

3-1-1917

The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 45 number 05 - March 1, 1917

Bates College

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

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 45 number 05 - March 1, 1917" (1917). *The Bates Student*. 526.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/526

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



	Page
Our Bates Traditions	29
By Edna Cornforth, '03	
Inference (verse)	32
By Alice E. Lawry, '17	
Angel Boy (a story)	33
By Dora A. Lougee, '17	
A Friend (verse)	37
Editorial	
Some Psychological Aspects of the War	38
By H. H. Britan, A.M., Ph.D.	
His Brother (a story)	45
1918	
The Acquired Veneer	48
By F. W. Norton, '18	
The Pierced Apple-Tree (a story)	51
By Dorothy C. Haskell, '19	

BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to *The Bates Student*

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

Subscription, Two Dollars Per Year, In Advance

Vol. XLV. LEWISTON, MAINE, MARCH 1, 1917. No. 5

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

OUR BATES TRADITIONS

BY EDNA CORNFORTH, '03

Standing by the desk in his lecture room at a large Western university a popular professor of the institution said to his class: "Our university has no traditions; we are too young."

No traditions, and the university is over a half-century old. Her present enrollment is seven thousand.

Has Bates any traditions? If so, are we taking steps to collect and publish them? Stories not necessarily true perhaps, but closely linked with the personality and development of our college, stories handed down from class to class by word of mouth, stretches of the imagination sometimes, but still characteristic of Bates—these are our traditions. They portray life in some stage in the growth of our college, as Holinshed's History or Percy's Reliques are characteristic of Scotland, or the African sources of the Uncle Remus' stories are of Africa, or the yarns about Jack the Giant Killer or St. George and the Dragon are of England, or George and the Cherry Tree are of America.

The purpose of this article is not to introduce new ideas, but to bring to mind a few examples of the well known and oft repeated. Certain letters of the alphabet suggest stories, familiar to all Bates students, which will always be connected with the life of the College.

C—Cows! Isn't there a tradition that the peaceful, homely, useful, but sometimes vagrant cow occupies a prominent place in the early history of Bates? Is it not true that among our

many early presidents, there was one, who, in his student days, drove the trespassing cow back to her native "Greene" with that same indomitable zeal and self-sacrificing perseverance which later enabled him to drive poverty from the Bates Campus?

Barrie tells a young lady on hearing of her engagement, "I hope he loves you a bit for your faults, Madame; for if he doesn't, God help you on your wedding day."

We cannot love this man for his faults. Diligent search brings to light only one daily habit that bears the slightest resemblance to an earthly fault; an over-scholarly zeal in pronouncing the name of the institution over which he has so long and so successfully presided. Long may he reign over his beloved "cullege."

These traditions I am sure belong to no other institution. Of the next among the C's I am less sure, though I had it on good authority.

He is a wise professor and a loving father, but once he refused to recognize his own children. The children, his very own, were playing in the study somewhat noisily.

"Wife," said he, "can you not prevail upon these girls to play in the living room, I am very busy this morning."

The transfer was made. Presently the living room rang with their youthful fun. Again the professor asked his wife to prevail, and she, for she is a truly gentle woman, called the children to play in the kitchen where she was at work.

The professor returned to his desk. Peace percolated through the household, for as many as twenty minutes. Then there arose from the kitchen an Indian yell that penetrated the intervening doorways and lifted the professor from his chair. With stern determination he strode to the kitchen door.

"Wife, I simply can't have those neighbors' children playing here. They have bothered us enough. Send them home at once."

Cushions belong among the C's too, but they may be transferred to the English department under *Tests*, *Acid* or otherwise.

D—Wouldn't you like to read a collection of Mt. David Stories? Is there a single spot on Mt. David, from his bald pate to his piney whiskers, of which you have not a distinct and

vivid mental image? If so, you have never been a student of Bates.

G—Can a man be at the same time an angel and a gentleman? He can, and give German tests that require total recall on the part of the test-taker; but he was bound to pass you for that very reason. Chance does not always name her Tommys so appropriately as she named Thomas Angel.

H—Another chestnut, but oh so sound and full of meat! “Harrow, Jarrow, Yarrow, etc., etc., etc. Say ‘em for us.” Show us another college in America that can equal that question for pedagogical efficiency, maximum of labor on the part of the pupil with minimum exertion on the part of the professor.

J—No need to remind all students of Bates, whether past or present, of him we all delight to honor whose name begins with *J*. That name is the first that springs to your lips when you are asked for your dearest college memories.

He was your first Freshman love if you were fortunate enough to recite to him; or even if you were unfortunate enough to try to bluff him. He was still your first love when, after a stumbling recitation you heard him say,

“ ‘Ll’n’deed, xc’lln’t, couldn’t have done better myself.”

Then turning to the bright girl of the class, “Miss Gosline, please translate that same passage; translate it right.”

Has any other college ever produced a professor who coached his freshmen on the most effective excuse to use for an absence?”

“You understand,” said Prof. Stanton to his class one Monday morning, “sickness is the very best excuse.” And I’m sure you do not need to be told that his students rallied nobly to his faith in them, and never profited dishonestly by that innocent and kindly advice.

