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May 2, 1918

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE
BATES
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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VANISHED NEW ENGLAND

BY CORA BLANCHE BALLARD, '18

New England is now entering upon a new era in its history. That land to which our Pilgrim fathers contributed their all, to which they bequeathed the creations of their invincible determination and steadfast faith, has undergone a transformation, marvelous as we look at it to-day, pathetic as we stand in their places, and regard through their eyes the havoc of the last hundred years.

Where is New England? In the glories of the world of nature in which William Cullen Bryant revelled, there has been a deplorable loss. The forests of those rugged days, giants of consolation and inspiration, have been floated down into mills, thence into workshops yawning for material gains. Instead of bending before an appreciative port, offering generously to inspire by its own loftiness, the pine seems to stand now in haughty isolation, drawing itself away, half in disdain, half in terror from the pine-timber shark who sees the world only through glasses strong enough to outline with perfect distinctness the circumference and height of a pine tree.

Where are our Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes? Was the literary supremacy of those early days merely a sporadic awakening? The ephemeral bulks large in the literature of to-day. Suggestions are offered freely by critics of New England. They tell us that economic gains, industrial progress, business efficiency are the popular goals of

our ablest minds. Whether or not this explanation is sufficient, we must confess that our literature to-day is merely a by-product of our composite life.

Economic changes were the forerunners of our new New England. As early as 1820, the industrial growth of our country, emigration to cities and to the West began to draw people away from the rugged hills of New England. The centering of manufactories into large plants, the use of steam instead of water power have favored the abandoning of farms. There has been a marked decline both in the number of acres under cultivation and in the valuation of farms. Large areas are changing from farm to county seats. There is arising here a problem of a landed aristocracy, unknown to our forefathers.

Today the Puritanical, wholesome life of our ancestors is regarded by some as a myth, by others as a joke. The energetic, progressive element has moved from New England farther West. Society recognizes now the capitalist and labor classes. By the migration of Yankee girls from the rural districts into the factories, social unity began at early date to be broken down. Then came the Irish, French, Italians, Slavic peoples. The Poles and Finns settled in large numbers. Necessarily in the last century standards of living have changed. Decadent industry in many sections is expected to support an extravagant style of living. City fashions are becoming necessities to the farmer. The parlor organ is being bartered for a Ford.

Among the many adjectives used in our day to characterize New England is "decadent", a term productive of resentment and hot repudiation on the part of a loyal New Englander. Yet in its application to the religion of New England can he prove that it is unjustifiable? The argument that New England is in no less deplorable condition than other parts of our country is nothing more than a veiled admission that the religious bed rock foundations of our section has been metamorphosed. The somewhat exaggerated statement that churches have been turned into cheese factories, dance halls, road houses is suggestive of a letting down

in the measurements of values. For religious motives our Pilgrim fathers hazarded their lives. Lured into the unknown neither by curiosity nor mere desire for exploration, they came to our coasts actuated by the loftiest ideals. The life of the early New Englander centered about the church. To it he belonged in a more comprehensive sense than our modern interpretation of church affiliations connotes. He gave his money, his physical strength, his time, his deepest thoughts, literally all that belonged to him, to its maintenance and improvement.

By worshipping in public one Sunday morning during the month the old New Englander did not seek to fulfill his religious obligation. Attendance at divine worship every Sunday and consecration of self every single day and hour of the week was for our fathers only their natural share in the building up and progression of their relationship with their God. In our country towns to-day there is the square, massive white church, with its box pews by the hundreds, unoccupied save for a scant smattering of people in a score of pews. Behind the church stand the dozen or more horse sheds out-of-date. Recall for a moment those fascinating stories your grandfather told of the crowded old church, the all-day sessions, of the carryalls drawn by sturdy horses from farms five, even ten miles away. As we repeat these tales to children in later years, will they not ask why the old fashioned horse sheds have not been turned into garages? Children have a habit of asking such embarrassing questions. They are too ignorant or too wise, shall we say, to be satisfied with the common explanation of economic changes, industrial development.

