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48-22.

The
BATES STUDENT
MAGAZINE



October
1920



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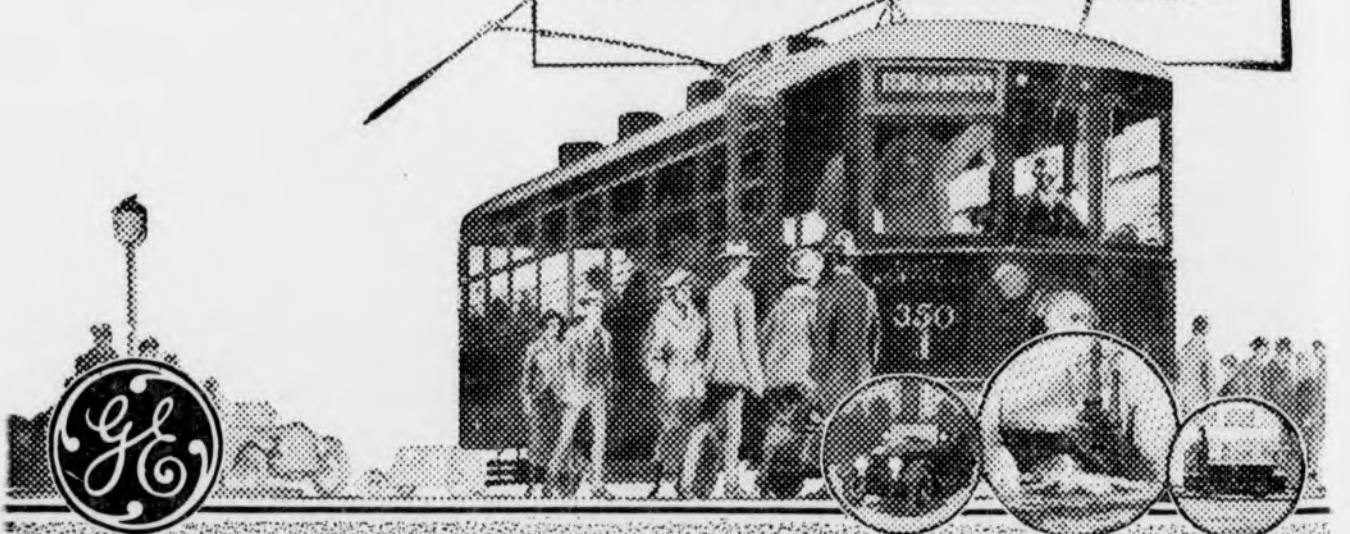
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VAGARIES OF THOMAS

M. F. H. '21

“I don't know where this strike trouble is going to end. This difference between the capitalist and laboring man has its roots in racial instincts. Still, something must be done; and it's up to the thinking man to evolve a temporary remedy.”

At this point, Thomas stopped long enough to push aside his coffee cup in order to make room for his right elbow, where once ensconced, he considered himself in position to command

my attention for an hour or so if he wishes. That the supper had been a satisfactory one I was assured by the fact that he had emerged from it in a lazily argumentative mood; and from the fact that he was about to launch forth on his choicest topic, Political Economy, I knew that I had included among the dishes some one of his favorites.

I eyed Thomas politely, and satisfied that I was in the proper frame of mind, he warmed to his subject. All went well until I let my gaze wander past his head to the wall where a picture was hanging awry—queer, I was sure that picture had been straight when I set the table; he must have hit it with his arm as he came in; I must remember to fix it when he——

“Margaret—,” Thomas broke off reproachfully, “Margaret, you aren’t listening. Don’t you think these things are important?”

“Yes, yes, I—certainly do,” I answered him vaguely. “Yes, why—er—I know they are,” I finished firmly, poking furtively at the tea grounds in the bottom of my cup.

Of course, Thomas could not be expected to understand that this was my only time to plan out his next morning’s breakfast. Of course, also, it would be quite useless to attempt to explain it to him. The grapefruit, which Thomas’ constitution seems to require each morning, had turned out to be very green; and I had returned them to the store with injunctions to hide them when he came in on his way from work, lest he might come bringing them home again, as he had once before. Memory reminds me that unripe grapefruit do not tend to preserve his agreeable disposition.

