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MAGAZINE SECTION

THE
BATES
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

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APPRECIATION

One of the bright spots in the past few days has been the celebration of President Chase's birthday. The greetings of scores of graduates reveal something of the significance of our President's life and his influence upon Bates men and women everywhere. If such words of esteem are precious to him, our consciousness, as undergraduates, of his noble power strengthens before the testimonies of students of past classes. Nearly one hundred letters and poems were sent in by alumni and other friends, of which two are selected as types.

Chicago, Illinois,
March 11, 1918.

My dear President Chase:—

I count myself fortunate in being among those who are aware of the approach of your birthday; for I am glad to wish you and to wish your many friends, who would keep you long among them, many happy returns of your birthday.

My first recollection of you is as a college-student. I do not recall you as a participant in any of the college pranks that I viewed as a juvenile and innocent bystander; but I was a small boy in the admiring throng that applauded your valedictory on Commencement Day.

Nearly ten years later, it was my good fortune, affecting all my subsequent life, to come as a student in college under the stimulating and molding influence of your rare

scholarship. After a somewhat intimate acquaintance with numerous schools, colleges, and universities, I know that there were great teachers among those at whose whose feet I sat in my boyhood, but I knew then that the man who taught me rhetoric and English Literature was a teacher of the finest and most accurate mastery. To the thoroughness of your instruction and the stimulus of your inspiration I owe a great debt.

In the years since my college days, the acquaintance of pupil and professor has ripened, and the esteem has developed. Your intimacy with my parents and your affection for my father, developing through a period of forty years, seem now a very close tie—the more as you have graciously admitted me to a sort of inheritance in your friendship—with them.

Many times, it has been a cause of regret that my lot has taken me so far from Bates and from the scenes and friends of my youth, and now again I deplore the distance which precludes my presence among those who will grasp your hand on March 15; but count me with those who rejoice, that Bates College has enjoyed the great expansion which has come to it under your leadership, and who congratulate you with the deepest sincerity in the truly great service you have rendered to the college, to the commonwealth, and to the generation in which you have played so distinguished a part.

May there yet be other years of rich and active service and of serene peace in the confident possession of eternal youth.

Sincerely,

Francis L. Hayes, Bates, '80.

Another, equally appreciative, comes from a member of the class of 1875.

Ashburnham, Mass.,
March 13, 1918.

Dear President Chase:—

Those of us who have known Bates College from its earliest

years realize that it has been nourished by the life-blood of a few heroic souls.

The three names, Cheney, Stanton, Chase will ever be cherished with ardent affection by all friends of Bates who know the history of its struggles and achievements. You alone of that illustrious trio remain; the others laid the foundations; you have builded thereon.

The splendid growth of Bates College in the last two decades is largely due to your untiring and devoted labors and your power to win the confidence and support of a host of sustaining friends.

Your burdens have been many and heavy; but your courage and faith have not faltered, and Bates has been kept true to its great ideals.

I am very glad that you are to receive some expression of the deep appreciation we feel. May the joy that comes to you from these greetings send its radiance through all the years that remain to you.

With affectionate greetings,

H. S. Cowell. .

These are not ordinary congratulations. They reveal character and achievement which few, however devoted, adequately measure, which do not admit of measurement in words.





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BREADTH vs. DEPTH

As a group of students we are continually being told that we are the one-half of the one per cent to whom the world looks to model a World Democracy after the War. The creed and purpose of the college—that is, of the colleges in general—justify the responsibility laid upon its graduates. Doubtless, self-development means the expansion of self-interests to encompass the needs of people everywhere and the giving out of what we have been gathering. At present we have to enlist in this movement and that. College is feverish with activity. Organization makes its social life hectic. Almost

every department in college has its appendix in the form of a club. A man is secretary here and chairman there until he is in danger of losing his own identity.

