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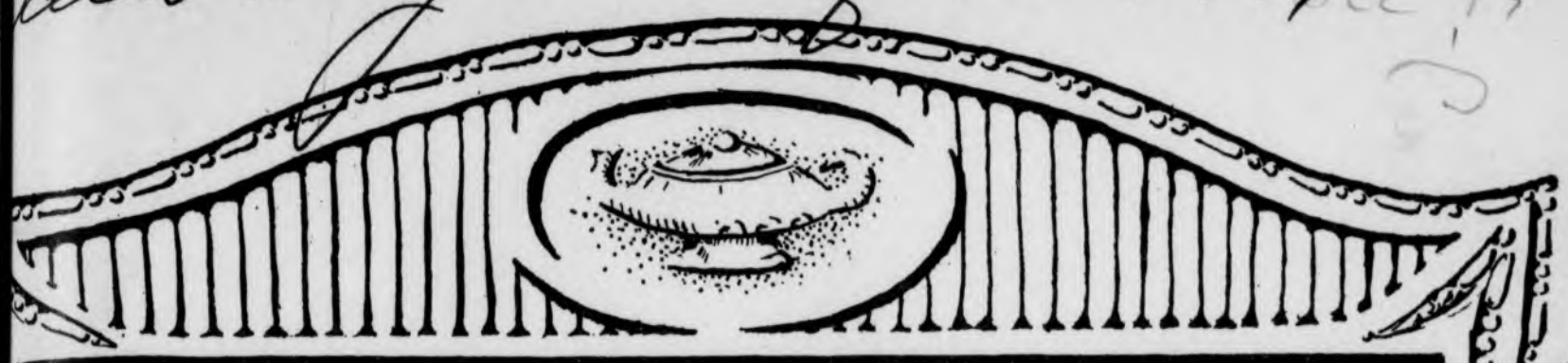
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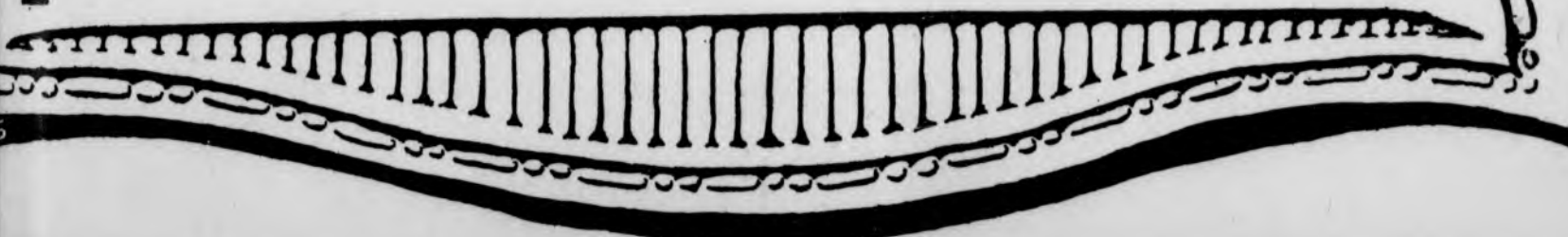
Bates Magazine Sept - 1917 Dec 17



MAGAZINE SECTION

THE  
BATES  
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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## THE POWER OF MUSIC

MARY A. MARTIN, '18

“Like the sound of bells at night, breaking the silence only to lead the spirit into deeper peace. Like a leaden cloud at morn, rising in grey twilight to hang as a golden mist before the furnace of the sun. Like the dull deep pain of one who sits in an empty room, watching the shadows of firelight full of memories. Like the plaint of souls that are wasted with sighing. Like paeans of exalted praise. Like sudden songs from the open gates of paradise—so is music.”

“Like one who stands in the midst of a hot and terrible battle, drunk with the fiery smoke, and hearing the roar of cannon in a trance: like one who sees the thick fog creep along the shore and gathers his cloak about him as the dank wind strikes a thin rain upon his face; like one who finds himself in a long cathedral aisle, and hears the pealing organ, and sees a kneeling crowd smitten with fringes of coloured light; like one who from a precipice leaps out upon the warm midsummer air towards the peaceful valleys below, and feeling himself buoyed up with wings that suddenly fail him, wakens in great despair from his wild dream—so is he who can listen and understand.”

What does it mean is asked after a fine sonata, or symphony, by one who is not musical and has not enjoyed it. It would be hard to tell him, and the interpretations of a dozen really sincere enthusiasts stirred to the bottom of their hearts and fed as with heavenly manna would be widely different. Music has a greater

power of reaching out to humanity than has speech, for it begins where speech leaves off. Through it the inmost spirit,—all that is inexpressible and yet of most account in us—can give sign of itself.

Did you ever step within the portal of a vast and crowded church in the hour of prayer? In vain you sought to catch the syllables of the spiritual-looking man. What if you could not hear them? You heard him; his tones, his spirit took possession of your spirit, till uplifted lost all thought of self. Of that sort is the eloquence, the influence of music. The presence of deep and earnest music is essentially the presence of the deep and earnest soul who composed it,—a presence felt more surely than his words or looks could be. Through one symphony you get a clearer insight into a being like Beethoven than through any life of him that could be written. Not much acquaintance can you have with Bach or Mozart through biographies, unless you know their music and can read that all the while between the lines.

