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MAGAZINE SECTION

THE  
BATES  
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

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## STUDENT SELF-HELP AT BATES

Bates College has always been an institution where men and women of limited means could secure an education. This is because there are so many opportunities for remunerative work while they are pursuing their academic course. At present, there are three sources thru which a student may obtain work; first, the systematic arrangement of work around the college itself; second, the Student Employment Bureau at the Y. M. C. A.; third, the Dean's office as an agency for women students.

The college managers have realized that instead of hiring trained help, it would benefit both college and students to make use of student help. Therefore all janitor work has been turned over to a trained man who has charge of the work, but the actual labor is being done by twenty of the young men. The work is arranged so that each student-janitor has from one to two hours daily service about the various buildings. This system has resulted in marked improvement in the appearance of the college buildings.

In the heating plant, the day has been divided into three hour shifts and to these shifts men have been assigned as their recitation schedules permit. There are nine men now registered for this.

In the work of general repair and upkeep, there are five students who do the odd jobs of repair around campus. They do electric wiring, they mend furniture, fix the fences around tennis courts, set glass in windows and do similar work.

The campus itself is left in the care of an experienced man,



who oversees the three men who are responsible for keeping the Campus in good condition. During certain seasons when work out of doors is rushed, this number is greatly enlarged. The beauty of our Campus, its neatness and cleanliness, all show the success of this plan. During certain seasons, two men are busy freeing the trees from brown-tail moths. Thus, this systematic schedule of campus work affords from forty-five to fifty men an opportunity to work for a good part of their college expenses.

Thru the Student Employment Bureau, men may get work outside of college. This agency solicits town people for work and then has a large number of orders to be filled by the boys. According to statistics recently gathered, there are five men working with foreigners in Lewiston, teaching them the language and customs of the American people; six are teaching in night school—in that way not only earning money but also getting valuable experience for their real life work; four men are doing newspaper work for local papers. Several men are employed by the Gas and Electric Light companies to read meters in the city, numerous others are waiters in down-town restaurants or clerks in store afternoons and Saturdays.

In every student body there are the usual number of men, acting as agents for reliable firms in lines of typewriters, sporting goods, clothing, mandolins, etc.

Then there are lines of work for students right in the college. Five boys are coaching debaters; three men are working in the library at the desk during their spare periods; one man is teaching wrestling, and has done much to make this sport a real one for Bates. At the Commons, they depend on the men for their dining room help. One man is permanently employed as head waiter and during the year about sixty others have worked as waiters to their hungry classmates.

Two men have the responsibility of ringing the bell for classes, which means that one or the other has to be on duty every hour in the day from 7.45 to 4.30. One man is stenographer for the Y. M. C. A. secretary, another is doing typing of note-books, themes, etc., for the students.

Among the men, there are fourteen preachers, who have

charge of churches in different parts of the state and also sixteen Sunday School teachers, who have classes in the churches of Lewiston and Auburn.

By means of these statistics, one may get a good idea of the varied work that is offered for the Bates men who must work in order to go to college.

Thus far the writer has been dealing with the work offered for young men here at Bates. For women, there are not so many kinds of work available but still there are means of earning money. The largest percentage of girls are working in private families near the college. In this way they earn their room and board and have the advantage of a home life, besides greatly reducing their college expenses. Another large group of women care for children in private families during their extra hours.

Five of the girls are doing work at the library desk; three are in newspaper work for the daily papers. These two lines of work are open both for young men and young women.

One girl is telephone operator for certain hours in the week, another girl is stenographer in a local office during her spare time.

Teaching the night schools offers a way for girls to gain experience as well as the money needed. Three girls are teaching Greek women in town thru the local Y. W. C. A. This branch, the Y. W. C. A. offers excellent means for outside work, teachers classes in language, domestic arts, music and various other lines.

In the dormitories, some of the ingenious girls do sewing, mending, laundry work for the other girls. Two girls are tutoring either their classmates or high school pupils. Two other women have charge of gymnasium classes for town people. This affords girls interested in this work an opportunity for actual practice. One girl is a preacher who has been very successful in her church, another girl is assistant in the registrar's office and our college organist is a woman. Thus it appears that a woman may work and benefit herself by a college education at the same time.

This work is not only advantageous financially, but the train-



ing, the experience in whatever line it is, makes the person better equipped for life. Ideas of the value of money, of thrift and of independence are thus fostered in the mind of the young man and young woman.

—1918

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### MOONSHINE BAGATELLES

CECELIA CHRISTENSEN, '19

Our short-sighted Materialist would have said the shop was empty. That's as far as some people's powers of conception carry them! Even the moon knew better; and what is more,—the moon was said to be able to keep some things to himself (which Mr. Materialist certainly would never have done, even had he been convinced of their existence). Now please do not blame the moon because I dragged the truth out of him and ruined his reputation. Anyhow, this is what he saw and heard.

“Br-r-r-r-r.”

Consternation fixed itself upon the countenance of every inhabitant of Fleet's “Emporium of Musical Merchandise.” (The moon saw this quite plainly, in spite of the fact that the so-called Emporium was only a small store in a back street.)

“Br-r-r.” again ejaculated Squire Concert Grand, in his sub-octava voice which always bespoke discord. “Thank goodness that man has gone at last so that I can speak my mind.” I've been just bursting with rage all the afternoon since the last customer was dinging away on my shattered nerves. Thought my action was stiff, did he? It *was*,—stiff as my three old wooden legs. Br-r-r-r.”

