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Bates College

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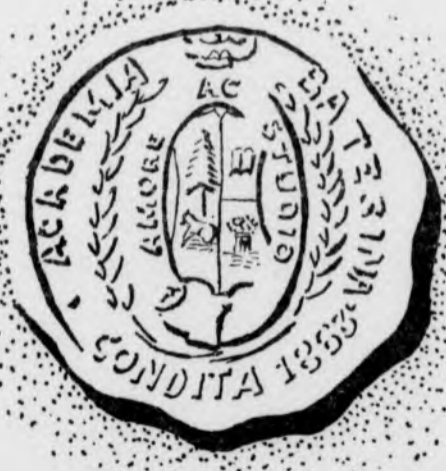
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May 17 D

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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## JUST BATES

F. BROOKS QUIMBY, '18

Far into the night in the time when no vigilant watchmen formed a cordon around the Bates Campus, a group of boys and girls strolled slowly up the streets of Lewiston and finally straggled up the walk that leads to Parker Hall. But, wonder of wonders, not a glimmer of midnight oil found its way through a sooty lamp chimney or curtained window. Not a door yielded to cautious touch. Not a sound issued forth to startle the trembling group. In the right wing a conscience-clear preceptress slumbered on, in the left wing an absent minded professor dreamed that his charges were all gathered below, and on the first floor the President of the institution had long since retired. Scores of students were within those barred doors. When no answering hail came to the anxious loiterers below, they began to realize that somehow, between the close of that church supper and then, the hour had reached 10.30. They had stayed out more than an hour and a half after the doors had been closed, and "lights out" had been sounded full thirty minutes!

However, necessity prevailed. A window was found unlocked in a room dignified by the name of parlor, and presently every girl soon found herself within. How they scurried across the room and tiptoed down the hall! But they were not yet safely in the haven of their own rooms. A medley of heavy, sonorous notes nearly sent them rigid with fright down the basement stairs. Sharp words and muttered phrases were nearly

answered by shrieks. Here again the Bates pluck prevailed and the file waveringly took up its march, finally realizing that the good old President was only paying for too much mince pie.

Though no discovery attended the venturesome girls, how fared their bold swains? Recourse was not made to the usual method of pushing violently on the glass pane of the tall door and squeezing thru the narrow opening, for aid happily appeared from within. Some faithful roommate crept down the stairs and valiantly attempted the task of unbarring the heavy doors. Soon all was accomplished except the removal of a clamp at the top. To reach this the wood-box was brought into play, but alas for increased hopes of silent return! Just on the point of success, over went the box with a crash causing the hall to reverberate with the noise. Their worst expectations were realized when out came an awakened professor to view the wreckage. Surely there was now no chance to escape detection. Fate is usually kind to college prankers, thus because of customary good behaviour on one hand, and unwonted tolerance on the other, the affair resulted in no serious rebuke in the morning.

“Bates, Parker Hall, Co-eds, lights out at 10 o'clock, doors locked at 9 A.M., we exclaim! It may seem strange, but so would many other things if we should place ourselves on this campus about fifty years ago. It was then the home of Maine State Seminary, and the College was just evolving. Take just a glimpse of the spot as it was then. There was a College Street in name, but the car tracks, sidewalks or even houses were dreams of the future. Hathorn Hall was not yet completed, the lower, back portion served as a chapel while the auditorium of to-day was unfinished. Parker Hall was occupied by both the men and the women, the women having the privilege of the southern end. More than one observer has noticed the curious partition in the center of the dormitory, and the closely set dormer windows in the top story. They are two interesting land marks. One is the remnant of a three foot wall that was designed to prevent communication, and the other, not designed, but employed to facilitate it. These were the only buildings then, and what is now Garcelon Field was covered by a heavily wooded growth.

A part of our campus was a thickly studded stump piece. Lake Andrews was less formally known as the Frog Pond, while our handsome elms were then mere striplings. The site of Rand Hall was occasionally the scene of a bitterly contested ball game when the home team were sometimes victorious by the close score of 87 to 79.

There were many other conditions which combined to make the life of the Bates Student far different from ours. Imagine the mail man coming to Parker, greeted by a crowd of girls on one step and by eager fellows before the other door. What a burst of conversation must have ensued! Not at all! Girls, if you please, were not to speak to the young men without permission. Coming from a classroom and commenting on the lesson with a male class mate was an offense. More than once it brought this summons to a young lady, "Please step into my room for a moment," followed by an earnest lecture.

At mealtime in the dormitory the usual silence was not strictly enforced. Parker had a dining room then. Yes, the basement, now the abode of old boilers, extra tin cans and stray articles of furniture beyond repair, was then a spacious "Commons", with the kitchen in the end toward Hathorn Hall. Many lived in the city then or boarded in private families. A few others were beginning the "club", where a woman was hired to furnish the dishes and dining room, a man to purchase the food, a cook to prepare it, the students bearing the cost jointly. Nevertheless the tables in Parker were well filled with girls on one side and boys on the other with here and there an instructor or preceptress. To many a country lad meals at the same table with the young women were torture, and the upsetting of the gravy dish by each new arrival was awaited with interest by every more sophisticated diner. Indeed there may be some basis to the belief that this ordeal well made up for the lack of what has been later termed hazing, a pastime that rarely was indulged in at Bates.