Problems vital to the economic, social, intellectual, spiritual life of New England are pressing to the front, clamoring each day more insistently for consideration and solution. Are social standards to be laid low? In our measurements of mankind can we afford to let down the bars? Shall our New England be the unearned increment of an inappreciative generation or a worthy daughter of her stalwart parent?



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Colleges offer many and various subjects for study, yet despite its kinship to other studies there has never been presented in college catalogues as a regular curriculum course in academic instruction the subject, **observation**. You think perhaps that such an idea is somewhat of a joke, do you not? It truly is not as impractical as it seems.

Now to begin, remodel your conception of a course in Observation. You have no doubt heard various ten-minute talks about the value of keeping your eyes open, and the importance of observing. You say that such a talk is all the course in Observation that you care for, or for which you have a desire. However, such lectures are not at all what is meant by the real subject, Observation, any more than a speech

on the value of studying Biology is a study of Biology. Such a lecture constitutes a good enough preface to the work, but in order to take up Observation as a study, you need constant application, personal research work, and experimental evidence.

An Observation course would probably not be more than one hour a week, and should, in order to be of any worth whatsoever, be as systematically arranged as any other subject. Regular attendance of those signing up for the course should be required, and credit given as for the usual one hour course.

So much for method. Next, consider what this strange sort of subject would include. According to the dictionary, Observation is defined as "the power or habit of taking notice of preserving, or of fixing the powers of sense or intellect on anything." Read that definition over again, and think of its scope for a moment. A power is something that may be trained; a habit is something that is acquired; thus by constant study the expert student in Observation might attain to a degree near to perfection the ability to fix his powers of sense or intellect on anything. What then would not be possible to him in studies, in life even? But the expert student in Observaton as in other branches of study is about as common as the far-famed purple cow. The only way to expect to see a purple cow is to apply a gallon or so of purple paint to a common light-colored cow. The cow then looks purple, but, sad to say, is still its original color underneath. It is the same way with a so-called expert student. He may have a fairly thick coating of knowlege on top, but the paint is absolutely sure to wear off in spots and exhibit the duller coloring through the coating of acquired brilliancy. Therefore, since the truly brilliant or expert student is the exception, wisdom would seem to suggest that in studying Observation it would be advisable to begin with a course which is very elementary, and practical.

Perhaps you are in the habit of saying "I am naturally a great observer. I notice everything about me. Things rarely escape my notice." If you are such a one, you certainly

have the right to an opinion of yourself. College students are naturally better acquainted with college surroundings than with anything else. How many, then, of the following questions can you answer?

1. How many students are there in your class?
2. How many of these students do you know by name and by sight?
3. How many buildings are there on the college campus?
4. What color is the college horse?
5. Where is the Stanton Elm?
6. Does the college bell strike a regular number of times before recitations?
7. Is your English professor light or dark in complexion?
8. What is the number on the door of the Latin Room? the History Room?
9. What is the college motto?
10. What is the name on the tablet over the Reference Room in the library?

Perfectly nonsensical questions, you say. Well, perhaps; but if you do not notice college surroundings, you cannot hope to observe things after you leave college. More than one successful man owes part of his success to his ability to remember and associate names and faces. It would not be a bad idea for the college student to get some such training while in college. A keen observer is always more successful than the man who notices little. Men skilled in observing are rare. Why not train college students? Some people contend that the different sciences give the student all such training necessary. They do give much, but not all that is needed. A specialized course in **Observation** could not but be of value.

You have all heard of efficiency experts. Their work borders very closely on this proposed study of observation. To really see with the intellect everything which our eyes visualize, so that impressions of objects and associations are clear in our minds, would be something worth the attaining.

H. E. H. '19.

THE DRAMATIC ELEMENT IN THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST

BY LILIAN LEATHERS, '18

Of all the essential elements of poetry the dramatic has been rated of chief eminence. In its highest form, either technically or essentially, it includes all other elements. It is like a cathedral of stately architectural structure which has in itself all essential parts of minor buildings and calls upon sculptor, painter, moulder and bell-founder ere it attain its complete excellence. Through plot, dialog, characterization, local setting, and interpretation of life, then, the dramatic element will manifest itself. The great aim in view is the revelation of human character.

