

2-28-1918

The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 46 number 07 - February 28, 1918

Bates College

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

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 46 number 07 - February 28, 1918" (1918). *The Bates Student*. 533.
http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/533

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



MAGAZINE SECTION

THE
BATES
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





	PAGE
In Retrospect: Pioneer Days BY A. CECELIA CHRISTENSEN, '19	25
Editorial	31
Illusion (verse) BY ELIZABETH R. WILLISTON, '20	33
The Tragic Passing of Clarence (a story) BY FLOYD W. NORTON, '18	34
Side Lights on Literature and the War BY RALPH W. GEORGE, '18	38
Windows (verse) BY MARION F. LEWIS, '19	43
The End of "Spike" Davis (a story) BY ALBERT C. ADAM, '19	44
The Last Man BY LEIGHTON G. TRACY, '20	53
From the Mountain (verse) BY ALICE E. HARVEY, '18	56
A Lesson in Co-education (a story) BY HAZEL HUTCHINS, '19	57
Too Good to Keep	64

BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

Subscription, Two Dollars Per Year, In Advance

Vol. XLVI. LEWISTON, MAINE, FEBRUARY 28, 1918 No. 7

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

IN RETROSPECT: PIONEER DAYS

BY A. CECELIA CHRISTENSEN, '19

Recent interviews with two persons who well represent that immortal first class in Maine State Seminary, forerunner of Bates College, reveal to the present generation the striking contrast, —now and then. Minds still keen with reminiscences of the beginnings of things, and hearts which embrace an affection lasting through the years bind our own student life to that of the past. Mr. Carvel, now of Seattle, Washington, is a native of Lewiston, and is acquainted with its growth from a small village to a manufacturing city of significance among New England towns, a growth which was paralleled in some degree by the growth of the Seminary itself. Mr. Carvel was among the first students to enter the new school, which opened under the direction of its founder, Oren B. Cheney, in the fall of 1857. Another pupil of that first term was a little girl, the pet of her big brother who had come from "up country" to enter Dr. Cheney's Seminary. The child is now Mrs. Addison Small of Lewiston, and she tells in a vivid manner how she begged to go with her brother, when he left home to enter an institution which was then more in the staunch hearts of its projectors than in brick and wood and established courses of instruction; and how, being humored, she started to study arithmetic and French and Latin together with grown young men and women.

As has been noted, Lewiston was just getting ready to grow.

There were two roads branching from the present vicinity of Hospital Square, one leading to the village of Greene, the other toward but not reaching the present Sabattus. The Montello road, still familiar to Geology walkers, connected the two others as today, forming a triangle of highway which comprised the entire street map of the town. No mills; an old wooden toll bridge to Auburn, which was then a hamlet of a dozen houses; on the Lewiston side of the Androscoggin a straggling line of stores and houses up and down what is today lower Main Street. Not until the early "fifties" did the Frye Mill come into existence and add a touch of live industry to the community. It was only at this time that the first locomotive seen in Maine came puffing into Auburn one May morning, with a hideous shriek which startled the country folk for miles around.

Meanwhile, Oren Cheney had launched the scheme of his heart. Tireless devotion to the slow work of advertising his proposed school and to the far more arduous task of raising funds from the hard working tillers of the rough Maine farm lands had at length seen the vision materialize, Hathorn Hall near completion, and a dormitory for boys and girls under process of construction. Dr. Cheney had passed through many exigencies and had overcome many obstacles to see this first achievement of success. The original site purchased, which was none short of that charming resort "over by the river" and including a portion of the present Riverside Cemetery, had to be exchanged for the present location, for practical reasons of expediency. Men had contributed sums of money which doubtless were sorely needed in their own families; children had saved their pennies and sent their dollars, because they sometime would come to the school. It was under such auspices that the first term opened on September 1, 1857, with a hundred and thirty-seven pupils, under six teachers. Most of these students were country school teachers from the outlying rural districts, earnest, industrious boys and girls who had sacrificed to come and who had no thought save to learn as much as they possibly could. The early classes in Hathorn

Hall recited to the sound of saw and hammer, as the last touches were being added to Parker Hall.

The dormitory was occupied, however, before its completion, affording more or less adequate quarters to both men and women. A thick partition divided the building into the "gentlemen's half" and the "ladies' half, and we may divine that the eastern and western parts of the hall were as far removed from each other as stringent regulations and careful supervision could make them. Never were young men and young women to be seen talking or walking together, and it is a significant fact that the board sidewalk which aimed at some relief from the mud and snows of a rudimentary College Street consisted of a single plank! Nevertheless, social gatherings were not uncommon—very discreet parties to be sure, closing promptly at nine o'clock; and, in the inevitable order of such events, spring evenings were no less alluring than are they now, and perhaps on such occasions that formidable separating wall lost its exaggerated dimensions in the common-to-all outdoors. Meals were served to all the students in the basement of the building, where the men sat upon one side and the women on the opposite side of long tables. The atmosphere of the dining-room was quite that of a large united family under the mothering of a certain Mrs. White, a sister of "Uncle Johnnie" Stanton.

The school was non-graded and courses of study were noticeably unorganized. Professor Lowell taught mathematics; Professor Ricker, the man who never could pronounce "r", gave instruction in Latin and Greek. The whole curriculum was composed chiefly of literature and mathematics, and the classics especially were studied with great enthusiasm—yet it does encourage the modern student to know that in spite of the popularity of Latin, the language was neither fluently spoken nor read like English by those early enthusiasts. In a group of girls preparing their Latin lesson, Miss Sarah Perkins, whom many present Bates students know as a friend, was generally acknowledged to be an adept in the speedy manipulation of the lexicon, while her "best chum" was particularly good

at "making sense"! Arithmetic and geometry, which most girls hated, usually afforded the men an occasion to display true knightliness; for "math" was the boys' conquered realm, in general, and it gratified their pride not a little to make the girls feel to the last measure that their peers, the masculine element of the class, were their sole means of salvation in the course.

Few students of today, perhaps, appreciate the venerableness of the bell which calls us to classes. It is, in truth, one of the patriarchs of the campus, and circumstances of its donation formed a striking episode in the early school. Dr. Cheney's activities in securing financial gifts never overlooked a man within reach, whether his resources were great or small. There happened to live in those days out on Webster road a man named Jonathan Davis, widely known as "Jack" Davis. Now, Mr. Davis was a wealthy man for the times, but his precaution was everywhere declared to equal his ability to give. No one ever had known the securing of a gift for charitable purposes from the man, but this fact did not cause Dr. Cheney the least hesitation in the quest for aid. Story has it that the earnest principal labored thus in argument with his opponent. "Mr. Davis, you want to give five-hundred dollars for a bell which shall ring out to you and prosperity 'Jack Davis! Jack Davis!'" The five-hundred dollars was secured, and the bell installed, and even today old students remember distinctly the morning when "Jack" Davis and his two fine sons visited the Seminary, and were cordially shown by Dr. Cheney, the buildings and the valued bell which for several weeks already had been tolling "Jack Davis."

