

5-21-1920

# The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 48 number 16 - May 21, 1920

Bates College

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## Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 48 number 16 - May 21, 1920" (1920). *The Bates Student*. 548.  
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The  
BATES STUDENT  
MAGAZINE



May Number  
1920



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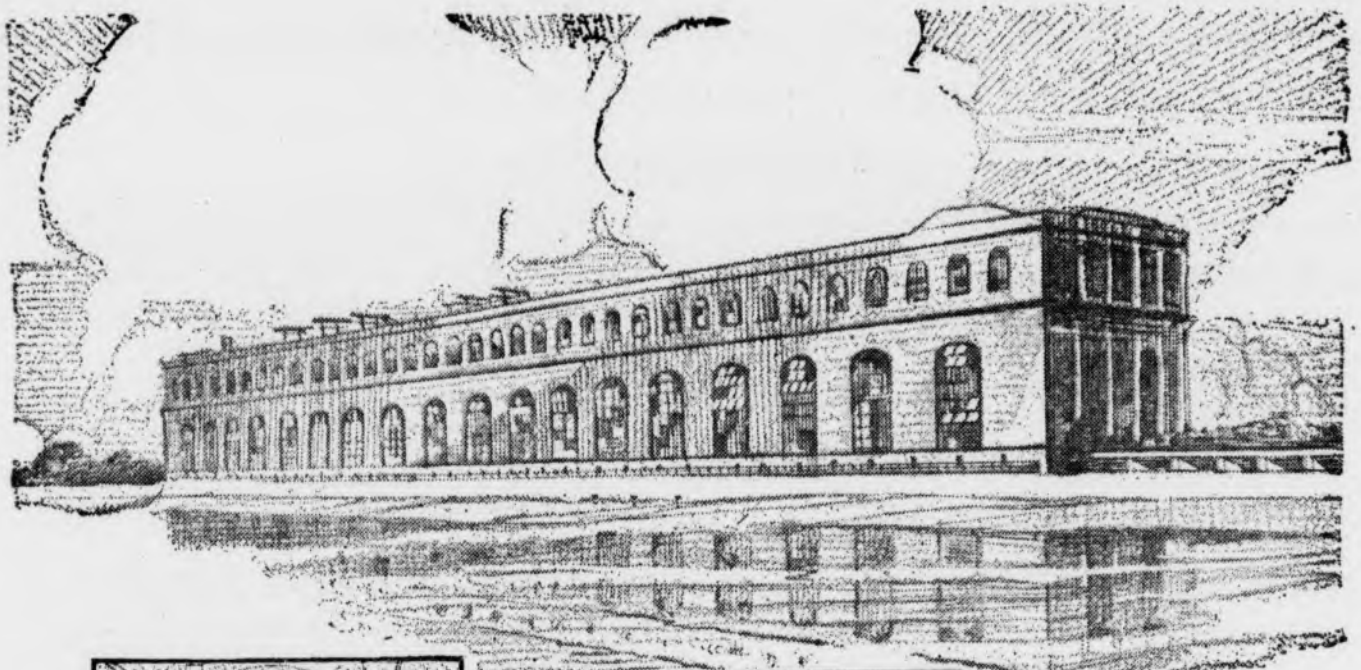
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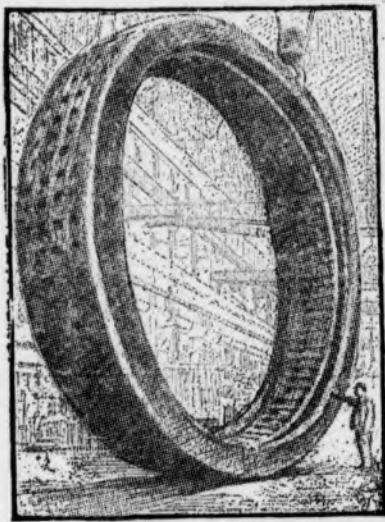
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# BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

Supplement to The Bates Student

Published Monthly by the The Students of Bates College

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

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Vol. XLVIII. LEWISTON, MAINE, MAY 21, 1920. No. 16

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

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## THOSE LITTLE WHITE PANTS

Reader, hast thou ever in the exuberance of exploration taken a trip to that farthest corner of thy darksome garret? Hast thou paused and drawn forth from its dingy resting that patriarchal trunk, with its aged coverlet of dust? Hast thou by the light of dim candle delved into those long-forgotten contents, fondling with careful hand those mingled garments of sire and grandsire? Oh, Reader, hast thou ever in those reverential moments touched suddenly a remnant of your own childhood days—a tiny pair of white corduroy pants—those

same ones you didn't wear when you had taken that picture which hangs now in the front hall?

