6-1-1916

The Bates Student - Magazine Section - volume 44 number 18 - June 1, 1916

Bates College

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THE REAL BATES

It is a big subject—The Real Bates; a subject that might well appall one less conscious of its vast significance, and less apprehensive of failure in the treatment of it than the writer. This article does not begin with an apology; it begins with an explanation that what follows aims to be no pretentious and comprehensive treatment of the theme denoted by the title, but simply an appreciation from the undergraduate pen of a few of the qualities especially characteristic of Bates, and of some which perhaps differentiate it from other colleges.

Adapting Lovelace, 'Stone walls do not a college make, nor college halls, a Bates.' Surely, if ever a college had its reality in its spirit, purpose and ideals, it is ours. Conceived first in the minds of actively Christian men and founded under great difficulties to fill a definite need, Bates owes its existence today, as it has owed it in the past, to the support of people who believe it is perpetuating the worthy ideals of its founders. Bates stands preeminently for democracy. The college has appealed to the public and has succeeded on the grounds that it receives poor boys and girls on an absolute equality with those in more fortunate circumstances. President Chase, while still a professor, but working even then as he has done almost constantly since for the support of the college, was talking with the president of one of the largest colleges in the country:

“But why is Bates needed?” said this well-known educator
to him. “Let the boys come here; we have poor boys as well as rich ones.”

“And do they associate freely with each other?” asked President Chase.

“Oh, no,” was the reply. “The rich ones go by themselves and the poor ones by themselves.”

There is no prestige of wealth at Bates. Very few of the students are well-to-do, and a large number of men and women are helping to pay their expenses by working throughout the college year as well as during vacations. From questionnaires recently filled out by one hundred and sixty-nine men, it was learned that one hundred and nineteen had worked both vacations and semesters during the past year. The semester earnings recorded exceed the vacation earnings, the former amounting to $8,699.08, and the latter, $8,512.22. From similar questionnaires filled out by the women, it was learned that about one hundred and forty women students had done some sort of remunerative work, either during the semester or in vacations the past year.

Again, Bates is democratic in that it bars no student from educational advantages because of sex or race. Sneeringly referred to in the early days as “that college where they take women and niggers,” Bates, the pioneer, has since watched other colleges follow its lead. The first college on the eastern seaboard to admit women, it has consistently maintained coeducational standards throughout its history. Women are not received on sufferance; they are welcome, and unlike Wesleyan which had to change its policy in this regard, Bates has not experienced any dissatisfaction or unpleasantness on this score. There has been no long period in its history when the college has not numbered one or more colored students in its student body. These men have more commonly than not been prominent in campus activities, including intercollegiate debating and varsity football, and they have not infrequently taken prizes in declamation.

Finally, Bates is democratic in that it is a non-fraternity college. Believing that fraternities would be inconsistent with the purpose of absolute equality, the founders of the institution
forbade secret societies in the charter. They were largely influenced in this decision by a man (still connected with Bates) who as a fraternity member himself, had observed that fraternities exclude the very students who need them most, and are a great injury to the small college. There have been slight agitations of the question from time to time, but at present—particularly since the recent reorganization of the literary, language and scientific clubs—it would seem that there is no desire among the students for secret societies. As one graduate says, each class is like a fraternity, and after graduation the class bond is even stronger than it was in college.

Practically every college department is represented by its corresponding society. There are at present fourteen active societies and others in the making. These societies are not duplicated. Each has a distinct place and purpose, and the personnel of each is as different as the tastes of the students. In this way almost every student finds a congenial circle to which there are no admission requirements other than interest or proficiency in its particular field.

"The purest college atmosphere is attainable where numbers are not so great as to prevent free circulation and easy and continuous social intercourse," says Benton in his book, "The Real College." The number of societies in proportion to the number of students at Bates affords opportunity for a fairly large group of undergraduates to gain executive ability in them. Many people familiar with the history and present nature of the college, when asked what the title of this article first suggests to them, have said, "The real Bates is first of all a Christian college." It is natural, then, to find the college Christian associations particularly active. Out of the three hundred men at Bates, two hundred and fifty-five are members of the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A. membership includes nearly all the college girls.

Bates has always accomplished maximum results with minimum equipment. Few other colleges get so much use from their classroom capacity. The personnel in several departments is small, yet Bates graduates have often been astonished to find how favorably their training compares with that of graduates
from much larger colleges. It is characteristic of Bates—this aiming at reality of results rather than ostentation and show. Interest in the classics is great; more students are enrolled for the study of Greek at Bates than in all the other Maine colleges together.

Mrs. Hall, the wife of President Hall of Clark University, once said to President Chase that she was glad to know there was one college left in New England where they pay particular attention to the individual student. Bates still aims to stand in loco parentis; and the inspiration and help afforded its students by the exceptionally close relations existing between faculty and student body, can scarcely be overestimated.

President Chase and Professor Stanton exemplify this relationship of personal interest, as, indeed, they exemplify the whole spirit of Bates. The usual college president is somewhat inaccessible and little acquainted with the undergraduate body. President Faunce of Brown was once walking on the campus with a young man whom he had chanced to meet the day after a football victory. The president spoke enthusiastically of a remarkable play made by the captain of their team, of whom everyone was talking, only to learn that it was this hero of the gridiron with whom he was speaking.

In spite of the fact that in addition to his strictly presidential duties, President Chase acts as financial agent for the college, and in the absence of a dean of the men, assumes many of a dean’s duties, President Chase knows practically every student in college, and in most cases, the family circumstances. Moreover, he remembers students after they get out of college. It is noticeable how frequently in introducing a visiting alumnus in chapel, he relates incidents from that graduate’s life at Bates. President Chase seems to know the names of all Bates graduates, “and I actually believe,” says one member of the faculty, “that his daughter Elizabeth (who is secretary to the president) knows even their middle letters.”

One incident from many illustrates how closely the life of this exceptionally busy president touches that of the individual student. During the illness of a Freshman boy whose death recently shocked the college community, President Chase spent
hours at the hospital, and wrote daily to the boy's parents. When the young man passed away, he took the father, who had come on from the Pacific coast, into his home, and together with his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Chase, rode with him at the funeral.

