

2-27-1920

The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 48 number 07 - February 27, 1920

Bates College

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Bates College, "The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 48 number 07 - February 27, 1920" (1920). *The Bates Student*. 546.
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The
BATES STUDENT
MAGAZINE



February Number
1920



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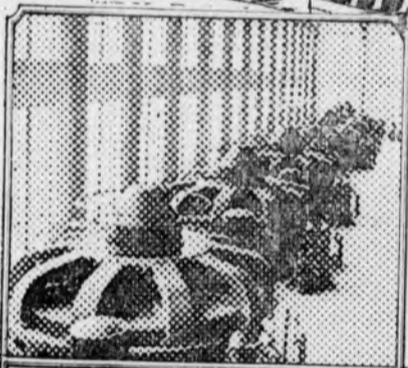
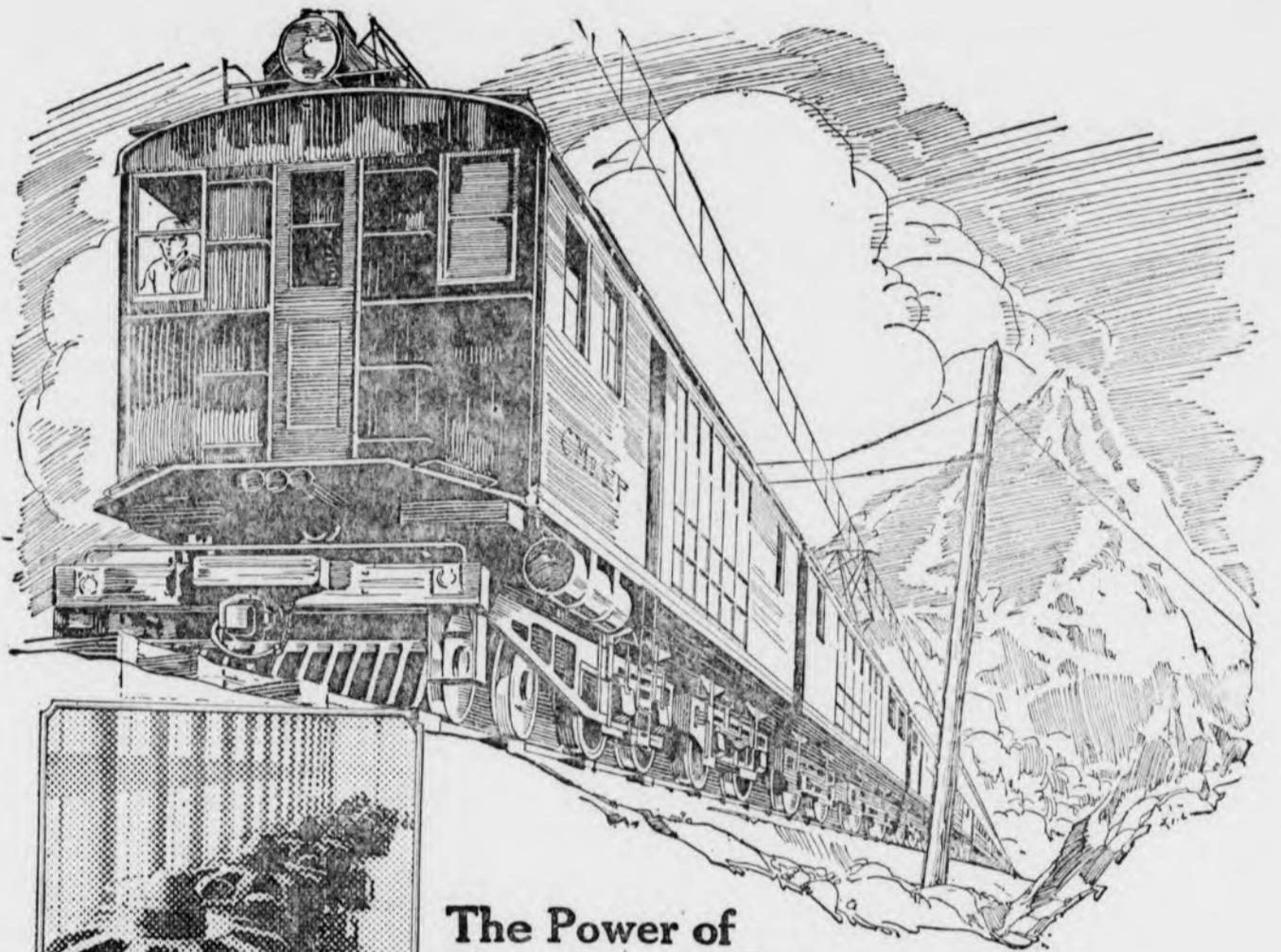
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BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

Subscription, Two Dollars and Twenty-Five Cents Per Year, in Advance

Vol. XLVIII. LEWISTON, MAINE, FEBRUARY 27, 1920. No. 7

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Lewiston, Maine

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KING IS HIGH

As he struggled for the last time, an overpowering feeling of awe and vague relief swept thru his distorted mind. He seemed partially aware that he was a suicide, and yet this penal breach of Christian decorum troubled him incredibly less than the thought of some childish debt that had been left unpaid. Rather, he marveled at the thought that he could terminate the life-instilling motion of the inexplicable machinery that controlled his body. A unique philosophy suddenly flooded his intellect. How perfectly absurd it was to think that he was killing and

