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LEWISTON MAINE

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EDITORIAL

"DYING EASY OR GETTING WELL HARD"

Once upon a time there was a story in a monthly magazine with the title, *Dying Easy or Getting Well Hard.* It was a pretty good story but that item is unimportant. It is the title which carries a curious fascination and suggests infinite possibilities of application.

It is so easy to let things slip and slide into oblivion! We find this especially true in college. There are many things to attend to, a diversity of interests beckon us on every side. Too many of us get into the habit of letting others do all the work. Perhaps there is a club or society in which we are really very interested: "Yes, it does a lot for the college and it would be too bad to let it drop." Yet we leave the entire burden of keeping up interest to a few faithful members or, if such members are lacking, we regretfully let the club "die easy." It *is* easy—very easy. It takes work to make anything live and most of us are lazy by nature.

But there are some, and how we do respect them, who love to fight. Give to one of these the chance to direct things and you'll see how lively it grows. He sometimes even inspires us lukewarm lazy people with the zeal of just "doing things." We like it, too, when we get used to it. Now, how about you?

You belong to the Christian association. Are you too bashful to do your share of talking or too "busy" to attend a meeting? You are a subscriber to the BATES STUDENT. Do you ever venture to contribute even a bit of constructive criticism? You are interested in athletics. Do you ever show your interest by going out for a team?

Just stop and look at yourself. Make sure that the ways you are choosing do not threaten fatty degeneration of the will power. There are a great many things worth fighting for. Perhaps the practice in fighting will keep you in trim for something bigger than anything Fate has yet bumped you into.

"It's easy to cry that you're beaten and die;
    It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But to fight and to fight when hope's all out of sight,
    Why, that's the best game of them all.
"And when you've come out of each gruelling bout
    All broken and beaten and scarred
Just have one more try, it's dead easy to die,
    It's the keeping on living that's hard."

WHAT WE HAVE TO READ

Vacation brought in some good returns in the shape of some very interesting articles for the STUDENT.

You all will like Miss Sibley's story, and you will be doubly interested when you learn that she is personally familiar with the scenes and people of China, and could tell you many stories of the revolution.

Another one of the boys from "Over There", Mr. Smith of the Freshman class tells us this month just a little of his first experiences at the front. You are missing something worth while if you fail to read his article, *First Days at the Front.*

Incidentally, just notice the number of freshman contributors to this issue. The interest shown and the quality of the work promise well for the future of this magazine.

It is to be hoped that no one will overlook Miss Lawson's sketch, *A Night on the Western Ghaut.* It would be hard to find a more vivid and fascinating description with its thread of narrative to add interest and ever suspense. Miss Lawson has lived in India, tho most of her memories are those of hearsay, but you will agree she is able to make them live for us.

A REMINDER

MARION LEWIS, '19

Almost I had forgotten. All these days,
Straining from task to task, hurried, intent,
Almost I had forgotten how the sky
Looks from these hills on evenings such as these.
I had forgotten with what silentness
The dimly shining brook far down below
Slides underneath the dusk and goes its way.
I had forgotten too, how clean and quiet
Are all the newly mown, close cut brown fields;
I had forgotten how those old oaks pace

Sedately along the distant road
And how the pines upon the ridge beyond
Grow dark and darker as the sun goes down.
I had forgotten everything it seems;
But now I will take heed
That in to-morrow's task, I may remember.

DOWN RIVER

DOROTHY SIBLEY, '20

Darkness settled down on the river; a few straggling boats glided noiselessly to anchorage; the odor of garlic rose from the myriads of masts that lined the bank and stretched heavenward. An unusual silence, this, for such a busy river port! Wang must jump across to a neighbor's kitchen and ask a few questions, before he hauled out the straw mats to make a sleeping tent on the front deck. He stole his way along his plank at the side of the boat, and leaned into the little kitchen door of his neighbor's craft. A child in padded clothes lay sleeping on a pile of logs; a yellow cat lifted his head from a heap of rags in the corner; an old woman was taking tiny stitches with a heavy needle and long thread through a thick cloth board that was soon to become the soles for her man's shoes; the captain sat crouched against the wooden partition, his long pipe sending out stinking puffs of grey smoke. He opened his eyes and blinked at Wang, but said not a word. Wang gave a low growl and asked,

"Any cargo going down river?"

"Two much price at Hankow; too much robbers on river. You got cargo?"

"Much meal and rice,—two boats. White Wolf down this far?"

The other's stolid face did not change, but he cursed in low tones before he muttered,

"His troops did not stay here. Too much rebels."

Wang grunted an understanding, and then inquired,

"White Wolf gone down river or over to Honan?"

The response was long in coming and Wang cuffed his neighbor on the head and slunk off into the darkness. His mind was busy:

"Should he stay here all night? Was his neighbor a robber himself, or only suspicious of everyone? Was it best to lie low, to go back, or try to brazen his way to Hankow? Could he trust his crew? What?—"

A gleam of light shot out of the darkness on the bank and leapt aboard Wang's boat. The man waited sullenly, and as the figure approached him, the outline and strange dress of one of those "foreign-devils" could be discerned. But these evil creatures had money, much gold back home; perhaps—perhaps—

The foreigner made himself comfortable against the main mast and beckoned Wang nearer. With low-pitched voices they conversed, Wang cautiously and gradually giving ground until finally he nodded complete agreement, and hungrily grabbed the hunk of silver held out to him. Then, quietly, the stranger disappeared into the darkness. Wang did not notice another figure slide up and slip down behind the boards that covered the great pile of rice bags, He was pleased with his bargain and ready to run the risk; now he must wake up his men and make ready for the foreigner. He shambled over the bags and shook the sleeping men by the shoulders; then, crouching in their midst, he told them of the journey before them. They growled, they grumbled, they threatened, they cursed, but Wang cuffed and kicked until they promised to take his craft for the price he offered. A tread was heard on the deck and Wang gave curt commands to his men, who crawled out and silently dragged down the great oars, drew up the anchors, and pushed the two boats out into mid-stream; but not alone. Anchored farther down the line lay a bulky craft which creaked from her moorings and followed as a third down the current.