Again, we do not live within the limits of the campus. The presence of twenty-six thousand people in a radius of two miles offers a field for practising philanthropy. Even as Bates college, it is impossible for us to avoid being citizens of Lewiston. It is the old problem "town and gown", as old as the existence of higher institutions, and only the degree of responsibility has changed. In this connection voluntary study groups play their part. The effect of the war is precipitating all kinds of new plans for training under systematic methods. The Northfield program exemplifies this: two hundred and twenty thousand enrolled in organized Democracy classes. In this way, say the authors of the program, students will be trained for their duties. The student needs only to buy a textbook and attend the class once a week. Every college man and woman in the land with a new book on his desk and a new date on his schedule!

These things are great goods in themselves. They are socializing factors; they are our channels of expression. No one in these days questions the value of organization of interests and modern training methods. Notwithstanding this value, a danger threatens. The college is, after all, a place to get **knowledge**,—of literature, philosophy, and science. Whatever college graduates are able to contribute to society, which people who have never been to college are not, is manifestly the result of their opportunity for study. The peril of the new order is that countless extra-curriculum interests are robbing the classroom. To diminish the application of the student to his academic work is to raise his feet off from firm ground. How can we give what we do not have? It is our big opportunity to get knowledge first hand. Are we fit to be in college unless we are truly **students**? If a college course is worth anything, it is this primarily, and no amount of organization is justifiable which tolerates less than the highest in scholarship. Men whose training consisted of Greek, Latin and Mathemat-

ics are powers in the world to-day.

New orders always replace the old. We must constantly make readjustments. Yet, let us be old-fashioned enough to exalt hard study. "To widen the intellect without deepening it is only to weaken it."

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS

BY MARJORIE THOMAS, '20

An unrelenting conscience, a spy upon your actions, an obstruction to all freedom, an unofficial censor, an insatiableness demon of curiosity, the dissemination of gossip, a digest of current opinion,—a bona fide country neighbor cheerfully assumes all the responsibilities of each member of the community. The art of being a neighbor,—a real, gossipy, busybody neighbor in the city has joined the art of making daguerreotypes and is irrevocably lost to humanity.

You have to sojourn in some rustic settlement only a few days to become aware of the inquisitive propensities of those who are lucky enough to have a view of your domains; and a longer stay will acquaint you with the vivid interest in your actions manifested by the entire town. Should it happen, perchance, that you are inclined to linger in your bed-chamber longer than those about you, your neighbor's industry will constantly reproach you, and it is highly probable that from time to time you will be favored with early morning callers who, smug with the satisfaction of virtuous diligence, are much surprised to find you breakfasting.

More far-reaching and yet more subtle and difficult than personal observation is the surveillance made possible by that excellent modern invention, the telephone. Every person in town is accessible by this means, and the praise-worthy custom of allowing from twenty to thirty subscribers to be upon the same line affords a broad range of activity for each individual. I remember a worthy lady who used to consider it a shocking neglect of opportunity to allow the telephone

to ring without acquainting herself with the ensuing conversation. One day she was quite chagrined when her neighbor was able to give her a bit of news gleaned from the telephone. "Dear me", she sighed, "I must have been down cellar." She was a true neighbor.

Genius has been defined as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." It truly requires a genius to become a typical neighbor. The uninitiated would never dream of the minute attention to details, the careful observation entailed in the collection of gossip from the most ordinary happenings of life. Why, the very style of a woman's hat may form the basis of a complete diagnosis of her character. Interest and attention are especially keen where young people are concerned. The first one to remark that a certain Mr. Young Man is calling upon a Miss Young Lady possesses a local distinction and renown comparable to that of Edison or Hoover.