I became aware that Thomas had asked me a question. I had caught the words “Cox or Harding,”—and took a long chance with them.

“Or Harding? Oh, yes, he’s all right. In fact, I—but I’m not sure yet whether I shall back him or not.”

Thomas fairly snorted at this. “Back him My dear woman, I tho’t you women wanted the vote. But what are you going

to do with it if you don't show some interest in things? Why I'll wager you, you don't know the first thing about this Harding or his prospects. Come, 'fess up."

"Well," I admitted modestly, "I really don't know as much as I might." As a matter of fact, on the very preceding Wednesday at the Women's Politics Club, I had read for my paper a careful condensation of all the material I had been able to get together on the present political situation. I had mentioned this to Thomas once or twice, but of course he had forgotten all about it.

Sometimes, indeed, when Thomas becomes too sweeping in his remarks, I feel it necessary to produce some sort of argument, altho I feel that my capabilities are handicapped by my knowledge that the dishes are setting and the dishwater out in the kitchen rapidly cooling.

Another thing that I notice is the undesirability on my part of addressing any remarks to Thomas before he has eaten. From observations here and there, however, I am assured that in this, he does not differ from other Thomases. When I see him coming in, his feet dragging, the corners of his mouth down, a general attitude of gloom and failure about him, I do not repeat a former mistake by questioning him on the details of his evident misery. Instead, I compress my lips tightly and try to get the dinner on the table as rapidly as possible.

"Come, Thomas," I say, "come, eat a little something."

"Yes," he groans, "I'll try. I don't want much tho; I don't seem to be feeling like it."

To watch his progress from this point thru to the triumphant end, is always an interesting occupation with me. Afterwards, when he has said, "Well, I think I must have been hungry!" I seize the opportunity.

"Oh, Thomas," I remark casually, following him to the door, "Thomas, I want to have a couple of girls here over the Girls' Conference, you know. We have room enough, don't you think?"

He remains undaunted by this blow.

“Why, certainly. No reason why not. Have more if you want 'em.”

“Thank you,” I smile. “Two will be sufficient.”

There are times, however, when I do not fare so well. Those occasions are due to a mistake which Thomas holds over me. Perhaps I have been thinking of the call I ought to pay the new neighbor who seems very interesting, or perhaps I was remembering that the art square in the den really ought to come up soon. At any rate, I remember suddenly that there is something which I have forgotten.

“Oh, Thomas,” I burst out, “will you leave me some money? The laundry man will be here again this afternoon.”

Arrested by the long silence, I look up. He is looking at me in a manner of deadly quiet. I remember too late.

“Would you like it in a ten dollar bill?” he asks.

“Er-no,” I stammer. “I can tell him to send a bill just as well.”

Once, long ago, he did leave me a ten dollar bill; and when he had gone, I absent-mindedly put it in the stove with other papers. Naturally I didn't do it purposely; it gives one a queer feeling to see a perfectly normal ten dollar bill curling up its edges in flames. It was really very careless of me, but somehow I can never attach to money affairs the immense importance that Thomas always does. And he, being a Thomas, has never forgotten that incident.

There is one thing about him, however, to which I can never become accustomed. He believes that the world should be propelled by rule and by reason. In addition to this belief, he has an overpowering interest in affairs of the household and how they should be conducted. This combination can become at times rather wearing. Take, for instance, a time when I have stayed too long at the Public Library and am trying to make up for lost time in preparing supper. Thomas is sitting in a chair near the stove, watching the kettles. Soon he begins.

“Margaret, aren’t those potatoes dry? You didn’t put very much water in them.”

“No, they’re not,” I assure him.

“Well, they ought to be. They sound dry to me. Won’t you look at them?”

I am busily scraping the batter from a mixing bowl.

“You look, Thomas,” I beg him. “You’re right there.”

He looks.

“Well?” I ask without turning around.

“Well, what?”

“Were they dry?” I pursue him.

“Er—not quite. They’ll need more water in a minute or two, tho. There isn’t much.”

In a minute more—

“Margaret, how long has that rice been cooking?”

