

10-23-1913

# The Bates Student - volume 41 number 24 - October 23, 1913

Bates College

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# BATES STUDENT

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OCTOBER 23  
1913

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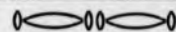
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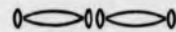
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# THE BATES STUDENT

Vol. XLI

LEWISTON, MAINE, OCTOBER 23, 1913

No. 24

## "THE LEADING CITIZEN"

Hilton lay in the murky warmth of the Indian summer day, a veritable deserted village. The narrow, dusty streets; the little, red and yellow railroad station; the general store surrounded by its guard of battered hitching-posts, all stood silent and deserted. The neat white houses: the carefully cultivated, little garden plots; the fields and pastures still green; all were evidence of thrift and careful husbandry. Indeed it was as if the little village lay asleep with signs of its former activities all about it. A large, illustrated poster conspicuously placed on the store platform announced the fact that the state agricultural experiment train would give an all-day demonstration at Riversport, Thursday, September twenty-first. All were invited to bring picnic luncheons. Coffee would be served at noon from the car. In these gaily colored words lay the secret of Hillton's desertion, for the village was picnicking at Riversport, twelve miles distant.

Only one house in the village showed signs of life. There, on the broad, shaded veranda, under the watchful eye of the housekeeper and a doting grandfather, the judge's three fair-haired, bright-faced, little boys were playing at soldier. In the garden just back of the house, Pete, the judge's errand-boy, was digging potatoes. Now and then the boy would stop for a moment, wipe his sweaty, freckle-spattered face and then smile to himself. Fate had been unkind to Pete in giving him a worthless, drunken father and in taking from him a gentle, overworked mother. But if Fate had not befriended Pete, Nature had; for the light of an honest heart shone through Pete's blue eyes, and simple helpfulness radiated from his gold-brown freckles. To be sure, Pete wasn't ambitious, nor endowed with

great mental capacity; but he could do the judge's chores and he could whistle until even the darkest day seemed bright. Indeed the housekeeper had been heard to declare that Pete's whistle alone was "worth his keep."

"Well, Pete," the judge had jokingly said that morning as the family was setting out for Riversport, "I guess you'll be the leading citizen of Hillton to-day, all right."

Pete had grinned at the words then, and even now he smiled to himself as he turned up an extra large potato. "I reckon the judge was right—the leading citizen of Hillton." And he laughed outright as the thought of his own importance magnified itself.

The morning wore on and the soft, blue mists of Indian summer seemed to deepen. At noon the air felt almost heavy with the thick, smoky haze and the western horizon was hidden in deep, gray billows. At two o'clock the odor of smoke was distinctly noticeable. Half an hour later Pete rushed into the house with the incoherent exclamation, "She's a-fire, Mrs. Foster. Can't yer smell her? It's Dingley's woods—they're all a-burning."

Pete was right. Borne straight toward them by the west wind, came the hot breath of the fire. Heavy, gray smoke enfolded the little village, and vivid streaks of fire shot up toward the western sky. Even as Pete was speaking a soft white cinder, borne far in advance of the fire by the hot wind, fell upon the veranda. For an instant they all stood in stupefied silence, as Pete explained what they all knew. "It's coming—right here. The wind's a-bringing her straight fer the village. We—we—got ter go somewheres." Then strangely enough it was Pete who thought of the only means of safety, and a light shot into his simple, anxious face as he cried, "The ploughed land down by the river! She won't burn! Come on!"



It was only an hour later when the fire had passed and Hillton lay in smoking ruin, that the terrified inhabitants arrived from Riversport. The judge and doctor were the first to reach the group on the river bank. With a gray face the judge pressed his children to his heart and wrung his fathers' hand.

But it was over the prostrate form of Pete that the doctor bent. "Almost gone," he said as he felt the smoke-begrimed little wrist. "The heart action was evidently weak and the over-exertion and the shock of the reaction were too much."

"Pete, my brave boy!" The judge's words held an agony of appeal.

The red head moved slightly, the vacant blue eyes opened, and a smile glowed beneath the gold-brown freckles as the white lips murmured, "I—I—reckon you're right, jedge—the—the leading citizen—of Hilton—fer—fer—to-day."

HAZEL A. MITCHELL, '16.

#### THE PYRAMID DWELLER

Sand, and sun, and silence,  
And the desert centuries—  
Life and limb of a million men,  
One of Time's mysteries.  
Lips dried, eyes sunk, and vacant  
With parched cheeks, bleached to grey  
As dead as his own tomb's pavement,  
Or the corpse that died to-day.