Professor Stanton has stood throughout the history of Bates as a sort of patron saint to undergraduates. Every fall, as their host, he accompanies the incoming class on a car ride and all day picnic at Lake Auburn; and every spring he leads groups of students on early morning bird walks. In their relationship with him, many struggling students whom he has helped—often financially; always with encouragement and ready sympathy—have come to realize with Robert Louis Stevenson that "gratitude is but a lame sentiment."

The Bates professor is not a little man afraid lest he lose dignity and respect by friendship with his students. We cannot imagine a Bates man making the charge which we quote from a recent undergraduate publication of a well-known university:

"Another defect in so many of our instructors which may or may not be due to indolence is their complete aloofness from the undergraduate. Whether they fear some possible loss of dignity or feel themselves too far above their pupils to bother with them or whether they are merely too lazy to take any trouble in the matter, I am certain that both professor and student lose greatly by this attitude. The teacher would quickly gain far more sympathy for his students and also a certain necessary humanity, while the student would undoubtedly acquire both a quickened intelligence and a keener interest in his work."

We rub elbows with our professors at the theatre, the lecture and the concert; we learn to know their tastes, their mannerisms, and even their hobbies outside of the class-room. The faculty members in attendance at college parties are not viewed as necessary evils. They are chosen with eagerness and expected to add to the enjoyment of the occasion. Many students, at one time and another, have been entertained in faculty homes. The wife of one professor, at different times during the past
winter term, entertained at five o'clock tea every girl in the Senior class. By the system of advisors now observed, each professor has a group of advisees among the men; and the women meet their dean for a conference hour weekly.

"In a large college," says Meridith Nicholson, "the boy goes through more college; but in a small college more college goes through the boy." Many things contribute to make this applicable to Bates, and far from least among them is this relation between faculty and students.

In conclusion, the real Bates is not a college of race, sect, sex, distinction of birth or prestige of wealth. It is a Christian college; a college of democracy and good-fellowship throughout. Only as we incorporate into our lives the principles and ideals of the college, and of the men and women who have worked and sacrificed for it, do we glimpse the real Bates. What Bates has been is our cherished and inspiring possession; what Bates is, our cause for pride and gratitude; what Bates shall be, our challenge and our opportunity.

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**SENIOR'S MAY**

That afternoon I had solemnly dedicated and consecrated to work upon my Senior thesis. Through the open window the May breeze entered most unceremoniously, whipping the leaves of the calendar pad on my desk; while the afternoon sunshine lay in bright, little, shifting blocks over the floor and table. I could see the stretch of greening fields in the distance. From the tennis courts below my window came the sounds of voices and laughter. But this afternoon, as I said at first, had been set apart and dedicated to my Senior thesis.

I arranged the couch pillows in the manner most conducive to serious meditation and elevated thought. Opening my most ponderous source volume, I began to read, "Much of the unattractiveness of its form was due to the lack of that sophistication so characteristic of the social life of the times and was more than counterbalanced by its genuineness; while its
strength lay in its recognition of the worth of the individual on his own merits, in the bond of sympathy which it recognized as the universal solvent, in its passion for freedom, and for independence from the trammels of usage, tradition, tyranny and—" There was a brisk, business-like knock on my door. Someone had disregarded my study sign with its potential warning. "Come in," I called, too comfortable to do more.

Immediately the door opened, and I looked with poorly concealed amazement at the entering figure. He stepped briskly across the room and seated himself in the nearest chair. I was conscious of but a single impression—a sort of supersaturated efficiency. It emanated from his entire person—from the scintillating gem in his checked cravat to the extreme gloss of his polished shoes. "We will come directly to business," were his first words.

"Certainly," was my only answer.

He pushed back his cuffs with a brisk gesture and the stiffened linen rattled effectively. "You graduate in June, I understand?"

Immediately I felt apologetic. "I—I—suppose so," I murmured, not without some confusion. "I—I have reasons to believe so. I paid Mr. Andrews for my diploma with the payment of my last term-bill. If—if you have any doubts you might ask Miss Houdlette. I have eight cuts registered against me, but five are in gymnasium—"

"Certainly, certainly," his tone was mildly depreciatory. "Do not for one moment imagine that I intended to—in any degree—cast reflection upon your academic standing."

I could not but feel impressed.

"Now, as I was about to observe," he went on, "I am visiting the various colleges and universities for the purpose of interesting some of the members of the graduating classes. I am introducing them to a little proposition which seems likely to prove of considerable interest and value."

"Yes," I felt that my reply was inane.

"I represent the 'Absolute Ignorance Teachers' Agency?"

"Ah! yes!" at last I knew! My reply, however, did not
give evidence of sufficient interest, for his tone became even more brusque.

"This agency," he explained with elaborate emphasis, "which I have the honor to represent is especially well adapted to your needs."

"The name alone indicates that," I answered, for the first time speaking with certainty.

"Yes—yes—quite true. Now as I was on the point of observing, the regular fee for registration is 50 per cent. of all the salary expected. Whether we place you or not this fee is charged. Now in case you receive a position through the effort of the agency, the fee is 125 per cent. of all the salary plus the amount of board that it is necessary for the candidate to pay. This, you can readily understand, is really only a nominal fee, and, when all expenses are deducted, it leaves only a small margin for us to work upon, but our watchword is ever 'Helpfulness.'"

"I see."

"Now each year," he went on, "this agency enrolls absolutely without charge a few of the most promising of the candidates in each college of our country. This explains my call upon you this afternoon. You have been mentioned to me as one of the most promising of the young ladies of this present graduating class. As I say, we enroll free of charge only a limited number of candidates—only a few."

I hesitated to accept such altruism.

"Only a very few," he resumed. "For instance, to show you how few we enroll under these generous terms, I will tell you in strictest confidence that I have the names of only ninety-seven of the thirty-eight of the young women of this present class."

Amazement made me speechless.

"If you accept this present offer, you are obliged to pay the agency only the 125 per cent. of which I spoke before."

Here indeed was an opportunity! I resolved to approach carefully lest it vanish from my view. "I should be most happy," I answered hastily, "to take advantage of your most generous offer. How indeed can I ever hope to repay you!"
He briskly opened a large, smooth, leather case, which I had not before noticed, and drew out a huge, folded paper. "Very well, very well," he said, "I am glad that you appreciate the opportunity so freely offered you. I say with some sorrow that there are those who do not." He cleared his throat energetically. "Now if you are ready, we will fill in the registration papers." He pushed the huge, rustling sheet of paper toward me.