“Why”, protested the Violin spinsters in a shocked stage whisper. “Surely, Squire, you have a magnificent chance to see the world, standing as you do in the center of the room. If only we were gentlemen, instead of poor timid girls shut up in this poky case.”

At this remark, Mrs. A. Mandolin Cello turned to her dear friend and confidante, Miss Guitar.

“Don’t those Violin sisters quite put you out of tune? To hear them, one would think they were about sixteen, while they are positively antiquarian. It seems to be the fashion now to pose for the modern, and prestige and venerable ancestors like yours and mine are quite forgotten,” and poor little Mrs. A. Mandolin Cello sighed long and deep at the aggressiveness of an ungrateful generation. For she was able to trace her descendancy back to Pan, so she always said. Then, the injured lady directed her distressed tone to the first speaker.

“Now, my dear Squire, surely you are not going to fret us with your trials to-night. You have such a very worthy family history, though recent, and—”

“Br-r-r”, thundered the incensed personage addressed. “You’ve got to hear me out, and if my worthy family’s spirits can hear, let them listen. Magnificent chance, hey? It’s very fine for you all to put on a patronizing tone, but if you suffered the abuse I get every day of my life, you would play a different tune. As for you, Sister Mandy Cello, it looks to me as if your fingerboard were fretted already, and I shan’t make it any worse!”

“Oh, dear me”, sighed Mrs. A. Mandolin Cello to her companion,—and she blushed too, “the Squire *will* have his pun,”

“Abuse? How interesting!” piped Widow Flute from the top shelf. “Tell us all about it, won’t you please?”

“Yes, do tell us.” This from the young Flutes, who had followed their mother out to see what was going on.

“You children go right back with Cousin Piccolo, and don’t let me see any of you out here. I should think I might speak to the Squire without an audience of youngsters like you.”

“Br-r!” grunted that injured Concert Grand. “All you little folks seem to consider this a great joke. Just change places with me for half a day and then see. Those aristocratic pianos up in the wareroom have a fine tune, to be sure; but I in my latter years am become the public servant, the common drudge, you might say. Years of service are no more appreciated than—than a brass horn! It is up and down my spinal cord that people try all their latest popular “hits”, and when the sound is quite too dreadful for anything, then they lay the blame on me.



I have to bear the brunt of all their fearful performances. If I didn't know any more about our art than some folks that live around me do,—if all I could do was to screech or squeak or bang or blow, I wouldn't care so much.

“Did you hear that last lady customer? She wanted a composition ‘by a classical writer, modern preferably, one that would please her friends’ taste for the popular style, rather difficult sounding but something she could play readily, not too quick tempo but lively and catchy and it *must* be classical!’ Humph! Well! When the distracted clerk brought out ‘Witches’ Dance,’ I twisted and writhed until MacDowell’s dissonances were veritable discords. She shuddered with an ‘Oh! too bizarre, Mr. Fleet,’ and Fleet himself winced and muttered something about ordering the tuner to-morrow. Zounds! For one solid half hour I had to play for her ultra-exacting taste, and Fleet thumped out the last measure with a vengeance that nearly took my breath away and set every string a-quivering. To-night, I’m so w-’wheezy and sh-h-aky,—I can scarcely t-talk. I e-’call it d-down-right injustice and abuse, and th-h-at’s all the s-sympathy I get from any of you either.”

This tirade, which had begun *forte* and ended *prestissimo furioso*, ceased for a moment while the Squire caught his breath and prepared for a second onset. This pause gave the occupants of the glass show-case, the Cornet brothers and Mr. Trombone, together with a young German, Herr Clarinet, an opportunity to show off some of the youthful arrogance they had just acquired at training-school.

“The old gentleman gets more peppery every year”, observed the elder Cornet to his neighbor.

“Oh! he’s behind the times. That’s all”, replied Trombone condescendingly, and he stretched out his long limb in order to better display his immaculate and shining new suit.

“You brazen rogues!” roared the Squire. “If the whole lot of you put together could do as good work in your life time as I do every day, it might become you to say something. I, the only honorable and capable person here, am misunderstood and misused. I don’t know how I’m to stand it.”

Just then, Squire Grand’s scowl lighted upon Mademoiselle

La Harpe. His brow relaxed and tone softened perceptibly?

“Do you not agree perfectly with me, my dear Mademoiselle?” he asked, in the calmest voice he could manage.

Now, Mademoiselle La Harpe was a grand lady of French origin, a newcomer, whom all the instruments greatly admired. Mrs. A. Mandolin Cello confided that Mademoiselle’s ancestry surpassed that of any other instrument, and “such poise and such blue-blood, you know.” But little response came from Mademoiselle, for the beautiful creature, so it was whispered abroad, was destined for the new concert hall, and, of course, must maintain a dignity becoming to her rank. So now, in reply to the Squire, she merely inclined her queenly head a wee bit and her golden frame vibrated with the faintest murmur.

“Le-he-he-he”, giggled the Mandolin, saucily.

“Ha-ha!” from the “brazen rogues.”

“How absurd!” sneered the Drums.

“Br-r-r-r-r!”