The great absorbing extra-curriculum interest was the flourishing literary societies. The Literary Fraternity met regularly in the present German room, and the Ladies' Athenaeum had its meetings in what is now the French room. Most earnest effort was devoted to the program, and the young women vied with the men in producing brilliant results. Every student was a member of one of the societies, and the essays, criticisms, and debates here given formed the pastime and pride of the

school. Contests between the societies were frequent and the cause of keenest rivalry. Mrs. Small remembers regretfully that in the first debate the girls were manifestly worsted. It is her belief that women students at that time were quite incapable of discussing public questions as compared with their intelligent treatment of the same issues in the college today. However, intense interest and endeavor were then marked in events current and intellectual. Chapel service was the scene of sincere, if demonstrative, worship, and here also all the personal ethics of the institution were dealt with. On Monday mornings the roll was called, and each pupil reported his or her church attendance for the preceding Sunday, or in case of failure to attend gave an excuse which should meet the approbation of the faculty seated on the platform and the student body. The instances of faithlessness were few although strange and unaccountable bad colds were known to have sprung up unawares during Saturday night. At chapel also the daily mail was distributed, sometimes, it is said, letters being too closely scrutinized by those in charge for the perfect comfort of the students whose duty it was to walk "up front" and receive their letters.

These first years were years of honor and of success, in spite of obstacles, which commanded the respect of other institutions of its kind. Charles Sumner, the illustrious political friend of Dr. Cheney, sent from Washington his greetings and a motto which has always been retained through Seminary and collegiate days. He wrote "*Amore ac studio*. I cannot send anything better than these words for the seal of your Institution", and again in a later letter, "I have indulged the hope of making a visit to Bangor this season, with a stop at Lewiston, but now it is too late! Accept my best wishes for your good and useful Institute." Professor Cilley of Bowdoin College complimented the first anniversary exercises by saying: "Maine State Seminary, although in its infancy, has this day shown the strength and manhood of maturity." It was only three years later that Dr. Cheney was impressed

with the necessity of following what academic standing was thus far attained by the College.

Contemporary events, however, postponed for four years more all beginnings of carrying out this conviction. The country was hot with excitement over the approaching Rebellion. The atmosphere of Maine State Seminary became tense and agitated. At the time there was in the school a young woman from Louisiana, whose father was a vehement secessionist, and who herself had all the spirit of rebellion against the Union which the rest of the school furiously upheld. The dining hall in the basement of Parker was a field of battle perhaps long before Fort Sumter received the first shot, and certainly the teacups then rattled as never before. Students began to respond to the call for an army. Extracts from Dr. Cheney's diary show how the school was stirred:

"The freemen of the North are ready. I am ready to die for freedom".

Young men requested permission to raise the Stars and Stripes at sunrise to-morrow from the top of Hathorn Hall. Of course I granted permission. I wish they would cover the building all over with the flag of my country."

"Talked with young men, and urged them to be true to their country."

"Lewiston Light Guards called. Made a speech to them from the steps of Parker Hall; also offered prayer. Brought out lemonade."

Glimpses of those days bring to our minds all the more insistently the similar signs and distracting fears of the present moment by reason of their affinity to the earlier war period when Maine State Seminary was still young and struggling to survive. Brave hearts were those and sturdy convictions which left their imprint on the very walls of the old buildings, and their memory through the years, our heritage.



EDITORIAL BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, CECIL T. HOLMES, '19

MAGAZINE DEPARTMENT

LITERARY EDITOR, A. CECELIA CHRISTENSON, '19

MAGAZINE EDITORS

HAZEL HUTCHINS, '19

JOHN J. DEAN, '19

STANTON H. WOODMAN

NEWS DEPARTMENT

NEWS EDITOR, NEWTON W. LARKUM, '19

ATHLETIC EDITOR, ALBERT C. ADAM, '19 ALUMNI EDITOR, MARION LEWIS, '19

ASSOCIATE EDITOR, CARLTON L. WIGGIN, '20 LOCAL EDITOR CLINTON A. DRURY, '19

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY HASKELL, '19

GLADYS LOGAN, '20

BERNARD GOULD, '20

CLARENCE WALTON, '20

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

MANAGER, SANFORD L. SWASEY, '19

ASSISTANTS

FRANK L. BRIDGES, '20

ELWOOD F. IRELAND, '20

We are about to enter upon a new chapter in our college life. The previous semester has passed, never to return. Perhaps our duties have been well done. Possibly there have been errors. The success of the coming term rests entirely upon the ability and good-will of all the students. We as individuals have truly been fortunate. Our needs have been carefully provided for by the college authorities, and luckily we are allowed to continue with our educational pursuits. For the benefit of the society, our country has seen fit to take active part in a great world of struggle. Because of this fact, many of our plans have been altered. However, now is

the time for self-sacrifice, now is the time for us to awaken, and serve our country and ourselves. Many of our number have already enlisted in the service of their country. Their vacant places constantly remind us of staunch friendships. We are grieved at the loss of their companionship, but fortunately we have the privilege of hearing from them, and of feeling that they have by no means forgotten us. It is imperative, however, that we let the future be brightened by the fact that our former companions are now enrolled in the most honorable worldly pursuit that has ever been attempted. Their absence must be the instigation of a newer and finer mode of living.

The spirit of unrest that is seeking shelter in the environments of our national colleges must be crushed. We have reason to be disturbed, but we must not lie down in the path of this avalanche of distrust, and give ourselves over to a careless, inactive life. Now, if ever, is the period for national and individual concentration. Our part, at present at least, appears to be the living of our lives as normally as possible. If there is coming a worse time for our country, we will need all the added strength that college training can give us in order that we may fill the places where need of us is greatest. If thing by aimless over-excitement, and we will be ready to fill the call of the country for college bred men and women who have work in the world to do, and who possess the reserve who have work in the world to do, and who possess the reserve force necessary for the doing of it.

Letters are constantly being received from our boys in the service. Each one contains a word of praise for the interest which the college has taken in forwarding news and good-will. However, the task is a difficult one. Hundreds of young men are daily leaving their homes in order to take up arms for the cause of democracy. There is constant danger that the addresses of Bates men in the service be lost to the college. The faculty and students earnestly desire the aid of the alumni in searching out and locating Bates men.

To all Bates men in the service, the college, thru this num-

ber of the "Student" sends its heartiest good wishes. That Bates is proud of her soldiers is not a mere phrase; it holds a meaning deeper than can be expressed. That line of **Alma Mater**, "Bates men were never known to yield," is being lived now-a-days as well as sung. "Here's to the pluck that shall not fail" has acquired also a new significance. The pluck of the men who have left Bates to go to the front will never fail to make the college happy in the consciousness of the strength of her sons.

—'20

ILLUSION

BY ELIZABETH R. WILLISTON, '20

Her hair like sun-sered sea-weed drifting tossed,
The waters rocked her as she lay asleep,
The waves her sun-kissed hair caressed,

And oft they kissed her as they rocked her on the deep
Her lips were pale and quiet 'neath the kiss.
I feared,—and yet she seemed to be asleep.

I grasped her as she fled, and pressed a kiss
Upon her pale, still lips that lay apart
To waken her. They lay like lips of stone.

A pang of grief cut through my anxious heart,
The chill of death struck to my very bone,
And grief, unmeasured, claimed me for its own.

THE TRAGIC PASSING OF CLARENCE

BY FLOYD W. NORTON, '18

In the business of surveying, a man may become so engrossed in angles and figures even when not far out in the wilderness as to nearly forget other human associations. Thus engrossed was I, as on a late afternoon in August I ran out a short cross-road among the Granite Hills. I had just set up my transit and was leaning over to fasten the bob, when a woman's shriek far through the wood behind me brought me upright with a jump that completely upset my carefully placed instruments. What a woman should be doing away out there across that lonely field was a mystery. There was, however, no ignoring that heart-rending scream, "Help, help! Oh my darling is lost, lost!", and leaving things as they dropped, I turned about and ran across the swale meadow, skirting the woodland as rapidly as my heavy boots would allow.

