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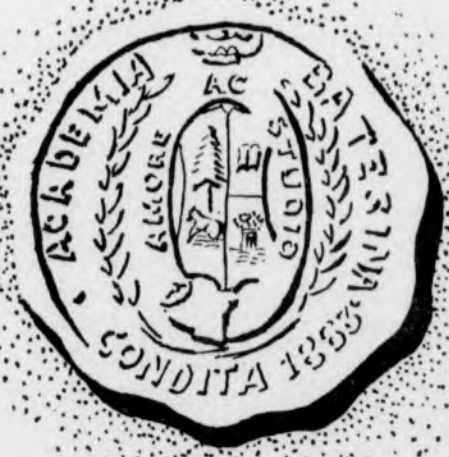
June 12, 1919

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MAGAZINE SECTION

THE
BATES
STUDENT

LEWISTON MAINE





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BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL

OUR HERITAGE

There is but one subject uppermost in the mind of every student and graduate of Bates. Like a mist hanging over a summer's day, the consciousness of loss is over the college. It would be hard to add to the heartfelt expressions of tribute already given by those who have loved our President. We who have had

the privilege of being with him have received a heritage never to be lost. Knowing him, we have always a memory of a limitless, selfless love and of a faithfulness to ideals such as very few men ever had. It is not for us to try to find the words to describe his rare and wonderful life—we cannot. His life is written in the works and ideals of our college—and in face of deeds like his, words are but pale shadows.

What can we do? Is there no way for us to give some testimony of his influence upon our lives? Yes, there must be. We are a part of the institution to which and for which he gave his life. It is for us to “carry on”—to preserve in our hearts the ideals which he has taught us. Never can we be completely discouraged so long as we have with us the remembrance of his unflinching confidence in God. If we can find, sometime, the work which calls us to its accomplishment, if we can persist in it throughout all discouragement, we shall only be demonstrating, in our small way, a few of the ideals which characterized his whole life.

WHAT WE HAVE TO READ

The two poems to President Chase by Mrs. Pugsley and Miss Pratt, both Bates graduates, were sent to him last year on the occasion of his seventy-fourth birthday, when many Bates men and women sent him tokens of their esteem. They are wonderfully expressive of President Chase's attitude toward life and toward his student. The poem by Mr. Kassay, a freshman, though it is unfair to place it beside those of mature graduates, is a sincere tribute from one who loves and misses him.

Very rarely does the STUDENT have the opportunity to print an article which might really be termed authoritative. This month, however, Mr. Tsao's *The Civilization of China* is certainly dependable authority. You will find it extremely interesting—especially so in these days when China is coming into the foreground of the world's interests.

Another interesting article is the one by Eleanor Hayes on *Strangers Within Our Gates*, wherein she tells us a great deal we didn't know and some things we'd never thought of—about

the Lithuanians. Miss Hayes has had opportunity to get acquainted with her subject through work with the Y. W. C. A. classes in English.

AT SEVENTY-FOUR

GRACE BRAY PUGSLEY, '91

No idle sunset hour for thee,
 Though westering shadows fall;
 Eastward thy gaze, where youth and hope
 And human need yet call.

No dusky twilight calls to rest,
 No glooming shades await;
 But Eastward still thy pathway leads
 Where swings the sunrise gate.

THE QUEST

A Greeting to George Colby Chase

JENNIE L. PRATT, '90

PROLOGUE

Now while these members of the Table Round
 Salute you—ev'n as knights might laud their king—
 Listen! But, prithee, when their praise is done,
 May not a poor page in the courtyard sing?

THE SONG

Long, long ago, to that Enchanted Wood
 Where, so 'twas whispered, Princess Truth lay bound.
 High in some guarded tower, questing we came,—
 A band of gaysome youth, all folly-crowned,

Guides met us there and in their hands were clues,
Lest in some devious maze we lose our way,
And thro' the starless nights flared Reason's torch
Till Error-land sometimes grew bright as day.

Seasons there were of laughter and of song
(Where paths ran smooth and skies spread bright above);
Yet oft we stumbled in the mire of Doubt,
And Truth seemed but a mocking light-o'-love.

At length, when months had melted into years,
And hearts were faint and once-high spirits low
Before us, as we staggered, brier-torn,
There gleamed the Castle in the sunset-glow!

And YOU came near—wisest and best of guides—
With hands outstretched to raise us from the dust.
Such willing service yours! Ah, not to you
Need apathetic Duty say, "Thou must!"

To your kind eyes we wore no travel-stains
But stood arrayed in spotless panoply,
Mere yoemen, we! *You* looked on us as knights
And saw us as we sometimes *hoped to be*.

You led us, cheered our hearts with tonic words,
Taught us how best with future ills to cope,
And, when the dreadful Castle closer loomed
You gave to us a golden key called *Hope*.

Then bowed heads lifted and we stood erect;
Lightly we ran to try the magic key!
Lo, grim doors yielded—keeper Fear was slain—
The tower was reached—and *Princess Truth was free*.

EPILOGUE

Faded, long since, the Castle from our view!
Yet to our board pure Truth her presence lends
And, when, at times, our pathway crosses yours,
We joy to hail you, Good Guide, Prince of friends!

A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT GEORGE COLBY CHASE

JOHN J. KASSAY, '22

*“Silently the shades of evening gather 'round my lonely door,
Silently they bring before me faces I shall see no more.”*

From among the myriad faces
One clear crystal face I see,
Lighted with celestial radiance,
Glorious with eternity,
How I love to walk and linger
With this humble man of God—
Him whose garment of the clay,
The temple, rests beneath the sod.
Wisely he has guided many sailors
On life's storm tossed-sea;
He has steered the many vessels
To the calm and sheltered lee.
In his eyes I see the love-light
Glowing bright and deep and clear
Of his yearning for the young lives
Which he valued far more dear
Than the shiny pearly treasures
Of the vast and boundless deep.
Now the guardian of our lives
Has gone to his eternal sleep,
But his love and gentle spirit
Steadfast with us will remain
Teaching us to follow ever
In God's low and humble train.

HOMELY JANE

DOROTHY FRANCIS, '21

The first story book heroine was beautiful, charming, and fascinating, truly a wonderful being; and after that all story book heroines were builded on the same mold, until some poor fellow, wearied perhaps of so many beautiful creatures, created a homely one for a change, tempering his temerity, however, by endowing her with unusual cleverness and wit. As a rule the ambitious author employs one of the two patterns, but now and then one crops up who rushes in fearlessly where his betters in the literary world have never dared tread. I make no apologies for Jane Yeaton; if she won't be stretched to fit either pattern, it can't be helped. She is herself, and cannot be changed.