Each student was expected to carry his own wood from the stalls behind the dormitory, and deposit it beside the little stove that furnished the heat in each room. Oil lamps produced the

light. As has already been intimated, the dormitory rules were somewhat different than now and even the men were required to keep study hours every evening. But those convenient windows defied all attempts toward regulation. Room 65 on the boys' side as then numbered, always had a cleft stick that could be used to transfer various articles. One evening, the word was sent to the girls' division that a special treat was to be sent across, and a string was used for the transfer. Many of the young women gathered in anticipation, and soon a ten quart pail slowly was drawn in over the sill, preceded by cautions to open it only safely within the darkened room. 'Mid feminine gasps and giggles the cover was taken off; out rushed the "treat", a horde of carefully collected June-Bugs that swarmed into every nook and corner, causing immediate consternation.

Still another regulation to be evaded by wily youths was that no couples should walk to and from recitations or down town. To aid in enforcing this rule, the long walk that led from the campus toward the town was made with two narrow boards, some little distance apart. Yet, as one co-ed of '67 delightfully adds, "Somehow, they found a way to walk there just the same." A mock procession of boys, each at the end of a long pole might be explained by noting that not only were couples forbidden to make the trip to town, but no young man should walk nearer than a rod to a young lady without permission.

College was certainly a serious proposition then. A great part of the men worked their way, and many girls earned a large portion of their expenses. When asked what they did during the time after recitations and the evening, one who remembers vividly the life of the day, declares, "Why, we just studied." And there was need of it, though the girls then were the pick of the state, for it was indeed an honor to be able to go to a seminary or college in those days, when two girls in a class were considered altogether too many by the men and were often reminded of the fact. Both men and women had opportunity for study, and real "plugging" at that. The recitations then *were* recitations and required a verbal memory that would

do credit to a genius. One of the teachers of that day affirms that her model pupil could repeat any page of rules in the old Harkness Grammar, and given the cue for any page or article, would render the proper rules or would recite them in order talking the whole period. And he contributes to the *STUDENT* at times!

Not all were as faithful as this youth, and were likely to be more halting in their work. One day the kindly professor of Greek was heard to declare forcefully to a carefree youth, "You don't amount to two rows of pins and never will." This was indeed an unusual outburst, provoked by many a prank, but happily the prediction did not come true as the same Bates man is now highly honored by his Alma Mater, and famed in the land.

The Literary Societies were then the great source of intellectual inspiration and college enthusiasm, when baseball was only a scrub game. The men had the rival clubs, Philomathean and Literary Fraternity, and the women the Athenian. There was intense interest in the success of each one and the men were more earnest in persuading Freshmen to join their respective groups than any fraternity brothers. Freshmen were soon in one group or the other and engaged whole heartedly in the tasks. What hot debates were held in the room now occupied by Geology classes while the members were preparing for the great contest between the societies! Questions like the following were thrashed over until every point was covered twice: Is the sword mightier than the pen? Is slavery or intemperance the greater evil? Were the Puritans overestimated in history?

In the early days of the college there were no electives, the courses were prescribed by the faculty. Examinations for entrance were given in Greek, Latin and Mathematics, but ability in English was taken for granted. With all the classics to master, can we wonder that anyone had time for recreation or freedom from study? Yet Sundays were by no means devoted to doing extra class-work. Most of the men were earnest, devout youths and did little work on the Sabbath. All of the students were required, not only to attend the morning service at some desig-



nated church, but monitors were appointed so that everyone was marked as to his attendance at church *twice* each Sunday.

Did they have any sociables then, we ask? Oh, yes, there were the church suppers and later, socials in Hathorn Hall. These were neither formal receptions nor dances, nor were there any refreshments. Rather the affair might be termed a promenade. If one were fortunate enough to have made the acquaintance of a member of the other sex, the two might stroll around the room until they met some other group, when an exchange of partners would ensue and the walk continue. But the old Seminary student who tells of this function sorrowfully relates that as no permission had ever been granted him to speak to a young lady, he knew none, and merely sat on a bench and watched the sombre procession until envy caused his ignominious retreat. When questioned whether the boys and girls could not go to walk outdoors at least once a week, the co-ed of more than fifty years ago smilingly said, "Oh, yes, we could go once in a while, but such times were much farther apart than once a week."

But neither boys or girls had much time for such delightful hours together as in the promenades. College work, earning one's own way, and other duties were plenty to occupy one's time. Later the Seminary girls were moved to what is now John Bertram Hall, and the boys to a building erected behind that, now long since removed, the structural elegance of which may be inferred from its college name, the "Red Barn." This left the college boys the full use of Parker Hall and rules were then less strict. From now on permission need not always be obtained to be out after 7.30 P.M. Soon after, the Seminary was formally discontinued and the girls went to what is now Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield. Nichols Latin School was begun in John Bertram Hall with Professor Jordan as its first principal.