The poor Squire, with a final growl and glares of contempt, banged down his cover and said no more.

And the moon says that he was sulky for a whole week.





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## STUDENT GOVERNMENT AND BATES GIRLS

For nearly two years we have nominally had Student Government for the girls at Bates. It is time for us to ask what that organization has accomplished, and if its accomplishments or its plans justify its continuance. We know that many minor things about the dormitory are now left to the girls and the officers they elect, instead of to the paid officers of the college. Such things as signing up for absence, quiet in the halls, and registration for church attendance are now attended to by the house president instead of the Dean or the proctor of the house.

Student Government to be successful must be adapted to



the needs of the college where it is in operation, hence because a certain method is in vogue at Simmons or Wellesley does not mean that it would be successful here, with our small student body in a coeducational college. Yet it does seem that Student Government, as we have experimented with it here, has not accomplished all that it might do.

One very important function which it might perform is to co-operate, in a greater degree, the work of the numerous student organizations—to see that their work does not over-lap and is not at cross purposes. One splendid example of co-operation has already been shown by the Y. W. C. A. which sent a girl to the Student Government conferences at Silver Bay, because the Student Government Association was not sufficiently well established financially to do that.

Part of the purpose of the association as stated in the constitution is “to promote the individual sense of responsibility and honor and the spirit of loyalty to the college. In the last analysis are these not the highest ideals for a student self-governing body? A large proportion of our girls are going out to earn their own living after graduating from here. The training in individual responsibility and loyalty is invaluable for them, but as Dr. Hartshorn told us about Mr. McFarlane’s concerts “we can not learn to appreciate fine things by staying away from them.” We can not learn to be individually responsible by shirking responsibility under student government or any other government. That is our big problem at Bates, to make every girl see and assume her individual responsibility. At Silver Bay girls said, “Student Government’s chief difficulty is the faculty.” Girls say the same thing here. I think they are mistaken. Our chief difficulty is lack of unity and purpose among the girls themselves. If each girl will cultivate her own sense of responsibility until she shows she is capable of managing her part of the new activity she wants for all the girls, the desired power will be given. We have not as a body cultivated our sense of responsibility, a responsibility which extends beyond letting the officers do the work. It is responsibility for keeping the halls quiet, for instance. It is the sense which will not let a girl use unfair advantages in examination or recitation. It is

the strength which can keep to the right in spite of temptation to do otherwise. The object of this association is self-government of ourselves. If every girl will put her thought and effort into fulfilling this individual responsibility, we need have no fear about asking for a chance to govern more things.

Because Student Government has not accomplished all that it might, because the girls are capable of carrying the movement on to bigger success, I think it deserves to continue. The big question is, Are you ready to take your share of the responsibility, to cultivate to the full extent of your ability, your own sense of honor and college loyalty?

ELINOR NEWMAN, '17

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### FRIENDSHIP

MARY LOUISE FERGUSON

Spirit of Friendship! in my least part  
 I feel thy hallowed presence, and thy power;  
 And strive that thou thy bounteous gifts may pour  
     And fill my eager heart:  
 Nor only mine; may all mankind partake  
 Of those sweet influences that tend to make  
     Men's spirits meet and blend.  
 To my lone heart thou art a lesson grave,  
 A power of Love, that teachest me to brave  
     All things to gain Life's End.  
 Transfigured in thy light's far-reaching beam  
 My daily tasks are lighten'd; yea, they seem  
 To stow an added lustre to my days,  
 And life grows sweet and joyous to mine eyes.  
     Each well-performed task  
 Becomes a wordless prayer, a proven friend  
 Holding the keys of Heaven, who dost lend  
 Me strength to wrestle with life's stormy blast.

## AN OREGON RABBIT DRIVE

F. E. GARLOUGH, 1900

Silver Lake Valley is somewhat oval in shape, being about fifteen miles long and twelve miles wide. It is surrounded by rimrocks and high hills, the slopes of which are covered with sagebrush and junipers. A large part of the valley itself is still covered with sagebrush or greasewood, making an excellent cover for the rabbits.

At the bend in the north side of the oval, at the foot of a high hill, a rabbit-tight corral about one hundred feet in diameter was built. Facing the valley an opening was left for the rabbits to enter. Extending out east and west from either side of this entrance, one-half mile or more, were wings of rabbit-tight fence.

On the day chosen for the drive about twenty-five people gathered at a ranch some two miles beyond the end of the west wing, a similar party the same distance beyond the east end and about seventy-five people two miles directly opposite the corral along a ridge projecting into the valley. The members of each group scattered out some one hundred feet or so apart. When the side groups had almost reached the ends of the wings the order was given for the central party to move forward. As each moved nearer to the entrance to the corral, they gradually closed up their ranks until they formed a solid semi-circular line from wing to wing.

But long before this line was completed the sport began. The rabbits had been jumping out of the bushes and running ahead but they now seemed apparently to sense the danger ahead and endeavored to break thru the ranks. Along, fifteen feet or so in front of the line, would come a big old jack watching for an opening to dart for liberty. He would be met with yells, jeers, calls and clubs. One of the sticks would bowl him over but only for a second when he was up and gone again at full speed, leaving a trail of clubs and curses behind him. By and by he spies an opening and makes a plunge for liberty or



death whichever it may be, many meeting the latter.