The three volumes of Robert Frost's works already published are marked by this dramatic touch. Faithfully and accurately the life and thoughts of real New Englanders have been depicted. He has made most natural use of many of the available agencies that contribute to this result.

In the use of plot we find nothing that is technically complex. The theme in the many poem-stories is exceedingly slight. Frost tells his ordinary stories in a most unusual and interesting way, simply and naturally. The interest is held by the clear portrayal of character and despite the characteristic vagueness of plot.

Writers of New England have been impressed by the pregnancy of thought and expression of the people. In consequence peculiar spelling has been resorted to in an effort to record these colloquialisms. We are almost surprised to find no unusual spelling, no dialect in these poems. Frost's mind has evidently remained unimpressed or indifferent to any such expressions. His dialog is, nevertheless, an important factor in his work. It is marked by simplicity, reality, and beauty.

Frost has made his setting unmistakably New England. From his own personal knowledge, he accurately described a

background in which are rocky pastures with hemlocks and "Christmas Trees" in the distance, stone walls, white clap-boarded houses, "cut-downs," and "burnt pieces" where luscious blueberries grew.

Out from this most natural and to many most beautiful of settings stand his characters. Robert Frost, with exceptional vividness, simplicity, and fidelity to fact, has portrayed just what is characteristic of New England rural life. He has found among farmers a certain degeneracy, a decaying of the earlier rugged civilization, that is thus far without an explanation. There is a morbidness, despondency tending to loss of mental balance, and insanity that has impressed the poet. In "The Black Cottage" there is the story of a stern, narrow-minded woman who preferred to live and die alone, whose loneliness made her almost bitter. "A Servant to Servant" depicts the typical overworked country wife who realizes that the drab monotony of her life is for the second time bearing her on to insanity. "The Home Burial" portrays the morbidness of death and the mistaken attitude toward life that is typical of the insane. For long she has looked to that part of the farm where her only child is buried. She has mourned alone and become bitter against her husband because he has found relief for his grief in labor. He speaks to her:

“ ‘What was it brought you up to think it the thing
To take your mother-loss of a first child
So inconsolably—in the face of love?
You’d think his memory might be satisfied—’
. ‘And it’s come to this,
A man can’t speak of his own child that’s dead.’

‘I haven’t been. Go look, see for yourself.
If you had any feelings, you that dug
With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;
I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.

I thought, Who is that man? I didn't know you.
 And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
 To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
 Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
 Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
 But I went near to see with my own eyes.
 You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
 Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
 And talk about your everyday concerns.

I can repeat the very words you were saying
 "Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
 Will rot the best birch fence a man can build."
 Think of it, talk like that at such a time!
 What had how long it takes a birch to rot
 To do with what was in the darkened parlor.
 You **couldn't** care.' "

At the same time these rural people are capable of deep sympathy and kindness. The hired man, in the poem "The Death of the Hired Man," may be pathetically lonely but he is not friendless.

" 'No, but it hurt my heart the way he lay
 And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
 He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
 You must go in and see what you can do.
 I made the bed up for him there tonight.
 You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
 His working days are done; I'm sure of it.'

'I'll not be in a hurry to say that.'

'I haven't been. Go, look for yourself.
 But, Warren, please remember how it is:
 He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
 He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
 He may not speak of it, and then he may.

I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon.'

It hit the moon.

Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.
Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited—

'Warren,' she questioned.

'Dead,' was all he answered."

Frost appreciates the possibility of humor in human eccentricities. Such is revealed in "Blueberries" and "A Time for Talk." The daring, the all-but-ceaseless activity of boyhood is recorded in "The Bonfire" and "Birches". Thus the poet, who knows these people from his life among them, has interpreted life as he sees it, with naturalness, originality, truth, and pathos.

In one poem, "The Mountain," we are told of the farmer who lived all his life by a mountain and never knew of its beauty and grandeur. So one might read the poetry of Robert Frost, find it interesting and fascinating without realizing that the dramatic element is what makes largest contribution to this pleasure. By one device or another, Robert Frost has made each one of his poems dramatic, the revelation of character.

