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Nov. 15, 18

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE  
BATES  
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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## THE STATESMAN OF TOMORROW

BY LINA C. WEEKS, '19

At present we are living in an age of almost inconceivable changes; aptly called "The Age of the Great Awakening." None can surely say what a day will bring forth; but all are anxiously waiting for the signing of the final treaties and the coming of peace. When a congress of representative statesmen from the belligerent countries will assemble we do not yet know; but soon they are to determine upon the destinies of the belligerent nations—yes, the destiny of the world.

These men, skilled in guiding states through their policies will have a wealth of precedent by which they may be influenced. Names such as Burke, Metternich, Bismark, and Gladstone, will stand before them when questions concerning the balance of power in Europe, the democratization of Germany, or the self-determination of peoples is to be settled.

How much influence the statesmen from the United States will have in this council, would be hard to estimate, but no doubt it will not be small. The United States, at the present time, is expected by the Allies to uphold those ideals of liberty, independence, legality, practicability, and simplicity which have always characterized American diplomacy. Add to these ideals a directness of dealing with diplomatic questions and we have the fundamental differences between the policy of the present American statesman and those of the schools of

Machiavelli and Metternich. Shall not the American policies dominate in the coming struggle between the old and new? The old policies of cheating, treachery, secrecy, and injustice are doomed. The morrow will,—yes, must, bring open diplomacy. Secret treaties belong to the old regime and must pass on with it. Small nations can no longer be used as pawns in the game of war without investigation of the matter by peoples of other nations. Public opinion and popular knowledge will play their part in coming statecraft.

Statesmanship itself has been a growth from the time of the ancient empires to the present day. The world has seen many phases, many representatives of different ideals and policies; but just now we have as the two conflicting theories, democracy and imperialism. Though the latter appears to have received its death blow there is danger from it even yet. America has ever stood for democracy and in the future must be a champion for the weak nations of the world. The statesman of tomorrow will have to deal with world instead of continental affairs. He will be obliged to consider Africa, Asia, Europe and America before he formulates a policy or expresses an opinion.

In the past, the statesman's realm has been somewhat hedged in; in the future it will be almost unlimited. During the past few years European statesmen have been busied in preserving the balance of power on the continent and finding a "place in the sun" for their country. At the same time, American statesmen have been occupied with domestic and Caribbean problems. But the great change has come. In the future the statesman must look not only to the power of his country, but also to the general need of humanity. It has been truly said that "the Golden Rule is the last word of political wisdom for all nations, great and small alike."

President Wilson has blazed a trail for future statesmen to follow by his addresses during the last year. He declared in his speech of February eleventh: "National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. 'Self-determination' is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will

henceforth ignore at their peril." We are justified in the belief that American statesmen of the future will not ignore this great principle by the attitude of America in the past toward this same question. Should the league of nations, proposed by our President ever materialize, the United States must play a leading part in its activities. Through this agency America may furnish the little lump of leaven which will change the whole world.

James Francis Abbott has said, "We owe a duty to our grandchildren not to place difficulties in their way by inconsiderate action now, and naturally, we should shape our present course with as intelligent an appreciation of future conditions as it is possible to get; but after all, instead of a policy based upon specific conditions that may, or may not come to pass, our best legacy to posterity will be the record of foreign relations carried on as successful business is carried on between individuals; that is, based upon common honesty and the recognition of the rights of others."

With such a legacy, the statesman of tomorrow will not hesitate to ignore the example of Bismark and William II and carry out policies which make for the greatest good of all mankind. The ideals of Edmund Burke, those of justice and humanity, will be opposed to the German doctrine of, "Those should get who have the power and those should keep who can," in the tribunal where the fate of the nations is to be decided. Which will be victorious? Can there be any doubt? Here is an answer one poet has given:

"Right forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future  
And behind the dim unknown  
Standeth God within the shadow  
Keeping watch above his own."

**THE UNKNOWN VOICE**

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

S. H. WOODMAN, '21

*Cast of Characters*THE KID: *A Convict*STEVE: *A Convict*

WARDEN

THE UNKNOWN VOICE: (*The Voice from the Next Cell*)TIME: *Twentieth Century*PLACE: *New York State*SCENE: *A Prison Cell*

It is early morning. The setting is the interior of a small, stone cell. There are two beds in the room. One is placed against the back wall. The other is on the left side. A dilapidated chair is also placed at the foot of each bed. High (eight feet) on the left wall may be seen a long narrow slit, heavily barred. This opening is the only evidence of a window. On the right is the cell door, also heavily barred. Near the door on the stone floor is a pitcher of water, two tumblers and a half loaf of bread. As the curtain rises two figures are seen. One is sleeping on the bed near the back wall. The other is standing in the middle of the cell, quite rigid, looking intently at the window far above his head. Both men are in prison garb. The Kid is the one standing. He is young, nervous, clean shaven and quite thin. His features are pallid, giving him an unhealthy appearance. Steve is the one sleeping on the bed. He is much older than the Kid. His features, although pale, are quite rugged. A heavy beard covers the lower part of his face. Suddenly the Kid utters a startled cry, turns quickly away from the window and rushes to the bedside of his companion.

