddy days.

Thus endeth the article or more properly—thing. For what

is it but a string of ideas—and poor ones at that—and a conglomeration of words. You may have noted that I gave no subject. The reason is simple enough, as you perceive; I had none—and even less to say about it. It isn't a story, an article or a poem; it isn't intellectual or inspiring—it represents, merely, the ramblings of a sanguine temperament.

'18.

THE LAST LEAF

(With acknowledgement to O. W. H.)

This book's last leaf before,
Last year, we did deplore;
 But again
The months have rolled around,
And this time, we'll be bound,
 'Tis our gain.

Our alumna friend has said
(Poor young lady, she is wed,
 Long ago.)
That the Lit. Ed. had a snap
In her day, for he could nap
 Free from woe.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
 Sad and white;
And he shakes his aching head
And it seems as if he said,
 "‘They won't write.’"

It's no cinch to get enough
Of this pure 'creative' stuff
 Which the staff

THE BATES STUDENT

Of the Student Lit. must use
(Since the weekly takes the news)
—You may laugh!

But if Juniors find it hard
To win playwright, author, bard
Who will sing;
They may sigh as we do now
At the corrugated brow
It will bring.

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