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THE UNIFICATION OF BELIEFS

BY CHARLES C. CHAYER, '17

Humanity can be religiously classified according to its "isms." As the science of religion (God protect us from the Calvinists) has developed with increased momentum, the classification has become more complex. Research carried on by unbiased truth-seekers has disclosed the alarming fact that the strivings of the world toward understanding of God, although collectively identical, are separately mere steps in the ladder which leads to the Infinite. Religious beliefs begin with a conception of God. Under this in the outline are listed Confucianism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity, as expressions of the God-conception, the Christian faith is divided into Catholicism and Protestantism. The latter is again sub-divided into Congregationalism, Methodism, Adventism, Presbyterianism, Universalism, Unitarianism, the Baptist denomination, and Christian Science. Beyond this point it is difficult to classify owing to the complex character of the multitudinous minor beliefs. Yet is not this sufficient evidence that no religious belief is apart from the organic whole?

Modern industry has demonstrated to the religious world that the efficiency of a cause is directly proportional to the unity of its parts. Although denominations and creeds have been loath to accept this economic principle, now that it has been forced upon them, every theoretically Christian "ism" in the world is adopting some measure for unification as a part of
its program. But in this new movement, as might be expected, the theories for unifying beliefs are nearly as numerous as the beliefs, and the methods resorted to in attempting to put the theories into practice are equally numerous. One little sect in some western hamlet theorizes that Christian unity can only be attained when all other creeds are laid aside for it. Consequently, to apply the principle, they proceed with a searing denunciation of all who do not represent their particular sect. Other of the larger denominations, not declaring openly that all outsiders are “sinners,” assume the attitude that those of different beliefs than their own have unintentionally “missed the mark,” yet, if they are now fully convinced of their mistake, they will be welcomed in the new faith, which has monopolized religious truth. Then there are those “young men” who see “visions.” At a recent religious campmeeting, a Japanese preacher of considerable reputation was heard to maintain, amidst the hearty “Amen”s” that the unification of beliefs would take care of itself when the soul of man was one with God. Evidently he was an enthusiast on “Entire Sanctification.”

If religious beliefs are anything more than popular superstitions, their divinity must follow from some cause. Any attempt at unification must be preceded by a distinct recognition of the fact that differences in religious opinions have their causes. If differences are to be removed, the causes must be taken away. The past tendency has been to lament such a diversity in belief, and to endeavor to formulate a program for unification without taking into consideration the underlying causes of the problem. The result has been that some have resorted to denunciation, others have assumed an optimism backed by idleness, while others have planned a definite program without having decided what they wanted to see accomplished other than unification. But the time has now come when those who are really seeing the spiritual natures of men becoming united are those who are recognizing that causes of conditions must be removed before the conditions can be changed.

Religion, representing the attempt of man to find his place in the God-plan, is fundamentally a spiritual power, working through the human mind. Beliefs are the result of this ambi-
tion. If there are differences in the result obtained from experiment, the scientist does not condemn the materials with which he has gained the results; he considers that the trouble is with the experimenter. In the attempt to find God’s plan, the world has obtained divers results. The mind of man has made the trials. God’s plan has no more changed than have the elements with which the chemist deals. The reason for various opinions as to what constitutes the will of the Infinite is found in the mind of man.

The Psalmist has said: “My ways are not thy ways.” The human intellect is limited in its powers. Lack of power precedes all mistakes. Difference in beliefs has arisen, not because one man has desired to be different from another, but because the finite mind of one man, differing in its capacity from the finite mind of another, following the gleam, has of necessity led its possessor to a different conclusion. Is it not a cause for rejoicing that every man, of whatever mental condition he may be can have his soul’s desire for a God satisfied? Should the inhabitant of the Dark Continent be forced to live in his darkness because he cannot comprehend the absolute will of his Creator? Should the ignorant but earnest bread-maker be compelled to live with the craving of his soul still unsatisfied because he cannot perceive the Infinite as the scientist perceives Him? Where is the justice of such a system, to say nothing of the lack of love? Few facts can prove with greater force that God is love than this diversity of beliefs which is so lamented. Religion, or the attempt of man to enter into the plan of the Infinite, is so big that no soul need be crushed with that awful sense of incompleteness. God has for each a belief corresponding to his ability to know spiritual values through his finite mind. Could there be greater justice? And where is found a more embracing love?

“Folly,” cries the ambitious lover of unity. “If this diversity in belief is from this alleged cause and serves the purpose which has been suggested, the attempt to unify beliefs would be both unwise and un-Christian, whereas it must be admitted that unity in any activity is the prerequisite of efficiency.” Some attempts to promote unification are both unwise and un-
Christian, but this, by no means follows from what has preceded. The mind of man is finite, and minds of different powers cannot think like thots; but with the evolution of mind the human intellect is constantly approaching that of the Infinite. This thought thrills the evolutionist with a sense of optimism in the matter of beliefs. He sees that as the mind of man develops, non-essentials will gradually disappear, and emphasis will be placed upon the fundamentals of religion. With this in view he proceeds to map out a program on which to work, never losing sight of the fact that unification as an evolutionary process advances with evolutionary momentum; that Unity, a product of evolution, is a distant ideal. Discarding the denunciatory method as an expression of selfishness and egotism, rather than a sincere attempt to promote the cause of God, refusing to maintain that he has discovered Truth, and dismissing from thought all visionary plans, he works out a program through a consideration of the causes of different beliefs and the law which governs the removal of causes. The result is that a thorough-going educational policy is adopted, in order that the mind of man may grow to be more like the mind of God. The Psalmist says "My ways are not thy ways," but he does not say "My ways cannot be thy ways." Unless we can hope to know more of the will of the Infinite, what is our hope? The man of Nazareth stated no idle words in saying: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." Those words are monumental, furnishing to man a hope that some day he may be "approved of God."

The last decade has demonstrated the efficacy of the evolutionists' method of promoting unity. The policy adopted by the larger Christian denominations has been that of the scientific truth seeker. In a general assembly composed of representatives from the parties seeking unification, beliefs have been freely discussed, not in an attempt to convince one another of the error of their ways, but that through a complete understanding of the matter by both parties, each might discover the belief which was held in common and discard those ideas which were proved non-essential. Baptists and Free Baptists have discovered by this method that they were gaining their soul-food from the same source. Methodists North and Methodists South have discovered
that the Water of Life of which they both partake has been flowing from the same Fountain. The process is still in its beginning, but the development of mind is making conditions favorable for rapid growth. The evolutionist sees victory ahead. He rejoices in the fact that his brother or less scientific vision can be satisfied in God, yet he sees that brother changing his narrow conception of God for one more lofty, and finding a richer satisfaction than before. His theory leads him to know sympathy for those who cling tenaciously to that which they think is Truth, and affords him real joy when he witnesses the triumph of truth over superstition. His God is proved a Being of Infinite Love for beings whose imperfect love is going on unto perfection.

LEAF-CHANGING

By Frank E. Kennedy, '17

Outside the window there two maple trees—
About the same age, I should judge, and both
Rock-maples of the same variety—
Break the bare smoothness of the campus lawn.
October now, and one is red and gold,
As maple trees should be about this time;
The other still shows green in every leaf.
I'm glad to see the red and gold come back—
It sort of goes with windy, sunshine weather
Like we've been having now for quite a spell—
And yet I wonder why the leaves of one
Should die before the other.

Do you suppose, like men, one does more work,
Shelters its brother from the summer sun,
And burns its own life out more quickly so,
In simple sacrifice?
Somehow I like the one that's dying now—
It speaks of wilting heat and wracking storms
Out in the sun and wind; and its last breath
Whispers, "Intensity."
While its more sheltered brother, green with life,
Mumbles about "a little longer time."
His name was Colin O’Neil, and he was Irish from his short, crisp, red hair and frank, blue eyes, to his quick, lovable temper and his everlasting optimism. And he was mightily proud of it!

“Sure, an’ how could I have shown better discrimination?” he was wont to demand, with one of his inimitable smiles.

That smile of Colin’s baffles all description; it began up around his eyes somewhere; they grew quite grey and dark; then tiny crow’s feet would come into the corners—and then there was suddenly a dazzle of teeth—and you somehow felt that the world was not such a bad place after all. And it was a proven fact that no one could long withstand that smile.

