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Oct. 24, '15

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE
BATES
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE.

BY LILLIAN DUNLAP, '21

The dramas of each separate nation possess certain charms and certain characteristics of their own. No country has produced plays more individualistic or more peculiar to itself than has Ireland. Its dramatists revel in the folk lore, the superstition, the simplicity of the Irish peasantry. They love to express the fanciful, the weird, to cast over the life of the common folk a half indefinable atmosphere of laughter and tears.

Some native playwrights have chosen to present the conventional and the modern in life. Those, however, who have clung to the traditional Ireland of the peasant have portrayed for us a people untutored, unlettered, but charming withal, appealing in their dialect, their gentle philosophy, and their irresistible optimism. No writer has drawn for us better or more striking pictures of the passionate and the lovable in the Irish people than has John Millington Synge.

Synge was primarily a dramatist. A few of his prose works are of some importance, but we shall consider only the merits of his plays.

A brief survey of the life of this writer may better enable us to comprehend and appreciate the characters which he has created for us. He was born in Dublin in 1871, the youngest son of John Hatch Synge, a barrister-at-law. Synge was prepared by tutors for college, and entered Trinity College in

Dublin in 1888. There he took prizes in Hebrew and Gaelic and in 1891 received a scholarship in Harmony from the Royal Irish Academy. The year after his graduation in 1892 was spent in the study of music in Germany. Then he decided to devote himself to literature. In 1895, he went to France, where for some years following much of his time was spent. He lived most of the time with some working man's family whose table and attic room he shared. This life afforded him an opportunity of studying nature as it appears when stripped of the conventions and foibles of society. It was during his stay in Paris that Synge made the acquaintance of W. B. Yeats, later a leading dramatist of Ireland.

Upon Yeat's suggestion, Synge went to the Aran Islands and lived there among the uncultured natives. Here in the sombre atmosphere of the bleak, lonesome isles, he found the inspirations for his dramas. He depicted the life, the speech and the emotions of the simple inhabitants; and portrayed their surroundings with a quaint touch of gloom. Figgis in his article has admirably expressed the influence exerted upon the young writer by these islands: "They bred his soul; they sang him the music of speech to which his soul responded with the shout of discovery; they found him the cadence he cried for; they steeped his mind in an atmosphere that thereafter marked all things he did. His artistic soul came to them a starveling; it went out a grown man in full vigor of health."

The remainder of Synge's life was spent, partly among these islands and partly in Paris, Dublin and other cities where his plays were produced.

Synge died in Dublin at the age of thirty-seven years. Had he lived he would undoubtedly have added to the number of his works; but he could not have heightened our admiration for the genius that shines forth from the half dozen plays we have received from his hands.

Synge was always a morbid, silent man who cared nothing for politics or life in the world of men. He loved nature intensely and even stopped wearing black clothing because nature wears so little of this melancholy hue. The common-place, the solitary in human life, with its underlying pathos and humor

appealed to his sensitive nature. He lived with his characters. To him, they were real, breathing people.

In his plays, Synge did not seek to please the public, nor did he attempt the solution of any social or moral problem. His desire was to portray character. According to Yeats, he "expressed life that had never before found expression." Plot was of minor consequence. The chief object was to make the characters "live"—to feel, to dream, to act, to be moved by passion or stirred by grief.

All but one of his six plays deal with men and women of the simple country type—the herdsman and his wife in the lonely cabin, the tinker with his boisterous sweetheart, the two blind beggars by the roadside—these are the people whom he brings before us, people who experience the joys and the sorrows of life, whose very humor has a touch of the pathetic, whose griefs are rendered less poignant by a bit of impelling optimism.

Synge's dialogue is peculiarly his own. When he went to the Aran Islands, he had almost forgotten the Irish dialect; but there he absorbed the speech as well as the spirit of the natives. Their harsher tongue was softened and individualized until it became unique. Galsworthy, Wilde, and other Irish dramatists have a certain characteristic style of dialogue, but they lack the poetry and the Gaelic melody of Synge.