"Coming!" I yelled as I leaped a four rail fence and entered the wood.

"Oh hurry!" implored the voice, "De hurry!"

Steering for the sound, I continued my mad rush over a long slope thickly overgrown with beechwood. The young saplings grew so thickly as to nearly bar the way to progress, so that by the time I had ducked and dodged my way to the top I was puffing like an engine.

A large opening ahead greeted me. Glad of its relief from the thicket I stumbled out of the darkness and found myself upon a great ledge whose farther side I recognized as a familiar landmark. To go around would have been easier and safer than the course I took. No other occasion would have prompted me to undertake the rash experiment, but some fool tradition echoing from the Mediaeval whispered something about "a lady in distress", and at the repetition of that distant

call I threw caution to the winds and recklessly leaped and slid over the precipitous side of the rock-faced mountain. Picking myself up by installments at the foot of the ledge I was somewhat surprised to find no bones broken. Ready now for anything I again started forward into the woods.

Thicker and thicker became the trees, thicker and thicker grew the underbrush until finally I lost all sense of direction. Suddenly feeling the ground to slope away under me, I tripped and plunged headlong into an almost impenetrable jungle of tanglewood and blackberry vines. Working feverishly and breathlessly I gradually extricated myself from the terrible obstacle. With clothing torn to shreds, and with hands and face bleeding, I emerged upon a trail that soon brought me out upon the new highway that wound its circuitous way through the hills. At the side of the road stood a woman whom I recognized as Mrs. O. de Piffle, the mistress of a great new estate bordering the nearby town of Longmont. She stood leaning over a roadway rail gesticulating frantically and crying hysterically, her silk dress fluttering gaudily in the breeze.

I rushed up the bank of the roadway and, between gasps, burst out, "Where, wha—!"

"Over there!" she sobbed, starting and pointing indefinitely backward along the curve of the road.

At the sight of the woman, even though she were Mrs. O. de Piffle, in such distress my sympathy arose to overbalance the effect of my strenuous exertions. Throwing my arm supportingly about her I hurried her forward along the road and tried to gather from between her sobs some coherent idea of the disaster. From her ready surrender to my support I gathered that she must indeed be suffering from some weighty shock. I began to conjure all possibilities of accident to one, or perhaps all, of the members of her prudish family. Quickly my repugnance for Longmont's social leader was dispelled, and tenderly and to my great discomfort (for, be it whispered, Mrs. O. de Piffle was no Gibson model) I now,

wholly carrying the lady, rushed along the quarter-mile curve of the new highway.

Rounding the last rocky promontory of the hill I saw the unfortunate lady's town car drawn up diagonally beside the stout fence that crowned the precipice bordering Black swamp. In the building of the road this was the one place that had given our engineers concern as to public safety; we had ordered conspicuous warnings profusely placed within the danger zone. Now I feared that somehow the worst had happened, and with quakings of responsible alarm I looked in dread over the ugly bank. Seeing nothing unusual there, I turned to my sorrowing companion who had somehow recovered enough to loosen from my embrace and start heedlessly down over the sliding gravel and clay of the embankment. Alarmed now in the extreme I leaped after her.

"Down there!" she shrilled, as to my astonishment she pointed into the very middle of the dark swamp. Sparing nothing I took the remainder of the slope at a jump, and landed sprawling in the thicket of reeds and bushes at the edge of the water.

"Oh save him, save my Clarence!" wailed the lady's voice behind me, as with tense emotions I thrust the bushes aside and peered over the reeking surface of the bog-hole. Joining me she stood wringing her hands and treading nervously on one foot and then on the other while I sought to solve the terrible mystery. Still gathering only helpless, incoherent sounds from the woman, I without further hesitation waded splashing out into the mire where I sank quickly to my waist.

"Oh right there before you! Oh my Clarence, my treasure!" wailed the lady impatiently, and for the first time I discerned a slight movement ruffling the dark surface. Wading on through the chaos of decaying vegetation and surface drainage, sinking deeper at every step, I covered some rods of distance. Hearing a slight splashing, I reached behind a big tuft of moss and pulled from the mess, sneezing, sputtering, and tripping, the object of the silk-gowned mourner's affection and tribulation—a small, freakish poodle dog!

In amazement and stupefaction I gazed at it. I considered the situation. As never before in my life I had rushed at a call of distress, I had covered a half mile of almost impassable jungle, I had lacerated my face and arms, I had taxed my strength to its limit of endurance, at the bidding of one I detested—all for this! and I held the snivelling beast up before me and turned its body around in my grasp. Then I looked down over my torn, bespattered clothing while I breathed heavily from my recent exertion. I turned toward the pink silk-gowned thing beseechingly extending her dimpled arms out from the gravel bank. Not daring to speak, trembling now in every muscle, and holding the dog with furious care, I emerged upon the bank and climbed its height, with the woman rustling after.

At the summit she faced me.

“Oh thank you so much!” she gurgled in affected politeness, and then ignoring me utterly she bent her attention to the dripping animal I still held.

“Did oose ’ittle doggums get losted?” she cooed, “Did oose dit ums toottums all wet?”

Overpowering as was the revelation at first, this final touch was too much. Drawing slightly away from her I again inspected the squirming lap-dog. Then I looked out over the watery bog at the foot of the declivity. A shrill of anticipation swept me. As the woman took a step nearer I moved backward and glared at her fiendishly. I held the creature aloft. I choked with exultation as the woman began to divine my purpose. Perceiving a light of comprehension breaking over her plastered visage, and gleefully watching the lines of consternation and dismay slowly settling beneath the layers of rouge, I waited for the crowning moment when her baby face became contorted with its weak horror. Sweeping backward I poised yet a moment to get the full benefit of that agonized look; then into my arm and shoulder I let loose all the mustered rage, all the hate which surged within me of the useless class to which the woman belonged, and all the might of my two hundred-weight. As from an iron catapult the creature

launched from my grasp screeching thru the air toward the very center of the slough.

As ointment to a wound there fell upon my outraged senses a quavering wail of despair, long drawn and senseless as the foolish head that uttered it; and delightfully terminating the anguished wail, as I turned and strode back to my work, from the depths of muck and swamp-juice came to resound in my ears a loud "SMUSH!", and the lapping of the disturbed waters again settling to repose.

SIDE LIGHTS ON LITERATURE AND THE WAR

BY RALPH W. GEORGE, '18

Of the many millions of Americans who are now just beginning to feel the shock and impact of the world's conflict, there are but a very few who realize the relation between warfare and literature. This connection, however unnoticed during the days and years of struggle, is a factor not to be neglected when the strands of civilization are again picked up, to be woven peacefully and without danger of disastrous breakings into the fabric of history. We may well consider, even in the hours of attack and counterattack, the significance of this relation.

The Muses have suffered an untold loss in Europe. The scope of their disaster lies not merely in the ruins of temples, the debris of shattered sculpture, and the shreds of costly canvas left clinging loosely to its frame as a result of Teutonic barbarism. It lies also in the crushed bodies of young artists and writers who have seized the gun and bayonet instead of brush and pen. It lies also in the wrecked minds and souls of those who, half a decade ago, bade fair to add no inconsiderable share to the world's storehouse of fable and story. The lines of Alan Seeger and the great promise reflected in them affords unquestioned proof of this thought. The loss of the Muses lies in the obliterated potentialities for the future as well as in the wreckage of the past.