Her name was Nina Van Horn, of the fine old New York Dutch Van Horn family, and she was never allowed to forget that. Otherwise she was quite adorable. She was plump, and flaxen, and jolly when she could have her own way; very athletic, and quite sane. She ruled her father so diplomatically that he had never once suspected it—indeed, he never dreamed that he was not a firm tho kindly parent to his motherless daughter.

Nina had an aunt, Miss Alberta Van Horn, who had made her home with her brother since the death of his wife, ten years before, and being of Dutch determination, she had resolved to do her duty by them, or die in the attempt. Her duty as she saw it was to uphold the honorable name first, last, and always; and to instil in her niece a due respect for its dignity. It is said that once in her youth Miss Alberta had matched her heart against her pride when a certain Mr. Green came a-wooing, and her pride had been the stronger. Whether or no, she remained Miss Alberta Van Horn.

It was the summer after he had graduated from college that Colin first met Nina. A full-fledged civil engineer and quite a man of affairs, too, he was working on his first job—a dam up in Northern Maine. He would have been quite happy if the mosquitoes had not bothered him so, and if it had not been quite so lonesome in the evening.
Nina had been packed off most unceremoniously by her aunt, to spend a quiet summer at the lakes. Miss Alberta insisted that her niece was tired out from her strenuous winter activities—it was really a retaliation for Nina’s firm refusal to lend herself to a scheme that promised to land an English title—and Nina who loved the woods, one point ahead of her aunt, consented. The judge meekly followed where he was led. But after only two weeks of it Nina’s enthusiasm began to pale; she was quite bored at the end of the third week when her horse went lame; a drizzling rain lasted the whole fourth week, and then the mosquitoes were appalling! And Miss Alberta, who undoubtedly had a trump card concealed, was the cause of it all. Nina, vowing vengeance, plunged into the woods on foot one day, slapping mosquitoes, and with a reckless wanderlust tugging at her heart. It was at the falls that she bumped into Colin, khaki-clad and transit-equipped.

“Get off my steel tape. You’re standing on it—your left foot—Look out!” he shouted.

Nina jumped.

“O, a silly old tape,” she said scornfully. “I thot it must be a rattle-snake, or a precipice, by the way you bellowed.”

“I beg your pardon—I—that is—”

“Well, never mind—there’s a mosquito going to bite you—over your left eye—there—Aren’t they awful!”

“Fierce.” Colin’s eyes encountered Nina’s and then fell to the two jagged edges of tape he held in his hand.

“Did I ruin it?”

“O, that is all right. It is easily mended. I am awfully sorry I hollered at you. I have been up here in the woods so long I have forgotten even the common courtesies.”

“You had better come over to the bungalow some day and let me read you some ‘Ladies’ Home Journal’ articles on ‘Good Manners and Good Form’.”

“May I? You are Judge Van Horn’s daughter, aren’t you?”

“Yes. And you?”

“Colin O’Neil, at your service; at present, damming these falls—and up to the time I met you, my luck in being sent off
up here."' And Colin flashed one of his smiles at Nina. On the way home the mosquitoes failed to trouble Nina at all. And Colins as he picked up the broken tape and walked back to the other men, alternately whistled and exclaimed "Gee!" with great emphasis. This may be interpreted as one desires.

The next day Miss Alberta revealed her hand. Dear Nina seemed so lonesome—a few guests up for an informal house-party—bridge—a dance or two. Miss Alberta surely tried to convince her niece of her affection. They came, and among them the would-be suitor for Nina's hand—and inheritance. What if his hair was thin, and his eyes pale, and his humor of rather a negative quantity—he was a Cavendish of Ottery St. Mary! And even a New York Van Horn might well be pleased to receive his attention.

Nina was righteously vexed, but she was far too skilled in this game of give and take to show it. Instead she was so sweetly cordial to her aunt's protegé that the poor stupid fellow was completely misled. Then Nina, the strategic, introduced the debonair Colin to her home, and Miss Alberta, taken entirely off her guard, actually welcomed him. Once having gained access to the house Colin soon became entirely at home, and friendly with them all from the Judge to Nina's black cat, Domino. Miss Alberta, ever suspicious, eyed him carefully, but Nina's unremitting sweetness to the scion of the house of Cavendish allayed her distrust.

All the summer Nina, beyond the range of her aunt's vigilant eye, rowed, and swam, and went on long, glorious tramps with Colin whenever his work would permit. And soon, hastened no doubt by this necessary secrecy and the zest it gave to all their adventures, they discovered that they loved each other. With Colin it was not the blindness of first passion—in college he had fallen in love on an average of once a semester—neither was it a cold, discriminating love; it was warm, and large, and joyous, as your true Irishman loves; once, twice, many times, but always sincerely.

And Nina, who had been courted and sought after all her life, Nina the almost blasé—she frankly and happily adored him. She even listened enthusiastically when he gave her glowing
tales of his work, tho she understood not one whit of his technical talk. In fact, she thot logarithms had something to do with poetry. Nevertheless, they were happy, gloriously happy.

How long all this might have gone on is hard to say; perhaps it would have died a natural death, had not Miss Alberta, over-confident in her niece’s tractability, tried to clinch matters between Nina and the noble Cavendish. Nina’s sudden stubborn-ness aroused her suspicions. Like Sherlock of old, she deduced, investigated—and discovered. Straight she went to the Judge, and so strong was her argument and so skillful her rebuttal that within forty minutes she had him sincerely agreeing with her that a Van Horn could never marry an O’Neil; that Colin had been dishonorable in concealing his attentions; that as a good father the Judge should insist on Nina’s marrying the Englishman. The Judge would rescue his daughter from the hands of this low-born adventurer! He would give her over to the fellow Cavendish, whose manly virtues he had never before seen quite clearly. Nina should be made happy in spite of herself! A parent had to be firm sometimes. He had the clearer vision of age and experience. Oh, Miss Alberta was clever! The wool had been pulled over her eyes once, but it should not be again.

Colin and Nina had to carry on their wool-pulling with double caution and dexterity.

* * * * * * *

It was a late September night. A cool wind had blown away the mosquitoes; a full moon slanted across the dark lake waters; from time to time a heron called his wierd, hoarse cry. Within the bungalow cards and dancing were in full swing; there was a reckless gaiety, for on the morrow all the guests departed. The bridge-players who had lost before were betting heavily in hope of recovering their money; the dancers were making the most of their last opportunity.

Nina, early pleading a headache, went to her room. Carefully she locked the door, opened the French window, and stepped out onto the balcony. There Colin was waiting for her. His four years course in night-watchman dodging and roof-climbing served him in good stead.
They havn’t married you to him, have they?’ he asked anxiously.

‘Almost,’ said Nina with a giggle. ‘But I told him that I had epileptic fits occasionally, and he has kept his distance today.’

Below, the door opened, and out of the lighted room came Miss Alberta and Cavendish.

‘Hush! What’s Aunt Alberta up to now?’ The two on the balcony peered thru the protecting screen the thick Virginia creeper made.

‘Listen! They are coming right under us. Don’t lean out over. If they see us your reputation is most surely gone forever,’ Nina whispered.

The two below stopped at the foot of the creeper.

‘But my dear boy,’ Miss Alberta expostulated, ‘Don’t you see, I gave you the emerald for that bridge debt because I did not have any money here. I hated to—er—bother my brother. But I can’t let you keep it. It belongs to the set Nina’s mother left her. She might want to wear it. As soon as I get back to town I will pay you. Can’t you take my note?’

But the dear boy only dug his heel into the gravel driveway and was silent.

‘Won’t you for Nina’s sake? You know how I favor your suit.’

‘But she doesn’t. She is quite unresponsive, don’t you know, almost rude. And really I can’t see why. It mortifies me, it really does. No, if she wants the emerald I will give it to her in an engagement ring.’

‘But you will spoil everything. You just don’t understand Nina. I must have the emerald—I insist!’

‘Alberta,’ called the Judge from the door, ‘They are waiting for you to make up a fourth.’ And they went in.

‘Let me get at that puppy,’ whispered the excited Colin in the balcony.

‘No, wait. I have an idea. This knowledge we have is of great strategic value. We can use it to make Aunt Alberta your greatest friend. Coals of fire—and all that sort of thing. Only you must be diplomatic.’
“Tell me how,” he said meekly. This was outside his usual field, and he lacked confidence.