As you surmise then, Jane Yeaton was a very ordinary person. She had always been quite ordinary as a child, and so of course no one expected anything different of her now. At home they all considered her homely. Her long, straight, black-brown hair was not so bad in itself, but was always combed in a manner which called attention to itself as being not well done. She was nearsighted unfortunately, and the eyes, which otherwise might have redeemed the rest of her face, were hidden behind thick-lensed spectacles. Her nose just escaped being Grecian, and somehow failed to fit in with the rest of her features. Her mouth was a bit too large; the chin, thin and pointed. In summer and fall she accumulated numerous freckles, either because she went without hats or because she did not use cold cream as the other girls did. Jane's father and mother had died while she was yet in the grades, and Aunt Jo, her only remaining relative, had decided to do her best by the girl. She had sent her away to school and college, and when the girl returned she saw to it that she received the vacant position of secretary to lawyer Burnham. With this, her efforts had ceased.

Three months before in early May, J. Walter Smithers, popular short story writer for current magazines, had come to Arrow Falls for a visit to his old friend, "Piggy" Stearns. It was a rest cure people said, but to Piggy alone did J. Walter confide the true reason of his visit. It seemed that some kindly critic had buttonholed him one day, and had given him suggestions as to the path to higher literary value. He had said, "Now see here, Smithers, your stuff is all right, and the public'll keep on reading it as long as you'll write it probably; but really, don't you think there's a good deal of sameness to your heroines? Why, if you'd only start in with a very homely girl next time and *keep* her homely, I almost think *I'd* be interested to read it." Piggy's eyes had opened wide, and then with a yell he had brot his fist down upon the table,

"By Jove, Jimmie, I know just the girl! All you've got to do is get acquainted with her—"

Smithers' face lighted.

"Lead me to it," he had murmured softly.

Next afternoon as Jane turned to go out of the post office with her aunt's mail, she saw before her George Stearns and the new stranger. She nodded, and was prevented from passing on only by George's detaining hand.

"Miss Yeaton, I want to introduce an old friend. Mr. Smithers, Miss Yeaton."

Jane murmured politely, but J. Walter smiled and said earnestly,

"I'm awfully glad to meet you. I've been looking forward to it a long time. You see, I've heard a lot about you."

Poor Jane looked bewildered, and said, "Thank you," in a vague tone of voice. There was something back of the honest brown eyes which she liked, however, and she smiled at him.

After that, J. Walter called upon Jane, walked with her, rowed with her on the river, and went to church with her on Sundays. And now, that very morning, he had come to the office to tell her that he was leaving, and to say good-bye. Jane had been surprised; somehow she had never thot of his going away again. Several times she had stopped in her work to remember, "Why, he won't be calling any more."

Promptly at half past four, just as she had always done, Jane closed her desk, put on her hat, which was none too becoming, and her coat, which like all her clothes, never quite fitted, and went down the stairs to the street. The corner drug store had a new window display, and Jane stopped to look at it. The same old things, combs, brushes—

“Piggy says he’s awfully clever,” came a voice behind her, “Guess what he’s been doing all the time he’s been here? Getting material for a new heroine who is to be homely and stupid. That’s why he went around with that Yeaton girl. I’m just dying to read it—”

Something in Jane’s heart seemed to stop. Dumbly she crept home, and upstairs in the little room which was hers, she looked at herself in the mirror. Her throat ached with the big sob which struggled there, and two large tears welled up into her eyes and splashed down on the bureau cover.

“I didn’t know— —it was *that*” her shaking voice told the image opposite, “but of course, it *couldn’t*—have been anything else.”

Then, being Jane, she wiped away her tears, gave a flop to her top hair, and went downstairs to help with the supper.

Away off in New York in the living room of his comfortable bachelor establishment, J. Walter Smithers with a most furious frown upon his face, was tramping up and down the room. Sam Monroe, who was occupying the Morris chair, looked at his friend in astonishment and ventured a remark.

“Say, old chap, what seems to be the matter? If you were in *my* business now, I’d say you’d lost a contract.”

Then, as there was no response, he placed himself in front of the advancing figure, and demanded,

“Well, then, is it a girl?”

J. Walter winced slightly, and answered aggressively,

“Well, there’s no particular reason why it shouldn’t be, is there?”

“Do I know her?” eagerly asked the other,—“Aha, then, so she lives in Arrow Falls. Well, Boy, if you don’t want your precious career to go to the dogs, just trot back there and marry her as fast as your number nines will carry you.”

“Oh bah!” was the ungracious response, “Cut out the clever stuff. I’m sick of it, just dead sick of it, I tell you.”

Sam was considerably taken aback and began again,

“Forget it then, but honest, that’s the only thing you can do.”

“It is?” J. Walter answered abstractedly; he was already consulting his watch.

When Jane returned from an errand to the parsonage next evening, she caught sight of a caller in the front room, and when she entered, it was J. Walter who turned and came toward her with both hands outstretched. Jane’s plain face paled suddenly as she disengaged her hands from his and stared at him.

“How do you do, Mr. Smithers,” she said in a strained, thin little voice.

J. Walter was not at all disturbed by this, however.

“Aha! So that’s what I am! Well, I have come back to ask you to marry me. Do you think you will?”

“Of course not, Mr. Smithers. It was never a question of that. Of course we both understood that you were merely getting material for your story.”

The force of this remark was somewhat marred, however, by the half choke on the last word.

J. Walter set his chin.

“Now see here, Jane Yeaton. Maybe it did start that way, but it’s quite a different thing now. I — — want you. The only point to be determined is you. Do you love me?”

“I always—liked you,” choked Jane, and collapsed into his arms. Then, a moment later, “No, it won’t do at all. I’m so stupid and homely—if I were only clever now—”

J. Walter patted the head on his shoulder, and laughed happily.

Forget it, Jane. This cleverness is all glittery like a lot of other false things. Why, I’ve had so much wit crammed into me in my life that I was about ready to give up the ghost if I didn’t find something different. Besides, you are just—you—and the rest doesn’t matter. Eh?”

“Um-m—,” said Jane.

CIVILIZATION OF CHINA

CARL C. T. TSAO, '19

It is with feelings of great pleasure that I can comply with the wish of my American friends to write something about my country. I am undertaking a great task, when one comes to think of the civilization of China. Surely a civilization of five thousand years old cannot be dealt with in a limited space. It will be better, then, for me to confine myself to writing on a few of the things belonging to Chinese civilization, things with which I am familiar; things from which some other countries in the Orient have derived their sources of blessing. Perhaps I am not saying too much when I say that China is the mother of the Orient, for from her other Eastern countries have derived in varying degrees their family life and culture. One cannot very well speak of European civilization without making some reference to the influences of Roman civilization; nor can one very well introduce Roman influences upon the European peoples without references to Greek culture and Greek institutions. China's relationship to the Far East generally is as Rome's is to Europe, or that of Greece to Rome.