The output of books in Europe has fallen off considerably during the last two years. But the printing presses of America have received new inspiration. Unhampered at first by the burden of waging war, the American pen has discovered in twentieth-century warfare a host of new subjects to write about. In answer to the demand for realism, the novelist can now write a war-novel true to life—or we might say more aptly, true to death. And the necessity for thrills can now be met by the recitation of exploits the like of which the people of this planet have never before dreamed. Just to estimate the outpouring tide of new books never before published, we may be interested in an exact count of the publisher's notices in two or three columns. The December Atlantic Monthly boasts of two hundred and twenty new books in its advertising section, a recent number of the Dial announces eighty-seven and the November Century a hundred and twenty-one. Many of these books deal directly with European struggle, but many more are merely a result of it. The decline of literature in the Old World has been over-balanced by the increase in the New.

But the influence on literature of this amazing world impact is specific as well as general. Poetry and the novel have felt the greatest reaction. To the novelty and strangeness of the new Poetry, condemned by some and applauded by others, are now added the elements of sympathy and sincerity. If critics have found in the New Poetry of the past a coldness and a heartlessness, they need sorrow no longer. The World War has made the latest school in verse permanent and worth while. We may profitably consider two examples of this:

“I have a rendez-vous with Death
At some disputed barricade
When Spring comes back with nestling shade,
And apple-blossoms fill the air
I have a rendez-vous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair

It may be he shall take by hand
 And lead me into his dark land
 And close my eyes and quench my breath—
 It may be I shall pass him still.
 I have a rendez-vous with Death
 On some scarred slope of battered hill,
 When Spring comes round again this year
 And the first meadow-flowers appear.

“God knows ’were better to be deep
 Pillowed in silk and scented down,
 Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
 Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
 Where hushed awakenings are dear
 But I’ve a rendez-vous with Death
 At midnight in some flaming town,
 When Spring trips north again this year .
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendez-vous.”

These lines, poured from the poetic soul of Alan Seeger a short time before he advanced with his comrades against the invaders in the village of Bellay-en-Sauteur, are representative of the new verse as it has been mellowed and inspired by the smoke and war of a thousand cannon. Perhaps not so thrilling, but just as sincere, is another war poem by Miss Setts, called “The Spires of Oxford.”

“I saw the spires of Oxford
 As I was passing by,
 The grey spires of Oxford
 Against a pearl-grey sky,
 And my heart was with Oxford men
 Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast at Oxford
 The golden years and gay.
 The frowning colleges look down

On careless boys at play.

But when the bugle sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the gleaming river
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a foreign sod.

They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down.

Who chose the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown,
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town."

Surely in these lines the literary optimist can discern the happy medium between the "new" poetry and the old. If this is true, the war has at least one point to its credit.

Before the outbreak of the hostilities, a New Haven professor declared that any one with an idea tried to present his new thought to the public in the form of a novel. Doubtless he was correct, but nevertheless no credit is taken from H. G. Wells in the production of his war-novel "Mr. Britling Sees it Through." Certainly no writer could perform a greater service for his country than did Wells when he set before the English people the impelling necessity of completing the struggle already begun. The many novels published during the past twenty years are already justified by the messages which occasional authors have presented at strategic times in the history of nations.

Even a random succession of thoughts concerning literature in war-time would be defective without a forecast of the drama, poetry, and fiction that must follow in the days of reconstruction. In national life, the period of commercial ac-

tivity, industrial growth, and foreign trade in distant markets is characterized by a national drama, strong in its new found strength, triumphing in the nationalism which it typifies and expresses. It was so in Ancient Greece, in the England of the sixteenth century and the Germany of the nineteenth century. If, then, we are looking forward to a world-approved plan of peace, and to a merging of nationalism into the regard of all humanity, may we not look forward to a world drama, expressive of the new-found vigor and achievement? If we are optimistic we may certainly stretch our horizon beyond the new war writings to the literary creations of world poets, world dramatists, and world story-tellers.



WINDOWS

BY MARION F. LEWIS, '19

You're tired to-night; I know it.
But if you'll leave that work of yours a moment,
I'll let you look through my enchanted window.
I know it doesn't seem to you enchanted;
Two long white curtains rippling in soft folds,
Two large square panes, and the dark pressed close outside.
But rest your face against the smooth, cool glass,
And wait a little. Can't you feel the spell?
Here's all the night spread out for us to look at.
Ahead of us those tall and solemn trees
Which stand so very quietly together,—
And to the right the yellow city lights,
And over us, the wide and distant sky—
But as you watch, you'll very soon discover
That these are truly magic window panes,
And, seen through them, the night, for all its bigness,
Seems arched low down to shelter just us two,
And the whole world seems near and warm and friendly.
Those cheery, twinkling, happy little lights.
All clustered close in groups for company,
Are very sure that no one should be sad;
And all those trees, although they're grave and stately,
Are waiting graciously to bid you welcome
Into a land of quietness they know of,
And high above them, lusty old Orion,
Stalking across the sky, his dogs behind him,
Sends you his message that all is well up there.

You think you like my window. Then remember
That in the evening, when the lamps are lighted,
Your window also is a thing of magic.

THE END OF "SPIKE" DAVIS

BY ALBERT C. ADAM, '19

It was four o'clock in the morning when Spike cautiously climbed the rope ladder of the "Bay of Biskey" and with the water dripping from his bed clothes stepped to the galley where the watchman sat behind the stove sound asleep. Davis shook the old man roughly by the shoulder: "It's time to call the cook" he growled and disappeared in the forecastle. The watchman jumped to his feet, rubbed his eyes for a moment, then noticing the time he hurried to arouse the ship's cook. In the meantime Spike took off his wet clothes and hung them up on the railing that they might dry the next morning. A few minutes later he was enjoying the sleep of tired youth.

For more than two weeks Spike continued his nightly exploits, and it was not long before everyone before the mast was aware of them. So the latter was not surprised when two of his mates wished to accompany him one evening.

"Where are you going?" he demanded harshly.

"Ashore," answered one of them sullenly.

"How are you going to get there?"

"In the skipper's boat."

"You two fellows hit your bunk and hit it right now or..." as they hesitated, "I'll put you there."

The two men shrunk back, Davis stepped upon the gallant rail, and a moment later he was on his way to the city about a mile away. The two men on deck started after him for a few minutes before one of them spoke:

"I'd like to know how he does it night after night he has not had more than two hour's sleep for two weeks. Anyway we shouldn't have let him order us back, no matter who he is."

"Well, Cockney, when Spike wants you to go to bed you better get there," laughed the other. "I have seen him put other

men to sleep, but they didn't get up the next morning same as you and me will."

One Monday morning the dagos, as the longshoremen were commonly known, came back to the ship with the intention to work but it soon became evident that King Alcohol was their foreman that day and that they would accomplish worse than nothing. The captain would gladly have been rid of them, yet he did not dare to antagonize them since they outnumbered his crew by more than three to one. About ten o'clock the southerners came up on deck and began to make themselves at home there. Some found a shady place in the scuppers, some held their head over a railing and paid involuntary tribute to father Neptune, others besieged the cook in the galley for something to eat; not one of them was in a condition to work. As long as they had tried to keep busy there had been little to fear, but the moment they laid down their tools the skipper knew that trouble was coming. Only five minutes after they had come up on deck two giant longshoremen were at each other's throat. The rest of them formed a circle and cheered the combatants as they staggered all over the deck from drink and the heavy blows of the opponent. Most of the ship's crew was also looking on. As good fortune would have it none of the dagos had brought a dagger along, so one of the men engaged in the fight turned to a sailor and hastily cried for a knife. Out of fear to arouse the anger of all the longshoremen who were in sympathy with a knife-fight, the deck hand commenced to pull out his knife to pass it to the dago.