What an awakening of childhood memories! Do you remember that first day when you wore those pants? How like a man you felt! How your heart filled with childish joy at that milestone in your advance to manhood! One moment a child—the next a man! Many long years have passed since then, Reader! Have you ever again felt that same keen thrill of delight, that same joyous ecstasy of living and of growing?

How often you have wished to be back again in the childhood! Back in the yellow cottage with the white picket fence around it. Back in the old swing, playing both engineer and conductor as you swung to and fro, with three childish comrades as your passengers! Do you remember little Nellie, Reader, with her big, shining eyes staring at you in admiration as you propelled your imaginary train? How big and strong and capable you felt! How you gloried in her adoration! And you told her how when you grew up —

You used to play in the sand then, Reader, and make mud pies, and run, and jump—just for the joy in life. You never thought yourself a child, then; always you were big,—grown up, a man. And yet, curiously inwoven in your thoughts, were those dreams of the future—how in a little while, a very little while, you would be really big and really strong like papa, and how you would do big and strong things.

How full were those days of childhood, Reader! Games and play, reality and imagination, would follow thru each day in such gaiety and gladness. And then night would come. You would be tired then, Reader. And after supper was over, you would go and sit in mother's lap, and lay your head against mother's breast, and go fast asleep in mother's arms.

And mother would take you to your little bed and undress you and tuck the blankets in around you! And then she'd kiss you! And then thru the night you'd go on dreaming of the gladness of life.

K. B. B. '18.

**THE OPEN DOOR**

The old man sat in the twilight, gazing out of the open window with unseeing eyes. The landscape lay serene and peaceful with that mysterious beauty of very early Spring. The trees held promises of leaves, and the breeze was fragrant with growing things. Far down in the meadow a bird called a lonely appealing wail, as if he had lost something.

But the eyes of the old man, usually so keen to all the beauties of Nature, saw nothing. They were filled with a great pain; and, looking into them, one could see the reflected tense soul-struggle. In the old man's lap lay the book he had just finished. It was a beautiful volume with the title, *The Open Door* in gold letters. It was dedicated to V. A., letters which he knew stood for his own name, Vernon Allen.

Since early morning, he had been reading this book,—eagerly, feverishly,—not stopping to eat. He always read all of Her books, this brilliant author, whose works stirred the reader to such emotion. This latest book was her masterpiece. Even the old man admitted that, greatly as he suffered when reading it. For it was a revelation to him, and such a one that he had aged visibly since morning.

In this book was the story of their lives,—his and the author's. Before his eyes flashed the swift panorama of those never-to-be-forgotten years so long ago. What golden hours he had then lived. It was too beautiful to be true,—their long idyllic courtship, when they had given their hearts to each other! Would he never cease to think of it? It had happened there under the spreading branches of that old apple-tree at her home.

It was moonlight, and the long orchard of apple-trees in full bloom made a fairy vista, thru which one looked to green meadows and a mad, little brook, rushing along with cheery



melody. They had walked down this grassy, petal-strewn length, to pause beneath the spreading branches of their favorite apple-tree. Then had come their betrothal—her sweet, oval face with the glowing dark eyes, aflame with the glory of love, uptilted to his!

Only a few of her works had been published then, but those few were much-talked of, and several great literary critics had predicted a career for this slip of a girl, who possessed a deep insight into human life.

There under the apple-tree she had opened the door of her young maid's heart, to him. She had found the altar of his soul swept clean; he was pure and brilliant, all that she had ever desired her soul-mate should be.

Shortly afterwards, had come the misunderstanding,—the big misunderstanding which towered above the shining temple of their love like a threatening storm. At last, it broke in a quarrel which ended in disaster.

Constance Hibbard had buried her sorrow in studies, losing her identity in writnig. She lived with her characters; and, if sometimes her own sadness and life-tragedy crept into the personalities of these fictitious people, it was beyond her power to mould them otherwise.

Their circle of friends had talked and marvelled, saying that she had forgotten, and that he had never really cared. After a time, the world had forgotten their little romance altogether,—as it always does forget a thing that does not wound it deeply.

Pride and the silence of years had spread a chasm between them. What a Woeful World! So thot the old man, as he rose from his seat by the window, and walking slowly into his room, flung himself down on the bed. He yielded pitifully to his misery and despair, for he had been a strong man, tho he now belonged to the Kingdom of Old Age and was fast losing his grip on life. In the book which he had just finished, was the misunderstanding simplified and explained,—dissolved as something that had never existed. All these years of his

life had been a long sleep in which he was like an onlooker of his wretched self. The altar of his soul was bade, ungarnished; and his heart was a shrivelled thing.