“Let him go with it, and then follow him up. Tell him you are Aunt Alberta’s lawyer or something and scare him away from it. Tell him bridge for money is against the law—like duelling. He won’t know.”

“Fine. Nina, dear, which would be more diplomatic, to beat him up before I get the emerald or after?”

Colin procured the emerald. The house of Cavendish presented a bold front, it is true and demanded what the fellow wanted. But Colin’s glib and glowing tales of the American method of criminal procedure reduced him to a state of abject fear. He handed over the emerald and fled on to New York expecting hourly to be seized by the firm hand of the law. And he never came back.

It was a tearful, repentent, very much relieved, and grateful Miss Alberta who received Colin and Nina bringing the emerald. “My dear boy—” So was the departed Cavendish, that Colin—“Perhaps I have been too severe in my judgment of you. It is clear that you have a great deal of true gentlemanliness. I opposed your suit, but I thot I was bringing about my niece’s happiness. My dear young people, I am going to make you very happy—I am going to give you my full consent to marry.”

“But Aunt—”

“Yes, Nina. I have always tried to fill your mother’s place. I am going at once and tell your father. My dear children!”

“Colin,” cried Nina suddenly, “I don’t want to get married!”

“Nina—neither do I,” replied Colin and it surprised him very much.

“Let’s not.”

“All right. She can’t make us.”

“Colin, you’re a brick. Let’s go swimming. Quick, before Aunt Alberta gets back!”
There exists a popular campus fallacy to the effect that a college publication runs itself; or at least, that if a certain number of students are specified as editors, all other students are thereby relieved of responsibility in the matter, and the question is settled. In the case of a newspaper, this last assumption is perhaps true, for there the very inevitable course of human events is the chief factor, and provided there are enough students on the staff to report the news adequately, the paper is fairly sure of maintaining a uniform standard.

The problem faced by the college literary magazine is quite different. Here the editors obviously cannot write the magazine. We feel apologetic for the number of times members of the staff have already been compelled to contribute, but it has often been a choice between their writings and blank pages. This is
not right. The Student is the only publication issued by the Bates students, and as such, good or bad, it represents the college student body abroad. Neither department should be neglected.

The editors welcome criticism. Get the habit of looking over the college exchanges (you will find them on a table in a corner of the library reading room) and of seeing how The Student compares with them. Give us your criticisms and follow them up with practical suggestions for the correction of defects. Contribute yourself or encourage your friends to submit material. To censure the editor because the stories are poor or the names on the contents page too often the same when they are using the best material they can obtain by entreaty and urgent solicitation, is mockery. When under such conditions the criticism is purely destructive and adverse, the situation for the editors is empty to the point of swallowing itself.

What sort of things are wanted? All sorts—with qualifications. Authors study the peculiar requirements of the periodicals to which they submit manuscripts. The editors of these periodicals know almost instinctively—aside from technique and originality—whether the manuscript is suitable for their use or not. The "Youths' Companion" editors, we have heard, have coined a technical word and pass judgment as to whether an article is "companionable" or not.

Now The Student, of course, has a standard; but magazine standards are so intangible, so broad, that they often elude definition in positive terms. We should find it easier to define The Student's standard negatively; to enumerate the sort of thing we cannot use—insipid stories with morals tacked on, blood and thunder thrillers, pointless ramblings, and so on ad infinitum—but we should only offend the intelligence of our readers if we recounted these.

We want any wholesome reading matter which in interest and technique is worthy of college students—of Bates College students. Here is a chance to assert that individuality which modern educators complain is being crushed by the academic curriculum. We need plays, stories, poems, essays, monologues, sketches—and oh, do not forget the "Too Good To Keep" column! This last department has been a problem from the
first. It was introduced in response to a student demand for an element of humor in the magazine. It was at first devoted to campus jokes, but the personalities and the prep-school nature of these jokes made them undignified and unsuitable for a college paper. At one time it seemed as if the "good" in the department heading should be supplanted by its antonym, and the department dropped. The editors compromised by substituting original light verse and humor for the personal jokes, and so far they have felt justified by the results. Whether the department be continued or not will depend upon the supply or dearth of worthy material for it.

Do not be so sensitive that you will not risk having your contribution rejected. We have learned that those stereotyped rejection slips, proverbially insincere, may sometimes be quite true when they say, in effect, that many reasons aside from lack of literary merit render manuscripts unsuitable for the magazine's use.

This year's contributors should appreciate the Student box at the right of the door as one enters Coram Library. We remember when it required the courage of a Hercules to walk boldly, observed, or the craftiness of a Ulysses to penetrate unseen into the region behind the library desk; and to deposit in the Student drawer a cherished production. No matter how carefully you watched until the librarian's sanctum sanctorum beyond was empty (we speak from the experience of our freshman days), Miss Marr was sure to appear from the stack room just as you shut the drawer, and with her kindly penetration to proclaim you discovered.

Now all you have to do is to drop your manuscript into the box in practically any form, tho in anticipation of that perennial question of examination day, the editors prefer that the author write on only one side of the paper. It would also help if the number of words in the article were noted at the top of the first page. The name of the writer must be known at least to the literary editor (who is responsible for the contents of the magazine), but if the article is not published no one else need ever know it was submitted, and it will be returned upon request.

The class of 1916 is missed in many ways. We miss its
writers greatly, but we know that the other classes will rally to
the support of their college paper in their turn. Seniors,—only
three months more will The Student be under 1917 management.
Do not fail it. Juniors,—several of your number while still in
their sophomore year have written able plays and stories. We
hope to publish some of these from the same and from other
1918 pens. Sophomores,—you who have survived Freshman
English, hail! You have a laboriously acquired background on
which to use your freer fancy, and, mounting Pegasus, you may
now soar away from Wooley. And Freshmen,—you who are not
yet overburdened with extra-curriculum interests and duties;
you who are still quite guiltless of a Galsworthyian style acquired
in English 4A—to you we extend the same plea and exhortation.

Students of Bates,—help The Student editors by providing
the requisite material for the magazine; help yourselves by re-
garding publication as an incentive to the improvement of your
English; and help your alma mater by supporting the publica-
tion which represents her abroad.

THE CASE OF LOBSTER ISLAND

BY F. W. NORTON, '18

Captain Bigelow looked over the fence where his old friend
Jed Nash sat on an overturned boat, smoking his pipe and gazing
dreamily out over the bay.

"Well mate, will we have a fair wind for the mornin'?", asked the Captain.

"I'm 'fraid not," returned the other, "Hard luck, too, the
way they're running lately. I've got seven traps full over there
on the further end of the island now waitin' to be brought in."

"On the island, eh? Ain't you 'fraid somebody else'll haul
in there and take 'em, bein's the island ain't your'nu?"

"Guess I own it as much as anybody; you know we've come
in by that forty acre rock every week for the last twenty year,
and nary a soul have we seen thar yit, Cap'n."

"Hmm! Aye, aye; my dad used ter haul up there in the
cove over-night so's to git out airly; he allus said if the Gover'"
ment let go of it he'd have fust claim,” returned the Captain.

“Well,” grumbled the other, “It’s right off my shore.”

“Hmmm!” ejaculated the Captain, as he turned and strolled back to his house. He paused at the step and stood long in thoughtful contemplation of the ledge rising from the water three miles away. Nash’s eyes jealously followed the Captain’s movements. As that old sailor stood looking away to the eastward Nash scowled and muttered, “Wants the earth! That’s it, you stingy croper; keep all yer git, and git all yer can!”

Late in the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and the Captain loafed on his piazza and watched a white sail grow smaller and smaller, a sail which he knew to be that of the “Susie N.” Finally he exploded, “Oh thunder! what’s he goin’ in on this side for? Hey, Mary! bring out them glasses!” Taking his binoculars from the hand of his wife he scanned the coast of the island.

“What’s the matter, father?” asked his wife. For some moments he held the glass trained upon one spot near the middle of the island. Then he drawled, “Waal don’t that beat all! He anchored off that p’int twenty minutes ago; there’s his red dory on the shore, and he’s plum disappeared!”

“Maybe he’s up to the spring,” ventured his wife.

“Oh well,” returned her spouse, “Why didn’t he anchor somewhere near it then? Ah-h!”