As the semicircle narrowed what a sight there was before us! Ten thousand rabbits frightened out of their senses (and some of the men as badly excited) running together like a band of sheep trying the line in this place and in that, many being killed before the onward rush was checked and sent in another direction. Many also succeeded in getting thru and away. It was a sight both pleasing and pitiful. The former because of the success of the drive and the great number of the destructive pests destroyed, and the latter because the rabbit is an innocent looking and acting animal. To see them crippled and slaughtered in that way is not so pleasing. Yet it has to be done, for they destroy thousands of dollars worth of forage and growing grain each year. The writer has seen hay stacks that later were entirely eaten and destroyed by them.

It was estimated that nearly four thousand rabbits succeeded in getting thru the line before they were finally driven into the corral. When in, several men killed them with clubs. On being counted and piled, six thousand five hundred rabbits were found. Two drives a few days apart followed this one at which about four thousand were killed.

This species of jack rabbit is *Lepus californicus walla walla*. It is about twenty-one inches in length, with long, strong hind legs and short front ones. The color varies from light gray backs and white underparts with lightly buff sides. In addition to the above Washington Jack Rabbit there are eight other species of rabbits in Oregon, tho not in sufficient numbers to do any particular damage.



**BE IT EVER SO CHILE**

F. W. NORTON, '18

As the advancing shadow of the high bluff finally enveloped the adobe house at its foot and threw a jagged saw-tooth line of shade out over the reddening mesa at the front, Pablo arose from his squatting position near the door of his "dobe" and strolled around to its back. He stopped beneath the great tree at the corner, took a hitch in the single strap which passed over his left shoulder and supported his faded brown overalls, adjusted his immense hat, and slowly advanced along the path which wound its tortuous course up the steep rocky edge of the table-land.

Reaching the summit he paused at the wooden post which marked the location of the path and shaded his face with a dark, brown hand from the bright rays which slanted across the *llano estacado* from behind El Capitan's distant snowy head. Then walking a short distance to where three goats browsed among the few shrubs he circled around the animals and gradually worked them towards the precipice and turned them down the crooked path. Before following, he stood leaning against the post and gazing over the familiar view spread before him. At his feet, and a little to the left, stood the square gray-brown walls of his domicile, and showing through the rifts in the foliage of the giant cotton-wood which sheltered it he could discern in the softening twilight, suspended from the projecting roof-poles, the long strings of bright red chile peppers drying in the autumn air. At the farther end of the house, like a diminutive oasis in the bone-dry soil, blossomed a flower garden with the varied plants peculiar to the mountain country. Beyond the flower-plot an old woman bent, working over the white dome-shaped out-of-doors oven, and as his gaze continued in that direction, still farther from the "dobe" in the dry garden it noted a younger woman standing and stroking a long velvety

ear of one of four burros rummaging there among the dead corn and bean stalks. As Pablo looked over the scene an expression of contentment overspread his coppery features. A faint whistle sounded in the distance, and he turned a moment glancing away to the right where, spattered on a few acres, lay a railroad town. After watching for a moment the thin column of smoke rise from the distant engine-shed he turned, and with a final sweeping glance over the darkening mesa to a range of great mountains beyond, with slow steps he descended the winding path and went into his house.

The night passed in its supreme quiet as do all the nights in that star-lit land, and as the sun's rays again lighted up the "dobe" house, Pablo again came forth with the same slow, leisurely step. He shaded his eyes and stood looking about, while the old woman busied herself about the yard; and when the goats were again wandering toward the winding path, the little brown man harnessed his four burros to a rude cart with solid wooden wheels and turned the outfit toward the road which curved like a great gray ribbon along the foot of the high embankment. Enveloping in the folds of a coarse blanket strapped to the bottom of the cart a small bag of tortillas his sister ran out to hand him, Pablo took a hitch in his suspender strap, spoke to his burros, clambered upon the rickety wagon and passed from the little gray house out upon the level road.

For some distance the bank of the precipice held the road off to the north, but at a point somewhat more than a mile from the "dobe" the edge of the table-land swung away to the left, and followed a general westerly course until the slope gradually softened and, the road slowly ascending, the precipice finally disappeared into the great *llano*, or plain. And once upon the plain there arose before the traveller a small group of high peaks known as the Capitan mountains, from among which, one particularly lofty pyramid thrust its snow-cap far above the rest.

From almost any point in the road the green blur of the shrub growth on these pyramidal shapes could be seen, but in all the twenty-five long miles which Pablo had to traverse there was not a tree or bush; only an occasional spiny cactus anchored



somewhere to nothing, or an animated tumble-weed striding ludicrously across the vision varied the monotony of that level, sandy expanse.

Part of the time Pablo rode, squatting on the front of his creaking cart, and part of the time he walked out alongside of *Carita*, his favorite burro; and as he walked he swung a short stick and spoke from time to time in a soft guttural tone to his "*caballos.*" So through the long forenoon the team crept over the shimmering trail; nor did it halt until the sun had long since passed its zenith. Had Pablo possessed such a valuable as a watch it would have registered shortly after three when the cart rolled by the first of the foot-hills and the man turned his animals up a canyon and ascended until well into the timber growth of the mountains. At an apparently abandoned hut he stopped, rested, ate from his lunch-bag and turned his burros loose to browse. Then he proceeded to cut from the scraggly growth of wood and load his cart. All the rest of the day he worked and until twilight fell. Then he camped at the lonely hut for the night.