If music can portray the very deepest thoughts and ideas of our greatest music masters, is not this in itself a wonderful power?

Of all arts there is none which can soothe, cheer, comfort, inspire at all times and under all conditions as can music. It is strange that music, one of the most peaceful of arts, should take a conspicuous part in war. An army would as soon think of leaving its powder at home as its music. The strains of martial music as a military band passes by are capable of rousing a spirited and energetic emotion for a moment at least in the breast of the most indifferent soldier. The Bible pays a tribute to the emotional effect of music. Even such a primitive instrument as David's harp possessed the power of changing the soul's atmosphere—"When the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, then David took a harp, and played with his hands. So Saul was refreshed, and was well and the evil spirit departed from him".

Poor George III of England in his fits of melancholy madness was deeply sensible of the power of music to create atmospheres of peace and restore something like harmony to the "sweet



bells of the spirit jangled out of tune". The acknowledged influence of music over the insane might be far more extensively used, if applied judiciously to a disorganized mind. Who can deny, then, if music possesses such a mysterious command as this over the abstract emotion, that music itself must be held responsible for the manner in which it deals with that realm; and for the various degrees of emotional atmospheres it has the power of generating.

Perhaps the greatest asset of music is its power to comfort. What a blessing was music to the blind Milton who could only stand and wait! Why does the farmer whistle as he toils away under the hot sun of his fields; the tired mother sing as she tries to soothe her crying child in the long hours of the night?

What an outlet it must be to the woman capable of so much, yet is frequently called upon in the best years of her life to do but little. What is she to do with the weary hours, with the days full of the intolerable sunshine and the nights full of pitiless stars? Her village duties or visits are done. She has read till her head aches; but all the reading leads to nothing. She has worked till her fingers ache; but what is the work good for when it is done? She is left dissatisfied, frivolous or even wicked, an exaggerated caricature of what God intended she should be. At times she almost wishes life were ended. To women who feel like this—and how many thousands are there in our placid modern drawing rooms—music comes with a power of relief, great as rest to the weary peasant at night.

That girl who sings to herself her favorite songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, or Schumann, sings more than a song. It is her own plaint of suffering floating away on the wings of melody.

That poor, lonely little sorrower, hardly more than a child, who sits dreaming at her piano, while her fingers, caressing the cool ivory keys, glide through a weird nocturne of Chopin, is playing no mere study or set piece. Ah, What a heavy burden seems lifted up and borne away in the dusk? Her eyes are half closed. Her heart is far away. She dreams a dream as the long, yellow light fades in the west. The Angel of music has come down. She has poured into his ear the tale which she will confide to no one else. What if it is only a dream, a dream sent

by music? She has been taken away from the monotony and dullness of life, from the old books in the study, and the familiar faces of the schoolroom and the people in the street. She has been alone with herself and the minstrel spirit. Wonderful creation that brings freshness to the tired life and buoyancy to the heavy heart. "The happy rain of tears and stormy wind of sighs sweeping the sky clear and showing once more the deep blue heaven of the soul beyond.

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### SINGING A WHIMSY LITTLE SONG

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

Singing a whimsy little song,  
 She sits and weaves the cyclic day;  
 Nor will she turn to look away,  
 Because she may not linger long:

"The Postman will come to the gate—  
 So late; so late; this year, for me....  
 And as it is eternally,  
 The robins will return to mate...."

Singing her little song, she sighs,  
 And weaves out of a shiny thread  
 The sheerest stuff imagined  
 Without the looms of Paradise:

"The Postman will come up our lane..  
 So late; so late; And one by one,  
 The gusty days of April sun  
 Will tumble on the window-pane...."

And day on day, of cordy white,  
 The silver stuff completer grows;  
 A secret sadness that she knows  
 She weaves as soft as candle-light:

“The Postman will come to the door—  
So late; so late; And fingering....so....  
A certain envelope....I know....  
A line....or two....or several more....”

By night-time, when her lamp is lit,  
She feels the gleamy stuff along;  
And croons her whimsy little song—  
(She cannot come away from it!)

“I shall not take it from his hand;  
For that I know the news he brings....  
For that I know of various things,  
I weave, I sing, I understand....”

And now she rests. Across the floor,  
A sea-green arrow out of night  
The finished fabric touches light—  
She smiles, and sings a stanza more:

“The Postman he will go away;  
I shall forget to think of him—  
I shall be asking cherubim  
To bring me True-Love while I stay.”





**THE PASSING OF INGIALD**

CECILIA CHRISTENSON, '19

As the voyager sails through the broad Scandinavian straits into the Baltic, one of the most striking features of the landscape to meet his eye is the island of Moen, ancient home of the Spear-Danes. Its great white chalk cliffs rise nearly perpendicular from the water,—majestic and sublime, like a lofty fortress of Nature, raised against every invader.

The land literally teems with tradition; and the exploits of old-time chieftains are so vividly stamped on the minds of the simple peasantry as to have become a very part of their lives.

In earliest times, when the country was ruled by a race of rude Northmen, this island was the realm of the great and good chief Ingiald. Odin, greatest of the gods and father of all mankind, had raised the proud stronghold, and had endowed Ingiald with kingly power. The chief had for his castle the cliff itself; within were his lofty chambers, roughly dug out of the heart of the rock, and these halls were the scene of many a feast and revel with the sma-kings of the domain.