LONGING

BY CHARLES E. PACKARD, '19

If I could only go on guard to-night
At the farthest of the lonely outposts here,
Just to forget the ceaseless horror of the fight,
To flee its fury and to crush my fear!
Oh, it were bliss untold if my blurred sight
Should, by some gleaming star shell's burst of light,
Pierce the dark terror of the dreary night,
And find you waiting there to greet me, dear!

If I could leave this havoc far behind,
Rush thru the ragged wood and ruined mass
Of homes, shell-torn and wrecked, to really find
You ready to join me as I hasten past!
My love and yours with promises entwined
Would still the tumult in my seething mind,
Give me new courage of a nobler kind,
Strength to endure the conflict to the last.

But ah! Tonight is not as nights of old,
For you are far away, where stars may gleam
Upon the apple-orchard where we often strolled
To watch in blossom-time the little stream,
Flecked with bright showers of pink and beams of gold
Would that I might again that scene behold!
But I still hear the shriek of shell, the wind blows cold.
And I must fight, and hope, nor dare to dream.

HIS COME-UPANCE

BY VERA L. MILLIKEN, '19

"Good mornin', Joel. Come right in."

"No, Mark, can't stop this mornin'. Just came on a matter o' business, just a matter o' business."

"Well, sit down, sit down. Might as well be comfy'able, if 'tis business. Lizzie's busy house-cleanin', so prob'ly it's better out here on the steps. Gettin' good weather, aint it? Got any plantin' done?"

"Land, no, 'tain't goin' to be a good year, an' war an' all—mighty hard luck."

"Now look here, Joel, you've got the best farm in the neighborhood. You always make consid'erable out o' the crops and you will this year."

"Don't talk to me. I tell you this is a bad year, and folks need to save every penny. When a feller sees a way to turn an honest penny it's best he should get it. That's why I came over this mornin'."

"You ain't goin' to speculatin,?"

"Speculatin; no, and me a good church member!"

"Well, what is it then?"

"You remember o' course how ten years ago, you and me dug a well over on my side o' the line?"

"Sure, Joel, sure. Live time we had, too. Good well, ain't it?"

"Well, it's a good well and it's on my land and, as I figgered it out you've got lots more profits out o' that well, than you put in work and money. But I'm willin' to call that all right. Them water companies in the cities ask a heap for water, so I reckoned you'd be willin' to pay somewhere 'round ten dollars a year fer usin' it."

Mr. Joel Bean paused expectantly. His friend was always obliging. Surely he wouldn't cause trouble over that small sum of money. This time, however, the response lacked its

usual cordiality, and Mr. Bean had to be content with the promise that his friend would think it over.

That evening Mr. Mark Wentworth and his wife were talking earnestly across the supper table.

“Now, Mark, don’t you stand that. You always let folks run right over you. Ain’t the high prices, an’ the war goin’ to affect you as much as they will Joel Bean, and then he has got more money to begin on. These **are** good biscuits. Better have another. I tell you folks like Joel is bound to get their come-upance. Another dish of preserves? I believe you get fonder o’ sweet things every year. I tell you what, Joel, we will dig a well of our own.”

Two weeks later, in the golden sunset hours, Mark Wentworth sitting on the worn bench by the kitchen door, was gazing with pride at his newest, most treasured possession—a well filled with cool sparkling water. The western sky was a riot of brilliant varying colors,—rose, blue, gold, bronze, violet, each distinct, yet all blended into one perfect whole. Straight up from this wealth of color rose one long, slender shaft of pure living gold. Mark smiled happily.

Ain’t them colors in the sky pretty, mother? Goin’ to be a fine day to-morrer. Seems as if everything was just goin’ fine.” He called to his wife.

Just then his peaceful reverie was interrupted as a very angry, very much excited man rushed around the corner of the house.

“Well, Joel!” exclaimed Mark.

