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FICTION NUMBER

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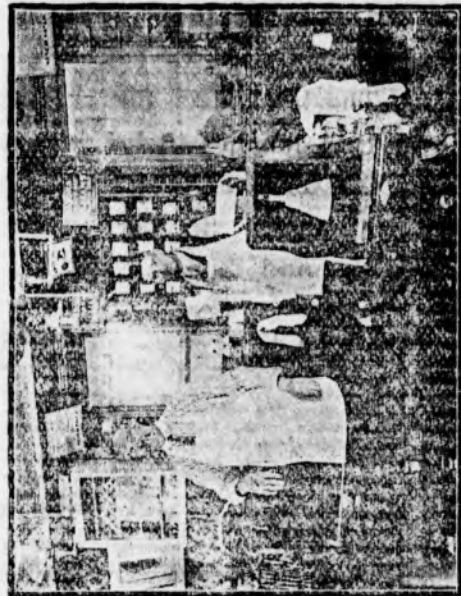
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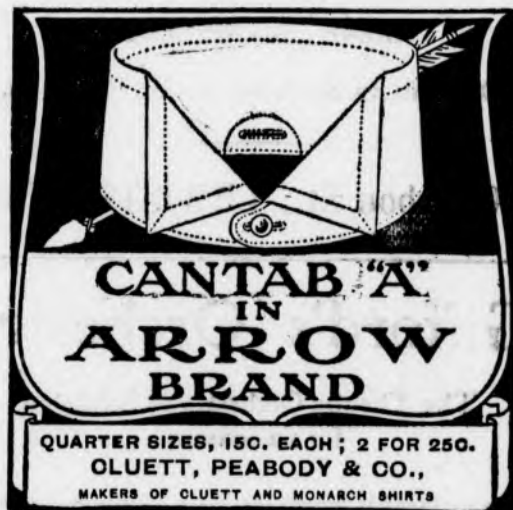
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# BATES STUDENT

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## CURIOSITY

[First Emory Fiction Prize.]

WELL, *what* do you *suppose* is the matter with Hal Baxter! This is the *third* time to-day to my certain knowledge that he's gone by here with a bundle. It's the same bundle, too! I can tell by the shape of it. *What do you suppose is the matter?*

"My dear Kit, Hal Baxter's concerns don't trouble me in the least. He can carry the same bundle till he drops for all I care. Let's get this Latin."

"I'm dying to know what's in that bundle."

"Here's your book. The lesson is on page forty, line three."

"Perhaps he's in love with me and that bundle is a bunch of violets he can't get up spunk to bring in!"

"Must be pretty wilted by this time. It's the third day he's been carrying them."

"All the more appropriate—'*wilt thou be mine, etc.*'"

"Silly! Come now—when Hannibal began his march—"

"Hal Baxter is the queerest duck! 'O, niggah, how I *luff* that man!'"

—"winter was just setting—"

"And I'm 'setting' here just dying of curiosity and you don't care a bit."

"—in. Owing to the steepness of the mountains the pack-mules—"

"Packs—bundles—all the same thing! Here he comes again. I'm going to open the window, Nell, just watch his eyes light up when he sees *me!*"



"Get away from that window my love and my darling! Get away from that window now I say," sang Nell in the words of the popular college song, accompanying her commands by such a violent pull on Kit's skirt that the gathers cracked. "Now don't be an idiot, Kit. Probably he's ruminating on composing a dictionary."

"Maybe it is a dictionary. But no! That soulful look never belongs to a *dictionary*. Just think, for three days and four or five times a day he's been parading by here with the same bundle. Avaunt, base dissembler! Some maiden fair it sure must be who occupies his thoughts. I cling to the violet theory."

"Pooh! Violet theory! He's probably carrying a big word he's just invented. The college men think he is fine, but they laugh awfully at his big words. He doesn't care for anything but studying and you know it. And since you are bound to talk about Mr. Baxter, the meeting will please come to order. The question before the house is what does Hal Baxter carry—"

"He plays football. That isn't studying!"

"Oh, he just took that up to compute how many abrasions he could get on a square inch of epidermis. One day he said to Lin Stanley, 'Please suspend my sporting apparel from the aperture,' when he wanted his football togs hung out the window."

"I don't believe that. I saw him at the faculty reception, anyway. So there!"

"So he was, and what a rumpus he did make! You remember that old vase that's been standing in the corner of the Tennyson Room since the year one? Well, he was talking to Janet Cummings and he picked that up without thinking and blew into it. About four quarts of old, black dust flew out and plastered his face as black as a crow! I nearly died laughing and Janet had to smile."

"I did hear about that. And I remember he told Miss Day that the enamel on her teeth was compounded of fluorine and it was a deadly poison. Her teeth are false and she thought he knew it."

"Yes! Don't you remember how lovely Ardilla Johnson

used to think he was? She asked him to wear her colors when he played in the great game, and he said he'd tie them on his finger so he wouldn't forget."

"Wasn't it ridiculous when some one tied them to his helmet and he waved them thro' the entire first half? My! wasn't she furious? She thought he was making fun of her."

"He wouldn't do that, Kit. Some one told me that one of the men offered him a cigar and he took it and unrolled it and examined the leaves with a microscope. He said he always wondered whether tobacco was a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon. I hope you're satisfied now. We've talked enough. *Let's—get—this—Latin.*

The above conversation took place one warm spring day in the side-street rooms of two gay college girls in the pleasant college town. The arrival at the college of Hal Baxter, tall, athletic, and handsome, had caused many a feminine heart to flutter. But fall and winter terms had passed away and he had shown no interest beyond an absent-minded nod. Study seemed his only thought.

"There he goes again with that bundle," cried Kit, the following morning. At noon again, dignity plus the bundle and at eve the same. Another day passed and the "bundle parade" as Nell called it became established.

"There, I simply can not stand it any longer," cried Kit, when the bundle parade passed for the fifth time. "I'm dying of curiosity. See how thin I look. I'm going to do or die! Watch me!" and jabbing on her hat, with coat half on she fled down the stairs.

