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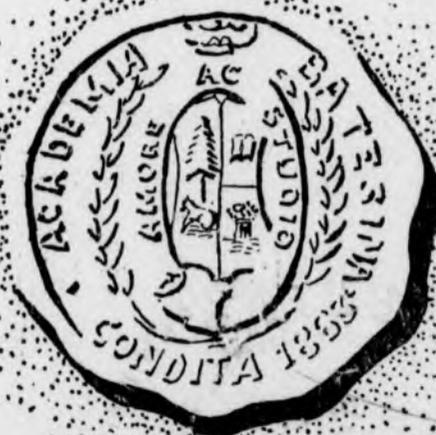
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MAGAZINE SECTION

THE  
BATES  
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE



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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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## **THE B. C. JORDAN FORESTRY DEPARTMENT**

BY L. G. JORDAN, A. M. PH. D.

In the early settlement of New England, an important object was to get rid of the forests as fast as possible and make the land available for cultivation and pasturage. Beyond the limited use of some of the best timber for building purposes, there was no thought of saving the fine old growth that covered our hills and valleys. Such conditions developed a habit of wastefulness of valuable and useful property; and our people in modern times have been very slow to realize the extreme folly of their habit and the great dangers to our future welfare in allowing it to continue.

The conservation of our forestry resources has recently come to be regarded as one of the most important features of our economic life. All over the world the study of scientific forestry is now receiving great attention and will doubtless have much effect in preserving and restoring the conditions absolutely necessary to the highest development of our civilization.

Five years ago last December, Benjamin Clark Jordan of Alfred, Maine, died, leaving an estate of nearly twenty thousand acres of timber and growth land and the extensive lumber business in which he had been engaged for over fifty years. By his will, the entire property was left in the hands of a board of executors and trustees, who were authorized to settle the estate and continue the business for a period

of ten years. The trustees were directed, in the final disposal of the estate, to convey to Miss Nellie B. Jordan of Alfred the use and control during her lifetime of all the real estate then remaining. At her death, the property was to go to Bates College for the establishment and maintenance of a forestry department to be conducted according to the best methods of scientific forestry.

Miss Jordan has been very eager to carry out her father's wishes in regard to the final use of his timber land, and also is she much interested in everything that pertains to the welfare of Bates College, being herself a graduate in the class of 1888. Therefore, she very generously proposed that, on certain conditions, she would release to the college her life estate in the property of her father, and thus allow the forestry department to be established at once. The proposition was promptly accepted, and the transactions have now been completed.

On the first day of this present month, the college came into possession of somewhat over twelve thousand acres of timber and growth land, situated for the most part in York County, but with a few hundred acres in Cumberland and Androscoggin Counties. This is a larger timber tract than is connected with any other forestry department in New England, and is one of the largest in the county. In the management of this land, the object will be to develop as much as possible the growth of pine, hemlock, and oak timber. This will be accomplished by removing other kinds of growth and by planting all open and vacant spaces with young pines. As the timber matures and becomes ready for market, it will be cut and manufactured.

The B. C. Jordan Lumber Company has just been organized to continue the business begun by Mr. Jordan in 1861, and to co-operate with the forestry department in the manufacture of the timber into marketable products. Such a combination will give to our forestry students an opportunity to learn the subject in its broadest phases, from the development of the seedling, through all the stages of its

growth, to the manufacture and sale of the final lumber products. This complete system is found in very few forestry departments in the country

Mr Lawrence R. Grose, a man eminently fitted for the position by education and experience, has been elected as the head of this department, and he will begin his work with the opening of the next semester. During the present semester, several members of the freshman class have been taking the preliminary studies of the new department. The course will cover four years and will lead to the degree of B.S. In addition to a wide range of reading and theoretical study, it will include much practice and experimental forestry work, as the raising of the various kinds of seedlings, transplanting them in their proper conditions, protecting them against disease and other unfavorable influences, and, in general, trying to produce two or more healthy and vigorous trees where only one would otherwise grow. In older growth, the inferior kinds of wood will be removed and sold for fuel. There will also be much practice in the measurement and estimation of timber on the stump, and in all the various steps of its removal, manufacture, and sale. The course will include also the study of mineralogy, mathematics, economics, English, and one or more other modern languages. A complete outline of all the studies to be taken in this general course is in preparation, and will soon be presented by Professor Grose.