“Don’t talk to me I say—don’t talk to me. Nice trick to play on a friend! Go dig a well, and dig it so as to strike the same vein as my well—just to get good water. I declare it’s robbery. Here’s my fine well dry—dry I tell you! I won’t stop to hear no explanation.”

Gasping with surprise, Mark started to reply, but his irate neighbor was gone.

Across the field Joel went stumbling homeward. The sun with one last plunge had dropped below the horizon, and all the sunset glow faded as the sun master went, and in its place dull lead colored clouds rested.

“Goin’ to rain tomorrer. Everything’s gone plumb agin me.”

Back at the Wentworth farm Mark was slowly comprehending the situation.

“Struck the same vein. His well’s gone dry. Well I never! Poor Joel, he does have hard luck.”

In the kitchen Mrs. Wentworth set the table for supper and muttered triumphantly, “I knew he’d get his come-upance.”

A SONG OF LIFE

I do not sing in a mournful strain,
Of sorrow, trouble, and fears;
But rather I sing of youth and life—
Joy and cheer through all the strife—
That goes along with the years.

For life is not a mere struggle to live,
And toil is not accursed;
Though there must be a bitter part
If we face the struggle with dauntless heart
We find that fear is the worst.

Though youth is the time of all most blest
When the heart has little of care;
Yet the years need not our youth destroy,
For life is full to the brim with joy
If we only seek it there.

THE GIRL-WHO-LAUGHED

BY MARGUERITE F. HILL, '21

The Girl-Who-Laughed lived in a garden. It was a beautiful place in which to live; there were spreading trees with leaves of soft green to form a roof, and all the trees were inhabited by the cheeriest kind of feathered folk. There were flowers everywhere, flowers of every kind, all growing up in apparent disregard of race or color, a healthy family of the sun. All manner of living things peopled the mossy grass or flitted about among the flowers. Then there were paths—but such paths—winding crazily in and out, as if they were trying to come to the front door of every little creature of the garden. Over at the left was a rippling little brook with such cool, shady banks that one had only to sit down to fancy a band of Naides about him. Such was the home of the Girl-Who-Laughed, and high, white walls enclosed it from the world without.

The Girl-Who-Laughed had many friends. Peopled liked to be with her because her sunny face and care-free air helped them to forget their sorrows. They often told her, and they themselves believed it true, that they loved her so much that they would do anything for her. And so, the Girl-Who-Laughed felt secure, felt that with so many who loved her, no harm could touch her.

But one day, Sorrow came to the Girl-Who-Laughed. It came on a day when the sun was shining brightly and all the flowers were reaching their heads high, as if they too, like the little birds in the trees, were singing a Thanksgiving song to the sun. On this morning all the world seemed so cheery and happy, just as if there were not a trouble in the universe anywhere. Then came sorrow. It chilled the happy heart of the Girl-Who-Laughed, it stilled her merry laughter, and darkened her soul with a clutching and terrible power. For the why should sorrow come to the innocent ones who had never brought sorrow to others?

first time in her life, the Girl-Who-Laughed could not laugh; she felt frightened and alone.

Hopefully she thought of the many who had thronged about her but a short time before,—surely they could help to drive away this wretched phantom of Sorrow. “I will go to them,” she said, “and they will help me laugh it away.”

Some, when they saw the look of pain in her eyes and the unwonted sadness of her face, turned quickly and went away. They had troubles of their own and if they stopped along the way, it must be with those who cheered them, and made them forget their cares. Others, when they met her, slowly and sadly shook their heads as if to say, “Yes, I told you it would have to come; now you are one with the rest of us.” Then, helplessly, but regretfully, they left her. There were those, who would have given much to help her; and, indeed many tried it; but it was all in vain. They had not infinite love and understanding, and they could not help her to drive away Sorrow.

The sun was no longer shining when the Girl-Who-Laughed returned to her garden. All about were the dark and dreary shadows which foretold dusk. But how changed was her garden of love and happiness! The flowers no longer lifted eager faces; they lay drooping and dying on the ground. The grass, once so green and soft was now seared to a dull brown; the rippling brook was gone and in its stead was a dry river-bed of panting stones and dry moss; while the few dead leaves on the bare branches shuddered with the wind as if to show that they, too, were short of life. Not a living creature was in the garden; utter stillness reigned. The Girl-Who-Laughed sank wearily down by the dry river-bed. There was no one who could help her.