*Kid:* Wake up Steve, wake up.

(The other occupant moves slightly)

*Kid:* (Shaking him) Wake up quick, for God's sake. Did you see that, Steve? Wake up, won't you?

*Steve:* (Sitting up sleepily) What's up now? Let a fellow sleep, will you.

*Kid:* (Shakes him again, turns and points to the window) Did you see it, Steve?

*Steve:* No, I didn't see nothing. One more of your wild dreams and you will have me all gooseflesh.

*Kid:* (Relieved and sitting on Steve's bed) Its gone now, Steve.

*Steve:* Good, now let me sleep. (Turns over on side away from the audience and attempts sleep)

*Kid:* No, Steve, you can't sleep any more. (Pushes him roughly) Don't keep so still, you look like a dead man. Speak man, speak! Speak, won't you? Oh do anything to break this awful silence! (Kneels at bed with his head in his hands.)

(Steve slowly gets out of bed. He looks at the trembling form near him and slaps the Kid on the back).

*Steve:* Brace up Kid, brace up. What'll you do when I'm gone?

*Kid:* (Sitting on bed and looking at his companion) They'll pardon me first, Steve. They'll pardon me sure in a couple of days.

*Steve:* (Looking at window) It's getting light, Kid. Pretty soon they'll bring in the grub. (Rubbing his hands) Gee! it's cold in here!

*Kid:* Grub, Steve. You don't call that stuff grub. (Points at the bread near the door) Why, even the rats won't touch it.

*Steve:* (Sitting on one of the chairs) Cheer up Kid, when I gets out I'll send some good things to eat like the fellow in the next cell gets.

*Kid:* (Hopefully) I'll be out before you Steve. (Sincerely) I'll get mother to fix you up all right. You have been mighty decent to me, old man.

*Voice from the next cell:* Keep quiet in there, you fellows.

*Kid:* (Excited) Hear him talk Steve, hear him talk. He's a murderer. Last night he yelled. Scared me, Steve. We



won't shut up for him. Go on and talk, Steve.

*Steve:* I had a funny dream last night.

*Kid:* (Leaning toward his companion) What about?

*Steve:* I dreamt of the country. (Enthusiastic, staring at the audience) Why, kid, there I was with a hoe in my hand, happy as any man could be. I saw my wife come to the door of the farmhouse with the big dinner bell in her hand. Why, Kid, I could smell the potatoes boiling. I could see the smile on (Hesitates)

*Kid:* What then Steve? What then?

*Steve:* (Absent mindedly) The night gong rung and woke me up.

*Kid:* Tough luck Steve. I'd like to put the damper on that bell.

*Steve:* (Glancing at window) The sun's coming in pretty soon now.

*Kid:* The sun, the sun. God! how I love the sun!

*Steve:* It'll be warm here in just a little while.

(The first ray of sun streams thru the window. The Kid rushes to the narrow slit and extends his hands.)

*Kid:* Somehow I feel that they are going to let me out today. That sun always gives me courage. Why don't they have more windows here? Gee, but I love that sun! (Comes back and sits on bed.)

*Steve:* How long have you been here, Kid?

*Kid:* Three months. They've been fierce ones. If it had'nt been for you I'd—

*Steve:* I've been here three years, three long years.

*Kid:* I know, Steve; but you don't seem to mind it. You never complain. You never lie awake all night thinking, thinking, thinking. You haven't a mother. You're never scared, you're—

*Steve:* I'm used to it.

*Kid:* Have you any children Steve?

*Steve:* Sure, three or four.

*Kid:* Why don't they come to see you?

*Steve:* Don't know that I'm here, Kid. Haven't seen 'em for five years or more.

*Kid:* Do you miss them, Steve?

*Steve:* (Rising, walking to front and returning) Sure, that is—well you sort of remind me of them.

*Kid:* I haven't a father, Steve. He died long ago. But I have a mother. Gee! she's a wonderful little woman. She doesn't know that I'm here though. It would break her heart.