Then it was indeed a rare thing for a girl to be in the college and many were the petty burdens that the courageous co-eds were forced to bear. There were no girls at the other colleges in the state, why should they be tolerated at Bates? Finally, however the feeling subsided and the college began to take on the

appearance it has to-day. Nichols Latin School was continued, however, till 1897, long after the removal of the companion building with the dissolution of the Seminary. But one incident of the short life of that "Red Barn" will show the earnestness, courage, and willingness to endure hardship of those boys who long ago struggled so bravely for their educational advantages. When the boys were first moved there from Parker, there were no furnishings as had been in the other dormitory, and no pillows were to be had. Then did one lad go with his room mate to the stump piece now called the Bates Campus and get some stump wood, place it under the head of his mattress and sleep soundly on the makeshift pillow. Indeed, one of these lads was in a group of five graduates who, gathered at our last Commencement in June, were privileged to read once again a program of a prize speaking contest which occurred exactly fifty years before to the very day, and there they found their own names. They were five of the twelve who so long ago put forth their best efforts to win the prize and thus begin the great record of the College. May those men and women who began the great work of the college under conditions more difficult than we can ever realize, live to see the noble record still upheld, and the institution ever broad, ever progressive.



## ROVER'S LAND

CONRAD G. COADY, '17

Wistfully drifting that day,  
A warm dream-day in June  
The world sung the sun's bright lay,  
Scoffed at the sad-voiced moon;  
My mind was stealing, floating  
In the empty blue of the sky;  
It was elf-land, I was boating  
Where the blue ran out to die;  
Dear in the far-off blue  
Mournfully sweet  
Music, witching untrue  
Lazily beat

Till the stars leaped out, a whirling throng,  
Or lone and unafraid  
One beat the time of the pulsing song  
Far out where worlds are made,  
And I'm off in the path of a vagrant sun  
Where the kindled mind has strayed,  
Off through space where things begun  
Have never yet been stayed.  
Oh mystic, strange and far, so far  
That the dare is always new.  
The things that dare are a roving star,  
A universe big and true,

With nomad suns that questing go,  
Gray worlds that whirl through space,  
And every passing beauty show  
Veiling the Master's face.

And the light of ages is marking  
A star that I would see,  
Back to its source I am harking,  
Back through eternity.  
An angel trail through reeling stars,  
And I, a poor blind clod  
Finding at last dread spaces, bars,  
Or winning even to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

Softly the music is sighing,  
The singer just over the way  
Breathes hopes long dead, or dying  
In the jetsam of yesterday,  
Till tired of star gleams so changing  
I rest on a sun-lit strand  
Where a sea that is always ranging  
Weaves sleep in my Rovers' Land.





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### THE LITTLE THINGS

College life is so filled with exhortations to gain the really big, worthwhile things, to make the important decisions wisely and to keep high standards, that the little details are at times relegated to a minor place, often even forgotten. One is tempted to feel that the epoch-making events in his life are the only ones worth considering. In other words look after the ten-dollar bills and let the pennies take care of themselves.

At times, however, owing to the immediate scarcity of greenbacks, ordinary cents demands attention, and one begins to wonder if little things are of real importance. To remove the

discussion from the purely mercenary side of life, does it make any difference to you when you receive a friendly letter, if the words are spelled wrong? When your escort forgets to brush his coat or the girl you invite lets her back hair "string", do you enjoy the concert quite as much? Is attention to tiny details worth while?

It is a small thing to rise when a lady enters the living-room, but the act, or its omission, makes its impression. It makes small difference apparently whether one reads a page of Emerson or a yarn from the *Cosmopolitan* at bed-time but either practice long-continued leaves its stamp on the individual. A smile is a little thing, so is a "grouch", but both are catching. Someone told me that one friendly smile made easier a whole week at the unpleasant school where she was teaching. Can you tell how the little things count?

No one wishes to be accused of mere superficiality, but big purposes are often expressed by the smallest deeds. We do not go about with a trumpet shouting out to people what we want to do. But they know more about our plans than we sometimes guess by the way we say good-morning, by our consideration of other people, by our habits of dress and—yes, fearful thought!—by our table-manners! If we are judged by the little things can we afford to let them go?

At the present time every one is stirred to patriotic service for his country. Nothing is too great to sacrifice in this supreme chance to give. Why, then, bother about petty trifles? But, trite as it sounds, not every man can enlist; not every woman can go to the front as a Red Cross nurse. The man with weak eyes is rejected. The girl who faints at the sight of blood would be of little use in a hospital full of wounded men. Is it fair to say that those who cannot do the big things are of no account? To grow a bushel of potatoes may be a service to Uncle Sam as well as to fire a bomb. To keep oneself at the highest point of physical efficiency, in readiness for what may come, is a little thing but it puts oneself on the side of the assets and not the liabilities of the Allies.