Yet these inquisitive gossipy neighbors, although they consider it a pleasurable duty to discuss all shades and shadows of your conduct, do not let their interest flag in times of trouble. If they note attentively when you are gay, when you are sad they are full of the most sympathetic helpfulness. What can compare with their kindness and thoughtful service at a time of bereavement? In the small country town, as nowhere else, men are brothers. Theirs is not the superficial and temporary sympathy, born of the short acquaintances and slender bonds of city life,—they can feel with the sorrowing. The ties which bind them close together are born of common interests, founded on the selfsame soil of tradition. Whatever the calamity which falls heavily upon one member of the community, his true neighbors are ready with practical and substantial testimonials of friendship. If you have ever spent even one summer in such a town, you have, perhaps, been moved to wonder by such demonstrations. Have you ever seen a "bee",—a haying bee, a planting bee, a ploughing bee, at which all the men round-about rally to the aid of a sick neighbor or a poor widow? If you have, you have felt better than I can tell you, the elusive

yet rugged spirit of fraternal helpfulness in the country atmosphere.

So let us be just to our country neighbors. There are none more disagreeable in ferreting out your secrets, but there's none more kind-hearted to comfort you in your sorrow. We can love them in spite of their faults, for in spite of our faults they love us.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON.

He dwelt within our hearts a welcome guest
Always, and always talked as friend to friend
With simple speech, and sweet low voice to lend
A charm to thought, and give it timely zest.
He knew so well the things that were the best!
And these he loved—he loved unto the end.
And made us love them too. He seemed to blend
His heart in word. We listened and were blest.
Great teacher and interpreter of life,
Revealer of its charm and mystery.
Our loving hearts will ever find thee room.
Though thou hast passed beyond the mad world's strife,
Thou art still ours. We shall remember thee,
And all the sweetness of thy soul's perfume.

W. H. J., Bates 1880.

EUGENIE OF SORROWS

BY RUTH CAPEN, '17

“I have trod the upward and the downward slope,
I have endured and done in days before,
I have longed for all—and bid farewell to hope,
I have lived, and loved, and closed the door.”

And out of the lines speaks Eugenie, Empress of France. We see her first a slender, dainty daughter of old Spain, roguish, fearless, patrician, with the “*veilchen Augen*” dear to Kleist, twining wood-violets in her red-gold hair,—hair that Titian would have loved to paint. And her happiness, one said, would bloom like the violets.

Again we see her at Compayre, riding to the hounds with the royal party, and coming slowly home through the shadowy woods, the honored guest of the Emperor. And there in a rude, low-raftered woodman’s cottage, Napoleon and Eugenie were betrothed.

It is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, rich in red velvet and gold. Thousands of tall white tapers glow on dainty gowns and scintillating jewels. The flower of France stands hushed within the lofty walls. And now the rich strains of the *Te Deum* flood the nave and the chancel. And all this for a slender, red-haired girl in misty while, who stands with her lover before the arch-bishop of Paris, and is made Empress of France.

“She entered Notre Dame chosen by the Emperor; she left it adopted by the nation.”

What of her salon at the Tuilleries, of her wit and her beauty, of her limitless wealth, and her lavish expenditures? Every one knows of these. But do they know how she sold her jewels to found a home school for working girls, or how she visited the cholera hospitals heedless alike of danger to her beauty or even of death? Or can they picture her a true

Sister of Mercy to the wounded soldier and the penitent Magdalen?

And what of the happiness of this woman envied of all France? Did it bloom like the violet? Empress of an empire of an empire built on the shifting sands of political discontent, ever menaced by dark possibilities, she could not find again the careless happiness of her girlhood. And, although loved by France and deeply loyal to it, she sadly longed for the sunny hills and the blue skies of her beloved Spain. And, locked in her proud heart, her deepest sorrow came with the realization of her husband's weakness and vacillation of purpose, and of inability to cope with the grave difficulties now looming large on the horizon. The death of her sister wrung this from the saddened, disillusioned Empress.

"This is the epitome of the price we have to pay for a high position on earth. One often attains it only by trampling over one's own heart, and I think that earthly things are not worth the effort we make to retain our hold upon them."