But now, Ingiald had sailed in his viking-ship over the Oestersoen, leading his warriors away to conquer the Sea-folk, while the youth Sigurd ruled in his father's place. Sigurd was a cripple and the deformity of his body was doubly reflected upon his dwarfed and distorted soul. His face was dark and sullen and menacing,—the fiercely frowning brows and the cold, half-fearful eyes bespoke the bitterness of the heart within. Nor did he exercise the wisdom and temperance of his father's rule. The land wasted in neglect and desolation, and the morose prince remained quite indifferent to the sufferings of his people.

One dark, cold night, Sigurd was wandering alone out upon the great cliff, intent, as usual, upon his own bitter reflections, when, above the roar of the sea below, there rose to his ears strains of music, louder and clearer and nearer, until he recognized the song of the peace-mother Triga. Soon the goddess

appeared and filled the darkness with her radiance. On her beautiful face shone peace and serenity, making the visage of the sullen, cowering prince more hideous by contrast.

The deity began to move, seeming to carry Sigurd along with her, until both stood close to the edge of the precipice. Now, in the strange light, the wondering prince could discern little specks far out upon the rough sea, shapeless at first, then assuming more distinct outlines, until, almost like a flash, fifty grim ships were close at hand, with the device of a hostile tribe hoisted on the prow of the foremost.

An instant only, and the goddess vanished leaving the prince alone in the darkness, aghast at the vision he had seen, trembling in fear and despair. He fled back to his castle, haunted by evil forebodings, and aroused his heralds to spread the news abroad and collect his scattered forces.

Meanwhile, the dread foe crept nearer and nearer thru the night, uttering no sound or signal. The fleet was cautiously moored near the narrow beach, and the invaders began a stealthy ascent up a steep, rocky path, thought impossible to scale. Upward they struggled, one by one, clinging to the jagged rock for support, often falling, but ever nearing the top. When the gray dawn appeared, a great force of armed giants held the plateau—Norwegian vikings bent on war and plunder.

The battle raged till noon, and the struggle was terrific. Clouds of dust and arrows and brandishing swords dimmed the light of day; gloom and strange shadows hung over the earth like a dark shroud.

Sigurd himself rushed into the midst of the fray and fought heroically; but his infirmity rendered him incapable of defending himself against the nimbler assaults of his foes, and he fell under the sword of the Norwegian leader.

Then all semblance of order ceased. The Danes, leaderless and confused, were about to flee to the caves, rather than be slaughtered by the fierce invaders. At the moment of despair, however, the chariot of an unknown combatant appeared in their midst. The stranger's face was veiled in a cloud of mist, but the form, as well as the sword and shield, was Ingiald's, and with the beloved chief, directing his horses, rode Odin. Odin

who had borne him swiftly over the seas in the magic boat of the gods to see this struggle of his race. Cheered by the presence of their kings, the hard-pressed Spear-Danes rallied in a new effort, and Ingiald besought of Odin this one last victory for the Moens; but the gods showed that the glory of the land was ended, and finally, to check the fearful slaughter, Odin himself siezed Ingiald's sword and struck down that noblest of chiefs.

Thus perished the ancient Danish kingdom. Ingiald's body was carried down to the water's edge and placed in his favorite war-boat; and the craft under full sail bore the chief across the stormy Baltic to Odin's banquet hall in Valhalla.

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### HEIMWEH

GLADYS E. HOLMES, '19

Sometimes in the late afternoon  
When it grows too dark to read,  
I lay aside my books and think  
Of friendly, homely things.  
A stretch of hard, brown road,  
With frozen wheel tracks;  
I hear the wind playing  
Wild music on the black telephone wires.—  
It will snow tomorrow.  
Just where the road creeps 'round the hill  
There is a low, white house.  
A gate swings in rhythm with the wind.  
In the dead garden beyond  
The brown and withered stalks  
Rustle and crackle like paper.  
Inside, the lamp is lighted  
And the table set for tea.  
The warm air mingles the smell  
Of geraniums, hot cocoa, and buttered toast.  
In her rocking chair



With the big darning bag  
Hanging from its arm  
Mother darns a worn tan stocking—  
Number eight.  
Curled up before the fire, the little Sister  
Alternately strives with Caesar  
And dreams of Ivanhoe.  
The door bursts open, and sturdy little Jack  
With noisy scrapings of his feet  
Brings in the evening mail.  
There is the daily paper, the Youth's Companion,  
And a letter from big Sister—which is I.  
The little Sister drops her Latin  
And Mother says, "Come Jacknapes,  
Wash your hands."  
"Gee Mother, but I'm hungry, and say,  
Let's have Sis' letter for desert."

---

There is a mist before my eyes,  
I cannot see. It is too dark.  
I will turn on the light and dress for dinner.  
Outside there is nothing but the shadows dancing on the lawn  
And the dry leaves rustling in the gutter.