Nell hurried to the window in time to see Kit accost Mr. Baxter with an enchanting smile and apparently ask him a question. She raised the window an inch to apply her ear, but, careful as she was, at the slight click Baxter glanced up with such unmistakable eagerness that a very red-faced girl flopped to the carpet beneath. She was crawling away from the window on her hands and knees when Kit came in.

"No use. I'm wusser off than before. He must think I'm terribly saucy. I walked with him as far as the store

and honestly I believe he was *trying* to drive me crazy with that bundle! He diddled it on one end and twiddled it on the other, and dandled it, and twirled it, and never said Boo about it. I got a chance to jab it accidentally on purpose with my elbow and I've abandoned the violet theory. It's hard and felt a little bit round. What can it be?"

"It must be his Easter derby. He's afraid the boys will squash it at the frat, so he carries it with him when he goes out."

"Nonsense! I tell you, Nell, I've *got* to find out what's in that bundle! Eureka! I know what I'll do. I'll go out for a walk and when I meet him I'll stub my toe, fall on the bundle and solve the mystery. Ha! I have thee at last, my little bundle," and Kit sprang up, dramatically holding an imaginary bundle to her heart.

"What if it was Easter eggs? Anyway, there's nothing to stub your toe on in that smooth walk."

"Leave it to me. We'll go out for a walk and I'll bring home a stone in my hands!"

"All right—and we'll put it on the sidewalk after dark."

Monday morning a respectable-looking stone rested innocently on the sidewalk before the girls' door, while two anxious maidens watched to see that no villainous small boy should make off with it.

"Time for the Bundle Parade," cried Nell at quarter past three and Kit stepped forth in most fetching hat and gown, while Nell jabbed a peep-hole in the curtain with a pencil.

Kit had paraded for fifteen minutes when the bundle appeared on the horizon. Head up she sailed along, never seeing a great stone that stood in her path. Violently she tries to recover herself. How lucky that gentleman is near. But his bundle! In a terrible effort to regain her balance Kit clutched the bundle and brought it to the earth, and Nell, watching, saw a much dilapidated football spring from the paper, make a graceful curve, and settle in a mud-puddle in the street.

Kit explained everything later.

"I never was so mortified in my life, and it served me right, too. When I fell I gave the bundle a great squeeze

and out flew that football. Mr. Baxter was just lovely. He picked up the rock and threw it in the street and rescued the football. Then—you—can't—guess—what—he—said! 'Pardon me, Miss Winters, but may I interrogate you? Did you clutch that bundle purposely?' Well—I stammered and stuttered and blushed. You can imagine how I felt. 'You see,' he continued, 'I have recently been taking a course in psychology and have been making some experiments in that line. For the past few days I have been engaged in the study of—ah—curiosity. Several of my experiments have been correct and I wished to know if this last one has been successful. I was almost certain in my deductions when I saw your friend watching from the window once. The football has no material connection with the experiment. It was the thing most convenient.' Well, I 'fessed, I owned up and now he knows what successful experiments we are. Didn't that serve me right? But never mind! I'm not half as sack-cloth and ashey as I might be! He's asked to call. He's coming to-morrow evening! Shall we serve coffee or chocolate?"

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### AUNT NAN'S STORY

WITH head held high and cheek aflame Regina swept imperiously up the stairs. She was hastening on to her own room when Aunt Nan, calling softly from the window-seat, stopped her.

"Beth, Beth!" she cried. "Come here, child, and tell me what is the matter. Come, dear."

Regina hesitated a moment, turned and went quickly toward the broad front window where Aunt Nan sat, then burst out, impetuously, "Please don't call me Beth, Auntie. I don't feel one bit Beth-y."

"But, dearest, what has happened to make our little sunshine feel so?"

Regina's eyes flashed dangerously. "I've just told that Dick Hayes that I hope I shall never see his face again, and I hope I shan't, so there now! The despicable wretch!"

"You and Richard have quarreled? Why, my darling, what was the cause?" Aunt Nan drew the excited girl down beside her and gently stroked her soft dark hair.

Silence.

"Can't you tell me what the trouble is, dear?" very softly.

"Yes, yes. I must tell you. I just couldn't stand it any longer, Auntie! You know Lenna, my chum, my best girl friend, don't you? Well, Mr. Richard, 'so chivalrous, so honorable,' you thought him, has been saying horrid, awful things about her for a long time, now, and," with a final burst of indignation, "I just can't have it!"

"What sort of horrid things, dearie?" and a pained look stole into Aunt Nan's beautiful eyes.

"Oh! trying to make me believe she isn't my friend at all, that she keeps giving him sly hints about my violent temper and fickleness, and says sarcastic things about my 'queenly airs;' lots of things like that, and telling me not to confide in her and not to go with her so much. It's—it's just awful!"

"It would be more awful if it were true, dearie," said Aunt Nan, slowly.

"True? Why, Aunt Nan, you can't think Lenna could or would say such things. My poor, sweet, innocent little Lenna! Don't try to defend *him*, Auntie. He is unworthy. To think of it," with a shudder, "a liar, a slanderer! I am glad I sent him away." Then she curled up among the cushions and gazed at Aunt Nan with big defiant eyes.

Aunt Nan sighed. "Your defense of your friend is right, and worthy of you. But why not trust Richard a little, too, and give him an opportunity to explain, before you send him away like this?"

"I did give him a chance, Auntie. I told him to explain, if he could, his motive for such untruths. And he just looked weary and said: 'They are not untruths, Beth. I wish they were. I cannot explain or defend myself. If you would only trust me, darling.' Then I sent him away. Trust him!"

"Oh! Beth, Beth, I wish you had trusted him. He cannot so quickly have become depraved and dishonorable. I

know nothing about Lenna, but I feel that Richard must have had some good reason for his speeches, dear. No, no! I shall not try to defend him any more. I am only going to tell you a story, my story. Perhaps when you have heard it you will understand why I hate to have you and Richard part as you have parted." Aunt Nan sighed again, then looked up at Regina with the sweet smile that, despite her present happiness, was still sad, and began:

The year I was fifteen years old papa and mamma sent me to spend the summer with Aunt Ruth and Uncle James. Then, as now, they lived far inland, near the busy town of Belmont. They all hoped that my throat, injured by the sea-fogs at Wocasset, would be much benefited by the mountain air.