Under *J* come the bird walks and the rides to Lake Grove. You know what those mean.

Among the *J*’s too, is found a bug story, a story that has been basely stolen from us and printed in a highly distorted form in a popular magazine, a story of another professor deeply versed in bugs. Certain mischievous youths cruelly murdered several different kinds of bugs; then taking a leg from one, an arm from another, a wing here, and an eye there, they composed a creature

fearful and wonderful to behold, which they presented to their favorite professor for his identification. The professor was too *foxy* for them.

“That, gentlemen,” said he calmly, “is certainly a humbug.”

R—We are told that Bates has boasted for several years a rival to Horatio, a professor of elocution who sees ghosts. Frequently, after an early morning walk he appears in the class room, where he startles some young Hamlet with the abrupt charge, “I saw your *father* this morning,” or “I *saw* your father this morning”, or “*I* saw your father this morning.”

These stories are some of the most familiar traditions of Bates. There are a great many others, which when compiled, would make interesting reading to all who have been at some time connected with the College. Can we not take steps to collect and arrange these countless traditions which we know to be our own?

Else future generations will rise up to call us by no means blessed.

INFERENCE

To G. E. H.

In the beauty of this perfect rose—
 Red rose, just half-blown—
 Lies the marvel of a universe,
 Both concealed and shown;
 And I stand before it—silent, awed.

From one little act of unselfed love
 To my heart made known,
 Find I what the whole design is like,
 And have grown
 That much nearer—well, we call it God.

ALICE LAWRY, '17

ANGEL-BOY

BY DORA A. LOUGEE, '17

His real name was Roger Meredith, but he was more often called Angel-Boy. This appellation was not due to any inherent angelic qualities of the child, but to the fact that he was the happy possessor of a sweet, innocent-looking face, and of a smile that was irresistible. Oh, that smile! It would be capital in stock for any young man. Many an old lady had been known to remark, "It just does my soul good to look at that boy. His smile is like a glimpse of heaven."

Very early in life Angel-Boy had learned the efficacy of this smile. He had tried it on his nurse, his mother, and other members of the family. It had worked like a charm. In times of stress, it had served him well. It would often ward off scoldings, bring forbidden sweetmeats, and sometimes stay the rod, when punishment was richly deserved.

Now Angel-Boy was of an inquiring turn of mind. He seemed to have a passion for seeking the causes of sound and locomotion. He battered to pieces his tops, balls, engines, and automobiles, "to see," as he smilingly said, "what was in 'em to make 'em go." However, Angel-Boy was so charmingly earnest in his scientific researches that Mother Meredith did not have the heart to scold him. But when he pried up the keys of the piano "to see where the music came from", Mother Meredith talked with him long and earnestly and that she had made it plain that he must not disturb what did not belong to him.

When Angel-Boy was quite young he spent a few weeks in the country at his Aunt Maria's. He immediately showed a great interest in the chickens. The very afternoon of his arrival, he made three consecutive visits to the barnyard, and each time returned to the house with a chicken squeezed to death in his chubby hand. When Aunt Maria tried to explain to him that little chickens must not be squeezed, he said with his sweetest smile, "Me love chickie. Me hold him tight." It now became

evident to Aunt Maria that if Angel-Boy was to be at large, the chickens must be confined. While she was arranging a pen in which to confine them, Angel-Boy met his Waterloo. One old hen, much impressed with her maternal responsibilities, allowed no one to come near her brood. Before Angel-Boy even had a chance to single out a fourth victim, she flew into his face, pecked him, scratched him, tumbled him over and lit on his back. When he finally succeeded in picking himself up and, turning, fled precipitately, the old hen followed him in hot pursuit, assaulting him vigorously from the rear. This experience was enough for Angel-Boy. It kept him away from the barnyard for the rest of the summer. When Aunt Maria or anyone else invited him to go to visit the chickens, shaking his head with an air of gentle melancholy he would say, "Me no love chickie any more."

When Angel-Boy was four he had a rude awakening. For the first time he found that the power of his smile was not without its limitations. This sad disillusionment was the result of one of Angel-Boy's original methods of helpfulness. One afternoon when Baby Sister was crying and Mother seemed worried, and nurse cross, an ingenious idea occurred to him. Nurse had left the room for a few moments to prepare Baby's bottle. Angel-Boy spied Father's Belladonna plasters on the windowsill. Climbing up, he quickly seized them and dipped them in the bowl just as he had seen father do. With one of the plasters, he effectually sealed Baby's mouth. Then clapping another over her eyes, he stood back, complacently viewing his handiwork.

Just then Papa Meredith came in. Horrified at the sight, he seized Angel-Boy and spanked him soundly. When Baby had been relieved of her plasters and soothed to sleep, Mother turned her attention to Angel-Boy. She found him hidden in the clothes-press sobbing as tho his heart would break. Taking the little fellow in her arms, she tried to explain to him the harm he might have done Baby Sister. But Angel-Boy could think of only one thing,—the indignity to his person. In a few moments his outlook had been completely changed. The idea had been suddenly forced into his consciousness that his smile was losing its power. His spirit was sore and wounded, and

clinging to his mother he burst out sobbing afresh, "P—papa sp—spanked me, and me was sm—smilin' too."