As he spoke the fringe of bushes parted and Nash appeared bent under the weight of a huge net with its buoys and trap-pings. The Captain did not lower his glasses until Nash had dumped his burden into the stern of the dory and shoved off for his smack.

“Mary,” said the Captain, as they sat at supper, “I ’most wish we had built over there instead of on the mainland. Now the island would be our’n, and Nash’d never know but it was always our’n. He’s a meddlesome, prying old hulk anyway, and now he’s actin’ ’s if he owned that island; we can’t let it slip out of our hands that-a-way.”

“Why don’t you put up your boat-house over there? Then that’d sorter fix it,” she suggested.

“That’s so, mebbe,” mused her husband.
The next day the Captain visited the island. He climbed up over the rocks to the spring. He noticed beauties about the place he had never seen before; and he looked off toward Nash's home on the mainland, and his fists clenched. He returned to his boat, procured an axe and some other tools, and took them through the fringe of trees to an open green spot near the center of the "forty acre rock."

He felled two trees. Cutting them into lengths, he fashioned four timbers and laid them across four piles of stones he had brought from the edge of the "field." By the time the shadows lengthened, he had laid the sills and floor timbers of quite a good sized house. He stopped work and surveyed the result with satisfaction. "At least, now, I've got a better claim than that clam-digger," was his comment, "And, too, it hasn't cost me very much," he added as he gathered up his tools and turned homeward.

At the pier he encountered Nash who stood leaning against a pile apparently oblivious to his approach. But Nash turned and watched as the Captain silently took his implements and strode up the path towards his home.

At the steps the Captain turned in time to descry a form rapidly moving from the pier through the hedge toward the adjoining house.

"Mighty lively for a wharf loafer," growled the Captain as he turned away.

Mary paused in her work of preparing the evening meal as the Captain entered. "I had begun to be worried," she began, "You kept out of sight over there so long—" She stopped and looked surprisedly at him. Something in his manner was unusual. He moved his huge arms with quick jerks as he closed the door, and his eyes shone fiercely out from behind his bristling beard.

"Wha—what's wrong?", she queried.

"NOTHING!", he barked, as he savagely hurled his heavy cap into the corner behind the great clock.

"Well, well, I should guess there was", she shortly rejoined while she turned to set a big plate of steaming biscuits upon the table.
Nothing more was said until the Captain had performed a hasty toilet at a bench near the entrance to the kitchen. Then, from behind the big roller towel came gruffly, "That old sneak is mad, and there's a storm brewing somewhere."

"Well, don't I know it?", his wife responded, "You should ha' seen that woman of his'n this after'; I met her out there front of the vestry, and Lord! when she swept by, her nose plowed a rut in the clouds."

"Well then, thar's a storm comin' sure," grunted the Captain, pulling up to the table.

Early on the morning following this conversation the Captain's smack on its way to the island was sighted by Mr. Nash from his upper window. His own vessel remained all day rocking idly at its mooring, but Nash himself was not idle. He made numerous trips to the stores and spent considerable time in the blacksmith shop; and too, his wife was busier than usual. She seemed to suddenly realize that she had not called on Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones for an age; and all of Mrs. Jones' relatives, and all of Mrs. Smith's kin were also favored with a morning greeting or a door-yard call from her.

Mrs. Bigelow also was socially very active. Hardly had the Captain's boat left its dock when she threw a shawl over her head and flitted across the road to a neighbor's.

Somehow as the day progressed, the sleepy little town seemed to have become more lively. Instead of the usual occasional stroller along the street, the board walks resounded with the tread of frequent passers-by, and knots of people gathered at the main street-corner and in front of the public buildings.

When Captain Bigelow returned in late afternoon, he was surprised to note the stir and air of excitement about the "square." He walked to the Post Office, and met several of his fellow fishermen who persisted in questioning him regarding "Nash's Island." He soon began to feel uncomfortable under the notoriety he had suddenly gained.

For some time he avoided meeting his rival, and remained quietly at home. But the discussion of the popular theme did not subside. On the contrary, with each passing day the agitation grew in proportion and vehemence until excitement and ill
feeling between other neighbors became as great as that between the two principals.

The day of the annual town meeting soon came. The populace turned out in full, and even many of the women seemed to have taken a sudden interest in politics. Not a man of all the town was absent, for even the wooden-legged Postmaster deserted his office to come. As he turned the key in his door a friend hailed him from the street, "Shuttin' up shop, Ezra?"

To which he replied, "Thought I'd go over to the meetin' a little while," and with a suggestive nod toward the water front, he added, "Thought there might be sumthin' goin' on."

The meeting opened with the usual preliminaries, making of appropriations, etc., and business progressed rapidly. Finally, during a lull in discussion, an assessor arose and remarked, "I wish to call attention to the fact that Lobster Island is being used by our respected citizen, Captain Bigelow, that he has even constructed a building there, and as yet no tax has ever been paid for its use."

The Captain was plainly ill at ease; this was unexpected, and touched a sore spot within him. As the moderator called for facts, the Captain arose and declared in a loud voice, "It's true enough, no tax has ever been paid for using that island. My father allus used the place as his'n. He kept his traps thar, and used ter haul up in the cove o' nights. He didn't pay no tax, and I reckon thar's no need o' my payin' any."

He had no more than sat down when a voice that all recognized as Nash's drawled, "Mr. Moderator, that tax has never been paid, probably because nobody never got no bill. Bein's that island is mine I'll pay that 'air bill any time it's trotted out."

Everybody looked at Captain Bigelow. He choked, wheezed, grasped the wooden bench, and jerked himself erect. Without observing conventionalities he began to bluster, "Wha—who—how—". His voice was drowned in the uproar that followed. The spark had kindled. Insantly the house was on its feet; supporters for each man cheered their respective favorite on. The house divided; an aisle a yard wide was formed between the two factions, and jibes and taunts filled the air. In vain the
moderator rapped for order, in vain officials sought to restore quiet. They threw open the doors hoping to scatter the crowd outside, but though the yelling bunch rushed out they did not scatter. They lined up in two bodies of excited, shouting townsmen.

Finally one big man succeeded in making himself heard for a moment. He mounted the picket fence, and by sheer strength of lungs commanded attention. "Look a here!", he bellowed, "What's the sense of scrapping over who belongs to that island; why the place ain't wuth a good scrap anyway." He pointed a fat finger towards the land in question, and all turned for a moment to look. The speaker did not continue. The excitement of the people turned to curiosity. On the distant beach were moving figures, several of them running about. At the most unusual sight the crowd instinctively moved toward the shore. In the curiosity which possessed them the feud was forgotten. Two men ran out from the gathering, and put out from a landing in a motorboat, and the crowd watched it sputter its way across to the island.

The boat landed somewhere near the location of the Captain's shack. As it beached, a white something could be discerned just as its left. A boy ran to a nearby house out of the gathering of villagers and brought out a glass. As he looked, an exclamation burst from him. His father grabbed the glass and trained upon the spot. The white object was the stern of a revenue cutter drawn up into the cove, and nearby the two boatmen stood gaping at a newly-erected sign bearing the words, NO TRESPASSING, GOVERNMENT SERVICE STATION. The man who used the glass had been one of Nash's strong supporters. He turned without a word and followed his boy into the house.

The motor-boat chugged back, but its occupants disappeared through the hedge toward their respective homes. As they offered no information, no one had the "face" to seek them for it. The crowd slowly dissolved, and awaited developments, but not until the morning news-sheet appeared was the situation generally understood.

For a few days afterward the town activities were noticeably
lessened. The streets were not so full of people as was the custom. The corner loafers did not congregate around the stove in the store for a whole week, and the checker-board lay behind the cracker-box neglected and forlorn. The two fishermen went to their traps only once or twice. They found much to keep them busy at home.

One bright morning Captain Bigelow ventured out into the garden where he began to ply the hoe. A sound from across the fence caused him to look up. His glance fell upon Nash who was also hoeing his garden. Nash looked up quickly and the eyes of the two men met. They hesitated, looked confused, and each turned about his work.

The next day the Captain hoed over nearer the fence; Mr. Nash likewise. The two clicking hoes could be heard distinctly. A gust of wind sprang up and blew the dust about. Both men straightened and glanced at the self-same cloud scurrying across the bay. As they turned again their gaze met. Nash fidgeted, stuck a grimy hand through a hole in his shirt, cleared his throat and remarked, "Fair wind, eh Cap’n?"