As dead as the million lives that lived  
And died to build his tomb  
When a million seeds are blown to earth,  
How many, say you, shall bloom?  
The lips speak, the faith lives,  
And echoes when granite is ground into  
clay,  
As live as the new-hatched eaglet  
Or the corpse that died to-day.

'14.

#### "THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE"

The amber colored dome in the center of the room radiated a soft, mellow light. It produced just the right effect for a full appreciation of "The Rosary" as the soft, sweet, voice just barely filled the room. Rodney Smith sat almost hidden in a great upholstered settee in one corner of the parlor, with his eyes fixed on the figure at the piano. "The Rosary" ended, then followed "The Araesque" and a Bach "Invention."

During the last two selections, the clear-cut looking young man had fallen into a dreamy meditation. He thought of the comradeship that had existed between the two for many years; his coming home from college and entering his father's law office; the return of Grace from the school of music in a larger city; but his mind dwelt longest upon the change that had taken place in her, the passing of a carefree girl and the entrance of a thoughtful young woman.

The notes of the piano had stopped awakening Rodney with a start.

"Rod, I see you have survived that 'Invention.' Why don't you offer the usual adjectives?"

"To tell the truth, Grace, I've been dreaming, thinking of the changes of the last few years, especially in yourself."

"You look lonesome over there," she replied. "If you will tell me about these puzzling changes, I'll sit down beside you."

"Well, before you and I went away to school you promised to marry me. Now I am in a good berth with prospects of becoming one of the firm in a few years. Whenever I ask you to marry me, you've put me off with the answer, 'Wait until you've accomplished something.'"

"You musty advocate, you have buried yourself so completely in your old law books you haven't a glimpse of what is going on outside of your desk. At the 'Institute' I had the pleasure of 'sitting at the feet' of such men as Thomas Tapper, and besides my music, I

value most highly a few truths that they impressed upon me. One of these was, that 'service' is the ultimate of happiness. This truth was driven home by the Social Settlement work which Hope Merritt, my roommate, was doing on the East Side. Many a time I accompanied her and experienced the happiness that comes from doing something for someone else. I don't want to be an ordinary Mrs. Smith, I want to be 'the Mrs. Smith,' the wife of a man who is doing something besides furthering his own interests. Rod, can't you see? There are so many opportunities for a man, right here in our own city, in cleaning up municipal affairs and in creating a public sentiment that will work for civic betterment."

"I am just selfish enough to want you to start in now, on me, there is a big field for improvement right here" said the other occupant of the settee.

Grace tried to seem very much displeased. "You never can be serious, so we'll drop the subject right here."

When they were saying good-night they reached an agreement.

Grace said "Barkis is willing, to wait."

Rodney was deep in thought all the way home, and continued thinking during the rest of the week. Several prominent politicians when interviewed about improving the local conditions said that there was no doubt but there was opportunity for improvement, but it couldn't be done. The foreign element was in the majority and they wanted condition to remain just as they were.

The prospective reformer had become sufficiently interested now, so that obstacles only increased his determination. He investigated the foreign quarter and saw the filth and squalor due to the corruption of the city officials. He wondered why such things were tolerated and how it was that he had never noticed them before. The following week he spent more time in the city library than in his office, and began to learn what other cities were doing to solve their problems.

His next move was to visit the city press. The case was fully explained to the editors of the foreign newspapers, how their fellow-countrymen were being blamed for the conditions which made their city the laughing stock of the State. His enthusiasm was so genuine that they promised to help him in a publicity

campaign. Greater difficulty was met with in dealing with the English newspapers, most of them were subsidized. At last one sufficiently independent and progressive was found whose editor promised to print anything that Rodney wished to bring before the people.

The young reformer had made a good start.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Governor's mansion was furnished with the utmost simplicity. Even his inauguration had startled the press because of its lack of pomp and ceremony. In the cozy library "His Excellency" sat poring over a mass of state papers. From a distant room came the notes of "The Rosary." The Governor looked up with a start, neglecting his documents he fell into a deep reverie.

In memory he went back to that other evening in the parlor when his life had been turned into present channel; the struggle he had encountered when he tried to clean up his own city, which culminated in his first achievement—commission government; his stormy career at Washington where he had to fight the private interests in his struggles to pass better labor laws; then how finally he had been nominated by the "machine" to save it from utter defeat at the last election; and through all these years he had been counseled and guided by the personality of the little woman who had started him upon his public career.