Before entering into a discussion of the Chinese civilization, let us note how the word "China" has come about. The Chinese people call their country sometimes, *Shen Chow*, Celestial Land, or *Chung Hwa Kus*, Middle Flowery Country, but more commonly *Chung Kuo*, Middle Country. Ever since the establishment of their Republic, they have also usually called her *Chung Hwa Ming Kuo*, Middle Flowery People Country; but they never call her China, which is a name given by the Persians centuries ago and used by her foreign neighbors ever since. For, in B. C. 897, a petty state named Tsin in north-western China began to exist, when China was then a feudal kingdom; and in B. C. 221 the Duke of Tsin conquered the whole of China, assuming the title of Tsin Shi Hwang-ti, or the First Emperor of the Tsin Dynasty. His dynasty lasted 800 years and it was then

Europe came to know China. The first traders who went to China, were the Persians. They went there as early as B. C. 908, having been attracted by the silks, iron, and precious stones of Shansi Province. These merchants had to pass the north-western part of China, preferring that round-about way to the straighter but more perilous journey across the Himalayas and through the Plateau Thibet. As in their travel they passed again and again the Kingdom of Tsin, these traders in B. C. 538 came to hear about that powerful state. The name Tsin was then corrupted into China, and hence the name China.

The history of China, so far as it has been ascertained from reliable sources, began about 3,000 years B. C.. In the 29th century B. C., the people were taught to fish with nets, to rear domestic animals, and to play the lute and lyre; marriage laws were instituted; and a system of writing was invented. As early as the 28th century B. C., the people were familiar with the arts of agriculture. Agricultural implements were invented; and herbs of various kinds for healing the sick were discovered. In the 25th century B. C. the science of rearing silkworms and the methods of spinning and wearing of silk were discovered, and this has been ever since one of the greatest industries of China.

These few centuries formed the period which in history is called the "Golden Age" of China, when virtuous rulers, such as Emperors Yao and Shun, Kings Yui, Tong, Wen, and Wu, and Prince Tseo governed the country. The result was that the people were likewise stimulated to emulate their superiors in the path of virtue. There was no necessity for any stringent laws, as the people were all obedient and good. And it is said that the people could sleep at night with their doors wide open, and that things, when dropped on the road, would not be picked up and appropriated by the unlawful owner. China was then veritably a Utopia.

Those countries that existed contemporaneously with China, were Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria and Persia, and their literature proves conclusively the age of China's civilization.

In the 11th century B. C., the Feudal System in China was developed. The ruler assigned his territory to his men; accord-

ing to merit gained on the battle-field. The titles *Kung, Heo, Pek, Tze, and Nan* corresponding to Duke, Marquis, Count, Earl, and Baron, were conferred upon them. The feudal lords became very powerful, and the conditions of social life was then much the same as that of Europe in the Middle Ages. The evil side of this system is not difficult to understand; and after a trial of over 900 years, feudalism was completely abolished. This great task was accomplished by Tsin Shi Hwang-ti in the third century B. C. He was the first in China to assume the title of Hwang-ti, which is equivalent in English to the title of the absolute emperor. Tsin Shi Hwang-ti had the ambition and ability of Henry VIII of England. The great task he accomplished was the centralization of the government and the consolidation of the country. He brought the whole of the country under his own control, and placed officials in each of the provinces to rule for him under his own direction and his own scheme. He had also the strong will of Peter the Great of Russia. It was he who built the Great Wall, which extended from 120 to 100 degrees East longitude, covering a distance of 1,500 miles. It was the greatest work that had ever been completed by the labor of human hands in the ancient history of the world. This wall is still preserved and has become a most interesting sight to the eyes of the globe-trotter.

But great as Tsin Shi Hwang-ti was, cruelty and selfishness, and the lust of Nero of Rome also characterized him. He hated learning, for he realized that the solution of the problem of complete subjection of his people to himself could only be accomplished by keeping them in ignorance. He perceived that general knowledge of the affairs of the nation and freedom of speech would, no doubt, endanger the solidarity of his power and his dignity. He therefore "burned books and buried scholars alive"—which phrase has become a household word in Chinese literary circles. Moreover, it was in his reign that we lost our prestige in literature, science, and art, and many other things that gave credit to the wonderful mental activity of those who lived prior to his time, namely 210 years before the Christian Era. What we have in our possession now, are but the mere remnants of the wisdom of the ancients.

Mention of but a few of the little things that witness to science we had in past ages, will suffice. For example, in the Province of Szechnan, the salt manufacturers utilize volcanoes for furnaces, and that with perfect safety. For illuminating apparatus, they use a torch made of saw-dust and resin, which burns brightly without flame, and does not ignite the inflammable gases in the shaft, which fact shows that they have some knowledge of scientifically discovered facts. For more than 2,000 years the Chinese astronomers have known that the length of the solar year is 365 days and six hours. For the same length of time, they have been able to take meridian altitudes of the sun and have calculated the movements of the planets. I will stop here; it is but empty pride to boast of things of bygone years, which are only partially recorded and handed down to us.

But, I must not fail to give some points of the moral side of our civilization, which are, I am sure, the essence of the strength of the Chinese people, and to which we owe, to a large extent, our national existence and our racial prosperity, despite our many vices and curses which have become stumbling blocks in the way of advancement in our civilization.

Until eight years ago the system of the Chinese government was on the basis of paternity. As the father is the head of the family, so was the ruler the father of the nation. Love is sublime on the part of the father, and obedience to the father is sublime on the part of the children. The ruler of the nation was called the "son of Heaven." As the "son of Heaven," he must understand the nature of Heaven, which is love and righteousness. Love will not cause bloodshed, and love solves all problems and crises. It is not the thought of a father to see his children die in the battle-field for his honor and sovereignty. Justice must be done, but it is not infrequently tempered with mercy. Law is the manifestation of justice; but love is more sublime than justice, therefore more sublime than law. Confucius, the greatest teacher of the Chinese, has well said:—"He who exercises government by means of his virtue, may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place and all the other stars turn towards it." He further said,—“If the people be led by laws, and uniformity be sought to be given them by

punishment, they will try to avoid the punishment, but have no sense of shame. If they be led by virtue, and uniformity sought to be given them by rules of propriety, they will have the sense of shame and, moreover, will become good." If the ruler should do things contrary to the will of Heaven, he should lose his trust and power, nay his throne and crown, for, then, "Heaven sees as the people see and hears as the people hear;" "the people are the foundation of the nation, and if the foundation is firm and safe, the nation enjoys peace and prosperity;" and "the people are of the first importance, while the throne comes next." Historical instances are not wanting to show how the unworthy kings of China suffered the same fate as Tarquin of Rome and Charles I and James II of England, and virtuous kings were set up in their places. History again and again testifies to the fact that the Chinese mind and temper are such that they would never long endure an alien or an autocratic rule. Indeed, it is these ancient teachings of the Chinese people inculcated in their minds and their love of liberty and patriotic spirit that combined so well with the influences of Western ideas and ideals to make possible the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of the new Republic in the year 1912.