*Steve:* Oh, your crime wasn't so great. I did the same thing ten years ago. My wife waited for me.

*Kid:* Is she waiting for you now?

*Steve:* No, she kinder got tired of waiting. She wouldn't forgive the second time.

*Kid:* My mother would forgive me any time.

*Steve:* Then why don't you let her know?

*Kid:* I haven't the nerve, Steve.

*Steve:* I'll break the news to her, Kid, when I get out. I'm a good fixer.

*Kid:* Thanks, Steve, but I'll get out before you. They'll pardon me first.

*Steve:* Are you going straight when you leave here?

*Kid:* (Straightening) I'm going to begin all over again.

*Steve:* That's just what I said.

*Kid:* Did you try?

*Steve:* I tried crime all over again.

*Kid:* Why didn't you keep straight?

*Steve:* They wouldn't let me.

*Kid:* Who wouldn't?

*Steve:* The Bulls, of course. They made it pretty hot for me.

*Kid:* They won't bother me, Steve, I'm too young.

*Steve:* I was younger than you, Kid, and I was married.

*Kid:* What did your wife do, Steve, while you were away?

*Steve:* Worked.

*Kid:* My mother has money, plenty of it. She won't have to work.

*Steve:* What did you steal for, then, Kid?

*Kid:* Didn't know that I was. Didn't know anything 'till the next morning. Just a little too much alcohol, Steve. I'll know better next time.

*Steve:* Better cut out the booze, Kid. Booze has cost me eight years of my life.

*Kid:* It's all right if you just take a little.

*Steve:* Yes, I guess you're right.

(The Kid slowly rises and placing a chair in the streaming sunlight, sits down.)

*Kid:* Bring your chair over here, Steve. Gee, this sun is great!

*Steve:* (Obeying the Kid's command) I'll be out there pretty soon. (Points toward the window).

*Kid:* So will I.

(Both pause and think for a moment. Suddenly a step is heard in the corridor).

*Kid:* (Jumping up) They are coming to let me out, Steve.

*Steve:* They're bringing our breakfast.

(A key sounds in the lock of the door. A warden enters. He is in uniform.)

*Warden:* Well, you're a lucky one!

*Kid:* I told you, Steve! I told you so! They've pardoned me.

*Warden:* You're wrong, youngster; it's the old man I'm talking to.

*Steve:* (Rising) Me!

*Kid:* (Sitting down with head in his hands) NOT ME?

*Warden:* Come on Steve, I'LL give you three minutes to pack up. Get a move on, now. This is the third time in ten years that I've released you. Well, aren't you coming?

*Steve:* You bet I am. (He walks quickly toward the open door.) (The Kid rises and follows him.)

*Kid:* Don't leave me, Steve. Don't leave me.

*Steve:* (Turning around) Brace up, Kid—You'll get used to it. So long. (They shake hands. The Kid clings to him. Steve breaks loose and follows the warden outside.)

(The Kid slowly crosses the floor. He hesitates in the center of the cell facing left side.)

*Kid:* He's left me, he's gone. Oh the sun, the sun! Nobody here to talk to! What'll I do during the long dark nights! Steve, Steve, come back! (Pause) He's gone, really gone.

(In the mean time the sun has slowly risen in the sky. The stream of sun light is fast disappearing thru the small window. The light finally leaves the floor, creeps up the side of the cell wall (left side) and disappears, leaving the room damp and dismal. As the sunlight disappears, the Kid rushes to the wall beneath the window, stretches out his arms and tries to grasp the sunbeam.)

*Kid:* Come back, come back, don't leave me too! Oh, its gone! It's dark and gloomy here now. Just like night time.

(The Kid sobs and kneels on the floor beneath the window.)

(Suddenly, after a short pause, he leaps to his feet and shouts as if crazed with grief.)

*Kid:* Oh they've left me! Steve's gone, the sun's gone, my courage has gone. Oh they've all left me, they've all gone!

(A short silence and then—

*Voice from the next cell:* (Deep, weird and hopeless) No they haven't. I'M still here.

Quick Curtain.



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## EDITORIAL

These are the days when the prophets have gone out of business. The last month has brought changes so swift and startling, that we are all more or less unprepared to meet them. We had grimly settled down to a war of indefinite duration; we had not dreamed that the conflict would end so quickly, and that the greater problems of peace would confront us so soon. Now we face the new day eagerly, and yet uncertainly too. We realize that we are living today in a different world from that of last year, and that the old landmarks that used to guide our lives and our thinking have passed away. We can not predict what is coming; we can only feel our way forward, and

do our best to construct out of the fragments of the old order the better and firmer structure of the new.