The hours slipped by, and the sun arose to waken all China to life. Two young Americans rolled off their humpy beds and

looked up and down the river. Not two boats now, but a silent procession of seven was headed down-stream. One of the men chuckled, and slapping his comrade's shoulder, remarked,

"We're popular, Harold. What the deuce have we got here?"

"Looks as if the natives believe there's safety in numbers. well, we're in for it, and I don't—see—" He paused and then grinned cheerfully.

"We can do it, Al. We've both got a couple of pistols. If the procession gets too long, one of us will have to ride in the rear, and thus we'll safe-guard the whole fleet. I'd laugh if we could sail out right under the Tyrant's nose. Kind of ticklish proposition, but we'll put on a bold front."

Four days and nights passed without a change, and although the halfway station of Sha-yong loomed ahead, the crew carefully masked all feelings behind sternly set features. The two Americans were stowing away their noon-day meal of rice and fish when Wang passed by and merely remarked as he hauled down the sail.

"This is Sha-yong, the customs port, and held by robbers. Our wine-money is due."

"Al laughed as he said to his ship-mate,

"Guess we won't stop for the old boy to spend his wine-money. Look here, we'll move slowly on and by, and I'll stand at the prow and dangle the weapon if anyone halts us. How's that?"

"O. K. All we'll have to do is to fire once to silence the natives, but these crafty robber-leaders are better acquainted with our utensils. We'll have to put on brass faces and try—Look! here comes a boat to meet us. I'll stay right by, handy, while you greet our friends, for you can talk the lingo."

A tiny vessel was poking its way upstream towards them, and as it came alongside, a figure rose from the center and called a halt. Al looked down into the hard cruel face and answered,

"We see no reason and our time is short."

As he spoke, he drew from his hip-pocket something that gleamed in the sunlight. The robber's face changed; it was not a look of fear, that came, Al thought, but rather one of greed. Suddenly he pitied the robber-chief made desperate by China's hard times. The fellow's tone was suave, even courteous, as he inquired with feigned curiosity,

"What is that your Honor holds? May I take it and see?"

Al's face hardened about the eyes, but he attempted to look innocent, as he laid the pistol in the other's open palm. Firm fingers closed on it, a sneering laugh broke from the robber's throat, he took his seat, growled a command to his boat-man, the boat turned, and the oars dipped to bear it down-stream to the city. Al watched for a full minute, then in friendly tones he called,

"We'd like to let you enjoy the use of it old chap, but—" and now, raising his voice to a loud threatening shout, he bellowed in Chinese,

"Come back with that, you dog! I saw your trick, but I have plenty more here,—if you don't obey,—see?"—and he slapped his pocket.

In the little boat two faces turned quickly to see three pistols pointing at them, and two sturdy figures waiting for their return. With a furious snarl, the robber chief clubbed his comrade, and angrily ordered him to turn about, and in haste. Silently, speedily, the boat-man steered the craft back to meet the fleet, but his hands trembled, his face twitched, and great tears rolled off his cheeks.

With his sharp brown eyes on the robber's watchful face, Al spoke:

"On the deck; put it down. There! Now get, before I lose my patience."

He was obeyed, and again the chief in fierce tones commanded his boat-man to paddle off. A glance side-ways still revealed two stern figures behind them and suddenly the chief uttered a deep rolling curse, as he espied four vessels hauling up anchor to join the procession headed by those foreign devils, —curse them!

It was evening, and the smoke was curling upward from the frequent thatched dwellings that nestled along the river bank. The procession advanced slowly and peacefully, a fleet of eleven.

Al's voice spoke from out of the mealbags:

"I'd like to give my limbs a stretch. Let's jump ashore and run a bit. Then I'll board the rear boat,—no, you'd better, if I'm to be spokesman on this excursion. We've got to be ready, for soon we'll hear guns ahead if they're still fighting, and Hell is behind, and Satan on our heels."

"That not Satan, that White Wolf."

The voice came from behind the boards. Both men turned quickly to see a very yellow parched face peer out from between the boards that covered the rice bags.

"What the—Who?—Where did you get on?"

Al was on his feet and unconsciously put out a hand to help the owner of the yellow face to crawl out of his hole. A figure clothed in a soiled silk robe followed the face, and finally stood on two shaky legs. The robe was torn open and flung off, the cap with a long black queue attached was tossed contemptuously into the waters, and a man in the rebel uniform stood before them. He courteously motioned them to sit down, and then in a hoarse, cracked voice he spoke:

"Me, I rebel soldier, long time 'go fiend of White Wolf. He bad man, me no like, me belong soldier. Go hankow fight, go back to Lao-ho-kow, have to catch White Wolf. Me, I hear two gentlemens talk—talk on boat, me I think, 'Shë' go too. Me hide in boat, all belong Amelican",—his voice cracked as a smile came—"me no flaid Amelican. You help me go Hankow, get soldier catch White Wolf?"

Al and his comrade grinned at each other, and the parched face now beamed as Shë clumsily took the outstretched hands.

Shë proved valuable; he scented the haunts of robber bands; he used the tones that goaded the timid boat men and froze their very blood; he hissed the pass-word that gave admittance past the ashes of the ruined suburb into the hushed and awed Chicago of China.

Al plunged thru the ruins of the native quarters, on and on until he came to the shattered entrance of a walled compound. Harold followed at his heels, and the two sped up the long walk, past the dead grape-arbor, and into a cosy sun-parlor where two women sat. They jumped up with a little cry, and Al's arms went around the little anxious mother and the plucky sister.