"Aye, aye," returned Captain, "It's comin' around to the west'ard."

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Dear Mother-Heart,—that deep, deep silent well
Where poignant pain, and ecstacy of joy alike do spring;
Where self sinks out of sight with never thot of questioning;
Of self-denial only love to tell—
Oh, may my lodestar ever present be—
Your faith in me!

'17
EVEN-SONG

BY CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

Oh, I am tired of play!
    Come even-fall,
Smooth all my rumpled day,
    And sprinkle all
Life’s gaping seam
    With flowering dream.

. . .

Oh, I am tired of day!
    I laughed and sang,
When, drenched with May,
    The flame-faced primrose sprang—
I would forget where blows
    The fire-souled rose.

Oh, far and far away,
    'Round turrets slim,
Beyond my dream’s decay;
    Where fair white swallows skim
Over a murmurous deep
    Of sapphire sleep!
During the first week of October, news came from Tokyo that Count Okuma had returned the Seals of State and that the Emperor had summoned Count Terauchi to form a cabinet. The world saw with astonishment and surprise the fall of the short-lived Okuma Ministry. It read and guessed and wondered. That was all it could do. Political events, in the Island Empire, have always been for the Occidental, something shrouded deep within the veils of mystery. Nevertheless, such attention as the world could spare from the colossal struggle in Europe was for a moment focused on the East. What events are foreshadowed? What about the "Open Door?" Such questions the western world would asked itself but could not answer.

COMMERCIALISM AND THE BEGINNING OF THE "OPEN DOOR"

In order to understand precisely the meaning of the "Open Door," one must go back a century in history and vision for himself, China, potentially great, yet completely helpless, sunken in medieval absolutism and corruption, asleep amidst the onward march of Western Progress; he must see the background of international ambitions and intrigues, and hear anew the din of war, the snarls and threats of newer conflicts in the Far East. He must take a broad view of commercialism and see the Western powers, goaded by the economic forces of increased population and higher standards of living, ever grasping out for new fields, new outlets for their overflowing energy and industry. The whole history of the opening of China will then appear merely a series of commercial struggles for preferential rights to trade in that promising, rich and extensive region.

The "Open Door" is distinctly an American institution, formulated by John Hay in 1899. It was designed to mark the end of the fierce struggle of the Powers for a predominant place in China. It means simply that instead of the Powers fighting to see who shall decide for China, with whom and under what conditions the Chinese shall trade, without any regard to the interests or preferences of the Asiatics, the Chinese shall decide
for themselves. By this doctrine, China shall grant no prefer-
tential rights to any power but all shall have open and equal
opportunity in her trade. There were to be no more struggles
for the dominance of China because there was to be neither the
dominance nor the predominance of any power. Such a doctrine
would therefore be a peace-giving influence which would control
the affairs of the East.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF "THE OPEN DOOR"

Let us see however just what is the present status of the
"Open Door". How has it worked? This doctrine has of
course the hearty theoretical support of all the Powers; especially
is it emphasized when some power thinks that its rival in
commercialism is getting a little ahead. In turn, thru the years
we find first one and then another of the Powers invoking this
"sacred institution." But shifting aside ostentation and hypocre-
risy of nearly all if not all the powers, we see that this doctrine
subscribed to by Germany, the United States, England, France,
Russia and Japan, has in practice not stood unchallenged. All
the Powers except France and the United States have at some
time violated both letter and spirit of this "sacred doctrine." How-
ever, the most flagrant violations have come from Russia
and Japan. Russia's violations became less frequent after the
defeat by Japan in the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-5. But
even since then Russia's policy in the East has been contrary to
the "Open Door." To prove this, one needs only to mention
Mongolia. But let us turn to Japan.

During the period 1907-1912, a terrific diplomatic battle was
waged between Washington and Tokyo, and thanks to the clever-
ess and sagacity of Nippon's statesmen the advantage during
the whole period lay clearly on the side of Tokyo. True, by
shifting the battle lines and organizing the the "Capitalistic
Entente," of England, the United States, Germany and France,
America maintained her prestige, and a great deal of influence
in China. Nevertheless, thru the activity of Japan, the "Open
Door" was being gradually but surely closed. In Manchuria,
all foreign trade, even the English, was being rapidly driven out,
because it could not stand the competition of the government-
favored Japanese industries and the discrimination in freights
which made transportation impossible. The Japanese interests in all three of the Northern provinces had been consolidated and they were to all intents and purposes an integral part of the Japanese Empire. By a disreputable diplomatic trick from Tokyo, Secretary Knox’s plan to neutralize the Manchurian railroads had been defeated, and Korea had been annexed as a province of Japan. In a word, that predominance in affairs of the Orient, so long held by England and threatened by Russia and Germany, had actually passed to Japan and the “Open Door” was already half closed.

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Such was the status of the “Open Door” up to the beginning of the World War. But what will the future be? If one would know, he must plunge into the treacherous and chartless sea of World Diplomacy, and there amid cabinets dashed upon the rocks of Failure, amid the shifting and roaring and surging of uncertain and diverse policies, amid currents and underecurrents, he must divine the true channels that lead to the future. Such a course is however impossible to the layman. The best we can do is to review carefully the recent events in Pekin, Petrograd and Tokyo and examining them in all their relations, make an approximate estimate of the future; we throw straws in the wind, so to speak, and guess at what is to come.

Japan’s diplomatic activities since the outbreak of the war in 1914 have been shrouded in mystery. Two moves, however stand out in prominence: first, a series of treaties with Russia concerning the future of the Far East; second, the recent treaty with China. Just what the agreements reached by Japan and Russia are, perhaps no one except the chancellors of the two empires knows. However the world has assurance enough that the treaties are nothing bad and that they do not affect the “Open Door.” The world can believe if it will.

The second move was late in 1914 when Count Okuma took the most daring step since the Ito ministry in 1894. Having ousted Germany from Kai Chan and the Shantung Peninsula, he aimed to settle once for all with China. Accordingly, with the utmost secrecy, he presented the famous ‘‘Twenty-one
Articles’ to the government of Yuan Shi Kai. London and Washington knew nothing of the move until very late, Tokyo having warned Pekin that it must not protest, under pain of more severe terms. At the last moment, and for what reason only a limited portion of the diplomatic world knows, Japan, after threatening and backing up her demand by a show of armed force, herself yielded and withdrew Section V of the proposed treaty, which contained the most objectionable clauses. With the treaty thus revised, China accepted, and signed away a little more of her independence with the approval or rather the tolerance of London and Washington.

That section would have established a veritable “Monroe Doctrine” of Asia by Japan; China would become virtually her dependency, and the “Open Door” would have been closed with a bang. The Okuma cabinet, soon after its failure to force thru Section V, went out of office but returned, with the exception of Baron Oura, Minister of Agriculture, and Baron Kato, Minister of the Foreign Office. Whether the fall of this cabinet was due to its failure to settle definitely with China or whether as Tokyo says, it was solely due to the petty bribery scandal involving Baron Oura, is not certain. It is significant however that Baron Kato was left out of the reconstructed cabinet as well as Baron Oura.

A GUESS AT THE FUTURE

Now again in 1916 Count Okuma has resigned the premiership “on account of ill health and to make room for a man of bolder ideas.” The first reason is no doubt true, since he is seventy-nine; but the second bears perhaps still more truth, since the Emperor calls to the fore Field Marshal Count Terauchi. What will the new premier do about the “Open Door?” He has assured the Powers that he plans no aggressive step in the East. In spite of his assurance however, it appears that Terauchi’s presence at the helm of state implies the adoption of a more vigorous policy in Eastern Affairs. My guess for the future is that the “Open Door” will be closed if the powers permit it—at any rate the policy will receive a severe test. I am not suggesting that such a policy is undesirable, because, I myself, am not fully convinced that even the new policy of a
"Monroe Doctrine" of Asia, as formulated by Okuma in 1914 would not be a very good thing for Japan, China and the World. I am suggesting, however, that too much credence should not be placed in the assurance of Terauchi. So did Okuma assure the powers that Kai Chan would be given to China when it was taken from Germany. But later Okuma said that the situation was changed and the proposition nullified because Germany resisted, "thereby necessitating Japanese sacrifices in blood and money." Only recently we saw Terauchi's government protesting with Russia against the United States concessions to build a railroad in the Shantung. Terauchi now claims all rights in the Shantung for Japan by "virtue of conquest."