Here it would be of interest to my friends, if a few words be said on the general principles of Chinese ethics based on the teachings of Confucius. Confucius summed up the rules of human conduct in the five universal obligations which we term *Wu Lung* or the five relationships. In the twentieth chapter eighth verse of *Chung Yung*, the Doctrine of the Mean, we find these passages:—"The duties of universal obligation are five, and the virtues wherewith they are made practical are three. The duties are those between rulers and ruled, between father and son, between husband and wife, between elder brother and younger brother, and those belonging to the intercourse of friends." Confucius has thus embraced all the essential factors which make up for social order and control. He regards three cardinal virtues as the bases of these relationships. They are *Tze*, knowledge; *Jên*, benevolence, and *Yung*, energy or zeal. "He who knows these three things," said the Master, "knows how to cultivate his own character. Knowing how to cultivate

his own character, he knows how to control men." In fact, the rules of conduct are subordinated to these three principles of virtue, and out of these three emanate all the other elements and motives of virtue. But the root, the motive power of this trinity of virtue is sincerity and loyalty or, as Confucius calls it, singleness of heart. The Master calls these the first principles. Benevolence is a virtue which distinguishes man from brute. Without it, human society cannot exist; without it, civilization will be impossible; yea, culture, refinement, and the very essentials of harmony and peace are all founded on this principle. All religions extol it, and humanity practices it in some form or other. "Benevolence," says Confucius, "is the characteristic element of humanity." But he goes one step further. He was aware in the time of his existence that passive benevolence, as was preached by Taoism, the abstract virtue of inactivity, would not help the situation. Benevolence, according to his view, must be supplemented by active, aggressive expression. This active expression of it is found primarily in the love of parents and relatives. Without this natural expression of *Hsias*, filial piety, there can be no true *Jên*. Hence we find "The exercise of *Jên* lies in loving relations," and "Filial piety and brotherly kindness are the root of benevolence." As the Chinese proverb goes, "Adultery is the worst of all curses; but filiality is the noblest of all acts." This has become the watchword of every Chinese family. There is no other place in the world, perhaps, in which this virtue of filial piety has been so highly extolled, and in which it has been so universally practiced as in China. It has been one of the most potent means in preserving the unity and longevity of our nation. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee" is the great promise that has been fulfilled in this country of ours.

Now in what way does Confucius again connect the idea of knowledge and action with the cardinal principle of virtue? In the Great Learning we have these passages:—"The ancients who wished to illustrate illustrious virtue throughout the world, first ordered well their own states. Wishing to order well their own states, they first regulated their families. Wishing to regulate

their families, they first cultivated their persons. Wishing to cultivate their persons, they first rectified their hearts. Wishing to rectify their hearts, they first sought to be sincere in their thoughts. Wishing to be sincere in their thoughts, they first extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things." The guide of personal conduct and the true means of social control lies also largely in true Knowledge. This is apparent to all. So we find in *Jên* and *Tze* two cardinal factors in the regulation of society; one from the moral instinct and the other from the intellectual. And *Yung*, which means energy or courage, supplies the physical aspect of the constitution of human virtue. In whatever form one may regard it, whether as physical courage or as moral courage, it is the aggressive factor which animates and causes to move the potential inner forces of man, and thus helps him to evolve and develop ever into higher and higher planes of life and thought; and ever prompts him to active expression of his innate virtues. These three then are the necessary correlatives of morality. One cannot exist without the other in the making of the *Chung-Tze*, superman or ideal gentleman.

Let us now put down some of the more important aspects of morality as seen from the Confucian or Chinese point of view:—

Benevolence.—Fan-chi asked about benevolence. The Master said, "It is to love all men." (Confucian Analects, chap. XXII.

Sincerity.—"Sincerity exalts virtue, if doing what is right to be done be made the first business, and success a secondary consideration,—is not this the way to exalt virtue?" (XXI)

Justice.—Some one said: "What do you say concerning the principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness?" The Master said: "With what then would you recompense kindness? Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness."

Virtue.—Tze Chang asked Confucius about perfect virtue; Confucius said: "To be able to practice five things everywhere under heaven constitutes perfect virtue,—gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness, and kindness." (XXXVI)

Reciprocity.—“When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do to others.” (Chung-Yung)

Besides their love for country, home, and friends, the Chinese people have very great respect for learning. There is no social or class distinction in China, but talent is aristocracy. Dr. Wu Ting-fang, Chinese minister to the United States a good many years ago, in an address at the University of Illinois, said: “We are democrats. Practically we have no aristocracy of blood and birth, but one of genius and education.” A man of mean or low birth may be promoted to the highest place of honor and responsibility that the country can give him, provided that he has education and ability. Since the dawn of China’s history, this system of public examination was the only avenue to obtaining government offices; and as only those who showed considerable talent and literary acumen could come out of these ordeals with flying colors, the candidates for government posts, were, therefore, men of learning and ability. This system had its defects and it was done away with to make room for the modern system of choosing men of more liberal and scientific education. Defective as this old scheme was, it is nevertheless interesting to use it as an example to show how in times of old the Chinese people, high and low, rich and poor, were prompted to educate their sons, in order that they might pass the examinations and receive the government degrees, which were ladders by which they could climb up to social or, we may say, aristocratic heights. The Chinese, indeed, almost worship learning. The private schools of the old learning were opened all over the country by men of high attainments. In these schools the ancient classics, philosophy, poetry, and the Books of Confucius and Mencius were taught and expounded. Some of these books were written in very early times. For instance, the Book of Changes, the foundation of all Chinese philosophy, was written in the year 1150 B. C. The Book of Rites was compiled in the 17th century B. C. For more than 36 centuries, this book was the sole guide and rule of the life of every Chinese in political, social, and domestic circles. The Board of Rites, one of the eleven boards

of government in Peking under the last régime, had for its sole object to see that the rules as laid down in this book were properly carried out throughout the country. Even today, we, as a people, are still practicing many of the customs and traditions which our forefathers observed in those past ages. Then we have the Book of History, which is the political history giving all the data of the political crises and reforms over a period of 1,400 years, dating from the 24th century B. C. And there are the Book of Odes, the Spring and Autumn Annals, and the Books of Confucius and Mencius. We used to study them all, and that with great reverence. We had to explain as well as to memorize all of them and many other important writings, and sometimes even their best commentaries, word by word, paragraph by paragraph, from beginning to end of each book. We used to spend our life time on them, and even now we still study much of them, for they are of the best kind of Chinese learning we could find, and many of the teachings in them touch the common ground of our every day life. The Koreans study them too, and so also do the Japanese. The influence of the teachings found in these ancient bodies has practically moulded the life and character of the Chinese race. They are the Bible of the Orient; but they are not religion as many of the people understand them. Confucianism is not a religion at all. It is a school of moral philosophy, political economy, and literature. Confucius was, like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and many others, one of the world's greatest moral thinkers and teachers, but he was not a divine. He was a great lover of the ancients, and it was due to his enthusiasm and loyalty to antiquity that the best of the works of the ancients have survived to later generations. The love of Confucius for the ancients and the fact that he was not a founder of religions was very well expressed in some of his utterances: "I am a transmitter and not a maker, believing and loving the ancient." "While you (one of his disciples) are not able to serve men, how can you serve the spirits? While you do not know life, how can you know about death?" In later ages, his influence was found to have been so great to the followers of his school of teaching as well as to the mass of the people, that a title was given to him as "the Great and Supreme