"Oh say, it's good to be home. Got another yarn to tell you, but we don't go up again with a load of sugar until this blamed revolution is over. Harold hasn't been home yet, so—well, where is he? Confound it, I forget all about you."

Harold smiled. "Did you forget to look for me, Mabel?"

The girl stretched her hand as she answered, her face slightly flushed:

"No, I didn't forget you. Sit down and tell us about it We've been so anxious."'

He eyed her keenly. "No more than we have been for you. Don't let's talk about it all now. All I can say is, I'm most emphatically glad I'm here." And he told no lie.

ON CLIMBING FOUR FLIGHTS OF STAIRS

DWIGHT E. LIBBEY, '22

Leading up to my private apartments on the fourth floor of Roger Williams Hall are several flights of stairs. To be sure, there is nothing unusual about them, they are ordinary steps arranged in an escalade formation as usual,—but many interesting experiences and even lessons can be drawn from the most commonplace things around us. These stairs furnish me no end of amusement when I get to the top and consider the awful altitude, which, with no little effort, I have reached.

Sometimes, when I look back, I see other poor, humble mortals mounting this ethereal highway. Some of them climb with a slow, steady pace, apparently indifferent to the bodily depreciation they are undergoing. Others take them spontaneously, mounting three or four steps at a time, and then

stopping as tho contemplating the tedious journey ahead. There are others who take them three or four steps at a time and thereby save much time and shoe leather. But they all get at the top sooner or later. If I were any kind of a clairvoyant, I could tell a person's character very well by the way he climbs these stairs, for I have noticed that the person who climbs them slowly is almost invariably a thotful man, who always looks before he leaps, that the person who takes them sporadically is an inconsistent person, irregular in his habits; and, finally that the fellow who takes them like a Ford automobile is one whom we call in our everyday life, a "speedy guy." In fact just about the way a person climbs these stairs leading up to my private apartments, so he is climbing the great ladler of life.

Aside from the characterization of these unfortunate pilgrims, many other interesting conclusions may be drawn. My own experience has shown me what a big toll the law of gravity exacts from us mortals. It is that old theory of compensation which Emerson defined so remarkably for us. Whatever we do costs us somthing. I have a most wonderful view of the city of Lewiston from my lofty perch, but many a warm day I have sweat in getting it. Perhaps the Creator never intended foolish man to rise higher than the surface of the earth, and that is why He conceived gravity as a means of imprisonment. And now, because we have built majestic skyscrapers, we have to pay the penalty of violating this inviolate law.

Altho it seems absurd, it is nevertheless interesting to apply a little mathematics to these stairs. I have computed that a man would take approximately one thousand four hundred and twenty-three steps in a mile. There are about seventy steps which I have to climb about six times a day. Reckoning on this basis I ascend into the air one mile every four days, and in about two weeks I am higher than the top of Mt. Everest. Yet, if some deluded simpleton were to build a stairway up the sides of this giant hill, and assigned me the task of

ascending it for the first time, I should probably faint at the thot of it.

Descending these stairs is simply a series of bumps. The soles of one's shoes relieves him from the shock of the concussion, and I sometimes find it quite amusing to bounce from one step to the other until I reach the bottom and scan the treacherous heights from which I have just dropped. I suppose they had stairways in Rome, and probably Vergil had these in mind when he wrote that famous passage about the descent into Avernus being easy, but the ascent—"here lies the difficulty, here the task."

There is nothing that seems to excite a person's faculty for the ridiculous any more than to fall down or up stairs, for experience has demonstrated to me the fact that one may fall either way. Yet many serious accidents have resulted from these falls. Probably the casualty list, if it were printed, would occupy no small space in our daily newspapers. We still persist in braving all dangers. "Nil mortalibus arduist."

I sometimes wonder why we do not substitute this exasperating ordeal for regular physicial drill. There is no question about it—it is excellent daily exercise, and moreover, a wonderful experience. We must learn to climb the smaller stairways before we are able to go out and mount the big ladder of life. I suppose many of our college graduates who have dwelt in the sacred walls which I am now haunting have gone out with pleasant recollections of the many times they ascended these steps, and are all the better for the experience they had.

HER CHOICE

MURIEL G. BOWES, '22

On a high, rocky, bluff overlooking the English channel stood a small cottage. The sagging roof, curtainless windows, and the bare appearance of the whole place showed poverty.

The interior of the house was even more desolate than the exterior. Four chairs, a home made table, a cupboard, almost

empty of dishes, and an old oil lamp were practically the only furnishings. Drawn up near to the table were two chairs, on which improvised bed lay a baby boy. Near him sat the doctor, looking compassionately into the little flushed face. Behind the bed stood the mother. She uttered no sound, yet her haggard face told the story. As her eyes rested on the baby boy her thoughts were in far off France, where her husband was fighting or perhaps even now was praying for their safety.

At length the doctor arose, led the woman to the window, and laid a kindly hand upon her shoulder.

"Do not lose courage, my good woman. The little one is a sturdy little fellow and the chances are even for his recovery on one condition,—he must not be left alone for a minite and must have constant care."

The grim expression on the woman's face hardened.

"Have no fear, doctor. They have taken my husband, my baby shall not die. Peace has not yet been signed. England may want my baby boy to take his father's place. I must rear him to be as strong hearted and patriotic as his father. I have not yet given my all to England."

As the doctor left the house he muttered to himself,

"There's a brave woman! Wish England had more like her."

On the day little Jean had been stricken with scarlet fever, she had received the fatal, official word that her husband was missing. She had set her lips grimly and had begun fighting death tenaciously for the life of her little son, her only possession.

The strong mother love had lent skill to her untrained fingers and she had brought the child from an almost hopeless case of scarlet fever to where the chances were even.

In the gray hours of the morning, she often stood by the window overlooking the bay watching for the boat on which he had said he would return. She knew that he probably would never return, yet it gave her a little comfort to continue her watch for him.