She felt herself drifting along on the troubled waters of thought; and as she drifted she mused. For what purpose was this world, and what power had caused it to be? Or was there no supreme power, no infinite thought behind it all? Was the universe merely a void inhabited by meaningless mortals, and endowed with only such qualities as our own fancy suggests? Was it all nothingness? And if there **was** a God,

No one can suffer forever. Eventually his soul must receive the Vision of Service or it will grow narrow and bitter; and when that happens, the purpose of Life to that man is lost. So with the Girl-Who-Laughed.

At length, the anguish of her suffering grew so deep that she flung herself face downward on the ground, crying, "Oh, there **must** be a God. I cannot bear it any longer." And all that responded to her mind's eye was her childhood's picture of God, enthroned aloft in the heaven, with angels about him to do his bidding, a God high and unbending, who saw and judged from afar. There must be something more behind Life.

All at once, as she lay there waiting, she felt her sorrow easier to bear; a wonderful sense of peace took possession of her. Standing before her, she seemed to see the Christ, not the Jesus of Nazareth whom she believed she knew, not the demi-god of her fancy, but a living, breathing being, whose eyes regarded her with an infinite love and tenderness. In those eyes she read the secret of Life, and clasping her hands, she cried, "My Christ, I **know** now. I understand. God is **not** far away, he is just like you. And now my sorrow is easy to bear. Savior, I love you."

Meanwhile, the dark of the night had disappeared in the chill morning mist-cloud. Suddenly in the east, there showed a glimmer of color, which even in that self-same moment, grew into a faint streak of pink. Slowly it expanded until all the east was covered with an iridescent sun-curtain, and the sun shone forth.

The Girl-Who-Laughed looked about her garden. No, it had not changed from the night before. Already its beauties were long in the past; no longer was it a happy home. It was the garden of her childhood, and nevermore could she live within its sheltered walls. Lifting her arms to the great sun, the Girl-Who-Laughed smiled; not the care-free laugh of the day before yesterday, but a smile of understanding, of love, and of sacrifice.

Then, slowly but resolutely, the Girl-Who-Laughed left her garden, and went out into the world to live.

THE WOODCHOPPERS

BY MARION F. LEWIS, '19

The night we went to walk, do you remember?—
We met them up beyond the River Road:
The four of them, with caps and heavy gloves,
Swinging their dinner pails at every step
And moving somewhat awkwardly and stiffly
After the long day's chopping in the woods.
They passed us by with hardly a single glance,
And, keeping their eyes upon the road ahead,
They plodded on thru the snow towards home and supper.

In front of them the road climbed up a hill,
And there it seemed to end against the sunset,
Which burned in ragged bars across the sky,
And turned the windows on the hills behind us all to flame.
And from the west somewhere a big clean wind
Came hurrying;
Bending the smoke out flat across the roof tops,
And, sweeping against our faces as it passed,
Went rushing on to some belated business,
And seemed to fill the earth up to the empty sky.

But they—they did not see. They did not even look.
They buttoned up their coats a little tighter;
One of them made a gruff remark or two,
About the cold, perhaps,—the next day's chopping;
And, stumbling a little in the drifted snow,
They topped the hill behind us, and disappeared.

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

BY BLANCHE L. WRIGHT, '18

Far away to the West—beyond the stream of Silence, where the sunset's colors mingle with the evening dusk, creating everchanging magic hues—lies a beautiful valley. Shimmering clouds of fancy float over the land, and half veiled in the mists of Imagination through which the last rosy shafts of the sun pierce, stands the Hall of Dreams, its turrets raising high toward the heavens. Tall pines tower about the hall on all sides, concealing it from view and setting it apart from the noise of the outside world. The soothing mystic music of the water ripples in perfect harmony with the low breath of the wind among the trees. Desire, at some time brings everyone across the stream to this peaceful land where the open doors invite the Imagination. The wide grass-grown court with its flower-strewn paths and fountain of pure water immediately fascinates the dreamer, and lures him to follow the maze of arched passages and vaulted corridors that lead from it. Here are the dreams of all times and all ages—the pure, lofty ideals of the lover; the bold, daring dreams of the adventurer; the ardent, optimistic hopes of the youth; the calmer desires of the man; the peaceful thoughts of the old—at every turn some new conception appears.