killling man. He could destroy in a few moments that which nature had taken twenty-eight years to construct. How very interesting! Why hadn't he been a murderer, but then he could not have experienced the thrill of destruction and death at the same time. No, there would be no satisfaction in killing unless one could experience the sensation of approaching death. And how carefree, how perfectly sublime was this gradual battle for death—for instinct told him to struggle even tho he tried not to. He recalled an incident of the great West. How he had wearily toiled on a claim for weeks without rest, suffering exposure, hunger, fatigue—and then—at last—how he had returned to civilization, rich—but famously wearied. He had put up at a hotel, the most exclusive of its kind. He could recall the first night of his return to the peace of civic luxury. How he had fallen into bed without the haunting instinct that on the morrow he must return to his laborious prospecting. Carefree he had been on that night, intoxicated with the simple quiet of the strident city and cured forever of the haunting scream of the empty desert. Now, as then, he accepted the present, unmindful of the future, incensed to ecstasy by the horror of the past. Moderately his strength waned, for he was a strong man, matured in the sinister environment of death and toil. His intellect became dull. He wished now that he could drown immediately; and yet something instinctive kept him from relaxing his muscles. He had fought so many times for his life on the desert. The thing had become a habit. After all was it possible that he could not submit to the entreaty of that far-away voice. Would he have to give up this plunge into the divine paradise of his anticipation. Must he return to the boredom and hypocrisy of the world. No, it was finally being settled. His desires would soon be gratified. Down, down, down, nothing to worry about—vacancy—space—order of nature, planets, stars—oh, what an incomprehensible emptiness! It seemed that his feet touched bottom. He was exceedingly weary, but a psychic admonition prompted him to crawl, crawl like a thirst-crazed man on the burning floor of a desert. It seemed that he was on the very bed of the ocean and yet the very idea of it compelled him to laugh. He was back on the desert, back on

the rolling, blazing desert. Yes, there was the sound of water, the hypocritical trickling of water that ridicules the tortured, desert-mad soul of the wanderer. How restless it was! How it roared and seethed! Never had water on a desert acted so absurdly. But then, he was mad, just a tortured soul reeking with filth crawling over the sands, the vast glaring sands, that cut, cut like the coarsest sandpaper, tearing at his hands—his whole body. But how cool and refreshing it was! Never had sand on a burning desert been so comforting. He would just crawl, crawl until somebody found him. How thankful he was that he was lost on the desert and not drowning in some distant clammy ocean. Then complete exhaustion, nausea, inertia—.

Back in the turbulent, methodical city the young man's servant had just found a note, hastily scrawled. It was addressed to a certain young lady with whom he had lately been attached. No sooner had the note been delivered than it was read by the astonished, apathetic eyes of the girl. A pretty shrug of her shoulders, an ironical manifestation of joy at her irresistible powers of seduction, and the note was tossed aside. A chance breeze whirled the paper thru a door upon a portico, where it finally dropped to the ground, lost forever—the single testimony of Jack Thornton's tragic death. That night the young lady extoiled her conquest by an indulgent dissipation in and about the blazing restaurants and pleasure resorts of the great forgetful metropolis. Never before had she been so delightfully ecstatic. Usually her jests were coarse and lacking in humor, receptible, because of her radiant presence. To-night her intellect fairly sparkled, so epigrammatic had she become. People laughed spontaneously at her jests, a thing they had never done before. She was a captivating, circumventing little vixen. She revelled in this drunken disillusionment, satisfied with her beauty and the excitement of the world.

Society heralded Thornton's death as a misfortune to the world in general. He had been a big man in his day, big in the sense that he had been generous, indulgent, and that he had been a charming host; his receptions were elaborate and most entertaining. Of course no one knew about his past life. Thornton was not the kind of man to bluster about the years of

toil and denial that had blemished his early years. He knew by the bursting of his restrained emotions that he deserved a real taste of life unalloyed by the hampering scourge of worry and unmitigated slavery. Society dictates to the impoverished, but she blandishes wealth and so Thornton, without patronymic or prestige, burst upon a sensualistic world with a new faith, trusting everyone, giving generously and trying to accustom himself to the reaction from his old life.

Of course no trace of Thornton was found. But the world surmised, and gladly accepted the frank acknowledgement of Jean Saunders. Jean did not simulate anguish. Rather, she posed artlessly for the journals and flattered herself upon her sudden and notorious elevation in the social world. No one exactly knew how Thornton had been enmeshed by Jean. She was an enravishing little minx, but entirely impassionate, and unenlightened to the responsibilities of humanity. Yes, society criticised Thornton, saying that he was much too good. In this statement society was right. But Thornton was spontaneous, and the recklessness of past life had smothered possible future disaster. He was a generous tolerant king, but an absorbing one. He would have his way and then accept the consequences. So are empires crushed. Man is less powerful than even the weakest empire.

But time past—it has a habit of doing so—and early one morning after an extravagant evening at a theater party and its accompanying tete-a-tete, Jean was awakened to find the figure of Jack Thornton standing in the center of her boudoir floor. It was more apparitional than human and presented a terrifying picture. However, Jean was courageous in respect to things not moral, and consequently she sat up in bed and proceeded to give way to an emotional verbal condemnation.

“And so you lied to me, and now you come back in order to frighten and perhaps threaten me. Why didn’t you drown yourself as you promised. Well, I’m glad I didn’t let you frighten me, Mr. Thornton. Now I’ll thank you to leave the room, or must I ring for my servant?”

But the figure did not move, nor did it speak.

Quite angry at this disobedience to her wishes the irascible Jean leaped from her bed and approached the figure which had

so indiscreetly entered her chamber. But as she drew closer she observed a visage covered with blood. Two empty eyes stared at her. A dead mouth hung open. An expression of fatigue, fever and long abandoned hope emanated from the countenance. The hair was long and matted. It was not Jack Thornton, but his ghost that had returned to her boudoir.

The young lady screamed and rushed for the servants' bell. Then she turned and faced the center of the room; but the apparition had vanished. She dismissed her servants and returned to bed, trembling, and fawning at the darkness. She generally slept with a small electric sconce burning. She dreaded a reappearance of the spectre and consequently extinguished the light. Courage returned with the morning sun. Then she chided herself at being so foolishly upset. She had merely taken too many cocktails. Well, after this she cut down a bit. Perhaps a little more sleep would be advantageous. She confided her strange disillusionment to no one. They would laugh at her she thought.