“Um—about twenty minutes,” I answer.

“Well, it’s done then, isn’t it?”

I try it and decide regretfully that it is not. He cannot understand it.

“But, Margaret, the other day it was just right, and you said it cooked twenty minutes. I’m afraid it’ll get soggy.” A short pause. “Well, I suppose you think you know best.”

At the first of it, he could never understand why one must mix bread at night.

“Oh, come,” he’d say, “mix it up tomorrow morning. You’re tired tonight. Let’s have a hand at cribbage.”

“I’d like to, Thomas,” I’d answer firmly, “but I’ll have to fix the bread first. It has to set over night.”

“Why does it?” he’d demand bluntly. “Why can’t it set tomorrow morning just as well?”

“Why, Thomas, just because—I can’t explain it to you. This is the time to do it, that’s all.”

“Oh, yes,” he’d mutter thoughtfully, and I used to think that answer satisfied him, but I discovered later that he merely hoarded it up as an instance that women are illogical.

Spring came rather late this year. Surreptitiously, Thomas

and I watched for it to come, and furtively examined the shrubs in the yard for signs of buds when we thought the other of us not looking. Several times we had been ready to burst upon each other with the triumphant cry, "It's here—I saw it first," but a snow-flurry or a cold wind had sent us back into our shells again. There came a morning when we knew; but somehow, now that I was positive, I felt rather bashful about mentioning it to Thomas, lest he should ridicule me as a sentimentalist. It was with great relief, therefore, that I saw him edge toward the door after breakfast, muttering away down in his throat somewhere, "Gotta pick up a thing or two out-doors. Be in in a minute." I fairly flew thru the ordinary housework. Out of the kitchen window I could see Thomas tinkering in a vehement manner with the tool-house door and the orchard fence. I could admit that the fence needed repairs, but the tool-house door had absolutely nothing the matter with it that I could see.

I chose the sitting room for the scene of my activity. It was now nine o'clock. If I were to take down the window curtains at once, I should surely be able to get them dried and ironed before night. I took everything out or down or up as the case demanded, and set to work. There is something very absorbing about housecleaning; afterwards, one can only imagine where the time has all vanished. Every time I passed thru the other rooms, I was annoyed by the sight of those clocks, registering away the minutes that belonged to me, and eventually I turned them all back-side-to. After that, matters went along more smoothly. Part of the time a robin perched on the lilac bush outside the window and watched me.

It was about half past twelve when I came out into the kitchen to get clean water to wash the woodwork, that I discovered an empty pint milk-bottle on the shelf. Beside it was a glass, and scattered about the shelf and floor in a diminishing trail to the outer door, were bread crumbs. Thomas had lunched himself. Well, then, I could follow suit. I mixed an egg-nog and cut into a perfectly whole lemon pie. I wondered

what he was doing now, but he was invisible. From around the corner of the house, however, I heard a steady twack! twack! and was reassured. Whatever he was doing, he was contented. I went back to work; there are various tones to Thomas' choppings.

By and by I had to put on the lights in order to finish. About this time I heard steps at the back door, slow, weary steps. It was Thomas, and I hadn't yet got the little things put around.

"Oo-hoo, Thomas," I called, "want some supper?"

"Uh-h——," Thomas was letting himself into a chair. "Do I?"

I felt sure I could eat something myself.

I prepared dinner, stopping now and then to listen to Thomas.

"Well now," he boasted, "I've gone a long way toward starting things outside. Been picking up stuff, you know—looks a lot better. Just look out the window there."

I looked. "Starting things" was an excellent expression for it. Where he had discovered it all, I could not imagine. Most of it he had chopped into conspicuous blocks for kindling, and half the lawn looked like a lumber yard. A wheelbarrow and long strips of some queer material were also in evidence. Yes, he had been "picking stuff up."

"Well," Thomas interrupted impatiently, "do you see it? Let me tell you, that represents a lot of work."

"Yes," said I, shaking my head, "yes, it must have."

In the due course of time, I called him to dinner, and with a groan, he rose and hobbled to the table: I watched him eat. He was lame, and tomorrow he would be lamer still. I also was lame.