Synge's first play of importance was "The Shadow of the Glen." He once said that he got "more aid than any learning could have given me, from a chink in the floor of the old Wicklow house where I was staying that let me hear what was being said by the servant girls in the kitchen." In the last cabin in a lonely glen, we find the young woman, Nora, who is married to the irritable old herdsman. Is it any wonder that Nora in that solitary region craves the companionship of even the young men who pass? Day after day, she has been "sitting looking out from a door the like of that door, and seeing nothing but the mists rolling down the bog, and mists again and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of broken trees were left from the great storm, and the streams roaring with the rain." When the tramp

offers her freedom with the promise that "you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm and it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear," are we surprised when Nora goes with him and chooses the path to happiness? Nora is simply human. We realize that she has become embittered by her lonely existence; therefore, we pity rather than censure her. Had Ibsen or Galsworthy been handling the same material, they would probably have attempted to solve the social problem involved; Synge, however, contents himself with revealing human temperament and human passion—and we are satisfied.

For the real, tragic element, we must turn to a second short play, "The Riders of the Sea." This has been called, not a tragedy, but an incident set in an atmosphere of tragedy. The brief, we feel to the extreme the hopeless pathos of the situation. Maurya, worn and old, keens for her five lost sons. Four of these have been drowned, and the fifth is missing. It is presumed that he has met the fate of his brothers. Stealthily, in their mother's absence, the two daughters examine the clothing taken from a drowned man's body in the hope of ascertaining whether or not the garments belong to the missing Michael. The tragic, calm resignation of the sisters when they have discovered that the clothes were those of Michael is expressed in the conversation of the girls.

Cathleen: Isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen him but the black hogs that do be flying on the Sea?

Nora: And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking. Then the remaining son Bartley is drowned and his body is brought back to the little cabin. The grief-stricken mother receives this new calamity with terrible calmness: "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What

more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

The setting of the little fisher's cabin, and the keening of the Irish women over the dead, add to the gloom, the solemnity of the play.

Because Synge himself loved nature, he endowed all his characters with an appreciation of its wonder and beauty. Even the sightless beggars in "The Well of the Saints" feel the spell of the world about them. "There's the sound of one of them twittering yellow birds to be coming in the springtime from beyond the sea, and there'll be a fine warmth now in the sun, and a sweetness in the air, the way it'll be a grand thing to be sitting here quiet and easy smelling the things growing up, and budding from the earth."

The dramatist's humor is well illustrated in the play just mentioned. The chief characters are an old man and his wife, both blind. Tho they are gray-haired and ugly, both are unconscious of the fact that the years have left any impression upon their features and to each other they are now as beautiful as in their youth. Then, one day, thru the ministrations of the Saint, they receive their sight and are disillusioned. Each is enraged at the ugliness of the other. The exclamation of Martin when he realizes that he has been deceived for so many years is typical of the couple's attitude: "Your hair and eyes, is it? I'm telling you there isn't a wisp on any gray mare on the ridge of the world isn't finer than the dirty twist on your head. There isn't two eyes in any starving sow isn't finer than the eyes you were calling blue like the sea." Finally, after a period of quarrels and toil, both lose their sight again. Their final conclusion is that blindness bring less unhappiness to mortals than does the possession of one's sight and disillusionment.

A more boisterous kind of humor is found in "The Tinker's Wedding" where we see a bit of the life of Michael Byrne the tinker, and his sweetheart, Sarah Casey. Sarah has followed the tinker thru the country. Now she considers it time for them to become married and threatens to run away with Jaunting Jim if Michael does not immediately find a priest who will perform the ceremony. We are amused at the ef-

forts of Sarah as she attempts to persuade the priest to marry them without any charge, and we smile at the trickery of the tinker's mother who with her cunning schemes and love for "the bottle" tries to prevent the marriage of the pair. This play forms an excellent contrast with "The Riders to the Sea."