You know how genial and cordial Aunt Ruth and Uncle James are, and you know, too, what a cheery fellow their son Harry is. They were all just as delightful then. Harry was only nine that summer. There were, besides him, six-year-old Eleanor, a frail, sweet little flower, and the roguish baby, Elizabeth. I soon loved them all dearly and was very happy. Then, the country was so beautiful that one almost had to be happy. Bounding the farm on the north was a deep, clear little river, which spread out below to form a broad, tranquil pond, where the trees and the blue sky with its flocks of clouds were mirrored all day long. There were beautiful hills all around us, and song-birds and flowers everywhere in the meadows and on the wooded slopes of the hills. Harry, Eleanor, and I spent hours in the woods and fields, never failing to take home to Baby Beth some treasure of the countryside.

One day Harry led us across the little red bridge and down the farther shore of the pond. He followed a winding path, among the trees, and finally came to a little clearing in which stood a quaint log cabin. Past this he led us, straight to the camp-fire, where a dark young giant was making coffee. There he halted us and, with great dignity, announced, "Mr. John Stewart, this is my sister Eleanor (you prob'bly remember her) and this is my new cousin, Nance Grey."

Mr. John greeted us with charming cordiality and begged us to lunch with him. I was inclined to be shy, but the children were so eager, that I said we should be very glad to stay. What a happy time it was! I seemed suddenly borne into a new world, a dream-world of flickering light and shade, of rippling waters beyond, of gentle chatter and laughter, of comradeship, and of tenderness—the great tenderness in John Stewart's eyes.

Well, that was the first of many happy times for us all. John went with us everywhere, carrying Eleanor when she was tired, finding the easiest paths, the finest flowers, the ripest berries, for us or, as he laughingly put it, "Keeping the bears away." Eleanor and Harry half-worshipped him. Was it any wonder that I, still a child at heart, came to regard him as a sort of hero?

John's knowledge of things out of doors was almost unlimited. He knew and told us all about the insects and birds and flowers and trees that we saw in our rambles. He was well-versed, too, in classic myth and story. How he had learned so much was a mystery to us, for, in spite of his height and athletic frame, he was only seventeen years old.

In August Aunt Ruth told me that mamma and papa were willing I should stay with her that winter and go to school at Belmont, if I wished. When I told John about it, and told him I was ready to enter high school, he advised me to stay because Belmont High School was the best in the state. He had been graduated from it in June.

Often in the evening the whole family went down to camp and sat around the fire, the men exchanging tales of hunting and fishing exploits, while Aunt Ruth, the children and I, listened in contented silence.

If I were to tell you all about that happy summer, it would take far, far, too long. So I shall pass on to the Fall, and the long days at school when I longed for the farm and the river. But every day I saw John Stewart, and that made me happy. He always walked from the school to the train with me, and often waited until the train came.

One bright October day he calmly got aboard the train

with me and then casually remarked that he was going down to camp for a few days, and extended to us all a cordial invitation to visit him that evening. Of course all were glad to go. We all had a very enjoyable time, just as we had had in the summer. When we came to go home, Eleanor walked with John and me. We did not hurry, for Eleanor was tired. After a time we came out of the woods to the little red bridge, where the calm moon was flooding sky, and meadows, and rippling water with mellow light. We stopped to watch the waters as they swept onward into the quiet pond. The deep, sweet calm of the moonlight crept into our hearts. The wind in the pines and the rippling waters of the river sang a tender duo. Eleanor, clinging to my hand, looked up into my face and whispered, "Cousin Nance, do you hear the pines saying 'I love you, I love you?' I can say it, too. I love you, Nance darling, and I love, Oh! I love John, too."

I bent and kissed her. My heart thrilled with joy. There in the moonlight it had heard the song it was to sing forever, had learned it from that little child. I dared not look at John, lest he should read my love in my eyes. But I felt his gaze upon me. Then he spoke. "I can say it, too, dear. I love you, Nance darling, I love you, and we both love little Eleanor, don't we? And you love me, don't you, little one?"

His voice, rich, tender, fell on my ear as from a great distance and died softly away into the murmur of the stream. I could not answer.

"Don't you, little one?"

It was no dream-voice now. I heard and understood. I raised my eyes to his now, and eyes and voice together answered him, "Yes."

. . . . .  
We were very, very, happy after that. John came often to the farm, where every one, from Baby Elizabeth to Uncle James, loved him. Oh! Beth, darling, I hate to tell you the rest, the rest of the story. Yet I must, for perhaps it will keep your story from being as sad.  
. . . . .



In the spring, John began to question me about one of the Senior girls with whom I had become very friendly. She sometimes walked to the station with John and me and then back up-town with John. I admired and liked her very much and soon came to love her. But alas! presently John began to advise me not to be so intimate with Loraine, not to confide everything to her, as I had done. And I, Beth, I was angry, declared he slandered my friend, just as you did, dear. I told him how sweet and innocent Loraine was, how loving, how intellectual, how well-nigh perfect. He listened in silence, then shook his head. "I am afraid she has deceived you, little one," he said sadly.

I haughtily demanded his reasons for such a statement. He was silent. I coaxed, I pleaded. In vain. He would say nothing except, "If you will only trust me, little one." At last I, like you, declared I could stand his mistrust of my friend no longer. I bade him go away—somewhere, anywhere. And then I told him the same dreadful thing that you told Dick to-day. I told him I hoped I should never see his face again. He turned white, white, and a terrible look came into his eyes. "Do you mean that, Nance, from your heart? Do you mean it?" he cried.

"Yes, I mean it," I said, gazing at the floor.

"Nance!— ——May God forgive us both, then, Nance, for I shall do my utmost to keep you from seeing me ever again, ever again. Good-bye, my darling, good-bye."

And then Beth, Beth! Before I could say a word, he was gone! Gone, just as I began to realize what I had done. Gone, and all the brightness of my life went with him.

Oh! Beth, my darling, I pray that you may never know, even for one short hour, such anguish as was mine for many years, as many as there have been in your bright young life, dear one. For John Stewart had disappeared, had gone—no one knew whither, and we saw him no more.