His reverie was interrupted by the entrance into the room of that same slight figure of former years. Father Time had been kind to her.

"Is it possible that 'His Excellency' has been dreaming?" she asked, as she crossed over and sat down upon the arm of his chair.

"Rod, I've been thinking of the changes in you since that night long ago in mother's parlor. Excepting our chats at meals I never have you to myself. I am just selfish enough to want some of your time devoted to me. Now tell me something nice, like you used to do years ago when you were only a lawyer."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Governor's fame is national. His name is mentioned in connection with the next appointment to the Supreme Court, but only their most intimate friends realize that the self-effacing little woman is "The Power Behind the Throne."

—J. L. GREENAN, '15.



# THE BATES STUDENT

Published Thursdays During the College Year  
by the Students of  
BATES COLLEGE

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were offered for such conduct. Some said that they had lost their caps, while others experienced an humiliation in being required to wear them. There need be no difficulty this year from losing caps since they are small enough to be carried in the pocket while they are not on the head. If this custom is regarded in the right attitude, and the true purpose for which it was established, is held in view, there should be a sense of pride rather than of humiliation in wearing the cap of black and garnet—the college colors. Surely no man in the Freshman class would be so disloyal to his class and to his college as to hesitate to wear his college colors upon his head.

## MASS MEETING TO-NIGHT.

There will be a mass meeting at the College Commons to-night immediately after supper. A list of interesting speakers has been secured and a snappy meeting is expected. Every Bates man should be present at this first mass meeting of the year.

## A COLLEGE CUSTOM

In college, as in all other social groups, there are various customs that contribute to the interests and well-being of all. Some of these customs are not only of interest but also of usefulness. Some have become requirements because of their recognized usefulness, and practicable value. The requirement of the Student Assembly that each man in the Freshman Class shall wear a cap of a certain prescribed design, from the day of the Freshman-Sophomore baseball game until the close of the football season, has long since come to be recognized as a valuable and useful custom. Not only is this a useful custom in helping the Freshmen to recognize their classmates, and thus to become acquainted with one another sooner but also in aiding the upper class men to recognize the Freshmen, especially when they are not on the campus.

In previous years, some trouble has been given the Student Council because a few members of the Freshman Class did not always conform to the requirement. Various excuses

## TWILIGHT REVERIES

When in the fading twilight,  
Of an Autumn's parting day,  
One dreams of friends and dear ones  
At the old home far away.  
To some smoky, dreary city,  
In which by chance we roam,  
How welcome comes a letter  
From a certain girl up home.

How eagerly we scan a page  
And read it o'er and o'er,  
And strive to make each tiny phrase  
Mean just a little more.  
We try to read between the lines  
To see if we are missed,  
Or if the hope that we'll return  
Has been adroitly wished.

What picture dreams before us rise  
Of the airy, country Miss,  
With dimpled face and hair of brown  
And lips just made to kiss,  
By her fair side in memory's dreams  
We stroll at night again,  
And pay our court to her brown eyes  
Once more in Lovers' Lane.

'13.

## WESTBROOK GAME.

Bates defeated Westbrook Seminary on the home field, Wednesday, by a score of 21 to 6. The field was muddy and slippery so that good playing was almost impossible. Westbrook had a lot of pluck and showed every indication that Shepard, '13, had them well trained and organized. Westbrook scored in the last period by an intercepted forward pass.

## Summary:

| BATES   | WESTBROOK                 |
|---|---------------------------|
| Danahy, Brooks, l.e.                            |                           |
|   | r.e., McDonald, W. Martin |
| Kerr, Stillman, l.t.....r.t., Latham            |                           |
| Moore, Clifford, l.g.                           |                           |
|   | r.g., W. Martin, Douglass |
| Harding, Green, Brooks, c....c., Hunt, Dow      |                           |
| Haggerty Manuel, Russell, r.g., l.g., Alkazin   |                           |
| A. Cobb, Stillman, Merrill, r.t. l.t., McConkey |                           |
| Deweaver, Witham, P. Cobb, Fowler, Segal,       |                           |
| r.e. ....l.e., Vaughn, Martin                   |                           |
| Davis, Conners, q.b.....q.b., Niles             |                           |
| Kennedy, Prew, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Harvey         |                           |
| P. Cobb, Conners, r.h.b...l.h.b., Tilley, Lynch |                           |
| Dyer fb.....f.b., Remick, Tilley, Hanson        |                           |

Score: Bates 21; Westbrook 6. Touch-downs, P. Cobb. Umpire, Greene (Penn.) Referee, Ireland (Tufts). Linesman, Cummings (Bates). Time, two ten- and two eight-minute periods.