"The Play Boy of the Western World" is Synge's most popular play. The chief character is a self-conscious, unassuming young man who is hailed as a hero because he is supposed to have killed his harsh old father. Thru the admiration he receives, the Play boy finds himself, becomes assertive, and surpasses in sports all the other youths of the countryside. When his father suddenly reappears, the boy attempts again to kill him. But this second time, the act has lost its glory. Before, the deed was heroic; now, it is cowardly. The Playboy loses his sweetheart who, as he disappears from the scene, laments that he is the only "Playboy of the Western World." When this play was first produced upon the stage, a group of young Irishmen protested against it because they feared that the Playboy's attitude might be construed to indicate the sentiment of all Ireland. We must not, however, take the play so seriously as to believe that it represents the typical Irishman. Rather let us say that it portrays an individual, not a type.

The other drama of Synge, "Deirdre of the Sorrows" does not deal with Irish country life. Deirdre was the ideal woman on Synge's opinion, and he endows her with all good and noble qualities. She lacks the coarseness of the rest of his feminine characters. The play expresses more philosophy than is found in the other five dramas, and resembles more closely the older, more historical works of such writers as Corneille and Racine.

Synge is a true student of human nature. He gives us pictures of tinkers, fisher's wives, peasant, beggars. He weaves into their simple lives the humorous and the pathetic, the beautiful and the coarse with a skill and delicacy of touch unexcelled by any dramatist of the age. Like Shakespeare, he believes in the portrayal of nature for itself. His characters feel beauty because he feels it. We love the men and women he portrays, for they are human; they display the same passions that we

possess. They are not always good, but they are always attractive. Synge is a genius, not of intricacy of plot but of character portrayal; and as such a genius, we shall remember and love his works.

MEDITATION

BY LAWRENCE WOODMAN, '14.

The cars rumble; else the night
Were quiet as a country field
In Snow-time; no light
Does the darkness yield.

Further than electric arrows
Across the way I've come
Today, seeking where my sorrows
Should feel most at home!



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

BY BERNARD GOULD, '21

Time: May, 1918.

The curtain is raised, disclosing a place without walls or ceiling, but instead a double row of pillars as an enclosure. The general effect of vastness and sturdiness is that of a Grecian temple. Everything, floor, furniture, and pillars, is simple and white. At the right center is a raised forum in the shape of a judge's box. Directly opposite and left is a docket for prisoners. Center back is a desk.

A woman is seated upon the forum. She is dressed all in white, in a toga-like garment. A female clerk, also dressed in white and in a similar costume is busy over a black record book, writing with a white quill pen and with white ink. Several female attendants wearing white togas are stationed at the pillars and near the docket.

A male attendant dressed in a black Roman toga leads in a prisoner. The latter is a huge, stout, massive-featured German, wearing pajamas and carrying a beer-mug and a long stemmed pipe. Both officer and prisoner take a position facing the judge.

Judge—Your report.

Officer—Found on the eastern front in France.

Prisoner—They fell upon me in the night, and I didn't have time to dress. I—(waves his mug and pipe.)

Judge—(rapping with his white gavel) Order! (To officer) Go on.

Officer—Regular departure, but he has been complaining all the way.

Judge—(To the prisoner) Name?

Prisoner—Paul Ludwig Hansen Anton von Beneckendroff und von Hindenburg. Say, I haven't had a drink for hours. Anything good in your cellar? (Looks sadly at empty mug and anxiously at Judge.)

Judge—(Ignoring his question and speaking briskly) Age?

Prisoner—If you don't give willingly I'll—Ho, troopers!
(The echo of his voice is heard, then all is silent. The prisoner looks about him at the queer scene, feels the eyes of the Judge boring through him and looks up.)

Judge—(In the same business-like tone) Age?

Prisoner—(Subdued) Seventy-one.

Judge—Occupation?

Prisoner—Field Marshall under his highness the—

Judge—Sufficient. Every prisoner has the right to account for his presence. How do you come here?

Prisoner—Die verfluchte Yankees. No more beer and tobacco?

Judge—Well?

Prisoner—(Becoming excited) They pushed us too hard at Kemmel. I couldn't find time to drink my night-cap or smoke a pipe full.