While this scene was taking place on the main deck, Spike Davis was on the poop helping the old sailmaker mend a lower topsail.

"Been to town last night," smiled Sails knowingly.

"Hmm" grunted Davis with a nod.

"Better watch out for them sharks, Spike," continued the old man earnestly.

"By gosh, wouldn't I like to meet one of them!" cried the young giant enthusiastically. "Say do you know, Sails, when I was out around Cuba I heard of a big dago who used

to swim out into the harbor every morning to get a shark. But what's that?" he exclaimed looking over the main deck where the dagos were appearing at this time.

"I guess those longshoremen took more yesterday than they could stand. Ha! look! two of them are fighting already."

Davis stood on the poop rail watching them closely "Guess I will have a better look at them," he muttered to himself.

"Let them fight it out, it'll do them good", cried the sailmaker. But Spike was already on his way down and reached the place of battle just as the sailor hauled out his knife. A lightning right hook and the deck hand rolled on the deck unconscious. Then Davis grabbed the two combatants and heaved them both headlong into the sea. Right near his hand was a loose belaying pin. Swearing like a maniac he pulled it out and used it with good purpose and better results on the backs, arms, and heads of the dagos who gave away before him right and left. Two or three ran for the gangplank, others followed, and soon the whole crowd was in disorderly flight. Spike worked his way to the head of the gangplank and as each dago passed him he received a parting blow to keep him in the running with the rest. Several of the men stung by the blows were strewn over the deck. "Heave them overboard," ordered Davis.

"They are unconscious and will drown," returned one of the sailors.

"Damn you! Heave them over, or I'll send you over."

Terrified the man did as he was told and dropped the dagos over the railing into the sea where they were picked up by their comrades.

That night the skipper called Spike aft.

"Davis," began he, "you were born for something better than a tramp. Why do you not save your money and your energy? I'll see that you enter a navigation school, and with your ability you will be the master of a ship in no time."

"Well, Cap," replied Spike with a twinkle in his eye "as far as being master of a ship goes, who do you think is boss of this tub, you or me? And to save my money and energy,

what good will they do me when I am old and can enjoy life no longer. No, no, you let me go my own way and we will get along fine."

"I am sorry you feel that way, Davis, but have it your way then."

Just then Amy, the captain's daughter, came into the room. She had not expected to see a visitor, but when she recognized the giant figure she approached Spike with outstretched hand and a frank, grateful look in her blue eyes. "Oh! daddy was so afraid there would be trouble to-day but you stopped it . . ." and then she thought of the swearing mad man driving the long-shoremen before him like so many sheep and she halted in confusion. "Anyway," she resumed bravely, "you drove them off and . . . and . . . we thank you so much."

That night Spike did not go to the city, but while his bunk groaned under the unusual weight he thought of a pair of deep blue eyes and wondered if there was after all something to strive for that he had not known until this time.

About a week later Spike was again working with the sail-maker on the poop. It was a glorious morning, the cooling breath of the wide clear ocean fanned the joyous rays of the life-breaking morning sun. "There's that shark again!" cried Davis all at once, pointing to a grey back fin clearly visible above the smooth surface of the water and drifting lazily toward the ship "Do you think he will bite this time?"

"Too darned wise", replied Sails, "he has swum by the bait a half dozen times this morning. He's a clever old fox."

He sure is a big one," murmured Spike. With trembling hand and a feverish light in his eye he fumbled his dagger in his sheath.

Suddenly a piano sounded merrily down below in the cabin. The playing stopped in the middle of a song, the piano was shut with a bang and a moment later fair Amy rushed up the stairs through the chart house two steps at a time, the joy of living shining out of her brilliant eyes which made even the rays of the sun seem dull. "Oh isn't this a beautiful

morning!" she exclaimed. Then to the sailmaker "Hello Tom how are you this morning?"

"Oh fine, little girl, fine...."

"Good morning, Mr. Davis," Spike bent down to adjust the palm of his hand before he replied almost reverently "Good morning, Miss Collier."

The girl leaned over the railing. "Look at all the little fishes!" she cried with delight. "There are a million of them. ...And here come the seals, now they will drive them away."

A swarm of about twelve seals rapidly neared the ship, dove sidewise into the bank of herrings, took their toll and quickly drove the little ones off. The girl watched the grim game with dismay. Her face plainly showed sympathy which she felt for the fishes. Somewhat sobered she took a little canvas stool out of the wheel house and sat down beside the sailmaker. "What are you making there, Tom?" she inquired.

"I am making a new tent for the Sultan of Turkey," replied the old man gravely.

"Well I declare! I always wanted to see one of them. But it looks very much like that new mizzen sail that Pa told you to make, does it not?"

"You are sure a clever little girl," laughed Tom. "Heh there! heh! Get your hands off my cap it's on straight now!"

"All right Tom, but you look so much better when it is not on straight, see like that!" And she pulled it down over his eyes with a quick jerk.

When Tom had readjusted his headgear she was standing about three paces in front of him and a happy laughter showed her white and even teeth, "But I didn't hurt you, Tom, did I?" said she the next moment, bending over him and putting her hand carressingly on his arm.

"Why of course not, you little rascal," replied the sailmaker gently patting her hand.

"You haven't seen any sharks this morning Mr. Davis have you?"

"Yes there was one around here just a few minutes ago."

"Is that right?" Amy rushed to the stern of the ship

where a big fishing line was hanging down into the water and commenced to haul in the rope. After drawing in a little of the slack she seemed to meet with resistance. She wound the rope around her wrist and pulled harder. The tugging on the lining grew stronger. "A shark! a shark!" she cried. Help me haul him in Tom! Help Davis! Help! Help! Help!" But the last one was a shriek of fear and horror. The shark made furious by the pulling on the line and the pain it occasioned had dragged the girl, who would not release her hold, overboard into the sea. Somehow the big fish freed himself from the hook and the hyena of the sea made its way straight for the girl who was trying courageously to keep afloat.

The old sailmaker sat there paralyzed. "Murder! Help! Captain! Murder! Amy! Skipper! Help!" he shouted at last. Three or four times he ran around the chart house, then down the stairs where he almost knocked down the Captain who had been attracted by his cries. "Amy!" gasped Tom "In the water! a shark." The father rushed up stairs and looked over the railing into the deep sea.