"Thomas," I remarked firmly. "Thomas, I think it would be very nice if you would build up a little fire in the sitting room fireplace."

He looked at me aghast. "But, my dear, what is the sense in—oh, well, if you want one of course—"

By and by, we went to sit in front of the fire. Thomas arrived first, and I heard him roar, "Where is my chair? Where is it?"

"Right there, sort of in the corner, Thomas. Don't you see? You can move it up if you want to."

"Move it up!" he shouted at me. "Why it used to be here. Did you move it?"

I admitted that I had.

"But what for? Why, when a thing is in a perfectly good and satisfactory place, where I know where it is, do you have to go and move it? Now I shall always be falling over something in the dark again. Why *is it*, I'd like to know."

"Come, sit down, Thomas," I urged him. "Here's your pipe. You know, I can't exactly tell you why. They have to be moved around. I couldn't bear to have them forever in the same places. It's just because—"

"Um-m," he filled in grimly. "Because. Well, I see, as usual. You mean they have to move because you're you."

I began creasing the hem on my new tablecloth. "I don't know, I'm sure," I admitted peaceably.

Thomas stretched out his feet till they tapped the andiron, and puffed in silence for a full five minutes. Then he began without any preliminaries.

"The present school board has a big opportunity before them if they'd only——."

I laughed. He removed his pipe and looked at me.

"What are you laughing at?" he wanted to know.

I laughed again. "At you, Thomas."

"Well, why are you laughing at me? What have I done? I don't see any reason why."

"No," I granted him. "No, you wouldn't."

At that, he went back to puffing and tapping the andiron. And a moment later——

"That city manager plan may work out all right in some places, but it certainly is a fizzle here. Now, take that instance of——."

FROST FLOWERS

The sun, charming the grey walls of the chamber into blue,
Falls on chair and desk and finally on you,
Oh Frost flowers in a pink bowl,
 Tinting your fairy bloom into a hue
Of subtle lavender.

Soft you look, yet in your heart there lives a tiny sprite
Who beats his gossamer wings and gives a song
Into the stillness of the room—

 “Gone, Summer is gone;
 The greenness of the earth,
 The fairness of the sky,
 The freshness of the sea;
 Gone your days of love,
 Your happy dreams,
 Your half-born hopes.

 And tho you will not look at reddening leaf,
Nor hear the dry husks of the corn rustle as you pass,
Nor see the golden sheaf of wheat upon the field
Summer is gone.”

With brusque hands I take you from the room
And place you in a corner of the darkened hall
Yet where you stood there is an elfin light
And thru the early hours of the night
The crickets call the haunting motif of your tune:
“Gone, Summer is gone.”

F. I. '22

HOW DARWIN GOT HIS THEORY.

Dramatis Personae.

Spirit of John Smith, a friend of Darwin who was drowned several years before.

Homarus Malacostraca, King of the Crustaceans.

Homara Malacostraca, wife of King.

Homarus Decapoda, the strange offspring of the King.

Asterias, General in King's army.

Six Captains in the army of the Crustaceans.

Scene: Mount Enttacea, sixteen fathoms deep in the Mediterranean Sea.

(Curtain rises and Spirit of John Smith enters.)

Spirit: Good old Charlie! I wonder where his theorizing is taking him these days. Some fine night I must wander to his bed-side to see again the thoughtful face of my old Pal. I hate to visit him though, with no new message for him. During all these years on Mount Enttacea have I watched in vain for some information to convey to him about the origin of a great number of living organisms which we often discussed in the days of old! But hold, there comes to my ears the swish of swimmerets! Once more will I observe, and perchance this time I may make some discovery.

(Enter Homara Malacostraca. Spirit of John Smith retreats to a little distance.)

Homara: Today returns from his battles with the Acanthopteri my great lord and master. What, I wonder, will he think of our marvelous offspring, my darling son, Decapoda?

(Enter Homarus Malacostraca and General Asterias, riding on sea-horses, and followed by six Crustacean Captains. The General and Captains remain at a respectful distance while Homarus dismounts and greets his wife affectionately.)

