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BATES STUDENT MAGAZINE

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BATES SOCIETIES

By CHARLES C. CHAYER, '17

Bates College has been recognized as a college of ideals. The founders of the institution, possessed with the ambition to bring the greatest good to the greatest number, were firmly convinced that they could hope for the realization of this ideal only through the establishment and maintenance of a college in which there should be absolute democracy. In striving to formulate some principles of government for the new college, the founders arrived at the conclusion that a social life, divided into distinct groups in which the membership would be decided by popularity and social standing, would be incompatible with this ideal of social equality. It was therefore found advisable, when the Constitution was framed, to include therein a clause which should forever prohibit the maintenance of secret societies at Bates.

It seems that the world cannot exist without groups. Whenever numbers of individuals are brought habitually together, there is a natural tendency for those of like belief, customs or ambitions, to form a class. A few years after Bates College became a distinct institution apart from the Maine State Seminary, the students, true to their gregarious instinct, formed two literary societies, Polymnia and Eurosophia. The membership of these societies consisted of both men and women, and their purposes, very much alike, may be well defined by a concise statement from the preamble of the Eurosophian Constitution,—

"For improvement in writing and speaking." The growth of
these societies was so rapid that to relieve congestion, a third literary society, under the name of Piaeria, was organized in 1896. But meanwhile Bates College was making progress, and changes were being made in the college curriculum. The department of oratory was further developed, opportunities were given to students to participate in collegiate and intercollegiate oratorical contests, and debating was introduced into the classroom. Such curriculum changes, although of inestimable value to the college, took away from the societies their former purposes. Less emphasis was placed upon society work, musical selections took the place of declamations and debates, and eventually the societies degenerated into social centers whose primary business was to provide entertainment twice a month for the young men and young women of the college. The support of college students could not long be solicited by societies of such a nature. Interest lagged, membership decreased from year to year, and attendance at meetings became spasmodic. Finally, in the spring of 1914, the college trustees felt obliged to take the matter in hand. After a careful consideration of the problem, they ordered the dissolution of the existing literary societies whose membership included both men and women, but gave the privilege of organizing new societies with loftier purposes, but whose membership should be limited to either men or women.

Today the question is asked of the students of Bates, "What form of social life is provided to take the place of the social societies common to other colleges?" And the alumni of the college are prone to inquire, "What do you have at the present time to replace 'Euro,' 'Poly,' and 'Pi'?" It is the purpose of this article to give to the alumni and friends of Bates the latest information concerning societies at Bates.

Previous to the dissolution of the literary societies for both men and women, there existed three clubs, the Spofford Club, the Politics Club, and the Jordan Scientific Society, which were of a different nature from the so-called literary societies, in that eligibility to membership depended upon special merit in the certain line of work which the club was undertaking. The Politics Club and the Jordan Scientific Society were composed
wholly of men, but the Spofford Club contained both men and women. The fact that these three clubs are honorary in nature explains why all three of these societies have survived the period of disruption and are now in a flourishing state of existence.

Since the Spofford Club holds the unique position of being the only society at Bates whose membership is composed of both men and women, it seems quite appropriate that it should be considered first in this article. Spofford Club, named for the late Professor Spofford, was organized in 1910. The purpose of the club, as stated in the Constitution, is "to promote the literary interests in the college, and to cooperate with the instructors in English composition in encouraging undergraduate work in letters." Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores who have completed one semester's work are eligible to membership, and are chosen by the club in consideration of merit in English. During each semester members are supposed to submit to the society at least four pieces of original work.

At each weekly meeting of the club, three members usually contribute to the program. After an article has been read by its author, the members participate freely in general criticism. Possibly the club is too great a mutual admiration society; certain it is that as yet, the society has not sufficiently developed the spirit of constructive criticism. It usually seems easier to discuss the sentiment of an article than its technique, but at times the sentiment, the technique, and the article are entirely lost sight of in a spirited discussion of a philosophical nature. But the members of the club agree that such pleasant digression assuredly makes for the interest of the meetings. Such comment as this has been known to follow a reading, "I like your poetry, but I don't agree with your philosophy." The discussions are not always on such dignified themes. Frequently an article is read which awakens in the club a "That-Reminds-Me" spirit, and personal experiences are related to an appreciative group. The club, in session, is literally a friendly circle, for its members always sit in a circle, and as one of the members has casually remarked, sometimes argue in a circle, ostensibly to preserve the unities.

The admission of instructors in English as honorary mem-
bers lends to the club a certain dignity, and the friendly criticisms and suggestions of such members are of inestimable value in stimulating progress.

Jordan Scientific Society was organized in the spring of 1911, and was named in honor of Professor Lyman G. Jordan, to whom the society is greatly indebted for much of its progressive spirit. The society aims toward the advancement of interest in science, and for this reason, only those who are especially interested in some branch of science are elected to membership.

Juniors and Seniors only are eligible to membership, and the number of active members is limited to eighteen. Professors and instructors in science and also those alumni who have attained distinction in the realm of science, are admitted as honorary members.

Meetings of the Scientific Society are held on the second and fourth Monday evening of every month during the college year. The program at such meetings varies widely, and is of much instructive worth. Papers on the latest scientific thought are often presented, and followed by general discussion and criticism. The most recent discoveries and inventions are described and their application and use carefully explained. From time to time, special prominent speakers are procured, who bring to society members and all men of the college who may be interested, valuable material from modern science. To make the work of the club of practical value, special trips are taken during the year to manufacturing plants in the neighboring towns and cities, through which the club members gain an actual knowledge of the instruments and methods which have been discussed during the meetings.

Perhaps the meeting which is enjoyed most by all members of the club is the annual banquet which the society gives in the spring. It is a pleasant commemoration of the organization of the club and helps to promote good fellowship among faculty and students.

On June 13, 1912, the Politics Club was organized under the leadership of Professors Gould and Carroll. Judging from the unique program which was presented on "Ladies' Night"
in the spring of 1915, the assumption might be warranted that
the Politics Club, with Francis Bacon, "had taken all knowl-
edge for its province." However, this was the exception. The
club has for its purpose the study of public affairs, the promo-
tion of an intelligent interest in the political and economic prob-
lems of the present, the investigation of social and political con-
ditions in our cities and incidentally the training of its members
in public speaking. The membership consists of twenty active
members from the Junior and Senior classes. The honorary
members are such members of the Bates Faculty as are interested
in this special field of work, and any distinguished men of the
city who are in sympathy with the object of the organization.

Meetings of the Politics Club, held regularly on Wednesday
evening of every other week, are decidedly informal. Dress
suits are carefully avoided. Nor is the speaker permitted to
deliver his speech from a lofty pedestal. The members are
given the privilege of questioning carefully whoever delivers
the article, but the speaker is never caused the least embarrass-
ment if he has to admit that he has not said the final word upon
the subject.

The Politics Club is a member of the Intercollegiate Civic
League. This gives to every member of the club an opportunity
for a trip to Washington to the Annual Meeting of the League.

When President Chase brought to the students of the college
the resolution from the trustees that societies made up of both
men and women should no longer be permitted at Bates, he also
brought from them the suggestion that when new clubs were
formed among the men that the names belonging to the old so-
cieties should be adopted. Acting upon this suggestion, in 1915,
under the leadership of Dr. Tubbs, Polymnia was reorganized
as the Polymnian Military Science Society. The general work
which this club undertakes is the study of the history, develop-
ment, and modern principles of military science. The original
plan, outlined by Dr. Tubbs, included a study of the strategic
polities and campaigns of Napoleon, the most important features
of the Civil War, especially of the Gettysburg campaign, and
a careful consideration of the course of, and military principles
involved in, the present war. As a guide for discussion the club
uses "France and the Next War," by Commander J. Colis, of the French War School, and one chapter of the text is prepared for each meeting.