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## ONE KEY TO FREEDOM

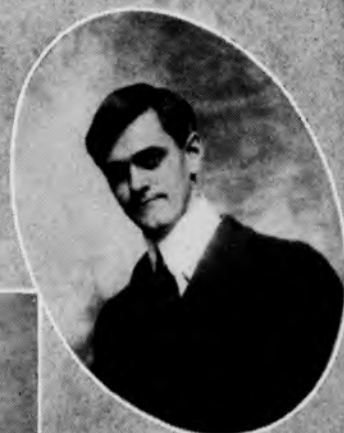
It is in our college days that we pick up, either consciously or unconsciously, the keys which are to unlock for us later the gates of new worlds. The ground is strewn with those invisible implements and we may fumble among them without quite knowing what we are about, or realizing that there is anything at all like a key in the bits of knowledge we are picking up. But sooner or later it usually happens that our fingers, groping about in the dark, close somehow upon the thing which means to us future usefulness, contentment and,



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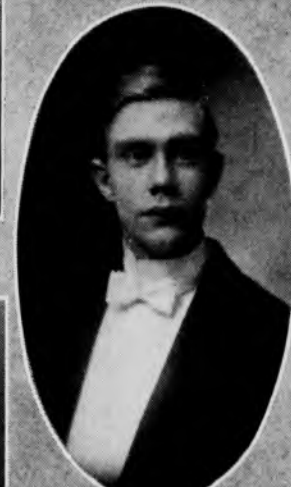
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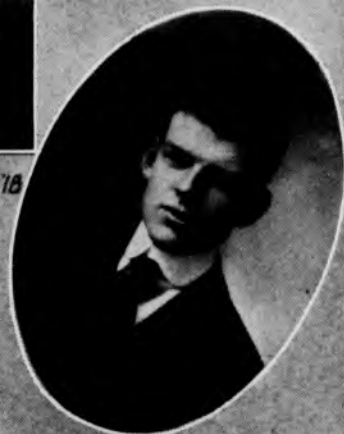
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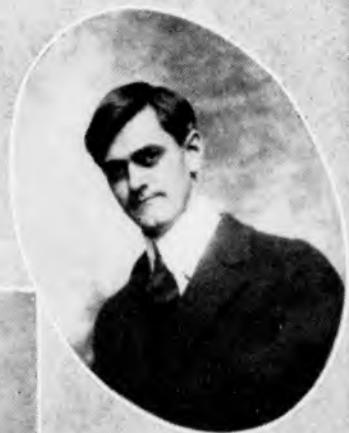
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above all, freedom. For freedom lies so much in self-expression that no one is free until he has found a way to speak out what is in his mind—not necessarily in words of course, but in some work which releases the power within him.

It may be in the laboratory that the student finds his key. Plodding along doggedly with his experiments not seeing much use in it, perhaps, and often feeling heartily tired of all this routine, he may suddenly get a glimpse of a new world of work and knowledge which in later years is to be his world, a place of wide horizons and great possibilities. He may find his key by starlight on the top of a hill while he is searching the sky for knowledge. He may pry it out of a crevice in a ledge while he is tapping about with his geologist's hammer. His key may appear to him in the guise of a stolid mathematical sign which he hasn't the least use for in the beginning and which appears to him to have been invented solely for the purpose of keeping him awake nights. Sometimes the magic implement which is to unlock his future world drops into his hand out of the pages of the book of human nature which in college he is reading every day of his life whether he knows it or not. (A wonderful book, that, and well worth going to College for if one had no other reason!)

Any day, in any class room, pegging away at his most tedious bit of routine work, the student may lay hands on his key. Are not the four years at college set apart for just that business of picking up and comparing keys in the effort to find the one which shall open our gate and let us through into a world where we can be wholly ourselves, making the power that is in us flow out through our daily work?

Since in college we do not have to narrow ourselves down to one thing, as we must in later life, the more keys we can lay hold of during our four years the better, no doubt. Every one well used will unlock some new sphere of knowledge and let the learner peep in. And there is at least one key which every student should get hold of as soon as possible, because, no matter what other keys he has, he will need the ability that goes with this one, the ability to express himself in words.



One of our teachers at Bates used to say to us in class: "If you can't tell a thing, you don't know it," and it is very true that the telling is a part of the knowing. When you can put a thing in plain forceful words—words that drive that bit of knowledge straight home to the understanding of another person—you can be said to know that thing yourself, not before.

It isn't to be expected or wished that more than one or two out of a large group should turn out to be "professional" speakers or writers. Society would be swamped by a flood of verbiage if too many people made a business of talking and writing. But whatever you do, you need the ability to express exactly what you mean. Such ability is like an edged tool fitted to your hand and sharp enough to cut straight through the thickets of doubt and misunderstanding which obstruct the path.

This writing-and-speaking key is often the very one which the average student is tempted to neglect. It seems too small to bother with, or it proves a slippery thing not easy to keep hold of. Possibly the student argues that it is not worth while to acquire ease in writing and speaking since he is not to make it his life work. But he will be glad all his days if he picks up and holds fast that apparently trifling key.

Learning to write and speak must be a slow business, the work of a lifetime, in fact, since you are never done learning it. It means doing a little every day of something as tedious as piano practice. But if you stick to your purpose of putting some thought into clear forceful words each day the time will come when you will feel with the sudden sense of release and freedom that you have won the power to express yourself so that your thought is plain to other minds. You may not by any means have mastered the art of expression—who ever did do that?—but you have learned a little about handling the electricity that passes from one mind to another to help lighten the fogs of human misunderstanding.