A certain quotation reads thus: "Act as if what you were

doing were to become a universal practice." Would you want the whole world to give the same attention that you give, or lack of it, to the little details? Now is a time when we must have big purposes and take the long view ahead. But nevertheless our country is at the same time calling "Be loyal to the little things." A military salute and a right-about-face may be in order. Obedience is the first duty of the soldier.

'17

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**TO YOU**

CATHERINE WOODBURY, '19

Thursday, May 21.

To You,

I do not know your name, but I know that you must exist, that you must be somewhere, a reality that understands. We are already at Billy's Aunt Jane's. While Billy is gone to the station to meet his uncle and Aunt Jane is getting supper, I am going to tell you all about it. No one ever had a more beautiful wedding than Billy and I. The sun was so bright, but it was cool and shady under the apple tree, and the blossoms just breathed love. All of the girls in my class at the Seminary were there in white just as they were graduation day. I had a bouquet of white rosebuds. Billy said that it was foolish, but of course he did not mean it. He looked like a prince. He is the broadest shouldered and tallest boy in town anyway. And he is strong. His mother says that he is smarter than his father was in pitching off hay. Dad cried a little, I know. He said that I was such a child, but I do not think a girl nineteen years old is a child, do you? Still when he looked at Billy, he could not help feeling glad. It seems odd to be Joyce Allen now instead of Joyce Danforth.

Monday, June 1.

Billy and I have been so busy. Our trip was not long—he said that he could not afford a long one—and it was only visits

to his relatives; but I loved it. Now we are keeping house with his mother on the farm here in Terryville. There are miles and miles of pastures, woods, fields, and meadows. We have pigs, hens, sheep, and eight cows. I love to pat the yellow butter. Billy says that I make it as well as his mother did before she was ill. I hate hens, but Billy says that it is my duty, and I suppose that I will take care of them. Do you think duty is more important than love? I love so many things that Billy says are not my duty.

Tuesday, September 1.

The grass is cut, and the hay is in the barn. Do you know what it is to be tired? I wish that I were as strong as Billy. Perhaps that is what he meant when he went upstairs the other evening after I had had my violin out and he said, "If you would only let your fingers work as well for you during the day." Do you ever make your husband cross by sitting down when your feet ache and reading a little instead of raking up the lawn? I suppose that it will not do me any particular good, but I miss my school work and the girls so, and it seems to make up for it. If the farm were not so far from the village.

Monday, May 1.

I did not mean to go so long without talking things over with you. But perhaps you know as well as I now that beans have to be shelled, lard tried out, pork pickled, patchwork quilts made, and rugs braided on a farm in the winter. I am glad that spring has come again. While I was out in the pasture after dinner today hunting for a lamb that had strayed away, I came upon a young man who had it in his arms together with a few mayflowers. He nearly dropped them all when he saw me, but he recovered himself in a minute and lifted his hat. After I explained that the lamb was mine, he asked me if I knew where he could find more mayflowers, saying that he wanted them for his mother. I have not had time to hunt for them myself this spring, but I have heard Billy's mother say that there were always many on the slope. I told him where it was, and he said, "Thanks, but may I first carry the lamb to the bars for you?"



I was wearing my pink and white checked sunbonnet and I wanted to get away as soon as I could, but he was so polite and seemed to want to so much that I had to let him. On the way he told me that he was Bryant Hurst, a Harvard Senior, spending a two weeks' vacation in Terryville. When we reached the bars, he asked if I would tell him my name. I almost said Joyce Danforth, but remembered in time to change the Danforth to Allen. It is odd to be married almost a year and not to be used to one's new name. I have heard hardly a person call me Mrs. Allen. Probably Billy would object to my shaking hands with a man that I did not know. But I do not see any harm, do you, when he is such a gentleman? *And I shall not tell Billy.* He wouldn't understand.

Tuesday, May 2.

He came again to-day. I was glad that Billy was not here. *He is always so jealous.* Mr. Hurst said that he saw me churning and could not resist the temptation to call in and ask for a glass of buttermilk. Sitting on the stump drinking his milk, he asked me so many questions about how the butter was made that I nearly forgot how to do it. Afterward we talked about college. It seemed so good to hear what those students were doing and how they were making themselves of so much use to the world. The old clock in the kitchen struck five before I had any idea that the afternoon was gone. Billy comes then, and I have always had his meals ready for him. Excusing myself, I went in. After supper as I was washing the dishes and happened to look out of the pantry window, I saw Mr. Hurst on the top of the hill in the pasture just going down over the slope. He said that he would like to get some more buttermilk when I churn again. That will be Friday.

Wednesday, May 3.

How can I help feeling? Are you cross when you have to do the same thing all day and then hear it talked about in the evening? When I asked Billy if he did not want to sit on the steps after supper, I did not suppose that he would talk about how many cucumbers, tomatoes, and beans he was going to raise, and plan work for me for eight months to come.

Friday, May 5.

He came for his buttermilk, but I do not feel any happier. Bill works all of the time, expects me to, and then wants to spend the rest of the day in talking about what to do tomorrow.

Saturday, May 6.