Another morning dawned, and from between the foot-hills emerged the creaking cart, loaded now to its stake tops. The driver alternately walked and rode as on the day before, and paid as little attention to the few variations of the lonesome road. This day was like any other to him. For years he had been the same route—one day over, one day back, and one day between he spent at home. His coming and going was as regular as the sun, and the merchant in the railroad town could tell to a moment when Pablo would appear at the back of his establishment with his scant half cord of gnarled and twisted limbs. No one knew how long this unassuming small man had followed this route—he did not know himself, nor care. He remembered that somewhere back in his early youth he had made the trip with his *padre*, but that was a long time go, too far back to think about. And on this day, like many another day, the waning afternoon saw the creaking outfit pass by the brown adobe house, and saw the old woman and the younger one stand at its corner and hail the little man under the big hat. On this day, at the mother's bidding, the young woman ran out to him and charged

him with the duty of fetching from town a few pounds of *azucar* on his return. Then, as he had done so many times before, the man plodded on for two hours more, and, entering the town by a broad street, drove up to the rear of the merchant's establishment, unloaded his cart and received from the proprietor of the store his one dollar reward.

Turning from this store he set out to perform his errand for the *madre*. As he reached the side-walk his attention was attracted to the square in front of the central court-house where a crowd of his own countrymen who had come in from the outlying sheep ranches were gathered. Leaving his rig he sauntered up to the gathering which was being addressed by a rather large Mexican of fine features and compelling speech. As the representative of a railway concern, he was trying to induce them to enter the railroad's employ for construction work near the Great City. Although the men had collected more for entertainment than from real interest, the speaker knew his people, and soon they were actually listening and considering what he was saying. He painted his pictures skilfully, and made his proposition forcefully to his hearers. He berated them for being sheepherders, and reproached them for lacking in spirit and life; he declared that they should leave their useless, meaningless life and go with him on the train which was leaving at midnight for a land of fortune. However stolid and indifferent these men might be over ordinary questions of life, they could not resist his appeal.

At first Pablo was not so much interested in what was said as in the speaker himself, but as the excitement and exclamations of approbation increased, he caught the spirit of the crowd and little by little he himself became enthusiastic. But soon the shadows lengthened warningly and he resolutely separated himself from the gathering and started homeward with his burros.

The sister stood watching as he swung out of the road and up under the big tree, unharnessed and turned his animals loose. Not until he encountered the mother at the door did he think again of the package his sister had charged him to fetch from town. He shrank back as the realization came over him, and the old woman understood in a flash. Her wrath kindled in-



stantly, and she began to pour forth a torrent of abuse upon him. Pablo shrugged his shouldrs and tried to escape by backing around the corner; but the old woman, her anger rising with his retreat, followed, shaking her fist under his nose. In his hurried retreat Pablo forgot to look, and his feet became entangled in the wicker fence of the sister's little garden of flowers. A shriek from the girl told him he was on dangerous ground, but it was too late, and losing all balance he went crashing into the bed of roses and cactus. Oh misery unspeakable! He was too paralyzed to move. Before he even tried to rise, with strength born of rage the two women jerked him flying to his feet. Smarting from a hundred needles he dove through the door to cover. He sat down upon the earth floor and painfully began to extract the clinging points. The sister, slamming in upon him, launched upon a volley of wrath even more violent than that of the mother, and, leaning over him, she punctuated her volcanic utterances by savagely yanking a cactus spine from his back at each juncture, while the old woman, standing just without, added from time to time such remarks as she felt necessary to make the cringing man's suffering complete.

Those accustomed to warm climates know that sudden storms are by no means rare, and that the more sudden they are, the greater is their destructive violence. Pablo had weathered many storms, but never one so sudden as this, and never was he more completely crushed. He sought by the most pitiful of whining tones to awaken the compassion of his tormentors, but alas! his fault had been too great. Each whining defense only brought forth a storm of fire greater than ever, and the poor unfortunate slunk away to his blanket in the recess of a dark corner. Usually when one of his household rose against him, the other would show him sympathy and pacify him, but there was no one to whom he could turn now—both his kin were against him; and half sitting, half reclining there in the dark corner he brooded over his sorrow.

He reviewed the events which led to the outbreak, and across his mind came a picture of the orator who spoke in the town but a couple of hours before. There was indeed a grand *hombre*—a *varon* indeed! Some of the sheep-men would follow



this *varon* away soon to work in the Great City with its lights and wonders. They would not be abused by old women!

To his ear as he lay there thinking these things came the continued grumbling of the two irate women. One of them was calling his name, and something within this man—the descendant of a race whose spirit long ago was crushed—seemed to rise up and rebel, and throwing his *sarape* over his smarting back he strode forth out of his “’dobe” past the two women and out toward the road. Surprised and not comprehending they stared as he turned a moment and mockingly threw back, “*Hasta la vista!*” and then faded from sight in the darkness.

So it happened that Pablo who had never before been outside of his native horizon found himself at midnight in a crowded, smoky car bound for a distant city.

From an ordinary domestic storm he would have recovered before he had stepped into the train, and even before he had clumsily made a cross-mark on the long paper which the big man had held out to him, and he would now have been on the road home; his mother and sister were doubtless over their anger already and would have welcomed him, but in dozens of smarting wounds he had a constant reminder of their abuse and a constant aggravation to his injured feelings.