This period of reconstruction is coming not only in national and international affairs, but to every group and every individual. Bates College in the next few years will have its share in these changes. Already we have felt the stir and the uncertainty of the new day; and we have made a beginning in leaving the old things behind us. In the last few weeks, many of the old traditions and customs which have bound us seemed to lose their importance; we discarded them almost without thinking, whenever they conflicted with the requirements of our army. We have remodelled our courses to an extent which last year would have seemed impossible; we have eliminated from them a great deal of material which we used to believe was entirely necessary, and we have discovered that the essentials of a course can be mastered in a much shorter time than we ever believed possible. We have had to reorganize many of our clubs and societies. The Y. W. C. A. has grown over night into a full-fledged army organization; the Y. W. C. A. in taking over the canteen, has made a radical departure from its customary course of activity. Most significant of all these changes, perhaps, is the new spirit of alertness and of eager co-operation which this year has been so noticeable.

Not all of these changes will be permanent. When the Students' Army Training Corps is disbanded, and the war activities on the campus have ended, the life of the college will swing back to something like its normal course. It is becoming plainer every day, however, that we shall never go back entirely to the old regime. Like many other colleges in America, we have been too thoroly shaken up ever again to be satisfied with our old methods of work and our old ideals. We must make permanent adjustments to the new order of things; we must find our way to a new and greater usefulness; and we must keep step with the leaders of the new era.

In this readjustment, all Bates Students may have a share. We do not know just what will be required of us, but whatever it is, let us be ready. Let us meet the problems of the next

year or two with earnest thoughtfulness, and ready cheerfulness, and let us do all that lies in our power to make Bates College bigger and better than it has ever been before.

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### I'M A-SCARED

BY DOROTHY IRMA HASKELL, '21

When the road is long an' lonely  
An' the birds are flyin' home,  
When the sky is bright with sunset  
An' the clouds like flecks o' foam,  
When the shadows creep an' shudder,  
An' the crescent moon gleams cold,  
When the night-wind swirls an' swishes  
An' the frosted oaks are gold;  
When the stars are all a-tremble  
In the calmness of the night  
When the swaying grasses whisper  
An' the leaves are all-a-flight;  
When the marsh reflects the paleness  
Of the yellow, hanging moon,  
When the trees are set to sighin'  
By the weird call of the loon;  
Then I want to see my mother,  
—Tho I never said I cared  
When the road is long an' lonely—  
'Cause I'm—don't you see?—a-scared.

**ASSISTANTS TO CUPID**

BY VERA L. MILLIKEN, '19

“O—o—o—oh, Arch—y—bald!”

“Shut up!”

“Now, Arch-y-bald, nice little boys don't say, ‘shut up.’”

“I ain't nice. Shut up!”

Archibald Glenburn Sherwood belligerently glared at the little pigtailed head peering out of the Hobart's kitchen window. Anne Maria Hobart, secure on the solid foundation of an unpoetic name, giggled gleefully.

“Don't get mad, nice little boy.”

Then the teasing look vanished. She leaned over the window ledge and whispered mysteriously, “Come on in Arch, got something to tell you.”

Still smarting under the sting of “Arch-y-bald,” Arch, sticking his hands into his pockets, muttered nonchalantly, “Guess I ain't got time this morning.”

Then, his curiosity getting the better of him, very condescendingly he announced, “Well, I'll come in—but I can't stop long. We fellows are pretty busy—ain't got so much time to fool as you girls have.”

Anne met him at the kitchen door and pointed a smudgy finger toward the kitchen cabinet.

“Don't see nothin',” declared Arch.

“In the bowl—cake—chocolate! Florice is makin' it for tonight—High School Social—goin' to a box supper,” Anne chuckled while the impishness in her eyes boded ill for the contents of the bowl.

“Where's Florice?” Archibald looked around apprehensively.

“Oh, she's upstairs telephonin'. Clarence just called up to ask her to go with him tonight. I listened and heard her say, ‘Oh, yes, I'd love to go’. This mornin' at the table she was



running on about Clarence, 'I think, mother, I'll make a chocolate cake. Clarence is so fond of it. He's rather particular in his tastes. Then I can use marshmallow cream for frosting. Clarence *does* like marshmallow.' "

Anne's small thin face was screwed into smirkey little wrinkles, and her shrill voice had a syrupy tone.

Arch grinned. "She's daffy over Clarence, ain't she? But, say won't she be comin' back?"