Everybody at the farm seemed to understand that John was not to be spoken of. All but little Eleanor. She followed me everywhere, and when there was no one else with

me talked of John, always of John. One day she led me to the deserted camp and showed me a little mound that she had made and covered with flowers. "My John's heart is buried there," she said, and looked at me with the wide, reproachful eyes of childhood. "You killed it, and you didn't care."

Then my sorrow, until then concealed, burst forth. It seemed as if I must weep until I should die.

Eleanor was terror-stricken. "Oh! Cousin Nance!" she cried, "you did care, you do care, and now you will have to be sorry always, too. Why, why did I tell you?"

When, on the way home, we reached the bridge, she stopped. "I can say 'I love you, Nance darling, and I love John,' just as I could that night," she said. "But Oh! my heart is so sad."

"And mine, too, Eleanor," I returned. "My heart is broken."

Then she told me that we mustn't let our sadness get outside of our hearts for fear we should make people about us sad, too. We must just comfort each other and be kind to other people that were sad. Wise, unselfish little Eleanor!

After I was graduated from High School I went home. Then I went away to college. It may seem that I should have been able to forget, but I was not. I tried to crush my grief with work. I was student, athlete, musician, everything, all in vain. My heart still longed for John, cried out for him unceasingly. My only comfort was Eleanor, and her sweet, loving letters.

After college was ended for me, I devoted all my energies to my profession. I won my way, achieved success, received many honors. Still I worked feverishly; still I found not peace.

Last winter I fell a victim to Mrs. Staunton's fad for "lions." I hated society, but, overcome at last by her persistency, consented to attend one of her "evenings." Listen, Beth, now, it is wonderful to me still—her greatest celebrity

that evening was John Dunham, explorer, scientist, author, philanthropist. And John Dunham, Beth, was and is, John Dunham Stewart, my John!

You know how happy we are now, dearest, although we have been here with you only a day. But think of the long, long years of sorrow, of anguish, and think how a little forbearance, a little trust, so long ago, would have made those years full of gladness. Think of yourself and Dick, see if you are sure you have done quite right.

. . . . .

Regina was sobbing quietly.

"Oh! Auntie!" she cried, "don't, don't tell me any more. If Dick should go away like that, I should die!"

Aunt Nan was watching the street. "Hush, dearest," she said gently. "Don't sob so. Look up, sweetheart. I can see John coming and I think, I am quite sure, that Dick is with him. Dry your tears, dear heart, and go down to him."

"Oh! Auntie. Let me see. It is! It is! Bless you, Auntie." She crushed her for a moment in a stormy embrace, then fled down the stairs.

Aunt Nan looked for a minute out into the deepening twilight. Then, as the man she had loved so long drew near, and stood beside her, she turned and clasped the hands he held out to her.

"Nance, my wife," he murmured. "I love you, Nance darling, with all the strength of my being. And you love me, little one, don't you?"

"John, my husband," she whispered, as he drew her close to his joyful heart, "I love you, for then, and for now, and forever!"

And below, in the twilighted hallway, Regina and Richard made their peace.

## WAS IT TUT?

TUT was a little, round, fat, freckled girl. She didn't have red hair but it was "most red," as she complained. Emily was a delicate-featured young lady, tall and graceful. They were cousins. Their fathers had been brothers and since the death of Emily's father, she had lived at her uncle's home as the sister of her cousin Emily, whose nickname was Tut.

Both girls were in college, Emily a Senior, Tut a Freshman. Although such remarkable opposites in form and tastes they got along nicely together, each enjoying her own and not meddling with the other's. This was true, except of one thing. That was Emily's young gentleman. He, somehow, seemed to be shared and enjoyed between them.

Richard had been smitten with Emily Kingston on the very first class ride. She was surely the girl he had been dreaming of. They were Freshmen then. For three years they had compared tastes and sentiments and found them according well. Poetry was Emily's chief delight. It was Richard's, too. To be reverent and holy were Emily's first cares. To be noble was Richard's chief aim.

But sometimes when Emily was busy or "not feeling real well" it fell to Tut's lot to entertain Richard. Now Tut cared nothing for poetry, thought little of being holy. She was in for fun, a row on the lake, a game of tennis, a race on the boulevard.

It was summer time and Richard was visiting the girls at their cottage home on Benn's Island. The beautiful beach stretched out before the cottage, the quiet woods behind and the fresh breezes from the salt water made this retreat most pleasant, in August.

Emily loved to stroll along the beach at night, to hear the breakers roar and fall, to think of the hearts these things had inspired. She would often recall to Richard some verse they had loved at school, and they would together comment on the trueness of the poet's picture and the great plan of the Creator.

But Tut's heart was never touched by these things. Her

first words after tea were, "Come Richie, let's go up on the courts and have a game." If she strolled with him on the beach it was not the beautiful waves but "I'll beat you, Rich, to the next bend," whereupon both would start on the run and Richard, not to be too harsh, would come in just a step ahead when they reached the bend.

There was something like a change in Tut after the company of Emily. Richard rather enjoyed her. She was a funny little thing, always saw the funny side, always laughing, no depth of thought but her whole heart was open and frank to the world.

It is Sunday now, and the girls with Richie between them, are coming home from church, the little country church with the bald-headed pastor so long-winded and dry. Emily was just saying, "What a pleasant thought he brought us, 'God always answers prayer even if he answers no.'" "But that fly," broke in Tut, "didn't he just stick to it, the minister's nose. Guess he must 'a been fond of carbon dioxide gas." To this Emily and Richard laughed although they had been very solemn in "meeting." The picture was quite fresh in their minds, the thin, peaked nose with the fly gracefully spreading his legs over the end of it.

"Pig's liver for dinner, Emily, ain't it great? Haven't had a thing but lobes and clams for ages," announced Tut when they had reached the cottage. It seemed rather prosy to Emily who was finding for Richard the passage of poetry the minister had suggested. It did start Richard's saliva, however.

Sunday afternoon is "aweful" long, at the beach, if you believe in being real good, and haven't a sign of a book to read. Tut had planned a trip up the beach to see the bore. But Emily was feeling a little ill and mother was very tired, so that it seemed that the trip must be postponed. Emily, however, suggested that she and Richard go just the same and accordingly they started out.