That afternoon while riding with her chauffeur thru the park the same sinister figure stepped out from behind a huge statue of some forgotten celebrity and stared at her. This time she screamed, but quickly muffled the cry with her hand.

"How can you be so careless," she blurted to the driver.

The chauffeur slowed down obediently. Never before had she corrected him for speeding. The sudden dictation vexed him.

Life was now more of a night-mare than a reservoir in which to store up useless jollification. Jean enjoyed herself less and less every day. She even submitted to her pride and called upon her physician. Diet and quietude followed, but in spite of every attempt at normal living the apparition appeared either before her window or in her luxurious apartment.

Her temperament suddenly changed. The expectation of the spectre's daily visit quieted her and prevented her frivolous disposition from comforting her perturbed mind. A nervous fear grasped her. If she desired sleep at night there was always the need of a soporiferant. The effects of the drug allayed for a time her fear and permitted sleep, but slowly it intensified the imagination of her wakeful moments. Soon the apparition became a part of her daily life. If by chance a day should go by

without her seeing the figure she would sob like a child and wait in the big drawing room until the strange ghost had returned. Then she would talk to it, begging it to stop looking so frightful. She would often drop at its feet a pitiful, trembling thing, and, sobbing, would beseech forgiveness. Then she would throw herself prostrate on the floor, dishevel her hair with a quick stroke, and lie there sobbing pitifully.

One time the apparition failed to appear for a week. Her courage and self-possession returned with the passing days. Then came the announcement of a novel fad. A few of the younger set were contemplating a trip West. The pretentious and flattering invitation inspired her. She would make one last attempt to restore her failing mentality. Her doctor approved. There would be a change of environment, new and beautiful scenes, constant companionship, an unending reel of comforting jokes and an atmosphere of carefree joviality. And so she departed, looking fresh and dainty in her sportive travelling costume. But Jean was a changed girl. The buxom cloud of ecstasy veiled her no longer. She had grown years old in the short time since Thornton's death. She coquetted no longer. There was a mark of sincerity in her quiet, modest tone. She entertained a natural disposition to aid in pleasing ways the different members of the party. Her transition of moods incited the curiosity of the people who had known her before. She became better liked and even more bewitching than when she had simulated her former character. A serious, well-meaning young man happened to be among the guests. She had often noticed him in the old days, but had considered him to be an awful bore. Now she was attracted to him and before the party had reached its destination they had announced their engagement. There was a general manifestation of unfettered joy by the party. Everyone thoughtlessly indulged in indiscriminate revelry, that is, everyone except the two young people. They left the noise and the unbalanced party far behind. They sought the observation platform of the train and found it empty. The dull scream of the wheels and the gentle swaying of the car were far more enticing than drunken laughter and unsteady feet. Jean reviewed her life while her companion gazed far into the gather-

ing dusk of the prairie. It was fast approaching night and the great plain was engulfed in the sable folds of its nightly counterpane. Jets of flame sprang from the horizon, but they were the last scintillations of a retreating sun and gradually they were extinguished by the mantle of night. A captious breeze whirled an eddy of cool night air past the rear car. The young man entered the car and returned with a light wrap. He placed it gently around her thinly clad form.

"You are thinking about something tonight," he ventured. "Aren't you happy?"

"More so than I deserve," she returned. "Can't you understand, Harold," she pleaded. "It is all so wonderful, the more so after the useless life that I have led. Everything is so wonderful, the great plains out there, the vast stretches of sand and waste. They are so much like my past life, barren, and hopelessly fruitless. I'm unworthy of your devotion, Harold. Why, I am nothing more than a murderess. Your life is so clean, unsullied by mean acts and inhuman credulities. You must forgive me dear, but it has all been an unrealized dream. Even love cannot erase the stigma of my past heedlessness. You are infatuated now, but soon, even your devotion could not excuse my thousand indiscretions." Her voice faltered and ended in an uncontrollable sob.

The young man was silent, engrossed in unkind retrospection. Of course his folks would not understand her sudden change for the better. They would reprehend him severely, possibly disinherit him. For his own part he would marry Jean and let matters take their course. But then, some consideration should be shown for the devotion of his parents, the great unselfish part they had taken in his life. Duty and love emulated with each other. But like in thousands of other instances love emerged, the passion of youth, the instinct of centuries, driving it forward.

"Nothing matters, Jean," he murmured. "I want you little girl, I want you."

She arose and started to leave the platform. The young man caught her and embraced her tenderly.

"I won't let you go," he confirmed. "You are mine, Jean, by all the laws of nature."

The girl rested for a moment in his embrace and then left thru the door.

"No, Harold," she returned. "It is impossible."

A day later the party arrived at its destination; a great rustic camp propitiously situated in the midst of a paradise of wonderful scenery. On one side were the mountains projecting to dizzy heights; on the other the great limitless desert or prairie land. Here was wilderness intensified by the mysterious spell of the historical desert. For a few days the party remained quiet, recuperating from its long journey. A few of the more energetic guests attempted horse back rides into the neighboring country. The remaining ones enjoyed the luxuries of the camp. There was an atmosphere of exhaustion and adventure about the place that charmed the two young people, and yet their thoughts were wandering far from the camp and its exquisite setting. They joined each other on tramps and rides thru the mountains, but at no time was there a manifestation of any feeling save platonic friendship. The mind of the young man was perturbed and groped blindly for some excuse to make Jean reconsider her absurd decision. But the countenance of Jean's sanctioned no such move. And so they lived in a world of silence, silence even more profound than that of the great desert itself. It seemed that each movement of the mouths of the young people spoke words far from their true thoughts, words merely improvised for the sake of convention, words that meant nothing and only satiated the ruthless gap between them. Came a day when the soul and body of Jean could endure the struggle no longer. She ordered a horse and started out for the open desert to think. The day was extremely hot. A dazzling sun beat down upon the broken trail, and from the sands came its glaring refraction. A cloudless sky opened upon a sea of azure. A bird was screaming in the distance. Save for its funereal cry a spell of haunting silence pervaded the morose prairie. Enchanted by the dreadful melancholy of the plains of sand, Jean rode on and on scarce aware of the passing time. The sun lowered upon the horizon. Jean checked her horse,

turned and commenced the return journey. The trail was distinct and instinct led the horse to follow it. Soon a refreshing breeze beat upon her back.