When you are reading the characteristic sketches and stories of some of our large colleges and universities, do you ever ask yourself, "Has *my* college any traditions?" Although we do not find them compiled in finely bound books and labeled "Traditions" we must not infer that there are none. Bates has been making traditions for over fifty years, stories which are familiar and interesting to all its students.

Our traditions are the incidents and experiences linked with the personality of our college, peculiar to Bates alone. They may embody its customs, class-room jokes, or perhaps the characteristics of some much respected professor, yarns that have been handed down and enjoyed since the college was founded. They are the things that we shall remember as long as we live, in connection with our college life. We may not always recall the exact names of the schools in London, nor the date of the Norman Conquest, but how could we ever forget the rapid-fire questioning of a certain professor and those awful English examinations! When our college days are of the past these memories will be treasured quite as much as the knowledge which we are gaining. They are the things that make our college life enjoyable.

Can we allow these valuable possessions to pass out of existence? It is not enough that we ourselves should remember them, but we should pass them on for future generations to enjoy. The Editorial Board of the Literary Magazine asks your help in collecting and preserving this material. We wish to gather all the stories possible, and in order to preserve them we shall print them from time to time in this magazine. We have an article in the current issue which we hope will be the beginning of this series.

The Alumni especially, are asked to aid us by furnishing material. It need not be in the form of a complete article, the isolated stories will be very acceptable. Surely, everyone has a favorite yarn which they would enjoy seeing among the college

traditions, some wild tale which they heard while in college or some incident characteristic of Bates and its professors. Write the story on a slip of paper and mail it to the Literary editor; it may be just the one we are looking for.

If you are interested in this plan, and of course you are, we hope that you will coöperate with us, and some day we may see "Our Bates Traditions" in leather bound books on the shelves of Coram Library.

The policy of the Editorial Board of this magazine is to issue a publication of which both the college students and the Alumni may be proud. To be proud of a thing, one must be interested, thus we are primarily concerned in making our magazine interesting. We are sure that the Alumni will enjoy seeing a familiar name once in a while among the contributors. We have already extended to them an invitation to place their names there.

In this issue we have an article by one of our professors. We wish to explain that it is only an extract from a very comprehensive paper given at a recent meeting of the Round Table. Our space is so limited that we are unable to print the entire article.

We wish to thank Dr. Britan for his kindness in allowing us to include him as one of our contributors.



A FRIEND

A soul is dying. Nay, the body liveth;
But the man's spirit, breath of God;
Essence in which we differed from all others,
Has let its path to God fringe o'er with weeds:
And, stumbling on, unlighted from above,
Has sensed the mighty, hard-fought demons,
Sickness and poverty, close grimmer, closer 'round.

Soul, thou didst fight from morn till noon of life
Glorious, ever victor o'er these life-long foes.
Why dost not now fight on?

Soul, dost thou lack a friend?
Needst thou that we to thee should say,—
Hardly, with sting like blow across the cheek,—
Thou fool: to let the soul within thee die.

Beast that thou art, to grovel and to whine,
Under the burden of hard luck,
Yielding ignobly to mischance and care
Where is the old high, masterful courage?
I take ye with me, now, to find it.

Seek we the path that leads upward,
Swift will we trample the weed growth,
Souls shall walk upward together.

And, in returning, we two, still together,
Bravely shall battle all cares that dismayed thee.
So, straining 'gainst down crushing poverty's millstone,
Thy spirit shall grow to its care—conqu'ring God-lifted,
power of yore.



EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, F. BROOKS QUIMBY, '18

MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT

LITERARY EDITOR, RUTH E. DRESSER, '18

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MILDRED S. TINKER, '18

FLOYD W. NORTON, '18

PAUL S. BALDWIN, '19

FAITH J. FAIRFIELD, '19

NEWS DEPARTMENT

NEWS EDITOR, JULIAN D. COLEMAN, '18

ATHLETIC EDITOR, NEWTON W. LARKUM, '19 ASSOCIATE, JAMES H. S. HALL, '18

ALUMNI EDITOR, BEATRICE G. BURR, '18 LOCAL EDITOR, DONALD W. DAVIS, '18

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

BLANCHE L. WRIGHT, '18

MARION LEWIS, '19

MERVIN L. AMES, '19

CECIL HOLMES, '19

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

MANAGER, RICHARD F. GARLAND, '18

ASSISTANTS

WENDELL A. HARMON, '19

SANFORD L. SWASEY, '19

SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF THE WAR

BY H. H. BRITAN, A.M., PH.D.