## BATES NIGHT NOV. 7

Students and alumni are looking forward with interest to the annual Bates Night which will occur on the evening of Nov. 7. The list of speakers for the evening will include many prominent alumni as well as representatives from the student body. We hope that many alumni will return to renew their loyalty to Bates and add to the spirit of the occasion.

## THE PHANTOM HAND

"Yes, I like this one every much. It is quiet and restful, and that is what I'm looking for," replied Mr. Hobson to the inquiries of the lawyer.

"It is all of that," said the lawyer. "It is a fine place and is never disturbed by outsiders. But I want to warn you in regard to one thing. The house is reputed to be haunted. Family after family has come here, and, when warned, have laughed at such an idea as spooks. But each one has left soon, and all for the same cause. I like to warn my patrons because some are rather timid, and—"

"What—me afraid of ghosts?" interrupted Hobson. "Well—not hardly. Why say, I've seen more ghosts in my day than you ever dreamed of. I could lick ten of the biggest ghosts that ever lived in the country. Do you know, I rather like them. Have acquired a real liking for such personages. This is just the place for me."

"Well," returned the lawyer, "of course you'll do just as you wish about it, but I just thought I'd warn you so that you couldn't blame me if you get scared blue in the middle of the night."

So saying, the lawyer departed, leaving Mr. Hobson to take possession of his new residence.

Mr. Hobson was a bachelor of middle age who had gone to the suburbs of the city for a quiet week of rest after a hard year of work. He was completely worn out and wanted to do nothing but eat and sleep, to be alone.

After supper that night he did not feel specially sleepy, so he lit the reading lamp, drew a large, deep upholstered chair up to the fire place—for the weather was a bit cool for June—and, lighting his pipe, sank into the recesses of the chair for a quiet smoke before bedtime.

As he smoked he chanced to remember what the lawyer had said that afternoon about ghosts. Hobson had always been a strong disbeliever in such nightly apparitions. Although he had never been through an experi-



ence of this kind, nor had come into actual contact with a ghost, yet he was sure that nothing of that nature could disturb him. Still, the lawyer had said that several families had left that very house on account of what they supposed to be "spooke." There must have been some foundation for their fears or else all would not have left. Suppose the house was haunted? Suppose a ghost should appear? Would that trouble him? Well, he should say not. He was good and strong. If any phantoms tried to intrude themselves into his sleeping apartment, he would quietly but firmly throw them out of the window.

This conclusion was reached just as he took a last puff from his beloved meerschaum. Then, slowly rising and stretching, he moved across the room, switched off the light, and betook himself to bed. Being extremely tired he fell into a profound slumber. As is usual with deep sleepers, time passed unheeded, and Hobson could not have told how long he had been asleep when slowly he became aware of something cold resting on his cheek. For a moment he could not distinguish what it was, but gradually he began to feel separate branches of the cold thing pressing continually on his flesh, and, with a thought of horror, he knew that it was a human hand.

Whose was it? What could he do? He was helpless. He tried to scream, but his throat refused to perform its natural function; he tried to move, but it was useless. That cold, white hand held him as if in an iron clasp. Every little while Hobson imagined that he could feel the fingers moving up and down. Shivers began to run up and down his back. His conversation with the lawyer flashed through his mind. With a sob of horror he remembered the reputed ghost of the place.

Hobson began to get desperate. Cold beads of perspiration rolled down his forehead across his cheeks. He could not remain there and let that icy cold thing remain on his cheek forever. Could he possibly move? He remembered his threat of the afternoon that he

could lick any ten ghosts in the world. Yet, here he was beneath the hand of what? He did not know. The fingers began to move again. He must do something. Getting as strong control of his mind and muscles as he could, he gave a lunge, and landed on his head in the opposite corner of the room. When he pulled himself up, he discovered that the hand had disappeared. But, happening to touch his cheek with one of his hands, he jumped back, for there was that cold, clammy feeling again. He switched on the electricity and discovered, to his utter astonishment, that it was his own hand that was so cold. He remembered now that it had been cramped up over his head. It had gone to sleep, and the blood flowing out, had left it cold and clammy.

With a sheepish grin, Hobson turned off the light and climbed back into bed, and was soon asleep. But no one except himself ever learned of the hand that went to sleep.