The sky was very clear. Hardly a cloud could be seen. The blue sky, the green water with its white line of foam, the hard packed sand, made the walk very delightful. The bore was reached in a surprisingly short time and Tut and

Richard stood for a long time watching the water as it held itself back, back, and then rushed with such mighty force up the river.

With the suddenness of the wind the sky became overclouded. The west became very dark. Tut was afraid. They turned immediately to come home, but a two-mile walk was before them. They hurried along, switched back now and then by the powerful wind. Hardly had a half-mile been covered when the rain began to pelt. It came faster and faster. It came in sheets. It began to flash and thunder. Nearer and nearer rolled the great bolts over their heads. Every one now seemed to crush them to the earth. The sea swelled far up to the beach edge. It swashed and gurgled around their feet. The water soaked their garments and shoes as if they had been paper. Tut was really frightened. There was no fun in this. She felt so weak. The wind blew her back so fiercely. She could hardly stand against it. Richard was strong and he straightened his broad shoulders to the storm exultingly. Tut could walk no longer. She stood still and buried her face under Richard's arm. For a moment he was at a loss what to do. Should he take her up and carry her? He had played with her, raced with her, joked with her and always thought that she was a little girl, but would she feel herself a lady now if he offered to carry her, would she feel hurt at it? If it had been Emily he would not have hesitated, but she was such a strange little thing. "It's so dark, Richard, and the wind is so strong, I can't, I can't," she sobbed. What a little child she seemed to Richard then, out there on the wind-swept beach in the midst of a terrible storm. How his heart strangely swelled with a feeling of strength and protection for her. Without thinking of politeness longer he unbuttoned his light coat, lifted the little girl to his shoulder and tramped firmly against the storm.

There was a hollowed rock just ahead. He would reach that and set down his burden to rest. The thunder rolled farther and farther away, the rain was ceasing. He reached the rock, placed his armful upon a log seat and began to get his breath. Tut hid her face in her hands. "Pretty

rough, little girl," said Richard, in so much of an affectionate tone that he was himself surprised. "O, Richie, it was awful," Tut replied. "And I'd been so cross to mother and Emily before we came away, I thought if I should die or anything should happen to you—"

The rain ceased. The clouds broke and the sun pierced through as bright as before the shower. Tut almost laughed at herself for being so frightened. "We're sorry sights to go home," she said. "My clothing is just sopping. You would not have been so wet if you hadn't put me in your coat." At the thought she blushed. Nothing more was said until they reached the cottage.

Of course mother and Emily were at their wits end and nearly cried when the two rain-soaked figures came in sight. Richard tried to tell it all. How long the two miles home had been with the storm so fierce and part of the way a load—but he didn't tell this. He didn't tell how strange he had felt when he had looked at the little figure on the stormy beach. He didn't know himself the cause of that feeling. He had seen many girls, beautiful, lovely, soulful, he had admired their graces, loved their ideals, but he never before had felt that feeling of strong protection for a weak creature.

At tea all were strangely quiet. Everybody seemed to be thinking of something. Tut was first white, then very red. Richard's hand was trembly and his voice seemed to catch in his throat. Nothing was said of the Monday morning bathing. Tut went to bed early.

The days passed leisurely on. Tut played tennis with Richard, raced with him, laughed with him. Emily read with him, walked with him, thought with him. Emily was so gentle, so graceful, so thoughtful, Richard would say to himself: "Where could I find a better picture of my dreams than she?" But many times he liked to run away with Tut for a half-hour's frolic, hear her talk about nothing, make out that she cared for nothing.

The time came for Richard to go home. Both girls drove with him to the station. Both girls bade him a sorrowful good-by and both girls thought how nice Richard was, as they drove home.

The post next day brought a letter for Emily. A post-script at the bottom was for little Emily or "Tut." "Tell Tut my raincoat is just dry from Sunday's soaking. I wouldn't have missed that experience for anything."

The full extent of that experience only Tut knew, but she could not half guess the feelings that were swaying Richard at that time. This is why, when a few years later the *Globe* announced the engagement of "Miss Emily Howard Kingston to Mr. Richard Earl Miclaud," that people could not tell whether it *was* Emily or Tut.





# EDITORIAL

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WE regret very much that this number of the STUDENT is unavoidably late; but the death of Mrs. E. E. Davis has caused the absence of our editor-in-chief and has left the paper temporarily without a head. We trust that you will overlook the defects in this issue and join with us in extending sympathy to Mr. Davis in the loss of his mother.

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WE are glad to be able to announce this month the winners of the Emery Fiction Prize Contest which began in January and closed May 1. Nine stories were handed to the editors nearly all of which were exceptionally good. Miss Merrill of Lewiston, an alumna of the college, acted as judge and awarded the prizes as follows: First prize, Miss Alice Dinsmore, '08; second prize, Miss Sue Hincks, '08; honorable mention, Miss Jessie Nettleton, '09. Three of the stories written for the contest are published in this issue of the STUDENT. Others will follow later in the year. The editors feel highly gratified over the success of the contest and desire to express their hearty appreciation of the work of the contestants and the interest manifested by the students.

MAY 21 the New England Intercollegiate Press Association held its annual meeting at the Copley Square Hotel, Boston. Quite a large number of students were present representing nearly all the college monthlies, weeklies and dailies in New England. Harlow Davis and Miss Anna Walsh of the *STUDENT* attended the meeting. One of the editors of the *Harvard Crimson* gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on the work of running a college daily. Representatives from Technology and Amherst were also among the speakers of the day. Several helpful points were brought out and these we hope to apply to the *STUDENT* in order to improve its general character.

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### MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE TRACK MEET

ON Garcelon Field, Saturday, May 12, was held the banner athletic event of Maine, the intercollegiate track meet. The weather conditions were hardly ideal and proved to be another point in favor of holding the meet at least two weeks later in the season.

While Bates did not get first place she fought for it, and the results were wholly satisfactory to all. There is scarcely a doubt but that the 1906 track team is the best and most evenly balanced track team that ever represented our college. In every event, even if points were not forthcoming, there were Bates men who had to be reckoned with and fought with. Our weak spot seemed to be the sprints and low hurdles. With four first places,—one a state record, and a total of twenty-two points we gave Bowdoin as good a go for second place as she gave Maine for first.