If so many plausible and convincing causes of the war had not already been proposed I would be tempted to say that it was due to psychological error on the part of those in high places. But Historians, Statesmen of this country and of that, Economists, Philosophers, Militarists, Pacifists, Lawyers, Clergymen have so preempted the subject of explanation, that it seems presumption, if not folly, to attempt to add anything to what has already been expressed. The causes for the war are doubtless legion, "a half century of remote ones and a week of immediate

ones" as one writer has summarised them. Among so many already suggested, "personal ambition of a ruler", "political jealousy," "desire for a place in the sun," "machinations of a General Staff or of a Militarist party", "economic rivalry", "desire for world power", "the pernicious influence of Nietzsche, or Bernhardt, or Treitsche", "the baneful influence of the evolutionary doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest", "excessive nationalism" there is still place and even urgent need for a careful consideration of some facts to be seen best from the point of view of Psychology. Even should no addition be made to the enumeration just given, there is still opportunity for a psychological discussion of those already suggested. These, one and all, have their subjective aspect. It is, for example, still pertinent to ask, why do these causes have weight in the councils of men, and why do they determine men to action in the face of such tremendous costs in wealth, and blood, and sacrifice and suffering? Rivalry, ambition, race-feeling, political and commercial jealousy, greed for power, demand for their complete or even adequate consideration a psychological interpretation.

Furthermore, the time elapsed since the war began is already sufficient for some interesting psychological facts to be fully established. L. P. Jacks in one of his interesting articles on the war makes the statement that the Germans are the best psychologists in the world and understand human nature least. This seems a strange paradox but the facts, I believe, warrant the statement. What a long list of wrong psychological conclusions they have to their credit. The other nations too, doubtless, but for illustration we may not refer to them all. Indeed, it is one of the marvels of the war, the wonderful foresight and attention to matters of detail, and over against this the most helpless ignorance in foreseeing the psychological results of her major activities. She thought that England was too busy with her own internal troubles to dare to enter the war; all these were silenced in a week. She expected India to rise in revolt to free herself from a galling yoke; instead she sends her soldiers by the thousands to fight for England, not against her. By her zeal and care in carrying out a propaganda in this country she alienated thousands of friends and gained none. And what

naive psychology was the sinking of the *Lusitania*! It gained her nothing, injured her enemy insignificantly but won for herself the ill will of the whole neutral world.

The psychological problems raised by the war are as numerous as, if not identical with the various aspects of human nature that have found there some new emphasis, or some new expression. There is the psychology of the man in the trenches, the tremendous heroism of lives filled for days with the torture of fatigue and with the incessant hell of high explosives and the intimate association of death stalking among them. Where did the French peasant, the common soldier (the same seems almost libel) at Verdun get such power to resist and to endure? Or the rather strange phenomenon of a whole people ready to leave the concrete reality of home, and family, and the comfort and joy of security and ease, to suffer and die for the Fatherland, an abstraction no less than the entities with which philosophy deals. There is the problem also, of the inner mental processes of those immediately responsible for the war. How shall we explain the reversion of Bernhardi and his disciples, the cool, calculating plotting of the will to power, let the cost and the suffering be what it may? Where is the weakness in our western civilization that this disaster has come upon us? Are these things due merely to the mistakes, or to wilful sins of the few, to the governmental class, or have they come as the logical outgrowth of principles universally held by the people of all countries? Is our conception of human nature enriched or made poorer by the events of the past thirty months? Does the discovery of these unsuspected reservoirs of heroism and capacity for sacrifice in mankind everywhere, atone for the narrowness, the lack of vision, the sins, that have also made their presence known. But it is useless further to open fields we may not here enter.

For centuries man has been accustomed to regard himself as the rational animal, a creature with foresight and with judgment free and accustomed to follow the truth. What he does, that he has chosen deliberately, reflectively, freely. If his judgment has been warped, or perverted, or fallible, that is the heritage of sin and wilful perversion, more than the consequence of any-

thing he does not understand. Reason is man's birthright, his natural endowment, his God given equipment for life. But behold the spectacle before us! Man thus equipped for foreknowledge, for reflection, for weighing arguments leads the world into a conflict of which the principal nations involved are heartily sick before any of the purposes for which it was declared have been attained. The Crown Prince of Germany is reputed to have said that of all the wars that were ever waged this is the most senseless, the most useless, the most inane. Professor Patrick asserts that it is generally agreed that this war has come preceded by the least apparent cause. The multitude of causes assigned for the war strongly indicates that the real cause is not apparent. Germany says "It was not of me", France asserts "It was not of me." England contends that she is altogether free from blame, and Russia claims no less. Regard these claims of the various states as you will, one conclusion is forced upon us. The war was not *born of Reason legitimately*. This monster of such hideous mien with its wanton instinct for the destruction of the treasures of the ages, with its contempt for moral law, with its insatiable appetite for blood, surely this is not the product of man's highest powers of thought. Or count up the cost economically, spiritually, morally, see the wealth of the past squandered, lost irrevocable, and the future century mortgaged so that a repudiation of national debts is almost inevitable, or failing that, taxes that must be measured not in mills but in tithes; measure the best blood of Europe that now serves only to fertilize the fields, think of the brightest minds of a whole generation snuffed out and the loss to art and to science and more important still to thousands of homes where the comfort and strength and help of husbands and sons is lost forever, weigh all these factors and balance them against all the possible benefits be gained from the war, then say if you can that war is the best product of human thought or the product of the best in human thinking. Were one to sit for a while in the seat of the scornful, or commune for an hour with a congenial band of cynics, what rare sport it would be to look out for an hour upon the councils of state in Europe for the past three years. Forsooth, one nation demands the freedom of the seas