Constance Hibbard had returned to her old home, back from sunny England, where she had spent a great part of her life. Only a short time ago, she would have thought it impossible to come back to the old place ever, which had been the setting for the drama of her love.

Now, however, since she had written her last novel, she had changed; she longed to see once more the dear, beautiful old apple-orchard and the tree.

So she came back without the shrinking and pain which had always before seemed inevitable. Since the writing of the book, she had seemed rested. Constance Hibbard wandered about the home of her childhood and was a girl again.\* \* \*

But the long journey across the ocean proved to be too great, for she was suddenly taken ill. Day after day she wasted away—and the white-clad nurse in charge held long whispered consultations with the grave-faced doctor.

It was a peculiar case from the viewpoint of the medical world. The spirit of Constance seemed to dwell apart from those about her. She spoke in a detached way, and her eyes daily grew larger and dreamier. Her face was almost transparent, and she seemed not to be conscious of any earthly thing. Her food was taken away nearly untasted, but all physical comforts seemed to be unnecessary to her. She was dwelling in a world of the spirit, where fleshly encumbrances are unknown quantities.

The door to her chamber was always open, at her request; and as she lay in bed, she could look down the long hall, with its numerous great arches. She seemed to be always watching for someone. She seemed scarcely ever to sleep thru the long nights, for every time the nurse came in, she found her staring wide-eyed, out into the darkness, with such a depth of tenderness and love in her wasted face and luminous eyes that the nurse was startled and fled to her room.

So the days went by,—the sunny, beautiful days of Spring-time, and the April showers came and went, like the few tears of a child, who had not yet learned the meaning of Life, with its real sorrow and tragedy. \* \* \*

It was a perfect moonlight night, the last day of May; the apple-orchard was a mass of soft pink and white, from which the petals floated in delicately fragrant showers. Moonlight silvered the ghostly tops of trees; moonlight turned the purple lilacs to blue, and the waters of the fountain to gleaming silver.

A solemn hush brooded over the world. The old house stood silent and white. In an upper chamber flooded with moonlight, in big bed, the gentle spirit who had been the brilliant author, lay among the pillows, wide-eyed, eager, staring down the hall of the arches, waiting, waiting, waiting.

The big old hall clock ticked solemnly away “Wait-ing, Wait-ing, Wait-ing.”

Suddenly into the eyes of Constance Hibbard came a great eager light, and she half sat up in bed, stretching out her thin white arms. Far down in the lower end of the hall came a form,—the figure of a man,—an old man with white hair. But to the one who lay in the bed, he was a tall, slender, erect young man, with bronzed-face, thru which the healthy color glowed, gleaming white teeth, shining black hair, and deep, black eyes, which could be both fiery and tender,—oh, how tender they were now!

She,—Constance,—was a slip of a girl in a filmy white dress with a girdle the color of a summer sky. In her belt and hair were sprays of apple blossoms, sweet, so sweet! Her hair was not silver, but glossy brown, and fell in curls around her white neck.

With light, buoyant step, her lover came thru one arch after another. Now he had passed the last one and came thru the “Open Door,” into her waiting arms. “Sweetheart,” he murmured huskily, and crushed her slight form to him.

“I knew you would come, my own,” she said, “thru the

'Open Door'; I have waited for just this! I could not go thru the shadow land without you!"

The dying author lifted her sweet, unearthly face to her young Knight. The moonlight transfigured them.

Clinging thus together, they passed beyond all earthly strife and misunderstanding. Death was for them a thing of sweet dreams,—the perfect rose of rapture, which bloomed in Paradise.

A. V. B. '23.

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### HO-BO BRUMMEL

"If I can't get a partner for Eleanor, her act will be spoiled, and the Charity Exhibition will be about as good as the one you directed last year," Helene Merrick endearingly complained to her chum.

"Which would still be far above your normal ability," responded the latter belligerently.

"Can't you possibly think of somebody to help out? Oh! I don't see why that fellow couldn't have waited a week or two before running his machine into a tree and getting smashed up."

"Better let your friend sell programs and leave out her part of the show."

Helene found small solace in her companion's remarks; so, full of business and responsibility she dashed out to the garage, borrowed her brother's automobile, and started toward the station to meet a week-end visitor.