The Military Science Society meets bi-weekly, and the usual program for the session includes a brief talk by Dr. Tubbs, the reading of two papers prepared by club members, and a half-hour discussion upon material presented. Those who have ever become acquainted with Dr. Tubbs will readily understand that the progressiveness of the society is greatly stimulated by the lovable personality, broad mind, and energetic disposition of the society’s chief advisor. However, since college men, although supposed to possess sufficient wisdom to seek out the best in college life, are very likely, through thoughtlessness, to become negligent in the support of that from which they derive benefit. A "cut system" has been introduced into Polymnia, whereby a man’s name is automatically dropped from the club after his third consecutive absence from the meetings. Such a system not only serves to make the membership of the society selective, but it removes the possibility of friction which is often caused when members are removed by trial.

But Eurosophia and Piaeria seem to have been lost in the rush of college life. Now and then when the former is mentioned, someone replies that there is a certain society in college known as the Dramatic Club which has prefixed "Eurosophia" to its name, and that the purpose of the society is the study of dramatic art. But after thorough investigation of existing records, and extensive inquiry of those who should be cognizant of the facts, the only authentic statement which can be given is that although Eurosophia has been reorganized into a society somewhat of the nature of the one referred to, at present the name "Eurosophia" is free for adoption. Steps have also been taken to reorganize Piaeria into a Current Events Club, but no definite plans have yet been outlined. It is expected that next year will see those two old societies maintaining their former places of importance. That these societies were not quickly re-established is probably explained by the fact that college men, after a study of Social Psychology, are loathe to accept the present-day convention that the aged must be revered.
The ostracism of the young women from the previously existing societies, together with the retention of the names of these societies by the men, gave ample cause to the girls of the college for the formation of new clubs, and provided a powerful stimulus for the manifestation of originality. Quickly a literary society was formed among the Junior and Senior girls in which the membership was based primarily upon excellence in English. The avowed aim of the society was to give to the girls of the upper classes opportunity for self-expression. At the beginning of the last college year, the Seniors then in the club decided not to admit Juniors to the club, but to make it strictly a society for Seniors, and the club adopted the suggestive name, "Seniority." Perhaps it hopes through such a name to claim seniority in organization over the other girls' clubs. The division of work into three departments,—literary, dramatic, and debating, serves the double purpose of facilitating the executive duties and insuring distinct variation of programs. Each department in turn has charge of a meeting. Naturally some degree of friendly competition exists between the departments, resulting in programs which are lively, entertaining, and instructive.

In the fall of 1914, a society of a strange combination was organized. The Junior girls, supposed to possess a spirit of guardianship for those of the entering class, cast aside all existing customs in the matter, and joined with the Sophomore girls in forming the Up-And-Coming Club, called for short, the "U. A. C. C." Nor did this society fail in its democratic endeavor, for it has become helpful in creating an intimacy between the Junior and Sophomore girls. In addition to the promotion of dramatic and literary interests, this club pays special attention to the study of current events.

The members of this club have shown a marked degree of interest and enthusiasm since the club was organized, as is demonstrated by the programs presented. Perhaps the meeting which was most enjoyed this year was a vigorously contested debate between the members of Seniority, the Senior girls' society, and the members of the U. A. C. C. At another meeting, a victrola concert included selections from the operas of Verdi,
Gounod, and Wagner, sung by Caruso, Melba, and Gadski, after which brief stories of the operas were read.

Until a year ago last fall, although the upper classes were reaping the benefits of enterprising clubs, none had existed for the Freshman girls. But the class of 1918, characterized by its prominence in social circles, decided that a club for Freshman girls was highly expedient. Immediately a constitution was drawn up, modeled upon that of older societies, but then the problem of a name confronted the young enthusiasts. Again, after intense meditation and spirited discussion, the Freshman girls proved themselves equal to the task and produced a name significant both for its originality and as being typical of the club. The Freshman girls, "among themselves," having originated the idea of the club and having caused that idea to be realized, agreed that the name "Entre Nous" would but represent its position and preserve the memory of its origin.

The newly formed society, in spite of its youth, passed a year quite as successful as that of its sisters; in fact, so well did the society make progress, that at the beginning of the present year, when the matter of a society for Freshmen girls was introduced, the young women of the entering class were eager to continue the same society under the same name, "Entre Nous," whose origin marks the beginning of a new epoch in Bates societies, again flourish with the support of an earnest group of Freshman girls and shows promise of maintaining a place of permanence, as well as of prominence among the girls' societies.

"Entre Nous," besides being original in its name, is original in its endeavors. Instead of holding strictly to the literary program, it has introduced into its meetings the discussion of topics in which the typical college girl is interested. A society which strives to make its meetings of very definite practical value will not be in need of support, and "Entre Nous," founded by enthusiasts, and maintained at the present time by members of the same spirit, has never feared that its advance would be retarded.

The young men of the present Freshman class, although lacking the incentive furnished by previously existing clubs for men
of the entering class, and possessing the average amount of that natural modesty which generally prevents them from starting things, were urged on by the Professors of English Composition, until they organized two societies, the Adelphian and the Amicinia; and these societies have advanced in their respective courses.

Bates has always needed a working Press Club. Now she has one. This does not imply that it is all that Bates could hope for, but the club is "doing business." In the fall of 1915 a good representative body of students gathered in Libbey Forum. Dr. Leonard and Professor Baird presented the need of a Press Club from the Faculty view-point, and Dr. Powell, and Hon. O. B. Clayson, two loyal alumni of Bates, explained the importance of such a club from the point of view of the alumni and friends of the college. The club was formed, and definite plans made, for future work. Evidently, interest in the cause was not entirely lost during vacation, for at the first meeting in the fall of 1915, reports were given from ten newspapers which would be glad to receive any news of athletic, social, or religious activities in the college. At present the club is in active communication with fifteen papers in the leading towns and cities of New England. The fact that one Massachusetts paper has recently sent in a request for an article on Bates and Bates student life, tends toward a belief that the college will soon have its due representation in the leading newspapers. The Press Club is now working in conjunction with the newly formed Bates Publicity Committee in the hope of accomplishing still more in journalism.

Bates College is fortunate in having in its Faculty, professors who not only endeavor to bring to the students a valuable knowledge of regular curriculum courses under their direction, but who take a real interest in acquiring personal friendship with students through aiding them in their social relations. During the college year, 1914-1915, at the invitation of Dr. Leonard, a small number of young women who were especially interested in learning to speak German, assembled and organized Die Deutsche Gesellschaft for the purpose of studying the life and customs of the German people, and of gaining a greater
working vocabulary in conversational German. Several meet-
ings were held during the year, and the results were considered
gratifying to all. But the greater part of the constituency
belonged to the graduating class, and hence it was found neces-
sary to reorganize at the beginning of this college year. By this
time the club had gained such popularity that it was thought
best to confine membership to the Senior class, lest the club be-
come too large to do efficient work.