and is willing to fight for it; but the only time when the seas are not as free as God's air is when nations take up arms. Another must have colonies for trade expansion, but trade too, is largely free until the doors are closed by war. Another must have coaling stations or control of an isthmus or a strait, but these too are of no superior value to their possessor until war has been declared. Thus we behold nations fighting not for advantages to be enjoyed in times of peace, but for advantages that will not exist until the next hypothetical war shall arise. And what policy could possibly be more suicidal, unless militarism is to rule the world, in times of peace as well as war than to regard treaties as "mere scraps of paper." How far think you the statesman looked into the future? And how do the advantages gained from that act weigh today against the disadvantages?

But if war is not the child of reason, where shall its psychological parentage be found? Doubtless the older orthodox opinion on this question is something approximating the remark usually attributed to General Sherman. And certainly war bears the earmarks of belonging to the devil, but scientific method forbids that we should accept so easy, and possibly so true an explanation. The demand of modern science is that the explanation be found in a more proximate cause than this.

Forget, then, the horror of it for a moment and look upon the war as a gigantic human phenomenon, a form of action, a mode of behavior arising certainly from some biological or psychological forces, and what do we see? In spite of reason, in spite of economic disadvantages almost beyond computation, in spite of the most excellent arguments for peace, in spite of a religion founded upon peace and good-will toward men, in spite of the suffering and privation and hardship almost too great to be measured, in spite of a broadening and more enlightened public opinion favorable to peace, in spite of the constraints of ethical law, war was declared and has drawn into its vortex almost a whole continent and has left no portion of the world unshaken. What was this force if it was not reason, that could so mould the councils of men? In some way the hidden forces of life seem to have slipped their leash and now even the nations directly in-

involved stand appalled at the calamity they invited, and are helpless to stay the destruction they began. Like a strong undertow, silent, unseen, but almost irresistible the more elemental forces of human nature have gripped the governmental mind and all the safety appliances of civilization seem in vain. What a force it is! When the great works of heroism of all the combatants is considered examples everywhere not less worthy of story and of song than the deeds of Leonidas and his companions, when Russians give over their enmity with their Government and unitedly answer the call to arms, when internal dissensions are forgotten in a day, when Labor and Capital so long at swords points join hands for the long and trying struggle, when we see the Belgians undaunted by an overpowering foe at their gates in a day, appeal has been made to something that is elemental in human nature.

Psychology, today, is laying more stress than ever before upon Instinct as one of the great determining factors of behavior both animal and human. It relates to those inborn tendencies, proclivities, dispositions, the natural likes and dislikes common to the species. They manifest themselves in two ways, first, as a strong and characteristic emotional reaction, and second, in the tendency to act in such a way as to accomplish certain definite ends even though their purpose and meaning be not realized. A clear perception of their worth and function is therefore, not essential and there is very positive evidence that it is not found previous to experience. The result of such action may in any particular case be good or ill but it is desired with an intensity of feeling that, for the time being, overshadows or even excludes all purely logical considerations. In many a conflict with Reason Instinct through "preparedness" and by the mere weight of its emotional power wins the day. Nature has not left man to the chance development of foresight and to full grown powers of reflection to furnish the springs of action. Rather, the tendencies to action, the real motive forces that shape human destiny are inborn, innate, and not only speak before reason develops, but so insistent, so persistent are they, that we never wholly conquer them, or are entirely uninfluenced by their demands. Life is a tremendous, but inscrutable force implanted

in the world, a force that in the long run is amenable to control, but until reason comes and sometimes until long after, is clamant, insistent, domineering and at times intractable. For these in-born tendencies, doubtless with some measure of unscientific looseness in our terminology, we use the term instinct. In psychological circles today the word has almost become a term to conjure with. And I am convinced that human nature and human conduct can never be thoroughly understood until this subject has been mastered. The older theory that man is rational, always, everywhere, by nature and by birth rational, is discarded forever. Man has in him *the germ of rationality* but it is a germ that seldom grows to full maturity. On the other hand the movement of current psychological thought is toward a greater emphasis of the part that these inborn tendencies play in human conduct. The instincts then, are inborn disposition to experience certain emotions and to act for the realization of certain ends often without any clear realization of the value of such ends, and not seldom, even in spite of a knowledge of their useless or harmful character. Through the emotions to which they give rise, they to a large degree determine the values of life, absolutely until reason and judgment are developed, and they never cease to load the scales of judgment in their favor.