A sea of clouds rolled up on the horizon. An impervious haze flooded the curve of the plain behind her. But Jean did not increase the speed of her mount. She was a child of the East and did not comprehend this warning admonition of nature. Soon the scurrying clouds overtook her. The force of the wind increased. Darkness analogous to the creeping gloom of night overtook her and closed her perspective. Intuition warned Jean that a disturbance of some kind was about to break upon her.

Then the sand storm overtook her. The fine particles of sand peppered her body. At first, by keeping her back to the storm, she could withstand the sting of the coarse grains of sand, but soon eddies of flying atoms whirled about her and filled her eyes, striking with almost unbearable force. Her horse suddenly lurched forward plunged blindly into the maelstrom of sand and wind. Jean was mercilessly flung from the saddle. The soft carpet of sand broke the velocity of the fall. She struggled to her feet but was thrown down by the violence of the wind. Then she crept forward unmindful of the absurdity of her act. She was helpless in the midst of universe seething with a chaos of unfettered sands. Death was apparent. She knew enough about sand storms to understand their prolonged violence. She would simply crawl to her destiny. They would find her body within the following days. She hoped that the sand would bury her, for then the demoniacal birds of the desert would not prey upon her still body. The intensity of the storm increased. The clouds of sand lashed her body. Her garments were torn and encased with the fine particles of the desert. Her hair, long disheveled, was tossed about and wrapped itself around her face like the cruel strands of a whip. It seemed that she was in a inferno and that her past indiscretions were being retaliated. Then came fatigue, a crushing desire to give up and submit to her living burial. She thought of the boy back at the camp. Would he be given to mental anguish when they found her bruised body on the plains. She hoped that he

would forgive her and cherish her love for him in the days to come. She made one last effort to raise her body in prayer. Episodically she gazed upon a familiar phenomenon. But it was not the ghastly likeness that she had seen during the days of her conscience stricken illness. His face was radiant. A kind expression of sympathy suffused his countenance. An altruistic smile defied his handsome visage. He looked larger and stronger than ever. He reached out his huge hand in an attitude of compassion. Then slowly he walked away, now and then turning, beckoning her to follow. A new born strength coursed thru her body. She arose amid the fury of the sands and followed him. The time that passed seemed like an eternity. Her courage was about to capitulate to the elements when the guiding figure stopped. A last magnanimous smile and the figure vanished in a fiendish scurry of sand. A heart-rendering scream of hope rent the bleeding throat of the girl. There before her lashed by the fury of the storm was a small cabin. It was merely a dilapidated shack torn by the violent shocks of the desert and contaminated by the squalid beasts that roam on the vast plains. But it was a glittering palace to Jean and half-crazed she stumb'ed thru the door and fell upon the floor, unconscious.

The sun warmed the sands three days and was setting on the fourth when a searching party found her murdered body in the isolated cabin. There were unmistakable signs of a struggle. A greasy Mexican sombrero lay in a corner. A fragment of some torn garment hung suspended from a projecting wooden peg, quietly flapping in the half-throttled night breeze. On the table was a pack of cards—a pack divided into three piles. The top card of each pile looked into the gloom of the cabin and smiled sardonically—the prototypes of three royalties, a jack of clubs, a jack of spades and a king of hearts. The latter, in all his pomp and dignity, seemed to gaze in triumph at the little party of searchers. His grotesque painted face seemed to utter the words, "What might have been." And within the dismal shelter reverberated a cheerless echo, the phantom echo of the great future and its hidden possibilities, the echo that sang in its ghostly dreamy voice, "What could have been!"

S. H. W., '20

GEORGE COLBY CHASE

When hearts that knew him shall have ceased to beat,
When no man lives that looked upon his face,
His features limned above this fireplace,
In speaking semblance bending as to greet,
Shall make discerners conscious that they meet
Such warmth of inbred, gentlemanly grace,
That even Death, stern reaper of our race,
Its friendliness can nevermore defeat.

And they shall say,—In sacrificial years
When our grandsires were but beardless boys,
Chase counseled them from high-born hopes, not fears,
To fight, that Justice in true equipoise
Might hold her scales,—ay, at the cost of tears,
Wounds, life itself and all life's springtime joys.

Israel Jordan, '87.

TWO HE'S AND A SHE

This is a tale centering around the theme of the eternal triangle. Wait, wait, blasé reader, for though this theme is as old as the granite slopes of the Himalayas, still it is ever fresh; the struggle for its solution furnishes the wine of life for a bone-dry nation; it furnishes countless movie plots with a firm foundation; it is many a novelist's salvation. However, this particular triangle of which I write holds distinction in that it is one of the first which ever occurred on the surface of old Mother Earth.

* * * *

The world was young. It was that period in which monstrous creatures built along the lines of the Woolworth Building walked the plains. Dinosaurs, sabre-toothed tigers, and mammoths furnished a triple-alliance which would have made the eyes of P. T. Barnum shine with avarice and a desire to surround them with a tent. Rheumy-eyed and horrible creatures, such as the pteradactyl, winged their screaming way thru the

air with a clamor rivalling the passage of a DeHaviland bi-plane. Life in this age was one continual version of the hit-and-run play. If one was a poor runner,—curtain!

The human race had progressed very little. Kollege Kut Klothes were almost unknown. Meat was being eaten directly from source to demand, as it were, and men had not yet been cozened into using ash-trays. Taken all in all, it was a gay life, with nothing to do but eat, sleep, and run for one's life every hour or so.