When you grasp the fact that in learning to express your thought you have set free whatever latent mental force you had and have gained the power to be wholly yourself in a free

world where you may move about unhampered by inability to make yourself clear, you will rejoice that you had the patience to find and use that seemingly insignificant key which you might so easily have overlooked among all the others.

Mabel S. Merrill, '91

---

### SONGS OF FREEDOM

MILDRED TINKER, '18

Someone has said, "If I may make the songs of a nation, I care not who make its laws." The great majority of poets have failed to realize fully such an ambition. In many instances, poets have aimed too far above the heads of the people, writing to please themselves rather than the masses.

Out of the vast quantity of poetic literature the number of national songs adapted for permanent use is very small. Of heroic ballads, stirring lyric, and folk songs there is no end; but freedom songs with the unmistakable ring which thrills the people who never are tired of repeating the refrains are very few. Many praiseworthy songs are too intellectual and fail to put into melodic form the sentiments, the national passions of the people to whom they are addressed. The genuine song of freedom has usually been the product of some tremendous patriotic impulse, some great crisis. It depends upon another important essential namely, its singing quality. Its meter must not falter or be affected by the poet's peculiarities. The words must fit the music and music must harmonize with the words. Many successful authors have recognized the invaluable aid music contributes to them; for it has been their practice to write words to old martial airs that people could not forget.

The United States being the largest, the grandest, and most advanced of the republics of the world, what is more natural than that it should produce the greatest number of songs of freedom. In our country the spirit of liberty has had a healthy growth from the beginning.

The first and foremost in our national freedom songs is



“America”, called often from its initial line, “My Country ’Tis of Thee.” The author, the late Samuel Smith, D. D., was a divinity student at Andover in 1832 when a number of German music-books were loaned to him. Dr. Smith had just written a poem and he fitted the words to the air of “God Save the Queen”. “America” was first sung in public at a Sunday School celebration, July 4, 1832 at Boston. Everyone is so familiar with this song of freedom, it is enough to quote the first stanza :

“My Country, ’tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing:  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim’s pride  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring.”

“The American Hymn” which is less spirited and impressive than “America” is still popularly esteemed and frequently sung on important public occasions. It was written and composed by Matthias Keller shortly after the Civil War, in competition for a prize offered by a committee of gentlemen for the best national hymn. The prize was awarded to Mr. Keller who was then conductor of English and German Opera in New York. This hymn is not as well known as some others but runs as follows:—

“Speed our Republic, O Father on high  
Lead us in pathways of justice and right  
Rulers as well as the ruled, “One and all”,  
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!  
Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!  
Rulers as well as the ruled, “One and all”,  
Girdle with virtue the armor of might!

Hail! three times three hail to our country and flag!”

The great standby of the American people for the Fourth of July and other patriotic celebrations is “Columbia, the Gem of Ocean”. This tune is familiar to the English-speaking race on



both sides of the Atlantic. Beyond question the American words, written by David Shaw, were set to the English air, "The Red, White and Blue". But Shaw's lines have a rythmical swing all their own and will live as long as the republic.

"O Columbia the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and free,  
The shrine of the patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee,  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's form stands in view,  
Thy baners make tyranny tremble  
When borne by the red, white and blue."

## CHORUS

When borne by the red, white and blue,  
When borne by the red, white and blue,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble  
When borne by the red, white and blue."

The old favorite, "Hail Columbia" is scarcely less widely known and used than "The Red, White and Blue." Here is the first stanza:

"Hail Columbia, happy Land!  
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band!  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause  
And when the storm of war was gone  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;  
Let Independence be your boast  
Ever mindful of the cost;  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altars reach the skies;  
Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty!  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find."

The author of these words was Joseph Hopkinson born in Philadelphia in 1770. He wrote the famous song in 1798 under the following circumstances: A war with France was thought to be inevitable and partisan factions were very excited. A young singer offered his services at a theatre in Philadelphia, but had no very patriotic song. He came to Mr. Hopkinson, then a Judge and asked his help. The next day the Judge handed the singer the song and it was announced the day of the performance. The crowd received the song with great applause and all people soon were singing it everywhere. After all, there is nothing like a brisk, rousing, patriotic song to knit together the hearts of men.

Who has not heard "Yankee Doodle"? Even those who have no ear for music can distinguish this rattling tune. The origin has been always disputed but is attributed to the following incident:—In the summer of 1755 the British lay encamped on the east bank of the Hudson river, a little south of the city of Albany. They were awaiting reinforcements of militia from the eastern states, previous to marching on Ticonderoga. The raw recruits poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped and accoutred from his neighbors. Their comical appearance furnished much amusement to British officers. Dr. Schuchburgh, an English surgeon, composed the tune of "Yankle Doodle", and arranged it to the words which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and so the tune has been handed down.

The greatest of our freedom songs, held in undying favor is "The Star-Spangled Banner". The words of this song were written by Francis Scott Key and set to the music of an old air called "Adams and Liberty. The song was composed under the following circumstances. Francis Key left Baltimore at the time of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814, under a flag of truce to get the release of a friend of his from the British fleet. He was kept from returning to Baltimore and was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry which the British Admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours. The American watched the flag at the fort thruout the day until darkness prevented his seeing it. In the night he

watched the bomb-shells and at early dawn he saw the proudly waving flag of our country. It was this anxiety that caused Key to spend a sleepless night, and when daylight revealed the "flag of the free" still waving in the breeze, he drew forth an old letter from his pocket and wrote:

"O, say can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!  
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air  
Gave proof thru the night, that our flag was still there;  
O, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the lang of the free and the home of the brave."