From gloating over his revenge his attention was gradually drawn to the lively clink, clink of the coin stacks at a double seat where a gambling game was in progress. In his interest over the game he became oblivious to the swaying car, its onward rush through the darkness, and to the flight of time. With the coming of dawn the game ceased, and he dozed. Near noon, somewhere before a big depot they stopped and the big *hombre* led his men out of the train to a wayside tamale factory and Pablo invested a part of the dollar which the merchant had paid him and which the *madre* in her anger had neglected to take from him. Except for this short stop there was little which varied the tediousness of the long ride. All through the day the train rushed on, and on into another night, and as the very atmosphere seemed to change Pablo began to feel very far from home. The passing of the big man through the car cheered him,

however, and he soon forgot the strange feeling in the laughter and chatter of his neighbors.

Early the next morning, after much stopping, jerking, and shifting of their car, Pablo and his companions were tumbled out by the bank of a great river across which, still some distance ahead, loomed up in the gray light the huge web-like structure which partly spanned the turbid waters, and beyond all, in an uncertain mist, lay the Great City with its countless domes, spires, and great walls. The *padron* led his followers up the siding to where a long string of dilapidated box-cars, with small glass windows in their sides and ends and with pieces of stove-funnel protruding from roofs and doors, stood. Some of these cars still remained on the rusty rails, but many which had been divested of trucks reposed on the sandy ground within the right of way, and around the whole issued a mingling of odors of cooked and uncooked things savory to the Mexican taste. Although the hour was early there were signs of life about most of these shacks, and from many a door peeped the trowsled black heads of the colony children.

Pablo, with a number of others, was assigned to one of the cars which was set back truckless on the river bank. After a number of hours' rest and sleep the newcomers were rounded up, and a big, fat *gringo* boss carrying a gun set them to work, interspersing them uniformly among a larger gang already out, tamping ties on a newly laid track to the bridge. Working sections of sixteen men, and the sections each separated by twenty feet, the big crew spread out into a long animated brown mass with a thousand heads bobbing up and down as they tamped. While the heads bobbed, the big *gringo* walked back and forth along the line, growling at first this and then that pair of men.

The work was steadier and harder than any he had ever before done, but Pablo kept steadily on, and ceased his tireless crunch, crunch, of shovel only to exchange places with his mate, or as the whole section shifted a lap. When from the smoke and hum of the city across the river in mid-day chorus arose the whistles of a thousand factories, the army of workers laid aside their shovels and followed their boss back to the cluster of box-car camps, and within the central portion of the settlement



they distributed themselves among the dining cars.

The meal finished, the men gathered in groups between the cars, and along the bank of the broad, muddy stream where they lay sprawled about smoking, or indolently gazing into the blue sky. Again the city piped its many clarions, but they brought no response from the loafing gang. Another hour went by. A few were now moving around, and as the hollow notes of the time-keeper's *clepalo* rang out from the bridge, the men again swarmed up the track to the grading work once more. The afternoon passed in the same way as the forenoon, the crew edging rapidly away from camp until in the gathering darkness the bridge was reached, and the army shuffled back to the box-car village.

After his chile and beans Pablo sat for long outside of the door of his new home looking at the myriad of lights in the Great City across the river, and as he looked a feeling of awe stole over him. He began to think of the big handsome *varon* again, and it occurred to him that that person had disappeared. Pablo was not in the habit of bothering his head with passing incidents or their significance, yet he did wonder when he would see the big man he admired so much, and still wondering he crawled into his wooden bunk in the dilapidated old car.

The next day the crew moved farther away from the river to the junction of the new location and the present main line, and began on the ballast of another new track beside the first. On this they gradually worked back. Four days it took to reach the bridge on this one, and when it was completed another line of rails was ready. As the work was being rushed, half the grading crew were picked to work through Sunday, and half were allowed to rest. Pablo was among those picked to work, and instead of lying about camp as he had hoped to do, went to work with his shovel as usual. He began to be tired of his job, and as he never saw the *padron* any more a feeling of resentment grew within him toward the work in general. He plodded doggedly on, however, for another week; then the long-looked-for pay-day came around. He knew that the big *padron* had said something in his talk about good pay though he had paid little attention to it; but when he now stepped into the pay-car and



drew sixteen silver dollars he could hardly believe his eyes. *Diez-i-seis pesos oro americano!* He had never had so much money at one time before in his life; and part of his ill temper subsided in his joy of possession.

The following day was rest Sunday for him, and in company of a number of his fellows he walked across the new bridge, whose last span had now been put in place, and into the city beyond. They strolled about the streets for hours, occasionally entering a saloon and dawdling about the bar or playing the roulette between drinks. The farther into the city they progressed the greater became the consternation of the few uninitiated of the party. Each turn of a street brought new sights and sounds to the senses of the simple Pablo, and with each new experience he felt himself shrink with uneasiness and awe. Even his own wealth which has seemed so unbelievable a sum the day before now began to appear insignificant, and it indeed became so before late in the afternoon the party ambled back across the iron bridge to their shack on the river bank.