It is with one little band of such humans that this story attempts to deal, that dauntless body led by the chief whose name has come down to us through the ages. I refer to Chief Paj-Ama. Huge, mighty-muscled, with a voice rivalling the thundering base notes of the Strand organ, Paj-Ama was well fitted to lead his tribe thru the perils around them.

His band consisted of about fifteen stalwarts and thirteen frails, or in more euphemistic language, fifteen youths and thirteen girls. Of all the weaker sex, none was more passing fair than the daughter of the good chief Paj-Ama, by name Mek-a. Much desired was she by the youths, but the contest had at last narrowed down to two picked men.. These two bore with pride the family names which their fathers had borne with honor before them. They were orphans; one's father had mistaken a mammoth for a hillock and had started to climb up, on'y to discover too late his mistake; the father of the other was suddenly removed from our sphere while attempting to pluck an ostrich feather from a live ostrich to satisfy his wife's vanity; the ostrich back-fired with one kick and father sailed to a better world. The mothers of both died of broken hearts. The names of the two offsprings were Jas-Bo and Kam-l.

Now these two had tried in every way to win the heart of Mek-a. Jas-Bo brought her rich red steaks cut from the tenderloin of the dinosaur, whilst Kam-l relied on his conversation to win his way into her affection. He had built up for himself a reputation as a wit, and sprang his jokes in sprightly style whilst Mek-a listened with forced attention, murmuring anon to herself, "Old stuff!" It was toward Jas-Bo with his ruddy steaks and cheeks, his playful habit of rapping her gently on the head with

his nobby knobby club,—it was toward him that everything in her simple wild nature drew her. However, she was unwilling to tell Kam-l that he must flitter hence, since he was a good enough way to pass the time and was really getting witty, having just told her that one about the hen and the road, which he claimed to have originated.

The decision was not left to her, however. More and more had jealous rage kindled between Jas-Bo and Kam-l, until finally Jas-Bo suggested to Kam-l that they let brute strength decide. The latter agreed, and the place, the time, and the weapons were agreed upon. The place was on the edge of a precipice overlooking a miasmatic swamp; the time was seven-forty Monday morning, and the weapons were large unhealthy looking clubs.

At the time appointed, the two suitors without suits appeared. The sun was just touching the tips of the mountains with a tinge of gold when the first blow was struck. It was delivered by Kam-l, and was a perfect Lawford landing on Jas-Bo's seat of reason. Uttering a wild moan, he sank unconscious to the ground whilst one could count nine. Before one could have counted ten, however, he leaped with renewed strength to his feet, and, taking the Kam-l by surprise, started a Babe Ruth swing with his club, ending by planting its hubbly end directly on Kam-l's countenance. His face was ruined and he toppled over the brink to land in the swamp. Thus ended Kam-l, last of his name. Selah!

And Jas-Bo? With great strides he hurried back to Mek-a to tell her the news. She heard him to the end with shining eyes; as he neared the end he leaned forward and tapped her playfully on the brow with his club, but this time he must have misjudged his strength for she murmured, "My Hero!" and lapsed into unconsciousness.

"By the great god Rhum! What have I done?" said Jas-Bo. His fears were stilled however, as Mek-a was simply unconscious. She quickly revived, and Jas-Bo promised to refrain from clubs of all kinds.

Little remains to be told, Jas-Bo and Mek-a were married in true primeval style. Only one little mishap occurred to mar the festivity; this was when one of the rocks, thrown in place of

the confetti of to-day, struck Jas-Bo in the eye. Satisfactory explanations were made, however, and the happy couple went off on their honeymoon trip to the same old place, Niagara Falls.

David Thompson, '22

EVENTIDE

dark sombre skies—
 leaden
 ominous
 portentous
 dark sombre skies—
 storm skies—
 —skies of purple—
 light,
 lavenderous
 streaked purple—
 —skies of pink—
 pale
 horizomal—
 pale flames from a long set sun.
 Darkening skies in the west—
 portending dusk and dark—
 portending coming night—

 wind driven trees—
 bare
 skeletal
 stark
 trees that sway in the wind—
 the mighty driving wind—
 the wind of night—

 through the wind—
 the wind of night—
 through the leaden skies—

the skies of night—
beams the window of a large building—
gothic—
pointed—
with intermediary tracery—
its light is purple, pink, red, yellow—
lights in an ark gleam through its pieced
 glass—its myriad colors enchanced by the
 bright reflection on the drifted snow outside.

Within voices are singing the angelus—
the sweet tones of other centuries—
of other countries—
and of other people—
are brought to me by the wind—
the mighty night wind.

Soon all will be dark—
the dark of night—
the dark of oblivion—
the lights will go
the voices will cease
all will be still—
all save the mighty wind—
the wind that rustles through the trees.
The voices will be gone—
but the wind—
the mighty night wind—
will still bear on its surging bosom
the haunting melody of the angelus—

the mighty night wind—
will still bear on its surging bosom
the haunting melody of the angelus—
the sweet tones of other centuries—
of other peoples.

“SURE JOHNNY, IN A HURRY”

It was nine o'clock. The Pansy girl parted her bow-shaped lips in a pretty yawn, and stifling it with her fingers, smiled over to Mary, whose childish brown eyes were drooping with weariness.

“Tired, kid? Better be goin' at ten tonight. The boss won't care; I'll tell him you're sick. That sode fountain's a darned hard job fer a kid like you.—Gosh! Life's a muddle; ain't it?”

The Kid looked up wearily attempting to smile back, and said a bit defiantly, “Yes, I am tired. Seems like I always am lately; I don't exactly know what's the matter with me. Life seems so empty some how. Gee! I wish had a lot of fellers like you do, Pansy. Maybe a little excitement would make me feel different. I don't see how you can have so many and be straight, tho',” she added with admiration. “Say, but they're crazy after you; ain't they?”

With a little gesture of contempt the Pansy girl turned and began to rearrange the perfume on the toilet counter. “Poor fools,” she remarked. “No; you don't want a bunch of 'em around. You wouldn't know what to do if you had 'em. I'm tired of 'em they make me sick.”