"But—but," I stammered, "I do not know how to fill it in. I should like time to deliberate and seek advice from those who have had more experience than I." Indeed confusion had stayed my hand. I realized that I was physically unable to fill in the blanks of white space which, alternating with the rows of printed lines, seemed dancing dizzily before my eyes.

The representative of the Absolute Ignorance Teachers' Agency gazed upon me with a wonderful mixture of compassion and superiority. "We will run through a few of the items together," he said. "I will give you suggestions as to how you should fill them in. The Absolute Ignorance Teachers' Agency differs from ordinary ignorance agencies in the strictness of its demands upon the candidate. Now let us glance through together a few of the items:—first, the name. This should be, of course, in the full Latin form. This can readily be obtained by consultation with the head of the Latin Department. Detail should be given whenever possible. For instance, the next item, the age—please fill out in years, months, weeks, days, hours, and (highly desirable if possible) in minutes. The next requirement, nationality, seems simple at first; but the Absolute Ignorance Agency requires a full genealogy before any position is granted.

He quickly ran his eye down the length of the paper as he went on, "Some of these are very easily answered:—for instance, where educated, full list of subjects ever studied, etc. In this space here is to be indicated the list of subjects which you will be prepared and willing to teach. I understand that you have specialized somewhat in your college work and will wish to carry this specialization over into your teaching. That being the case, you will indicate it on your registration blank.
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Now, for example, Latin, French, German, English, History and Mathematics form a pleasing combination. Elementary Chemistry and Physics might be added if the position demanded it. The first year out of college one cannot choose his subjects with too great exactness. You understand that, of course?"

"Certainly," I agreed hastily, "certainly. I expected to teach at least as many as that."

Once more the paper rattled stiffly as he continued, "These following points do not require much explanation. I would, however, ask you to consider somewhat carefully the list of questions in regard to financial remuneration." He indicated with his finger the following questions:

Salary hoped for when you entered college?
Salary you expect now?
Salary you will expect in June?
Salary you will expect in July?
Salary you will expect in August?
Greatest salary hoped for?
State least possible salary you would accept?

"I will deliberate and answer carefully," I assured him.

"The others then I will not take the time to go over. Be very careful in regard to the last stipulation concerning references. We require from each candidate seventeen references as to moral excellence, physical endurance, and mental rapidity. These recommendations must be signed in the presence of witnesses. I may say that there is no such thing as being too careful in this."

"I will do my best," I promised. "At present I can think of but thirteen of the professors who could recommend me, but I will endeavor to secure the required number."

"That is all, except that I would advise a thorough reading of the regulations and terms of the contract on the other side of the blank." He pointed to a mass of fine print. "Please read and memorize these as it is for our mutual welfare. As an example of this, glance at the ninth paragraph. You will see that it calls for an answer to any correspondence from the agency at least twenty-four hours before it is received by the
candidate. Failure to comply with this regulation will result in a loss of 250 per cent. of the candidate’s salary for the first year.”

I looked with awed interest at the long list of finely printed terms.

“Do you think that you would care to join the Absolute Ignorance Teachers’ Agency?”

I heard his voice but faintly. With eager eyes I scanned the printed lines scarcely hearing his repeated inquiries. At last I was conscious that he was rising from the chair. Still I kept my gaze upon the paper. Then I noticed that his huge leather case from which he had drawn my registration blank was slipping from his grasp. Slowly it slid along the inclined arm of the chair. Still my gaze rested on the paper. A second more and I would finish reading the three hundredth term of the contract. The leather case dropped from the chair arm and fell toward the floor. There was a terrific crash and—I awoke.

Written by the Senior who dreamed the dream.

**WHEN I AM OLD**

**By Will A. Carey, ’17**

When I am old, and one more summer ends
With flaming leaves and sunsets, and a clear
Sense of transition on the earth descends
After the pageant of the passing year—
Then with this thought may I be satisfied:
*Not having tried is failure;* Let me hold
The right to say with gladness, “I have tried.”

When I am old.

When I am old, and all the joy of Spring
Bursts out in dancing brooks and singing birds
Whose happiness in all that life can bring
Needs no poor human medium of words—
May I not think the songs have all been sung;
Oh, in that Spring let not my heart be cold;
Let me remember that I once was young,

When I am old!
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A FAREWELL

"Our last college vacation," the Seniors said in March, as they left the campus for the spring recess. "Our last term," they said upon getting back. Since then they have had occasion to use frequently that adjective of finality, as they have passed one by one the milestones of their last year in college.

The undergraduate who has perchance hero-worshipped them in their leadership, who has been befriended by them in college halls and associated with them on the campus, will miss them heartily. The professors—that wonderful faculty, never too preoccupied to give a friendly greeting, never too busy to listen patiently to student confidences—will have to learn new names and faces in place of theirs. And the Senior himself—what is he thinking these days? He has scarcely more than begun to realize seriously his seniority, and to enjoy the dignity and
prestige of his position, when lo.—the four years that looked interminable to his prep-school self; the four years of broadening experiences and of association with congenial student friends; the four incomparable and never-to-be-relived years of college life, are over. The bell is tapped, and there will be no rebuttal; the Moving Finger has written, and the record is irradicable. At one time the Senior finds it hardest to say "Good-bye" to classmates. Again, leaving his professors seems worse. Gradually he realizes that all his campus activities, all his little triumphs, are at an end. The familiar buildings, Mt. David, the Athletic Field, his dormitory, one after the other comes to his mind, and at last he can not but cry out as Solveig did to Peer Gynt:

"Oh no, . . . the worst I must call
The sorrow of leaving them all, ay all!"

We have made new friends during our college life. By the time we are Seniors, some of them are old friends. With these we confidently expect to keep in touch, and in many cases we probably shall. Still, the cause of permanently broken communication is not infrequently very slight, even as when, for want of an address, DeQuincy lost the girl who had befriended him, and William Locke's "Fortunate Youth" lost little Jane in London.