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### SERVICE AND THE "HOME GUARD".

Leaders in thought have written and spoken much of what men owe to other men. The idea is not new, though we are obviously still far from the realization of its fullest meaning. At any rate, poets and sages have immortalized the notion that a man lives not for himself. Hitherto, we have committed their lines to memory, expressed our respect for the sentiment imbued therein and our purpose to uphold or even add something of proof to the theory,—then have proceeded

about our own affairs in our way. The pathway of many, fortunately, has brought relief to physical suffering and light to shadowed intellects in all civilized generations. How many of us continue to wait for the big "call" that never is to come.

At the present moment, all is changed. The whole world seems to be laid at our feet. The forerunners of wars have actually invaded the campus, and their signs are everywhere. We are obliged to keep our poise, and, at the same time, we dare not, can not think of our own interests, but only "How much can I give to the cause of liberty?" Many of our Bates men are giving their all. We honor those who are thus honoring college and country. The Bates service flag with its hundred and twenty-five stars will wave as a proud monument to their devotion.

But what signs do the rest of us manifest, we who still belong to the "home guard"? We are learning to economize; we still have more than enough for the bodily wants. We are learning to utilize time as well as materials; we still have leisure which is not rightfully ours. One great door swings open through which all classes of society may join the ranks of a civilian army already ten times as large as the military force of the nation. Aside from actual fighting, the American Red Cross is without doubt the mightiest factor in America's war against War. There is no limit to the opportunities at home and abroad which a man or woman enlisted in this organization may be chosen to meet. Every paying member is a volunteer; every paid or unpaid official is a person of prestige and ability and utter devotion to humanity's cause. President Wilson is the society's chief executor; Congress char- ters it; the War Department audits its accounts. Its com- missions, delegated by the National Committee, are at work in France, Russia, Italy, Roumania and Salonica. The sta- tistics of its activities are widely published. These activ- ities are the means of comforting our own soldiers in camp, on field, and in hospital, of sustaining our worn-out allies, and of saving millions of the victims of our enemies.

American men are fearless enough to endure the grimness

of the firing-line, and they will never fail to respond until righteousness has conquered. We shall not all be wanted in the trenches of France, because the "home guard" must be kept perfect in strength. Yet many of us will be summoned to face the enemy before the victory is complete; and the giving of ourselves to this task will be a nobler giving because we have already been tried right here and found to ring true.

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### TALKING SHOP

Ominous words and written with many a misgiving! Are you having to force cheerfulness of late? Some one confessed that feeling the other day; but it was not the Student. The Student magazine looks toward the future hopefully, gladly, trustingly. This trust it puts in *you*, and is confident because you have the power to make of it another triumph in this year of achievement.

The Student magazine seeks to express your thoughts in your best moments, your opinions on subjects local or world-wide. We know that you will respond generously with willing co-operation, even in these months of greatest stress and strain. We are asking much, because to ask less would be to do discredit to Bates men and women. This is a year when all have more to do and less time in which to do it than any year before. Verily, "new occasions teach new duties" and bind us to perform the old tasks with renewed vigor. It follows, therefore, that we must have new ideas—bigger ones, and broader sympathies now than at any past time. It is your new ideas that the other fellow wants to hear about. If you have written your opinions, do not keep the manuscript hidden away. If your views are unexpressed, speak, write, before the truth that might have inspired your neighbor passes into oblivion.

Do not wait to be asked. The field belongs to *you*. What about that paper which you presented in your literary socie-

ty or science club? Does not that belong to the rest of us too? You wrote a poem—a modest one, but one eloquent of your own passion. Will you share it? A plot for a story occurred to you. Did you ever develop it?

Surely our aspirations did not die of despair over freshman themes! It is our business here in college to build up a sentiment about good reading. Because we are humble-minded, shall we take all and offer nothing? Shall we plead a pressure of burdens which eat up all our energies? Let us maintain here on our own campus such a journal as shall give proof of our faithfulness to the tasks set before us, and which shall serve as a spring to our energies. Thus may we also serve!