“Well, you're just naturally good, I guess, but everybody can't be, an' I've about decided to go with the next good lookin' gink, Pansy. I— I— honest it can't be worse 'n this,” and the tired brown eyes filled piteously.

“Aw quit it, kid, there's no good in carryin' on that way. What is, is, an that's all there is to it. Come, powder up a bit, the show'll let out in a minute, and you might as well look decent when the crowd comes in.”

After the rush, the kid piled up the shining, clean glasses and was polishing the white marble bar preparatory to leaving, when her eyes met those of a short, puffy fellow lightly swinging a cane and rolling toward the fountain.

“Hello girlie, give us a fuzz of ras’b’ry and root beer, will yuh? ’S a warm night,—How’s the world usin’ yuh, kid—Say, you’re all right, you are,—an’ some figger,” and he regarded her approvingly.

As he pushed the stool back and picked up his change, he remarked, “Say kid, you’re lookin’ fagged. What say to a drive down Portland way? I’ve got a Chummy out here.”

Mary hesitated, looked toward the Pansy girl who was nonchalantly chewing Tutti Frutti, and nodded slowly in agreement. “Y—Yes. I’d—I’d—love to” she gasped with a frightened sob. There was a slight disturbance on the other side, and the Pansy girl, shoving aside the special twenty-five cent boxes of stationery, came out from behind the counter.

“Look here, kid,” she said with a frown, “Quit it! You’re goin’ home an’ go t’ bed. There’s no ridin’ an’ that stuff fer you to-night. D’ yuh hear that, you Johnny, you?” Arms akimbo she approached the young man. “I’m askin’ yuh, did ye hear *that?*”

“Gee! ’Aint the swell-lookers all come t’ town,” cried the jovial youth. “Say, where did you get that hair?— — Sure I heard yuh.—I’ll be mosey’in’ along, then, I reckon. So long, kid,” with a wink, see yuh nex’ Sa’day night.”

Pansy turned toward the kid. “Kid, it’s all old dope. He didn’t want to give yuh a *rest*. He didn’t mean what he said at all. These damn men just pick on poor tired kiddies like you. ‘Fagged’—humph! I guess you’d be faggeder when yuh came home. He didn’t mean yuh any good, Mary, kid. Didn’t ye see that?”

The kid took Pansy’s hand and said brokenly, “Yes, Pansy, I— I *did* know it. Didn’t I tell you I was goin’ with the next one? I— I guess I’m glad you didn’t let me tho’. O, Pansy, I wish I was good like you are, and didn’t always want to do bad things. Y— You’re awful good aren’t you? Yuh don’t ever feel wicked at all. I— I’m glad yuh wouldn’t let me go, I’m glad, glad. Oh, I do love you so, Pansy.”

“Aw go on; cut out the mushy stuff. Get your things an’ go home. Its mos’ closing time. Here’s yer pay.”

* * * * *

It was eleven fifteen and the shoppers had gone home, leaving the street almost deserted.

"Hey, Pansy," called a low voice as the Pansy girl left the store, "Get a grin on an' look yer prettiest, girl. We're ridin' down Portland way—Fritzi an' I, an' a new feller, swell-lookin' travelin' man. —er—comin'?"

Sure Johnny," smiled the Pansy girl. "In a hurry."

I. H., '21

THE ADMIRABLE PRETENSE OF BEING SOMEONE YOU ARE NOT

It has always seemed to me a frightful imposition to expect a person to travel thru this life with a single disposition and a single personality. If one could have only one reliable extra one—to change off with once in a while when he became *too* tired of the one he was born with! Now-a-days we base our social position on the number of our gowns and houses, but we never get more than one self into the bargain. Of course, if one had enough of the other things to fully occupy his attention, he might never notice that he had but one personality. And then, there must be at least a fair number of people who don't mind at all if they haven't but one, because they have studied it, and understand how to make it get along with them. Still, I think there must be several persons like myself, who feel this need in their personal possessions more than any other, who go around with a sneaking, unformed hope in their hearts that some morning they will wake up with an entirely different person inside themselves. To be sure, it might turn out a risky choice in some cases, but who would not chance that for the sake of variety and a spice of adventure?

I have always been rather dissatisfied, myself. Of course, on certain occasions it is rather a relief to know that one is oneself, but always to know what oneself will think, and do, and say—that is horrible monotony. I meet a farmer, driving in from the country on a frosty winter's morning and breaking in

upon his cheerful, tuneless whistle to shout nasally, "Gid-appa Jem;" and immediately I begin, "Now, if I were *he* and lived in the country, I would be driving in this morning. I wonder what I should be thinking about if I were he?" At the head of the street, a tall, morose man in a fur-lined coat sweeps past me. His face is deeply lined and his close-knit forehead and heavy eyebrows overhang gloomy, magnetic eyes. "Ah," my heart thrills aloud. "Ah, he worries a great deal, and his disposition bothers him. Now if I were *he*—?" As I pass the bank a few blocks beyond, I catch sight of a young woman fingering easily the leaves of a ledger. She is dark with a classic profile and earrings. I am positive that she rooms somewhere in a tall tenement house, and comes downstreet early to get her breakfast at a restaurant. Again I am off. "I wonder how it would feel," I murmur to myself, "to wear a yellow sweater like that and have earrings!"

All this speculation on my part is quite harmless; but after all, it's not a very satisfactory way of exchanging one's personality. At various times in the past, I have tried garnishing up my environment with furbelows of my imagination, and endowing myself with an absolutely new set of habits and ideas. The only difficulty with this plan was that just when my new personality was attempting, fairly successfully, to dispatch the duties of my old one according to its own lights, someone always had to come along and interrupt me with, "What is the matter with you? Come, wake up." And there I was—myself again.