Mr. Hurst came again today to tell me that his mother liked the mayflowers and wanted him to send more the first of the week for decoration at a banquet. He wanted me to gather some with him; but, as I knew that Bill would be angry, I told him that I was too busy. I wish that he would not come any more. But when his two weeks are gone, I will not see anyone else for I don't know how long.

Monday, May 8.

I wonder if he found enough mayflowers.

Tuesday, May 9.

He came after more buttermilk today. I wish that he had not. When he was talking about himself and the other boys at college, I so wanted to ask him how I could do something like that, something worth while.

Wednesday, May 10.

I wonder if he has gone back.

Friday, May 12

He must have gone back or he would have been here when I churned today.

Saturday, May 13.

I must write to you only this once more. It is not safe. Mr. Hurst had not gone back. He came here this afternoon and we talked. At about four o'clock he asked me to go to the gate with him. When we reached there, he turned around, looked at me oddly and said,

"I know we have not known each other long. But will you give me an opportunity to know you better, and then perhaps sometime you—"

He got no further. At last I realized. I thought that I

had told him that may name was Mrs. Allen, and then I remembered that I had said simply, Joyce Allen. As I was explaining, Billy drove into the yard. I introduced them, and then as soon as I could, went into the house, leaving them talking. As I was going up the path, I heard Mr. Hurst say,

“You have reason to be happy, Mr. Allen.”

Then turning around I met his eyes fixed upon me. Quickly I ran into the house but not before my husband's deep heavy voice came to me, saying,

“Yes, I have a good wife. She tries hard. Of course I have to take all the responsibility, all of it. But she's young. She'll learn.”

Perhaps Dad was right when he said I was only a child. By the calendar I am only twelve months older now. People think that I am only a year older. But you know. Oh, how I wish that—no, I cannot say it even to you. I do not dare to talk with you any more. But there are still the birds and flowers and spring. No one can take them, can they?

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### A FIVE MILE ROAD HIKE

ALBERT C. ADAM, '19

*11 AM, Fort Howard Headquarters, July 25, 1914. The troops will leave Great Rock Island for the mainland tomorrow morning on the steamer Henry Wolson for a five mile march. Company commanders will have full charge of their companies.*

*Per order of Col. Bartlett.*

*(signed) Capt. Moody,*

*Adjutant.*

*12 noon, First Company Office, July 25, 1914. The Company will leave tomorrow morning at eight o'clock on the steamer Henry Wolson for a five mile road hike. All special and extra duty men will attend.*

*Per order of Capt. Landers.*

*(signed) Mike Ramsey,*

*1st Sergt.*

The latter order was posted on the bulletin board of the Company at the entrance to the dining hall. Whether it was placed there to spoil our appetites or because the dining room was a place that no one overlooked, that we never asked ourselves. Perhaps it was for both reasons. At dinner the subject was fully discussed and brave attempts were made by most of the men to digest it.

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed Alabama Pete, a young soldier of about twenty years of age who stood six feet three inches in height and weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds, "Ain't they hiked us enough yet this week?" And in this heat! Say, I wonder if it is going to be in heavy marching order."

"The order didn't say so", replied his neighbor who apparently paid more attention to the present than to the future.

"Well, I'm glad the special duty men have to go", continued Pete, "They only hang around the Quartermaster Department doing nothing anyway. Nice little walk; will do them good—eh Spike, how do you like the idea?"

"Like what idea?" gruffly answered Spike, who was sitting on the next table.

"Goin' on a hike tomorrer."

"Why you poor southern mosquito chaser and Alabama herring choker, I can run you off your pins any day in the week."

Corporal Pat Morrissey and his bunky, Private Kelly, took matters a little more calmly although they were not elated over the prospects.

"I wonder if they think they can't hike us enough on the island here", said the red-cheeked Irish boy.

"Now here is a good chance to show yourself to the whole town, and still you are kicking", chaffed Pat.

"Well, I hope I won't have to hike alongside of you then," laughed Kelly looking at the bald-headed corporal whose red face and large dimensions, not considering his height made him an object of attention amid any surroundings.

We all concluded graciously, however, on leaving the tables

to make up our blanket rolls to be prepared for the worst.

The Henry Wolson left us on the dock the next morning about nine o'clock. "Fall in", growled "Double-time" Landers as soon as we got our packs on.

"We are going to march to Oak Hill this morning"; continued he; "that is a little over three miles out of town. The march thru the city both ways will be about three miles, so that in all we have about ten miles to hike. The steamer Randall will take us back to the Company at three o'clock. SQUADS RIGHT! MARCH!

With long strides the Captain reached the right guide of the Company and set the pace himself—and some pace it was! There were few men in the outfit who could keep step with him when he chose to use the whole length of his walking appendages. Right now the Captain was walking only at his natural gait, and yet some of the men were grumbling already.

"Is he going to hike us to death?" muttered our friend Pete, "We can't keep this up for half an hour."

"Well, where is your nerve now, you Alabama swamp-hog?" shouted Spike who was close behind Pete, "Get up in front or I will step all over you."

Pat Morrisey and Kelly marched in one of the rear squads. Though of small build the young Irishman was a good athlete and had little trouble to keep pace with the Commander.