On the way home, Helene found upon investigation that one of her tires had picked up a nail and was in need of immediate attention if the journey were to be resumed. She looked up and down the road in the vain hope of seeing another motor, the occupants of which might save her the trouble of changing the tire. The only person in sight was one of the most disreputable looking weary willies that ever shuffled into a back

yard. He approached the girls with an undue lack of formality, considering his social position; and inquired without removing his hat, for he wore none, where he might find Mr. Du Regsy of New York.

“He is at the hotel not far from my home,” explained Helene, “and if you will graciously change this tire for me, I will lead you to his door, giving you opportunity in the interim to improve your personal appearance by means of papa’s razor and kindred utensils.”

“Pardon me, I beg of you. I failed to notice that your craft was in distress. Fear not, however, I shall soon make it road-worthy.”

The tramp then went to work with agile fingers—rather more agile and carefully preserved than is usually the case with such as he appeared—to remove the injured tire and replace it with another. Meanwhile Helene observed that his ill-favored garments fitted well, and in spite of wear and tear still retained a somewhat metropolitan style.

In due time the trio arrived at the Merrick home where the pick-up joyfully made himself at home in a bath-room. After a prolonged toilette the hobo appeared in Harold Merrick’s clothes, introduced himself as the about-to-be famous William Williamson Williams, and went in search of Du Regsy. On the path from lakeshore to hotel he found the gentleman and greeted him:

“Hello, Reezy! I just walked about a million miles to see you. Want to sign up for next winter. I’m better than I was the last time. Watch me at the pow-wow tomorrow night. I’m going to horn in and show you something.”

The other raised no objections to the plan, and thus they parted.

On the evening of her exhibition, Helene was nearly fainting from worry. Everything was going consistently wrong. She had been unable to find a partner for Eleanor Tarrent, and was discouraged over the whole business.

When the time came for her appearance, Eleanor pirouet-

ted upon the improvised stage, performed for a few minutes and then retired. The intruder then whispered to Du Regsy,

“Watch me now—until I get fired out,” he said and jumped upon the boards.

The orchestra improvised a simple accompaniment to the tattoo of his feet as he began the evolutions that had made him famous in San Francisco. The audience shouted praise and encouragement; while Helene, about to leave the dull scene and weep a few refreshing tears, returned to see her erstwhile acquaintance of the highway charming the crowd into raptures of enthusiasm. Soon Eleanor reappeared, and the pair danced on and on, working together as though they had done so for years. Williams was surprised that no one ventured to throw him out, and the girl was surprised and delighted that he had volunteered his art in behalf of charity.

At the end of the act, Helene excitedly embraced her friend.

“How did you know he was a dancer?” she asked.

“Why he’s my brother, but I’m sure I don’t know where he came from. He says he is walking across the continent on a bet. Want to meet him?”

“Oh! I have, but I do want to thank him.”

The ecstatic audience clamored for another sight of the star, but Billy Tarrent was deliriously signing papers with Du Regzy and cared not for the plaudits of the multitude.

E. G. S.

**SPRING NIGHT**

My heart's gone a-fleeting  
Far up on the hill—  
'Tis the wanderlust calling to me,  
For Spring's come a-wooing—  
And life is not here;  
'Tis the moss-covered hills that are free.  
My heart's gone a-fleeting  
To nest with the birds,  
At the first gentle whisper of night,  
When filmy gray cloudlets  
Are hung on the moon,  
And the star-worlds are yielding their light.

D. H. '21

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**THE PUNISHMENT**

Molly White and Buddy Jones went to dancing school. Molly was a pretty little girl, Buddy thought, as he looked across the polished floor at her, standing in line with the rest of the girls.

“One, two, t’ree, One, two, t’ree,” said the professor, and the little girls executed the step. “Par-fait,” said the little man. “Zat will do. Now ze young gentlemen.”

Buddy was watching Molly go to her seat. How her white starched dress switched and her yellow curls bobbed! She was certainly prettier than Maizie. Maizie lived in the same house with him, and his mother wanted him to take her to the dancing school reception next Friday. He would not! Molly was ever so much prettier.

“Ze boy—over there! Do not be so always late. In line

—step to your place, young sir. It is not time for dreams!”

All the class was looking at him. He came back to earth, and stepped in place on the end, anxious to be out of the public eye.

“So, wiz ze littlest boys, eh? Not so, Master Jones. Walk in front before ze class to your place!” Buddy did so, his shoe squeaking in the stillness. As he stood in place, George Drew nudged him. Buddy shoved back. He shoved extra hard, for, besides being the hated Mazie’s brother, George was an aspirant to Molly’s affections. The shove went all down the line.