Though the sights and experiences of the great city had made a deep impression upon Pablo their memory left him less elated than had his former pictures. True, the city had held many new and strange things, but somehow they all combined to depress him and he failed to enthuse as his companions seemed to. Something seemed lacking and unsatisfactory—to make him feel strangely out of place—and he found himself dreaming of his quiet adobe as he lay gazing into the muddy waters of the big river. He wondered what the mother and the sister were doing, and the peaceful home scene loomed up more beautiful than it had ever before appeared. It seemed years since he looked upon it last, and though he had briefly possessed great reward for his long, toilsome days he had now no more to show for them than he had upon leaving his home. He resolved, however, to be more prudent in the future; and at the thought of wealth to come his face brightened somewhat as he arose and answered the call of the ringing *kalang, kalang*, of the cook's iron triangle.

The approach to the bridge had now neared completion and a portion of the crew were moved across on the day following, and the long work on the yard reconstruction was begun. As the

days progressed, new threads of steel ruled the bottom-land gradually from the first class, or main line, toward the abrupt bluff on which the city was built. The same *gringo* boss with the big gun stalked among the men and cursed them roundly and regularly, and among the maze of tracks and shifting cars Pablo toiled on. Though mindful of his resolution and cherishing a hope of acquiring at least enough money to return home on, when his lay-off day came around he went with his fellows from the colony to the town; and somehow every Sunday night brought him stumbling penniless back again. The frequent trips into the city held for him nothing of real interest. He felt out of place and lonesome even with his roistering companions, and as his bright pictures faded he grew to hate the noisy and turbulent town.

The days were now colder and the winter winds began to sweep across the bottom-land where the maze of iron tracks lay, numbing the feet of the men in their ceaseless tump, tump, and chilling their fingers to the shovel handles. One particularly cold morning brought unusual misery to the ex-wood-hauler, and a slight fall of snow made his unaccustomed body shiver and shake. As he mechanically pursued his work he fell to dreaming of his home again. Through the forenoon he plodded, but when the whistles announced the dinner hour it was with difficulty that he kept up with his fellows in their rush for the grub-cars.

Even the heated cars failed to warm him, and as he emerged again he looked disconsolately out over the cold yards and the gray, forbidding walls beyond. The wind howled more bitter than ever, and the little man shivered anew as a gust tore about between the cars. Shortly ahead of him stalked the huge figure of the foreman, and straightening, as with a sudden resolve, Pablo ran to catch up and speak to him.

"*Demi mi carta,*" he began; then in politeness to his superior he added, "I go home—manana!"

This was a new one on the boss. He gazed uncomprehending. Men of this type were not accustomed to notify him of their wish to leave. They drew their pay at the car, and simply vanished a day or two later, and to be thus approached amazed him.

"You—", he bellowed, "You want to quit?"



“Si, señor”, faltered the man.

The storm of expletives which followed would have stunned the pleading man had not his purpose been so fixed. The crafty and unprincipled boss luridly and vehemently explained the impossibility of allowing him to quit; he explained that the contract in the hands of the *padron* which had been signed even with only a cross-mark was binding for one year, and that on no condition could Pablo go until his year had been served.

A year's work! Pablo had never doubted for a moment that he could leave the hateful place at will, and this new aspect of his position left him breathless and appalled. With despair in his heart he blindly fell in with the crowd returning to work, and with all hope gone and with unseeing glance he mechanically resumed his ceaseless tamp, tamp, of the unending ties.

Whatever Pablo had thought or hoped, or however he had despaired, he stolidly submitted to the inevitable; he worked monotonously and unobtrusively in the big gang from day to day. The city's charm had vanished; he hated its whole being. He visited it with the others simply as a matter of routine, and they from their weekly sprees together would return as poor as ever. Pablo even tried to give up dreaming any more of his home, and in misery he saw the months come and go.

One night in early summer when sleep was fitful and the stuffy car oppressive he was dimly conscious of a great clatter and disturbance without the car, and in his half consciousness he could see torches flitting about in the darkness. Of a sudden he was rudely brought wide awake by the bawling of a voice at the shack door. Not knowing or caring what might be the meaning of the unusual procedure, he with half a dozen other men rolled out and sleepily followed the directions barked out by a strange boss from the railway bank. Before them on the main line stood a wrecker with its derricks, cranes, and tool-cars wierdly lighted up by light reflected from the thick columns of steam and smoke issuing from the hog-stack. Into a coach midway of the train Pablo was hustled, and before he was fully awake the cars were in motion.

Accepting the situation, as he had become accustomed to accept all incidents, with expressionless indifference, Pablo took



no interest in this new experience. He simply reasoned that a wreck had occurred a short distance out, and as he had seen others of his crew taken from time to time to clear tracks and be quickly brought back again to the regular work, so was his division now probably detailed by the Way Superintendent for similar work; and as the car rocked and swayed Pablo stretched out on a bundle of adz handles and relapsed into sleep.

The wreck was farther out than the man had figured, and the break of day found the relief-train still tearing, shrieking through the morning fog. Nor did it pause throughout the day except for a few moments at some lonely watering place. In an open box-car the men were fed, and there they reclined upon piles of rope, cases of tools, and whatever offered a few square feet of hummocky surface as daylight again waned and the lanterns began to swing and flicker from the cross-studdings.