The next morning after the doctor had left, she stood by the window as usual. An impenetrable fog had hung over the bay, but as the blackness of night merged into the grayness of morning, the fog lfted. Suddenly, her body stiffened. What was that dot in the distance? The fog shut down again and she was unable to see; then it lifted and the dot was much nearer. I disappeared from the surface, only to appear again in a few seconds. Ah! It must be a submarine. There had been vague rumors in the village that a fleet was expected. The enemy must be mining the harbor. She must go down into the village and give the warning.

As she turned from the window to carry out her purpose, little Jean threw out his arms towards her. "He must not be left for a minute, and must have constant care," the doctor had said. With a low moan she dropped at the side of her boy and gathered him into her arms. He had never been more precious to her than at this moment. Her eyes scanned each feature of the little face before her. Everything became a blur. The little face was duplicated many times; they seemed to be in a swirling whirlpool, throwing out their arms for her to save them. She tried again and again to rescue each child but could not, something was holding her back, it was the fathers of these little ones whom she allowed to drown, while she stayed at home with her own little son. The dizziness was gone but try as hard as she might she could not rid herself of the vision. The child threw himself to the other side of the bed with one word, "papa." There was no more indecision. There were many fathers on those boats. They must be saved. In her arms lay her baby, safe if she watched by his side; steaming towards the harbor was a fleet of vessels, with hundreds of her countrymen on board. She laid the sleeping child back on her bed, kissed him passionately, threw an old shawl about her, and with one lingering glance at the bed, sped on her way.

On she hurried, running until she became exhausted, stopping to catch her breath, and then running again. She must go about a mile and a quarter; would it be too late after her

great sacrifice? No tears blinded this brave woman's eye—only her breaking heart beat time to her hurrying foot steps.

Three quarters of an hour later she was again climbing the rocky bluff before her house. She had given her message, then hurried back. So intent was she upon her purpose that she did not notice the mine sweepers, already at work in the bay.

She entered the house. Her baby boy lay in the same position. Was he asleep? She staggered over to the bed, threw her hands to her head, and looked wide-eyed into the face of the little one. Oh! she had not known what a sacrifice she was making.

Suddenly everything cleared. Her baby was not dead. The little blue body was merely cold. She gathered the little form in her arms, placed the stiff, little arms about her neck, kissed his lips and cheeks. She ran her fingers caressingly thru his golden curls, and patted the velvety cheeks. Then the happy illusion passed. A cold chill ran thru her body and she fell back senseless.

Two hours later she was gently lifted from the floor by two powerful arms. A cup was being held to her lips, and someone was talking to her. Gradually the voice sounded nearer. Her mind was confused, why could she not think more clearly. She opened her eyes—above her stood her husband. She closed her eyes and summoned all her faculties to explain where she was and how he happened to be there.

"John, John!", she gasped, "I thot you were—

"No, dear, but I would have been if it hadn't been for you. I was on one of the vessels."

She re-opened her eyes and slowly turned towards the bed.

"I lost my baby and saved my husband," she said in a dull tone.

He drew her to him.

"Let us trust and believe," he said, "He knows best."

CARRY ON

EVELYN W. AREY, '20

From the flaming poppies of Flanders' field,
From the battle scarred plains of Ypres,
From the roar of the waves of the ocean deep,
Where so many proud ships have sunk to their sleep
Now comes a voice pleading, yet strong
As the call of the oppressed for right against wrong:
Carry On!

Carry on midst the toil and the turmoil of life
Till the sky which was blackened with war and with strife
Shall become the sky of a summer's day
Cloudless and blue, laughing and gay;
Carry on till all barriers are broken and fall
And the spirit of brotherhood rules over all.
Carry On!

FIRST DAYS AT THE FRONT

O. L. SMITH, '22

At last we were at the front. Our battery had been stationed at a rest camp in France where we were drilled daily in preparation for going to the front. Here we met many soldiers who had seen service in the lines, and they told us of their experiences. We were at the front and could see for ourselves. We went a long distance from our rest Camp by railroad and at the end of the line we emerged from the coaches and in squad formation started on the hike to our destination. After marching several miles, the booming of guns could be heard and later as the shades of evening fell, the flashes of the guns could be seen. We entered a small town and were given the ever pleasing command of rest. A few minutes later, billets were assigned and every one was given a place to make his bed for the night. Some of the old stone

stone buildings of the town had been shattered by shells but most of the buildings were in fairly good condition. An hour later we were served our supper which consisted of soup, better known to the soldier as "slum". At this time a detail of men were picked who were to go into the lines immediately after mess and help put our guns into position. The detail climbed into trucks and were on their way. It was a beautiful night with the moon and stars shining brightly and the remainder of the battery watched the trucks until they were beyond our vision. The disappointed men who were not picked for the detail were relieved by being told that another detail should be picked to relieve the first in the early morning. Brothers and close friends were separated by this first detail. They were going into the lines, perhaps never to return again, as the pessimists of the battery expressed themselves.

There was very little sleep among the remainder of the battery that night. The optimists were awakened by an air battle, and the pessimists did not sleep. About ten o'clock in the evening fire call was blown by the bugler of the guard, which meant that everyone should take cover, that there were German aeroplanes overhead. General confusion followed. Some were dodging about to find the best and safest places in which to take cover, while others were going in opposite direction trying to get a glimpse of what was going on overhead. All the anti-air craft guns from the surrounding hills opened fire on the German planes; and flashes of bursting shells, overhead and all sides of us dotted the sky. Pieces of shells and lead balls dropped in the streets and on the tiled roofs of the stone houses. The hum of the aeroplanes made a tremendous noise and the air seemed as though it must have been decked with planes. The battle probably lasted ten minutes in our vicinity and then the guns ceased firing as the planes were driven across the German lines. No one was injurd by the falling pieces of shells and there were no bombs dropped. A squadron of German planes and bombed a city that night and flying low on their homeward journey over