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### ASON

BY DOROTHY H. CROWELL, '20

Years ago when men were treated as beasts and flogged at their work, there sailed down the placid Aegean Sea a beautiful Grecian ship, built square and heavy, with one massive top-deck and two lower decks from which the long, shining oars rose and fell in regular rythm. Her sides were queerly carved, and sloped a little inwards, while at the front, a short, thick bow-spirit was the support of the gilded statue of a woman. This image represented a goddess standing with her arms above her head as though about to dive, her eyes fixed on the distant shore ahead. All over the gold-leaf were spotted glittering gems,—blood-red rubies, green emeralds, milky pearls, turquoises, amethysts, opals, and lastly, hard, sparkling diamonds. Many a city on the sea-shore had shut its gates and called its warrors to arms, as the sun shone down on this gleaming marvelous form, and heralded the coming of the terror-ship.

No less feared and dreaded than the ship were her warriors and her master. The latter was a young, strong Greek in the prime of manhood, his tall, graceful figure, and his regular, classic features embodying the spirit that was within

him. Cruel he was, and pitiless; but his own bravery was unparalleled and his fame far-reaching. His forehead was broad and lofty, the temples swelling a little, and the dark hair close-curling about his finely-chiseled head. For Ason was of royal descent and boasted a demi-god as founder of his race.

Down in the under-decks, however, the men were of different cast. They, the animals,—machines which drove this mighty monster by their petty strength, and which were driven with harsh blows and cruel, writhing whips—they were once men, too, from conquered tribes along the barbarians shores. Chained to their rough benches and the sides of the hull, weighed with heavy balls, and cut by galling thongs, they lived out their wretched existence in semi-darkness, dirt, and squalor. If one of their number died, his body was cut in pieces and forced through his oar-hole out into the sea to be food for the hungry sharks.

One of these slaves was remarkable for his beauty of body and expressiveness of face. Naked to the waist, his back scarred and bruised, still his herculean form gave evidence of unlimited strength and of brute passion, and his mobile face with its restless blue eyes betrayed bitter hatred held in check only through an immature purpose. Another wrong had been added to his pain. Above, in the Master's cabin, was a little, fair maiden, his sister, once a happy princess in a rude, barbarous kingdom, now a plaything for the dreaded Grecian. Deep down in the soul of the slave, concentrated rage had gathered and gathered, until the man's whole being seethed with the desire for blood-revenge.

On a rather stormy day, after an important victory, all the warriors save the master, Ason, and the two slave-drivers had left the ship. The driver Gelomes, on the barbarian's deck, had just placed the daily bowl of water beside the oars-men, when a sudden lurch of the vessel overturned the dish. The overseer only laughed. In that second, the soul of the flaxon-haired giant seemed on fire; a red mist floated before his eyes, and something within him, long controlled

and restrained, burst. He rose to his feet, crying aloud, and with one swift, powerful jerk of his body, tore the bench from its fastenings, and felled the Greek from behind. For a second all was silence. Then the savage drew the body to him and began to hunt with exultant fingers for a weapon. The other slaves had become wild beasts, yelling and roaring, and tearing plank from plank in their eagerness. The lower deck, too, had heard the uproar and had risen up against their driver, choking him silently to death. Gelomes gained partial freedom and passed along amongst the men to the upper deck.

On deck, Ason himself stood calm, unmoved. Not a quiver of fear had entered his eyes, but his lips had grown sterner as he watched the swift clouds gathering for a violent storm, and realized that the ship was without aid if the slaves left their seats. The barbarian reached the deck to find himself facing the man he hated most of all. One mighty breath of the sweet, cool air, one second's relaxation of every muscle, and then a spring, and the two lay grappling on the floor, their hands at each other's throats, and their breath whistling weirdly through their bared, clenched teeth. Whether from superior strength or superior purpose, the savage had the greater advantage and his adversary became as nothing in his mighty arms. As he stood above the fallen Greek, his lips foaming, his eye-balls blood-shot and protruding, the other slaves drew back in horror. Once a madness seized his heart, and with fierce cries, he beat the body to pulp, worrying it like an angry, growling dog. Yet he did not kill. Ason had partial consciousness at times, with a magnificent disdain in his eyes for the hands which tortured him and with lips sealed to words of pain or fear.