Die Deutsche Gessellschaft holds its meetings in Libbey Forum
on alternate Monday evenings, and the helpful spirit of Dr. and
Mrs. Leonard, and of Professor and Mrs. Harms makes the
gathering very pleasant and popular. An informal organization
provides that an executive committee prepare the program for
each evening, and that a secretary be appointed at each meeting
to prepare a report in German which shall be read at the next
meeting. The programs, although decidedly Germanic, always
have great variety. One example will suffice as typical of the
sociability which prevails at the meetings. At the Thanksgiving
session, each member responded to the roll-call with an anecdote
or conundrum. This was followed by an informal discussion in
German on "Wie Und Was Wir Essen."

Der Deutsche Verein, the German society for men, as it now
exists in college, may be considered a rejuvenation of a former
Verein organized in 1905. For a few years after its foundation
the club was full of life and vigor, but during the prolonged ill-
ness of Dr. Leonard, whose interest had protected it from de-
egeneration, the society suffered a period of retrogression. Late
in the fall of 1914, a Verein was again organized under the same
leadership, and has now reached its former degree of activity.

At present, membership in Der Deutsche Verein is limited
to ten Seniors and five Juniors, besides Dr. Leonard whose mem-
bership is automatically transferred yearly. The question of
an increase in the number of possible members has arisen, and
although no definite steps have yet been taken in regard to it,
there is a probability that the membership limit will be extended
in another year. The work of the society is much the same as
that of Die Deutsche Gessellschaft.

Several joint meetings of the German societies have been held,
and both societies agree that such meetings are conducive to congeniality and interest. At the last meeting of this nature, an excellent musical program was enjoyed, consisting of a sketch of the life of Wagner by a member of the Verein, the story of "Tannhauser" by Professor Harms, and a duet from "Tannhauser" by two members of the Gerselschaft. The members of both societies feel that, thanks to the aid of Dr. Leonard and Professor Harms, the purposes of the organizations are being fulfilled, by giving to the members a better acquaintance and appreciation of German life and customs.

There is but one society in college to which all Bates girls belong, and it has adopted the significant Greek name, "Enkuklios," (all-encircling). It was founded in 1914 with the distinct purpose of supplying one of the greatest needs of college life at that time—the more satisfactory development of the social life between the young men and young women. To this end, the meetings are held on alternate Saturday evenings, as the night on which it is supposed that the smallest number of men are in the habit of concentrating upon studies.

The programs of Enkuklios are pleasantly varied, and never fail to interest those present. For example, in January of this year, Fraulein Meyer, a native of Oberammergeau, who has acted the part of Mary Magdelene in the Passion Play, gave a charming talk on the play and a graphic description of her native town. At another meeting a formal tea was given in honor of the alumnae. At the last gathering, the familiar entertainment, "The Batchelor's Reverie," was presented to an evidently appreciative audience. The greatest social event of the mid-college year, the Enkuklios reception, is arranged by this society. This year it will be given on March 4, and students, alumni, and friends of Bates will be invited. Although Enkuklios has had only a brief existence, it has manifestly justified its foundation.

An evaluation and appreciation of Bates societies in an article of this nature must necessarily be far from complete. Only he who has personal relation with them can fully appreciate their deep significance in Bates student life. Each member of each club contends that you can never know the value of his
society to its members unless you are "one of them." Moreover, there are yet many stories of society work which have not been related. Other societies are now in the process of construction. A forward look might reveal new language societies corresponding to the German societies now existing. But this article attempts to bring to all persons interested in Bates the information which is needed to converse intelligently concerning the social life of Bates, the non-fraternity college.

GRAY AND SCARLET
(A Play in One Act)

By Harriet M. Johnson, '16

[Scene:—in a mill-worker’s house, the little room that serves as a dining-room and kitchen. At the left back, a small iron sink, beside it, a shelf, and at the right back, a kitchen range. At the right side, a Larkin sideboard with a few cheap, bright dishes on it. In the center, a table, small and oval, covered with a figured red tablecloth, and set with dishes for two. Beans and brownbread give the impression of Saturday night. There are three straight chairs in the room. Left front, a couch. Beyond it, a small table, evidently used for cooking. Above the table is a mirror. A door between this table and the sink leads to the shed. Two doors between the sideboard and the stove lead to the cellar and to the front of the house. As the curtain rises, Maggie Wilton, the mill-worker’s daughter, is putting the teapot on the table. She is young and vivacious, and appears to be flushed from some recent excitement. She wears a scarlet dress of some soft material; in her dark, wavy hair is a scarlet flower, which emphasizes the color of her cheeks. She goes to the window (at the left), taps her little foot rather impatiently, and speaks half-aloud.]

Maggie:—"Pa ought to 'a' been here five minutes ago, even if it is pay night."

[A slow step is heard on the walk outside, and the shed door is shut. Then Andrew Wilton comes in leisurely, dinner-pail in
hand. The impression he gives is one of grayness—not a shining silvery gray, but a dull, lustreless, lifeless gray. He is of medium height, thin, and stooped. His cheeks are wrinkled and hollow. His gray hair is thin and rather long. He speaks in a colorless tone as he enters.]

Wilton:—‘A bit late, Maggie?’

[He takes off the worn mill coat, and begins to wash at the sink.]

Maggie:—(perfunctorily) ‘A little late. Had a hard day, Pa?’

Wilton:—(finishes wiping his face before he answers, without interest) ‘Same as usual.’ (He goes to the wall and takes from its peg a cleaner but very shabby gray coat. As he puts this on, he speaks) ‘It’s tiresome work, the mill is.’

[Maggie goes to the mirror to give another touch to the flower in her hair.]

Wilton:—‘Ain’t you dressed up tonight?’

Maggie:—‘There’s a crowd of us goin’ to have a dance, over to Frost’s. All the girls are goin’.’

Wilton:—(casually) ‘When I was comin’ up the street I met Will Heath.’ (He eyes Maggie as keenly as his dull eyes will permit.) ‘Has he been here this afternoon?’

Maggie:—(nodding with affected carelessness) ‘Oh, a little while.’

Wilton:—(with mild earnestness) ‘Maggie, you hadn’t oughter let him come here.’

Maggie:—(defiantly) ‘Why not? How c’n I stop him if he wants to come?’

Wilton:—‘Tain’t right when a rich man like him comes a-hangin’ round a poor man’s house. He ain’t doin’ it for no good. You’d oughter discourage him, girl.’

Maggie:—(to change the subject) ‘Land, Pa, your beans are gettin’ all cold. Let’s set down an’ eat, ’fore everything’s spoiled.’

[As they eat, Wilton will not forget the subject. After a few mouthfuls, he begins again.]

Wilton:—‘You goin’ to the dance with him?’

[Maggie nods decisively, whereat Wilton seems agitated.]
Wilton:—"Don't! I'm afraid for you, Maggie.''

Maggie:—(scornfully) "You needn't be scared, Pa. I c'n look out for myself—an' you needn't be so suspectin' about Will, if he is rich. He said himself 'twouldn't make a mite o' difference.''

Wilton:—"Difference? In what? Maggie, has he been makin' love to you?''

[Maggie makes no answer, but goes on eating.]

Wilton:—"Tell me honest, Girl, has he?''

Maggie:—(sullenly) "Yes, an' we're goin' to be married.''

Wilton:—(almost collapses; his face becomes white; he speaks hoarsely to himself) 'My God! Her mother over again! An' I wanted to keep it all from her!''

Maggie:—(in vague alarm) "What's the matter, Pa? What you mumblin' about mother for? She's dead, ain't she? You always said she was.''