When Davis heard the girl's cries for help he rushed to her side but was a moment too late to prevent her going overboard. "Now is my chance to fight a shark and by God I'll get him too." He tore his long dagger of the finest Swedish steel bought for just such a purpose as this from its sheath, clutched it tightly with his right hand, and dove headlong into the sea right between the girl and the oncoming shark. Amazed by the appearance of another person and by the disturbance of the water which the dive caused, the shark withdrew a little. Then Spike came to the surface looking for his victim. There was the shark about ten feet away. A quick dive and Davis was under the shark's stomach clearly outlined by the dark surroundings. Savagely he buried his knife in the body once! twice! three times before the shark was aware of danger. Hurriedly the beast swam out of peril. Spike followed as fast as he could. The shark faced him again about fifty yards away from the ship. The hyena turned on its back prepared for the attack this time ready to kill with the snap of its mighty jaws, but Davis dove

way down deep. Up he came, and up came the knife and cut long gashes in the back of the hungry brute. A shark never bothers a strong, aggressive opponent, and thoroughly terrified this one made off as quickly as it could travel. The sailor followed it for some distance, but the animal swam too fast this time and he soon gave up the chase to see what had become of Amy. But he had only swum a few strokes when he met the captain's launch. In it was the skipper and along side of him beautiful daughter with her golden hair hanging to her waist, and her dress clinging close to her graceful figure. Without bidding Spike climbed into the boat. Silently the skipper pressed the right hand of the sailor and thus showed the deepness of his emotion better than many words could have done. When Spike looked at Amy, her shining eyes met him so frankly and so openly filled with sincere gratitude that the beating of his heart almost hammered in its narrow confinement. "I guess I am a regular hero to-day," he muttered to himself.

"You are not well," cried the girl watching the rapid change of color in his face.

"Never felt better in all my life, and you?"

"Oh I feel all right. You know I lost all fear for my own life when I saw you in the water. I knew that shark would never hurt me as long as you were around, but I was afraid it might hurt you. And you never even got a scratch?"

"No, not one."

"But how did you get him?"

"Oh I stabbed him in the back or any place I could best get at. . . . Here is the gang plank. Watch yourself."

On coming aboard, Spike was met by his mates and many longshoremen who wanted to shake his hand. Davis forced them back as gently as he could. "Where is Tom?" he asked. But Sails was already there. "You are a boy after my own heart," and he shook Spike's hand heartily while a tear glittered in the old man's eye. "Well, let's get to work again," answered Davis. But although the rest of the day passed without further excitement there was little work done that day.

On the following Saturday the skipper called a holiday

for all the members of his crew and gave them also a big dinner. Davis and Tom were invited to eat with the skipper and chief mate in the cabin. After a banquet the Captain announced that if Davis was willing he would from that moment on occupy the second mate's cabin and also assume his rank. But the climax came when Amy brought in a splendid cane made of the backbone of a giant shark. The upper end formed a silver knot and bore the date of the day on which he had saved her from the shark. Below it was the inscription: From Amy to her friend William Davis.

When Spike retired that night in his new bunk he sent a prayer to his Maker for the first time in years.

One Saturday afternoon the port watch was given twenty-four hours' liberty. Davis, who had by this time become rather silent and thoughtful, went only at the request of the captain who adjured him to see that all hands came back somehow. About to leave the cabin, he stopped short when Amy's voice halted him: "One moment, Mr. Davis, I have made something for you."

"You have?.....For me?"

"Yes for you, but what's the matter? Are you not well?"

Almost weak he leaned against the cabin wall. "Yes I am well," he whispered.

"Here is a cap I knitted that Daddy might have it when we go around the Horn again."

Spike fondled the cap for a moment before he replied: "You are so good to me a stranger and a ...tramp."

"No, no," she cried, "a friend and a gentleman you should say. But you will take good care of my little present, will you not?" she added a little mischievously.

"You shall see." Carefully he folded the cap and put it into the breast pocket of his coat.

Ashore that day he did not take a single drink and that night the women at the dance hall hardly recognized him as the former happy-go-lucky sailor. But every few minutes he felt for the cap in his coat pocket and thought of its fair maker and giver.

At twelve o'clock he called all the men of the Bay of Biskey together and ordered them to be ready in half of an hour. A few minutes before the appointed time he stepped out into the clear night. The moon, the southern Cross, and all the other stars shone brightly in the clear, wide sky. Again Davis caressed the cap in his pocket. "Help! Help! Help!" cried a woman coming around the corner of the dance hall panting and out of breath, pursued by about a dozen dirty greasers. Davis let the woman pass and stepped in front of the men: "Back" he snarled.

"Bay of Biskey," muttered one of the dagos.

"Yes, I am the man that drove you off the ship and I am going to drive you again."

The man nearest him fell under a heavy swing. So did second and third, but the others encircled him in a minute and a half a dozen daggers buried themselves in his back and chest. Without a sound he sunk to the ground.

Loud moaned his comrades when they found him dead in front of the dance hall but when they had washed his blood-stained face it was covered only with a gentle smile. His left hand held tightly even in death the cap given to him by Amy. They took him to the hospital where the Captain and his daughter visited the body the next day. Amy looked long at the manly features as if she could not trust her own eyes. Then she grasped his hands and covered them with passionate kisses while at last hot tears flowed down her cheeks. Gently she raised his head to her bosom and kissed his forehead. "Oh, Spike, you were so good to me and all of us but you never knew how much I loved you. Why did you leave me thus." Her sorrow grew constantly more violent until the Captain was at last forced to lead her away.

Three days later Spike was buried. Many inhabitants of the town besides all the ship crew followed in the train. Aboard the Bay of Biskey, Amy Collier was overcome by a dangerous fever so that she could not attend the ceremony. Gradually her strong body won out over sickness but the sailors never again heard the peal of merry laughter ring from

her rosy lips. She grew more intimate than ever with sad old Tom for he alone could tell her more about Spike Davis and his exploits, he alone had seen how he took that running leap over the railing when he saved her from the fangs of the shark. In time the roses returned to her cheeks and the sunlight to her eyes, but the flowers ever kept fresh on Spike's grave bore witness to the lasting love and devotion of Amy Collier. When the Bay of Biskey enters the southern port, Amy's first trip is to the grave of her first love and the last walk before the ship leaves again is a pilgrimage to his burial place to say there a farewell prayer at the side of the one she loved and admired.

THE LAST MAN

BY LEIGHTON G. TRACY, '20

Perhaps you think I saw this thing in the Hall of Dreams, as Van Dyke would say, but I did not. I saw it in the calculations of a scientist, a real scientist, who figured out that there is to be a second glacial age. His words became to me the occasion of a vision, which I have reason to believe was inspired—by necessity. Looking intently into the unfolding scroll of years, I saw the whole transaction as a moving picture.

First there came the age long dreamed of and foretold by the prophets and the poets, when the human family attained its predestined goal of greatness and glory and whole milleniums of peace and good-will came to earth.

These things came true,—a loftier race
Than e'er the world had known did rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.
Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed, were as comrades free;

In every heart and brain did throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
New arts did bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrilled the skies,
And every life became a song;
For all the earth was paradise.

Then followed the slow restless change. The great glaciers came, down from the north pole, up from the south pole, driving the inhabitants of the earth steadily towards the equator, where the lines grew thinner and thinner as the years went by. At length men ceased to marry. They felt that it would be unfair to bring children into the earth when the future held no outlook for the human race. Birth ceased altogether. Then the human family declined rapidly towards the end, much as the number of veterans decline in two generations after a great war. Imagine the world without a single child!

When the earth inhabitants had become few, the wireless call went out for them to get together and make their last stand at the mouth of the Amazon, just where the equator cuts the northern part of Brazil. Like true scientists, which they were, they had timed the passing of the human race, so that the last mortal should be gone before life on earth had become unbearable. They were a loving and unselfish lot of men, those last ones whose lot it was to make the final chapter of human history. They vied with each other to see who should live the longest, and be the servant of the other to the last.