But now, the storm had increased its fury, lashing the vessel with its huge combers at right angles and wallowing on in a churning flood of blue-black water. Golden, forked flashes of flame played across the iridescent sky, and a low rumble dulled the senses and maddened with fear the hearts of the superstitious barbarians. Once, a solid mountain had

broken near them, its drops flashing on the golden, swaying form in the bow.

From the cabin-way, someone called in fear. It was the Greek's little, fair-haired sister, clad in clinging white, a pure and beautiful form in the half-darkness. She cried out suddenly when she saw her brother, and for one second her hands went out to him. But then her eyes strayed to the bloody mass at his feet, and moaning aloud in grief and terror she tottered across the wet, slippery deck. Then, as suddenly she reached their side and recognized the master lying broken at his slave's feet, his eyes betraying for one swift, agonizing second the secret she alone had known. With one low sob of utter abandon, she threw herself on the deck, her lips touching the hand of the Greek. For one second, Ason's fingers played in her shining hair before a long shudder released his tortured soul.

Just at that moment the ship floundered and sank. The wave hung suspended, a shining silver ribbon, taut, only to break in eddying swirls on the deck of the fated vessel.

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### THE ICE-STORM

BY AURA BELL EMERSON, '16

I saw the trees-a silver lane  
With myriad colors overshot,  
For ice had followed on that winter rain,  
And radiant star gleams were in fetters caught;  
And yet a wraith-like mist enveloped all.  
Which seemed the beauteous fabric of a dream.  
My soul stood still, then rushed to heed the call,  
To follow far upon that fleeting mist;  
But somehow, overkeen, it missed the way,  
Just caught the gleam which last with gladness kissed,  
And then in sorrow turned to common day.

**THE KAISER AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE**

BY ALBERT CONRAD ADAM, '19

When the Holy Roman Empire came—in all but name—to a close at the peace of Westphalia in 1648, the Great Elector was the only German prince to benefit by its downfall. Profiting by the fate of Germany and her weak emperor, he built up a state composed of Brandenburg and the duchies of Cleves and East-Prussia and established himself as the military head and financial controller of the three. He accomplished this through ceaseless efforts, his strong will power, and the lack of a moral code. But the name of the Elector of Brandenburg was respected and feared because of the powerful state he had erected on the sands of the Havel and Spree.

The following century was a time of peace and recuperation for Prussia, and her leaders concerned themselves only with solving the interior problems of the land. Frederick I, though a monarch of little ability, nevertheless acquired the title of King of Prussia. Frederick William introduced compulsory military service, and increased the army from thirty thousand to eighty-three thousand men. He also strengthened the financial standing of Prussia through the closest economy. Frederick the Great acquired Silesia, and made Prussia the equal of Austria in affairs concerning the German Empire.

When the onslaught of Napoleon's genius made history of social and political conditions in Prussia decline, she was quickly rebuilt by such able statesmen as Freiherr von Stein and Chancellor von Hardenberg. Scharnhorst and Gneisenau attended to the military problems, poets like Fichte and Arndt stirred up the patriotism of the people, and, when in 1813 the War of Liberation commenced, Prussia was able to do her full share to throw off the foreign yoke.

William I (1861-1888) added Schleswig Holstein to his

kingdom as a result of the war with Denmark in 1864. He subjugated Hanover, and banished Austria from any part in Germany's problems, following the victory over Austria in 1866. He regained by the sword Alsace-Lorraine, which had been taken from Germany through force of arms by Louis XIV during the Thirty Years War. Finally the German princes proclaimed the King of Prussia Emperor of Germany at Versailles, in 1870.