But there are other students from whom we part at the close of our Senior year. There are the students whom we have not known well—with whom, perhaps, we have never exchanged greetings—but with whom we have sat, listened, prayed or laughed, as the occasion might be, in Chapel, classroom or lecture hall, day after day. Goethe speaks musingly of the people whose road together goes only a short distance. There is something of mystic strangeness about leaving these people whose faces have become so familiar to us, with whose tastes and ability we are acquainted through their campus and extra-curriculum activities, and who not infrequently have influenced our lives. In some cases we might easily have known them better—a mere chance might have proved conducive to
a closer acquaintance—but now it is too late. Many of the interesting people we meant to make an effort to know, are passing out of our lives. Few similes are more true than this:

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness; So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another, Only a look, a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

But we can come back to visit Bates. We may come back to the buildings; to the dormitories where each room annually loses its former identity with the advent of a new occupant. We may come back occasionally and talk for a few minutes with our former professors; but no matter how hearty their handshake and sincere their greeting, they will likely have forgotten our names however kindly they try to conceal the fact. Their chief interest, naturally and necessarily will have been transferred to those who so promptly fill our places. Nowhere are Alice Cary's words more applicable:

"It is in vain—we never can go back to anything."

Yet we would not view this parting with melancholy. The word "Commencement" is deeply significant. The Seniors recognize that while this month marks the breaking of certain ties and associations—the end of a distinct and important period of their lives—it is the beginning of even broader experiences, wider fields of work, and fuller years to come. Even while we linger fondly over the life that is ending, we would not remain college students, any more than we would stay children, forever. We must fall in with the scheme of time,—the infinite change which is for us to make infinite progression.

We often shrink from saying "Good-bye" because of the finality the little word seems to hold, thinking too little of its original and true meaning. We say it now—a sincere valediction to 1916.

"Farewell, a word that must be and has been, A sound that makes us linger—yet—farewell."
MATHEMATICS AND ME

BY L. T. NUTTING, ’16

Ofttimes as in the silent watches I lay with mind half-becalmed on the edge of the great Sargasso Sea of Sleep, I meditated—WHY WAS MATHEMATICS?

In this lovely world “where every prospect pleases and only man is vile,” how dared such a thing as Mathematics to exist? And then, as I traced back the history of the race, at last I reached those days when the Good Father gave to man the right to be a free moral agent—but man chose sin—and sin (I doubt it not) brought Mathematics. How else, indeed, except that Eve, perforce, must fit her dainties to her guests; and therefore calculated (how I hate the word!) that since she and Adam were not two but one,—and the serpent only a domestic influence,—one apple would surely quite suffice.

Then of a sudden from out the chaotic elements of those primordial days would rise a grim and awful figure fitted with cosine legs and tangent arms and a head much like infinity. Gathering to himself a vast quadratic power, he pursued me over an indeterminate plane filled with gaping vinculi, where were horrid graphs evoluting and involuting at a furious rate, and circles osculating rapidly, until at last a ferocious logarithm seized me and hurled me fiercely to the ground where I lay exhausted.

But the grim gray spectre suddenly began to fade until at last there was nothing left but a curling thread of smoke that formed into wispy letters; and, as I read M-A-T-H-E-M-A-T-I-C-S, vanished into the cloudy distance.

The joyous peal of the alarm-clock (hated at any other time) was welcome then, though it brought the realization that, of Mathematics, my knowledge was in truth as thin and fleeting as the smoky thread. But growing consciousness revealed the fact that after all it was my roommate who was groaning over the pitfalls of that awful plane; as for me, long ago had I sloughed off the clutching hand of the angular spectre and even a bowing acquaintance was no more an assured fact.
DAWN

BY SARA A. CHANDLER, '17

A hush on all the earth has fallen;
No leaf is stirred.
For now the night her hold does loosen;
No sound is heard.

Under a firm and guiding Hand
There comes a light;
A pearly splendor rouses life;
All things are bright.

From every tree-top, bush and fern
(The spell withdrawn)
Flows music mortals cannot make—
God’s choir at dawn.
It is the charm and suggestiveness of the name Carmen Sylva which first draws our interest to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. We easily imagine that one who would choose this name must have the soul of a poet, loving nature as expressed in the beauties of the forest, and feeling in sympathy with human nature as it is poured forth in song. Our interest leads us to read some of the writings to which the attractive nom de plume is attached; and if we happen to see a portrait of her majesty, we are fascinated and inspired with a deep desire to know her life and character.

Queen Elizabeth said of herself, "I was born very far from a throne and I am heartily glad of it. I thus had a more natural youth." She was the daughter of Prince Hermann of Neuwied, a small principality on the bank of the Rhine. Her mother's grandmother was sister to Louisa of Prussia. The young princess led a healthy out-of-door life with the children of the village, among whom she was a leader. She loved stories and used to delight her playmates with fanciful versions of the fairy-tales. Her lively spirits and impulsive nature gained for her the nickname of "Whirlwind" and "Wild Rosebud of the Wied." Her training was begun at an early age and carried on by cultured parents and able tutors. She acquired skill in sewing, embroidery and cooking, but showed great fondness for language study, literature, poetry, music, and fine arts. On a small farm, Elizabeth and her brothers tilled the ground, milked the cows and did other rural labors. Here the future queen acquired a deep love for nature, and her romantic imagination was stimulated. Both the example of her generous parents and her own impulsive, sympathetic spirit led her to extend help to the poor and suffering. As a young girl, she loved to roam in the woods and dream her dreams. She loved her quiet German home and the beautiful Rhine, yet her young soul looked forward to real service in the world.
But the early life of the princess was to bear deep sorrows. Her younger brother, Otto, was an invalid all his short twelve years of life. The death of her mother’s step-mother, known and loved as “Grandmama” was also witnessed by the sensitive child.

The family journeyed to the Isle of Wight, to various German towns and to Paris mainly in the interest of the health of the invalid brother, but the princess was to gain a better acquaintance with life in the outside world than these early trips allowed. At seventeen, she visited the Court of Berlin for several months. Here, a romantic incident occurred. Rushing down stairs, one day, she slipped and would have fallen, had not a young gentleman caught her in his arms. Prince Charles evidently was charmed by the young lady, but the visit came to an end and she returned to her home and her studies. She had shown a strong dislike to the idea of marrying, and had declared to all, who would persuade her, that she would never marry unless she could be Queen of Roumania—a declaration which seemed very safe since Roumania was then only a principality.