the lines, had been detected by our gunners and fired upon. For the remainder of the night, artillery fire roared loudly at certain times and at the intervals, only the report of a big gun could be heard now and then. Some managed to get to sleep. Others who were eager to witness the flashes of the guns and flares on the front, tried to sneak out to some place commanding a good view, were halted by the sentries and both parties were greatly embarrassed. Still others were thinking seriously sat in groups or alone, their minds wandering back to their dearly loved ones at home so many miles away. And so they sat dwelling upon their lines and the coming events. Many, I am sure, prayed that night who never before had acknowledged the Savior. So the night passed until three o'clock in the morning. The detail had been chosen to go to the front to relieve the first detail of the previous evening, and soon the detail was seated or standing in trucks ready to depart. The distance was only three miles and we were soon hiking into the woods where our guns were located. We were marching in single file along a narrow path, not a gun could be heard at that particular period when suddenly, Bang! went a big gun only a few rods away. Everyone was blinded by the flash and noise, and dropped to the ground as we had been taught to do in case of being shelled by the enemy. If our guide had not been with us, I am sure some of the detail would have been late in reaching our destination, but the guide explained the situation and soon the entire detail relieved the detail which had been working since early evening of the previous night. Both of our guns were stuck in the mud and it was not until late in the afternoon that we succeeded in getting the guns into position. Every track made in hauling the guns into the woods had to be covered up and camouflaged. Every branch of the woods which had been disturbed had to be straightened and everything camouflaged that would show should a German aviator succeed in photographing the woods. We worked all day and it was ten o'clock in the evening when our relief came. The Germans had shelled places on every side of us but no shells

fell near our positions. A cross road was shelled about two miles in front of us and the whizzing of the shells was so great at that distance that it seemed the shells were going to land on us and our guns. It had been a very calm day for the front and as we started on our way back to the town where we were billeted we thought war was not so terrible after all. But the unexpected occurred. It was a cloudy night and as we rode along in our trucks watching the flashes of guns and the signal flares from No Man's land, suddenly the vicinity around our three trucks became as light as day. An instant later an explosion occurred near our middle truck. The truck drivers of the first and second trucks thinking that the Germans must have been shelling the road opened the throttles and went full speed down the road wishing to get out of the vicinity of the shelling as quickly as possible. The driver of the last truck who had had a better view of the situation, stopped and all of us jumped out throwing ourselves flat on the ground beside the road. We saw shells bursting on either sides of the two disappearing trucks. Soon the sound of the trucks could be heard no more and for a few moments everything was still, then the hum of a German aeroplane motor was heard. The plane came from the direction in which our trucks had disappeared and although it was a cloudy night the plane flew so low, that as it went over our heads the form of the machine was visible. There was no question in any of our minds what had caused all this trouble. After the sound of the plane could be heard no more as it went on its homeward course, we climbed into our truck and started on the way to learn the destiny of our other two trucks. We did not go far when we recognized the trucks, stopped in front of a Red Cross first aid station. The sight that we here witnessed remained with us for many weeks afterward. In the shaded rays of a lantern lay three of our comrades, dead, badly torn to pieces with shrapnel, while near lay two others badly wounded their cries shrilling as the sound rang out into the still air of the night.

The next day the last detail did not go to the front and

I spent the day in writing letters at a Salvation Army hut or in viewing the surrounding country. Late in the afternoon I strolled to the top of a high hill which gave me a commanding view of the country below and the front lines in the distance. What a beautiful country! On my right lay lined fields of grass land and grains with wooded territory for the back grand which made a wonderful picture. On my left the country was hilly: small tracts of level land lying between the hills. There were small towns located at the foot of some of these hills. The sun shining down upon the metal steeples of the churches in each town reflected its rays of light much like miniature lighthouses, out over the beautiful lowlands. To the front of me was the direction of the front line trenches. The fields which perhaps had once been beautiful lay in a devastated state. The wooded land formed a very ragged appearance with the trees broken down and partly detsroyed. This portion of land in contrast to the undevastated land, on my right, seemed like the wrinkled face of an old, old man. This was the phantom which rose before my eyes as I sat there deeply in thought. The sun sinking below the horizon at sunset the rays were excluded from this wasted land in front of me. The rays from the sunset made many beautiful colors on the sky and shone out over the blooming land on my right and made it seem more beautiful. As the sun sank lower it looked less wonderful but the ragged land in front seemed even more horrible. As the shades of evening fell flashes of guns could be seen all along the portion of the front that was in my view and numerous signals from No Man's land were visible. The continuous roar of the guns seemed to make the land terrible. I could only see a minute part of the first line and it was appalling when I tried to picture the whole long distance of the entire front of five hundred miles in length, and to think of all the destruction along the entire line.

"What will be the outcome of this great struggle?" I asked myself. In meditation I returned to our billets deeply affected by my first few days' experience at the front.

HER BUSY DAY

FREDERICA INESON, '22

As Elizabeth was rolling out biscuits in front of the open window, she suddenly hurled the rolling-pin at a little black dog which was sneaking by. Either by luck or woman's aim, the flying weapon missed the dog and struck George Washington full force as he was swelling his big white breast and preparing to crow. The rooster fell to the ground. Out of the same exit from which the rolling-pin had come came Elizabeth. She dropped down on the grass and took the white bundle tenderly in her arms. She sat there five long minutes, while the warm bundle became gradually cold and the legs stiffened.

Yes, George Washington was dead; George Washington, the only one to whom she had been able to sob out her troubles and to tell her dreams. Since Elizabeth's mother had died and left five small children and a half-blind sister for Elizabeth to care for, the white rooster had been her best friend. She had been able to stand the semi-annual tours of inspection which rich Aunt Gertrude made, because after each was over she could tell all to George Washington—and now he was dead; she had killed him.