Teacher of all ages." Yes, the Chinese people as a whole worship him; but they worship him only in a sense as their great teacher, but not as God. They also worship their ancestors and their elders, and fathers and mothers, but only in a sense of deep reverence; not in the real religious sense of the English word "worship." Since Buddhism was introduced into China, the Chinese have borrowed many superstitious teachings from this "religion." The noblest sense of reverence to our ancestors and teachers in the form of worship has been mixed with the baser doctrine of "debased Buddhism." For this reason, it is to be noted, the Christian Chinese use other forms of honor and respect for their ancestors and teachers, and do not "worship" them in any sense and by any means whatever. But we are now living in an age of revolution. Old fashioned thinking is taking its new form, for, indeed, in China today "the old order changeth yielding place to new." Modern sciences and philosophy will do away with superstition. The men of new learning will take full active part in the new form of thinking. The old China that slumbered for centuries has awakened afresh as a youth of vigorous health and ambition, wishing to join hands with the great countries of the West in their mode of thinking, literature, science, and religion, and, in fact, in all interesting modern questions the world may raise.

With the establishment of the new Republic, a new era has ushered in in the history of China. She will become very progressive and strong; but she will, as she always does, retain and preserve her peaceful character as a member in the family of nations. She loves peace. This world of ours with modern fighting tools and dreadnoughts, as has been proved, will ever become a menace to humanity, if we will not soon come to the practice of reciprocity, wherein justice lies and wherein peace abides. The Chinese golden rule of the negative form quoted above can work very well together with the golden rule of the affirmative form. There is now also the modern doctrine of International Brotherhood. Thanks to the genius of minds and their inventions, the world is getting smaller and smaller, and men are gradually beginning to understand and draw to each other. Confucius also enunciated his famous doctrines: "The

world is a family;" "All within the four seas are brethren," as if in anticipation of the modern movement for International Brotherhood. These commands from him the Chinese people have obeyed with much self-denial and with the utmost consideration for others. In speaking of Western civilization, Edmund Burke, the great English statesman and orator, has well said, "Our manners, our civilization have depended for ages upon two principles—the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." If these two great principles should be carried out by all the civilized peoples, then the greatest command of our Saviour Jesus Christ—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself"—would be obeyed.

In conclusion, we may say that this wonderful country in the Far East, with a population of 400,000,000 people and full of resources lying hidden in mother earth within a territory of 4,000,000 square miles, seems to have been saved and preserved by the providence of God for the enrichment and welfare of the world in this modern age. We may also prophecy that as the peace-loving and law-abiding Chinese people come to know more and more of the world, to develop their natural wealth and build up industries, and, above all, to accept Christianity as their religion and work it into a form of ideal Chinese Christianity, then, and not until then will their Republic become a great and rich Christian nation and share with her advanced Christian neighbors of the West in bearing full responsibility for the progress of the world's democracy.

A SUNDAY REVERIE

M. W., '21

Sunday twilight creeps in thru the windows
And falls on all the dear, familiar things
In my wee home room
Dusky shadows fill the corners
With quavering, strange, delightful Fancies.
Flickers of light from a street lamp near

Come wandering in to rest above my study table.
There is a quietness outside—few passersby at this late hour—
And somewhere near a bell for vespers rings.
I close my eyes and slip away from Here to There.
And There, I climb a hill up to its top
With old stone wall and meadowland beyond.
I sit awhile, and muse on all my Memory's treasure store.
Then Silence comes—I wait in restfulness—
For Him who comes at twilight hour
To my lone hill; Invisible, I feel Him nigh,
New strength I breathe, and gently bow
My head in thankfulness and joy—
—A cool breeze sighs adown the valley.
With happy smile I drift from There to Here

The room is now quite dark;
A tinkle sounds down stairs—the Sunday teabell—
And as I swing the door, the smell of hot muffins
And fragrant tea comes up to greet me,
While little sister toddling up, lisps "Tum to thupper, thithter.

THE NEW PARSON

E. A. MCKENZIE '20

The new parson had arrived in the little town of Bingham seven miles from nowhere, where the only signs of life were a country store, a Grange Hall, and old Cy Watkins spotted cow. Cy had gone to the station that afternoon to meet the train, and carry the parson and the usual handful of mail over the dusty road, while the rest of the industrious inhabitants of the village had gone blue-berrying hoping to return before Cy came back with his new contribution. As luck would have it, Cy's old brown mare was pestered with flies that afternoon, and so came home faster than usual and the parson passed quietly to his room prepared for him by the good ladies of the parish in the north west corner of Lem Garner's old home.

So secret was his entry that Ann Watkins, Cy's sister failed to see him altho she watched with care while she mended her silk dress and shifted the rose on her hat from right to left.

The next day was Sunday and in the early morning could be seen old and young men, fair and otherwise women, (mostly otherwise) sauntering slowly over the dusty road to the little white chapel on the hill. The morning breezes brought with them thru the open windows of the chapel the scent of new mown hay, and the rustle of resurrected silks and satins as the female inhabitants of the town walked up the aisle and seated themselves in, and as near the bald-headed row as possible, kept tune with the babbling brook which flowed gently under the pine trees a few rods away.

Soon the cracked bell tolled its last call to saint and sinner and Ann Watkins glared over her bow rimmed glasses and wiped her forehead with a black bordered handkerchief, as a signal that the grand melodeon was soon to give forth music, which only the sixty-year-old fingers of Ann could make it produce. She never wished to be disturbed when she played but that morning the world was restless, especially that part of its inhabitants gathered in Bingham chapel, and just as Ann reached the climax of that thrilling melodeon solo the new parson entered.

As there was no side door by which he could enter, all heads were unhesitatingly turned toward the single door at the head of the middle aisle. Of course any stranger caused some excitement in the small town but when one came who was likely to denounce the community from the pulpit every Sunday morning where there was no chance to answer back, they naturally wanted to know what he looked like before he began and all heads were turned to the door.

Parson Allpions, for he is the one in whom we are interested, was an itinerant preacher who prided himself in the fact that he never stayed very long in one place and never took any money from the town for the simple reason that he never received any. An air of rather painstaking attention to dress suggested a possible reason for his tardiness. He was in height a little under six feet, in age a couple years under fifty, and

in weight much under fed. His goatee tho he had petted it for years, showed signs of decay and the bright bald spot on his head signified weary hours of study, or leisure hours on the sofa, we know not which. He wore his ministerial coat and tie both of which had borne "the burden and heat of the day" to use one of his pet expressions. The one thing which showed his progressive attitude, however, was a pair of up-to-date bone-rimmed nose glasses tho he seemed to find some difficulty in keeping them on his aquiline nose. His funereal countenance, the tightly compressed lips, and deep set eyes gave him a most satisfying somber appearance.