Thus it appears that Prussia has always had good leaders at critical times of her history. The Great Elector held sway during the Thirty Years War; Frederick the Great in the Seven Years War; Stein, Hardenburg, Scharnhorst, and Gneisenau during the Napoleonic period; and William I with his three paladins, Bismark, Moltke, and Roon during the Franco-Prussian War. At the present time William II is the German leader, and even his antagonists must realize that he is the greatest organizer and ablest monarch of our time. However, by a little closer examination of Prussian history it becomes apparent that the weak rulers of Potsdam always knew enough to stay at home and mind their own affairs, whereas the strong monarchs went out for conquest and, in general, succeeded.

The success of Germany up to this time in the present struggle has been due to a great emperor and a strongly centralized government supported by an attitude of the people which is the direct result of their peculiar education. Let us take for granted the greatness of a man who has collected and organized the resources of Germany for over forty years in order to launch them against his foreign adversaries; let us acknowledge that a man needs great ability and talent to so train a nation of seventy millions of people that they will undergo the greatest trials and sacrifices which any nation has ever made; let us admit that the efficiency of the German government has been a great factor in carrying on the war.

The third element which has been so evident in Germany's success is the unity of the nation in unlimited support of their government. The training of the people to attain this unity

has been two-fold, mental and physical. The mental training commences practically when the child begins to understand the language. He hears from his elder brothers interesting stories and episodes of the life of the reigning family, especially of the Kaiser. He listens to enthusiastic accounts of the achievements of German armies in the past, and in his childish imagination he longs that the time may come when he himself may take part in military conquests. When he goes to school, this love, devotion, and respect for the emperor is tremendously strengthened. As the children of America learn that divine truth that all men are born equal and free, that the laws of the United States are made by representatives of the people,—so the German schoolboy is taught that the Kaiser is “vor dem Gesetze unverantwortlich,” that he can declare war or peace as he sees fit. One of the first songs which the child has to memorize is:

Der Kaiser ist ein lieber mann,  
Er wohnt in Berlin;  
Und wär 'es nicht so weit von heir,  
Seging ich heut' noch hin.

The boy sees history in such a light as to conclude that the the kings of Prussia and the emperors of Germany have always been in the right and can never do wrong.

Another part of the German education consists in never enlightening the pupil about the government of democratic nations. Even in the famous gymnasia the student learns nothing of the constitution of France or of the United States. In contrast to this, however, comparisons are often made between the Russian and Turkish governments and the German constitution. The teacher never fails to point out the good and benevolent rule of the Prussian kings in contrast to that of the Czar and the Sultan.

The third factor which the German pupil must not fail to understand is that Germany is surrounded by enemies who are constantly on the alert to destroy the German nation. Considering the many times that Germany has been the battle ground of wars in the past, the people are easily led to be-

lieve this. In order to ward off these enemies, the nation needs a big army and navy, and every citizen must do his share toward furnishing a great military force.

The patriotism of the older children is nourished by the memorizing of many patriotic songs and poems, and by singing and reciting them on all patriotic holidays, as on the Kaiser's birthday, January 27, and on September 2, in celebration of the fall of Sedan. It is a sad fact that all the poets who ever preached greater political freedom to the German people had to leave the country. We have a famous example in Ferdinand Freiligrath, who went to England and lived there in sorrow. Heine was practically banished from Germany and concluded his life in Paris. Even Ernest Moritz Arndt, who at the time of the *Freiheitskriege* aroused the patriotism of the Germans more than any other single man, had to leave the country for a long period, because he thought the people entitled to a fuller share in the government. Most of the German poets, however, have been in sympathy with the policy of the government, and have expressed their dislike for democracy in no uncertain language. Even the great Schiller in his famous "Lied von der Glocke" says:

Weh' denen, die dem Ewigblinden  
Des Himmels lichte Fackel leih'n;  
Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kam nur zunden  
Und äschert Städt' und Dörfer ein.

So, from the time that the child reaches understanding until old age he listens to the preachings of love for the Kaiser and obedience to the law, or, that which is the same, to obedience to the will of the emperor.