In all these respects, therefore, Instinct seems to comprehend the essentials of the explanation we need. Here is a force in life, elemental, immediately connected with the emotions, a powerful dynamic in all volitional activity, a force designed to control activity not by a clear conscious appreciation of the value of the end to be realized, but by the mere intensity of the desire awakened. Its essential character is well expressed by the words of the song, "I want what I want when I want it." This translated into terms of action means, I will have what I want in spite of the suffering caused, either yours or mine, in spite of law human or divine. The mere intensity of the emotion awakened, fear, anger, pride, envy, jealousy, is fully capable of blinding the intellect, making sport of moral obligations, and causing individuals or nations to revert to the bestial principle that might makes right. Is not this, in fact, just what we see in Europe today?

HIS BROTHER

With the passing of the old red Pingree sawmill in Lewiston, goes the last relic of the old river-driving days on the Androscoggin. Never again will the dwellers along the river's side wake to the rough singing of those wild cowboys of the water, the river drivers. Rough, they were in speech and manners, but good-hearted withal; ever-ready to give a month's pay to an injured comrade, and equally ready to spend the same amount in a single night's wild carousal.

Many were the stories they told when, of an evening, they gathered round the fire. Some are unprintable, but the majority were tales of the woods, tales of heroism never recorded, tales of the sullen, black river slipping past in the glare of the fire. Among those stories was one, that never lost its charm for me, though I have heard it a dozen times.

In the days when the high water of the spring rushed uninterrupted over Deer Rips, when the white devils of the river danced and roared in fiendish glee about the menacing black rocks half hidden by the water, there stood a little distance above the new dam, a great flat rock that was never covered except when the river was very high.

It happened one day, when the front of the drive was just beginning to go thru the rips, that one of the drivers was carried down river so far that it was impossible for him to get back. Knowing that it was certain death to attempt to get through the rapids, he waited till he was abreast of the great flat rock, made a mighty leap, and, after desperate struggle, gained what was at least, temporary safety.

At night, his comrades built a huge fire on the bank of the river and cheered him through the long hours of darkness with the sound of their voices. The next morning the men saw, with sinking hearts that the water was rising. All that day, they tried by every device known to woodsmen to succor the man marooned in the midst of the angry, gray waters that leaped at

the rock on which he was crouched, as though eager to snatch the life that was, for a time, beyond their reach. And so a second night passed, made more dreadful by a cold, driving rain that had set in during the afternoon.

On the morning of the third day, the water was washing over the top of the rock. The man had evidently given up hope. He lay, crouching, on the rock; his eyes, now sunken from the exposure and lack of both sleep and food for three days, were turned toward the men on the bank. They, too, had given up hope, and only wished that the rising water would mercifully put him out of his misery. Now and again one would throw a rope, though knowing it was useless. Others wandered aimlessly about, saying little, thinking only that the life of a comrade was to be taken from them; a comrade who could show, on his hands, the marks of the cant-dog—the same callouses that were on theirs.

With noon came the men on the rear of the drive. Eager with new devices, they met nothing but hopelessness in the faces of those men who, for three days had watched the strength fade from the doomed man, while the water crept even higher and higher about the rock.

Unlike the rest of those who had come from the rear of the drive, their boss was silent. For a long time he stood there, gazing at the spot where his brother—his younger brother—whom, on his mother's death bed, he had sworn to protect, was awaiting the relief which only death could bring. Then he turned to those watching him.

"Boys", he said, "I'm going to take him off in a boat. I want four men. Who will go with me?"

For a long time, no one spoke. They were not cowards, neither were they fools. Then someone in the back of the crowd came forward.

"I'll go", he said, simply.

Another and another came forward till they were nearly fighting for the chance to risk their lives in following this man who had asked them to go where never man had gone and lived.

Not a word was spoken as the boat and oars were selected. Then, with a few muttered words to those on the shore, in case

they did not come back, the four chosen men, their leader steering, rowed up the stream above the rips and waited the word that would launch them into the leaping waters below them. Only then the boss spoke.

“Boys, that man is my brother. We may never come back but I—I guess you’ve all earned a free pass to a Happy Hunting Grounds, whether we rescue him or not. Give way.”

To those on shore, it seemed as though they avoided upsetting only by the merest hair’s breadth a score of times. The man on the rock crouched, ready to spring as they shot towards him. The suspense became too great for those watching to bear, and they turned away. When they looked again, the rock was bare.

* * * * *

Now the rock is covered by quiet blue waters that dance and ripple in the sun. Probably never again will it see the light of day. Even the name of the man who for three days crouched on its ill-fated surface, is forgotten, as well as the names of the men who went into, what was for them, certain death.. The story is one that belongs to the days of the river-driver, and the day of the river-driver has passed.

1918



THE ACQUIRED VENEER

BY F. W. NORTON, '18

Humanity of today believes itself to be vitally interested in the incidents transpiring in the man-life of the world. Each unit of that life is struggling as never before in written historical memory to match and surpass its fellow in economic and social position. The spirit of the times demands the restless, nervous expenditures of energy from each individual, and in the hearts of all men smoulders the faint hope of a better time to be—a time of a near-ideal civilization. To us it seems well, perhaps, to continue to work and hope for that elusive time to be; but as to how far men have advanced toward that stage, and whether their road is leading toward it or not is a real question with some.