Wilton:—(stumbling now and then) 'Yes, Girl, she's dead—been gone ten years now. But she was like you—young an' pretty—hair like yours. She loved red things, too, an' dances, an' bright clothes. An' I wanted her to have 'em. I did the best I could—but I was tired after workin' all day an' every day—an' I couldn't keep awake to go to dances an' shows an' places with her. So I give her my pay envelopes, an' told her to have a good time while she could. An' I stayed to home with the baby—that was you.' (He laughs dully and without mirth.) 'An' while I was asleep, she had her good time. If I'd 'a' known!' (He doubles up his impotent weaver's fist. Maggie watches half-curiously. She has never seen him so near anger. He goes on.) "One day I woke up, but 'twas too late.''' (He adds fiercely.) 'D'ye understand, Maggie? It was too late!''

Maggie:—(uncomprehending) "Why?''

Wilton:—(dully, again) 'She forgot us, Girl, you an' me. She left us, an' run away—with a rich man. I got a divorce—so's she could marry him. He didn't want her then. An' she wan't never happy—but she lived with him, till he cast her off, an' never come back to us. When she lost her prettiness he cast
her off, damn him! An’ Heath’s the same breed o’ cur. He’ll do the same with you. Don’t go with him!”

Maggie:—(as if half dazed) “Let—me—think.”

[Wilton pushes back his chair, gets up, takes his cap, and goes to the shed door.]

Wilton:—“I’m goin’ to the store to get the paper. Don’t go with him if he comes, Maggie. He ain’t worth it, an’ if he says he’ll marry you, he don’t mean it. He’d just make you unhappy. An’ I’d be lonesome for you, Girl.”

[He goes out. Maggie takes the few dishes from the table and stacks them in the dishpan, leaving them unwashed in the sink. As she clears off the table she talks to herself.]

Maggie:—“I guess Pa’s crazy! I’m goin’ anyhow. Will does want me. He said so.” (She seems to be thinking a bit, and says in a low tone): “Pa would be lonesome. It’s awful dull here. An’ my mother—run away. The rich man left her, he said.” (After a pause) “That was different, tho. She was married already.” (Her tone hardens.) “She ought not to have left us.”

[The door bell rings.]

Maggie:—(starts for the door) “Anyhow, I’ve got to live my own life. I’m goin’ with him, whether or no.”

[As she reaches the inner door there is a sound of footsteps in the hall, and Heath, who has found the front door unlocked, enters, half carrying, half leading a thin little old woman, who appears as if dazed from a blow. Her clothes are ragged and there are lumps of snow on them. For a moment Maggie starts back in surprise and horror. Then she helps Heath put the old woman on the couch. He chafes her hands while the girl hurries to get something warm. As she moves quickly about she asks a question.]

Maggie:—“Who is it?”

Will:—“I don’t know. My horse—the old woman was crossing the street—just below here. The beast bolted. Knocked her down. So I brought her here.”

[The woman opens her eyes wider, and puts her hand to her head.]

Old Woman:—(faintly) “Oh, my head! That horse!”
[Maggie goes quickly to her.]

Maggie:—(with unsuspected gentleness) "Hush! Sh! We know. Just let Maggie fix you up, and you'll be all right."

[The old woman tries to remember something.]

Old Woman:—"Maggie? Maggie? Did I have a little girl? Oh, oh, I can't think." (Hand to her head, she looks in distress from one to the other. Will nods to Maggie to say "yes" to quiet her.)

Maggie:—(soothingly) "Yes, yes. A long time ago."

Will:—(in a low tone, impatiently) "She's only dazed. Won't she be all right so we can get off to that dance? Where's your old man?"

Maggie:—(absorbed in making the woman more comfortable) "'D you think I'd leave her this way for Pa to take care of?"

Will:—(indifferently) "Why not? She'll come out of it all right. Say, Honey," (she looks up at the word and he puts his arm around her) "how's this for an idea? We'll leave the old dame here to keep house for your father, and skip off and get married tonight or tomorrow. (eagerly) What d' you say?"

[She draws slowly away from him.]

Maggie:—(undecidedly) "No—o."

Will:—"Why not?" (She is silent. He becomes insistent.)

"Why not?"

Maggie:—"Pa—"

Will:—"Bother the old man!"

[The old woman begins to wake up again.]

Maggie:—(as if to test her lover) "Pa says 'tain't right when a rich man comes—"

[Heath smothers her next words with a swift embrace, but releases her when the old woman's voice, a bit stronger, breaks in tremblingly.]

Old Woman:—"'Tain't right! Don't trust 'em. Don't trust 'em, my dear."

Will:—(roughly) "Don't mind her, Maggie! What does she know about it anyway? A mere low-down beggar!"

[The old woman tries to raise herself on her arm, but falls back, panting out the words.]
Old Woman:—"Once—I trusted—a rich man. He looked like you."
Maggie:—"Don't try to talk. You're tired now."
Will:—(pleading) "Won't you come with me, Margaret?"
[She catches her breath at the name.]
Maggie:—(to herself, almost sobbing) "Oh, I want to! I want to!"
Will:—"Tell me you will, Redbird." (He holds her hand tightly and looks at the soft scarlet of her dress.)
Old Woman:—(rousing up) "He drove me off, but he kept my boy. Don't trust 'em, my dear."
Maggie:—(hesitating, starts to tell Heath something) "My mother—"
Will:—(jokingly) "Well, first it's your father and then it's your mother." (More seriously) "I don't care a hang for them, nor the old hag either. Don't blame the man for leaving her! What I want to know is, will you come with me?"
[The shed door slams. Then the door opens quietly and Andrew enters, head bent. He looks up. They seem not to have heard him.]
Maggie:—(shaking her head reluctantly) "I can't, Will. I just can't—that's all. Pa—would be lonesome."
Will:—(violently) "By God, I'll make—" (Seizes her by the wrist. Andrew draws a long breath, clenches his fist, and rushes between them.)
Andrew:—(with suppressed fierceness) "You've stayed here long enough, Will Heath. Now go!"
[Will relaxes his grip, but looks only at Maggie.]
Will:—"Maggie, won't you come? You know how much I want you. Don't mind the old duffer!"
[She looks at her father, then at the old woman. She shakes her head.]
Maggie:—(simply) "Go."
[Andrew has relapsed into grayness again. He looks at the old woman for the first time. Maggie sees him start back, and somehow understands. She is trembling, but for his sake becomes strong. She leads him to a chair, where he sits as if broken, his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands.]
Old Woman:—(rouses again and speaks piteously) "Andy—Andy—I've come home." (She dozes off again. Maggie goes to her father, gently takes down his hands, and kisses the wrinkled forehead.)

Maggie:—(softly) "Father, now it really will be home."

[He looks up at her.]

Andrew:—(understands) "Yes, Maggie—home."

[Maggie seems less scarlet now and her father less gray. She looks at the couch.]

Maggie:—(putting her finger to her lips) "Sh! Mother's asleep!"

[ Curtain.]

POEMS BY F. E. KENNEDY

The Truant

When the trails are arustle with Fall's first leaves,
And a moon of blood gold tops the fir's sharp cone;
When Futurist Autumn her art achieves
In a riot of color, shade and tone—

Then my heart is sad, for there comes the lure
Of trails unfound and lands unknown;
And I would leave my love demure,
To fare where the strong north wind has blown.

For the call of Love and the lure of the Trail
Contend for my very soul and heart;
My love may win, and the camp-fire fail
When its June and my love plays well her part.

Spring and the lips of my love are sweet,
And in Spring with my love I'm content to stay;
But now, lips are cold, and I crave the heat
Of a camp-fire's blaze at the end of day.
The Welcome Thief

In youth I worshiped at ambition's shrine:  
The faith and power of the gods was mine;  
I read the page of history line by line.  
And knew I walked beneath the conqueror's sign.