After the death of her brother, Otto, and of her friend and playmate, “Marie,” the princess was taken from her home of sorrow to travel with her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia. In St. Petersburg, Elizabeth contracted the typhus fever, and while recovering heard that her father was dead. Music, then became her chief consolation. The story of the life of Madam Schumann as she told it, as well as the piano lessons aroused the princess from the deep gloom and despair of her own sorrows. For the next few years, she spent the summers at her home on the Rhine, and the winters traveling with her aunt. She studied diligently even during her travels, and during one winter at Naples, devoted her time to the study of Shakespere, Scott, and Dickens. She had learned English as a child, and became fond of English literature.

In the meantime political changes had taken place and Prince Charles was elected to rule over Roumania. He remembered the young Princess of Wied and came to pay court to her. Her admiration for the noble prince and a glimpse of the opportunities for service finally led her to accept him. She
entered her new life and threw herself into her duties with her characteristic ardor. She learned the Roumanian language and studied the needs of her people. Schools, hospitals and other institutions were founded by her. She patronized art and literature, encouraged public lectures, and induced a respect for sanitary laws.

The queen experienced the deep joy of motherhood and for four happy years she could forget the sad experiences of the past in the light of her little girl’s eyes. But this much beloved and sheltered little princess could not escape from the scarlet fever epidemic. As the other deep sorrows were drowned in her study of music, so this greatest bereavement led to the development of her literary powers. Her beautiful mother’s soul speaks to us in the poem entitled "Mother."

"The fairest word on earth that’s heard,  
On human lips the fairest word  
Is ‘mother.’
To whom such name shall once belong  
High honor hers, her whole life long,  
A mother.
But all her earthly joys are o’er  
Who is and then who is no more  
A mother."

In the Ottoman war of 1877, in which Roumanian people suffered deeply and fought bravely, the queen showed much sympathy and gave real service in ministering to the wounded who were comforted and eased by her presence. In an article entitled "Reminiscences of the War," she gives a vivid account of the suffering she witnessed. Her untiring and unselfish service won for her the affectionate and honorable title "Little Mother of her People."

Her first published works were translations of Roumanian poems and folk songs into her beloved German. The little book entitled "Aus Meinem Konigreich," contains several legends from the Carpathian Mountains. The queen wrote this at the request of the Roumanian Minister of Education, who desired
such a book to give as a prize to the pupils doing the best work.

The book entitled "Sturme" contains four narrative poems, rich in lyrics which have the true tone of German lyrics. The title expresses the tempestuous character of these poems. The novelette "Ein Gebet" shows that the queen has learned to know the silent struggles, defeats, and victories constantly going on in the world. "Leidens Erdgang" is a cycle of rather disconnected stories bound together by one symbolical idea. A story from these is translated into English and entitled "Three Loyal Comrades." The beautiful child "Sorrow" wanders from house to house. It grieves her sorely that everywhere, some dire calamity follows her visits. At last she finds refuge in the arms of "Mother Patience" and her heart is cheered and comforted by the strength of a busy maid called "Work." In another story, the queen rehearses the history of her own sufferings. In her search for "Truth" she is guided by "Sorrow," who bids her be strong and fear not. But on the journey calamity after calamity befalls until it seems impossible to endure more. Finally, weary and old, she is led by "Sorrow" to "Truth," who appears as a little child, which, as she gazes, grows larger until it seems to hold the world in its hand and embrace the heavens. And "Sorrow" said, "Now, look within you," and lo! she finds "Truth" there also.

From early childhood Queen Elizabeth has noted down her impressions of life and things. Many of these are in epigrammatic form, showing deep insight and clearness of thought and expression. "Les Pensees d'une Reine" contains a collection of these maxims.

Comparatively few of Carmen Sylva's writings may be read in English. Her reminiscences, bearing the title "From Memory's Shrine," were translated from the German by her secretary. These pages contain accounts of the queen's best beloved friends, and show directly her own character and much of her life and sufferings.

In translation of her poems much of the original beauty and style is lost. Her description of poetry shows that she has a deep appreciation of that art and its power.
"Like waves of the ocean, like wings of the swallow,
   Doth poetry sweep through times and through space;
Her heart is a ground swell, her rhythm, pulsation
   Keeps time with the stars and the sun in their race.

"The bride of great Heaven, she struggles to reach him,
   She calls to the storm to uplift her on high;
Despair is her strength, and her wail is a war-whoop,
   She beckons the clouds to bring nearer the sky.

"No desert can scorch her, no gale ever drown her;
   No ruins will crush her, in death she will thrive.
She'll watch desolation, and hover o'er terrors
   With wings of the ocean, forever alive!"

Surely we were right when we imagined that the fantastic
name of Carmen Sylva signified a true poet and nature lover.
The soul of the poet-queen passed through as fiery trials as
have ever surged over any soul. The beauty and charm of her
soul is to be seen in her face. Pierre Loti describes the queen
as he saw her in 1887. "The light of eternal youth is in her
smile, on her velvet pink cheeks, shining and dancing in the
laughter of her beauteous lips. Her magnificent tresses, visible
through the silver spangled veil, are almost white. The clear,
grey eyes somewhat overshadowed by a broad, open forehead,
add the charm of a lofty intelligence, a discreet sympathetic
power of penetration, habitual suffering, and a wide-embracing
pity. Her voice was pure music,—as delightful and fresh as it
was instinct with youth."

Truly Roumania suffers deeply from the loss of the "Little
Mother of her People," and the world has reason to retain the
memory of Carmen Sylva, the poet-queen.
A periscope the cold waves broke,
   And a sloping deck appeared—
A submarine in shiny green,
   Which quickly for us steered.
A streak of white—a handsome sight—
   Appeared before her bow,
From air compressed; skimmed o'er the crest;
   Death headed for us now.
That torpedo so long and low
   Was making thirty-three;
It grazed our stern through foam and churn,
   And passed us harmlessly.
Then we fired one from the rifle-gun;
   The screaming, howling shell
Went straight to its mark, the steel-ribbed shark—
   She plunged in a seething hell.
A vivid flash; an awful crash—
   She rose out of the sea;
And with snow-white cloud of smoke for a shroud,
Vanished entirely.
IN HOSPITAL

By MYRA LAWRENCE, '17

Scene: The interior of a hospital in London, autumn, 1875.