Homarus: How goes it with you, my dear? And how is

our son concerning whom you wrote me some weeks since? Is he becoming a prince worthy to inherit the power which I shall some day bestow upon him?

Homara: Ah, yes, my lord! Our son is a noble youth, despite the fact that he has two queer outgrowths on the anterior portion of his body. This strangeness I cannot explain, but I find the lad most lovable and strong. Here comes our Decapod now!

(Enter Decapod.)

Homarus: (Drawing back in astonishment.)

What! This monstrosity our child! Can that be possible? Who would have guessed that two such normal parents as you and I, Homara, could have such a queer deformed creature as a son? Surely Fate has been unkind to us!

Decapod: Oh, I say, Father! Don't take it so to heart. These arrangements (waving his chelipeds) are clumsy and awkward looking, I'll admit; but they're mighty handy things to have in case of emergency, believe me!

Homarus: Don't be impertinent, young man!

Homara: Please be gentle to him, my dear husband. The boy is a good and dutiful son, and it is unkind to speak thus roughly.

Homarus: Can that creature take an insult? I cannot conceive of such a thing!

Homara: (shocked)

My dear!

Homarus: Ho, Asterias! What should we do, think you, with this monstrosity?

Asterias: (Advancing and saluting)

He is your son, sir!

Homarus: Yes, more's the pity! But since you will not speak, Asterias, I will say frankly what I believe: He is a hideous creature. I desire a noble, manly heir. Let us kill him!

Homara: You would not do that! (Rushing toward Decapod) Oh, my son! My son!

Decapod: Fear not for me, Mother. Remember my great strength.

Homarus: Bring hither the captains, Asterias, and have them kill him.

(Captains advance on Decapod, who reaches out his great chelipeds and crushes them to death. He then starts toward Homarus, but his mother looks at him beseechingly, and he desists. Homarus flees. Decapod and Homara swim away in opposite direction.)

Spirit: (Advancing to scene of action)

My labors are rewarded! Simple! Simple! The strong animals kill off the weak ones. Those whose variations adapt them for their environment kill their less fortunate comrades. Why didn't Charlie and I think of that? Now must I hasten to come upon him while yet he sleeps, and deliver to him my message in his dream. (As he leaves stage) Wonder what he'll call my discovery, elimination of the unfit, natural selection, survival of the fit, or what?

(Curtain)

E. L. '22

APPLIED COLLEGE.

I had to keep house for two weeks
 —An easy thing to do—
 Two years of college study
 And good sense would pull me thro'.

I planned a stylish dinner,
 Chicken, sauces, cakes and pies,
 Hot biscuits—ah, at thought of it
 I have to wipe my eyes.

Chemistry in sponge cake making
Didn't seem to work at all.
And the pies were thin and soggy—
Gravitation made them fall.

French names didn't help the cookies
They were sticky and like paste
And the scientific biscuit
Had a very funny taste.

All of well-learned kitty carving
All the muscle made in gym,
Wouldn't help disjoint that chicken
Grown together limb on limb.

Many other woes soon taught me
Learning is not all in books.
Greek or History professors
Don't know much compared with cooks.

F. M. '22

JANGLE OF JAZZY JANE

Sheherazade, you were some lil' charmer,
Titania, you were sure some fairy queen,
Valkyrie, not a charmer but a harm-er,
And Venus with your form and beauteous bean,
I put you, all, with odds of ten to nothing,
'Gainst one fair maid, to win the golden apple,—
You think this boy is kiddin' yer—is bluffing?
It's all hot air? Why, one wee li'l tap'll
Deposit you so low that dear ol' Pluto
Will chuckle o'er your forms so dead and mute-o!

The judge is Prexy Gray; his verdict follows;—
 “Sheherazade, your dress is out o’ date!
 Titania, tho’ you’re graceful as the swallows,
 You’re hair-dress is ten centuries too late!
 Valkyrie, you are stout beyond all reason,
 That sword-stuff is passe, too, now-adays;
 And Venus, bare feet are not quite in season,
 Except upon the stage it hardly pays”—
 He turns, and stands a moment while regarding
 A girl who hails from land of Cox and Harding.

