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THE FAIRY MYTHOLOGY OF SHAKESPEARE

A. Lilian Leathers, '18

Shakespeare, as no other English poet previous to his time, has manifest in his works a wealth of imagery, and carefully chosen language descriptive of the fairy universe. Because of the abundance of such references it would be clearly impossible, in any brief article, to consider all the evidences of this facility of expression, and the profusion of poetic conception with which he has clothed his tiny characters. I turn, therefore, to the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," since that holds a unique position as an example of this phase of his genius, and to "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Tempest," "Cymbeline," and "Hamlet," in all of which either by individual name or in groups these small persons are mentioned.

It has been the great purpose to study Shakespeare's dramas for their perfection of style, their thought, or their teachings; but very seldom, in a more original way, to appreciate even a little of his enjoyment and interest in the mythological inhabitants of our world. There is a single picture in the first of the play that will suffice as a revelation of his sympathy for, and understanding of, the more serious purposes of the lives of these tiny dream-creatures, as well as a complete knowledge of the superstitions surrounding them and their customs. It is the speech of a wood fairy:—

"Over hill, over dale,
Through brush, through brier,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
And I serve the fairy queen,
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

With wonder and delight one reads of these charming elves, who are impressed with the magnitude of a cowslip, as mortals are with that of a gigantic tree, to whom the third part of a minute is a very important division of a lifetime. In "Midsummer-Night's Dream" these same gay spirits transform themselves, by magic power, into terrible miniature warriors, intent on the destruction of every unpleasant-looking thing that flies or crawls.

The beauty of this element of Shakespeare's art is not in its newness, for a belief in fairies was very much the custom in those days, but rather in the masterly skill with which he has compressed and combined popular tradition and interest into most strikingly vivid pictures. All local woodland haunts were supposed to be the dwelling places of fairies, and all the country people considered them as familiar neighbors. Mr. Halliwell Phillipps, discussing this part of Shakespeare's writings, declares: "He founded his elfin world on the prettiest of the people's traditions, and has clothed it in the ever-living flowers of his own exuberant fancy."

Nor are these characters unknown to students, for Oberon is introduced by Spenser into the "Fairy Queen" in his description of Sir Guyon and by Shakespeare as the representative of Henry VIII. Queen Mab, spoken of especially in "Romeo and Juliet" is no other than Titania. To Puck, most sportive of jesters, is invested with almost every characteristic with which the imagination of the people has invested the fairy race. "Puck" was the name formerly applied to the whole race of fairies and the language of Iceland, Wales, and Ireland has in it some similar group name. Very often the name Robin Goodfellow designates the same person as Puck. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the "Tempest" urchins.
ouphes, and fairies play prominent parts.

Shakespeare has treated these imaginatively-created men and women with such an air of reality, and placed them on a plane so like that of tangible and normal people, that we find ourselves thinking of them as such. For instance, the account of the fairy king’s anger and jealousy is very human:

"The king doth keep his revels here to-night,
Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild."

By long tradition these people have been considered beautiful, demanding surroundings and equipment which should be background adequate to emphasize this quality.

There are several instances based on cherished traditions that fairies are exceptionally fond of music. When Titania is eager for a nap, she suggests to her attendants,—

"Now, a roundel and a fairy song;"

while for someone else’s pleasure she declares,—

"I’ll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep."

These miniature folk provide charming situations for their homes. Titania’s resting place is described:—

"A bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."
And in the "Tempest" is a most beautiful invocation beginning,—

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves—"

With this beauty and perpetual youth goes the idea of immortality, a quality to which they allude in their own conversation, for Puck describes Oberon as "king of shadows," while the monarch claims for himself and subjects,

"But we are spirits of another sort."

Shakespeare gives to his fairies the power of appearing in all manner of forms, and the ability to vanish at will.

To continue with Puck in the "Tempest" there is a graphic account of Ariel's eccentricities. One author, Mr. Spaulding, declares, "Besides appearing in his natural shape, and dividing into flames, he assumes the shapes of a water nymph, a harpy, and also the Goddess Ceres." Oberon's statement, "I am invisible," gives our authority for believing that they may be present more often than we think. Puck takes various shapes upon himself and then he gives us some conception of the unusual size,—really lack of size,—of his friends. When Oberon and Titania meet,—

"They do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there."

And Titania, commanding her subjects:—

"Come, now a roundel or a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;"

In further evidence of this same minuteness is the well-known song by Ariel in the "Tempest,"

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;"
Common tradition has attributed a strange malignity to these tiny inhabitants of the world, a conception out of keeping with their general characteristics. The greater part of a fairy's life was made up of service to mankind. So great was their power, in the minds of common people at least, of bestowing blessings, that priests announced that they would take into their own hands the distribution of fairy benedictions. In one passage we find:

"With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with secret peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest."

It is not to be denied that fairies were fond of indulging in mischievous pranks. A fairy asks Robin:

"Are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery......

Mislead night wanders, laughing at their harm."

Nor does Queen Mab escape without being considered, "Romeo and Juliet" a source of much mischief.

Very nearly as carefully as though we were to go searching for them Shakespeare describes their dress. In "Merry Wives of Windsor," they are spoken of as:

"Urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white."

And also as:

"Fairies, black, grey, green, and white."