In quoting Count Okuma in two diametrically opposed statements, I am not accusing him of double-dealing or deception. He was sincere and no doubt meant what he said both times but the point is that what he says did not matter. He held the premiership on sufferance, not even having a majority in the Diet. And Terauchi is in much the same position. The fact is that the actual power in Japan, since the great duel in the Genro between Prince Ito and Field Marshal Prince Yamagata in 1898, has been in the hands of the Military Party headed by the latter. It has been Yamagata who has been the guiding spirit of Nippon's mysterious political and diplomatic moves, and for a quarter of a century, behind the closed doors of the Genro he has held the fate of an empire in his hand and pulled the lever of state which has dumped ministries at his pleasure. In 1908 he sends Marquis Saionji home in spite of the fact that Saionji has a majority in the diet. As long as Marquis Katsura follows his policies he remains in office but when Katsura turns demagogue in 1913, he is removed thru the agency of Yamagata. The assurance of the new premier is therefore not worth a great deal. Yamagata is head of the dominant Military Party to which Count Terauchi belongs and Yamagata has not spoken. What events will then transpire no one can tell. Whether the "Open Door" will be gradually closed, or whether it will be closed with a bang, or yet whether it will be open in fact as well as in theory, is a matter of surmise. The world must sit and look at the mysterious puzzle of the East, and wonder and wait.
In this joyous gleam of Autumn,
   Lend to me, O muse, your aid;
For the glory of the season—
   Finest season God hath made—
Fills my soul to overflowing,
   And I cannot pass along
All unfeeling and unknowing,
   And within my heart no song
To the Father for bestowing
   Blessings to offset each wrong.
In this mystic Autumn stillness
   Let each heart be filled with gladness!

List the whistle of the quail
   Sounding wild and free and clear
Thru the wheat-fields of the vale—
   Thru the meadows far and near!
Or when morning gloweth bright,
   Following close the frosty night,
'Neath the glistening, blushing trees,
Rides the huntsman down the trail
   Marking all he hears and sees.
Ah! what human heart can fail
   To be glad and happy still,
Dancing with each sparkling rill!

Let us all thanksgiving raise
   To the Father-heart above
For these glorious Autumn days—
   These the blessings of His love
As our fathers long of yore
   With their heartfelt prayers and lays
For the harvest gave their praise;
There on wild New England's shore,
Now, in memory's precious lore
Sacred to us evermore.
It was late in September. An Autumn twilight was fast closing down on the western hills. Richard Scott jogged slowly along the rough, brown road. He had been in his saddle since morning, and Scott in his saddle was Scott in his element. This was his first real job, this land survey that the government had given him, and he felt that he had done himself credit. He placed his hand reassuringly on his saddle-bag which contained the maps and surveying tools. Young, bronzed by the sun and storm, in perfect health, the joy of life shining in his eyes, he was a figure that few might surpass and many might envy. Though he would have laughed to scorn anyone that might have suggested such an idea, Scott was somewhat of a poet and artistic by nature.

He turned the bend in the road and halted abruptly. He was on the ridge of a hill. A soft autumnal brown covered the fields and far-reaching meadow-lands. Against the glowing sky the mountains stood out in sharp relief. On the crest of the little hill where he had halted were a few scraggly pines and a gnarled and twisted oak. Under these trees were several moss-grown tombstones which indicated that the place, now overgrown with black-berry vines, golden-rod and fall asters, was a gravel-yard. In sharp contrast to this scene of waste and desolation, a slender figure in scarlet stood with wind-blown hair and head thrown back, watching the sun-set glow fade slowly from crimson to saffron, and from violet to gray. Every line in her figure expressed life and hope. Scott coughed and she turned. He dismounted and approached her, hat in hand.

"Could you," he said, "Direct me to an inn or some place where I can put up for the night?"

As he drew nearer he saw that she was very lovely. She was tall and slender. Her soft dark hair was parted simply in the middle and hung in a heavy braid. Her face was small and oval, the skin a clear, olive with a glow of color. In answer to his question she raised her heavy lashes revealing eyes of a
deep, bright, blue. Her small mouth curved upward in a frank smile. The combination was delightful.

"The nearest inn is eight miles to the east," she said, "But I am sure Uncle John would be glad to have you stay with us. Perhaps you can tell him some news; the mail hasn't been through for a week."

"Thank you," Scott replied. "My horse is very tired and if you think your uncle really would—?"

"Yes, I'm sure he will," answered the girl. "Come, I will lead the way."

Scott followed, leading his horse by the bridle. The girl was silent and walked a few steps ahead. He noticed with pleasure that she was no ordinary, awkward, bashful, country girl. She walked with grace and dignity. The scarlet cape and white dress were unusual for this part of the country. He noticed, moreover, that her beautiful blue-black hair was well kept and that her hands and feet were small and shapely. He wondered who she was and why such an exquisite girl should be in such a God-forsaken country.

In a few moments they came in sight of a low gray house with wide spreading verandas. The roadway leading to the house was bordered on either side by a hedge of evergreens. A door was thrown open, sending forth a flood of yellow lamp-light and revealing the portly figure of a gray haired man.

As the little party came up the path the figure in the doorway stepped down and said in a full, rich voice,

"Well, girl, you're a bit late to-night!" And extending his hand to the young man—

"Welcome, to our fire-side! I am John Harlow and this my niece Vesta, as I suppose you already know. And you are—?"

"Richard Scott, sir," he replied.

"Why that's my name too," interrupted Vesta smiling, "perhaps we're forty-sixth cousins—"

They entered the cozy living-room where a warm fire was blazing. From the depths of a great leather chair Scott was soon telling how in June he had graduated from Harvard and had accepted an offer from the government to survey certain tracts of land in the west. He had just finished the work and
was now homeward bound. He, in turn, learned that John Harlow was also a Harvard man; that he owned mines and large farm lands; and that he lived alone with his servants, his niece, and his books.

At supper Richard made the acquaintance of "Aunt" Martha, the housekeeper, a comfortable personage in blue gingham, gold-rimmed spectacles and a motherly smile. The meal was the pleasantest that Scott had had for many weeks. He responded to the warmth and light and congenial company. The conversation went from the war and mining stocks to college and his scrapes and larks.

John Harlow laughed appreciatively and was reminded of many of his own boyish escapades. Aunt Martha listened with motherly interest, and as for Vesta, she fairly glowed with delight. After supper the two men went to the living room. Through the open door they could watch "Aunt Martha and Vesta as they cleared away the dishes. As the men talked the eyes of the older man followed Vesta as she moved about. She had slipped on a pink and white apron. Now and then she turned to catch the conversation or to make some remark. Involuntarily Scott watched her too. She stooped to brush away the ashes from the hearth and he said half to himself—"Vesta the goddess of the hearth." Then he colored beneath his tan.

"Yes," repeated Harlow, "Vesta the goddess of the hearth, and the goddess of my heart. It will indeed be a lonely fireside when my goddess departs for college next month. She has never left me since she was three. She is all I have. I have taught her all that I can and now she is ready for college. Vesta, my dear, that hearth is clean enough, come in and make some music for your old uncle."

She came in, "Well, then you and Mr.—er—er"
"Dick," supplied Scott.
"You and Mr. Dick must sing to me."
She went to a book case in the corner of the room, took down a mandolin and handed it to Dick.
"Yes, I know from the stories you told that you play, so you needn't try to get out of it."
She sat down at the piano and with tinkling accompaniment
of the mandolin, they sang one old song after another. The fire died down and they became silent, each lost in his own thoughts. Harlow roused from his reverie and looked at the clock.

"Half past ten! Well, this won't do for an old man like Uncle John. Play my piece for me, dear, and then I will take our guest to his room."

Softly the opening chords of the "Rosary" filled the room and the sweet girl voice took up the song, "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart."

The older man closed his eyes and thought of hours that would never return; of another voice and another evening long ago. The young man's glance rested directly on Vesta's exquisitely delicate profile and the lace falling away in soft folds from her slender white throat and wrists.