He speaks, his voice a-tremble with emotion,
 “Fair maid, from land of pep and noisome jazzbo
 Where do you get that perfume or that lotion
 Producing fresh complexion like thou has, bo?
 You win; you beat these has-beens by ten metres
 Component girl of U. S. A., it’s yours;
 Now sail back to your native Jersey skeeters
 Or trouble’ll come, not singly, but in fours—
 Where will you put it?” She it by the stem took
 And like a true Bates co-ed, murmured “Mem book!”
 D. D. T. ’22

OLD HOG HOLLER DAYS

You ’uns kin believe this heer story or not jes’ as yer choose. It hain’t agoin’ to make a mite o’ difference. I alluz stick to the truth. And you kin argue all yer please about me surmisin’. There hain’t a grain o’ superstition in the southeast corner of my blam’ head. I’d be willin’ to bet my new ox yoke I got o’er ter Higgins’s auction I see every thing out er these here blinkers that I’m a goin’ to tell.

Hit was in the old days, fellars, when the arm o’ the law warn’t a-mighty strong around these here parts. You recol-

lect that thar strip o' woods down toward Larkin's Dip—whar Ase Hawkes pastures his cows? Well, don't knows you do, but them days, why that woods run back thar four or five mile and full of tarnel ravines and underbrush. Rocky! Saint Mehitable, et was awful. Wall, you know thet thar tumble-down shack off the back rud to the fair about a third way long down? Wall, them days that house's as smart a little dwellin' as yer might ask for. Seth Packard an' his brother Hi—what younguns used to call "Stiff necked Hi," lived thar then and they had as perty a little farm 'ceptin' Baxter Orcutt's as the Lord favored us mountain people with. Seth was ral enterprisin'—he brung up a new variety o' Bartlett pears from down country and got his half the farm up to a scratch. Them brothers warn't no more alike than black an' white.

He toted along a-cussin' and a-cheatin' folks ter keep up ter Seth's honest labor, but he couldn't make her work, and so when Seth goes o'er to Spruce Corners and brings back a wife—perty as a picture, he got's jealous as an owl. Becky Packard sure took the cake them days; she could step a Hull's Victory with the best of 'em and my Saint Metilda, didn't she have an a-mighty way with the men folks. Wall, as you might suppose, he fell for Becky an' as near as I kin find out, tormented the life out er the poor chil'. Least wize the color faded outer her cheeks and every time she 'peard out she looked scart to pieces.

Things went about like this fer some time; they had one youngun which complicated matters a-mighty lot 'cause the old man in his will, had sot his mind on the place stayin' in the family. So he says, "now the one that stays the longest gits the farm and kin hand it down to their kids." That means that Seth can hand the farm down to his kid if he can put up with the stiff-necked cuss long enuf fer him to cash in his checks. Wouldn't blamed him if he'd lit out 'cause an old Jersey bull couldn't ha been any uglier than Hi Packard when he see there warn't no use trying to persuade Becky to leave Seth an' 'lope with him. He settles himself down to making

life as all-fired uncomfortable as he could. Took to havin' uncertain companions and setch, when Seth had to go down country to deposit his returns for apples. Some said thar was an apple brandy still up the mountain in the pasture somewhar—couldn't say myself—but anyhow people saw that onery Alf Robbins rangin' around the place. He had more'n one account to settle with the sheriff an' folks took to surmisin'.

Wall, things went on till about Fair time, year '72. Had a bang up good season that year—crops turned out fine. Not a sign o' fog over Old Susan all that fall. Plenty of apples and apple brandy. So, come time for fair, everybody turned out. I, my old woman, Sal, seed Becky and the boy 'long the first of the day. Sal felt ral lit up to think how Becky's got down ter the mouth and humiliated like. I says ter Sal, "You women folks is all darn fools. Tickled ter pieces ter see a fellow creature taken down a peg jest 'cause she used to be a high stepper."