Eugenie's son should have been named Theodore, for he was surely the gift of God. The head which wore so gracefully the crown of France, wore with even greater grace and winsomeness the crown of motherhood. Wisely and well she guided every detail of the little prince's life. She was his constant companion, and her happiest hours were the never-to-be-forgotten ones spent with him.

Out of a clear sky it came, the death-blow to the brilliant, unstable Second Empire. A dispute concerning the candidacy of a Hohenzollen prince to the Spanish throne, and France and Germany were at war. For two long, weary months Eugenie, left regent by the absence of Napoleon, ruled France, never once faltering, though the wonderful hair turned grey and the lines of care in her face deepened pitifully. Then came the capture of Sedan, and the surrender and imprisonment of Napoleon, and the Second Empire was no more.

That night Eugenie, deserted by her servants, took a fond farewell of her beautiful home, and fled to England, while a mob of Frenchmen, maddened by defeat, stormed at the door,

as they remembered suddenly that their erstwhile Empress was not French but Spanish! All but a hollow dream, a rudely war-awakened dream of wealth, and honor, and happiness.

England was her refuge, and Queen Victoria her friend in need. There in the secluded estate of Chislehurst she lived with her son, quietly, uncomplainingly; and when her husband was released from prison and allowed to join them, it seemed that here at last she was to find a quiet content. But she was to be still further "by sorrow tried and proved."

By the bedside of her husband she knelt, and watched that life that had been so futile in the political sphere in which she had been forced to play, but the life she had shared and loved, pass into eternity. And the son that she loved better than aught else in life, that she sent from her to fight among the Zulus that he might win courage and leadership to fit him for his destined position, Emperor of the new France, was brought back to her, a mangled, lifeless form.

It was then that Eugenie "closed the door."

And there she lives today, a slender, white-haired woman, now ninety years old, near to the graves of her husband and son, keeping them sweet with the violets that she once twined in her hair back in Granada, violets that like her happiness bloom—and wither. And her thoughts are long. And the quiet of her seclusion is broken by the noise of war, and she may watch the Germany that crushed her, grapple with the France she loved, that exiled her. And what are her thoughts?

Does she sometimes wonder if it were not all a dream, that splendid, glittering Empire, and she has been Empress not of France but of Sorrows? And indeed, she nobly wears her crown. It is as if she had somehow learned that

"Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea."

SPRING FLOWERS

BY LINA C. WEEKS, '19

Spring has come into her domain once more. If you are even a wee bit skeptical as to the truth of this, start out for a walk to the swamp. There you can see that Winter has really loosened his hold. The pussy-willows are peering from their brown hoods, the brooks are gurgling beneath the snow, and perchance, if you are very lucky, you may find a patch of brown earth whereon grows the earliest of our spring flowers,—the unromantic skunk-cabbage. The thick, greenish spathe flecked with purple protects the tiny flowers within.

This curious but ill-smelling little flower is Spring's herald as the wild rose is Summer's, but it is not a fair sample of Spring's bounty. Summer and Autumn afford freakish flowers as well as Spring. One might contend that the pussy-willows were earlier. It is true that the buds come before the snow has begun to go, even in the swamps, but the blossoms do not fully develop till late April or May. When they finally arrive, they are accompanied by numerous cousins, other catkins like themselves, the poplar, alder and hazel. Henry Van Dyke has spoken of May as "bedecking the naked trees with tassels and embroideries."

These embroideries are found in various shapes. The maples have clusters of orange-red flowers, spikes of fuzzy yellow, and one kind known as whistle-wood (probably because it is such a good material for making whistles) has racemes of greenish yellow bells. The honey-locust is gorgeous with its pink and white ornaments, which remind one of sweet peas or perhaps of overgrown clover blossoms. Next to the locust, the horse-chestnut is perhaps the most showy of our trees, unless we think of the wild apple or plum.