The song ended; the last chords died away. Both men rose as Vesta came forward. Her uncle bent and kissed her tenderly and murmured huskily, "Good-night, Girl of Mine."

She hesitated a moment and shyly extended her hand to Scott.

"Good-night, Mr. Dick!"

"Good-night!" he said quietly. Then before he knew it she had gone.

That night Richard Scott thought for a long time and of many things. For some unaccountable reason he thought of his mother and tried to remember her. He thought of this girl, Vesta and wondered why it seemed as if he had seen her before—perhaps she resembled his mother. His mother must have been beautiful. Thus sleepily reasoning, he fell asleep.

Morning came with leaden skies, a raw east wind, and a driving rain. Uncle John declared that no one should leave his house in such a storm. Vesta from behind the coffee-pot added that the roads on such a day would be hardly distinguishable and that the ford, five miles below must already be impassable. Scott was not averse to the prospect of spending a day in such a pleasant household. It had been a long time since he had been in a real home. After breakfast he begged "Aunt" Martha for the privilege of helping Vesta wash the dishes. Having finished this unique task, he joined Uncle John at the fire-side,
while Vesta busied herself with the bright geraniums and plants which filled the southern window of the living-room. An afternoon spent in reading and conversation, an evening like the former one completed the day.

It was with a feeling of disappointment that Scott awoke the next morning to find the sun shining brightly. But he was assured by his host that ford was still impassable.

It was an ideal day, clear and cool, yet not chilly. In the afternoon Mr. Harlow proposed a nap for himself and a walk for Vesta and their guest.

After the rain the world was radiantly beautiful. The two walked on, now talking gaily, now lapsing into silence. For sometime they had been walking through a strip of woodland gorgeous with flaming maples, crimson sumac, and russet oaks. Suddenly they came upon a little clearing entirely surrounded by golden birches. Fringed gentians covered the ground in a perfect riot of blue.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Vesta.

"Yes; How beautiful!", echoed Dick, but he was not looking at the gentians. Then, as Vesta turned he dropped his glance to the flowers.

"They are like you," he said.

The comparison was not unsuitable, for as Vesta in her blue linen dress, stood there among the gentians, she looked as though she might have been placed there by nature.

"I'm glad you think so," she said naively. "Let's pick some to take home to Uncle. He's very fond of them."

On the way home she asked Scott to tell her what he knew of Radcliffe and what the girls would be like.

"You know," she said, "I know the world only through books."

Scott did his best to give her his idea of a girl's college.

"You must write me," he concluded, "how much I have told you right and how much wrong. You will, won't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I shall have no one else except Uncle John to write to."

The following morning Scott took his departure. He thanked his host and bade him good-bye at the door, but Vesta
walked silently down the roadway to the gate where his horse was waiting. He noticed that her usually smiling eyes were troubled.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, no. Only—only I almost wish you'd never come at all! It will be so lonesome after you've gone!" she said impulsively.

"I wish I did not have to go, but I shall come again some time if I may."

They stood for a few moments in silence. "You will not forget to write?" he said.

They shook hands. He mounted and rode away. As he turned and looked back at the girlish, almost childish, figure standing against the background of evergreens, a strange desire seized him to turn about and take her in his arms and kiss her as her uncle had done, but instead he waved his hand and rode on.

* * * * * * *

Four years had passed since Scott had ridden away leaving Vesta at the gate-way. During all that time he had seen her only once and then during the rush and turmoil of her Junior reception. At first her letters had been full of enthusiasm for the joy and excitement of her new life, but for the last year they had been longer intervals apart. He thought he detected in them a more serious strain. He had received graduation invitations and it was with some difficulty that he persuaded his father to come to a class reunion and incidentally to accompany him to Vesta's graduation. How his father's eyes had flashed at the mention of Vesta Scott. In answer to his son's question he had replied shortly that once he had known another Vesta. Thus it was that Scott found himself at Vesta's Commencement in company with his father, Uncle John and "Aunt" Martha.

He wondered if she had changed much, if she had grown older, and most of all he wondered if he were a fool to let a girl whom he scarcely knew except by correspondence mean so much to him.

When she appeared, however, he saw that she was the
same Vesta he had met in the Western hills; more lovely, perhaps, more sweetly womanly. Her heavy hair was wound in a dusky coronet about her head, which the slender column of her throat supported in queen-like dignity. Her eyes shone like blue stars. As she came forward to meet them, Scott knew that he was not a fool.

It was not until the next afternoon when Vesta with Scott and his father sat alone in the living-room of the little cottage, which Uncle John had hired for commencement, that Vesta turned to Dick's father and said, "You make me think so much of some one I have seen before. It must be my father. I can hardly remember him, but I know every line of his picture by heart. Look!" she said and unclasped the little locket that she always wore about her neck. "It was my mother's." She opened it and handed it to the old man. On the inside he read "Vesta Deland from David Scott, 1880." There smiled up to him the lovely face of the other Vesta and the face of David Scott. He turned white and the locket dropped from his hands.

"Father!" cried Dick, "What is the matter?"

Slowly and painfully the old man spoke. "It is not a long story. Twenty-five years ago my son David married Vesta Deland against my will. I disowned him and he went West. I did not know where. Eighteen years ago I saw by a report that he and his wife had both died of typhoid fever which swept the state. No mention was made of a child. Had I only known! I forgave them both long ago," he said brokenly. He picked up the locket. "You are beautiful like your mother, but you have your father's eyes." He looked at Vesta. She stood white and silent.

"Father!" cried Richard, "You should have told me this long before, then I would have known—But now," he stopped abruptly.

His father looked from one white face to the other, and understood.

"Richard," he said, "You have been a good son and I have tried to do for you all that a father could; now I am going to do for you the hardest thing I ever did in my life. When
David went away I was bitterly disappointed and I took you, the son of my best friend, Robert Lane, who died that same winter. You were a mere baby then. I gave you my name, and I did for you all that I would have done for David. I love you as my own son and now I am telling you what I have spared no pains to keep from you.'

"Father!" said Richard, pain and joy struggling in his voice, "Father"— but he stopped, for he was alone in the twilight with Vesta and happiness.


"WHO WROTE IT?"

It was Up In Maine. "Kim on," said Tom Sawyer who was quite The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table in his Uncle Tom's Cabin, "Let's go down The Valley Road an' meet 'em."

"You Jumping Frog," said The Country Doctor, his uncle; "Finish your breakfast. We'll see enough of The Philistines for Seven Weeks to come."

It was The House of Mirth that day, for The Excursion train would bring The Europeans—The Count of Monte Cristo and The Princess of Thule—to visit The Country of the Pointed Firs. For these Strangers and Wayfarers was The World for Sale, but it was their desire to leave The Blazed Trail and to go Far from The Madding Crowd. The Count, more than An Average Man, was fond of Books and Culture, and after traveling Far and Near, in an English Mail-coach, living for a time in The Forest of Arden, and experiencing both A Touch of Sun On The Frontier and the chill of Arizona Nights, his latest resolve was to immortalize The Maine Woods in The Sketch Book which he was preparing.

Later in the day when the Old Friends and New had gathered In The Chimney Corner, Penrod Schofield, a summer Neighbor, and Tom were exchanging opinions on The Newcomers.

"Pike The Necklace, Penrod," says Tom. "'S'pose it's Bought and Paid For?"

"Why don't yer ask her?" snickered Penrod, as he Views A foot Under the Red Robe of the Lady of Quality.

"Ask her yerself. Betcher don't dasst."

"Betcher I do."

"Betcher don't."

"Do."
"Don't."
"Well, lessee yer."

Both boys were of The Awkward Age, but neither in The Crisis would show The White Feather. Tom approached The Seats of the Mighty in A Hazard of New Fortunes. The Princess beamed upon him and in The Voice of The City exclaimed,

"Oh, do come see me, Dearie."

Before Tom could recover his poise, She drew him to her and kissed his Freckles."

"Well, you are Sentimental, Tommy," jeered Penrod.

Tom felt The Rising Tide of humiliation sweep over him, but he was as crafty as Ulysses, and recalling the proverb that It is Never Too Late To Mend, he resolved to rehabilitate himself in Penrod's esteem by bluffing it out.