Characters: William Ernest Henley, and other bed-patients (without speaking parts), a small boy, just brought in from the recovery-room and not quite freed from his chloroform-sleep—A nurse, a doctor, the scrubwoman.

The characters speak in low tones throughout.

Henley: (From his bed watches the boy's struggles to regain consciousness, with familiar indifference. Speaks suddenly):

God,—how dead my soul is! The boy's in pain, and I care only because it's a bore.

The boy's moans cease as he finally succeeds in realizing himself and the world about him.

Henley: All right now, old chap! All you have to do now is to get well again—

The boy (faintly): Is she here? Mother?

Henley: She's been here, boy, but she had to leave at the end of the hour. I think perhaps you'll see her in the evening.

The boy: How—long?

Henley: Oh, just a few hours—(to himself) that will seem years. Look, boy, without raising your head, can you see the sparrow peeping in the window over across?

The boy: Just give me—time, sir,—to get used to my—new head.

Henley: Your new head? Not a very pleasant one, either, is it? Never mind, when that passes, you'll soon be ready to go home.

The boy: You're very kind, sir.

(A nurse enters with the doctor. They pass from patient to patient.)

Henley. (whimsically): The sparrow reminds me of the verses of one of the kindest, most patient men I know.
"A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon my window-sill,
Cocked his shining eye, and said
'Aren't you 'shamed, you sleepy head'".

The boy (with interest): Yes, sir.
(The doctor comes to Henley and works over his foot. Henley's lips are set firmly, and even the dimmed eyes of the boy perceive his endurance of pain. The doctor moves off).
The boy: My head doesn't feel very bad, now, sir.
Henley (with resolute cheer): Good for you.
The boy: I think, sir, you are a kind of soldier, a captain,—captain of your—. (He stops, overcome once more by boyish reticence.)
Henley: Captain? Nearly a deserter! (Slowly)—It has seemed all day, boy,—do you understand?—that a message, some marching orders might come to me. (Musing)—"Captain of my soul,"—a fine line!

The boy stirs restlessly. Henley turns to him again.
Henley: There's a little Irish boy, "juist past sieven", at the other end of the room. He's asleep now, or you'd hear him talking! He used to have a little neighbor, gone away, now, and the two played patient and doctor, and performed mock-operations on each other. Perhaps you'll become a member of his 'staff'! Ah, here's Katie!
The scrub-woman, a short, grey-haired Irish woman with a marked limp, slips in from the corridor, and talks with a countryman of hers near the door. The two are very jovial. Katie's sides shake with laughter, and the watching patients smile in sympathy. As Katie hears in the corridor outside what may be a head-nurse, her whole face wrinkles in mischief, and she slips out again.
The boy goes to sleep.
Henley muses: "The captain of my soul"—(Calling to a nurse)—May I have my papers, please?
The nurse smiles: Not too long, sir!
Henley: Just time for the words to flash on to the paper.
The nurse brings him the paper, and he writes. After a few
moments he leans toward the sleeping form of the boy, and reads:

'Out of the night that covers me,  
Dark as the pit from pole to pole—  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul,

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll—  
I am the master of my fate—  
I am the captain of my soul.'

Marching orders, comrade!

THE VALUE OF THE CLASSICS

By Clarence Wentworth, '16

At the present time there are many people, many teachers in our High Schools and Colleges even, who advocate that we should substitute on the curriculums of our secondary schools, in place of the study of the English Classics, the study of contemporary literature. These men maintain that the books studied in our English courses present the life and thought of past generations, turning the student towards the past, rather than the present, and leaving him ignorant of the life and thought of the present day. The manner in which literature is taught in many of our schools, by neglecting wholly the literature of today, does give the student the impression that all good literature was produced in the past. No one can deny that this is unfortunate and injurious. Any suggestion of including contemporary writers on our curriculum, causes an outbreak of ridicule in the educational and literary magazines; a great deal is said about "aesthetics" and "culture," but few attempts are made to explain why Grey and Goldsmith of a century and a half ago should have a place on our curriculum, and Noyes and Thompson of today should be excluded.
Every age makes its contribution to the world’s literature, and our own age is no exception. Our contribution may not be as large as that of the Revolutionary or Victorian periods, but we have authors who, though they may not be ranked with Tennyson or Browning, will take a position beside Shelley and Byron. The importance of contemporary literature can not be overestimated; but how, among the thousands of volumes published yearly, are we to recognize the few which will endure? There are fashions in books as in hats; how can we know which model can be worn next season, as well as today?

Contemporary popularity is no test of greatness, for the best sellers are usually the first books to be forgotten. Fashion once decreed a School of Honor, and the book which had the noblest hero, the fairest heroine, the most brutal villain, the most awful murders, and the most ghosts, was the best seller. Then came the Sentimental School, and romantic ladies—and men, as well—wept over the woes of severed lovers, and graveyard thoughts. Sometimes we discover in the attic one of these books and read it. To us, it is dull, artificial, and when we have finished reading, we ridicule it and the people who once admired it. Our grandchildren will find the best seller of today in the attic; they will read it, and laugh at it and at us. The general reading public demands the extreme: if romance is in fashion, the most romantic book is the most popular; if realism is in fashion, the most popular book is the book whose realism is the baldest and most brutal.

Contemporary literature reflects all that is permanent and all that is perishable in contemporary life. If there is a religious, philosophical, social or political movement, its influence will be found everywhere, in our poetry and prose. But fifty years from now the religious movement will have culminated, a new philosophy will have arisen, and the social and political movements will be things of the past. The literature which was influenced by the movements, as well as the literature which dealt primarily with them, will have been forgotten, because they dealt with the transient features of our time.

Yet, in every generation, one or two classics are produced. When we examine the great classics, we discover that there is
a certain unity among them. They are all the products of master-minds, the work of men who belonged to no school or movement, who drew life as they saw it without moralizing or theorizing. The classic work is based on truth: if a book contains false philosophy, or sociology, if it is not absolutely true to life as it is lived, it is doomed sooner or later to perish,—sooner or later in proportion to the amount of its falseness.