Judge—(To an attendant) Bring the accused here immediately. (Officer leads Von H. into the docket and seats him there. The attendant who has stepped outside of the pillars enters, leading a tall khaki-clad figure with the face and the beard of Uncle Sam and wearing the uniform of a private in the American army. They take a position facing the Judge.)

Judge—Name?

Private—Samuel L. Freedom.

Judge—Your middle name, please?

Private—Liberty.

Judge—Age?

Private—140.

Judge—Your occupation?

Private—Citizen of the world.

Judge—How long have you been in France?

Private—For thirteen months.

Judge—What was your purpose in going to France?

Private—Make it safe for people to live in.

Judge—Hmm—Admirable purpose. How is it that it is taking you so long?

Private—It takes a long time to uproot evil. I found men like—

Von H.—(Wildly excited and rising in the docket) He lies! I didn't frustrate his—

(The Private for the first time perceiving Von H. takes an offensive attitude. Von H. threatens with his mug.)

Judge—(Interrupting) Order! (To the Private) Do you hold him responsible for your lack of success?

Private—Yes, your honor, he and his superior are to blame.

Judge—(To attendant) Bring in his superior.

An attendant glides out. The Private is led to left front. Von H. glares at him. The attendant comes back leading a medium-sized upright and proud man dressed in a Turkish uniform. He looks to be about forty and his face is expressive of deep passion. The Judge looks at him keenly as he is led forward.

Judge—Name?

Prisoner—Friederich Wilhelm Victor Albert Hohenzollern.

Judge—Your age?

Wilh.—(Twirling his close mustache) Fifty-nine.

Judge—Your occupation?

Wilh.—(Drawing himself up) Gott und ich—we rule the world.

Judge—Is it true that you have been in France for a long time?

Wilh.—Yes. My interests—France belongs to me and I must give it some of die deutsche Kultur.

Judge—Are you sure that your sojourn there is for the good of the country?

Whl.—I do not make any mistakes.

Judge—(Pointing to Von H. in the docket) Do you know that man?

Wilh.—(Coldly) I know him not, now.

Judge—Why?

Wilh.—Old men and old women are best dead. They are useful no more. That one—he served me well in Poland but at Kimmel he failed me. I told him to win or never look me in the face again.

(Von H. is cringing in his seat.)

Judge—(To one attendant) Take this proud man back and let him play until his pride is completely broken. Then bring him back.

(Attendant leads Wilhelm away.)

(To another attendant) Take this man pointing to the private) and give him new strength to pursue his purpose.

(Attendant leads the Private away.)

(Pointing to Von H.) Take him and fill his pipe with brimstone, and see that such cases are brought to my attention sooner.

CURTAIN





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This year brings to us all a multitude of new responsibilities. We must not only attend to the old duties with which other years have made us familiar; we must find time for all kinds of new activities, which the change of regime requires of us. Of course, we have not time to do everything equally well. Some things that seemed to us last year to be important, we must of necessity slight; but there are other activities which deserve more than ever before our warm interest and our support. Surely the Student, even in these busy days, has a right to some of our time and energy.

Because of the divergence between the courses of the men and those of the women, the two sides of the campus no longer have common meeting places and common interests. Unless

we are careful, we shall split up into two colleges, with only the most slender bond of acquaintance and common purpose between us. There is one thing, however, for which we may all work together: the paper which we all help to write. We must not forget that the Student does indeed belong to all of us; and that we are all responsible for its success. Altho we cannot all be reporters for the weekly issue, there are very few of us who cannot contribute something to the magazine. It is seldom that one of us performs a year's work in his various courses without writing something which the magazine might use. Many of us can do more: we can take a few minutes of that spare time which even the busiest of us contrive to squeeze out somewhere to write out that nonsense poem or that sketch with the idea of which we have entertained our friends. More than ever before, the Student needs this cooperation on our part, no matter how modest our "bit" may be; for one half of our number now have so very little spare time to devote to anything. Let us bring to the service of our magazine, therefore, that new willingness to "help the thing along" which each of us is learning to apply to all the tasks awaiting us; and let us all join in a loyal attempt to make the paper a real force for unity, friendliness, and a better acquaintance with each other.