Penrod's mocking laugh was checked by the readiness of Tom's Sense and Sensibility. Tom was launched upon a stirring tale of adventure. He related to the Nabob and the Princess how when he lived In Ole Virginy, he had been Kidnapped by The Spy on the occasion of The Last Assembly Ball. He had been forced to serve Two Years Before the Mast under Captain Eri. He had been Shipwrecked and Marooned on The Mysterious Island of Utopia, and Afterwards rescued by Midshipman Easy, one of The Wreckers responsible for The Wreck of the Grosvenor. This was The Story of a Bad Boy, for Tom had lived all his Life on the Mississippi.

Being A Boy, Penrod knew that these things had happened only in Tom's Dream Life, and as he looked at the listeners, he was puzzled to think there were such Innocents Abroad.

"But Yet a Woman," thot Penrod, "always believes everything you tell her. If I had Ben Hur I would have seen thru that gag right off."

His admiration of Tom's prowess, and his awe at the Many Inventions of Tom's fancy were unbounded. He went up to him and extended a grimy hand.

"Hugh Wynne, Tom," he said.

But The Gentleman of France, who had been a boy himself,
looked at the young intriguers with an amused, indolent smile.
"Les Misérables!" he exclaimed under his breath.

When I've finished the last page of History,
And the last line of German is done,
And Astronomy's not quite such a mystery,
And I know that "each star is a sun."
I shall rest, and faith, I shall need it:
Lie down for an hour or two,
Till the six-thirty bell in the morning
Shall call me to work anew.

---

**SO THEY SHOULD**

"Shure, Pat, and why don't ladies vote?"
Asked Mike of Pat O'Ryan.
Why, faith, they don't know how, I guess,"
Said Pat to Mike O'Brian.

"Begorra, and I don't see why,"
Said Mike in great surprise,
"Fer every time I go to vote
Kate follows to advise.

I reckon if she didn't know
She'd have me tell her how;
And, faith Pat, if I didn't start,
She'd shurely start a row.

It isn't lack of strength, begosh,
I'm mighty shure of that,
I might git killed when Katy's mad,
If I weren't a diplomat.
"Will, thin, as fer as I kin see"
Said Pat to Mike O'Ryan,
"They ought to vote."
"Av course they had,"
Growled Mike to Pat O'Brian.

Why is it very very strange
If a person wants to know
Who runs the town in which she lives,
And where her taxes go?

And if she does not like the men,
Nor the way they run the town,
Do you think she's very, very, queer
If she wants to vote them down?

And if you think she should not vote
As other people do,
Because she's "she"—you may be right—
I don't agree with you!

F. F., '19

WITH OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The group of contributors to the columns of THE BATES STUDENT is anything but a closed circle, as the editors have first and last emphatically maintained. The brief comments that follow are by way of introduction, between THE STUDENT readers and writers. They may be superfluous, but perhaps they will help toward the maintenance of that element of personal interest so important in the success of a local or community publication. Participants in other college activities—particularly in athletics—are encouraged by the "we're-right-behind-you" attitude so eagerly expressed in cheers and ap-
plause of good-fellowship. As fellow students we are—or should be—interested in these writers who are helping to maintain our college magazine.

The author of the thoughtful essay on ‘Unification of Beliefs’ is especially qualified for such a discussion. His well-known work in intercollegiate debate has given him training in logical and rational development of theses. Furthermore, Mr. Chayer has known personally the viewpoint of both Catholicism and Protestantism, as he was educated in the Roman Catholic Church, and is now a Methodist clergyman.

Mr. Chayer, besides following his profession during his college course, in a parish at Lisbon, has always been a leader in campus activities. He represented our college on the team that twice defeated Tufts in debate, and made so fine a showing against other opponents. He is a charter member of Delta Sigma Rho, president of the Debating and Oratory Council, Senior Class Chaplain, member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, of the Student Editorial Staff, and of the Politics Club.

We remarked by way of preface that these introductory comments are somewhat superfluous. If there is one writer this month who needs an introduction to Bates readers less than another, it is doubtless Frank Kennedy. —Oh, yes; we do need to identify Frank Kennedy by explaining that he is “Bo.” Athlete, poet, realist, idealist,—Mr. Kennedy naturally employs the pen (oftener, we suspect, a stub pencil) as one means of self-expression. His quick Celtic appreciation, sympathy, and virile enthusiasm combine in his fiction and in his verse. He is president of Spofford Club (for the second time!), and president of the Bates College Athletic Association. Robert Frost once gave him an illustration of how honesty is the best policy. In “Leaf-Changing,” Mr. Kennedy has purposely tried to follow Mr. Frost’s theory of poetry as the poet informally discussed it with Spofford Club last March. It is just “talk.” The meter seems quite accidental. Judged by his
aim, we believe Mr. Kennedy is eminently successful in this poem, which, moreover, would seem to contain a really new fanciful conception of a very old phase of nature.

At an annual gathering in the gymnasium three years ago, a group of college girls was seated around a mock camp-fire. The "frolic" of the evening was over, and the need of some more quiet form of entertainment was felt. The Dean of Women began a make-as-you-tell story, stopping presently with the announcement that some volunteer must continue. At first there seemed danger that this form of entertainment would prove altogether too quiet, for no one quite dared to undertake the continuing of the tale. The silence was growing increasingly awkward with each second, when a languid southern voice from a dim corner took up the thread of narration, and saved the situation by weaving a delightful fairy-story to the end. So it was that Ruth Capen made her debut at Bates in the gentle art of story-telling. We who were Whittier House girls that year will not soon forget the story-fests, when, in the half light from outside we watched the shadow branches on the wall to the accompaniment of Ruth's spell-casting voice.

Last year when The Student Magazine was very much of a venture, she supplied the first number with a story on short notice, and often since she has helped the editors when they were in sore need. "For the Main and Simple Reason" is a bright little story in which the triangular plot is refreshed by a delightfully original dénouement, and embellished by a most diverting character sketch.

This is the first story by Mr. Norton which The Student has been privileged to print, but its editors, together with its readers, are hoping for another soon. Mr. Norton will be remembered as the winner of the Bates Peace Contest last year. His election to Spofford Club in his Sophomore year was based on his ability to write as revealed in a play—"His Mother's Son." The Case of Lobster Island may call to mind a certain
popular writer who deals with New England sea-folk on shore. It is interesting in this connection to know that at the time Mr. Norton wrote the story published this month, he had read nothing by Joseph Lincoln, and that he developed this "line" quite independently. The incident is pleasantly told, and leaves the reader with a smile of satisfying entertainment.

"Even-Song" is from a collection of poems arranged by Lawrence C. Woodman, Bates '14, under the title, "Minnesingers of Tomorrow." Mr. Chesley is a graduate of Bates and has received an A.M. degree from Columbia University. His home is in Auburn; and he is a teacher of English in a private school in East Aurora, N. Y.

Mr. Dyer is an orator, and even his written word reveals the fact. He is also an intercollegiate debater with all that distinction signifies. He won second prize in Junior Exhibition, and also in the Bates Peace Contest last year. He is an accomplished linguist, and president of the Cercle Francais. His grasp of historical facts and political situations is exceedingly comprehensive. Besides Mr. Dyer's mature view-point, the reader notes his admirable vocabulary, his oratorical style and the striking titles of his articles.

There could scarcely be a better illustration of the contrast—of the evolution, if you will—in nature poems than that afforded by comparison of Miss Harvey's verse with Mr. Kennedy's "Leaf-Changing." Both were occasioned by autumn, and we non-committally print them both. Even those critics who think Miss Harvey's form of verse is outgrown, will note with respect her spirit of devoutness which we feel sure is genuine and sincere.

A brand new name for The Student contents list! Never be editor of a college magazine unless in the first place you
are something of a detective. We can scarcely claim that qualification, and for that very reason, probably, we are the more pleased when we find a new author. Perhaps we are taking a little too much credit for "discovering" Miss Holmes, as the elated Peter Pan did for his affixed shadow which Wendy had sewed on. But we are so glad she is with us, and interested enough in The Student to write for it, that we cannot resist "crowing" a bit as Peter did from sheer gladness. Judged by her story, our new writer, like her heroine, is delightfully naive. Isn’t it perfectly lovely that everything turns out just right for those nice lovers? Do you know, we really thot it would all the time!
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