As rudely as on the night before the men were aroused sometime after midnight and, glad to stretch stiffened limbs, they jumped from the tool cars piling up in a struggling heap in the sandy road-bed. Immediately they were hurried along the tracks to the scene of disaster. And such a wreck! Cars piled up endwise and crosswise, cars split to kindlings, boxes and bundles of freight lay hopelessly intermingled with trucks, rods, and brake-beams as far as the eye could see in the clear night air. Somewhere down in the chaos a puffing hoist showed the presence of another wrecker already working from the farther end. By the flicker of torches and the glare of headlights the work progressed. Men worked and rushed about furiously as bosses from high eminences of the crush bellowed orders and swore. As the stars faded and the coppery hued sky announced the proximity of another day Pablo and a dozen others were allowed a trip to the soup car.

When once apart from the smoke and grease of the engines, cables, and windlasses, something in the outlying land struck Pablo as familiar, and as he paused taking deep breaths, to his nostrils came the faint tang of cedar and sage, and he thrilled with awakening excitement.

As he stepped out from the car the sun, a golden balloon, sprung as if released above a jagged horizon, and glancing out

over the red soil Pablo's eyes followed the course of a nearby dry river bed which zig-zagged between perpendicular walls chiseled deep in the plain. Beyond the river his glance met and became riveted upon a group of pyramidal shapes rising there before him, and from out the lesser forms up rose one great peak far towering above the rest, rearing its gray head silently and commandingly into the morning clouds.

"El Capitan!" murmured the man as if in awe and doubt.

Before that impressive presence no doubt could long exist, and though viewed from an unaccustomed angle, there was no mistaking its regular contour; and in his ecstasy Pablo forgot the puffing engines and the smoking wreck until a rough hand on his shoulder and a coarse voice bidding him to "move" recalled them to him. Pablo was too excited now to work with accustomed care. He knew that he was not very far from the home that had seemed lost to him.

"Un ano ha!" he thought to himself. Yet to make his escape from even the strange boss was well nigh impossible, and the combination of matters made him desperate. At a suitable moment when his boss was nowhere in sight Pablo slipped away from the gang, and dodging behind piles of debris, made his way back out of the wreck. Now he thought he was free! If he could but once make his way unseen to that walled river bed he was safe, and suddenly he darted across the tracks and launched himself down the further bank. In his anxiety of watching behind for followers he paid no heed to what was before him. As his feet touched the level ground at the foot of the bank he was conscious of a shadow across his vision, and as he straightened up he was face to face with two men, one of which was the boss. The big gringo looked surprisedly at Pablo, but the latter, realizing that it was now or never, though inwardly quaking with terror, put on a bold front; he calmly tilted his hat, hitched up his overalls and shuffled past the men to a hand-car set off in the sand. Under pretext of searching for some object Pablo sought to solve his difficulty. His hand clutched the first available object—the handle of a big jug that reposed on the car platform. Taking the jug in his hand he walked back directly past the two staring men.



"Where you goin' there?" asked the boss as Pablo went by.

"Agua", said he simply tapping the jug and then vaulting the fence and swinging off toward the river-bed.

"If there's any water in this cussed country, trust one o' them greasers to find it!" remarked the boss turning to his companion.

Pablo restrained his burning impatience and with moderate movements slid over the cliff-like wall and disappeared; but no sooner had he struck the sandy bed than he was up like a flash and scuttling away down the arroyo, hugging the inner wall as he ran. With a wild thrill he seemed to realize that suddenly he was free, and with hope and fear combining to lend speed to his limbs, the way he clattered along dodging rocks, and swerving corners surprised even himself.

Every new turn in the intricate passages between clay walls brought him a stronger sense of freedom, and placed another length of labyrinth between him and the puffing wrecking engines, the squeaking cranes, and the shouting *gringo* foremen who, he imagined, would shortly be searching for him; so now, though quite secure, he continued to hurry on. To gain ground he climbed up out of the arroyo and cut across the plain avoiding a large bend. Pausing for breath as he attained the summit of the cliff he, for the first time, became conscious of the weight of the huge jug which he still firmly held in his hand. The sight of it seemed to incense him to fury, and suddenly raising the jug in air, with all his strength he fiercely dashed it against a rock. At the delightful smash and spatter of a thousand bits Pablo chuckled gleefully and toward the nearing angular mountains he launched himself into a fresh burst of speed.

In the late afternoon sky the sun blazed from behind the pyramids through the copper hued atmosphere and cast a long shadow ahead of the figure toiling along the surface of the *llano estacado*. The figure moved slower than when facing the morning sun, but as it emerged upon familiar ground it again quickened pace. Straight toward the edge of the table-land the man advanced, and as El Capitan swallowed the edge of the sun's disk he stumbled into the trail which led to a post by which a dozen goats were filing and disappearing.



At the rim of the table-land Pablo stopped and leaned against the post, and as he looked out over the scene so familiar, so loved, the tears sprang to his eyes. There below him in its summer glory of glistening green the giant cottonwood spread its myriads of leaves, and from beneath peeped the "dobe" walls of the humble home dear to the Mexican's heart. Beyond the garden there fed his burros; there too the sister, as on one memorable night so long ago, stood smoothing a glossy brown coat. A distant whistle blew, a breeze rustled the myriad of leaves, and as the sun cast its last red rays out over the darkening mesa through the blue haze to the mountains beyond, the little brown man under the big hat turned and descended the winding path to his adobe.



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