That is where and how it happened. At last there was only one man—just one. How different he was from the first man. One was a simple child of nature; the other represented the accumulated knowledge and experience of the ages. He was a scholar, a scientist, a philosopher, as all the men of his generation and of many preceding generations had been. All his habits were clean and simple. His whole way of living was governed by the strictest teachings of science, hence he had lived long and had never known either sickness or pain. The death of his companions had been like the falling of a ripe leaf.

Each had gone quietly, and without pain of any kind.

This last man was an American. He carried in his veins a mixture of many races. His ancestors had come to their highest eminence in the United States, and their language, customs and learnings had dominated the whole Western Hemisphere, long before the coming of this second glacial age.

The feelings which prevailed in this man's breast, when he had laid the last of his companions to rest, were those of gladness. He had the deep satisfaction of performing the last ministries for those he had loved better than himself. "Now", said he, "there is not one to feel anxious about when I depart."

In perfect calmness and in perfect trust he awaited his end. The other and better life was as real to him as this. He neither feared nor doubted. God would take him in his own time, and in his own way. His end came beautifully and in the manner most fitting, the closing scene in the long human drama. It was evening. As he walked by the sea, watching a peculiarly bright star, a mystic air-ship came from out of the unknown vastness and carried him beyond. Thus ended the story of Man's Life upon the earth.



FROM THE MOUNTAIN

BY ALICE M. HARVEY, '18

I

Sunset and twilight coolness
Rests on the trees.
Even and wind's soft breathing
Stirs myriad leaves.

II

Far in the hill's blue dimness
Seek I a sign
Longing to understand with
This soul of mine.

III

Spirit of peace and mystery
There in the blue,
Spirit of power and beauty,—
If we but knew,
Art thou not also Freedom,
Joy and accord,
Absolute truth and wisdom,—
Art thou not God?

A LESSON IN COEDUCATION

BY HAZEL E. HUTCHINS, '19

Dale College is located in a small university town of the middle West. Clifton Warner had for six months been a freshman at Dale, and was already a great credit to the institution. He was very wise. The faculty knew it, his classmates knew it, upperclassmen had even become aware of the fact, and, last of all Warner knew it himself. Of course he never told anybody, for he had all the becoming modesty which comes from a secure conceit. Yet, down in his soul, he recognized himself as a student of books, and, what is even more disastrous in one so young, a keen observer of mankind.

He had looked down upon the world, and had found it somewhat shallow. From his infinitesimal small corner of the universe he had watched the frivolities of those about him with the same semi-humorous, amused expression with which a psychology professor surveys a crowd at Coney Island. Especially was the giggling emptiness of the feminine sex distasteful to Warner. Sentimental chattering, superficial, or else stupidly prim were only a few of the adjectives which he applied to different carefully studied types of girls. Warner was nineteen. Ah, what an age of wisdom man is able to attain in few years!

One morning Warner went to chapel exercises. There was nothing unusual about this, for he nearly always attended chapel, going down the aisle with as dignified a mein as if he were a church usher, actually in the act of passing the contribution plate, and conscious of many eyes surveying him. This morning, at the threshold of the chapel, Warner noticed a girl, one of his classmates, just in the act of putting her hand out to open the heavy door. With natural courtesy Warner opened the door, and stood waiting for her to go in. It was then that he became aware that she was

looking at him with laughing blue eyes, while in a demure rather low voice, she said, "Thank you, dear," and went in.

Warner flushed, and went in too, just behind her. He noticed that the girl wore a rather bright blue sweater, that her light hair with almost a touch of red in it was wavy, and that she walked down the chapel aisle with no mincing, uncertain step but rather as if—well, what did Warner know about the way girls walk? He noted all these facts about the appearance with the disinterested minuteness of a detective. He wished to be able to identify her the next time that he saw her. Half way down the aisle, the girl went in to her seat, and, as Warner passed by, she looked up, flushed a little, and smiled ever so slightly.

Warner went to his seat. He recognized the girl, now,—Francena Carlton; "Fran", everybody called her; he remembered. From a remote corner of a brain cell he dug out his mental portrait of her, made some time before: rather pretty, rather bright, rather frivolous, entirely uninteresting, ordinary girl. So far so good, but now came the momentous question. Did she call him **dear** merely to make fun of him, or because (Warner had heard that such things could happen) she had fallen in love with him? Heavens! What fools girls were anyway!

Neither one of these ideas was particularly pleasing to Warner, but with all the persistency which a self-acknowledged student of mankind possesses, he determined to find out which one of his surmises was correct. Finally, after some thought, he came to the conclusion the best way to find out whether a girl is in love with you or not is to get at least a little acquaintance with her. After further deliberation, he decided to take her to the theater. He hated dreadfully to call her up on the telephone, but he at last gathered courage enough to attempt it. Anyway, that was easier than asking her directly. By the time he had invited her, Warner was hoping with all his soul that she would refuse to go. However, she very sweetly accepted, and poor Warner was in for a whole evening of petticoat society. The queer thing about it was

that he actually enjoyed himself, and was not a bit slow in asking her to go somewhere with him again. That was in April. By May he had plucked up spunk enough to call her "Fran", a very daring thing to do of course.

Time passed. Whenever Warner took Fran anywhere, she amused him, and although the boy was reluctant to confess it, he certainly acquired an ease and enjoyment in feminine society that was entirely new, but not unpleasant to him. Warner was, however, blessed or cursed with great persistence, and was not easily to be turned from his original purpose. He had made up his mind the morning that Francena Carlton had called him **dear**, to find out whether she was making fun of him, or whether she was in love with him. Of course, Warner was not at all in a hurry to ferret out this important question,—he was by nature deliberate,—but always in his subconscious mind this matter remained waiting to be solved. He didn't want her to be in love with him, heavens no! But on the other hand, it hurt his conceit dreadfully to think that she would make fun of him. It was sort of fun to take her to various entertainments, and if she didn't like him at all she wouldn't go with him. Strange to say, the fact that Fran did accept his invitations was a secret source of joy to Warner.

It was a June evening,—big round moon, stars, scent of flowers, light breezes that just stirred the lacy new leaves of the trees, a perfectly good, made-to-order evening for Romance with a capital R,—"slush", Warner had always termed it, were coming home from a concert, and were walking up an avenue lined on either side with primly spaced trees, "Great night though, isn't it?" he thought to himself, as he walked along with Fran, his hand stiffly placed on her arm in the approved, conventional, evening-escort style. They which, forgetting their stiffness, had arched their branches overhead in graceful confusion.

Warner never knew just how he happened to think of it, but it suddenly occurred to him that this evening would be a good time to tell whether Fran really did care for him or not. If she did, he decided with great self-sacrifice that he would

pretend that he cared a little for her, too, for she was too nice a girl to have her feelings hurt. Then, gradually, he could stop inviting her to go anywhere with him, and she would finally forget him (girls did forget he had read or heard somewhere). A very bold and daring plan came into Warner's mind. He would put his **arm** around her! He wished that he had practised a little on such things while he was in high school. Of course he had danced some, but that was different, somehow. Rather awkwardly Warner let go of Fran's arm and put his arm about her waist. He honestly expected her to protest, and he had his arm all ready to draw back quickly, but to his surprise she merely went on talking to him, apparently quite unconscious of anything unusual. When they had almost reached the dormitory, Warner thought that he saw somebody coming towards them. Quick as lightning his arm dropped. He half imagined that Fran laughed, but he wasn't sure. He was glad that it was dark enough so that she didn't notice that **he** had blushed. When they reached the dormitory, Fran and he stood together on the piazza. Fran took her hat off and brushed back her hair with her hand.