“So, Master Jones, it is a rough house, and again. Too often you forget the gentleman’s lessons I give you. I have told you, and you will see. The punishment must overtake the wicked. I do not forget these things—neither this, nor this, nor all of them, and I know the punishment I have for you, and soon—you shall! It is too much, Master Jones. But we shall see enfin. Attention, class! Ze same step for ze last time, and then the arrangement of partners for ze great reception. Attention—Master Jones? Al’ ready. One, two, t’ree.”

They drilled. After ten minutes, five minutes more than the girls had required, the professor was satisfied. “All ready for tomorrow night. Ze young ladies on one side; ze young gentlemen on ze other. We will begin with the smallest—Master Putter and little Miss Dorothy. So! head the line. Ah, now let us make it rapidly! He proceeded, arranging the couples. Maizie and Molly were of a height.

“Now we will have zis group,” said the professor, indicating George and Buddy, Mazie, Molly, Richard Kingford, the richest boy in town, and a few others of their age and height. “Now!” with peculiar emphasis, “zis group and Mr. Jones. See? I put little Miss Maizie here. You see, Mr. Jones? Maizie looked back with a longing glance in which grief and disappointment mingled. The professor took it as an indication of Buddy’s state of mind beneath his Indian-like expression. “Right here I put her. Zen ze next couple. Zen ze next.



Two couples between, you see, Master Jones? It is indeed unfortunate that you can not march with Mademoiselle Maizie, Master Jones, but I told you we should see. C'est la de-nouement! Ze rest, please, now. Ha, Ha!"

And Buddy, beneath his astonishment and carefully guarded joy echoed the laughter in his heart, and grinning at Molly, his partner, gave the boy ahead who happened to be Master Drew, an exuberant kick.

M. V. W. 21

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### THE JAWS OF DEATH

A group of lumber men were seated in the smoking compartment of a parlor car talking about the spring log drive which would start in another month.

"This winter has been so open that there won't be water enough in the streams to float toothpicks through the Jaws of Death," said one regarding his cigar meditatively.

"Right you are," answered a man in gray. "It reminds me of the year that Tom Horn's drive was held in the Jaws of Death."

"That was a long time ago, thirty years or more, wasn't it?" asked a man who was reading a light magazine.

"Just twenty-seven years ago this spring to be exact," replied the man in gray.

"I have always wanted to hear the story of Tom Horn's experience in the Jaws of Death. Do you know it" queried the man who held the magazine.

"Do I know it? I should say I do. Why, man, I know that story as well as you know the alphabet." The man in gray leaned back in his chair and thoughtfully contemplated the ceiling. He was older than one would think at first sight. His companions noted the gray in his hair and the wrinkles in his face. He was sixty years old at least, probably he was older.

"Tom Horn," he began, "the Big Boss who brought the logs out of the Squaw Lake region, and who owned most of the timber in the north, was held up in the Jaws of Death by a bad jam and by lack of water.

"Jaws of Death" is a stretch of narrow river two miles long, enclosed by steep, high banks, and filled with huge boulders and rocks. Driving logs through the Jaws of Death is ticklish business, as every man on the river knows from the most insignificant Cannuck cookee to the Big Boss himself. Driving through the Jaws of Death is difficult as well as dangerous. Unless the water is high and swift, the logs catch and hold on the rocks, forming jams and leaving many thousands of feet of timber behind stranded high and dry among the rocks waiting for the high water of the next spring. Tom Horn had built a dam at Turtle Pond in order to store water against the time when he would be ready to barter his soul for it, and the time came as he had foreseen that it would.

"The winter, as you will remember, was open. Even in the woods there was not a great deal of snow, and in the spring the lakes and rivers were not as swollen as usual. All the experienced woodsmen along the big river had prophesied hard driving in the spring. Horn had made a cruise through his property and influenced by the obvious shortage of water, decided to take his crew into the woods as early as possible, in order to be ready to start the drive the minute the ice was out of the lakes and rivers. Because he was so anxious about the drive, he went with the crew. That was common in those days, however.

"Horn had more involved and depended more upon that drive than his associates realized. He had invested his money in a young business which although safe, needed more funds to keep it going. Horn hoped to get the necessary money from his logs. If the drive failed, the business would fail, and Horn would lose everything. Therefore he had all preparations made to start the logs moving the minute word came that the way was clear. He was nervous for the drive was

bigger than usual, and the supply of water smaller. Even using the extra water stored in Turtle Pond there would be scarcely enough to bring the logs safely through the Jaws.