Long before these trees deck themselves in their gala dresses, when, as one poet has said,

“I think the pussy-willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook, and robins look
For early worms behind the plough,”

and before these pussy-willows have changed their silver coats for golden ones, the ground is covered, in little hollows near the brook or swamp, with the mottled green leaves of the dog-tooth violet. Here and there interesting little knobs covered with brown fuzz promise ferns for the later spring.

The flowers then come one after another, so fast that it is usually hard to say which comes first. Yellow, white, and blue violets, trilliums, both red and painted, then the fragrant arbutus, our New England mayflower. In places the ground appears almost as though it were covered with flecks of foam. Look closer, it is only the false mitrewort, or, as it is commonly called, the foam flower. Nearby is a false Solomon's seal. As in a great many other cases, the false outshines the true to the casual observer. The true Solomon's seal has inconspicuous yellow-green bells, well hidden by the leaves, while the false flaunts a bunch of lacy white flowers. But just examine the root-stock. There is the record of the years the real Solomon's seal has lived written in the quaint, seal-like imprints.

Madam Spring appears to be a little partial to yellow, since she has such an array of golden ornaments. Among them are violets, moccasin flowers, dandelions, buttercups, clintonia, Indian cucumber, and fly honeysuckle. White, pure or tinged with pink is another of Spring's favorite colors. This is the color of anemones, crinkle root, corydalis, saxifrage, arbutus, claytonia, lady's-slipper, hobble-bush, cherry, and wild apple.

But on a dull, cloudy day nothing can cheer a lonely person who is wandering along the hillside as a glimpse of the rhodora in full bloom. It banishes all dullness. One will

agree with the poet who loved it that "Beauty is its own excuse for being," although he may wonder why it is wasted in the lonely pasture or wood. This striking flower is usually classed among the reds. Here too are the dainty calypso, a true wood nymph, so shy that she is seldom found; our bolder friend, the fringed polygala and the jaunty columbine, which can climb to any height and never seems to get dizzy.

Blue flowers are not many in number, but some of the loveliest of Spring's children are the hepaticas, the violets, and the iris, which comes to the meadows and swamps late in the season.

Late spring! A synonym for loveliness, when the linnea fills the pine wood with its fragrance.

"There is wild azalea on the hill, and iris down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the well;
The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to
drink."

And then, at last a day comes when Spring finds a half-opened wild rose, and just a little farther on a daisy. With bowed head she turns and begins to gather up her treasures, for she knows that her reign is over. Summer is at hand with her wealth of vivid colors. Spring must go. The nature lover laughs, and looking forward quotes to his friend from Wordsworth,

"But hark! how blithe the throstle sings,
He too is no mean preacher,
Come forth into the light of things.
Let Nature be your teacher."

QUERY!

BY WILLIAM M. NEVILLE, '18

Is mine indeed the coward's path,
This wait for someone else to do
The work that may be mine?

If I from out the offing gaze
At ships that pass me in the night,
Intent upon the work long borne
Of Freedom's final flight?

Can I in this lone silent place,
While worlds are set on fire,
Lay my full share of sacrifice
On Mars' consuming pyre?

Should I in quiet seek repose,—
Stand motionless by the flood
That Flanders' muddy battle fields
Is soaking deep with blood?

Oftimes the calls of duty chime—
My dearest friends are "there."
Should I in ease and safety sit
And let them do my share?

ONE OF MANY

The night was clear and cold. Dark shadows fell from numerous dilapidated shacks which bordered the narrow, filthy street. Here and there a faint light shone through half parted curtains. A cheap buggy clattered on the rough pavement causing the very shadows to shudder and to seek the welcome glow coming from the windows. Far in the distance a dog howled. His loud, mournful cry awakened one of the impoverished dwellers. A door opened and shut. Then all was silent.