Once I worked out a very elaborate setting for a little vacation from myself. It happened that about that time I was devouring by the hour, O. Henry's short stories, and so it was that to be heroine of that type of life was the height of my ambition. The fact that my mother was called away for a week, gave me the run of the house; and the fact that I was working in a store of the Christmas holidays, provided me with all the sensations of sore feet and thin pay envelopes desired. For something corresponding to the Skylight Room, I picked out the northeast store-chamber upstairs and arranged it to suit myself. The walls were plainly plastered in white, for which deep gouges here and there were sufficient ornament. The floor

I left quite bare and the window curtainless. For furnishings I got together an old iron bedstead with an emaciated spring, a small white table, a chair with a broken cane seat, a horrible ghost of a bureau, and over the bureau a mirror which I had first to break gently with a hammer before it seemed to me suited to its surroundings. A few little articles like a handleless brush and a toothless old comb improved the general appearance greatly. I covered the bed thinly from the pile of stray bedding in the hall closet, being careful to place on top a particularly ragged quilt. I looked around; on the whole, the picture suited me rather well. Altho the weather was but four degrees above zero, I opened the one window wide, and went to work, bearing with me my new personality.

It was during the process of the forenoon's work that I happened to catch sight of myself in one of the long store mirrors. I stared at myself critically; it must be admitted that I looked much more like myself than like a poorly paid, underfed store girl in New York City. I recalled with anxiety O. Henry's description of the heroine of the *Green Door*, "A girl not twenty stood there, white-faced and tottering. She loosed the knob and swayed weakly, groping with one hand," and when she had recovered from a faint she remarked, "'Fainted, didn't I? Well, who wouldn't? You try going without anything to eat for three days and see!'" In a moment I had decided; in order to feel the pangs of horrible hunger which my new self demanded of me, I must deprive myself of food for a day or two, and in the absence of my mother this would be simple enough since my father was to take his meals out and I was expected to pick up mine.

I worked desperately all the forenoon; thin, underpaid girls were expected to work desperately, I felt sure. By the time I had set out from the store for my dinner hour—thin, underpaid clerks on \$6 per have no carfare—I was possessed of the most enormous hunger I had ever imagined, and the thot of my dinnerless day ahead creased real lines of despair into my face. At last I turned the knob of my back door and staggered into the house. The smell of hot beef soup assailed me, thick beef soup with potatoes and carrots and dumplings and old-fashioned

things! Behind the stove stood Aunt Lydia, stirring with great satisfaction a sauce for a pudding.

“Aunt Lydia!” I gasped.

“Hello, dearie,” she smiled at me. “Yes, your father told me your mother was gone, and I said to myself, ‘Well, if you can’t go over and get them *one* good meal’— Your father and I have eaten; now you take your things right off and sit down. Here is your plate of soup.”

Dear Aunt Lydia! It was a desperate situation; it looked to me almost as if I should have to come back to myself immediately. I sat down before my plate of soup—Aunt Lydia makes beautiful, really *beautiful* soups. Aunt Lydia sat down opposite me and began to talk; I dipped my spoon into my soup mechanically and waited for Providence. The door bell rang, and Aunt Lydia rose slowly. “Just a minute,” she told me, “I’ll answer it. You sit right still and eat,” and she left the room.

I eyed my soup mournfully; it could have stopped that faint, gnawing ache inside me; but no, I was merely a thin, underpaid clerk looking in at a restaurant where I had not enough money to buy. I rose with decision and deposited it down the sink. On the shelf was my tapioca pudding—I always liked tapioca puddings, and we hadn’t had one in an age—; this I persuaded to follow the course of the soup; and when Aunt came back, I was just rinsing out my dishes.

“I am sorry I had to hurry so, Aunt Lydia,” I told her as I put on my things. “That was the most wonderful looking soup I ever tasted!”

Clerking during the Christmas rushes needs no imagination. It means standing all day in crowded aisles, bumped here and jolted there; it means bad air and dizzy feelings; it means waiting on people and answering people long after there is any consciousness left in one’s mind; it means gritting one’s teeth to hold back groans of dead weariness and exhaustion. This much I did not need to feign to myself. Neither did I need to feign much when I crept between two icy sheets in a room almost zero about eleven-thirty that night. It was a *different* sensation without a doubt.

My admirable pretense I carried out for two days. After a

bit, one doesn't mind the hunger; all the ache goes away and leaves a numb, ethereal sensation. There is a noticeable feeling of weakness when one attempts to climb stairs. One's mind becomes a horrible, unthinking blank; and all movements, even the most mechanical, take superhuman will-power.

There wasn't any third day to my pretense because my mother returned unexpectedly on the Pullman at the end of the second. There were cinnamon buns on the shelf before breakfast that morning. I had already decided to hop back into my own personality to avoid any maternal misunderstanding, and I noticed the buns. My hand trembled as I reached it out to pick up one. My throat was dry; I didn't really want to eat, but I took a small bite experimentally. It felt queer and I had to gulp it down with effort. It was slow about going too; I leaned against the cupboard and waited while it went down, very deliberately and almost unpleasantly. The first bite after long abstinence is surely a queer sensation. After that, I took many bites.

It took me the rest of the day to completely resume my own personality. That night the management very unexpectedly let me off at eight o'clock, because they were working their girls considerably over seventy hours a week and were anxious to smooth over any trouble with two hours off in turn to each one.

I had a wonderful dinner. I put on a pink and white bathrobe and some soft, squashy slippers. I lead the Morris chair up to the hot fire and arranged myself comfortably with cushions. My mother and father drifted in later. We talked in a desultory fashion. I began to feel sleepy. All at once I came to with a jolt; my mother was telling of an article she had read about the suffering of the poor in the large cities this winter.

I sat up. "Oh, I know," I interrupted her fervently, "and it's so cold this winter; that makes it much harder for them."

My mother looked at me surprised. "What are you talking about?" she asked me.

"Oh n-nothing," I stammered, "nothing at all." And then softly, "I was just saying—I'm glad I'm me."