"The order to start the drive came one morning at day-break. The men tumbled out of their blankets and clustered around the cook tent, swearing softly at the work ahead of them.

" 'That's goin' to be some tough drivin' we do this year. Huh?' " said Florient La Bois. Florient was a little French Canadian. He weighed about a hundred and fifteen pounds, but he could do the work of two men if necessary, and he could swear, how he could swear.

" 'Yuh betcha, Florient. We're goin' to do some hard work before we leave this crew,' " answered big Tim McShane. Tim looked like a pirate, but he really was the gentlest man in the crew, and he was desperately afraid of women.

"Micky O'Toole, who was just beginning to eat his second plateful of beans, added his bit to the conversation.

" 'Say, do you fellows know that the Big Boss stands to lose a sight o' money if this drive don't go through the way it oughtter?' " he asked through a mouthful of beans. His announcement gave the conversation a decidedly serious aspect. Most of the men had heard that the big boss was depending on the drive, but they had not before considered the matter seriously. Now each man silently resolved to do his utmost to get the drive through the Jaws before the water became too low.

"They were splendid fellows, those men. One might call them heroes, for daily they faced death and thought nothing of it. It was all in a day's work to them. Rough and uncouth they were, but also brave and kind and not afraid of hard, cruel work. They were not like the scum which the agencies are shipping into the woods now. They were men, loyal to the Big Boss and ready to die for him.

"The drive began as soon as they had finished eating. No time was lost in getting the logs into the streams. When the

last logs were floating downstream, leaving the camps well behind, the first of the drive was entering the Jaws of Death. For several days the drive went so smoothly that Horn was beginning to feel his fears were vain when he noticed that the water had fallen a little below driving pitch. He was not greatly disturbed however, for the next day it rained and brought the water back to the level. The logs had floated through the Jaws for a week when reports began to come to Horn of small jams easily broken to be sure, but annoying and delaying nevertheless. Fearing the threatened water shortage he urged his men to work harder, and he toiled himself; but despite all efforts the drive was scarcely half through the Jaws of Death when the water level fell so low that it was necessary to open the water-gate at Turtle Pond. It was with reluctance that Horn sent a man to Turtle Pond, for he knew that the water stored there would be barely sufficient to carry the remainder of the logs through the Jaws with no allowances for delays. He could not easily add more men to the crew, for all the river men were at work on other streams, and he could not steal them away from their bosses even if he were the Big Boss of the river. By begging he managed to add a scant half-dozen men to his force.

“The drive continued. The logs went through the Jaws acting as if they had a special grudge against Tom Horn and his crew. Jams became more frequent, each requiring more dynamite and patience than the one before. The crew worked all day and half the night aided by the light of flambeaux placed along the shore. As he anxiously watched his logs go by, it seemed to Horn that failure and ruin stared him in the face.

“Then occurred the biggest jam in the whole history of Jaws of Death log driving. The jam formed between the two biggest rocks in the middle of the passage in that part of the Jaws most difficult of access. The logs piled one upon the other until they completely filled the channel and towered high above it holding up the entire drive.

“Men climbed about the jam hunting for the key log. Each man who went out came back with the announcement that he had found it, and a charge of dynamite was placed under the log designated. Instead of breaking the jam each charge seemed only to settle the logs more firmly in place. The key log was elusive and hard to find. While the jam was holding up the drive, the water began to fail. To Horn with his overwrought nerves it seemed that the water level was dropping by feet instead of inches. The weather, which had been fine, changed and became cold and cloudy.

“Finally he declared he was going to locate the key log himself, or if he could not find it the jam would have to be picked to pieces stick by stick, for the drive must go on; it had already been delayed four days, and no more time could be lost. The water had fallen so low that no more logs could be taken through unless the drive should continue at once. Horn went out on the dam with a cant-dog and a charge of dynamite. He was determined to find the key log, and succeeded after he had picked and poked about the jam for two hours. He set the charge of dynamite with what he considered a sufficiently long fuse and started back toward the shore. Recrossing the jam was more difficult than he had imagined. He experienced a slight nervousness when he thought of the dynamite beneath him, but he felt that the fuse was so long that the charge would not explode before he reached the shore. He had miscalculated. When he was ten feet from the bank the dynamite exploded throwing him in a bruised heap into the brush on the shore. The jam was broken, and the logs could once more pass through the Jaws of Death.