To be great, a book must have a message, a message which uplifts men, and makes them better. There have always been Dowsons complaining of personal griefs, and proclaiming degradation; the world listens to them, and then forgets them, for they give no inspiration; but the world cherishes the work of men like Browning, who can sing:

God's in His Heaven—
All's well with the world.

The message must be true. We must not ignore the shadows of life, and look only at the sunshine, nor must we cry out that there is no light, because we sit in darkness. It is the duty of authors to show both the darkness and the light, but they must also show us the path by which the light is to be reached.

But many books have possessed great and true messages, and have perished from lack of form: literary masterpieces, like architectural masterpieces, are characterized by repose, proportion and dignity. However valuable the jewel may be, we do not admire it unless it is cut and mounted.

To sum up in one word the elements which go to make a classic, let us say that the work has balance. It is the balanced production of a balanced mind, a mind great enough to rise above personal theories and prejudices, and to see life as it exists. Since the productions of any school must be distorted, and since there can be nothing distorted in a classic, we must expect to find in the classics, all the elements which go to make up literature: they are at the same time romantic, realistic, and symbolic; the actual and the ideal are blended together in good proportion. They are not the productions of a single mind;
they represent the supreme thought and life of an age; they are the reflection of a civilization.

Why should we study the classics? In everything we must have a standard. Christ gave us a standard for living, our government gives us a standard for weights and measures. The classics are the standards by which contemporary literature must be judged. And the only impartial judge is time. We are partial; we have our theories and our philosophies. We read the works which confirm our viewpoints,—the rest, we reject. Time alone can reveal the value of contemporary work: when we are on the mountain, we cannot see its shape or size; only at a distance from it do we see its true outline.

We are often told that the mass of literature which is accumulating will be a great burden for posterity, but this is not true. The geologist tells us of imperceptibly slow sinking of continents; how the shore-lines rise, the low lands are covered with water, the sea stretches long arms up between the mountain chains, until, at last, the entire continent has vanished, leaving here and there the top of a mountain standing as an island above the waves. When I look backward a thousand years, I see that a similar movement has taken place in our literature: its great mass has vanished, and only its supreme heights, its super-masterpieces remain.
Two brimming draughts of philosophy are set on Life's festal board,
One is the drink of an earthworn array and one of a happy horde;
The one is poured in a golden cup with froth and foam on its brim,
The other is in a pewter mug, and no froth foams within.
The first group drinks from the cup of gold; the world looks like a strife,
But the others choose the milder draught; they see the truth of life.
The world presses up to take its choice, for a choice will ever be,
While some vision only the present, and some the future see.

There are those that from the foaming cup do drink a draught so deep
That they mount the steps to earthly fame, e'en though they have to creep.
The others choosing the milder draught go on and look not back,
For they have chosen wisely; their future looks not black.
Oh the world is full of drinkers of draughts which never quench the thirst,
And men are forever turning back, who unwisely choose the first.
So when the great choice comes to us, whether we win or lose
Will depend on the draught on Life's festal board, which we decide to choose.
The maintenance of a large merchant marine in this country has been an important question ever since Washington’s time, but during the past fifteen years unusual attention has been given to it. Hardly a session of Congress has passed without some bill being considered or passed regarding our shipping, and periodical literature has been alive with discussions of the various ways of possible improvement. In spite of this agitation there seems to be great difficulty in putting an idea into practice.

We are proud to say that for some time our merchant marine has ranked third in size in the world. On the other hand, we cannot help feeling somewhat ashamed when we realize that nearly all of these vessels are engaged in coastwise trade and trade in the Great Lakes, and that a ship bearing the American flag is seldom seen in foreign ports. The situation is made even more embarrassing by the general lack of knowledge among people of the United States in regard to the shipping industry.

In order to understand the present conditions and movements regarding the foreign shipping of the United States, it is necessary to know something of the history of our merchant marine. Just previous to the adoption of the Constitution, 11 per cent. of our foreign trade was carried in American vessels. The first Congress passed an act placing a discriminating duty of 10 per cent. on goods brought here in foreign vessels and decreed that the American flag should be carried only by vessels built in America. A little later the duty was made six cents a ton for American ships and fifty cents for foreign ships. These measures together with the fact that wooden ships could be built more cheaply here than abroad, led to such growth that in 1796, 92 per cent. of our foreign trade was transported by American craft. The Napoleonic Wars were also a great factor in improving the commerce of the United States at that time.

Then, unfortunately, Congress began repealing the measures
which had been so beneficial. She assured other countries that she would discontinue discriminating duties if her rivals would do the same; in other words, she agreed on reciprocity. The result of this action was soon observed. In 1821 the amount of our foreign trade carried in American vessels had decreased to 88 per cent., and in 1840 to 82 per cent.

At this point, favorable conditions were again enjoyed. During the gold period in California, strong and speedy ships were built, which led to an increase in trade from the Orient. The Crimean War was also favorable to our merchant marine since it engaged all the spare vessels of England and left the United States more free from competition.

The year 1855 is recognized as the beginning of the final decline. This decline was hastened by the advent of iron steamships which could be built more cheaply in foreign countries than in America. Congress attempted to improve matters by granting subsidies, but mismanagement followed. Whenever misfortune came to an American vessel, existing subsidies were either diminished or discontinued; whereas the British government promptly increased its subsidies in case of the loss of an English ship. The Civil War was a final blow to the remnants of our merchant marine. It resulted in the seizure of some vessels by the government, the destruction of others and the transference of others to foreign ownership. Steady decline followed until, a few years later, only 8 per cent. of the trade between the United States and foreign countries was carried by American vessels. In August, 1912, a measure was passed allowing foreign ships to be bought by Americans for deep-sea trade but not for coast-wise trade. This step was a total failure in spite of the faith that so many people had in it; before the present European War began, not a single foreign vessel had registered in America or carried the American flag.