Wall, as I was sayin' Sal asked whar Seth was, an' Becky lowed how he had ter stay hum ter tend ter the stock. Hi, et seems, druv 'em over, but now he'd gone up country some whar. Becky said sh ewas callatin' on his gettin' back 'bout time to tak them all home. Sal said Becky was all fired nervous, didn't enjoy herself 't all, never even went nigh the cattle pullin', and Sal 'lowed how a body must be feelin' mighty under the weather to keep away from that. Sal found suthin' else out too—she's a great one fer puttin' two and two together, allas surmizin' she is. I sez ter her once, sez I, "You've missed yer callin', gal; you'd have ottuv gone inter detective business, sort uv keepin' in practice all the time. As I was sayin', Sal was talkin' to Ase Hawke's wife from over to Hog Holler, and she said, Ase had seed that thar scape goat, Alf Robbins, a-hangin' round down the orchard by Packard's when they came over ter the fair. Howsomever, the whole business looked 'spicious to Becky.

Wall, here's whar my part of the story comes in. I had ter get the insilladge cut that thar furst day of the Fair, but the blooming head was on the Silo by dark, an' sez I to myself, sez I, here's whar you get up 'fore daylight, an' starts to the Fair, so as to git thar in time for the horse pullin'. So I hists out of bed long snack of the morning and hit was kind of mistin'. Now as long as I was in a hurry, thot I'd try the Bear Swamp Road. You recollect, hit's the north of Packard's farm, an' I clim' out thru that strip of pines and spruce 'bout a mile past their house. Wall, you fellows all know how that steer of Al Johnson's stepped outen the beaten track in them woods, an' I couldn't git him out for the life of him.

Now I hain't fearful of little things, but when I felt that corduroy heavin' underneath the waggin like a barge amid a nor'wester an' all around so dark an' mistin' an' yer would hardly see the hoss in front of yer—I swear I felt mighty squeamish. Perty soon the pines begun to thicken down an' shut in the road dark as pitch black, still as a fun'ral all 'round and the only thing I could hear wuz the chug-chug of the waggin over them logs in the corduroy and the clatter of my heart—I wuz scared to death. Well, I stood about fifteen minutes of it. Had to barely creep along fer fear uv steppin' off inter the bog. All uv a sudding some un' screamed off ter my left. I gropes around in the bottom of the waggin and finally pulls out my ole rusty revolver; folks carried fire arms more them days. Jest ready to fire off toward whar thet all-fired screechin' cum from when I seed one of them tarnel big loons arisin' up above the pines. "Wall," says I to myself, sez I, "I callate yer better be usin' yer common sense fer a while." But somehow that air loon's scream got onter my nerves. I callate I wuz all uv a cold sweat. Great big pines and water and woods all aroun'—mist a-risin' gradual all the time from the swamp.

Then an infernal thot struck me mind. "God" thinks I, "what a place for a murder!" Not a house fur ten miles 'cept Packards—an' thet over the hill. I no more 'n gut thet thot

outer my min' when out uv the place comes a moan. I swear, fellers, hit was an awful low, blood-curdlin' cry. My teeth chattered, I couldn't budge a inch—Then agin comes thet moan. I thot hit was a-cryin' "Help." I strained my eyes to see—nobuddy couldn't a pierced that fog.

Finally, hit seemed like ages, I managed to climb down from the waggin—I wuz goin' ter see whar thet unearthly sound cum from. I couldn't a stepped a yard offen the corduroy inter the underbrush, when I put one foot down an' it sunk; seemed like suthin' wuz a draggin' hit down. "My God," I think, "quicksand!" Jest as I wuz a backin' back fer me life—I catches sight uv—ugh! hit sends a shudder thru me ev'ry time I think uv hit—some distance out there among the underbrush, I sees a human arm. Again thet moan for help cuts me ears. I couldn't stir—that quicksand would a-meant sure death for me. In a wink hit wuz all over—a gurgle—a suckin' in o' that damnable mud an all wuz over.

I staggers back ter the waggin. Old Kate wuz as glad to git out of that murder hole as I. We hit the corduroy faster'n I ever would a dared had I my reason about me. But I wuz wild, fellers, wild ter git outer thet swamp. And fellers, as I listened, I heard a cracklin uv the bushes out beyant them pines. By the livin' God, men, thar wuz another man in thet swamp beside the poor cuss thet went to his death in the quick sand.

But the infernalist part uv the story is thet evenin' Becky said I wuz dreamin' it all.