"Pat, see the girl there on the side-walk; she's looking straight at you!" said Kelly to his comrade.

"Awww g'wan! Tell her to go and take a walk, you young scamp", growled Pat wiping the perspiration from his forehead, "You always have some fool notion in your head."

With a broad grin at the corporal's face which resembled a disfigured beet in a steam boiler, Kelly kept winking and blinking at the girls as they passed them.

In fifteen minutes we were a little way out of the city, and had our first ten-minute rest. At the command "HALT, FALL OUT!" the older men at once threw off their rolls, lay down flat on their backs in a shady place at the roadside to allow free

movement to their chests which had been checked by the weight of the blanket-rolls.

After the expiration of the "rest", the Company again started on the march. Everybody was refreshed and the blood was circulating freely. Occasional whistling, laughing, and shouting of the men gave evidence of their good cheer.

"How far is it to Oak Hill, Pat?" asked Kelly after they were on their way once more.

"Oh, its about nine miles out of the city", smiled Pat skeptically.

"Pooh! and we are going to get that three o'clock boat? I guess we'll have to hustle some. You'd better turn around now and go the other way, Pat."

"I'll be there at the finish, boy", answered the older man, "I've been in worse places than this one." Then he began telling of hikes in Texas and Cuba and of marches in almost every state of the Union. He talked of mosquitoes and rattlesnakes, of swamps and deserts, with the result that all who heard him thought themselves fortunate to be on a safe road in a civilized country.

At half past eleven we reached our destination, and immediately got ready for dinner. The men threw off their blanket rolls and by pairs prepared their meal. One peeled the potatoes and drew beaten onions from the knapsack, while the other searched for dry wood with which to start a fire. In fifteen minutes the dinner was over the fire in the frying-pan. In addition to their own food issued to them by the Company Quartermaster before the hike, many eggs were bought by the men on the nearby farms with permission of the Captain. We rested until one o'clock, when old Lander's familiar voice sounded, "FALL IN!" A short address followed.

"We are nine miles out of town", the Captain stated, "And we have to make the boat that leaves town at three o'clock—that means HIKE. SQUADS RIGHT, MARCH!"

Well, we got home somehow that afternoon. The boat was just about ready to pull out when Kelly, who had been sent ahead of the Company, made his appearance on the dock. A

few minutes later the Company embarked, physically almost exhausted, many of the men foot-sore, and otherwise vexed by their heavy marching order. Even Pat Morrissey was not sure whether he had ever experienced a worse trip. At four o'clock we were back in the Company. Some of us used the "shower", but most of the men rushed down to the shore and took a dip in the salt water. Oh what is there more delightful and refreshing for body and mind than the clear elements of Father Neptune! We were indeed fortunate to have this opportunity to regain our strength and spirit.

And if you think that we went to bed any earlier than usual that night, you are wrong. After supper, some of us played base-ball. Others spiralled a foot-ball into the air, and the rest walked around the island. Pat Morrissey alone sought early the strengthening arms of Morpheus.

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### TIN CANS

CECIL T. HOLMES, '19

Down beside the Penobscot, just where the river begins to be a bay, and where the visitors always ask if the water is fresh or salt, is a little village whose name I have forgotten. The activity of the place centers about the summer hotel, which each year accommodates a certain number of those who cannot afford Bar Harbor.

Near the wharf which serves as a landing for the small river steamers, stands the dilapidated cottage of a river fisherman. The roof is sunken, the walls are battered and blackened, and the broken windows are stuffed with pieces of old sail cloth. If you should meet the old man who owns the house, you would find him as weather beaten as his dwelling. The elements, however, are not wholly responsible for his appearance, for a long-standing fondness for certain forms of liquid refreshment has contributed largely to the effect. Several years ago, the old man Bassett passed on to his oldest son, David, the responsibility of supporting the family. The young man, already hardened to

the work of a fisherman, took up his legacy with the silent resignation that marked all his actions.

The remaining member of the family, young Gus, is gifted with that degree of mental capability which entitles him to a place in the feeble minded column of the census report. Strange as it may seem, this idiot is the only person who has succeeded in disturbing the serenity of the community during the last twenty years. While Gus was very young, he had given evidence of his true mental equipment, and when frequent and energetic laying on of hands failed to exert a beneficent influence upon his behavior, he was turned loose to prey upon the village in the pursuit of happiness. His favorite haunt was the river bank just back of the hotel. It was here that he developed a weakness for tin cans. His father had made human companionship distasteful to Gus. The silence of the empty cans appealed to him as being far superior to the loudly uttered oaths of the old man, and the boy spent long hours in gathering the finds into heaps, talking to them all the while.