“OLD PAL”

Things don't seem the same, old pal,
Since you left us here;
Something's sort of missing—
I've a feeling rather queer.

I miss your chat, your pleasant words,
You're friendliness so true;
Old pal, there's something missing,
Something gone since we lost you.

You're gone and yet you aren't, old pal,
Your earthly life is o'er—
I need your inspiration, pal,
Your comradeship and more.

But still, old pal, you're with me yet
From dawn of day till eve;
Old pal, you're with me always,
You gone? I can't believe!

It seems 'twas only yesterday
I heard you joke with me
Why pal, old pal you're with me now—
Oh God, that it could be!

My heart is filled with longing;
Life's lost its zest and gleam;
Old pal, there's more to friendship
Than some would have it seem.

Old pal, it's patience that I need—
'Twill be but a short while
When I'll have done my work of life
And see again your smile.

So I'll wait and cherish mem'ry
Till we meet, old pal, again—
And our never-ending friendship
Won't be interrupted then.

In Memory of G. Gordon Gifford, Jr.
C. H. K., 1920.

WE WERE JUST THINKING

“The O. Henry Hotel, had opened its doors to the public at Greenboro, N. C., scene of Sidney Porter’s boyhood. The author’s widow and her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cesare, wife of the cartoonist, and Professor Alphonso Smith, official O. Henry biographer, were the guests of honor. And there was dancing from 9 o’clock on, just as the laureate of Little-Old-Bagdad-on-the-Subway would have wished.——”

“The laureate of Little-Old-Bagdad-on-the-Subway!” We admirers of O. Henry like to think of him as famous—yes—but in a little different way. We call his fame unique, as was his style, as were his stories, as was his life. Everything connected with him bears his personality. Isn’t it too bad that there is no one writing the story of his life who could give it, too, the O. Henry touch?

* * * For the depths
Of what use is language?
* * * * *

And we are voiceless in the presence of realities—
We cannot speak.

—E. L. Masters.

However truly the poet may portray the role of Silence under the strain of emotion, and the part it plays in the face of various forms of mental excitement, his moral in depicting this theme is too often distorted by a too-casual observer into the shape of a vice; too often converted by the excuse-seeker into a subtle tool of procrastination.

The poetic throne of Silence is frequently usurped by the mental lassitude of one who is called upon to make a decision in a more material way. And by failure to respond, the “slacker” neglects to acknowledge the existence of others, and poses as an

entirely independent centerpiece in a hazy social fabric.

His failure to respond may imply his approbation or otherwise, or more often, as in certain phases of college life at least, may lead to the supposition of lack of knowledge. Carelessness, indifference, too, may at times be presumed to be predominant factors in Silence. There is no phase of life, no period of existence, that is entirely free from situations that demand a decision. And to be valid, this decision must be openly positive or negative.

Man is, supposedly, characterized by rational thought and action. While Traditions and Customs are to maintain their respective positions in our esteem and honor, it would, nevertheless, be inconsistent to consider them as immune to the effects of expansion and development of learning. As incorrect theories of science are continually being discarded-replaced by those which are consistent with the present scope of knowledge, so must conceptions of institutions of our current social order be broad enough to embrace present day enlightenment.

As our Prayer-Day speaker so strikingly presented,—Let us remember that, oftentimes, in our expression of estimate, it is not WE who are judging but OURSELVES, who are being judged.

MORAL: While Silence MAY be golden, it is more often merely plated.

S. W. S.

FROM WITHIN OUT

Once, long ago, I had an idea that if I should work at enough trades and see in that way enough sides of people, I should some day be able to patch them all together and know People with a capital P. I really thot so. It was not until I found myself landed behind a charging desk in a public library, that any trouble with this idea of mine presented itself. Previous to this time I had seized with eagerness every type of work I could get; a person had only to say to me, "Now, how would you like to substitute for a week and a half at So-and-so?", and I was off to another field of observation. I kept my eyes open too, and carried home immense quantities of ideas to moon over, chiefly when I should have been doing something else.

Library work is the queen of occupations to provide one with observations—I was fairly suffocated with them in a short time so that my mental attitude toward them became very much like my physical antipathy to ice cream after my first week behind an ice cream stand. For the sake of variety and partly because of chance, I began to study myself. A horrible, pessimistic job—this introspection is at first! One big observation, however, came out of it for me—I shall never know people, I shall always be *learning* to know them—my pile of observations will never be completed, for I shall never get to the place where any one exactly duplicates another. The thing of it is, that my observation are affected by my personality; what I see in other people are my own ideas coming back to me. As a man creates his own thot world, so is his physical world. Like the little boy for whom a grown-up builds a house of blocks, I say, "Fanks, but I makes my own hous."

I am sure it is better this way; I should hate at sixty to be like the man with his fixed hoard of gold which represents to him his past, his present and his future.

Before lying down, we spread our blankets near a group of pines overlooking the valley, and turning around, walked to the edge of the cliff. It was about eleven o'clock, and the moon, surrounded by quivering little clouds, was giving life to the low-rolling black water. A stiff little breeze was battering at the ghost-sails of a vessel at anchor and rushing up the hill to us, bringing whiffs of salt and pungent ocean odors.

I turned to Marya—we had been angry when we came up—but she was looking far off beyond the moon-path, her eyes calm with deep thought. I began to feel ashamed of my anger but I would not confess it.

Everything in the valley was hushed, the trees, rustling only in their top-most branches, were black and quiet; the meadows and fields with their long sinuous fences were still; the roads were white with moonlight; and here and there, houses gleamed like patches of white stone on the landscape.

As we rolled ourselves into our blankets, the whip-poor-wills began their eerie calling and the cow-bells in the pastures below tinkled melodiously. The night sky, star-decked and distant, seemingly pressed close upon us with its pure cool scent. Everything was peaceful, yet alive. Even the grasses quivered with the dew. Somehow I felt as if I couldn't rest—but Marya kissed me, and I fell asleep.

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