No power of God or man could frustrate me  
In my determined plan of what should be!  
I asked no quarter and I made no plea—  
Success was mine for I had found the key.

Then came a day, success but half attained,  
Love came, and in my heart supreme joy reigned;  
All else on earth I'd have that still remained,  
For Love and I should win all left ungained.

But Love, the traitor, stole away my will;  
I wearied of the fight, yet fought on still,  
Until at last my soul grew sore and ill,  
And faltered on the last bare stretch of hill.

The heights of worldly fame will not be mine;  
Anew I read the page still line by line;  
I am content to rest beneath Love's sign,  
I thank the gods, and worship at Love's shrine.
RIDICULE

"There's just ae thing I cannae bear, an’ that’s my conscience," says the Scotch poet. The quaint humor of the poem would be less disturbed than the meter, were we to substitute for the last two words, the one word, "ridicule." It would seem that this is the one thing many of us find it hardest to bear.

The fear of ridicule develops early. The small boy, as interpreted by Booth Tarkington, instinctively recognizes its deadly properties. Penrod’s virile nature defends itself against the assaults of a whole band of mud-throwing conspirators, or accepts philosophically the inexplicable behavior of parents; but it finds no weapon against the awful taunt: "Aye, Penrod, how’s your tremors; how’s your beautiful hair!" Many a modern Achilles grows stronger under the shafts of opposition and flourishes under the darts of vituperation, only to fall when struck in
his vulnerable spot—his dread of ridicule. The editors of the Bates Student have received illustrations of this fact in the objections authors make to signing their contributions. Remonstrated with, one man explained: ‘‘But you don’t know the ‘kidding’ I’d have to stand. You see, the fellows don’t think I’m that sort of chap!’’ Professor MacDonald says there is such a thing as being overly accommodating to our surroundings. Dr. Tubbs quotes Emerson: ‘‘Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,’’ and adds: ‘‘There’ll come a time when you won’t care for consistency; when you won’t be afraid to change your mind; when you won’t mind saying, ‘I know more today than I did yesterday!’’

Perhaps we who have lived in small communities, and had our fancies, our tastes, and even our religious beliefs ridiculed, have become less sensitive, if not yet callous to the sting of ridicule. But we can appreciate viewpoints from which the natural tendency to avoid ridicule is defensible. It must imply respect for the other man’s opinion which, if not carried to excess or the point of dependence, is commendable. The desire for social approval makes for pleasant communal living. Again, the shrinking from ridicule may act as a brake, keeping us from plunging into radicalism without due consideration of our step.

The fear of exposing our sentiments to an unsympathetic public is a common one. The question was brought up recently in a group of Bates men and women, whether an author would publish the writings inspired by cherished personal experiences. The fact seems conclusively proved that authors have published such things; and that the world has often granted its laurels, as in the case of Robert Browning, to the man who scorned its ridicule.

In the same group of college men and women, another question arose: Is the New England attitude of stern self-repression in the grip of emotions produced by a work of art, more commendable than frank abandonment to the feelings aroused? We may be capable of feeling as deeply over the play or book as the more demonstrative person, was suggested, but the consciousness of the other man’s observation prevents us from showing it. To this it was objected that the person truly and absorbedly en-
grossed in the work of art, would not be conscious of the other man. Can we say we are fully appreciative of a creative work until we forget our immediate surroundings, and live in the created atmosphere? Until we cease to be self-conscious to the point of wondering how the other man will consider any sign of emotion on our part?

The attitude we are to take toward ridicule is one of the questions it will be well for us to solve as college students, in the formative period of our lives. "Betray mean terror of ridicule and thou shalt find fools enough to mock thee," has been said. It is interesting to cultivate a different attitude toward ridicule and see to what extent the result will be different.

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

In common with all Americans, we, as college students consider ourselves, individually and collectively, very, very busy people. It is proper and for the best that we should be busy people, but does even the multitude of interests in which we are concerned warrant the unending hustle and bustle which fill our days?

It is true that the man or woman in this busy college world, who does not do his or her tasks with energy and devotion to duty, will be hopelessly left behind, both here, and in the business life which comes after college. Certainly the modern demand for "Efficiency" includes a demand for rapidity of accomplishment, but at the same time it requires that work be well done. In making our plea that the continual hurry in which we live is necessary to efficiency, we are inclined to overlook the danger of slighting the task at hand, sliding it over as rapidly as possible, with results, which we would not wish to be called our best efforts. To be sure, by hurrying, we can get over more ground, but is it real gain if the work which we have accomplished is but half done? When we have hurried through one task in a slip-shod manner, in order to hurry to and through another, and then compare the profit of such work with the pleasure and benefit derived from work well done, we wonder if a little less hurry,
and a little more thoroughness, is not what we, as intelligent, thinking people should demand of ourselves.

After all, what is this unending rush from one thing to another? In the last analysis it is an expenditure of energy, many times on tasks not worth the while,—labor which, if we could step aside from the crowd a moment to consider, we should save ourselves. It is wearing away our lives for a result that does not bring satisfaction, and living at a pace which will shorten the already brief number of years granted us to live on this earth.

What's your hurry? Stop! Think of some of the things you are losing in this race, and see if you can afford to miss them. If you hurry from this half-done work, to another piece to be done no better, you are losing all the satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of a task, faithfully wrought and worthily finished. As you hurry across the campus to recitation hall or library, with eyes and mind intent on preparations for the next move in the grand scramble, you are missing the beauty of the shadows on the snow, and the blue or the gray of the sky. For you the humor and the possible pathos in the games of the little ragamuffins, playing on the narrow strip of ice, are lost. You are in too much of a hurry to more than say "To" to the friend you meet, even though you know that friend is waiting for a word of pleasant greeting or inquiry for the mother over whose illness you know he is worrying. What's your hurry? Stop once, say the few words, and be sure that his pleasure is payment for the five seconds you lost. You can never appreciate your friend, nor he, you, if you never stop long enough to share for one instant your friend's happiness or his misfortune. In these, our college days, if ever, we ought to consider our friend, not only what he means to us, but what we mean to him, and what we would like to mean to him. By always hurrying, we miss the opportunity to know and appreciate what we have ourselves. We are in too much of a hurry to realize that it is a wonderful privilege to be alive, to be young, to be enjoying the experiences of college life in this year of grace, 1916. When we do find that meaningless hurry is taking from our lives what might be a part of ourselves, when we find that the rush is taking from us the joy
we might feel in the thought of something well done,—whether
the something be translation for tomorrow’s class, or merely a
cheering word said at the right time—when we know that a
moment’s thought will give us appreciation of the blessings
which are ours, this day and minute, we will say to ourselves:
‘‘‘Slack up, brother, what’s your hurry?’ Let’s take a deep
breath, and begin all over again.’’

ROBERT FROST, POET

BY CLARENCE WENTWORTH, ’16

One of the speakers engaged for the George Colby Chase
course of lectures, is the new American poet, Robert Frost. Mr.
Frost is so new, that, although his poems are well-known in
England, and he has been called by European critics ‘‘The most
original voice in American literature,’’ his name is not found
in ‘‘Who’s Who, In America’’ nor in any of the similar publica-
tions. From a recent newspaper article, we learn that he was
born somewhere in Massachusetts, forty-three years ago. His
father was a well-known newspaper man. When Frost was
twenty-four years old, he entered Dartmouth, but, he tells us,
‘‘I stayed in Dartmouth just long enough to miss being gradu-
ated with my class in 1896. I went to Harvard, but left before
graduating.’’