Elizabeth began to cry, wetting the cold rooster with her tears. Suddenly a tantalizing song from the house opposite came to her ears. The impromptu words were sung in a clear, strong voice to the tune of "Aunt Jemima."

"Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling Georgie Wash,
You are gone and gone for ever
Knocked into a piece of squash."

That was terrible, especially so when she knew that the singer hated to hear his *own* sisters cry, but it was unendurable when the mocking voice kept on, "Don't cry, little girl, don't cry, you have killed your rooster, I know and your—"

Elizabeth squared her shoulders, got up slowly, picked up the rooster and rolling pin and walked into the house with

her back turned resolutely toward the house opposite.

Once inside, her calm left her. She put down the rolling pin none too gently and rushed up-stairs. Half an hour later when Elizabeth was sure that the person in the house opposite had gone down the street, she slipped down stairs and had a funeral in the garden.

By the end of that time half-blind Aunt Alicia had rolled out the biscuits and baked them. Elizabeth was peeling potatoes when that person in the house opposite came into the kitchen.

"Hello, Elizabeth."

No answer.

"Say, you ain't sore with me?"

Still no response.

"I'll tell you how I bawled if you won't squeal on me." Silence! yet the smile around Elizabeth's mouth was answer enough.

"Well, when Hero died and mother told me, I bawled like a girl or worse, and say, Elizabeth, they are going to have fire works over at Brenton tonight and we can see them great from the river. Let's go rowing."

"Oh, Bob," cried Elizabeth, all else forgotten, "I'd love to if father will let me, but you know father, Bob. Here he comes now. You ask him; he'll be more likely to let me if you do," and Elizabeth opened the oven door to test her cake.

"Mr. Dunstan," began Bob, "can Elizabeth go rowing this evening?"

"What! er—Oh, Good morning, Robert," came Mr. Dunstan's precise tones, "Elizabeth go rowing? I don't really see how she can for I have reached the important part of my book and must have the house absolutely quiet. Elizabeth, you may bring my dinner and supper to my study and at ten o'clock this evening some buttermilk. I shall be in my study all day. Remember, let no sound disturb me."

"Yes, father," said Elizabeth meekly, but as soon as he was gone she shut the oven door with an eloquent slam.

"Awfully sorry," said Bob, "if Mr. Dunstan has time from

that book he's been writing for the last ten years to change his mind before seven, give me three whistles. If not—, Yes," in answer to a prolonged impatient call, "I'm coming," and he was gone.

But Elizabeth could finish the sentence. " If not I'll take Helena Harrison, who is to enter Vassar this fall and whose father is awfully rich and gives her pretty clothes," Oh, yes, Elizabeth could finish the sentence and she added, "Oh, if Aunt Gertrude would only send me to college. She might for she hasn't any children."

Elizabeth got thru the day somehow, altho the cake fell, owing to the slam of the oven door, and the biscuits had too much saleratus in them.

That afternoon, after she had carefully washed the children and banished them from the house to the sandy beach she went to her favorite tree with "David Copperfield". How she missed George Washington! She was in the midst of a day-dream when one of the twins came running under the tree; "Oh, Elizabeth," he piped shrilly, "Aunt Gertrude's here and Father is entertaining her and she wouldn't kiss me 'cause I had a dirty face and can't I always have a dirty face when Aunt Gertrude comes?"

Elizabeth climbed down from her tree and took the twin's hand firmly in hers. This seemed like the last straw and but for that warm little hand she would have burst into tears. She rushed up-stairs, smoothed her hair, washed that dear twin's face and came down to meet Aunt Gertrude.

Everything went fairly well till supper. Clifton Junior persisted in buttering his bread on the table-cloth and when Elizabeth gave him a gentle kick he screamed. Mr. Dunstan talked on, Aunt Alicia asked what the matter was, Elizabeth choked and swallowed too quickly and Aunt Gertrude took another biscuit.

Out of that biscuit Aunt Gertrude pulled a small white feather. It was George Washington's. Elizabeth saw the dining-table go 'round and 'round as she passed the cake plate. Aunt Gertrude looked at the cake with an approving eye and

selected a piece at which one of the twins set up a cry. "Elizabeth said it fell," he moaned, "and she filled the hole with frosting and said I could have that piece."

Elizabeth pushed her chair away from the table but Aunt Gertrude was quicker. She put a detaining hand on the girl's shoulder and turned to Mr. Dunstan.

"Clifton," she said, "I think that it is time you married again. I'll admit that the Russian problem is intensely interesting but your family needs your interest more. Elizabeth has done her work well. It has been hard for young shoulders. Some girls would have turned Bolshevist. Elizabeth needs her freedom and her education. Now I have decided to pay her college expenses for four years beginning this fall. No, not a word. I must get that six-thirty train."

Elizabeth was stunned but the children brot Aunt Gertrude's wraps and escorted her to the station. Mr. Dunstan turned from the door to his daughter, still in her chair as Aunt Gertrude had left her.

"Elizabeth," said Clifton Dunstan, "you have done a good day's work. I did not hear a disturbance this afternoon. I think you may go rowing this evening if you will be sure—."

He was speaking to empty air. Elizabeth was at the window facing the house opposite giving the three shrill whistles.

TO-MORROW

S. H. Woodman, '20

The transport is rocking with hundreds of men
For America's spirit has risen again,
Their sturdy young forms are laden with guns,
Their strong young minds tense, to outwit the Hun.
I'm proud to be with them mother 'o mine,
Proud to be off for the fighting line.
So give the news to dear old dad, to sister and little brother;
For I leave to-morrow mother, O, I leave to-morrow mother!

The field is swarming with queer winged planes
Ready to start for the fighting lanes,
And at each helm is a dauntless crew,
A well-trained, red-blooded, chosen few.
I'm proud to be with them mother 'o mine,
Proud to be here on the fighting line.
So give the news to dear old dad, to sister and little brother;
For I fly to-morrow mother, Oh, I fly to-morrow mother!