TWISTED IDEAS

BY STANTON H. WOODMAN, '21

Jim was a strange kind of grubber. He was just about as certain as a local, Massachusetts weather bureau. I never knew what he had in mind. In fact, he never did himself. Jim came and went by fits and starts. Whenever he attempted to do anything, the result was about as certain as the Second Liberty Loan three days before the time limit. Anyway, from the day he saved my life in a Washington Avenue bread line, to the day I rode with his body to the Bowery Morgue, I always had a kind of secret admiration for him.

I remember one fine, summer night as we was glidin' thru the country in our usual manner, the freight train stopped suddenly, and for no reason at all Jim gasped my arm and says, "Come on, Bill, follow me."

I kept quiet, dropped off the train, and hurried after him as best I could. The moon was bright and so I had no particular difficulty in recognizing the neighborhood. It was one of those small, bumptious country seats where the citizens stir before day light and squash vines grow on the sidewalks.

Well, anyway, Jim walked down the main street and braced right up to the front door of a small, brick building on which was hung a sign which read, "Calabash County Bank" Without hesitating, he took a ring of keys from his pocket, unlocked the door, entered the main office and motioned for me to follow.

I was a little nervous, but then I had learned to trust Jim. You see, I had never been very special about comittin' robberies by the front door. For some reason I had always shunned front doors just like New England farmers. My specialty up to this time had usually been second story work or cellar jimmying.

"What's up?" says I to my partner.

"Wait," says he, "and you'll see."

Jim did not hesitate a moment. He walked over to the big,

iron safe and turned the knob a couple of times as if the combination was an old friend. At his first trial, the great steel door opened. I turned my flashlight in the direction of the safe. There on the shelves of that huge iron box was bag upon bag of gold and silver coins. Large piles of silver certificates and bank notes were stacked in a careless heap on the floor.

"Thank God it's all here," whispers Jim.

"Yes, Jim," murmurs I, "thank God it is."

Just then, I discovered a suit case in one corner of the room. It was not a very large one, but I thought I could make some use out of it; so I brought it over to the safe, got down on my hands and knees, and started to remove some of this rural wealth:

"Nothing doing", says Jim; and so saying, he slammed the door of the safe, just as I was about to extract twenty shares of Bethlehem Steel.

"What's the matter?" I asks rather abruptly.

"Nothing", replies Jim, "only we're here to protect this bank, not rob it."

Well, during the whole night we sat around that bank office, swapping yarns and arguing about the ethics of that fallacious motto, "God helps those who help themselves." I tried pretty hard to convince Jim that idle money was no good to a community. I told him that it was our duty to society to keep that money in circulation. However, he would not listen to me. Towards morning he gets up, stretches, and says,

"Well Bill, we've done our duty; let's be going."

I gave one last look at the Herring Brothers' safe and followed my strange partner out a back window. Just as Jim was making his exit, he reached over to the cashier's desk, snatched a piece of the bank's stationery and thrust it quickly into his coat pocket.

On the way back to Chicago that afternoon, I questioned Jim concerning his strange actions

"Jim," says I, "we've been pretty good pals and I've always tried to use you square, but do you think you used your head last night at that bank?"

Jim smiles and answers, "Yes, kid; I thinks I did."

“How’s that?” I demands.

“Well,” begins Jim, “that little burg is my home town. My old man is president of that concern. Night before last I heard some of the gang say that they were planning to raid the Calabash County Bank. You see, Bill,” he continued, “even if the governor did kick me out, I kind of have a certain respect for him; and anyway, there’s ma and the kids.” So saying, he handed me that piece of stationery, which he had taken from the cashier’s desk. The names of the officers of the corporation were written in large black letters at the top of the paper. I searched in vain to find Bill’s old man’s name there among the bank officers.