The great song of freedom of the French is "The Marseillaise. A few days after the fall of the Bastille in July 1789, this wonderful hymn was written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle and set to music of a popular air. "The Marseillaise" is of purely revolutionary character but has an inspiring effect on the people. The English version is:—

"Ye sons of France awake to glory!  
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you use!  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Behold their tears and hear their cries,  
Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,  
Affright and desolate the land?  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding!  
To arms, to arms ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheath!  
March on, March on, all hearts resolved  
On victory or death.

Brazil, Peru, Argentine Republic and even Mexico have their freedom songs. They are stirring military works but often very long and complicated, however, they are such that the people and soldiers need not be ashamed to honor them.



As to the songs that came into existence during the Civil War, such as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", "When Johnny Comes Marching Home", "Marching Through Georgia", etc., it may be said that they served a great purpose and were potential in their influence on the soldiers.

Now as we are again in the tide of a modern war, we can only surmise the new songs of freedom that will be written to commemorate the noble deeds of Our Boys in Khaki.

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### CLAM DIGGERS

VIDA E. STEVENS, '19

"Come on, Bill. Let's hurry or we'll be shockin' these pious people of Durgin Point", called Annie over her shoulder to her younger brother, who had set down his freshly dug pail of clams to slap a green headed fly which had just alighted on his muddy ankle.

"Well, gee whiz, wait till I swat this fly, can't you? Plague take those flies", he ejaculated.

"Yes, but let's hurry, Bill. The people are commencing to go to Church already", said Ann with a faint touch of impatience in her voice.

"Aw, what do yer care?" drawled her brother. "Come, let's sit down here on the station platform and view the stuck-ups as they traipse along."

"Bill Duggan, haven't you any sense of decency about you?" chided Ann. "Just look at us! I should think you hadn't seen any soap and water for six months."

"Jiminy crickets, don't worry about clothes. They won't look at our duds, take it from me. They're too stuck on their own good lookers," said Bill carefully avoiding any reference to soap and water as is customary with ordinary ten year old boys.

"But, Bill, the fact is we've been digging clams on Sunday. I don't want folks to think that we are quite heathens, although for my part I don't think we've done one bit of harm."

“Will you please tell me”, he argued, “if you think anyone is a saint with wings all sprouted who, knocking at our door six o’clock Monday morning, inquires sweetly, “Is this Duggans? Have you some good fresh clams? We want some to fry for breakfast”. When did the nuts think we dug’em, I should like to know, if we didn’t dig’em on Sunday?”

Ann, thoroughly convinced that it was of no avail to try to convince her headstrong brother, who evidently was acquiring a pessimistic view toward the summer colonists, brushed from her eyes her straggly chestnut brown hair which was hanging about her shoulders. She then picked up her clams, swung her clam hoe over her shoulder, and trudged along toward home. Her brother, realizing that he was being left alone on the station platform, and seeming all at once to comprehend the contrast between his appearance and that of the church-goers, lifted his clam pails and hoe, and hastened to keep his sister company.

The day was becoming increasingly warm as the sun rose higher and higher. A gentle breeze from the sea, however, was fanning the air and cooling slightly the hot blazing sands over which the two fatherless children were plodding along in their barefeet.

Just before they reached the bend in the road, they met Mr. Fogg, the President of the Durgin Point Association. He was puffing hard, and at each rapid stride touched the earth with his gold headed cane. Evidently he fancied that he would be late for Church. Such a thing would be a terrible sin for a deeply religious man, whose thoughts centered alone on the Church and the prosperity of Durgin Point Association. Nevertheless, when he encountered the two children carrying their hissing, spouting pails of clams, he paused just long enough to reach in his pocket and draw forth a printed fly leaf. This paper he handed to Ann remarking between his hurried gasps, “Tomorrow one of these slips will be left at each house—result of the action taken at the last Association meeting”. Then he hurried on.

Both children clutched the paper and commenced to read. Simultaneously both, astounded and horrified, exclaimed.

“Oh Bill.”



“Annie”.

They were woefully silent for a moment. Then Annie spoke.

“Bill, we mustn’t tell mother. What would she do if she thought that we couldn’t dig any more clams? William, what shall we do?”

“Shoot that Association!” burst forth Bill. “Huh! Got to have some more money for a new Church floor, and so the way they’re going to get it is to run the clam flats themselves, is it?”

Ten minutes before it would have seemed inconceivable to the poor children, who were earning the large share of the small income which supported themselves and their frail little mother, that in one instant a barrier could be raised which would leave them with no means of earning their food. They were young to be sure, but children who ever since the death of their father two years before had been obliged to assume much responsibility and care.

Slowly, thoughtfully, they walked up the sandy lane toward home and their mother. Over and over again they declared, “Mother mustn’t know.” They believed that she would not hear of the new cruel edict of the Association since she was of delicate constitution and seldom went out of the door yard. Hardly ever either did anyone come to see them.

The children were meditating not only upon their plight but also upon a remedy for it. Before they arrived at the house, they had reached a decision. They felt assured that they had a solution for their difficulty.