"Comin' back? Land, no! She ain't talked but five minutes yet. They won't stop with less 'an fifteen anyhow. Say, here's the marshmallow—want some?"

Presently Anne's finger rose luxuriously covered with sticky white sweetness. Arch followed her example, and, after a hasty gulp, proceeded to the business on hand.

"Well, what we goin' to do?"

"Fix up the cake, I guess. I *hate* Clarence. Silly, stuck-up dude. Calls me, 'the child'. When I get a fellow I'm goin' to get one with some sense. I told Florice so, and she's mad."

"Who you goin' to get?"

Again Anne's finger descended into the joys of the marshmallow.

"You, I guess."

"Uh-huh—" Arch tried to look disgusted.

Anne's mind reverted to the most pressing need. "Kerosene wouldn't be bad would it? Here's the can in the cupboard under the sink."

"Gee, that's great—you pour it in."

"Do it yourself. I got you the chance."

"You're a girl and you're a scare cat."

"Arch—y—bald" still clung in his memory.

"I ain't. Say that again, an' I'll pull your hair."

Arch ran his fingers thru his thick, curly, brown locks. He had had experience with Anne's slim little brown hands, and he did not say it again.

Knowing that she had won the battle Anne was willing to make some concession.

"We'll both pour", she smiled sweetly.

Softly humming, Florice entered the kitchen.

"Lucky folks can't see over the telephone," she laughed, as pausing before a mirror she brushed the flour from her nose and pushed two troublesome curls under her cap. With a final pat to the cap and a contented little sigh of one who feels herself duly admired, she returned to her cake. Gloatingly she was allowing the brown liquid to drop from the spoon, as Mrs. Hobart came thru the kitchen door.

"How is my little cook getting along?" Motherly pride was in her voice.

"Fine, but I'm afraid I put in too much milk. I thought I was careful to measure, but the cake seems so thin." Dubiously she raised the spoon.

"Put in just a bit more flour, dear. Your cake will be all the better for being mixed thin."

Florice sniffed suspiciously as she poured the cake into a tin. "I can smell kerosene, mother. Do you suppose that the can is leaking?"

"I think not. It's a new can. Probably some was spilled when the oil stove tank was filled."

Then the cake was popped into the oven. In *looks* it was all that could be desired. It rose just to the right degree, and turned a rich, reddish brown. When the time for frosting came Florice grumbled a little over the small measure of canned goods, for she found that at least an inch from the top the marshmallow can was empty. There was enough for the cake, however, and soon reclining in state in the cake box it was ready for the party. It was enough to tempt the appetite of even Clarence the fastidious.

An hour later Florice was whirling around in a flurry of preparation. Four times she had combed her hair—four times after due inspection it had been taken down, but, now, the fifth, all was going well—each curl lay just as it should. Again the world looked fair.

Anne strolled into the room and layed a perfect, half opened, deep red, rose on the dressing-table.

“ ’Twill look good with your white dress and your black curls.”

With all her heart Anne admired her sixteen year old sister—with all her heart, but not with her lips.

“Why, you darling, where did you get it?”

“Jackson’s.”

“But, dear, you must have had to buy it.”

“Sure, I got money—my garden did fine. I sold lots of lettuce and radishes this summer.”

“Well, you are quite a little business woman. Thank you for the rose. It’s just what I wanted. You’re the best little sister ever.”

Anne, wriggling away from the approaching kiss, ran down to the gate to watch for Clarence. It would soothe her feelings some to make faces at him from behind the rosebush. A tall athletic boy swinging a base ball bat was just coming down the road.

“Hi, Anne,” he called, “How goes it?”

Anne leaned over the gate.

“Rotten, that feller is comin’ tonight to take Florice to the party. She’s goin’ to look sweet, too, and she’s made a swell cake—chocolate. She’s tied her box with pink ribbon so as Clarence will know its hers, and get it. Wish he’d never come to town.”

“Florice makes good cake,” Willis Moore laughed rather bitterly, as bitterly as a healthy American eighteen years old can laugh.

With true womanly intuition, Anne knew that he was thinking of those Saturdays when he had always run in to sample and praise Florice’s cookies or cake.

“Been playin’ ball?” she asked. “Arch says you’re a wonder. He’s goin’ to play just like you some day. Gee, I’m glad you fellows beat yesterday.”

Willis grinned. Praise from Anne was rare.