To Coach Kyne, not enough praise can be given for the manner in which he trained his men. In five weeks of work he accomplished wonderful results, especially among the weight men.

Bates must be a factor in the fight for first place next year. We are not weakened by graduation as much as Bowdoin and Maine. We have a track spirit alive here now that will be satisfied only by leading. Give us fall

coaching and systematized winter track work, and the results will be marvelous.

The suits furnished by the college club made our team the neatest on the field.

Following is a tabulated score:

	U. of M.	Colby.	Bowdoin.	Bates.
Half-Mile Run .....	5		3	1
440 Yards Dash .....	8		1	
100 Yards Dash .....	5		4	
One-Mile Run .....	1		8	
120 Yards Hurdle .....	3		5	1
220 Yards Hurdle .....	4		5	
Two-Mile Run .....			4	5
220 Yards Dash .....	6		3	
Pole Vault .....	3		1	5
Putting Shot .....	1	8		
Running High .....	7		2	
Throwing Hammer .....	1	3		5
Running Broad .....	6		3	
Throwing Discus.....	1	3		5
	—	—	—	—
Totals .....	51	14	39	22

### MAINE INTERCOLLEGIATE TENNIS

THE Bates tennis team did not succeed in winning either cup at Waterville. It was our lot to play against Bowdoin in both doubles and singles. Austin and Jordan managed to get the scalp of the Bowdoin 2d, but lost their own in a close match with Maine 1st. Jordan in singles was clearly outclassed by Tobey of Bowdoin. But Salley and Fisher against Bowdoin First, played great tennis. At the start it seemed nothing else than a Bates match. But it was not so to be. They, however, pulled eight games in the two sets, putting up by far the best game played against the champions during the tournament, thus deserving second place. Bates hopes again rose high during Austin's match with Paine of Bowdoin. Paine got the first set. But in the second, oftener and oftener the umpire called, "Game—Bates," the air got bluer and bluer on the

Bowdoin side of the net, and soon Austin tucked the set safely away in his hip pocket. The third was one of those sets where a hair's breadth on a decision, a change in the wind or movement of the crowd will tip the balance. After a hard fight on every deuce, Paine managed to win. So it was all over, but of these two matches Bates has reason to be proud.

Next year there is an opportunity. There is little reason to expect relative change in Maine and Colby, but Bowdoin meets with a loss. The winners of this tournament were stars, but Bates has the stuff from which stars are made. Let everyone get enthusiastic to help Captain Whittum turn out next spring a tennis team that shall win some tennis B's and the title to one, or both of the cups.

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### INTERCLASS TRACK MEET

**N**EVER was a livelier interclass track meet held on Garcelon Field than that of May 18. Class spirit was bubbling over for the fight between 1906 and 1908 was keen.

While in most of the events fair time was made, in others the tendency to simply accumulate points made competitors neglect time and form.

Records in the 220-yard dash, hammer and shot, were broken, and that of the high hurdles equalled.

Interclass games are not only the best of sport, but also give men what they so often lack, racing experience. It is hoped that fall Handicap Games can be arranged for October and that this new feature will be an attraction to the track men.

The results:

120-Yard Hurdle—Won by Fraser, '08, 1st; Schumacher, '08, 2d; and James, '06, 3d. Time—17s.

Quarter-Mile Run—Won by Dolloff, '08, 1st; Dane, '09, 2d; and Conner, '06, 3d. Time—57s.

One-Mile Run—Won by Bosworth, '08, 1st; Farrar, '06, 2d; and Frost, '07, 3d. Time—5m. 7s.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Capt. Allan, '06, 1st; Dane, '09, 2d; and Hull, '08, 3d. Time—23 4-5s.

100-Yard Dash—Won by Fraser, '08, 1st; Brown, '08, 2d; and Allan, '06, 3d. Time—10 3-5s.

High Jump—Won by Kelley, '07, 1st; Whittum, '07, 2d; and James, '06, 3d. Height—5 ft. 3 in.

Discus—Won by Johnson, '06, 1st; Schumacher, '08, 2d; and Redden, '06, 3d. Distance—107 ft.

One-Half Mile Run—Won by Bosworth, '08, 1st; Phillips, '06, 2d; and Irish, '09, 3d. Time—2m. 21s.

220-Yard Hurdle—Won by Schumacher, '08, 1st; Brown, '08, 2d; and Fraser, '08, 3d. Time—28 2-5s.

Two-Mile run—Won by Bosworth, '08, 1st; Farrar, '06, 2d; and Morrill, '09, 3d. Time—11m. 24 3-5s.

Pole Vault—Won by Wiggin, '06, 1st; Johnson, '06, 2d; and French, '08, 3d. Height—9 ft.

Shot—Won by Johnson, '06, 1st; Schumacher, '08, 2d; and Conner, '06, 3d. Distance—35 ft. 3¼ in.

Hammer—Won by Johnson, '06, 1st; Conner, '06, 2d; and Foster, '07, 3d. Distance—115 ft. 4¾ in.

Running Broad Jump—Won by White, '07, 1st; Boak, '07, 2d; and Hull, '08, 3d. Distance—19 ft. 5¾ in.

The summary:

	1909.	1908.	1907.	1906.
Half-Mile Run .....	1	5		3
440-Yards Dash .....	3	5		1
100-Yards Dash .....		8		1
One-Mile Run .....		5	1	3
120-Yards Hurdle .....		8		1
220-Yards Hurdle .....		9		
Two-Mile Run .....	1	5		3
220-Yards Dash .....	3	1		5
Pole Vault .....		1		8
Putting Shot .....		3		6
Running High .....			8	1
Throwing Hammer .....			1	8
Running Broad .....		1	8	
Throwing Discus .....		3		6
Totals .....	8	54	18	46

## BATES RECORDS, REVISED TO JUNE 1, 1906

100-Yard Dash—10 2-5s., Bolster, '95.

220-Yard Dash—23 4-5s., Allan, '06.

440-Yard Dash—56s., Foss, '97.

Half-Mile—2m. 6 3-5s., Flanders, '04.

Mile Run—4m. 42 4-5s., Foss, '97.

2-Mile Run—10m. 24 2-5s., Bosworth, '08.