After leaving college, Frost was given a position on a news-
paper in Lawrence, Mass., and married. He lost his position on
the newspaper, and was, for a time, an electrician in a mill.
Then he taught school for several years, but he did not find teach-
ing to his liking, and he bought a farm in southern Massachusetts.
In his poem ‘‘After Apple-picking,’’ he has given an insight into
his farm methods:

‘‘My long two-pointed ladder’s sticking through a tree
Towards heaven still,
And there’s a barrel that I didn’t fill
Beside it, and there may be two or three
Apples I didn’t pick upon some bough—
But I am through with apple picking now.’’
Frost was too impractical and easy-going to be a successful farmer, so after working,—or rather idling—on the farm for ten years, he sold the farm and went with his wife and four children to England.

"We were quite poor but happy. I met lots of people there. I managed to have my first book of verses published there—"A Boy's Will." It covers the first twenty years of my writing. We came back [to America] and settled up here [at Franconia, N. H.] I lecture now and then—I'm pretty good at it, and they like to hear me talk—but it doesn't give me time to write. I make a little money from my book, and so we get along. We can't raise much on this farm. It's too stony for produce; it's only good for cattle, and we have no cattle."

Mr. Frost sent the manuscript of his second volume of poems—"North of Boston"—to several American publishers, but none of them would accept it. At last, he found a publisher in England, who was courageous enough to produce it. The book was an instantaneous success in England, and was republished in America in 1914. It is now in its third American edition.

"I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I sha'n't be gone long,—you come too.

I'm going out to fetch a little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young.
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I sha'n't be gone long,—you come too."

This little poem, the prelude to the volume, issues an invitation which those who love New England rural life, and those who have lived on the farm will be happy to accept. All the poems in the volume deal with country life in a natural, unsentimental, and unromantic manner. The style is simple and conversational; the following lines from "The Death of the Hired Man" are a fair sample:
Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said,
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
If he left then," I said, "that ended it."
What good is he? Who else will harbour him
At his age for the little he can do?"

"Sh! not so loud; he'll hear you," Mary said.
"I want him too; he'll have to soon or late."

In the handling of blank verse Mr. Frost is a master; no one
except a master could have written such quiet, realistic, everyday lines, and made them true poetry. Nowhere do we find a suggestion of prose. In "A Boy's Will" there is much nature description, and figurative language; but in "North of Boston," Mr. Frost is interested primarily in his characters,—the simple, uncultured farmers of New Hampshire. The passages of nature description paint a background, and against this background of natural beauty stand the characters in sharp contrast with it,—the old, worn-out hired man, who has returned "home" to die; the old farmer, who has desired all his life to climb the mountain back of his house, and see for himself a strange spring on top of it, but who has never "got around to it;" the housewife, "the servant to servants," who is working herself into insanity, caring for Lem's hired-help; and the old lady who lived in the black cottage,—they are all true to life, and we, ourselves, know men and women like them.

All of Mr. Frost's work is to be found in two small volumes; but this work is of a quality that justifies us in calling him one of the greatest, if not the greatest, poet of America today.
ON THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF BEING ABSENT-MINDED

By M. L. Cleaves, ’17

Coming up from down-town this afternoon, I sighed, as the burdensome package under my arm seemed to grow heavier and heavier:

“I suppose I might shift this to the other side, but if it makes my right arm ache, what would it do to my unpracticed left?”

I tramped three or four blocks more, considering which of several conflicting courses to take. The problem baffled solution, but the exercise of my brain-cells stimulated the astounding realization, that it had been my left hand, all the while, that was carrying the load. My only plea is that I did not take Miss Bell’s gymnasium course last year, and forgot in the interval how to distinguish left from right.

Experiences like these suggest those lines of Nixon Waterman’s:

“Absence of mind is sometimes presence of thot, we find;
But absence of thot is never presence of mind.”

Oliver Wendell Holmes speaks more generously:

“In our inexact fashion, we often say a person is absent-minded, when in reality, his mind has entered its coziest den, drawn in the latch, seated itself by the fire, and is perfectly at home.”

Such is my condition in English class, “once in so often,” and on one celebrated occasion I greatly endeared myself to Monie’s heart by responding promptly out of a charming dream, that “in 1066—the Normans—conquered America.”

Luckily my faux pas seldom have serious consequences. Once I did commit forgery. The postman interrupted me, as I was at my desk and about to conclude a letter, with mail from my sister. This I read, and then returned to my own letter, which I signed “Yours sincerely, Margaret F. Cleaves,”—her name!
While I was journeying home last June, my unruly mind played upon me another trick, that resulted in the discovery of a most striking coincidence. At a station near a former residence of mine, a girl boarded my train in whom at first glance I seemed to recognize an old friend, now a student at a New England university. No sooner than said: "Marion—" I called, then realized instantly that I had been too hasty. But the girl was replying so I stammered:

"Are—are you Marion E—?"

"No,—but I'm Marion W—, her room-mate at college. People often mistake us one for the other."

Such occurrences cause me more mirth than some mortifying situations in my Freshman days. One sad memory is of an evening when I was leader of a Y. W. C. A. meeting. "Let us all join in the Lord's Prayer," said I. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want—"

Professor Chase's kindness once rescued me in a bad moment. It was afternoon, and I had been studying, it seemed hours, since lunch, for a 2.30 recitation in Greek. Faintly my absorbed faculties heard the tolling of a bell. After a time I awoke to the thought—ten minutes past the half-hour! Oh, whatever should I do! But perhaps Professor Chase would forgive me for being so lost in study that I didn't hear the bell. So all penitence I stumbled into the class-room and went to the desk to make my apologies.

"But, Miss Cleaves," said the Professor patiently, "this is my 1.30 class in New Testament Greek. Yours comes an hour later,"

There are many instances of my absent-mindedness,—but alas! I'm too absent-minded to remember any more.
HAPLESS HAITI
A. A. DYER, ’17

Just thirty miles southeast of Cuba, bounded on the north and east by the great Atlantic, and on the south and west by the clear blue waters of the Caribbean, is situated the island of Haiti; a rugged contorted mountain mass of an area of about twenty-four thousand square miles or a little over three times the size of the State of Connecticut. Although blest with an almost unequaled fertility of the soil and an extraordinary climate, Haiti is nevertheless in many respects the most hapless spot of the entire earth.

The island was discovered by Columbus on October 7, 1492; but its misfortunes do not begin there. They date back, way back, perhaps hundreds of years before the arrival of the Spaniard. Haiti was then inhabited by Carib Indians who were closely allied to those tribes which in Mexico and Peru gradually emerged out of barbarism into a semi-civilization. If one today could peer into Haiti’s mysterious pre-Columbian history, he would instantly realize her hapless condition. He would see her there the first discovered country of Latin-America, torn by the eternal fratricidal wars of the five tribes that inhabited her; a perfect prototype of the system which for hundreds of years was destined to entwine and strangle the development of the entire Latin New World. He would see only murder and pillage from the very beginning, varied and solemnized by the pompous pageantry of a long line of deified tyrants and a vast procession of horrible priests stained and smeared with human blood. He would see a debased, ignorant and slavish population corrupted by indolence and sunken under the weight of superstition and tyranny. Perhaps he could even imagine that still there could be heard from the hazy past faint echoes of agonized victims as they were being brutally but solemnly sacrificed on the altars of hideous imaginary creatures, or the dull weird roll of the drums that were sounded to drown their painful shrieks.