Soon a lone figure sped noiselessly up the gloomy street and disappeared into one of the many alleys. For an instant the man stopped, and then, pushing open a small door, continued silently into a kind of unused shed. Again he pushed and listened in order to determine whether he had completed his escape. A long, unbroken silence assured him of his success. Hurriedly he lit a candle and then casting himself upon a heap of straw moaned as if in deep sorrow.

As he lay there, undisturbed, a flickering ray from the candle lighted up his youthful, tear-stained face. Strength and determination appeared to be on the verge of fear and terror. However, his clean, intelligent look could not wholly be erased by this hopeless expression. His whole countenance was one possessed only by those who are accustomed to refinement.

Suddenly the figure moved and for the first time spoke.

“God, Edith, forgive me.”

He paused, and then continued.

“I did not know, I could not realize how bitterly I had disappointed you. Oh, can't you understand? I thought that you would sympathize with me. Why I was certain that you shared my love and that you cherished me above all else. They wanted me and at first I was determined to go. Then I thought of you, of our love and the future. They pursued

me, and for days I lay hidden like a hunted animal, going forth from my hiding place only in search of food and water. Occasionally I would find a paper, only to read that the terrible struggle continued unabated. Then when I thought that they had given me up I came forth and joyfully hurried to your side. How changed your face had become. Your former welcome look was now one of disgust. Shamefully I departed from your presence, resolved to redeem myself. Well, I did my best, but it was too late."

The man's voice trembled and became silent.

A low, dreary wind howled about the shed. Suddenly a cool draught entered by one of the numerous cracks, and sweeping the room extinguished the tiny candle flame. Nothing was heard save the moaning of the wind and the heavy breathing of the man.

Dawn broke through the clouded sky and revealed an excited, terror-stricken town. Daily papers and bulletin boards recalled the adventures of the evening before. Another German air-raid had been successfully carried out. The casualties were heavy, especially in the poorer districts.

Later in the day a rescuing party cleared away the wreckage of what appeared to be the ancient stable. A mangled figure lay huddled on the floor. Its hands tightly grasped a small golden medal. On the smooth surface of the metal was engraved the following inscription: HE RISKED HIS LIFE THAT A FRIEND MIGHT LIVE. GIFT OF BUREAU ON PUBLIC SAFETY.

So he died the man, a hero in the eyes of God, a slacker in the eyes of his fellow-men.

MISCHIEF MIDGET

BY VIDA E. STEVENS, '19

Place: Wheeling, a city in southern Maine.**Time:** Afternoon.**Scene:** Mrs. Jackson's living room. There is a table in center of the room, on which are an electric lamp, a few books, and a box of chocolates. A Morris chair stands on one side of the table, and a rocker on the other. At right of the room is Midget's doll furniture and her doll; at left is a telephone table on which stands the telephone. At right back is a door leading to the dining room; at left back a door leads outdoors.**Characters:** Ruth Jackson (nicknamed "Midget"), eight years old.

Nellie Jackson, her older sister, seventeen years old.

William Harriman.

Charlie Smith.

As the curtain rises, Midget is seated on the floor playing dolls. Enter Nellie from the dining room.

Nellie: Hello, Midget. Having a nice time?**Midget:** (Turns and pouts slightly.) Better'n if I'd been writin' a love letter all afternoon. (Midget takes up her doll and hugs it) Susianna, you love to play with me, don't you, even if other folks don't?**Nellie:** (Goes over to the table and sits down.) Just a little later I'll play with you. Midget, you are too little to understand about sister's affairs. When you get grown up like I am, you'll know that when a person is in love it is hard to pay attention to such little things.**Midget:** (Rises, stamps her foot, and boastingly tosses her head) Well, when **I** get big, I'm only going to love one boy just like ma did pa, and not two boys like you do. So there!

Nellie: (Laughs and at the same time rises.) Midget, you're surely a case. (After a pause) But say, you don't mind staying alone for just a little while, do you? Bill wants me to go for a short ride.

Midget: (Sighs) Oh, of course not.