Upon the top of the small sand knoll rested their four-room hut, the most beautiful home in the world to them. On one side of the house were four small green birches which rustling softly in the sea breeze formed a pretty contrast to the dilapidated brown house. In the backyard were several clam pails, and scattered about were many crushed clam shells. On the front of the house was a sign, “Fresh Clams Every Day.”

“See ma,” exclaimed Bill as they entered the door, “we got more’n usual this mornin’.”

“Well, so you did”, responded the mother as she examined the four pails which were completely filled. “I guess the better the day the better the deed, eh?—Come now, sit down and eat



some nice hot corn mush. Your poor chilluns look hungry."

Ann and William sat dawn to the table, and for a few moments forgetting their new predicament hastily devoured their corn mush.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. The moon like a huge golden ball was just appearing above the edge of the water. Full moon and high tide at ten o'clock always create a perfect evening. Mrs. Duggan and the children had just slipped into bed, for they were firm believers in the proverb, "Early to bed, early to rise."

A quarter of an hour later two figures could be seen stealthily making their way to the clam flats which were on a sandbar in a small cove behind the breakwater.

"Bill brother, I think we're doing the right thing, don't you?" whispered Annie.

"Sure I do, sis. I know God made those clams for us just as much as for anyone else, and I think He wants us to have our share of 'em."

"Yes, I feel sure we are doing the right and only thing. Why, goodness, Bill, we've simply got to have clams to sell, or mother an' you an' I—well, we wouldn't have corn much many mornin's."

"Your right sister. Say, we'll have to come down in the daytime tomorrow, too, so that mother won't suspect a single thing. I don't know how long we can keep the secret, but you and I can do a pretty good job I guess."

The evening was a glorious one for the clam diggers. The moon like a huge searchlight turned its rays directly upon the sandbar upon which the tireless workers commenced to dig. Although the clams seemed to be of unusual size, their pails did not fill as quickly as customarily when they worked in the daytime; for even though the moon's light was bright, it was not sufficient to enable them to see easily and distinctly the clam holes. Nevertheless, they worked patiently and bravely.

As they ceaselessly continued their digging, gradually they advanced farther and farther out upon the sandbar which sloped higher as it projected out into the sea.

“Say Ann”, called Bill after a long pause, “I’ve got my pails almost full. How are you coming, sis?”

Almost full, too, brother. Isn’t this great fun though? I feel so happy to think that mother will always be just as happy and will never know.”

“Yes”, replied her brother, “dear little mother shall never know.”

At last they were almost ready to start for home.

“William!” suddenly shouted Ann hysterically. “Brother, we’re out on the bar too far. Look, oh look!”

It required only an instant for them to become fully conscious of the situation. At the present moment they were standing on dry land, but the instant they began to walk toward shore they found themselves walking into deeper and deeper water. It must have been almost high tide.

“Sister, come let’s try it. I think we can make it even now,” he said assuringly, yet with a tremulous voice. “We must.”

Ann placed her arm tightly around her brother, and together they walked—walked—walked.

It was a sad secret which the waves and moon told of that evening. The still quietness was disturbed alone by the dull pounding of the breakers on the shore. The stars in heaven flickered, and two of their lamps went out.

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## APPRECIATION OF WILD FLOWERS

LINA C. WEEKS, '19

“Earth is crammed with heaven,  
And every bush alive with God,  
But only he who sees  
Puts off his shoes.”

How true this is! Every bush and flower is, to the Nature lover, as alive with God as was the burning bush which Moses saw in the Land of Midian. We pass by these things and, because we see them so often, scarcely notice them, but at last when our eyes are opened we find these quite as wonderful in



many ways as the unusual things which immediately attract our attention.

A great deal of enjoyment may be obtained from common things. Not the least of this enjoyment comes from making the acquaintance of the common wild flowers. By this term, I mean not only the fragrant trailing arbutus, the modest violet, or the delicate wild rose, known and loved by nearly everyone, but the weeds and the wayside flowers such as the fragile chickweed, the sticky, clinging bedstraw, the lovely evening primrose and the hardy St. John's wort.

It is very true that many weeds and even some of the wild flowers are not at first especially attractive but appreciation is developed by interest and study. If we look at a thistle and think only about the spines we are not apt to be much interested except to keep away from it. But if we look for the purpose of these spines and then see the wonderful structure of the leaf and the plant, we begin to love the thistle and by the time the flowers appear we can delight ourselves with their beauty of structure, color and fragrance.

The wild clematis is as graceful as any imported vine and is especially beautiful in autumn when its bunches of feathery seeds show from the walls and rock piles. Yet, only a few appreciate its beauty because it is so plentiful.

If the wayside weeds were all removed we should miss them even though we had never noticed them enough to be conscious of seeing them. In the dusty wayside flowers as well as in the flowers cultivated for their beauty we can find perfection in structure, delicacy of color, and in some, perfume.

Look closely at the Gill-over-the-ground and you will find the small blue flowers more perfect in structure than many of the cultivated ones. The tiny speedwell has blossoms of the most delicate blue. The jewel weed exhibits delicacy of structure and splendor of color while the wild rose approaches perfection in all with the addition of perfume.

Late in June comes the lovely evening primrose with its splendid yellow flowers, closed during the day but opening at twilight and exhaling a sweet perfume, the center of attraction for the nectar loving moths.