At the age of twenty the physical or military training begins, and, though many of his childish dreams are shattered, he is proud to wear the uniform of the Kaiser. The people realize the great "benefits" derived from this training, and as for war, their attitude is "Let us hope there will be none, but if the Kaiser sees fit to declare war, it must be, and we must do our duty as our ancestors have done it". The soldier

himself is trained, drilled, and mentally subdued to such a degree that he would shoot his own relatives at the command of his superiors. To be put under arrest while wearing "bunten Rock," or to be punished for some petty offence or negligence while serving in the army makes the soldier an object of ridicule and derision when he returns home on a furlough. To have served two years without a black mark against his record is the lifelong boast of many a veteran. The man who has never had the honor to wear the Kaiser's "Rock" is an object of condescending sympathy, and sometimes of contempt.

In the face of such wholesale love for the Kaiser and general respect for his will, it is hard to understand why the Allies expect a German revolution. When the French Revolution took place in 1789, there was a weakling on the throne of France, the morals of the court were corrupt, and the spirit of dissatisfaction had been growing for a long time among the people. The situation was exactly the same in Russia in 1917. But Germany has to-day a strong emperor, a most efficient government, and a people who have always been satisfied with the administration. As to the fact that conditions have changed so much during the last three years, that the people have to make so many and great sacrifices,—of course that is due to the enemies of Germany who are trying to destroy her. If it is indirectly the emperor's fault, yet he is trying his best to remedy the evils, to bring about a speedy victory and the blessings of former times. Yet the Kaiser does not trust the people altogether. He has, as we all know, an excellent secret service system, so that a rooster cannot announce the coming of the morning without the knowledge of the emperor. How then could the German Socialist Party ever unite for a common purpose? In their very midst are spies who would betray their every move. Rebel, the great Socialist leader of the nineties, was constantly surrounded by a swarm of spies; Liebknecht, his successor, was put in prison about a year ago. Who is there to lead the movement for social reform? As long as William II. is on the throne of Germany, there will be

no constitutional reforms. He has the situation too well in hand. But when the war is over, when William II is gone, when the people realize the sacrifices they have made during the present conflict and demand rights in return, when a weaker ruler occupies the German throne, then the people of Germany will have their turn.

As one who was brought up in a German home, who has seen and knows the goodness of the people, I pray that the privations which they are undergoing now will not injure the nation permanently. As a student who has taken a little sip from the fountain of knowledge, I hope that the German race will not lose the ability to produce genius, the genius of music and literature and science. As a man who has come to believe in the justice of democracy, I expect to witness the day when Germany will be counted among the great democracies of the world, when her people will even take the lead in political life, and in social progress in the march toward a goal which all civilization is struggling to reach, practical Christianity.

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### WAS IT A STRATAGEM?

BY VERA L. MILLIKEN, '19

“Of course Baby must have a nice yard to play in, but he doesn't need a whole plantation. Now that little house over on Elmwood Avenue—it is so distinguished-looking—lots like Mrs. Payton's. Don't you think so, dear?”

The pause which followed hinted that “dear” wasn't over enthusiastic concerning the modern house on Elmwood Avenue.

With an entreating little smile Mrs. Ellis tried again. “You want Baby to grow up in a distinguished-looking house, don't you, Richard?” Mrs. Ellis's tone showed confidence in the good sense of her husband and in his choice of houses.

With a sigh and a muttered something which sounded

suspiciously like "distinguished be hanged". Mr. Ellis returned to his paper.

His wife was knitting a sweater for Baby. From the silver buckles on her new pumps to the studiously careless curls on her forehead she radiated assurance. By the constant use of tact she always won her own way. She thought that she would this time—and so did Mr. Ellis think so, too. Slowly, and still more slowly the needles moved. The walls of the apartment faded, and a trim little house took shape, a house conforming in every line to the rules of modern architecture, or which is better, to Mrs. Ellis's conception of modern architecture.

The newspaper slipped from her husband's hand. He, too, had forgotten the rigid, formal line of the apartment house, and between tall, sweeping elms he caught glimpses of the broad, pillared veranda of a spacious old colonial mansion. If only it could be his own!

The next morning, as Mr. Ellis stepped from his motor car before the office of F. D. Ordway, Real Estate Agent, there was decision and triumph in his countenance, for was he not the originator of a most skilful stratagem?