That evening the assembly room at Weston High School was as gay and attractive as such rooms always are when filled with laughing young folks in party finery. Over in the

corner under one of the pink shaded lights Florice was not enjoying the evening as much as she had expected. Two months before when the stylishly-dressed young Clarence Eastman had arrived at Weston and had condescended to lavish his charms upon Florice Hobart, she had been elated. His flattery and his excessive politeness were new to the girl. Willis with his blunt, almost brotherly, frankness was pushed into the background. But the charm was rapidly vanishing. Clarence didn't care for football—it was too rough. No, he wasn't planning to play baseball or go out for track—he had much rather talk with Miss Florice. Why, yes, tennis was all right if it wasn't too hot weather, but the wind stirring a little black curl right over a certain young lady's ear was much more attractive than tennis. Did Miss Florice know how attractively she blushed?

Across the room Willis was sharing plain, little Matty William's lunch. Matty was smiling happily. Florice could imagine the boyish appreciation of Willis. Good food always appealed to him. She could almost hear his enthusiastic, "Gee, but those are great cookies!"

Clarence lifted a square of the chocolate cake.

"I made that this morning," Florice dimpled.

"*You*," Clarence looked tenderly reproachful. "I can't bear to think of you working in a hot kitchen. *You* don't belong there."

The dimples subsided. Florice took a vanilla wafer. Somehow the cake did not appeal to her now. Daintily Clarence nibbled at the cake. Then with a hasty choke and a muttered, "Excuse me a moment," Clarence abruptly left the room.

By this time the contents of most of the boxes had vanished and girls and boys were moving about chatting in gay young groups. Blushing with shame and surprise Florice still sat by the open window where Clarence had left her. Suddenly she heard his voice outside.

"That you, Dave? Gracious, I just got the worst mouthful of cake. What on earth Florice had in it I don't know. What makes girls try to cook, anyhow? Say I can taste it yet—just like kerosene. Maybe she thinks that is Hooverizing!"

Angrily Florice closed the window. Her idol had fallen and broken and that is a tragedy for sixteen. Her pride would not let her cry, but, oh, how she longed to hide her head in her mother's lap and sob her troubles away.

Over by the door Willis was smiling at her, a frankly admiring smile. Slowly she went toward him.

"Willis, I'm tired. Will you take me home?"

Willis beamed. Wonders would never cease. "You bet," he whispered jubilantly.

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In the play tent in the orchard the next morning Arch listened with grinning interest to the story.

"'Course after they tasted the cake they knew you and I did it, but mother just smiled sorry-like and told me I mustn't do it again. And what do you know, Florice hugged me and laughed an' said she'd a good mind to make us eat it all. I can't find out what happened last night, but, say, Clarence called up this mornin' an' they never talked even a minute—and all Florice said was 'Yes' and 'No'—real short like. An' do you know Florice is goin' to ride with Willis this afternoon in his father's new auto? Ain't that queer?"

An impish twinkle appeared in Anne's hazel eyes.

"Say, *ain't* that queer, Arch—y—bald?"



**NOVEMBER**

BY HAZEL HUTCHINS, '19

The sky is colorless,  
Oppressive with its low hung clouds  
Pressed down too near the earth.  
The face of Nature is dulled,  
Drab, worn out, faded,  
Aged, its beauty gone.  
The trees stand desolate,  
Their old limbs all a tremble in the wind;  
Greyed, bent, their youth burned out,  
Leaving dry trunks,  
Stiff, brittle boughs,  
And twisted groping twigs  
That the breeze crackles.

The trees are mothers grown prematurely old,  
All in dark mourning for their children.  
They bore their sons,  
Fed, nourished them,  
And watched them grow  
To their full strength,  
Only to see them, suddenly,  
Flaunt the red banner of sacrifice,  
And fall in crimson glory,  
Dead leaves to rot and mould  
On the damp earth.

The world is very old and very tired.

## A DAY IN THE STUDENT'S ARMY TRAINING CORPS AT BATES

BY J. W. ASHTON, '22

Imagine a cold November morning, with a sharp breeze blowing straight from the North, and a cloudy sky, threatening to send down a blanket of snow at any moment. Parker Hall is dim and silent. The windows are wide open, so that the above mentioned wind can sweep through the rooms in all its fury and thus keep colds and other ills away. In one room, especially, is silence maintained. Not a sound is heard, except, once in a while, a groan from an unhappy wretch who is dreaming of the horrors of kitchen police. A more peaceful scene could not be conceived by the human mind.

Then the bugle blows. How the men all wish that the bugler's clock would never reach the hour of six! The silence is shattered. Grunts and sighs are heard beneath the blankets. Now a head appears. "Gee, it's cold this morning. Brrrr! Shut that window will you, Bill; you're nearest to it." The window is shut, and then sleepy soldiers begin to tumble out of bed. When the men are about half dressed, they hear the sergeant's whistle, signalling, "All out." The company is lined up, the reports are taken, and then the men are dismissed. The dismissal is accompanied by the raising of the flag, which seems to be a secondary matter in the morning. Such is reveille.