220-Yard Hurdles—27s., Bolster, '95.

120-Yard Hurdles—17s., Bolster, '95; Fraser, '08.

Pole Vault—10 ft. 4 in., Wiggin, '06.

High Jump—5 ft. 6 in., Richardson, '00.

Broad Jump—20 ft. 6½ in., Bolster, '95.

Hammer Throw—115 ft. 4¾ in., Johnson, '06.

Shot Put—35 ft. 3¼ in., Johnson, '06.

Discus—114 ft. 6 in., Johnson, '06.

BASEBALL

Games played since the May issue.

	Bates score.	Opp. score.
U. of M. ....	2	1
Tufts .....	12	3
Holy Names .....	5	6
Bowdoin .....	1	6
Pine Tree A. A. ....	5	6
U. of M. ....	0	3
Bowdoin (Exh. Game).....	11	2
Boston .....	14	1

When we stop and look at the record our team has made this season, having only two more games to play, we may justly feel proud. As against 56 runs made by opponents, the team has run up 87 points. In only two games have they been shut out, and one of those was against Harvard. They have won ten out of the seventeen games already played. Besides, both Johnson and Dwinal have shown themselves indisputably able to pitch as good ball as any other of the college pitchers of the State.

In all the games the team has played ball every minute of the game, and can be credited with very few errors. Best of all, in some ways, was the Memorial Day Exhibition game with Bowdoin. Dwinal was in fine form, kept the few hits scattered, besides having several strike-outs to his credit. Bowdoin could not steal second on Boothby, and lack of space forbids mention of the excellent playing by every Bates player. There was great rejoicing over getting such a decided victory against Bowdoin.

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GIRLS' TENNIS

TENNIS is the old stand-by of out-door sports. The girls have shown some enthusiasm over it and will, without doubt, make a good showing in the tournament that is to take place the first of June. A large number of the Freshmen girls have expressed their desire to learn the game and arrangements have been made with the tennis assistants to teach them. A few Sophomores and a very few Juniors play, but the Senior girls in large numbers have been out on the courts practicing this spring. A large number of these will take part in the tournament.

Early in the spring the girls chose as manager, Miss

Yeaton, '06, who chose as assistants Miss E. Young, '06, Miss Clason, '07, Miss Shorey, '08, Miss Dexter, '08, Miss Clason, '09, and Miss Pomeroy, '09. There have been many things against which they have had to struggle. The courts are new and are in bad condition, but we hope now that they have been fixed by Mr. Merrill under Professor Rand, they will prove more satisfactory. Then, too, the weather has not been favorable for out-door sports on account of the rainy days and the high winds. It is June now, the pleasantest month of the year. We look forward to pleasant weather for the tournament.

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### HOCKEY

**A** NEW feature in the line of athletics which the girls of Bates can enjoy, is English Field Hockey. This game is well known in all the girl colleges of the country and now that it has been introduced to us for the first time, we hope that the girls will take an interest in a sport which they can make exclusively their own and enjoy a game which is full of fun, exercise, and out-of-door air. We have tried to do something this spring, but the weather has prevented regular practice which, of course, was discouraging. This month is going to do better and the girls are getting ready for some class games. There are three teams, '07, '08 and '09, and two important games will end this season's hockey. The first game will be between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The winners of this game then play the Juniors.

Next fall is going to be the best time of the year for hockey. There will be a new class to become enthusiastic and some good autumn weather to play in. But the girls now in college who haven't ever been out to see *how* the game is played—these are the ones who want to play next fall. It's good for you and it's fun. There are most alluring positions to hold in this game—such as centre, half-back, guard, etc., and the air—well, that is what we are out there for. There are not any stars as yet, but there will be. Every girl has a fair chance. We ought to have two teams in each class. We ought to make hockey as much of a delight as tennis. There are not many sports the college girl can enjoy. This chance must not be lost. We've got a good instructor to teach us and to play with us and we've got plenty of girls who, if they are only willing to try, can make English Field Hockey a delightful feature of their college life.

## THE DEUTSCHER VEREIN

THE Bates Verein held its first annual banquet at the Lake Grove House Thursday, May 17. About twenty-five were present and after the preliminary songs, stories and general sport, all sat down to enjoy a delicious shore dinner. Following the prolonged attack on lobster, clams, cakes, etc., the candidates for initiation were called upon to respond to toasts. Time did not suffice to call on every one, but White, Freese and Rich made brief speeches in German. Professor Lentz of Maine was next called on and with his humorous stories he amused the Verein for a full hour. Mr. Elder, a representative of the Bowdoin Verein, closed the speech-making with a few words of greeting from Bowdoin. The candidates for initiation were White, McIntire, Boak, Freese, Rogers, Rich, Caswell and Jackson, all of '07. The officers of the Verein are President, Harradon; Vice-President, Cummings; Secretary and Treasurer, Farrar.

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## Local Department

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### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE

Miss Iva Manson of Oakland, Maine, has been visiting her sister, Miss Georgia Manson, '07.

Miss Elizabeth Willard of Southport, Me., was the guest of Miss Emily Willard, '07, last week.

George W. French, '08, was in Bridgton a short time ago, coaching the baseball team.

Miss Harriet Heath of Manchester, N. H., spent a few days recently with Miss Helen Knox, '08.

Northfield seems to be booming this year and the outlook is that a larger delegation than usual will be sent from Bates.

Miss Marion Longfellow, '08, has been obliged to leave college for the term owing to a severe injury to the knee.

Miss Amy Thissell, '06, has left for a three-months' trip to Europe. She will return to finish her college work in the fall.

At last Bates holds a State track record. To Bosworth, '08, belongs the credit of having run the fastest two miles ever run in a Maine Intercollegiate Meet.



Thursday, May 24th, the Parker Hall Association held its annual meeting and elected officers as follows: President, J. S. Pendleton, '07; Vice-President, Harold Goodwin, '08; Secretary, H. L. Sawyer, '08; Treasurer, Guy Williams, '08; Janitor, Harrington, '08; Executive Committee, Foster, '07, Brown, '08, and Page, '09.