The conversation between the blandly self-confident Mr. Ordway and the determined home-hunter was satisfactory to both men. A few minutes later, well content with his scheming, Mr. Ellis left the office, closing the door upon the young agent who, leaning back in his chair, chuckled, chuckled like a man who is hugely amused at himself and his fellow-men.

"Some joke, all right! Poor old Ellis wants comfort, not style, but he's got to please his wife—just like lots of 'em. If he hadn't been in such a blooming hurry I'd have told him the truth, but how on earth can you tell a man something he is bound not to know? Make up a story about Lafayette stopping at the old Whitby place! Well that's pretty soft! They'll all be happy, and it's just as well to keep some things to yourself, T. D. old boy."

Ten months had passed as one short day of sunshine for

Mrs. Ellis, as years of doubt for Mr. Ellis. While with childish enthusiasm she hunted antiques, he patiently admired the "darling" andirons and "adorable" brass candlesticks and was always possessed with that sub-conscious inquietude. When in the office superintending the work of many men, he would assure himself that a conscience belonged to the past centuries, that along with candles and coaches it had been superseded. But now vacation had come. In the very atmosphere of the centuries which live only in history, conscience took courage, daily grew, and confronted Mr. Ellis.

Here was the porch, the easy chair, and the summer evening of his dream, but peace of mind was lacking. Twilight was deepening down by the gateway. Soon it would creep up until it had crossed the lawn, stirred the fragrance of the mignonette, and played among the hollyhocks. Now, softened in the dusk, the garage might have held the old family coach. No one need suspect that the faint glow in the library came from shaded electric lights, not from candles.

There was a rustling of silk, a tripping of satin slippers, a breath of perfume, and Mrs. Ellis was perching on the arm of her husband's chair. Always impulsive and to-night child-like, she seemed to her husband and his conscience, more innocently trusting than ever. From her seat on the broad chair Joyce Ellis laughed at her husband, a laugh that the brook across the meadow might have caught and kept as its own.

"I surprised you, didn't I, Dick? Do you suppose I'll ever be nice and reliable like you?"

Richard Ellis winced.

She went on talking eagerly in sentences half finished, like a child's.

"I've had the best time this afternoon while you were fishing. Just the most adorable old lady came to see me, and she told me all about the time when Lafayette stopped here. Her great aunt or grandmother or somebody met him. She told me more than that Mr. Ordway we bought the house of told, and told it nicer, too. That man acted just as if Lafayette's visit were a *joke*."

“Lafayette did stop here!”

“Lafayette did stop here!”

Over and over the words seemed to be throbbing in the mind of Mr. Ellis. Out on the lawn the shadows leaped and darted from the mignonette to the hollyhocks, seeming to shout with impish glee, “Was it a stratagem?”

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### IN THE DARK

Angel, I write this poem in the dark;  
My fingers feel out crooked lines and rough;  
They've groped for thee all night and, sick with space,  
They've snatched upon this paper, white as they,  
And crunched upon it shapes of all my souls!  
Sweet Angel, flash me where in God thou art—  
I cannot always grope thee in the dark!

'14

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### SHENANDOAH CITY.

BY MARY LOUISE NEWCOMER, '19

The Shenandoah road, which leads from Harper's Ferry to the old City, follows the course of the river, and it is not until you have rounded the Great Bend that the walls of the town rise before you. You stop, amazed. They called it Shenandoah City, and here is nothing but a heap of ruins,—the shattered remains of three or four great stone buildings, the little slope on which they are situated enclosed by a barbed wire fence, within which are grazing a few sleepy cows. Go through the little red gate—the cows are entirely harmless. Here at the left stands a great wall, so overgrown with ivy and creeper that it is hard to find traces of windows. Heaps of great stones, almost buried in crumbling mortar, lie at the foundation of the ruin. Even as you watch, a tiny green snake, frightened from his home in the debris, glides

swiftly and silently over the pile at your feet, and vanishes in the vines. You are startled, and turn hastily toward a building higher up on the slope.