Back go the men to barracks to wash and finish dressing. At six-thirty they are formed again in answer to that most beloved of all calls, the mess call. Breakfast over, the men stroll back to their rooms. They seldom hurry, because the rooms must be cleaned as soon as the future officers get back. In spite of the opinion held by the lieutenants, it is an actual fact that the rooms are swept and mopped each morning.

At half past eight, drill commences. What an hour follows! Unfortunately, skid chains are not furnished in the army. Thru

the mud, over the cinders, and into the puddles on the drill field the men stumble and slip and slide. Mud to the right of them, mud to the left of them, mud all over them, muddy young rookies. And oh, those setting up exercises! Why they are called setting up is a mystery. The victims are down most of the time.

Everybody manages to last through it, however, and at quarter of nine chapel exercises are held. It is quite evident that this part of the program, coming when it does, is designed to calm the hot spirits of the men, and bring to their mind the fact that, if they are to be really good young men, they must not swear too much at the officers who drag them through the boggy drill field.

After chapel, the most dreaded part of the day's program commences. What a bother those classes are, especially when one hasn't one's lessons! Three long hours of them, too. About this time of the day, it seems to be the general concensus of opinion that this is an awful war. Like all the other perils of the day, however, these three hours pass in some way.

At twelve-thirty the hungry rookies have dinner. Strange as it may seem, the sergeants do not have to urge the men to fall in at this time, and the cadence does not slow down as the march to the mess-hall begins. Dinner is always welcome; there can be no doubt about that.

After dinner, the rooms must be swept again. The men are beginning to feel that when the war is over, they ought to make fine wives for some young women.

Just when the student officer is beginning to feel satisfied that the room will pass inspection if the officer will only become blind, the bell rings. Great significance must be attached to this summons. It means that it is one-thirty, or time for afternoon classes to begin. It marks the beginning of two more hours of torture. I fear that some day the bell-ringer will meet the same fate as the bugler. Both will depart from this sad world by a singularly hard and painful route.

But all the pleasure of the afternoon is not ended at three-thirty, when classes are over. There still remains another hour



of sliding around in the mud, a performance sometimes given the high-sounding name of drill.

As the worst of evils may always, in some manner, be borne, so the drill is finished by half past four. From that time until five forty-five, each man's time is his own, unless he happens to be put to work, at something or other. During this hour and a quarter a man can go to the "Y" Hut, as many do; or he can parade around the campus with a girl, as some do; or he may study, as many do not do.

At quarter of six, first call for retreat is blown. At ten minutes of the hour the men fall in. These dark nights it is usually a case of literally falling into ranks. Though it is now done in the dark, retreat is an appealing and beautiful ceremony. It leaves a lasting impression on one's mind, and it truly honors the flag.

Immediately after retreat, the company is marched over to the mess-hall for supper. This meal marks another enjoyable epoch in the soldier's day.

Until seven o'clock, the man's time is his own, but from seven to nine he must study. No pleas for mercy will help him. He must either study or interview the lieutenant. In either case, it all ends the same way. The man studies. From nine till ten, he may finish studying, tho quite often he does not; or he may go to bed; or do anything he wants that is within the limits of military discipline. At ten o'clock, taps is blown, and the soldier puts out the lights and goes to sleep, only to be awakened by the squeaking shoes and blinding glare of flashlight of the inspecting officer who is asking him if he is asleep. Such is a typical day in the life of a man in the Student's Army Training Corps at Bates.

Many may wonder if such a program is worth carrying out. The only way to find out is to ask the men themselves. In view of my own experience, I believe there will be but one answer. In spite of their grumblings, nine men out of every ten will answer, "This is the life." For the present, at any rate, the Students' Army Training Corps is proving a most wonderful experiment for all those concerned.

**THROUGH THE DAY WITH A BATES TOWN GIRL**

BY MARGUERITE HILL, '21

Br-r-r-r! There goes the alarm clock. Six o'clock! If you are a Bates town girl, you can not reach out a sinewy arm and throttle the objectionable clamor as you would certainly do if you lived a more leisurely existence. Instead, you must let the deadly machine run on, until every nerve cell in your brain is wide awake with an insistent desire for peace at any price. By this time you have already jumped to the floor and have given the lever of the clock such a vicious twist that its noise has been reduced to a series of hacking coughs. Your breakfast is a happy incident in your busy day; it somehow recalls to you the pleasant breakfasts you used to enjoy when you didn't have to digest your meals with a peppering of Latin translations and Greek verbs. Careful calculation and a lively walk to the corner make it possible for you to catch your car, which gets you to the college just in time for classes.