Once upon a time—not so very long ago, as time is considered in that land—there came to the portal of this hall, two youths, very alike in some respects, and yet so different in others. Both were very young, full of the joy of living, and endowed with that enthusiasm and hope and lofty idealism that belongs to youth; both were possessed of a vivid imagination, and had their hopes and ideals still to be realized; and both were keenly alive to the wonder and beauty of the world in which they lived. But one saw expressed in nature the charm and poetry of his ideals, and the truths of living; and the other found in that same nature subjects for deep thought

and the discovery of the great truth of the creation of life. And they entered the Hall of Dreams side by side. For some time they wandered together in careless happiness and enjoyment of freedom where everything was to them alike beautiful and an inspiration for something greater and better. Then one day they parted.

One still wandered about the corridors, and clung to the dream paths. His dreams were very dear to him, for he created brave knights and fair ladies, and deeds of chivalry; and he learned the deeper meaning of life, and dreamed of love and laughter, of tears and sadness. "For nearly half a century he was a voice, the voice of a whole people, expressing in exquisite melody their doubts and their faith, their griefs and their triumphs. He was loved and honored as a man and a poet by a whole people who do not easily give their allegiance to any one man." For Tennyson was a great poet.

The other man's imagination was not of the fanciful order. He too appreciated the beauty of nature and the wonder of life; but he must needs delve more deeply into the knowledge of these things and learn their secrets. He imagined many things to himself, and read much of what other men had imagined. Poets had "sought in their verses to illustrate the beauty of evolutionary ideas; and philosophers had recognized the principle of evolution as harmonizing with, and growing out of, the highest conceptions of science." So too did this dreamer; and following straight upward the path of knowledge, he at last reached the summit of the Realization of his dream in the establishment of the hypothesis of evolution as a definite theory. Although his works was at first derided, it "revolutionized not only conceptions of natural history, but also methods of thinking on all the problems of human society." For Darwin was a great scientist.

Both poetry and science bear testimony to the indispensable need of imagination; and brief reflection shows that this must be so for the faculty of imagination serves a double function. It is true that in the mind of the artist its principal mission is to set before the inner consciousness a mental picture of

some character or circumstance. But the imagination has also quite another purpose to fulfill—one which, while no less exalted, is more closely connected with the real world. No poetic flight of fancy was ever more magnificent than the feat of scientific imagination that traced the descent of higher mammalian species from a tiny fragment of primeval protoplasm.”

Which is the greater man it is hard to say. Poet and scientist have always gone hand in hand, for science has not destroyed poetry. Darwin, with his recognition of the great theory of evolution, has caused us to stand in awe of the might and power and wisdom of the Creator; while Tennyson, in his philosophy of life, has given us a good picture of the love and tenderness and goodness of the Father.

A TALE OF THE PINES

BY LAURA M. HERRICK, '20

In the thick of a northern Maine forest, a narrow, ill-made wood-road wound, with giant pines towering in either side and under-brush so dense as to make advance impossible save through the uncertain road ahead. The night when the event of this story took place was cold and drear, with a light wind sighing in the tree tops, like the spirit of a lost child. Dark, menacing clouds moved across the sky, driven by the fitful gusts of wind. The heavy gloom was lightened occasionally by the wan moon, as it was revealed now and again through ragged clouds.