He strolled very thoughtfully and impressively up the aisle into the pulpit and sank into the hair cloth chair. The chair which had been dear to Lottie Simmons since her great grandmother had rescued it from a fire and donated it to the church as her pledge for church and missionary service for a year.

Ann Watkins believed that a service should begin on time and was never known to wait for any man, woman, or parson. It was rumored that her intolerance on the subject of punctuality had once broken the courage of a certain young man, who had almost wished to insure her against spinster-hood, but rumors are uncertain. At any rate Ann saw that the best part of her melodeon solo was lost to the congregation and after she had played it thru once she began again at the point where the parson had entered. At the close of the second rendition, the choir rose to sing the doxology. Four of the female species, whose voices had stood the frosty air of Bingham for thirty years or so, made the younger and more modern inhabitants of the village blush with shame for their lack of voice cultivation. The doxology ended, the parson gave the invocation in such pleasing, yes soft-sounding words that Cy Watkins was seen to shift his quid of tobacco from right jaw to left jaw and to whisper to Jim Small "He'll suit the women folk allright but I reckon we men'l have to have something a lettle stronger'n that".

A small town has one fixed and definite standard by which to judge all things from a newspaper to a parson—and that is, what has been. The "new fangled" is dangerous—but the old

must be slightly altered so as to give "a leetle change".

Everyone waited with solemn and critical interest for the new parson to begin to preach. The moment he announced his text, however, Jim Wittle knew there would be trouble. He claimed that no man could preach on the text "Go sell all that you have" especially in Bingham and keep out of trouble. As for himself he didn't calculate it would trouble him any since he felt no man should be asked to sell his bank book and by his outward appearance he knew no stranger would ever surmise that he had even a bank book.

The beginning and thru one half the sermon, which meant forty minutes down and forty more to go was sedately interesting enough. When parson Allpions saw, however, that Jim Twittle had gone to sleep, that the boys in the back seats were counting marbles, that Mrs. Simms' six-year-old was teasing her younger brother with the baby's bottle and Mrs. Simms herself was looking out the window, he felt it was time to rouse all from their pleasant dreams. He struck the red plush covered pulpit with his scrawny fist and everyone started from their slumbers to see a cloud of dust rise over the parson's bald head. Again he struck the pulpit and this time a vase of roses which Ann had very carefully placed on the pulpit crashed to the floor. Nothing could prevent Rev. Allpions from saying what he thought should be said. He likened the lives of those present to the cloud of dust that had just vanished. He criticised those who wore their silks and satins at the expense of the poor and needy, and prophesied that some day they would be crushed and shattered as the roses which had just fallen from the pulpit. The silk bedecked choir now looked thirty years younger. They blushed with anger, and snapped their eyes with rage. Mary Doolittle, the richest person in Bingham left the chapel before twenty minutes were over, and at the end of the discourse most of the others were praying for courage to leave.

At the close of the sermon parson Allpions gave another ten minute prayer for grace to enable him to help the rich to sell their goods and when he opened his eyes at the close of his thoughtful communion half the congregation were on their

way home determined to hold on to their earthly goods and feeling that Bingham had been disgraced for allowing so radical a person to enter its sacred folds.

The next day early in the forenoon, a special meeting of the Ladies Aid was called at which it was voted to pay Cy Watkins twenty-five cents to carry parson Allpions to the station seven miles away. Thus ended his short experience in Bingham and today the town is back to normal despite the prophecy that it would never be the same without Ann Watkins' china vase which had been the one sacrifice of earthly goods caused by the forceful sermon of parson Allpions.

STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES

ELEANOR H. HAYES, '19

Recently a college senior told me that Lithuania was in the Balkan peninsular and in the minds of most of us, its location seems to be as indefinite as those floating islands of mythology. Yet anyone who has known the Lithuanian people here in Lewiston and has heard from them a bit of their history, can not but appreciate their earnestness and worth.

Years ago, a little province in Europe—bordering on the Baltic Sea, just north of historic Poland, was independent. Then came war and after a long struggle Russia gained control and attempted to crush out nationality. The people were forbidden to use their language. Russian spies were everywhere and the possession of a book printed in Lithuanian or a conversation carried on in this language has sent many a man to Siberia. Nor is this a record of medieval days but has been true within the last decade. This oppression has given Germany an opening and she bid for the friendship of this province by printing their books and encouraging their national spirit and Lithuania accepted her aid without yielding allegiance.

What sort of people have kept their nationality through all these year of repression? For the most part, they are a race

of peasants working on the great estates of Russian land lords, light complexioned, well built, industrious and self reliant. Some of the girls here in Lewiston typify this self reliance. Take one, whose mother arranged a marriage for her with a much older man for whom she did not care—for marriages are still arranged by parents in Lithuania. This particular young girl was too independent to submit to such a settlement and so wrote to relatives in this country, asked them for a ticket and came here alone. "It was easy" she said, "I came just like a letter", to quote her own phrase. Or again, still another girl left her home at twelve years of age to come here to meet her father. At that time immigration was not encouraged, but alone, she crossed the boundary river into Germany, escaping notice of the Russian sentinels on the bridge, was aided by a German officer to find her train, came on to this country, was detained some time at the port of entry but finally reached her father. Of course these are exceptional stories but they show energy and reliance that are characteristic of the race.

But what of these people who are here in Lewiston? About six hundred of them are here, employed for the most part in the mills. Just how extensively they do work, was emphatically brought to my attention when one of the most wide awake girls in an English class took issue with me over the statement in a reader that "women usually do house work". She was sure that more were in the mills.

They have two good clubs each with its own hall. Here they assemble frequently for lectures, discussions and amateur dramatics. It was my privilege to be at one of these plays and it was like a glimpse into another land. Whole families were there—everybody from children three years old to old men—was in holiday garb and eating. The quantity of peanuts, candy, pop corn and chewing gum consumed that night must have been startling. All ages performed from a little tot who "spoke a piece" to a middle aged man who gave a monologue on marriage. A fairly good orchestra furnished music and I learned later that they all played by ear, not one being able to read notes. After the play seats were pushed back and young and old joined in folk games and dances. Aside from

social life, these clubs provide sickness benefits and care for any of their members who are in need. Yet most of these people with their bright intelligent faces do not speak English and it is easy to think what that means. They cannot go to a doctor without an interpreter—they go to church but can not understand much of the service, except once or twice a year, when a Lithuanian priest visits them. Many of them do speak Polish, Russian and French and they respond quickly to English classes after their first shyness is overcome.

One might have supposed that, after the kindness of Germany to them in their time of oppression, they would have sympathized with Germany during the war but their loyalty has been unwavering. What they have suffered we can not realize. Their country has been over run and been treated as badly as Poland or Belgium although we have heard little of it. Imagine not hearing from home—perhaps a mother or a younger sister may be there alone—for five years and knowing all the time the atrocities that are being committed near them.