N. D. MEADER, '15.

#### ALUMNI NOTES

1904—C. L. McKusick has been forced by ill health to resign from the Chester, Vt., high school, and is now at his home in Maine.

1905—Mabel May Cornelson was married this fall to Wiley J. Latham. Her address is 724 S. East Street, Raleigh, N. C.

Charles H. Walker is principal of the high school at Berwick, Me.

1906—E. L. Rand is principal of the academy at Monson, Maine.

W. Bertrand Stevens begins this month his second year at rector of St. Ann's church of Morrania, New York City.

1907—Louis B. Farnham is principal of the high school at Deering, Me. Alice B. Quinby and Elizabeth M. Ring, also of '07, are assistants in the same school.

Mrs. Mona Griffin Barrows is living in Jenkinstown, Pa., where her husband is principal of the Friends' School.



Christina Davis is teaching Latin in the high school at Natick, Mass.

1908—William M. Larrabee is principal of the high school at Westhampton Beach, L. I. He is married and has one son, named Ford.

Caroline E. Bonney is teaching in Pendleton, Oregon. Her address is 112 North Street.

1909—Carl R. Purington has been elected principal of the high school at Newport.

1910—William H. Buker has entered upon his fourth year as principal and superintendent of the schools in Ashland, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Buker (Alice A. Foss, '09) have a son, Wayne Adams Buker, born Sept. 2d.

Stanley E. Howard was married this summer to Ethel Mae Chapman. Mr. Howard secured his A. degree at Princeton this last year and is now Instructor in Economics at Mt. Holyoke.

Cyrus M. Kendrick is principal of the high school at Bowdoinham, Me.

1911—Frank B. Quincy and Mary Ruth Sweetzer, '12, were married this summer.

Rita M. Cox was married this summer to Morton Franklin Downing. Their home is in Lyndon Center, Vermont.

Sidney Cox is teaching English in a school of 1200 people at Schnectady, N. Y.

John L. Williams has given up his excellent position in the tropics, because of his father's illness, and is now at home, 4 Gates Street, Worcester, Mass.

Genevieve Dwinal is teaching at Kennebunk, Me.

Eulela Little was married this summer to Mr. O. B. Pray of Gardiner, Me.

1912—Charles H. Abbott was married this summer to Lillian Katherine Hopkins. Mr. Abbott is Superintendent of Schools at Turner, Me., Josephine B. Stearns, who taught last year at Leavitt Institute, Turner Center, was married this summer to Carl Ellis Stone. Her address is 2944 Lawrence St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Alice H. Richards is teaching German, Geometry, and English in the high school at Conway, N. H.

Ellen Aikens is teaching Latin, French, and Mathematics in the high school at Windham, Me.

Jessie Alley is teaching in the Enfield, N. H., High School.

Wilhelmina Noyes is teaching in Lee Normal Academy, Lee, Me. Elmer R. Verrill, '05, is principal of this academy.

Leonard S. Smith is in Iowa—address: 616 Wellington Street, Waterloo.

Ze'la Bridgham is teaching in Standish, Me.

Clair V. Chesley is teaching in Mt. Allison Academy, Sackville, N. B.

Wayne C. Davis is teaching in Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.

Carl E. Rhoades is in the high school at Weston, Mass.

Ruth T. Humiston is in Alabama, teaching in Lincoln Normal School, Marion, Ala.

1913—Gladys L. Woodman of Auburn was recently married to Guy H. Herring. Their home is in Portland, Me.

Joseph E. Plumstead is a chemist in the Oxford Paper Company, Rumford, Me.

E. Eliopoulos is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Monroe, Me.

Melvin Knight is sub-master of the high school at Rockland, Me.

Ralph R. Barr is principal of George Stevens Academy, Bluehill, Me. Mrs. Barr was Edith M. Davis, '09.

Arthur C. Morrison was married this fall to Miss Lillian Adeline Draper, a graduate nurse from the New England Deaconess Hospital, Boston. Mr. Morrison is a student in the Y. M. C. A. College, Springfield, Mass.

Kathleen H. Tuttle is an assistant in the Islesboro, Me., High School.

Louise Sawyer is teaching in Sherman Mills, Me.

Hazel N. Currier is an assistant in the Rockland, Me., High School.

Lulene Pillsbury is Assistant Secretary of the Women's Christian Association, Lewiston, Me.

Frank Sleeper is studying in Bowdoin Medical College.

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