During the forenoon you haven't much time to remember whether you are a town girl or a "dorm" girl; you are very busy considering how you can get through your recitations with the least discredit to yourself.

The temporary home of the town girl is the so-called Rest Room. It is generally believed that this was named either by a person who was ignorant of the facts or by someone who was pleased to be facetious. If, because the girls on your right are reading their astronomy lesson aloud and the girls in the corner are giving a feminine version of a rough-house, it seems impossible for you to concentrate your mind on studying, you take your belongings and go over to the Library where you can at least be sure of a chair and a little quiet.

At twenty minutes of ten the entire college meets together for a chapel service, and you tuck your books under your arm and go with the rest. There are two more classes before noon;

you are by this time very hungry and listen eagerly for the twelve o'clock bell, which will put an end to the forenoon recitations.

The lunch hour in the Rest Room affords sufficient material for an entire book. From thirty to forty of the town girls are there, incidentally, it is true, to eat their lunches but primarily to have a good time and to watch others do the same. You and your particular cronies seat yourselves in a corner and manage to make a very joyous meal out of your cold lunches. Almost before the lid is on your box and the crumbs brushed from your lap, you have your Red Cross sweater in hand and are prepared for the daily knitting bee. In your effort to take part in the lively discourse you may drop a stitch and be obliged to retire from active conversation while you pick it up; nevertheless it is this very training which enables the town girl to take her place beside her dormitory sister in clever and ready repartee. At fifteen minutes before time for classes, all knitting is put aside as if by common consent; there is a wild scramble for positions of retirement, and the subdued buzz which ensues shows that lessons are after all a considerable factor in the mind of the town girl.

Ding! Ding! A chorus of "Oh dear", and the afternoon session has begun. In the afternoon there is "Gym." For this class you wear a bloomer suit of an odd but comfortable fashion and springy gym shoes which make you feel light on your feet. After the class answers to roll call, the physical director has you march around for half an hour after the manner of soldiers. Then you have "stunts", which the physical director calls apparatus work; you climb ropes, high jump, and run relay races. You like apparatus work very much because it takes your mind away from thoughts of tomorrow's lessons.

After Gym you do not feel impatient any longer; your day is done. Indifferently you throw your books into your bag, and slowly you make your way across the campus to the car line. You think you will ride home. Five minutes, ten minutes of waiting—you think you will walk. A two mile walk gives you a good opportunity to consider the day's events. You recall your

recitations; you wonder if all the professors unite in thinking you a blockhead. You hope not, for you really want to know something sometime. At last you reach home. You have supper. It seems as if your day ought to be finished, but a glance at your book shelf assures you that it is not. You take an armful of books and begin to study. Almost before you have accomplished anything, the clock says that it is five minutes of ten. Wearily you put aside your books. You make preparations for the night; you fix the fire, put the cat down cellar, and wind the clock. You put out the light; all is darkness waiting for a new day and the call of the alarm.



W H E N T H E G R E A T R E D S U N I S S E T T I N G

## WHEN THE GREAT RED SUN IS SETTING

'19

When the great red sun is setting,  
When the drilling hour is past;  
When we boys athirst and hungry  
For the "Y" canteen all dash;  
I'll crowd close to the counter,  
And ask for a cone or two;  
With a dozen bars of chocolate,  
How could a chap feel blue?

Parker Hall, Bates College,

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Lewiston, Maine,  
October 19, 1918.

Mr. William Hohenzollern  
Potsdam, Germany.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your advertisement for capable generals to take command of your armies, I believe that I have the necessary qualifications. I have had two and a half weeks' training in military manoeuvres, and feel that I have as much strategic knowledge as any of your former generals. Altho I do not speak the German Tongue, I feel that a knowledge of the language is immaterial, since my conversations would probably be carried on among the French and Americans. If required, good references can be furnished.

Yours truly,

Samuel Smith.

Royal Palace,  
Potsdam, Germany,  
October 31, 1918.

Mr. Samuel Smith  
Lewiston, Maine.

Dear Sir:

We have received your application for a position as general in our army. Since our advertisement has been printed, however, we find that, for strategic purposes, we have no army. If, however, you would really care for a position as one of the heads of our forces, we suggest that you send your application to General Foch of the French Army.

Yours truly,

William Hohenzollern.



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