After considerable difficulty, Manager Sullivan, '07, has finally arranged a very satisfactory schedule for football next term. The games arranged are as follows:

- September 29—Exeter at Exeter.
- October 6—Hebron at Lewiston.
- October 13—Harvard at Cambridge.
- October 20—Colby at Waterville.
- October 27—Bowdoin at Brunswick.
- November 3—N. H. State at Lewiston.
- November 10—Maine at Lewiston.

The new Y. M. C. A. Cabinet has been organized for work and is prepared to make advances along several lines. An advisory board corresponding to the advisory board of the Athletic Association, has been chosen from the faculty and alumni for the purpose of keeping the latter in touch with the Y. M. C. A. work. It has also been thought advisable to have a graduate secretary for the coming year, so Wayne Jordan has been selected by the Association and will doubtless serve in that capacity.

All the societies have recently held their annual meetings and have elected officers for the coming year. May 11th, Eurosophia held their regular meeting and elected officers as follows: President, Guy V. Aldrich, '07; Vice-President, Thomas S. Bridges, '08; Secretary, Laura M. Weare, '09; Treasurer, William H. Martin, '09; Executive Committee, Foster, '07, Miss Dexter, '08, Page, '09; Music Committee, Colson, '07.

May 25th Polymnia and Piæria held their elections. The former elected officers as follows: President, J. S. Pendleton, '07; Vice-President, Guy Williams, '08; Secretary, Bertha Clason, '09; Treasurer, H. L. Sawyer, '08; Executive Committee, Miss Hilman, '07, George Merrill, '08, Linscott, '09; Music Committee, Miss Quinby, '07.

Piæria's election resulted as follows: President, Harlow M. Davis, '07; Vice-President, T. J. Cate, '08; Secretary, Grace E. Haines, '09; Treasurer, Carroll, '09; Executive Committee, Holmes, '07, Miss Hutchinson, '08, Wadleigh, '09.

## BATES ALUMNI NOTES

1868—President George C. Chase attended the hearing held before the special legislative committee on the legal status of the University of Maine, at Portland, May 23d. All the Maine college presidents spoke at the hearing.

1874—Hon. Augustine Simmons, of North Anson, delivered the Memorial Day address at Skowhegan.

1881—H. S. Roberts, A.M., is superintendent of schools at Wolfboro, N. H.

Dr. J. F. Shattuck has been elected treasurer of the Vermont State Homeopathic Association.

1882—Frank L. Blanchard has an interesting article on "Wealth for Good Men in the Advertising Field" in the May number of "My Business Friend." He has given this year a course of 24 lectures on advertising before the Educational Department of the 23d Street Branch of the New York Y. M. C. A. Mr. Blanchard is a special writer and lecturer for the New York Board of Education.

Rev. O. H. Tracy delivered the Memorial Day address at Pittsfield.

1884—Joseph W. Chadwick is chairman of the Board of Education, Special School District, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

1888—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, D.D., has just been made a member of the Congregational National Board of Home Missions, which has 21 members. He represents the State of Massachusetts.

1891—H. J. Chase has been elected superintendent of the Rumford Falls schools.

1892—The Memorial Day address at Island Falls, Me., was given by Hon. Cyrus N. Blanchard of Wilton.

1893—Miss Grace Patten Conant has been chosen to fill the chair of literature in the James Millikin University, Decatur, Ill., at a salary of \$1,400.

Booker T. Washington, in an address given in St. Joseph, Mo., spoke in the highest terms of the work being done by N. C. Bruce, Bates, '93, and his assistants in the Bartlett (colored) High School, of St. Joseph.

E. C. Perkins is a physician in Farmington, N. H.

R. A. Sturges, Esq., of New York City, has removed his office to 62 William Street.

1894—Miss Kate A. Leslie was married, May 9th, to Major John D. Anderson, of Gray, Me.

1895—W. P. Hamilton has resigned his position as principal of the Caribou High School, in order to study law.

1897—Rev. J. Stanley Durkee was elected president of the Massachusetts Free Baptist Association at its convention in Lynn, held in May.

Percy W. Brackett is to enter the lumber business in California. His wife died a few weeks ago, leaving two little daughters, four and two years old.

1899—A. C. Hutchinson has been elected to a fine position as principal of the University Preparatory School, Ithaca, N. Y. The school is to move into a new recitation building this summer.

Rev. E. B. Tetley is vice-president of the Ministers' Association, Laconia, N. H.

Nathan Pulsifer will study in the Harvard Medical School next year.

E. L. Palmer, '99, and H. H. Stuart, '01, are starting a summer camp for boys in the region of the best trout fishing in Maine.

A. C. Wheeler, Esq., and G. A. Hutchins, Esq., recently visited the College.

H. C. Churchill is in the hay, grain, and feed business at Conway, N. H.

1900—Owing to the results of the earthquake in San Francisco, Miss Pearl M. Small will not study at California University next year, but will teach at Hollister, California, and take graduate work at Radcliffe in 1907-8.

A. G. Catheron, Esq., is with William Hoag, Esq., formerly football coach at Bates, in the Exchange Building, Boston.

1901—Miss Edith L. Swain has just signed a contract as vice-principal of the High School, Williamstown, Massachusetts, for the sixth time.

Leo C. Demack was married June 12, at Beverly, Massachusetts, to Miss Mabelle F. Woodside of Los Angeles, California, formerly of Lewiston. Mr. Demack is organist of St. Peter's Church in Beverly.

Elwyn K. Jordan is pastor of a Congregational Church at Blue Hills, Conn.

1902—Miss Katharine L. Shea is teacher of French in the Rockland High School.

1903—R. S. Catheron, D.M.D., formerly of 1903, has offices in Kingsbury Block, Needham, Mass.

1904—Guy L. Weymouth delivered the Memorial Day address at Greene, Me.

1905—Miss M. Alice Bartlett is assistant in the Montague, Mass., High School.

Miss Bertha C. Files has been re-elected as preceptress of Foxcroft Academy.

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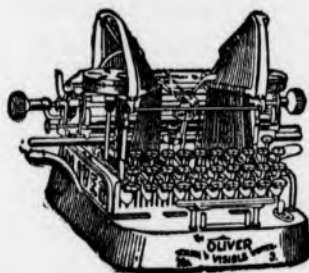
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