What more beautiful sight can be imagined than a pond, bordered with the sedges and pickerel weed, the surface covered with the blossoms of the pink and white water lilies?

To some, almost or fully as pleasing and much more common a sight, is a field in June dotted with the blossoms of daisies, buttercups and clover rocking gently to and fro in the waves of green grass.

What a thrill we experience each year at the sight of the fields in early spring; the tender green of the grass studded with the yellow dandelions! A few days later all is changed. We have another picture, quite as beautiful but the field is covered with fuzzy balls of seed. Almost with a feeling of sadness we christen them the ghosts of the sturdy blossoms.

In the little wayside flower we have the whole problem of life and death. Tennyson saw it and expressed it in these words,

“Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.”

Did you ever notice a group of thickly crowded plants? Each attempts to get all the light it possibly can. Some stronger than the others, grow more rapidly and shade the rest, yet the poor shaded plants put their whole vitality into one sickly blossom which then withers away. The plants have tried to fulfill their life duty but have failed.

The problem of the survival of the fittest is being solved by plants as well as by human beings. Our native flowers are being crowded back from the cultivated land to the woods by the weeds and flowers from England and other European countries. These weeds are hardier and thrive under conditions unsuitable for the native wild flowers.

We see field after field covered with witch grass because this is a hardy selfish plant which takes all the food, light and moisture available, literally crowding and starving out its neighbors until all of the more delicate species are exterminated.

Plants resort to all sorts of devices for the preservation of their kind. By observing closely we notice many different ways plants have of disseminating their seed. Many use the wind as a carrier. The most unique method of spreading the seed is that of the English Cuckoo-pint, a near relative of our water arum. The seeds are borne in beautiful berries which are very attractive to the birds of the marshes. The birds eat the berries and are poisoned by them. Wherever the dead bird falls a new colony of young plants springs up; the dead body of the bird forming an ideal starting place for the young plants. In North America we have no plant that resorts to killing birds for the purpose of scattering its seed though many use birds for that purpose.

Although many seeds fall on the mountain ledges, we find there only a few varieties of flowers such as the delicate pink corydalis, the graceful wild columbine and the early saxifrage,—plants that are especially adapted to thrive in the scanty soil found in the seams of the rocks. On the other hand we find many kinds in the swamps where food and water are plentiful.

Flowers repay one many times over for the time spent and the trouble entailed in making their acquaintance by the pleasure which they give. Go into the fields, woods and swamps, make flowers your friends and you will never regret doing so. Richard Jeffries has said, "The first conscious thought about wild flowers was to find out their names—the first conscious pleasure—and then I began to see so many that I had not previously noticed. Once you wish to identify them, there is nothing escapes, down to the little white chickweed of the path and the moss of the wall."

We may love and appreciate the beauty of flowers without knowing their names but if we truly love them we will find out their names before long.

Besides the flowers that are so common that all may see without effort there are many shyer, more hidden varieties.

A walk through the woods in early summer may reveal in all their delicacy and beauty the rattlesnake plantain and its cousin the lady's tresses, the sweet scented pyrola, the waxy pink and



green pepsissewa and the partridge vine with its glossy green leaves, scarlet berries and fragrant velvety flowers.

At another season we find the lady's slippers white, yellow, and pink, the clintonia with its leaves of shiny green and yellow flowers; the delicate lacy blossoms of the false mitrewort and the modest little white violets rising from the mossy carpet. Look around. Perchance we may find the quaint Solomon's seal, the fly honeysuckle, and the leatherwood with their greenish yellow blossoms. Over there is a wild cherry bursting into bloom. Do you wonder that the poets of Japan have immortalized the cherry blossom?

There are many more no less interesting or beautiful that will be discovered by a careful search. The yellow lady's slipper, more retiring than its sister the white variety, may be found in some bog or on the bank of a brook in company with the white hellebore and Jack-in-the-pulpit. Can I ever forget the joy I felt on finding my first yellow lady's slipper? This flower, though beautiful is not more so than the iris or rhodora but I had already found these in their native home so wishing for a more extended acquaintance I was seeking the yellow lady's slipper. At last I found it bending over a small brook nodding gayly to its own reflection on the water. I have found many since but each one I find brings back the joy I felt on finding the first.

Through love of flowers a broader conception of the laws of Nature is obtained. We can, by tracing the life stories of the different species, see how, by elimination of the individuals unfitted to their surroundings, some plants have become almost perfectly adapted to particular places while others seem still to be in the transitional period. Can any one grumble at Nature because she is careless of the individual flower when he finds that by just such methods the many varieties of beautiful flowers are being perfected?

One who studies the life story of the flowers will never be like the man described in these lines,

“A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And nothing more.”



He will see more than color or size for deeper than these is imprinted in each flower its life story and the life story of its species.

A lover of flowers has expressed his wish for us in these words, "Let us content ourselves no longer with being mere 'botanists'—historians of structural facts. The flowers are not mere comely or curious vegetable creations with colors, odors, petals, stamens and innumerable attributes. The flower is no longer a simple passive victim in the busy bee's sweet pillage, but rather a conscious being with hopes, aspirations and companionships." This is revealed bit by bit to the observant lover of flowers, he need not put extended study upon the flowers but only notice them carefully. Let us all be among the friends of the flowers till we can truly say with Wordsworth,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."



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