At this point let us see whether the efforts of Congress toward improving our deep-sea marine are warranted, whether there is any real need of such a possession. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that in time of war a country must have vessels which are capable of being used as cruisers and transports. Such a need was shown by the trip which our navy made
around the world. If war had been declared against this country then, the foreign coaling and supply vessels accompanying our battleships would have been recalled to their own countries in accordance with neutrality regulations. In such a case, it is doubtful if our valuable navy could have returned in time to be of any assistance to the nation. It looks rather inconsistent with good policy to spend about $150,000,000 a year for a navy and hesitate to grant from four to ten million dollars, if necessary, to create a good merchant marine without which a navy is almost valueless.

Another need for a merchant marine is shown by the fact that the United States pays $200,000,000 in freight expenses annually to foreign vessel owners. A large part of this sum could be retained in this country if she possessed ships for foreign trade. This question is sometimes asked: "Would American merchants continue to pay $200,000,000 for the benefit of foreign ship owners, unless they believed that in this way, better than in any other, they could obtain a substantial benefit themselves?" This sounds well, but coming down to the facts of the matter, have these American merchants any choice? How else, except on foreign vessels, can they send their goods across the ocean when there is no American merchant marine for carrying trade between the two hemispheres? Moreover, in the absence of competition with the United States, foreign shippers can raise the rates of transportation almost at pleasure. It is very evident, therefore, that the people of the United States have to pay more for this transportation than they would under the proper conditions.

Our South American trade also demands that we have a larger merchant marine. It was the policy of England and Germany to grant a 10 per cent. rebate to South American merchants who promised to send no goods to the United States except on English and German vessels. Of course, under such a system it was impossible for United States ships to obtain in South America cargoes bound for this country. It is possible now, however. The present war has necessitated the employment of many German and English ships for other purposes than the shipping industry. The result is that South America
has been clamoring for our foreign-trade-merchant-marine to go
down and bring back her exports, but, much to our regret, we
cannot do this.

In February of last year another little event occurred which
impressed upon this country once more her great need. At that
time there were three foreign vessels idle in the harbor at
Hamburg, Germany, containing goods which were intended to
reach America. Two of the vessels were English which of
course Germany would not allow to withdraw in time of war;
the third, being a German ship, was afraid to venture out.
Consequently, American merchants were unable to get the car-
goes which these vessels contained and which had been paid for.

Nearly all patriotic Americans agree that the United States
should have a large merchant marine for foreign trade. The
possibility that we will soon have one is increased more and
more every year by favorable conditions. One has already been
mentioned, namely, the effect of the present war on the trade
between South America and the United States. Up to October
20, 1914, seventy-four foreign built steamships had registered
under the American flag, but previous to the war, not one had
done this. Thus we can see how the present conflict between
European powers may help to build up our merchant marine
just as the Napoleonic Wars did at the beginning of the nine-
teenth century.

England’s supply of the iron and coal which is so necessary
for ships is being rapidly exhausted, and she will be forced to
import these from the United States. The cost of labor in
foreign countries is increasing. On the other hand, the United
States is producing more iron and steel than any other country
and the output is steadily increasing. Efficiency also is con-
stantly improving. These conditions lead us to believe that
this country will soon be able to compete with anyone in ship-
building. The state of affairs in general is more favorable than
it has been since the decline of our merchant marine began. It
is to be hoped that our government will meet the occasion and
take such steps as will put our deep-sea merchant marine once
more in the lead.
Ah reckon some o' you people moint reconcile muh. Ah'm de lady as does de washin' fo' de facility. Ah done trapse ober to dat Minstwell Show de Junior girls gib de oder night to Ran' Hall Jim, and of all de onhejous actin' mortals, dey sho' wa' de limit! Dey tol' all sorter stories 'bout de facility, an' ah kep' ma ears open, so ah could tell you-alls de latest.

Eber hear why Marse Prof. Carroll alwa's has de childern fire off dey'r fire-crackers on de third oh July? Dey says it's gospel fac' dat he gib dem dey'r fire-crackers on de third 'cause so many chilern get hurt on de Fo'th of July!

Wa'n't it a shame dal Prof. Baird wa' so porely a spell back? I done feel bad 'bout dat, for he could'n' meet his classes! Dem Nigger Minstwells tol' me all 'bout it, hit was jes' lak' dis': Aliss Hates was goin' away; she done hab her grip all packed, and Prof. Baird went an' tuk hit!

One brack ol' niggar dar de oder night done yell ober to a l'il yaller gal: Yo know why "Monie" Hartshorn's head am lak' Heben? No? Why, gal! 'Cause hit's a bright an' shinin' spot and dey's no partin' thar.

Wa'n't dat imp'dent!

Dey say Doc' Tubbs an' Doc' Britan had a heated concussion de oder day. Doc' Tubbs done los' his kitten, an' he hunted an' hunted an' hunted, tryin' to fin' dat kitten, an' dat kitten wa'n't nowhar! Bimeby he got el'ar way down on Linecum Street, an' down dar he see Marse Britan watchin' a pore li'l yellar purp dat had been chasted an' chasted, with tin cans tied to his tail, twell he done got so habituated dat he jes' nat'ally backed up to eb'ry tin can he see in de street.

"Now," says Marse Doc' Tubbs triumphantly, "am dat Instincts, or am dat Reason!" An' he an' Doc' Britan jes' stood dar an' disgusted de question twell Prof. Rob come along an' tuk' 'em home!
Marse Prof. Mac., I done heerd say, hab puzzled a awful lot ober what is Marse Prof. Goul’s politicians. Ah reckon ah could tell 'im, for jes’ las’ night ah had a dream dat preceeded de whol’ thing. Ah thought ah was goin’ back to mah ol’ home in Dixie, an’ ah kem to a ribber, an’ dah wah Prof. Goul’ awaitin’ fo’ to ferry me ’cross. An’ as we wah cressin’ de ribber, Prof. Goul’, he ’gan to talk, r’al sociable lak’, ’bout de quality folk dat he’d rowed ’cross dat ribber. He sayed he’d kerried Marse ’Kinley an’ Marse Clebeland! Well, ah says, Masser, did yo’ eber kerry Marse Roosevelt? No-sah! he says. Ah wouldn’t row Marse Roosevelt. Ah scretched mah wool, an’ ah says, would you kerry ober Marse Hughes? Ah jedge not, Prof. Goul’, he says. An’ nen ah says, Well, Prof. Goul’, may ah ask, how ’bout Marse Wilson? Wal now, he says, ah tell yo’, ah Wood row Wilson.
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