Nor do they favor Russia with her Bolshevism. The Lithuanians are not easily misled in such fashion and besides, the United States has been their friend so long, that it is coming to be their ideal. They are asking for independence, they want a government patterned after ours, and who can say they do not merit it? Is it for us to stand in their way?

CLIPPED WINGS

'20

I dream of outstretched spaces;
Of shadowy spirits that stoop
And touch consciousness of men;
Of wonderful thoughts that borrow
From all the mighty distances
That spread between the stars;
Of thoughts that show a beauty
Like to the moon on the ocean
Shiningly calm like the moon light

Or majestic and strong like the breakers.
But, tied to earth with little duties,
I cannot clutch my dreams at will;
A glance, a breath, and all is gone
And satisfied again with common things,
I laugh, and love, and work—
And am happy still.

THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF SHYLOCK HOLMES

On the eighth day of December, 1896, a new born babe first cast his inquiring gaze out across the snow-roofed city of Sangerville, Maine. Far out across the ermine covered hills a reflected sun ray danced away from a nearby mirror. Stretching out his baby hand with a delightful gurgle, the infant shifted the glass so that the mischevious ray so tormented "Tabby" purring comfortably on a neighboring rug that the feline with a demoniacal shriek of rage fled from the room followed by a burst of cherubic appreciation.

When only nine years of age he perfected an invention that changed the whole course of a certain locomotive. By mixing coal and dynamite in the proportion of one to seven the speed of the train was so increased that the parts went flying off into space faster than four hundred and eighty miles a second, and gravity not being sufficient to call them back, they pursued their uninterrupted course thru the glittering, scintillating aethereal skies, and finally came to rest, serving no doubt as a nebula for a future planet.

For the sake of convenience, and in order not to trespass on certain rules of rhetoric and grammar, I will label my hero Shylock Holmes.

Thruout his grammar school, and high school career, Shylock became so expert in his peculiar art of inventiveness that his reputation soon became town wide, almost county wide I will not dwell at any length on the hundreds of thousands of thoughts, and ideas, and plans, and schemes that were theorized and made practical by his hand and brain. I will merely

mention the fact that he used paint, pins, tar, flies, and gum, and last but primarily, paper and pencil in a way that even Edison himself never dreamed of.

After eighteen summers had rolled by and autumn with its low, rustling murmurs was inducing the frost-kissed blushing trees to change their multitudinous colored raiment for a quieter and more conservative garment of winter, a youth first stepped off a car (after having given the conductor a mercury covered cent instead of a nickel) onto the campus of his chosen Alma Mater. With dress suit case in hand he stood still a moment and a mocking smile lighted up his face as he thot of his future victims writhing under his hand.

The first night of his Freshman year was spent with nine other shivering freshman who had been persuaded to make the journey by the firm avowal of Shylock that he was a member of a higher class, and his eyes were red with blood, amid the silence and solitude of a neighboring hill. As these men stood there under the cold gleaming light of the far off Milky Way, and they saw the lights from the farmhouse window far down in the valley below, they wondered if this chosen son of the Fallen Angel would ever allow them to see home and folks once more.

During his Sophomore and Junior years, Shylock caused whiskers to grow where they had never grown before, he interpreted dramas as they had never been played before, and he made gondolas sail where no man has made them sail since. Every great move, every college activity fell flat or drizzled away like an unexploded fire cracker, if my hero was not behind the move. Great as his labors of these preceding years were, his Senior year excelled them by far in sublimity of achievement.

In the winter of his Senior year Shylock became famous as a decorator; his fame spread over the college, and he was soon busy decorating many rooms and beautifying their general appearance.

When the great bomb scare of 1919 swept over the country, Shylock joined heart and soul with the conspirators, who tried to turn order and law into anarchy and choas. Shylock

perfected an infernal machine which he sent to a local, well-known officer. Fortunately for the officer a slight fault in the mechanism saved a human body from being scattered over many square miles of territory. As a fitting climax to such an illustrious career, the thing that he appreciated most happened just before the close of his college course.

One night he saw a hero friend emerge from the waters of a nearby lake. This wet, dripping, sorry-looking spectacle aroused Shylock to a mighty laugh. All the pent up and suppressed mirth and enjoyment burst and leaped forth in a frothing, bellowing, thundering roar of delight. Peal after peal of rebounding, re-echoing sounds rolled out across the silvery lake, and the fringing hills caught up the reverberating sound waves and flung them far and wide out across the country side. And the moon shining mischevously down saw the whole commotion, and a glad joy filled its heart for it knew that Shylock had arrived at a point where he could now be left without future guidance, since he has accomplished his great aim; he has attained his great "fun".

BROTHERS

DAVID THOMPSON, '22

Josef and Charles Bayer were brothers. Moreover, they were exceptional brothers in that they never quarreled. Never a cross word passed between them during the years of their growth from youth to manhood in the little German village of their birth.

Josef, the elder by two years, never took advantage of his age to coerce Charles, while the latter regarded his brother as the personification of all that is manly and good. Share and share alike was their creed.

Thus they grew to manhood, confiding in each other their hopes, their troubles, their heart-aches. Did Charles have a quarrel with his sweet-heart, Josef was always ready and able to effect a reconciliation. Did Josef spend long hours en-

deavoring to drive home into his brain some obtuse point in his lessons, Charles would come dashing in from some moonlight escapade and spend hours in making the point clear to his less brilliant brother.

Their devotion to their mother was a wonderful, a sacred thing. Bereft of her husband when her two sons were but infants, she had scraped and stinted to give her boys all the advantage possible. Now that they could support themselves, she urged them to marry and seek wealth and happiness in some great metropolis. They would hear of none of this, and she was inwardly thankful for their devotion.

This state of affairs could not last for long, however. The brothers returned home after their graduation from the University and it was a remarkable tribute to their will power that they were able to endure the hum-drum monotony of the village for two years—two years whose every day was a repetition of the day preceding, two years of seeing the same dull peasant faces, of hearing the same dull conversations, of meeting two nights a week with a little circle of would-be thinkers whose beersipping members formed a sharp contrast to the brilliant men whom the brothers had known in their Berlin days.

Thus, eager to escape from the chains of the common place, the two finally reached a decision. Josef, realizing that a scholarly life was beyond his capability, chose to cast his lot with the mighty navy which his ruler was building as a threat against England. Charles decided to try his luck in America, the Land of Promise.

They left their mother in the care of a trustful neighbor and after bidding the little woman a somewhat tearful farewell, they departed in search of the elusive goddess, Fortune. They exchanged eternal vows of fellowship before the final parting of the ways. Looking deep into each other's eyes, these two brothers saw reflected there a feeling too deep for words; with a clasp of the hand, they parted.