Sadly like, I tore the paper to pieces. Well, I have always been secretly grateful to Jim. I didn’t say anything to him about it for fear of hurting his feelings, but it’s the first time I ever knew that my old gent was president of a bank.

TWILIGHT

'20

I am tired to-night,
Tired of working,
Tired of thinking;
Yet I am happy
Just to lie here and rest,
In the west I can see the sunset,
But I cannot look at it now
The colored brightness hurts my eyes;
But here in the east
The sky is all grey,
Colorless,
Motionless,
It soothes me.
I can see the branch of a tree,
It sways so lightly, it scarcely moves.
It is like the wearied throbbing in my limbs,
They beat just enough that I may feel them,
They, too, are finding rest.
In the street, children are running,
A car goes by on its headlong path
The rapid sounds of hoof-beats come and go—
All this is a long, long way from me;
For I am resting.
I have buried all thoughts of work,
Of play,
Of stirring life,
Deep under the sky,
The dull, grey sky.
Nothing can touch me now,
There's nothing to care for,
Nothing to worry me,—
I am alone.

THE SACK AND THE SLEUTHS

BY STEVENS GOULD, '19

Cast of Characters.

Frank Lee Abluff	A Detective.
Nick O. Teen	Another Detective.
Rufus Thomas Jefferson Cole,	A Colored Gentleman
Mrs. Rufus Thomas Jefferson Cole,	His Wife
Several pickaninnies.	

ACT I

Scene I

(The interior of the apartment of the two detectives is shown. On the wall hang numerous photographs of fingerprints, and several pairs of hand-cuffs. Frank Lee Abluff is slouched into an easy-chair, reading a book. Nick O. Teen, with a huge calabash pipe in his mouth, is sitting at a nearby table, cleaning a pistol)

Frank, (yawning), Come, Nick, put up that little pop-gun of yours, and let's talk this thing over. Something has got to be did or you and I will have to go out of business.

Nick (as he slips the magazine into his automatic and puts it into his pocket) Well, I don't see what we can do. We can't go out and kill or rob somebody to drum up a little trade, can we? When did that sap-head of a landlord say we would have to get out—the first of the month?

Frank. Yes, I told the old fool if he would only give us thirty days more we would pay him every red cent, but he wouldn't hear to it. He said we promised to settle with him six months ago, and he'd be blowed if he'd run a charity institution any longer. He said we would either get out or be thrown out the first of the month.

Nick. The old crook! As if the honor of having two famous detectives rent his apartment wasn't enough! Well, what

shall we do? Frame up a case, and send him to jail?

Frank. That would hardly work; we'd have to pay the rent just the same.

Nick. Curses! What makes business so confoundedly dull, anyway? Now a nice little burglary or hold-up just at this time would be more welcome to us than a treaty of peace to Kaiser Bill. (*The door is opened, and a newspaper is thrown in.*) Hello! Here's the *Gazette* at last. By and by it will be dinner-time before that lazy coon gets around with it at all. (*Goes to door and picks up paper*) What's the news this morning, I wonder? Amsterdam states that Germany will win the war if the Allies don't, I suppose. Here, Frank, take the first page, and I'll read the sporting news.

Frank. Thanks, old man. Let me see. "Garfield says there will be plenty of coal this winter," H'm, that won't do us any good if we can't afford to buy any. (*reads eagerly a few minutes; then jumps up, and flourishes the paper about his head*) Wow, wow, here we have it. Listen here, Nick. (*reads*) "Infant Son of Millionaire Kidnapped. Baby Bronson Stolen while Nurse is in Store. Yesterday afternoon, about three o'clock William, the two year old son of Thomas Bronson, the steel Baron, was stolen from his carriage while his nurse was making some purchases in a store on Seventh Street. The police are working on an important clue. A negro was noted shortly before three o'clock stealing away from the scene carrying a heavily loaded sack. Passers-by observed that something was moving in the sack, and one man has been found who thought he heard the muffled cries of a child issuing from it. The distracted father offers a reward of \$10,000 for the capture of the kidnapper and the return of his child."