"I hate wearing a hat this weather," she said.

Hair that the moonlight makes golden, youth that sparkles and dances in blue eyes,—was the spell of the night responsible, or what? Warren never could tell why he did it, he surely hadn't intended to, but anyway he tried to kiss her.

In an instant Fran dropped her hat on the piazza floor, and, with one hand clenched on the railing she looked at Warner, who appeared nearly as uncomfortable as he felt.

"That was an original thing to think of doing, wasn't it?" she observed sarcastically. "It serves me right probably for letting you put your arm around me on the way home. I never let a boy do it before, but the last one who tried it told me that I was a nineteenth century girl, and that a twentieth century girl would take it as a matter of course and a compliment. All the time to-night I was thinking just as hard as I could that it wasn't a bit different from the way

a boy puts his arm around you when you dance with him, and now you dare think of me as the kind of girl that lets **anyone** kiss her good-night?

The tone in which the "anyone" was uttered was not exactly complimentary to Warner. He was confused but anxious to defend himself. "But I thought—," he stammered.

"You thought what?"

"That you, why that you were in love with me," he blurted out hardly knowing what he was saying.

Fran gasped, "Well, of all the conceit! Some of you boys make me good and tired. If a girl looks at you, you think that she is admiring you, and if she smiles at you, you think that she adores you. Of all the—"

Warner had a temper which could stand much, but which had its limits.

"I don't suppose you remember the day that you called me 'dear'," he said crossly. "Maybe you coeds are accustomed to call everybody 'dear', but I thought that I would like to find out just what your game was. Do you know why I've been asking you to go to places with me?"

"Why because you liked to have me go with you, I suppose. You surely—"

"Well, isn't that just like a girl? I suppose you thought that I was dreadfully struck on you!"

Fran had a temper, also.

"Don't let that bother you," she said. "I'm delighted to find out that you're not, and I'm glad to relieve your anxiety and fear that I had a crush on you. I never did, never wanted to, nor never will!"

"I made up my mind long ago," continued Warner stiffly, "that after that morning going into chapel when you called me 'dear' I'd find out whether you liked me, or whether you did it to make a fool of me. I've been made the fool now, so I've found out. Good-night!"

Fran's ill-temper never lasted long. She hated to see people's feelings seriously hurt, altho it did give her a secret joy to see them teased.

"I'd almost forgotten all about that," she said, "but if it will help your feelings any I will tell you that altho I did **not** call you '**dear**' that morning because I even thought of liking you, I didn't do it to make fun of you. I did it—well maybe I did it on a dare."

Warner had, after all, a sporting sense. He could understand the ethics of a dare, and besides, it helped his self-esteem to find that Fran hadn't been trying to "string him," as he expressed it.

"Well," he said slowly, "even though we've found out that neither one of us is in love with the other one, I don't see as we need stop having good times together. I guess I haven't been very polite this evening but—"

"I wasn't either," said Fran laughing, "Let's say good-night now before we have any more of a scrap."

"Good-night!" said Warner and went down the path.

Fran stood and watched him go. "I wonder why I didn't tell him that I never even intended to call him '**dear**', at all. That morning in chapel I was thinking of something else, and didn't even notice who opened the door for me. Then when I found out that he had heard me call him '**dear**' I was dreadfully embarrassed, but I thought that he had forgotten it ages ago. He'll like it better, tho, to think that I did it on a dare, so I guess I'll let it go at that. Boys are awfully queer!"

She stood there for several moments thinking of lots of things, until one of the girls opened the door and called "Hi there, Fran. We're making rarebit. Want some?"

"Good", said Fran, "I'm starving! I've just been disappointed in love, and that always gives me an awfully big appetite."

"You little witch," said the other girl, "You don't even know what love is,"

"No," answered Fran, honestly serious for a moment. "I don't. But come on for the rarebit. I feel like singing:

."Golly but I'm hungry! .
Gosh I'm feeling lean!

I'll eat most anything in sight
My appetite's so keen."

Clifton Warner walked slowly back to his dormitory. Everything about the whole evening had been entirely unexpected. and he had hard work to adjust his self-confidence. One thing he had learned, and that was that, although he had prided himself on being able to size up girls as he did everybody else, he really knew nothing whatever about them. "I guess they're different," he said to himself.

The first step towards a person's education is to realize one's ignorance; Clifton Warner had begun his education.



POO GOOD TO KEEP

PARKER HALL

Most any time.

'Tis eight o'clock and all is well,
To-morrow is Saturday;
Everyone is full of—pep,
There's a dance not far away.

“Who's got my razor?” someone cries,
And starts detective work;
“Someone has swiped my best necktie!”
Yells another would-be flirt.

'Tis nine o'clock,—the hall is still,
No footsteps move about;
Most every room is quiet and dark,—
The boys have all gone out.

Exam. time.

'Tis eight o'clock and all is well,
Tomorrow is Saturday;
Each fellow in his room doth dwell,
There's an exam not far away.

“Who has my Fine Arts book?” is heard,
“Where is my Spanish grammar?”
Every Prof. seems the one most feared,
By each industrious crammer

'Tis nine o'clock,—the hall is still,
Not even a chair is stirring;
Every room is bright with light,—
The boys regret past erring.

Anon Y. Mouse.

THE CORLEW TEACHERS' AGENCY

RUFUS E. CORLEW, Proprietor

GRACE M. ABBOTT, Manager

(Formerly with the Bridge Teachers' Agency)

WALKER BUILDING, ROOM 906

120 Boylston Street, Boston

Telephone

Beach. 6606

The war has created an unprecedented demand for teachers, and larger salaries than ever before are being offered. We have more calls for high grade teachers than we can supply.

Registration form sent on application.

BENSON & WHITE, Insurance

AGENCY ESTABLISHED 1857

Insurance of all Kinds Written at Current Rates

165 Main Street, - - - LEWISTON, MAINE

Photographs that Please
AT THE NEW
HAMMOND STUDIO

Reduced Rates to Graduates
HAMMOND BROS.
138 Lisbon St., LEWISTON, ME.

MORRELL & PRINCE

Shoe Dealers

13 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Ask for Students' Discount

THE FISK TEACHERS' AGENCY

Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors

2A Park Street, Boston, Mass. 28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
156 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 317 Masonic Temple, Denver, Col.
549 Union Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa. 514 Journal Bldg., Portland, Ore.
809 Title Bldg., Birmingham, Ala. 2161 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
533 Cit. Bk., Los Angeles, Cal.

Send to any of the above Addresses or Agency Manual

NOTICE

To Students

When looking for prompt service, a careful driver and a clean Taxi call

1398

The most reliable service in town
—if in doubt ask your friends.

Yours for service

GEO. B. GILLISPIE

THE BEST

HOME MADE CANDIES

Fancy Hard Candies, Chocolate Caramels
Ice Cream and Soda

Fresh Every Day
AT

HARLOW'S

15 SABATTUS STREET

“OVER THE TOP”

is right when you trade with

FOGG & MILLER

95 ELM ST.

Fancy Groceries and Everything
for that Spread

LEWISTON MONUMENTAL WORKS

Marble and Granite Monuments

J. P. MURPHY ESTATE, Mgr.

Opp. M. C. R. R. Upper Depot

Telephone Connection

6 BATES STREET

LEWISTON, ME.