“Bruised and stunned by the shock Horn was found by his men and carried back to camp. For two days he knew nothing of what was going on about him, for he slept from utter exhaustion and weariness. When he woke up, he found himself wrapped in blankets in a tent behind the kitchen. It was raining hard. He crawled to his feet and limped to the cook tent giving the cook a big surprise.

“ ‘Gosh darn,’ said the cook. ‘We thought you was killed sure. Tim has gone down to fetch your wife and a doctor.’

“ ‘I’m fine,’ said Horn. ‘How is the drive?’

“ ‘Well,’ said the cook, ‘it’s going through, but it’s d--n hard work. Just after you was hurt it begun to rain, an’ it’s rained steady an’ constant, rain for near on to two days, an’ the drive is goin’ through all right. If this rain keeps up you don’t need to worry none about water. Why, water is the thing we got the most of around here now.

“Five hours later when Horn’s wife, who had been waiting for him at the nearest village, arrived at the camp with the doctor and Tim McShane, she found her husband limping up and down in the rain watching his logs float by.”

The train was arriving at a station. The man in gray rose, and nodding to the rest of the group, left the smoking compartment.

“He is a mighty interesting talker,” said the man with the magazine. “I wonder who he is.”

“Why, don’t you know?” asked the man with the cigar. “That man is Tom Horn.”

Agnes Page '20

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### AUTUMN

Come up to Maine, old friend, when the year is late—  
when florid suns are moving low—  
when it is harvest time.

Yesterday I walked slowly out where you and I walked once,  
once long ago—

long ago, when we had no cares.

Longer ago, the river had swept around a long bend there—  
its bosom smooth as that of a sachem—

unmoved

rippleless.

Then, it idly dallied with the pebbles—

moving them—

teasing them—

tossing them—

now and then an old log or a branch torn from some distant tree came floating down to rest for a time in some quiet cove. Rarely the nose of a swimming muskrat cut undulating parabolas across its lucid expanse.

Then, in autumn—

the flash of old fires glowed in the river's sombre depths, burning fires of foliage from the trees on shore—

fires that gathered greater warmth from their reflection.

Then on a clear morning—

we saw the crows flying southward—

bacchanalians driven from a feast.

Yesterday I came again to the river's edge—

now it is hurrying on—

for the year is late—

its breast is troubled by the wind—

for it is autumn.

Still the trees are riotous with color—

still they are gorgeous in their profusion—

but their reflection is gone—

for the year is late

the wind is busy.

They are courtiers at an ancient court—

whose monarch is long since dead.

The wind is busy—

the leaves are flying—

tossing—

scurrying—

rustling fitfully—

torn—

bruised—

for it is autumn.

————— by night

the wind

is strong—  
lustful—  
thinking of days to come—  
it is autumn.

C. E. W.

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### AN INCIDENT OF FEDERAL ENFORCEMENT

Business was dull. The show was half over, and except for an occasional late comer, the ticket window was deserted. Across the entrance-way stood big, blond, ruddy-faced Joe Murphy, in his full police regalia, at the present moment chatting with Mike, the janitor. The only sound came from an orchestra within and an occasional boisterous laugh from somewhere outside. A door slammed, hurrying foot-steps sounded, and a man roughly dressed in a dark overcoat and slouch hat, threw back his coat to show a badge to the policeman, and passed by him. Five minutes later, he came back, paused as Mike stepped abruptly toward him, nodded curtly, almost furtively to Mike's belligerent "Hello, you," then went hurriedly out.

The ticket agent looked up to watch this little by-play, but paid no particular attention to it. He did notice that the conversation between the policeman and the janitor seemed to be a little more animated, after the man with the badge had gone. Mike was doing the talking, and occasionally raising his voice a little or emphasizing his remarks with a gesture or two. Murphy, the policeman, was listening attentively and slowly nodding his head now and then as if to show his appreciation of what was being said.

One phrase caught the ear of the ticket seller.

Mike was saying, "Yes, sir, jest as soon as I laid eyes on him, I recognized him as the \* \* \* ! Dirty mean trick."

His curiosity aroused, the ticket seller hoped to hear more but met with disappointment as the janitor left shortly after



that. However, a little while later, Murphy, feeling sociable, came over to the ticket window, leaned on the shelf and began talking to the seller.

“See that fellow just went in and out again? Revenue officer. Yeah. Liquor, you know. Mike, there, knew him the minute he came in. He recognized Mike too, and he knows well enough Mike don’t fancy him either. You see, he jugged Mike’s brother the other day.”

The ticket agent straightened up on his stool, and leaned forward expectantly.

How was that?” he queried, hoping the loquacious spirit would continue his story.