Nick. (*Jumping up and putting on his Tweed Ulster*) Come on, Frank, come on! We're in luck for once! Here's where we get the kid back, nab the old kidnapper, and get a cool chunk of old Bronson's million!

Frank (*Also jumping up and putting on ulster*) I'm on, old pal. Just two minutes to catch the Seventh Street car. Hustle up, Nick.

Scene II

(A room in Mr. and Mrs. Cole's house which is at the extreme end of Seventh Street, about two miles from the business section. Mr. and Mrs. Cole and seven pickaninnies are seated at the breakfast table.)

Mrs. Cole. (Somewhat angrily) Rufus Thomas Jefferson Cole, you lazy niggah, doan' you go agrowlin' to me about the feed. Whose fault is it, I'd done like to know, that we haven't tasted of the flesh of the fowl foah ten weeks? De chilluns an' I am just hankerin' to def to chaw one ob dem deluishus drumsticks, and heah you is so cussed fat and lazy you won't even move out ob de house. Gelong you! Go down to Parhson Lee's soon's it gets dark, an' get one ob dem fat pullets I seen runnin' roun' his yard yisterdy!

Mr. Cole (Meekly) Now, Dinah, I'se done tol' you fifty times dat Parhson Lee said de nex' time he ketched me roun' his hen-house he's gwine fill ma hide full o'rock salt and I sho am skeered stiff to go down dere again.

Mrs. Cole Sho! Sho! Sho! Sho! You good for noting chickenhearted rascal, you! Scart to go down agin! De idea of sich a thing. You don't hab to let de Pahson heah ye, do ye? Dere's no need ob makin' as much noise as Massa Johnson's wood-sawin' machine ebery time yer goes ter swipe chickens.

Mr. Cole. De trouble is, de Pahson sets up about all night. Dey say as how he doan' go ter bed twel 'bout twelve o'clock, an' den he sleeps wid one ear stuck out ob de winder ter heah what's gwine on.

Mrs. Cole. I'se got an idea, Rufe. Why doan' you get up at foah o'clock jes' befoah it gits light an' go ovah. De Passon will be asleep den fo' shoah.

Mr. Cole. Dat's right, Dinah, dat's a good idea. My mouf am shoah watering fo' a deluishus gizzard already. I'se gwine ter go ter bed so's I kin git up in time, an' yo' an' I an' de chilluns will shoah hab som luscious chicken termorrer. (*Kisses Mrs. Cole and the children and goes out.*)

ACT II

Scene I

(A portion of Seventh Street about half a mile from Mr. Cole's home is shown. Mr. Cole enters out of breath as though he had been running, the sleeve of his shirt is torn off, his arm is seen to be bloody. He carries a sack over his shoulder.)

Mr. Cole. Lawdy! lawdy! lawdy! I never see such pain in all mah life! Oh my, my, my, how dat rock salt do sting! Well, I doan' care, I'se done got away wid de chickens, anyway. I reckon dat Passon must stay up all de night long. Oh, lawdy, lawdy! (Sits down on a log and begins to rub his arm. The two detectives enter at further end of stage.)

Frank. I tell you, Nick, the fellow is in this neighborhood somewhere. He has been hiding away, and we will surely locate him now it is light.

Nick. Well, if you want to know what I think about it, I'll wager he is in the next county somewhere, and you and I are a couple of boneheads for staying out all night and half freezing to death!

Frank. (Noticing Rufus) Sh! What have we here! 'Tis he, the kidnapper; I'll stake my life upon't!

Nick. Sufferin' cigarets, it's him, just as sure as shootin'.

Frank. Look at that sack! See it move! Oh, we've got him red-handed with the goods!

Nick. He's been wounded! See how his arm bleeds!

Frank. Yes, someone else has been after him and shot him. But we'll nab him first and get the reward.

Nick. What are you going to do with your \$5,000, Frank? I think I will buy stock in the New York Giants Baseball Club

Frank. Aw, you blamed fool, what do you want to do that for? It'll bust up and then you'll lose all your money. Why don't you use your head, and put it in with mine; we'll start a school for detectives and make all kinds of dough.