About a mile above the village, Gus found another retreat. This was a large cave in the river bank, high, dry, and dark. The place suited the boy perfectly. He grew more and more fond of it. One day he carried an armful of his precious tin cans to the cave, and arranged them about the floor. The effect was evidently satisfactory, for Gus went back to the hotel for more. He made four trips that day and spent the night in the cave. This was the beginning of his career as a collector. He searched the shores, far and near, for old tin cans, and there were many to find. When the shore failed to produce fresh treasure, the hotel rubbish heap always furnished material to be transferred to the cave. The capacity of this natural storehouse was enormous, but Gus packed away his finds with the greatest care, and utilized every inch of space. Once, at low tide, the boy found a case of canned meat, evidently lost by a careless freight handler. It was a long task to remove the contents, but the cans were finally emptied, and added to the thousands already in the cave.

Aside from his work of collecting, the mind of the half-witted



Bassett boy was concerned with but one idea. That was to secure for himself a five dollar bill. He had often heard his father exclaiming over the amount of liquor which that sum of money would purchase, and to Gus it became the height of worldly wealth. For what purpose he wanted the money, no one cared enough to enquire. It seemed impossible enough that he should ever get it.

When Gus reached the age of twenty, there came a crisis in the affairs of the family. David's weir was destroyed by ice, his boat was old and unfit for service, and the old house was in urgent need of repairs. The older son was averse to the idea of borrowing, but he knew that something must be done. He had an uncle in Bangor. He at length determined that the only step left was to appeal to him for a loan of \$300. David took the first boat for the up-river city and called on his uncle. The interview was short, and not altogether pleasant. The \$300 was not forthcoming.

David was discouraged. He had not attained the object of his visit, and his time and money were wasted. He wandered slowly back toward the river. At the railroad yards, he stopped to watch the freight handlers at work. He was about to pass on, when a dump cart, loaded with empty tin cans, was backed up to the open door of a box car. David stared in astonishment. These men were actually loading old tin cans! He made his way to the car, and spoke to one of the workmen.

"What are them cans good for?", was what he said.

"Oh", replied the other, who was paid by the hour, and did not at all resent occasional interruption, "They's a shortage o' tin in this country now. On account of the war, an' revolutions in Bohemia, or Bolivia, or some o' them tin growin' countries, we ain't gettin' so much tin as we was, an' so they've took to meltin it offen ol' cans an' things. They're buyin' 'em by the carload here, an'—"

"Who is?", interrupted David eagerly.

"Well, a man named Meyer is shippin' this lot", returned the workman. He's down to the freight office now. Then there's—"

The rest of his information was lost, as far as David was concerned, for the young fisherman was already well started on a record smashing trip to the freight office. Meyer was easily found, and just as easily engaged in conversation.

"Yes", the excited young man was saying, "They must be twenty ton o' them cans, at least, all stored away out o' the wet."

"Can we get 'em on cars?" queried the cautious Jew.

"You can get 'em on a boat", returned David.

"Well", said Meyer guardedly, "If you got so many as you say, an' if they are in good shape, an' if I can get at 'em alright, they ought to be worth nearly four hundred dollars. I will come down and look at them next Monday."

During the return trip the next day, David planned the disposal of the promised fortune. He even thought of bestowing on the neglected Gus the five dollars that he had craved for so long. Such thoughts made his journey seem short. The steamer rounded a bend in the river, and the mouth of the big cave came into view. The sight of it produced a strange effect on the home coming traveler. The cave was there to be sure, but other things were there, too. A small schooner was anchored in the deep water near the foot of the bank. A plank chute extended from the cave's mouth to the hatchway, and even now the astounded David could hear the rattle and clank of the cans as they were tumbled into the hold of the vessel.

David ran all the way from the wharf to the cave. The loading was all but completed. A number of curious villagers were surveying the process from the narrow shore. On the top of the high bank, watching the operations, stood Gus, his hands folded behind him, a look of profound satisfaction on his face. The half-wit turned at the sound of his brother's steps, and smilingly extended a slip of crisp, green paper.

"Five dollars!" he said, proudly, then added in a lower tone, "It's for you. I sold 'em all."

David glanced at the paper. It bore an engraving of Jefferson Davis, and across the top was the inscription, "The Confederate States of America."

## THE FINAL VOYAGE

LILA H. PAUL, '19

“Build me straight, O worthy Master!  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

These words forced themselves into Cort Bachmann's mind and lingered there as he stood on the deck of the *Sea Gull*, while she slowly threaded her way in and out among the boats anchored in Kingston Harbor, Jamaica. She was indeed a goodly vessel, staunch and strong. As, pure white, and with sails set to catch the crisp northerly breeze, she confidently and proudly rode out over the waves, one could not but compare her to a great white gull.

It was in the early morning just before sunrise. The *Sea-Gull* was bound for New York, after a long voyage from Buenos Aires. Cort Bachmann was feeling especially light-hearted this morning, and forgetting his poetry, began whistling a jolly sailor's song.

“Hello Cort, feeling good aren't you? Isn't she sailing like a bird this morning?”

The whistle broke off abruptly as Cort turned to greet his friend and watchmate, Arthur Warnick.

“'Morning Art, you don't look very down-hearted yourself this morning.”

Arthur laughed good-naturedly.

“To tell the truth I'll be rather glad to see New York again, won't you?”

Cort hesitated a moment and then replied,

“Yes I will, but I shan't stay there long.”