Nellie: Mother will be back before long, and I truly shan't be gone long. (Exit Nellie at right.)

Midget: (Calls after her.) Oh no, you usually aren't gone long. (To herself emphatically) That makes me tired! Mother goes off for an afternoon, and Nellie says she'll play house for a while with me. But oh no! It's a love letter to Charlie and out with Bill, or just the other way.

(Enter Nellie with coat and hat on. She kisses Midget)

Nellie: Goodbye, dear. Be good until I get back, and when I do we'll have a grand old time. I took your pink scarf, but, of course, you don't care, do you? It is much prettier than mine.

Midget: I want to keep that scarf to spread on me when I go out with my man, so this is the last time you can wear it, Nellie Jackson.

Nellie: (Hurriedly) Well, all right, good-bye. (Exit Nellie through the door at left.)

Midget: Goodbye. (She drawls.) I wouldn't hurry back though. (Midget runs to the window and looks out. She hugs Susianna affectionately.) Susianna, it's kind of mean, ain't it, but never you mind. I'm going to have company, too. (Midget shakes her finger.) Yes, I am, Susianna, so don't be cross, kiddo. I'll love you just as much. (Midget thinks.) Let me see. When she wants Bill, she says 430, when she wants Charlie she says 321 M. I'm going to talk to Charlie. (Midget runs up to the telephone-table, puts her knees in the chair, and places her hand on the receiver. She acts scared.) I never did telephone, but I guess I can. Gee, isn't this exciting? Supposin' it shouldn't be Charlie? (Nervously she lifts down the receiver.) 321M please, yes.—Hello! Charlie Smith there?—Yes, please.—Hello, Charlie?

This is Midget.—Yes, it sounds awfully good to hear your voice. Nellie says that, doesn't she?—Sometimes? Oh, she always says it to Bill.—Er, yes, don't you know him?—You don't? Why that's funny. I do, most as well as I do you, but I like you lots better.—Where's Nellie? Oh, she's gone out—What? why with Bill, of course.—Oh, don't get too mad, 'cause she wrote you a love letter this afternoon, and it commenced "Dearest Boy" 'cause I saw it.—Well, I think it was for you.—You think I'm a rascal and telling fibs? Fibs about what? (She laughs) Oho!—why, do you care? I think it is queer you don't know Bill, but maybe you will some day.—Say, I wish you'd come up and play house with me. Sister said she would, but she had something else to do, you see.—You'd love the chance to come? Oh goody! You'll be right up? All right. Haven't we had a nice talk? Good-bye. (Midget jumps down from the chair and comes to the center of the room) Gee! isn't he a nice boy to come up here just to see me! (She appears puzzled) But isn't that funny? He acted kind of cross when I told him about Bill. Perhaps he doesn't—mm, wonder if Bill knows Charlie? (Midget goes over to the looking-glass and commences to pat her hair) I can't spend a long time the way Nellie does, but maybe I'll look respectable. (She plays with her doll and puts her to bed) There, Susianna, you must go to sleep for a little while 'cause I'm going to have company.—Yes, he's coming just to see me. Won't sister be cross? (The door-bell rings.) For the land's sake! He must have run all the way. (She goes to the door and opens it.) Hello, my boy, come right in. Mercy, you didn't give me time enough to dress up the way Sister does when she knows either you or Bill's coming. You just ought to see Sister pat her hair and look at her dress. Say, you didn't wet your hair to-day, did you? Nellie says

she likes it lots better when you don't plaster it down so flat.

Charlie: (Takes off his hat and coat and appears to enjoy the situation immensely.) Well, you're a pretty nice little friend to have. I guess I better keep on the good side of you. Here's a box of chocolates perhaps you would like. I-er-bought them for a somewhat different purpose, but I've changed my mind.

(Midget places the chocolates on the table.)

Midget: (joyfully) Gee, I'm awfully glad you did. You are a regular guy. Say, this box is lots prettier than the one Bill gave Nellie last night. There is his on the table. Take one of the chocolates if you want to. I'll never tell.