“Well, you know since the lid went on,” proceeded the policeman, “the government has been shipping a lot of these revenues in to keep things tight. The government has put aside a lot of money just for their use. A half a dozen of these fellows come into a town for a week or so. They’re generally used to what the city was before the dry law and know just about who’d be likely to be hiding some stuff yet.

“Mike’s brother’s got a place down on the ‘patch.’ Down by the river, you know.”

“Yes, sure,” agreed the other, dimly recalling a muddy street, with confusedly clustered, squalid, little houses, close by a dirty river bank.

“This fellow came down there one afternoon when Mike’s brother was away and walked into the kitchen where the woman was doing a wash and says, ‘H’lo, Mary.’ That was Mike’s brother’s wife. This fellow knew her name.

“Mary is a great big red-faced Irishwoman. She stood around and answered him, not very gushingly either, ‘Hello, yourself.’

“ ‘Where’s Henry?’

“ ‘He’s out. Who are you?’

“ ‘Me?’ he laughed with a shrug of his shoulders. ‘Oh, I’m just one of the bunch. I know all the boys. Danny Mulaney, Jake Ragan, Red Maloney, and all the rest know me.

Don't worry, I'm all right. Say, can yer give me a little something?' he whispered to her, coming closer and smiling knowingly.

"He couldn't fool Mary very easily.

" 'Go on along,' she said. 'You've come to the wrong place, Mister.'

"Then what did the guy do but pull out a nice ten dollar note and ask her if she didn't want that. That looked pretty good to her. Lord knows it was easier for her to earn money that way than breaking her back over a wash tub.

"She hesitated. 'Well,—I suppose I might send the kid where he could get you some. Hey, Willie,' she hollered to a little pill-faced kid shooting marbles out in the street, and gave him some private instructions.

"No more than a minute or two later, in came Mike's brother, Mary's husband.

" 'Hello, Henry,' said the revenue.

"Henry looked him over and said, 'I don't know you.'

"The fellow laughed pretty smooth and said,

" 'Oh, yes you do. I was down there with the rest the last night before the cover went on. Don't you remember?'

"And then he reeled off half a dozen of the boys in Henry's gang. He knew the names all right.

"He couldn't fool Henry, though. Henry said,

" 'I don't remember your face, Mister. If I ever saw you before, I would remember you.'

"And then he barked out,

" 'Looky here, I believe you are an officer. Well, you won't find anything here, Mister Man.'

"At that the other burst out into a horse laugh. Henry couldn't phase him.

" 'Oh, come off,' he said, 'what do you take me for?'

"Henry walked over to Mary where she was standing, and told her real low not to sell him anything. What Henry was going to do then, nobody can say, but if I know Henry, this gent wouldn't have stayed around much longer. But right

then, in came the kid with the stuff his mother had sent him for. If that kid had waited five minutes longer, there might not be any story to tell you now, but in he came. The revenue grabbed the bottle, pulled out his ten dollars, and went out smiling and promising not to let on.

“Henry couldn’t do a thing, and finally when nothing seemed to happen, said to Mary he guessed that he had rung in a false alarm after all. Henry didn’t object to the money, anyway.

Here the policeman eyes the ticket agent and in an impressive voice, said,

“That night, when every one was asleep, six revenues marched up to the house and rapped on the door for Henry. They got him, of course. The box for him.”

As the big policeman ended his story, he made no comments. Where his sympathy was, he did not say. The show was about over, and as people began to come out, Murphy resumed his position by the doorway. The ticket seller yawned thoughtfully.

“Well,” he said to himself, “I suppose the end justifies the means.”

C. E. P. '23

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### WE WERE JUST THINKING—

The time is about ripe for trouting. Some of us are feeling the call of well-known fishing fields, of difficult stretches of brush near the brook’s edge, of deceptive sun and shadow on the water, of certain “big fellows” left over for this season. We are eager to renew that peculiarly ungraceful “sneaking” along the bank—for indeed trout require skillful stalking.

We remember a particular place of which we are casually secretive—a place not far from a family of pines beneath whose shelter we generally make our camp—where the souging of the wind-rocked limbs and the soft whispers of the needle-carpet

rest us after a strenuous day. We know every branch of every tree—all the little knot-holes and squirrel-homes; even the ant-land beyond the farthest pine is quite familiar to us.

It's ours—this place—until some other fisher chances along. When he comes, we'll welcome him,—and if he cares, he'll come again—so friendly is the trouting spirit.

And in the world of hum-drum things, the trouting spirit may stay with us,"—Did you say that?

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