Nick (angrily) It's my money and I'll do what I darn please with it, see?

Frank. Don't get sore, I don't care what you do with your old filthy lucre! Feed it to the goats if you want to!

Nick. Sh! Keep quiet, the nigger'll hear you!

Frank. That's right... Let's get him before he starts to move. We'll sneak around in back and surprise him before he can resist. (*They draw their automatics, tip-toe around in back of Rufus, then Frank steps forward and sticks his pistol in Rufus' face while Nick pins his arms from behind.*)

Frank. Hands up! You black piece of sole-leather, hands up!

Mr. Cole. (*Terrified*) De lawd hab mussy upon de soul ob a poah niggah. Leggo ma soah ahm, massa, it am hurtin' like Sam Hill!

Frank. Put up your hands before I blow a hole through that empty place where your brains ought to be!

Mr. Cole. Oh, lawdy, lawdy, how dat ahm do hurt. Honest to goodness, massa, I'se can't do it, he's holdin mah ahms tight.

Frank. Shut up! I didn't tell you to say anything, did I?

Nick. (*Releasing his arms*) Come now, take out what you have in that sack, and be quiet about it, too.

Mr. Cole. Oh, massas, massas, I didn't mean ter do it, hones' ter goodness, I did'nt. De wife and de chilluns was hungry an' needed—

Frank. Ha! he confesses. Thought you'd exact a little blackmail, did you! Be sure you get this in your note-book, Nick.

Nick. Let's get the kid out first, Frank, it must be nearly suffocated by this time. We'll get the confession afterwards. (*To Rufus*) Come you—open up that sack.

Mr. Cole. I didn't mean to, really I didn't massash. Parhson Lee he done—

Frank. Ha! he implicates a pal. Get this, Nick, get this.

Nick. Yes, yes, I'll put it right down now. Hustle up you animated chunk of stove-polish, and get that bag open before I give you about sixteen swift kicks.

Mr. Cole. (*Fumbling at the string which holds the mouth of the sack*) Yassa, yassa, I'se doin' it jes' fas' I can.

Frank. Poor child! It must be nearly dead by this time, Nick. The black rascal! He ought to be hung for lugging the kid around in such a rigging as that. (*Rufus seizes the*

bag by the bottom, and starts to empty the contents upon the ground.) Hey you! Don't do that, you'll break his neck! (The chickens escape and run about the stage.)

Frank and Nick (together) What the blazes! Where's the kid?

Mr. Cole. I doan' know nuffin 'bout de kid. Dem's Passon Lee's chickens. Please doan' take me to jail, I'm a poah niggah wiv a wife and seven chilluns—

Nick. (Angrily) Shut up! (To Frank) Frank, you're a rock-brained idiot!

Frank. Don't talk to me—to have that \$10,000 all invested, and then—(*Addressing Rufus*) You're responsible for this. (*Kicks him*) Hereafter you keep your sacks full of hens out of sight where respectable detectives won't find them—see?

Mr. Cole (Feroiciously)..Take dat, yo' poah piece ob cheese. (Knocks him down) you poah white trash ain' gwine ter boss me aroun' all de time. (*Nick rushes up but Rufus trips him so that he falls upon the prostrate Frank*)

Frank. (*As the wind is knocked out of him*) Oomp! I'm killed! Help! Murder!

Mr. Cole (Picks up a hen, and runs off the stage with it under his arm) Goodnight, gen'lemens! Pleasant dreams! (*Nick and Frank sit up and look at each other, and a volley of expletives.*)

TRANSLATION OF WALTER'S SONG IN
"WILHELM TELL"

BY C. EARL PACKARD, '19

With his arrow and his crossbow
Through the valley, over mountain
Strides the hunter thru the shadows
Lured by early morning beams.

Like the eagle in his empire
King of air and lord of breezes
Over cliff and icy-mountain,
Rules the huntsman fearless, free.

He is owner of the distance
Everything his arrow reaches
There his vassals, this his booty,
All that creeps there, all that flies.

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