Such was the condition of Haiti when she was discovered;
bad enough indeed but destined to be made far worse by the advent of the Spaniard. To Haiti Spain brought Christianity and with it its usual earlier companions, stupid intolerance, murder, rapine and pillage. Here she began her campaign of civilizing and christianizing the inhabitants of the new world. The only trouble was that when she got through civilizing and christianizing them there were none of them left. They were completely exterminated by Spanish greed and cruelty. When they began to fail in numbers, negro slaves were introduced and so there was begun the third sad chapter in the history of that hapless country. The heritage of these slaves was all the misfortune of Haiti before their time; their legacy all the misery and blood destined to follow them.

By the Treaty of Riswick in 1697, the king of Spain ceded the western third of the island to France. The French colony flourished and that meant that the slave trade flourished, until finally the colony was almost entirely inhabited by slaves. From this point it is with the western portion of the island alone that we have to deal. The eastern part remained Spanish and from it evolved or rather devolved the Republic of Santo Domingo.

In 1789 when Europe was trembling under the violent explosion which blasted forever the old regime from France, Haiti was in comparative quiet. An open clash between the doctrines of the most radical character proclaimed in the mother country with respect to Liberty, Equality and Fraternity and the ultra-conservative French planters in Haiti, could not be long postponed. The National Assembly, however, nothing daunted, true to the ideals of democracy in theory, and with that rare great moral courage necessary to put their preaching in practice, declared the freedom of the people of color and arranged for the gradual freedom of the slaves. The ruined planters flew into a rage, but the Assembly remained immovable. The great leader Danton announced from the tribune that he was prepared to "perish the colony rather than sacrifice one iota of the principle of freedom to which France was committed." Unable to move the Assembly by persuasion the planters took the next logical step, they seceded.

The governor, General Blanchelande, with the use of black
troops under the ex-slaves, Francois and Basson, experienced little difficulty in putting them down. The island was saved for France by black troops who thereafter asked freedom on a basis of purchase through labor. They were curtly ordered to disarm and disband; but they neither disarmed nor disbanded. Instead, they rose in the first of a series of bloody rebellions. The home government had by this time made a fizzle of the whole affair. By a policy which lacked sense, conviction or consistency, they alienated every element in the island and plunged it into a series of disastrous wars.

From the universal turmoil which ensued, there arose the commanding figure of Toussaint L’Ouverture. He restored order and peace throughout the island and governed it wisely in the name of France. L’Ouverture was indeed one of the most remarkable men of the century, an ex-slave who faced the work of regeneration and reconstruction with unflinching courage and brilliant success.

In 1801, however, Napoleon came to the consulate of France and decided to upturn all of the constructive work of L’Ouverture, and to reduce him and his fellows again to slavery. He organized an expedition at Grest to carry out this purpose. The importance which Napoleon attached to this expedition may be adjudged from the fact that he assigned command of 50,000 of the picked troops of Moreau’s Army of the Rhine to his brother-in-law, General LeClere. LeClere arrived with thirty ships of the line off North Haiti. L’Ouverture met him with the troops he could muster and in spite of the tremendous odds of discipline, organization and munitions, he triumphed. As Wendell Phillips so eloquently states it, ‘‘his success was marvelous; he had met and defeated the veterans of Napoleon; soldiers that had scaled the Pyramids and planted the French banners on the walls of Rome!’’

General LeClere, seeing his army defeated in the field and falling by thousands, victims of yellow fever which ravaged his camps, determined to gain by treachery what he had failed to gain in battle. He thereupon signed peace with L’Ouverture, guaranteeing the freedom of the slaves; and then treacherously seized the great leader on his estates in Gonaives, whither he had
retired to private life after believing that he had secured the freedom of his fellow slaves. With his entire family he was placed on board the French ship Creole at the dead of night and shipped off to France where he died, or rather was starved to death by Napoleon in the Castle of St. Joux overlooking the snow-clad mountains of Switzerland. Having gotten rid of the chief whom he so much feared, LeClerc boldly tore up the treaty and announced that he would restore slavery. He thought himself safe now that he was rid of L’Ouverture in spite of the warning given by the latter while en route to France. Toussaint had told him, ‘You think you have destroyed the tree of Liberty; you have not; I am only the trunk and it will spring again from its roots which are many and deep.’” He was right indeed. Dessalines, Christophe and Petion rose in revolt and there followed the most bloody and horrible war of extermination in proportion to population of which the world has yet record. During this phase of the bloody wars of freedom, atrocities of the most merciless and hideous kind were perpetrated by both sides. The plague of disease seriously weakened the French. Their commander, General LeClerc, the faithless betrayer of L’Ouverture, fell sick and died. He was succeeded by the Count Rochambeau. It seemed that the contestants vied with each other in making this heartless cruelty as torturous and painful as possible. Non-combatants, men, women, even babies were brutally slaughtered by both sides.

Dessalines declared the independence of Haiti on January 1, 1804, and set up a government at Les Gonaives. He was a cruel, rapacious, bloodthirsty tyrant though he had considerable ability, unflinching courage, and unwavering determination, necessary to win and maintain independence in the face of such great odds. He finally succeeded in driving the small remnant of the French troops from the island, and independence was won! Mockery of Fate! Haiti was made independent only to fall a victim to eternal factional strife and anarchy.

One must confess sadly that her history for more than a century has been one of corruptionists, insurrection and tyranny. Her rulers for the most part have shown great ability in corruption and robbery. Indeed from the long, almost unbroken line
of cruel robber chiefs there are but a few who stand out as really patriotic and enlightened, who had a great deal of ability and who used it to the advantage of the hapless republic instead of peculating and pillaging her finances. Among these few noble figures was Petion, who after receiving a good education in France, governed Haiti from 1806 to 1810. It was under him that the republic was really founded. He made numerous public improvements and aided Simon Bolivar with men and money. Columbia and Venezuela have both, out of gratitude, reared a monument in honor of the service which he performed in the dark days of the Revolution of South America against Spanish cruelty and tyranny. Pierre Boyer, who governed from 1816 to 1843, had a wise and prosperous rule. It was under him that Charles X of France recognized the independence of Haiti in 1825. Fabre Gifford (1859-67) organized schools and signed the Concordat with the Papal Court at Rome under which Roman Catholicism became the religion of the state, although there is freedom of worship for all creeds.