“Going on another voyage soon?”

“No, not on a vessel. My next trip will be on a liner bound for home.”

“What! You're going back to Germany?”

"Yes. I'm tired and sick of this bunking around. I'm going home for a while, anyway."

"Well, Cort, I can't say that I blame you any. How did you ever happen to come over here and ship on a common vessel anyway? A fellow with all your learning doesn't usually take to anything so common."

"Well Art, it'll sound foolish to you, but I'll tell you.

"Ever since I was a youngster I've always loved excitement and adventure. Nothing ever satisfied me, and I've caused my mother all kinds of worry and trouble. She and Dad did their best for me. I hated school, but luckily for me, I was persuaded to finish college. After that, I disappointed mother and father by entering the navy. But the restrictions there were too many for me, so I left and came to New York."

There was a few minutes of silence before Arthur asked,

"And why are you going back?"

"To tell the truth, Art, I hardly know what's gotten into me. I just simply have a craving for home and quiet. It came over me on this trip, and after I got mother's last letter I decided to go home and settle down. Must be old age I guess", he added laughingly, "What do you think?"

"Well Cort", Arthur turned and looked his companion squarely in the face, "I think just this: your mother's prayers have been answered, and you are merely coming into your own."

Cort looked at him for an instant, and then said quietly,

"Perhaps you're right boy."

Turning suddenly he left Arthur and went quickly below.

Slowly the grey clouds of the morning became tinged with rose and pearl; then parting, showed the clear blue sky above, just as the glorious sun rose from beneath the waves. A new day had begun, and into Cort Bachmann's life new hopes were dawning.

Eight bells sounded clearly and sharply. Almost before they had ceased the watch had changed, and Arthur took his place at the wheel, with Cort on the look out. The day had passed slowly and uneventfully, but the *Sea Gull* had made good time. Swiftly and surely she had beat up thru the Windward

passage, her course now lying just off the Bahamas. The strong rip tides of the Caribbean made the course a difficult one, but no one thought of danger. For half an hour Arthur, with strong hands grasping the wheel, guided the vessel, while Cort, on look out, strained eyes and ears for any signs of danger. It was just dusk, and impossible for one to see far ahead.

Suddenly a new sound reached the ears of both watchmates. It sounded suspiciously like the distant roar of breakers, but the vessel was running directly in her course, and there should be no breakers ahead. Arthur, however, felt that there was danger ahead, and he fearlessly waited the order to change his course. But why did no orders come? Surely no one could mistake that dread sound! Nearer and nearer drew the sound! The roar grew louder and louder! Then came the clear, sharp call from the lookout, "Breakers ahead!" But it was too late. There was a shock which shook the vessel from bow to stern. Instantly the water began pouring into the hatches, and the great waves breaking and pounding over the vessel threatened each moment to crush her. The crew were men of too much experience to become confused or panic stricken, but each man realized his terrible danger. It was too dark for them to see what they had struck. The captain believed it to be a sunken rock, and if that were true their only hope lay in the boats. It was not a stormy night, but great combers rolled in and broke with terrible force. Some of the men refused to enter the boats for they felt that no boat could live in such a sea, but Cort Bachmann and one of his mates resolved to take their chances. So the others lowered them away in the pitifully small boat, only to see it capsized as soon as it touched the water. The two men were plunged into the relentless water, and their friends were powerless to aid them. Their last hope was gone. There was nothing to do but wait.

The awed silence which fell upon them was broken suddenly by a glad cry from Arthur.

"Look, boys, there must be an island over there. See the light."

A great cry rose from their lips, and it was followed by

an answering cry from the natives on shore. Quickly the brave fellows launched a life boat, and with heroic efforts reached the vessel. One by one the crew were taken to shore; the last man being taken off just as the vessel broke into pieces. But Cort Bachmann was missing.

"Has no one seen anything of Cort?" Arthur asked anxiously.

"Yes", answered the man who was with Cort in the life boat, "I saw a broken spar strike him on the head. When I got to the spot he was gone."

"We must find him," Arthur replied huskily. And so they searched the shore until they found his body lying where it had been washed in by the waves.

An hour later they lowered the body into its sandy grave, and after a simple prayer and hymn, covered it with their hands. Then gravely and sadly the men went slowly up to the native village, but Arthur remained standing by his friend's grave. Rapidly he went over in his mind the events of the day. How happy they had all been; how proudly the *Sea Gull* had sailed away; how hopeful and cheerful Cort had been! And now the crew were depressed and sad; the *Sea Gull* was a hopeless wreck, and dear old Cort—

"Why must it be", he cried with rebellious heart. "It isn't fair or just."

But then he thought of the strength acquired from such experiences. Surely they must be stronger, better men after this. And Cort had never been more ready to go out into the Unknown than he was at the end of this day. After all, "Death, like life, is only a great adventure." Cort had merely taken his final voyage.

So with his faith in the Ruler of Land and Sea renewed and strengthened, Arthur turned and went toward the Village just as the great, tropical moon rose quietly, and cast its peaceful, radiant splendor over the scene.

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