August, 1913. Let us ring up the curtain for a moment and catch a glimpse of the brothers Bayer. Charles is a rising young banker in New York, happy and contented as an

American citizen. Josef is in command of a swift cruiser in the Kaiser's fleet; he is one of the most promising of naval officers and is rapidly becoming imbued with the Pan-Germanistic spirit.

And the old mother? Sitting with her gnarled old hands folded in her lap, she listens while the good Frau reads to her her sons' letters. She smiles at some characteristic expression in a letter from Josef. Later, when the reader has gone, she gazes out of the window with that expression of longing, of waiting, which is so often seen stamped on the faces of the very old.

August, 1918. A world in throes of an awful war.

For four years Josef has been ravaging the seas as commander of a U-boat. Transferred against his wishes, he plunged into his new work with feverish energy, driven on by visions of a world-domination by the Fatherland. Gone was all Christianity, all mercy, from his soul, and in its place was a mad desire to sink and batter to pieces every ship in his path. His crowning achievement was the sinking of the giant English liner *Mongolian*, an unarmed passenger ship.

When a number of boats put out from the sides of the slowly sinking vessel, Bayer shelled them until only a few shattered planks remained floating on the waves. So much for Josef, with his soul warped and twisted by that fiend among gods, Mars.

Charles was made sick at heart by his brother's deeds. When America entered the war, Charles, with no thought of divided allegiance, applied for a commission in the aviation corps and won it. He was attached to the naval branch and he and his hydro-airplane were transported over-seas to aid the destroyers in seeking out the submarines.

"Keep your eye out for a sub with a white band painted around it. That's the devil, Bayer," he was told. He laughed to himself; so far as he was concerned, that white band painted arrogantly and defiantly by the elder Bayer would serve as a protection. Were they not brothers? Moreover there was only a millionth chance that he would ever lay eyes on it. There was no thought of treason in his mind; his attitude can only be

explained by the fact that love for his brother crowded love of country entirely out of his brain .

A clear summer morning. After tuning his motor for a few minutes, the younger Bayer was off on his regular morning flight over the deep inlets and shallow coves in search of lurking "tin fish". Strapped securely beneath the fuselage were two pear-shaped bombs, ready for instant release.

As he passed above a sunny sandy-bottomed cove, his eye caught the reflection of something huge and black resting on the bottom. His heart beat fast as he turned the plane and flew back over the cove again. Yes! there it was, a large Ger-U-boat of the latest type, lying on the ocean bed as if, like Antaeus of old, to regain strength for future wickedness by contact with the earth.

The aviator swooped low and then nearly lost control as his gaze beheld a wide white stripe on the shell of the submarine and the figures U. 57. Josef! The word smote on his brain.

He circled upward in wide spirals the while, his mind raced with thoughts of his brother, his boy-hood. Now that he was face to face with the issue, he wavered. Gone was his resolution to abstain from harming his brother. Still he lacked the power to loose one of those bombs. He imagined the swift flight of the missile; the slight splash as it struck the water; then the explosion, the geyser-like eruption of oil and steel—and men. He pictured his brother torn and bleeding, struggling in the water. No! No! God! It was impossible.

All this time his plane seemed drawn without his volition back to the cove. Like some great pre-historic fowl, it swooped down and down until it was scarcely a hundred feet from the water's surface. The aviator seemed hypnotized, his mind a blank.

Suddenly, like a streak of livid flame, searing his brain, flashed into his mind, the one word which will call to mind for centuries to come one of the most heartless deeds of history,—
"Mongolian"!

He loosed the bomb.

FOO GOOD TO KEEP

TOURISTS GUIDE TO BATESINA

Possession is nine points of the law in all countries except Batesina—there it is ten and it is upon this contention that the monarchy bases and holds its claim to its only foreign possession: “Rosse’s Dainty Frozen Parloeur”, the pride of the populace and the only state of its kind now in existence or on record as ever having been established. The gorgeous lights and gay music of our own Broadway, the plainness of our old home kitchen, the glitter of jewelled silver that would make a Shylock shed tears of envy, the tinkle of glasses and buzz of excitement which would make any true Bohemian homesick, the Sunday-go-to-meeting quiet of the Lord’s-day-morn—any of these, or all of them, yes and more, are always somewhere to be found in this historic little spot.

And what of the mighty but goodly ruler of this province? Is he less wonderful than the land which he has brot into existence? Not in the least! He is, first of all, an inventor having perfected perpetual good cheer, the art of living without sleeping, and six million secret formula’s, one of which is the world famed “good Grape Nut”, a process of electrically changing a dish of breakfast cereal and cream into the most delicate and delicious food ever conceived by the human mind. He is a poet, having spent many years of his reign in remodeling and revising such world’s masterpieces as “Two and Two makes Four”, Mary Had a Little Lamb” etc. etc. He is an original poet for not only can he improve the time worn classics but with a force which few can command, this super-minded mortal recites verse after verse of his own ingenious creation—words as musical and colored as Rip Van Winkle ever dreamed of when he slept his sleep of sleeps high up on Auburn Heights. A singer is he also, this wonder of wonders, this genius without an equal, and he is no less a linguist and orator than he is diplomat or dancer. Shakespeare, Milton,

Bryan,—their words flow from his expressive lips in Greek, French, Latin, English or Dutch; the angry go away smiling, and ever and anon, yes even anon and anon, does Palace de Ross sound of the palpitating patter of the tantalizing “Tickle Toe” which doth arise when George doth dance the dance.

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Such is Batesina—a place to be neglected by no student of the world. A thousand mysterious mysteries to mystify the searching intellect of the globe trotter—a hundred odd customs to account for and discover the origin of, scenes for the artist—inspiration for the poet. In the dull pages of a guide book whose pen can picture this hitherto undiscovered, secluded world?

Come! Come and see the painless horse-shoeing done by the blacksmiths who have replaced the anvil and forge with test tubes and nitric acid—come and climb the smallest mountain in the world, only 300 feet above lake (Andrews) level; see the white ducks as they invade the country on a warm spring day, see the fastest quick change artist alive at the present day (always makes a mistake), see these and the other hundreds of unspeakable marvels of civilization just as they really exist in old Batesina. (advertisement).

Frank Geo. (the 1st) Brown,
Historian.

Love, when it is ours, is the other name for self-abnegation and sacrifice. When it belongs to people across the airshaft it means arrogance and self-conceit.

O. Henry

The tongue is woman's sword, and to it she doth trust;
By constant use she keeps it free from rust.
Deep in the heart of man she sheathes its glittering blade;
And lo! the mighty hero falls before a timid maid.

From the French.

A word is a vehicle, a boat floating down from the past laden with the thought of men we never saw; and in coming to understand it we enter not only into the minds of our contemporaries but into the general mind of humanity continuous through all time.

Cooley

Speak no word they secret heart denies;
With his tongue he slays his soul who lies.

From the Sanscrit

Resolve to be thyself, and know that he who finds himself
loses his misery.

Matthew Arnold.

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