Solomon (1879-88) raised the standard of education by establishing high schools and securing the services of professors loaned by France. The National Bank was established and the Palais National constructed during his administration. Perhaps there are only two other men deserving mention. One is Flowil Hyppolite (1889-96), "the white-headed old man who for eleven years ruled Haiti with a rod of iron." Hyppolite showed himself a man of remarkable ability, although he was not popular with the government at Washington owing to the ruse by which he outwitted Rear Admiral Gehardi and saved himself from ceding Mole St. Nicholas to the United States as a naval base. Under his administration the palace of Ministers was erected and extensive public works carried out in Place Valliere, Port au Prince on the Momance in Cap Haitien and in Leogane. The telephone, telegraph and other inventions were also introduced under his government. The last figure was Nord Alexis, who came to power in 1902 and, in spite of the fact that he was over eighty years old, maintained order in the turbulent republic for seven years. He went out by a revolution when he was a little over ninety.
As I have said, Nord Alexis was the last strong figure at the head of the unfortunate country. At his fall in 1909 there began a long struggle for supremacy such as we have just witnessed in Mexico. President succeeded President, only to be forced out before he became really accustomed to the executive chair. This was the beginning of the end. Early in 1915 Dalvimar Theodore was at the head of the government, but was supplanted by Vilbrun Guillaume. In the summer of 1915, revolutionary disturbances broke out in Cap Haitien and rapidly spread throughout the departments of the north and the Artebonite. The president sent troops to quell the disturbance, but he was on the whole unsuccessful, and by July 12 it became clearly evident that his government was on the verge of collapse. On July 17, Guillaume, growing more fearful of revolutionary successes, converted himself into a veritable Sulla reincarnate and began a ten days' reign of terror. These were the red days of July. Distrusting even those who surrounded him, he made numerous political arrests. One hundred and sixty of the prominent residents of Port au Prince were imprisoned and one of his regiments disbanded. On the twenty-seventh came the crisis. The disbanded soldiers rose against him and with other followers of Dr. Rosalvo Bobo, revolutionary leader in the north, attacked the National Palace. It was defended by the president and his military governor of Port au Prince, General Oscar, but unable to hold out, both the president and military governor fled after having executed every single one of the group of one hundred and sixty political prisoners, including an ex-president, Orestes Zamor. This wanton slaughter aroused the fury of Port au Prince, and the people moved to secure their vengeance. A mob invaded the Dominican legation where Oscar had sought refuge, dragged him to the door-step and shot him. But believing that Guillaume had been responsible for the executions, a smaller mob composed mostly of relatives and friends of the murdered prisoners, went on the following day, July 28, to the French legation where Guillaume had sought protection. This mob broke into the legation in spite of the French minister's protests, took the president to the street and killed him. His body was desecrated and mutilated, and if the mob had only had the forethought to burn
it and to keep for each person a bone as a gruesome souvenir, this heinous piece of butchery would indeed have been executed in first class Georgian style.

On the twenty-ninth, American marines, suffering a loss of two and killing six Haitians, effected a landing. The death knell of independence had already sounded. Rear Admiral Caperton assumed dictatorial powers and postponed the election of a new president by the National Assembly. Later, however, with the consent of Caperton, the election was held and after the presidency had been offered and declined by a dozen prominent Haitians, including M. Guilband, ex-Minister of Justice, it was finally accepted by Sudre Dartiguenave, president of the senate.

Immediately Caperton, now acting through the provisional government of Dartiguenaves, set about disarming the population. There was no resistance since Dartiguenave gave the order. A few isolated bands in the north refused to disarm and started for the mountains. The arms and munitions taken from the populace were stored in the National Palace, and immediately Caperton suggested that American marines be used to guard the National Palace. Dartiguenave consented, but instead of guarding the palace, Caperton seized it together with the other public buildings and barracks surrounding the capitol. The provisional government protested and asked that the United States define its intentions. Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, assured M. Menos, Haitian minister to Washington, that no action would be taken which would in any way impair the sovereignty of the island republic. Yet how different the acts!

Marines began a campaign of occupation of the principal ports of Haiti. LaCroix des Bouquets, St. Marc, Artilonite, and Cap Haitian were occupied, together with Les Coyes, Jaemel and Jeremie, the birth-place of the great novelist, Dumas. At all of these points, together with others of less importance, American naval officers assumed full control of administration, and especially of the collection of customs. The aim of the United States was by this time clearly evident, but it was too late for resistance, thanks to the almost complete disarmament of the populace. At the opportune moment Caperton presented a treaty which provided not only for the collection of customs,
but also for the control of civil administration of internal affairs, and which contained no guarantee of the territorial or political integrity of the island republic. The very first article of the Haitian constitution states "that the territory of the republic is inviolate and cannot be alienated by any treaty or through any convention." It was then nothing short of a refinement of cruelty for Caperton to force Haiti to sign a treaty pledging not to cede any territory to any power, except the United States. This treaty was railroaded through the Haitian legislative body in a high-handed manner, the American admiral placing the entire country under martial law when he saw such widespread disinclination to accept it. Early in October he cabled Washington that an "engagement occurred near Cap Haitien. This so-called engagement was the massacre of Le Haut de Cap. Forty natives were there slaughtered by the American machine guns, and so impressed with the superior culture of the great republic. These men have been labeled "rebels" by the American reports, but they were martyrs in the true sense of the word who fell for the freedom of their country, and their blood from the field of Haut de Cap, like the blood of the so-called "rebels" who, in 1776, fell on the commons of Boston, cries out to heaven for vengeance.

You say that Haiti was a danger to the United States. I grant this, but it is no justification for the massacre. If you have a grievance against some one you call him into court, but the moment you get there you do not don the robes of justice and mount the chair of the judge to mete out justice to him and then come down to carry out your sentence. Such action is a violation of the very principle of justice. You assume the position of both defendant, judge and executor; offices that are on the face of it incompatible.

A people with similar language and tradition have a right to be a nationalistic entirety. They may be grafted upon a greater power, but there is only one result. It is not to the advantage of either. Haiti will not have died in vain if the rest of Latin America but draws a lesson from her sad fate!

To the people of Haiti a rogue under the name of "U. S. Receiver General of Customs" is no better than a thief who calls
himself "Haitian Minister of Finance." Here again crime is crime, a thief is a thief, whatever his title. When one looks over the entire history of Haiti and the history of our relations with that hapless island, he cannot help but say: "These Haitians are really to be pitied—poor people; they are not fit to govern themselves, and we are not fit to govern them!"

THE COMING
BY CELIA F. SMITH, '17

Sun, O Sun!
Think you that I know not you are coming?
Do not be deceived.
I see so early in the morning
Your slender golden fingers
Groping, feeling, reaching,
Pulling at the grayness,
To show the beauty of your dawning.
Sun, sly sun!

And then, O Sun,
You come—
The gray has gone;
Your rosy garments
Cast on me a warmth
That makes me happier for my living.
At the Junior Valentine party: President of the Class (after the last march): "Mr. H. will lead us in the Lor—!! Bates yell."

Prof. Carroll informed the Sociology class that if two parts of hydrogen and one of carbon were united under certain conditions, water would result. The class wishes to know what those conditions are.

Mr. Grover (during a discussion of war developments in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley): "Are there any Germans in the Garden of Eden?"

Prof. Gould: "Ask the English."

Dr. Tubbs (to his Junior Geology class): "You went to Mt. Gile your Freshman year and found it nice; you'll go again this year and find it gneiss."

Eureka: The last of eighteen sub-divided questions in Junior English 'mid-year': Explain, "Discovered." Answer: The end!

Did Horace have the modern college boy in mind when he wrote "rara inventus," which Prof. Knapp interprets, "Rah! Rah! Inventus?"

Prof. Jordan (in Chemical class): "Why do we call it soda water?"

Moulton, '18 (brightest man in the class): "Because they make sodas out of it."

We would advise the founding of a course in Mother Goose rhymes, to enlighten certain members of our student body. Recently a prominent Senior was heard to remark: "Why, I thought 'Veni, vidi, vici' was the little boy who ran around town
with his night shirt on." Such a course would avoid placing Wee Willie Winkie among the classics.

A new term in debating circles:
Mr. A.: "At this the gentleman has 'waxed sarcastic.'"

Freshmen Declamations—A Spoonerism:
Once more the walls of Shathorn hake
With Freshies' knees again aquake;
Once more the air with thounds is sick—
Alas! Once more Freshmen claim die.

With struttering tongues and voices weak,
With hangling dands which worry them,
They stumble on and as we hear,
We wonder if we'd sound thike lem! F. F.
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