The great room is filled with little white cots
Containing the fatally wounded lot,
And at each hour throughout the day
A soldier's life-blood ebbs away.
But I'm proud to be with them mother 'o mine,
Proud to have fought on the fighting line.
So give the news to dear old dad, to sister and little brother;
For I die to-morrow mother, O, I die to-morrow mother!

ON FISHING

J. W. Ashton, '22

Before we begin at all, Indulgent Reader, let it be distinctly understood that our view point on the subject of fishing is that of an amateur. I suppose the professional would start by telling the kind of bait and line and reel and pole should make up the equipment, but not so with us amateurs. To us, fishing is a delightful experience, an opportunity to slip away from the dull, shallow, unimaginative world about us to some shady nook beside a dark, deep pool in a murmuring stream.

It is quite another world, somehow, from the one we leave behind. The trees spread their cooling shade overhead, shutting out the hot rays of the summer sun, but giving, through their leafy branches, occasional glimpses of a blue sky, crossed here and there by downy white clouds. There is no black smoke to impair the view, no vacuous murmur of busy voices mingled

with the strident clamor of street-cars, honking automobiles, and moving vans clattering over the cobble-stoned street. None of that; just a restful peace and quiet, which convince us that the world is all right, after all. It always seemed to me that God came very near, on these fishing trips. The Druids of Old England had some good reasons for worshipping their deities in the groves.

But we haven't started fishing yet. So we haven't. Well, let's find a place where we can sit down comfortably and enjoy ourselves as we fish. Here's a fine place here, one of nature's arm-chairs, a nice soft bit of turf with a good solid tree to lean against. We might as well drop in our lines now, I suppose. Any fish here? I don't know, and don't care. I just came to go fishing, not necessarily to catch fish. If one foolish enough to bite at that worm on my hook comes along, so much the better for me, if he isn't foolish enough, so much the better for him.

Let's see, I ought to have a book with me. No fishing excursion is complete without a book, at least, so Her Highness says, and she is 'most always right. Just a few rhymes to-day from the pen of Robert Service.

> "There's sunshine in the heart of me,
> My blood sings in the breeze;
> The mountains are a part of me,
> I'm fellow to the trees."

He must have gone fishing sometime. But he was fortunate, for he is a poet and could tell how he felt, while we poor devils who are held down to prose can not express half that is in our mind.

But the light is growing dimmer now, and it is time to go back to the city with its rustle and turmoil, and strife. So we'll gather up our "kit" and strike the homeward trail. Maybe we have caught but few of the finny inhabitants of our pool, maybe none at all, but quite likely we have caught some random thoughts that would otherwise have escaped us; we have come back to the real, for a time, from the super-

ficial and unreal. We've not been fishers of fish or of men, perhaps, but we have been fishers of souls, of our own souls. Somehow we seem to have saved them for a time from utter distrust of and from a lack of sympathy for the rest of this old world. We have become men again instead of mechanical, clay puppets. Let's all go fishing and learn the precious secret of rejuvenation.

A NIGHT ON THE WESTERN GHAUT

Evangeline Lawson, '19

From infinite spaces of darkness came the lonesome howl of a wolf, and deep from the mountain gorges sounded faintly the roaring of tigers, seeking their food. Outside, the warm air was heavy with the perfume of roses, but thru the stifling room there hung a more pungent odor,—the odor of fever and death.

"Memsahib, they dare not go."

"But he must come! I have done all that I can, and the fever keeps running higher. A degree higher—Ah, Desuzza, it must not go a degree higher!"

"But we could never reach the Doctor Sahib at night. The jungles are full of wogs* and one of them has tasted flesh of men. It is enough."

"I would go for him myself!"

"Memsahib!" The Goanese thru his arms wildly in extravagant gestures.

"If only I knew the way and could leave him! Oh, are there none who will go?"

"None, Missibeye," he often slipped into that title, used only in addressing a young girl, because she was so young and very beautiful.

"Tell them I will make them rich with rupees if they will only bring him."

"Men would no longer need rupees who looked into the eyes of the Great Tiger. Tomorrow when the sun is high—"

"Go then."

The man crept a few steps nearer.

"Missibeye, I have told you, I would give my life to serve you. But, listen, most noble Memsahib, it would do no good to go into the jungles alone at night. It would be madness!"

"Go, Desuzza, when I need you, I will call you."

The man bowed low until his white turban nearly touched the hem of her gown. She drew back with a feeling almost of loathing. Why should this fellow be forever fawning before her? Only a few days before, he had begged to be made her servant and had said that he would rather do her work for nothing than to be head man in the hotel of the rich Parsees. Then she had smiled, happy at the thought of having a real Goanese† butler for the new home she was to start. But to-night in her helplessness, a shudder passed over her. The servant rose and left the room on soundless feet.

As the door swung open to let him pass, the girl caught a glimpse of the three old Parsees, the only other guests at the little native hotel, sitting absolutely silent, as she always saw them, looking fixedly at nothing, yet seeming, in some uncanny way, to see and to know everything.

She went back into the room where the sick man lay. He was very quiet now, unconscious from fever and weakness. His face, in the light of the small night lamp, looked strange and ghastly,—deep-sunken eyes, sharp cheek bones, with the glowing spots of fever still burning upon them, and waxy forehead, which showed great, blue veins beneath the white transparent skin. His long, bony hands twitched convulsively, were still, then twitched again. She sat on a low stool close beside him and laid her hand gently over his feeble, jerky pulse. The experience which she had had in medical school told her that a crisis was at hand. She had done all within her power. There was nothing left for her but to watch and to wait.