The most important questions of the time, or the incidents which most vitally concern the future, take up the greatest space in the minds of men. War, that greatest incident in human experience, has no rival as a topic of thought and attention. A country at war looks, acts, and talks war to the exclusion of nearly all else. The newspapers and magazines of France, Germany, and England allow at present little space to any but this topic. Each page holds a new picture or article telling vividly of devastation, while through all runs a spirit which is termed patriotism.

For any quality or thing to develop, it is a natural law that all parts must progress proportionately in order to maintain stability. In the rapid changes of living conditions, customs, and invention, has man, since creation, followed this natural law? Has reason and mind kept pace with material progress—in other words, is man fit to live in the house he has made for himself?

When asked what patriotism, or some other quality, is, or what moves man to act in a certain way that he does, one answers, "It is instinct, it is inherited—handed down—as a relic from primitive man." And I say it is not instinct, it is not merely

inherited; it is primitive man. Man's nature has not changed since Adam ate the apple, and Cain slew his brother. Amidst cities of gorgeous palaces, along the artificially beautiful pathways there rolls in rubber-shod limousines man as crude and primitive as the veriest cave dweller.

Through beautiful lithographs and carefully phrased language the exquisite Parisian varnishes over the horrors of blighting war with praise and exaltation of its black deeds and awful results. Picture the glowing account of the German air-man hovering over a fresh French grave, and dropping from his lofty seat a loving wreath of violets upon the grave of a man he has murdered! Who will be fool enough to overlook the incongruity?

Historians tell us the Indian was brave, tolerated no fear of death, that he killed relentlessly, and that he respected a fierce antagonist. They also tell of the universal admiration accorded a murderous Norse hero by his people; and it is recorded that the savage pirates of Morocco fought without fear or reason. And now these Germans, these Frenchmen, whom all the world has for years considered the most advanced in civilization, who have attained the greatest degree of culture; these people whom the rest of the world has looked upon as models of refinement, are lauding those very qualities which are the prime characteristics of primitive man! What kind of a civilization is that? The so-styled "vener of civilization" is truly thin and meaningless. It is not thick enough to be called veneer. It is but a wash, in no greater proportion to man's being than is the film of the soap-bubble sphere to its universe within—a wash through a small rupture of which the inner, brutish man breaks forth in a seething, struggling mass.

Who can say whether man's effort toward the ideal is not all in vain? Each new step certainly brings new dangers to the life of the race, and in the little day of the present who will say that the race will endure long enough to realize Utopia? Some believe that primitive man was better off, and in more proper place than we.

In a very little while in the eye of the Creator, which to us is a limitless geologic period, our race may be extinct. Present

continents may be submerged under oceans and the earth become cold. Ice and desolation may reign under a firmament of gray, and over the surface of our earth no living thing may creep. Then after another stretch of ages, when Nature's processes have inevitably wrought changes, when our mightiest engines of civilization shall have returned to the elements, new continents unlike and remote from those of the present day may merge, a new sun may quicken things to life, and new races who will have no record of us today—except from fossil remains like those we now find buried deep of giant men who, as we live, lived ages ago—may rise in creation and live their age as pleasantly or as warlike as they will. The universe of worlds looks on and does not care; and primitive man or civilized man are to all the same—trifling, struggling nothings along the infinite march of time.



THE PIERCED APPLE-TREE

BY DOROTHY C. HASKELL, '19

“So you wonder why I wear this peculiar charm,” said the old man, fingering his watch chain musingly. “Well, that is our family crest, and the story of it has been handed down for many generations. I will tell it to you.” He was silent for a few moments, still playing with the charm, and then told the following story:

“Guillaume stretched himself out upon the ground and looked up at the stars. How good it felt to rest after the weary day! The burning heat of an August noon had passed, and the night breeze was gratefully cool. All along the plain the tired Normans, like Guillaume, fell asleep, or sought communion with the silent stars.

“All day long they had toiled. In the early morning the Duke had proclaimed a forced march. ‘Tonight we must be at Senlac, and there do battle on the morrow.’ So, thruout the parching day, the gallant yeomen had hastened toward the destination. The mighty bows had lain heavily on their shoulders, but they must not stop to rest. Hunger and thirst had come, but there was no time for foraging. On to Senlac they must press, for the indefatigable Duke had give the word. At last, when night had fallen, the lights of Hastings glimmered in the distance. Away to the left rose the blur of Saxon watchfires. Then only, could the tired soldiers halt. Too weary to think even of hunger, the archers dropped to rest.

“So Guillaume lay, and gazed at the stars, but weary tho he was, his mind would give him no peace. In spirit he went back to his home in Argonnes.

“‘Ah, thou North Star, thou lookest upon my own home, too. Oh, tell me, pray, dost thou see my Margot? Is she well? Is she happy? And my little ones, how fare they? Would that I too were with them! Why, oh, why did I come to this accursed land? Why did I leave my peaceful Normandy? Alas, what

glory in warfare have I found? What rewards hath the noble Duke given me, a humble yeoman? Tho I have striven manfully, I trow, he knoweth not that I exist.'