Thet night we cum home—I couldn't eat, nor talk, I wuz thet sick from the sight uv the mornin'. About eight o'clock Ase Hawks breezed in—

"Oh," sez he, "heered the news?—Seth Packard's disappeared—can't find hide nor hair uv him. Alf Robbins claims he druv him to the station! said he wuz actin' all-fired queer—"

"My God!" sez I—"give me a chair quick!"

E. B. '22..

WE WERE JUST THINKING—*ABOUT OUR VOTE—*

Like Ole Brer Fox of Joel Chandler Harris lore, the citizens of our country said this fall to their womenfolk, "Step right up an' he'p yo'se'ves." With alacrity, the down-trodden half has stepped up to look over the "side bo'd" and now are asking of each other, "Help ourselves to what?"

Unfortunately, the comfort of the soothing response furnished to some by the beautiful slogan, "Women will purify politics," is withheld from many of us by reason of our honest conviction that "folks is folks an' politics is politics." To others of the newly enfranchised, the whole thing looks like a dirty mess, which they think had best be politely ignored, in order that the standard of American womankind may be maintained.

The courage of clear judgment is certainly an indispensable asset of self respect. Since it is undoubtedly true that "as a man thinks, so is he," it follows obviously that if he doesn't think at all, he isn't. That the affair is a dirty mess we'll all agree, and from many estimable points of view certainly, the adjective is also accurate. As to the supposition that for women, voting is degrading, however—

Well—what about the excuse offered by so many of us, that we don't know anything about it and can't find out anything? Rallies? Oh yes, there are rallies. Rallies are like religious revivals—some people like orgies. Three-fourths of the speakers at rallies run a gamut of prepared accusation against the other parties and more or less skillfully, mostly less; the other fourth start in well by pretending to lay before you the facts of the situation and end by disgusting you because they have omitted all but the strongest points for their own side! Daily papers are frankly partisan—magazines but little less so.

Since to exist they must run true to form, we are not allowed to hear of the independent element. What then? There's but one conclusion, certainly. Here's where we exercise our individual judgment, reached thru observation of conditions, thru study of preceding generations and the results of their political decisions, and thru conversation with others interested in the same manner.

And finally, when, having completed our judgment, we fail to vote, how are we maintaining any standard at all? Even that of our self-respect?

Nor is it necessary that we vote against our convictions. It's a neat little item on the program of the politicians—and not a new one either—this advice thru literature and stump speakers—“Now don't throw away your vote on a ticket that can't possibly win.” They know the psychology in that; they know that it is a strong element in human nature, not to get left, to come out with the winning side. That's their strong card. Some people waver hopefully between Cox and Harding, weighing the men, studying the parties—the issue of the League, which they have pasted foremost, the oft repeated claim, “Times are bad, we need a change,” to end with the conclusion that one is the “fat” and the other the “fire.”

There is an alternative. To vote this fall the Socialist or Farmer-Labor ticket will not be to align oneself with these parties or to mean that one hopes his candidate to win—it will be rather a protest against the two old parties, the only means of protest at our command. A vote of protest is never wasted.

For the sake of our self respect then, and for the sake of the Vision still alive, we must not lay our vote away in tissue wrappings, and remark, “Oh, I'll vote sometime.” A vote of real conviction is the least that we can give.

WHAT THE OTHER FELLOW SAID:

“Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes
Him will I follow thru the storm
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes.”

Francis Shane.

“Economy is going without something you do want in case you should some day want something which you probably won't want.”

Anthony Hope Hawkins.

“The land of faery,
Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue.”

Yeats.

“It's clever, but is it art?”

Kipling.

“Life is love the poets tell us
In the little books they sell us;
But pray ma'am, what's of life the use,
If life be love—for Love's the Deuce!”

“And oh the joy that is never won
But follows and follows the journeying sun.”

“Oft have I said—I say it once more,
I a wanderer do not stray from myself,
I am a kind of parrot; the mirror is holden to me;
What the eternal says, I, stammering, say again.”

“People must have a deal of patience when they have to
live with us for twenty-four hours a day.”

Jerome.

HARRY L. PLUMMER

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