This one is not so overgrown, and from the north side, where the wall has crumbled away, some faint plan of architecture is distinguishable. It was a large home, possibly the residence of the promoter of the City. Down there, coming up from the river, and apparently leading into the east wall, you discover a narrow, well-beaten path. Curiously you pick your way over the fallen logs and stones, and entering the path, you find, buried deep under the massive stone-wall, a little spring of cold, sparkling water. Two steps of well-worn flagstones lead down to it, and as you kneel to look into it you discover a dipper, laid into a small niche in the side wall. You take it down—it is the half of a cocoanut shell, rubbed smooth along the edge. As you kneel there, uncertain whether to drink or not, you are startled by steps approaching, and as you turn, a small boy, carrying a little tin bucket, comes into view in the path. His great dark eyes and black curls suggest Italy, and you find upon inquiry that he is the son of the foreman of the section gang which is repairing the railroad near by. As you follow the lad a few steps down the path, the third ruin, here-to-fore hidden by the walls of the promoter's mansion, comes into sight. It is more hopeless, more pathetically picturesque than either of the others. Remnants of an old flower garden and a terraced lawn are visible, and, rising from the very midst of the house itself, stands a great locust, its topmost branches and tiny fluttering leaves lacey against the evening sky.

So this is the city which was to have been the social centre, the intellectual metropolis of the Northern Neck! This mass of crumbling, vine-covered ruins—its terraced lawns a pasture for cattle, its great homes the habitation of snakes and bats! The sun is sinking behind the great mansion, and as you stand at the gate, looking back over the wasted beauty, the lines of Byron come to you. “. . . . Time, War, Flood, and Fire have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride.”

**NURSED BY THE WORLD**

BY BERNARD GOULD, '20

## I

Death is sick.  
Sick of the worry,  
Sick of the trouble,  
Sick of the obstacles  
That come between him  
And his prize.  
Death cannot brook delay.  
So, Death feigns sickness,  
And stretches himself  
Out o'er the World.  
Sprawls himself out,—  
Head in Russia,  
Jowl on Belgium,  
A shoulder on France;  
Hands clutching Asia,  
A foot on each America.

## II

*In America,*  
Death is *almost* nursed  
Back to health.  
Death is revived,  
And fed  
By the Pure Food Law;  
By the powdered milk  
That babes drink;  
The sugared sweets  
That children eat;  
The menus  
Of restaurants,  
And the Bills of Fare

*THE BATES STUDENT*

That extol the tinned meat  
 Of the West,  
 And the alumned wheat  
 Of the North.  
 And Death waxes strong  
 In body,  
 And glows with health.  
 And the color of artifices  
 Tints his skin.  
 And patent medicines  
 Fuse life in his veins.  
 And Prohibition Laws,  
 And the Criminal Code,  
 And the slums,  
 And the elastic governments  
 Of great cities  
 And small towns,  
*Pool* their interests,  
 And doctor Death,  
*In America*

## III

But *Europe*  
 Is a *Sanatorium* for death.  
 It's *better*.  
 Or is it worse?  
 There is no food.  
 And yet there is enough  
 For death to thrive on.  
 The're trenches,  
 And forts,  
 And charges,  
 And *men*.—  
 Young men,  
 Old men,  
 And boys.

Mothers  
And unborn children.  
Death's foragers are out,  
Nurse Death.

## IV

Death's foragers are out,  
In aeroplanes,  
And armored motors;  
In steel clad ships,  
And havoc-bringing mortars.  
And shells screech,  
And bullets whine,  
And bombs burst,—  
And all avail for Death.  
His mouth gapes wide,  
His tongue protrudes,  
He wallows in Wine,—  
Blood-red Tonic.  
“*Prescribed by whom?*”  
“*Oh, Doktor Hohenzo.*”

## V

And what he cannot eat  
Death leaves to rot.  
Desires a *change* of food?  
*Perhaps* it's being prepared!  
Or has he gorged himself  
Enough, and will soon raise  
His head from Russia,  
Cheek from Belgium,  
Shoulder from France?  
*Take care—*  
Where he leaves  
His feet!

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