Charlie: (Sits down by the table and looks much amused.) Well, I guess I won't just now, thank you. Er-tell me, what does Bill look like anyway?

Midget: Oh, he is tall and has a mouth just like a parrot. Anyway, that's what mother says. (Both laugh, then Midget has an inspiration.) Oh, I'll show you. (She darts out of the room and leaves Charlie sitting by the table.)

Charlie: (Shakes his head.) Wonders will never cease! At any rate, I've learned something new to-day. And possibly someone else will learn something soon. It is lucky to have a little friend in need. (He thinks a minute and then half sings) "Oh joy, oh Boy, where shall I go from here?"

(Enter Midget, skipping and bringing two large photographs.)

Midget: Here is Bill's picture. Nellie keeps it in the middle of her chiffonier. I brought yours down, too. She keeps yours on the mantle shelf. (Midget comes nearer to Charlie and looked up at him) You don't act as mischievous as usual. Don't you want to play wheelbarrow with me?

Charlie: Yes, I'll play—But, Midget, I have been doing a heap of thinking since you talked to me over the 'phone,

and several problems have been solved. (He smiles)
My, but you are a great little sister.

Midget: Do you think so? I'm glad, 'cause Nellie thinks I'm a mischief-maker. She says I'm always sticking my foot in it. I don't think so, do you?

Charlie: Well, I don't know about that. You surely are a very frank child.

(The door suddenly opens, and Nellie and Bill Harriman enter. They appear quite devoted to each other. At the sight of Charlie, Nellie looks very much embarrassed and acts nervous. William looks surprised and puzzled. Nellie speaks.)

Nellie: Hello, Charlie. Mr. Smith, may I introduce Mr. Harriman.

William and Charlie: How do you do?

Nellie: You are quite a stranger, Charlie.

Charlie: (Speaks in a cool, self-possessed manner.) A stranger? I didn't realize I had been, Nellie, but I believe now that I'd better be. I am sorry to learn that you haven't acted on the square.

(Charlie starts toward the door, and Nellie follows him.)

Nellie: Charlie, well if I were you, I wouldn't get peeved over such foolishness.

William: (All the while has been looking puzzled.) Well, I'm beginning to understand the situation.

Nellie: William, you don't understand at all. Things seem mixed up, but I can explain everything.

William: (Comes nearer to the table, and spies Charlie's picture.) I don't really think you need to explain, Nellie.

Charlie: (Opens the door.) Well, goodbye, everybody. Goodbye, Midget.

Midget: (Has been keeping herself in a corner and appears rather disturbed. She speaks in a thoughtful, subdued voice:) Good-bye, Charlie, thanks for the chocolates.

William: Wait a minute, Mr. Smith. I guess I better go with you. Good-bye, Nellie.

Nellie. Well if you want to be a big fool, go. Foolish boys, I should think you were about ten years old. (Both boys, go, and Nellie angrily rushes out of the room.)

Midget: (Comes into the center of the room.) Why, wasn't that funny? Everybody seemed to be cross, didn't they? Sister says that when people are in love and then get cross at each other, that they say good-bye forever, and Sis says that is getting dumped. I wonder if anybody got dumped?



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A kitten on the window-sill,
 Its tail curled 'round its feet
 Its head sunk down upon its paws
 Is making both ends meet.

II. Evolution.

I thought I saw a hairy ape;
 Ah! what a fright I had!
 He said, "Be not afraid of me,
 Your prehistoric dad."

III. Theology in Cheney House.
 I dreamed I heard a summons loud,
 Way from the depths of Hell.
 In fright I 'woke. Oh! the relief!
 It was the rising-bell.
 Dwellers in Pandemonium
 Dream thus, 'tis sad to tell.

IV. Warning.

In sleep there came to me a ghost,
 A grizzly, ghastly shape.
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