Along the deserted road a man walked alone. He did not appear to be hurrying, neither was his gait slow. He walked as one who has a long distance to go and is carefully hoarding his strength. Tall and thin, his long arms swung loosely as he moved. A battered felt hat pulled down over his forehead almost hid the steely gray eyes. Despite his lankness, he was powerfully built and brawny, and a glance showed him to be one of that great company who earn their bread by

muscular toil in the logging camps. The rough life had already left its mark upon him. Among his fellows Louis Drapeau was noted for his extreme taciturnness. The men feared him for his stern, hard expression, and the greediness with which he seized his pay envelope. He had been in camp but a short time, and no one knew his history, nor had he made a friend. Thus he lived his meager, hard-working life alone with no companion to cheer him.

When he had left for the town this particular evening, after his hard day's work, with the accumulated wages of several weeks in his pockets, no one offered to accompany him. That he was going to town was unquestioned, and that he was going by this road was likewise unquestioned, since it was the only road leading from the camp.

The clouds grew heavier; the moon appeared less often. The stillness which always follows sunset was broken now by the infinite noises of the night. A bough rubbed harshly against another, and the dry leaves rustled as the wind stirred them. The odor of decaying vegetation in the dense forest was heavy in the air. A sense of utter desolation, of gloom, and of melancholy pressed all around. The Frenchman seemed to feel it, for he hastened his step and cast quick glances to right and left. Sometimes he stumbled in the ruts of the rough road. Once he fell, and then a small bag dropped to the ground with a heavy thud. As he carefully picked it up, the silver clink of metal on metal sounded in a subdued way. By this time he was passing a deserted settlement. Tiny, one-roomed shacks crowded in the shelter of the great pines, and the outline of the long horse shed was faintly discernable. The door of one tumble-down hut had been swaying to and fro, but as Drapeau approached, it latched with a muffled bang. The man started, thrust his right hand into the pocket where lay the precious bag, and proceeded at a slightly quicker pace. Soon he began to whistle. This plainly showed him to be nervous and ill at ease, for the airs he attempted to render were strangely mixed. The sound was not mellow, but harsh and shrill, as if the lips were forced to their task.

He passed the hamlet and entered a darker stretch of

woods. Once he looked back at the spectre-like group of cabins. The loosened door was once more swinging dully to and fro. Drapeau frowned then listened intently. The screech of a night-hawk, the rustling of the leaves, and the sighing of the wind through the branches were the only sounds that could be heard. How could he know that a brawny figure was behind the swinging door when he approached, and had closed the door as he went by? How could he know that even now that same form was following noiselessly in his footsteps? Yet a sudden fancy of evil caused him to cease his discordant whistle and to listen even more intently. He was by the time entering the very deepest belt of shade. Then the moment of climax came.

How long it seemed and yet really how short it was. A sudden spring from behind, the flash of a gleaming knife, a short, sharp struggle, and Louis Drapeau lay an inert heap on the ground, while over him bent a second figure and practised fingers moved stealthily over the victim. The unmistakable clink of metal! A gloating breath of exultation came from the lips of the plunderer. It was but the work of a moment to drag the lifeless form from the road and cover it with loose wood and fallen branches.

The next morning the boon companion of "Gambling Jim" wondered at the sums he staked in the games and wondered at the little bag which he pulled from his pockets, in evidence of right to such riches. And all that was said of the vanished logger was a casual observation, "Funny now, ain't it, where Drapeau is to-day! Must a' tumbled over Kelly's cavern."

In a distant province, a little, white-haired French woman wondered also, and suffered,—suffered because she had no food nor coal, and could not understand why her big son Louis did not send the promised money. In the woods of northern Maine, the tall pines kept guard over the dead, and whispered to each other of the darkness of the nights and of clinking silver.

ADVERSITY**I**

O, Adverse Fortune, bird of darkest night,
Why dost thou ever turn thy gloomy sight,
And pierce us with a cowering, shivering fright?

II

Why dost thou spread thy wings of sable hue,
Entwining, blinding, day and year anew,
Our short existence, happy hours so few?

III

Art thou our Mentor sent from heav'n above,
Who casts its shadow o'er each earthly move,
And even mocks and spurns the signs of love?

IV

And yet, if thou art always fat'd to kill,
Bethink thee, Dread One, Of thy deadly chill,
Take on a happier aspect, soften thy will!

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