They had been married half a year. Five months before, they had left their parents and their homes in America to travel to India, and to take up their work under the American Board. High hopes they had had, and noble purposes to carry

glad tidings and the life-giving message of Christ into a heathen land. In the Mediterranean Sea he had contracted an intermittent fever which grew constantly worse. When they landed in Bombay he thought he would be better and he plunged with restless energy into study and work. But he grew so ill in the heat that they were quickly ordered up into the hills of the Western Ghaut. Here his fever had developed into typhoid. As she watched him now, so wasted and thin, a great aching tenderness filled her heart, the tenderness as of a mother over her only child, and with the yearning love came a sickening agony of dread.

The long hours of night wore on. The dim lamp flickered and flared. Across the white cloth of the ceiling strange shadows fell. Above the ceiling cloth lived the rats. She could hear dry, crackling sounds as they scampered across the cloth. Under the thatch lived the snakes that hunted the rats. She could hear them, also. There was a rustle, and then a strange, slapping noise as they threw their long bodies out after the rats. In one corner, a few holes showed in the cloth. A missionary had once said that the snakes sometimes slipped thru a torn ceiling. She could imagine their long, black bodies sliding down thru those holes. Resolutely she turned her eyes away and looked, instead, at the window which opened upon the porch. It was a large, low-sashed opening, and had no glass, only huge wooden blinds, which were fastened tightly back to let in air. In the black rectangle of the window, a few stars gleamed.

A desolate sense of solitude and homesickness was upon her. Her pain and fear seemed more than she could bear alone But there was One who was always present. Surely He, to whose service they had dedicated their lives, would not desert them. She knelt at the foot of bed to pray. For a few moments the room was very quiet.

Suddenly, in the midst of the silence, came a horrible shriek. More frightful, indeed, than any thing she had ever heard, it sounded like the cry neither of beast, nor of man. And after the shriek came a creaking of boards and a scraping

step on the porch under the window. It was a hyena, which, lured from afar by the odor of death, had come to get his prey. There was a moment of awful stillness. Then from the darkness came the furious barking of two wild dogs, the mortal enemies of all hyenas. A snarl, a growl, a shuffle, and the sounds grew fainter and fainter as the dogs drove their foe farther and farther away, back to the jungle and into the waste places whence he came.

Bye and bye the hot air grew cool and at last the morning came. She saw the red dawn and the stars disappear. In her heart was great thanksgiving. The young man had passed out of his deathlike stupor. He was quietly sleeping. She felt his pulse. Its beats were slower and more steady. She tiptoed cautiously to the window to draw in deep breaths of the new day. The mountain slope was abrupt, and she could see thru a space between the trees, the plain, stretching far below, like a great leopard's skin, to Puna and Bombay. Softly she turned to look back into the face of the sleeping man. Thru her soul swept an overwhelming tenderness, but with it came no agony of dread, only the throbbing gladness of a hope after despair.

* Tigers

† Goanese, who are partly of Portugese decent and are famous for their fine cooking, are the high class chefs of India.

Tourists' Guide to Batesina

(continued)

The Settlements of Batesina are several in number but only a few of them are of more than usual interest. The oldest inhabitants live in the Red Temple—Parkhawl—a relic of the brick age. These people are the most peaceful and supposed to be the wisest citizens of the realm. They are not at all given to roaming around or attending social function of the country, are never seen outside the kingdom and are so timid and shy that they converse in whispers, loud noises being at all times offensive and some times fatal. A bold few once strayed outside the gates of the country under the cover of darkness (they have been straying until the present day) but these dissenters learned the vulgar habit of shouting and playing upon musical instruments and they were never afterwards allowed to associate with their companions. These were not the only dissenters: Long ago, says the records, a band of conspirators from State 21 tried to create a *social-istic* center in their province. Defying all custom these lawless subjects allowed inhabitants of White Acre, Chee Nee, Band and other parts of the absolute monarchy to ramble thru the Temple causing all manner of disturbance. Maddened by the shrill cries of the invaders and the recklessness of the 21-ers, Rubbish the God of ash-cans and earth quakes is said to have threatened to send his wrath upon the Temple but which he did not do because of the fleeing of the Absolutonian invaders.

Any subject residing in Parkhawl upon showing symptoms of being indisposed is immediately rushed to the Kimball Kure All Klinick for the Weak and *Weary*. The Commissioner of Health makes inspections every day to see that no sick subjects are neglected.

The next settlement of importance is the Wm. Rogers and Son 1947 Monastery and altho an interesting and inspiring place,

visitors from without the country are not allowed to enter, for of all warlike, savage, and blood-thirsty tribes that live on the earth the peoples of this settlement are the most fierce.

The Refrigerator once used as a play-ground for the children of the Limited monarchy was so affected by the ice age as to be rendered uninhabitable except in the celler which is used as a banquet hall. The marble top tables recently invented and used exclusively in the banquet hall are the only ones of their kind in the world.

The last place to be visited is perfectly safe for women and children unaccompanied by guides. This is Band Building, the capitol, wherein resides and presides (!!!) the Queen, who, assisted by the High Lady chancellor of the Realm carefully keeps in touch with the affairs of the kingdom. Be careful to leave before 10 P.M.

Concluded in next issue.

Thy friend hath still another friend,
And he a friend as well
Be silent, lest to all the world
Their lips the secret tell.

Hebrew saying.

Popular Song on the Campus

Smile the while I bid the sad adieu,
When the class is done I'll come to you,
Then we'll walk again to Rand
With reluctant feet and slowly;
Every day you'll take a stroll with me,
Parting here again regretfully
And think of me till chapel time
When we'll meet again.

Some Sayings from R. W. Trine

"The wisest and most interesting men talk little, think much, complain never, but travel on."

"A part of what we might term the optimist's philosophy

is—If you can mend a situation, mend it; if you can't mend it, forget it. Is it a good philosophy or is it foolishness?''

''We cannot fail if we live always in the brave and cheerful attitude of mind. He alone fails who gives up and lies down.''

''Would you remain always young, and would you carry all the joyousness and buoyancy of youth into your maturer years?—Then have care concerning but one thing—how you live in your thot world.''