"Thus he meditated thruout the night on his miserable plight. He saw again his boyhood in Argonnes, his aged parents, and his loving wife. Try as he might, he could not dispel the anguish-ing visions. Toward dawn his longing grew so strong that he made a mighty resolve.

" 'What care I for the Duke and his war? My Margot needs me, and my heart is like to burst with longing for her. Tomorrow in the dark of night I will steal away, make haste to the sea, and set sail for my fair Normandy. Far better that I live and die as a peaceful tiller of the soil, than to endure this soldier's life longer.'

"Now Guillaume's mind was at rest, and at sun-up he gladly obeyed the call to arms. 'In this one day, I can but do willingly that which I never more need do,' he thought.

"A crier came down the line of archers. 'The Duke would break his fast', he proclaimed, 'before he goeth into battle. Who is there of you noble yeomen who will fetch for him fruit from yon apple-tree? Let him step forth!'

"All eyes followed the man's gesture. There across the plain toward Hastings, in full view of the Saxon camp, was a little hillock, and on it grew an apple-tree, laden with fruit. A distance of perhaps a fourth of a mile it was, yet every inch fraught with danger. The crowd of archers murmured their refusal. The herald was about to pass on, when Guillaume leaped forward with a shout, 'I! I will go!'

"No sooner had he spoken than he regretted his words. Indeed, was not this the day when he was to return to Margot? He must run no risks. But some inner spirit that he did not understand had prompted the act, and now it was too late to withdraw.

"Amid the murmurs of surprise from his comrades, Guillaume approached the herald to secure the wicker basket in which he was to bring back the fruit. Then off across the plain he dashed, eager to complete his task. The one thought uppermost in his

mind was that he must save himself. He must not die, for then he should never see Margot again. Dear Margot!

“At first the Saxons were unaware of the solitary runner, but soon they perceived him. An arrow striking the ground apprized him of that fact. Fleeter than ever before he ran, with a wary eye for the arrows. He thought, with a tinge of irony, how like it was to the days when as a lawless lad he had robbed the orchards of Argonnes. But now, if only he could reach the tree before the Saxon archers found their aim.

“Breathless, he stumbled up the little ascent, caught hold of a low-hanging branch, and swung himself up into the protecting foliage. Here at last was a respite. No arrow could harm him behind the thick screen of leaves. Quickly now Guillaume plucked the luscious fruit, still moist with the heavy dew. Soon the basket was full and he was ready to return.

“Now came the perilous part of the journey, for the heavy basket would retard his swiftness. By an occasional flying arrow he knew that the Saxon camp was still on the watch. Cautiously he descended, branch by branch, until he could drop the basket to the ground and leap after it. Straightway a rain of arrows fell about him. As he stooped to seize the basket, a whir and a thud caused him to turn. An arrow had come so close that it had pierced the very tree-trunk. Then away he fled toward the camp. Running as fast as he could, with the heavy basket, dodging the flying missiles, he came to his goal. A great shout arose, as staggering under the weight, he presented himself before the Duke's tent.

“When he knelt to present his gift, the Duke looked upon him and spoke:

“‘Well done, my yeoman. Thou hast performed a noble service. But what manner of man art thou? No archer runneth with they fleetness.’

“‘Nay, sire, I am but an humble peasant of Argonnes.’

“‘Then how cometh thou as an archer in my ranks?’

“‘My friends, sire, did persuade me that in a soldier's life is much glory. But it liketh me not and I fain would return unto Argonnes and my Margot.’

“ ‘Thou hast a wife, then, and little ones? But what reward most fitting can I give thee?’

“ ‘Nay, honored sire, thou art too kind. I ask but leave to go back to my home.’

“ ‘But that sufficeth not. The richest estate in all this country shall be thine. Thy Margot shalt thou fetch, and thy little ones. Then shalt thou live here as the landed gentry do. Thy name, my noble man?’

“ ‘Guillaume d’Asceles.’

“ ‘A name befitting such a worthy man. The manor d’Asceles thy home shall be, and for thy sign and seal an apple-tree, pierced by a Saxon arrow. Thus do I decree it.’ ”

FIRST-CLASS WORK AT
BUBIER & DUNHAM'S
Hair Dressing Parlor

189 Main Street, Corner Park

Closed Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 Tuesday and Thursday, at 6
Saturday, at 10

BENSON & WHITE, Insurance

AGENCY ESTABLISHED 1857

Insurance of all Kinds Written at Current Rates

165 Main Street, - - - LEWISTON, MAINE

Photographs that Please
AT THE NEW
HAMMOND STUDIO

Reduced Rates to Graduates

HAMMOND BROS.

138 Lisbon St., LEWISTON, ME.

MORRELL & PRINCE

Shoe Dealers

13 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Ask for Students' Discount

THE BEST HOME MADE CANDIES

FRESH EVERY DAY

Fancy Hard Candies Chocolates Caramels Ice Cream and Soda

AT **HARLOW'S**

15 Sabattus Street

DAY

TAXI

NIGHT

AND BAGGAGE TRANSFER

T. & T. Taxi Service

Tel. { 8825
or
8813

HOTEL ATWOOD