So one may gather, pursuing here and there these elusive elves whom Shakespeare mentions by name or implication,
some of the most beautiful pictures to be found in literature. Even then it would not be possible to appreciate all the mythology and superstition which surrounding them, make them what they are. But Shakespeare has drawn his picture so finely and minutely that even superficial study will permit one some insight into the mysterious realm that charms partly because of the very ignorance with which it is regarded. It is, indeed, safe to say that nothing more adequately counteracts the passages dealing with the sins and sufferings of mankind than these scenes, characterized by exquisite purity and loveliness, which are descriptive of the fairy universe.
AFFECTATION

By Hazel E. Hutchins, '19

The sun, a big round globe
With cloud-traced zones
Sank in the west.
The moon, a chipped gold coin
With burnished tints of red,
Rose in the east.
It was the listening time of day
Not night, nor twilight,
Just the eventime between the two.
The ocean, a wide, glassy floor
Of light-filled crinkles,
Looked like cathedral windows
With the sun,
Just glinting through the colors of the glass.

The sun just disappeared behind the firs,
The moon rose higher
And the scene was changed.
Another world begun.
Gone was the quiet, tranquil calm of night
And in its place a surge of great unrest,
The night had ceased its vespers and its worship,
And come out in a world of transient lights
Unreal, in its cold brightness.

I have seen people who quite naturally
Were charming, exquisite in quiet ways.
Yet sometimes they would seek to clothe themselves
In robes of artificial moods
Till they were distant, unapproachable.
And, tired of cold brilliancy
We called them bores.
THE OTHER HALF

By Ida B. Paine, '17

At the close of a sultry Indian Summer day, a simply-dressed, plain, little woman stood on the front steps of a tiny suburban cottage and watched her shabby, work-soiled husband shuffle wearily up the walk. As he reached the steps she moved to meet him and reached for the tin dinner pail in his hand, smiling in answer to his boisterous greeting.

"Well, Jen, old girl, is this hot enough to suit you?" he demanded, as he dropped into the single chair on the little porch and stretched his legs gratefully. "Whew! it's great to set down here in the shade after a day like this," and he ran his grimy fingers through his thick, damp hair.

His wife stepped a little nearer and shyly laid her hand on his shoulder. "I wish we lived nearer to your work, Jim," she volunteered anxiously. "I think it's too far for you to walk."

"Aw, no it ain't neither," he cut her off good-naturedly. "I'd walk twice as far sooner'n live in that stuffy old tenement where we hung our hats last year. And you like it better, too, now don't you?"

"Oh, yes, of course, I—" "Did you have enough dinner, Jim," she interrupted herself quickly, taking off the cover and peering into the empty pail.

"Sure thing! And say, Jen, maybe I told you before, but I sure pulled a lucky card when I got you. They ain't a better little cook in the whole 'good old U. S. A.'" And he pulled her down to his knees and tickled her playfully under the chin.

She struggled to her feet with an embarrassed protest, "Don't now, Jim, I've got to see to supper."

As she disappeared into the house, he rose, yawning, and walked slowly to the edge of the porch, where he stood looking thoughtfully down the street. Then, hearing her step
again in the doorway, he turned and began, as if putting his thoughts into words:

"Say, Jen, I met that there professor fellow again tonight, and he looked all in. You know the one that lives in the big house on the corner. Gee, folks like him must have a bum time of it. I bet you he don't get to the movies more'n once or twice a year."

"Well, now, Jim, maybe he likes his way of livin', you don't know," Jen mildly suggested, but the man denied positively.

"Naw, he don't neither! A fellow's got to have a little bit of fun. Holy Moses! I'd go and jump in the old Kaw River if I had to live the way he does. By the way, Jen, what 're we goin' to do tonight? Have Jack and Mabel up for a couple o' games o' five hundred, or go to the Pastime an' see Charlie Chaplin?"

"Why, I don't care, Jim, just as you say." Then after a pause, "You know we promised to go down to Bessie's and hear their graphophone some time. She says they've got some swell dance tunes and some funny songs."

"Sure, we do want to hear that dinky, little old machine pretty soon, don't we! Well, let's have a bite, and then we'll see. I don't know as I care if we stay at home for a change. We could finish that detective story you been reading out loud and go to bed early. How does that strike you?"

"Fine, Jim, if you're sure you'd rather."

"All right, then, it's a go."

And as they went into the house together, he put his arm around her waist and began singing lustily,

"There's no place like home,  
Oh, there's no place like home!"

In the big house on the corner, the professor of sociology sat leaning back in his easy chair beside the study table, on which were strewn text-books and semi-scientific magazines. His wife stood at his side, looking down at him with a solicitous air.

"You are not feeling well, Robert, what is it?"
Without moving he answered listlessly, "Oh yes, I am all right, Eleanor."

"Then it must be something on your mind," she insisted, "you ate scarcely any dinner, and you seem so tired. Tell me what it is, dear," and she seated herself on the arm of his chair and leaned tenderly over him.

Then abruptly he burst forth, "It is only that I feel so depressed, when I think of the conditions among the poorer class of people about us. I was thinking just now of the man whom I have met so often on his way home from work. He and his wife live in a little house down the street, fairly comfortable, I should say, but so ignorant and unrefined! Think what an existence their's must be—totally lacking, as it must be, in the music, the books, and the culture which seem to us the very breath of life!"

"Oh, I am not so sure, Robert. It may not be so bad. One doesn't miss what one never had, you know."

"But think of the problem such conditions present to the students of sociology and economics. Is it any wonder we become discouraged?"

"By the way, Robert, I forgot to tell you that the cook has given notice. She says she is to be married soon to the blacksmith in our back street."

With an impetuous movement the man rose from the chair and strode to the other side of the room. Then he faced her fiercely.

"There you have it all over again. What kind of a home can they make for themselves?"

"But Maggie seems to be very fond of her Dennis, and I am sure they will be happy," his wife answered him gently.

But he still protested. "That is very well for them individually, but what of the next generation? What sort of heritage will their children receive?"

"It is natural, with your line of work, that you should see that side of it. And I feel it too, Robert, don't think that I am not concerned with our stupendous social problem." Her tone was deeply sympathetic now, and taking his hand, she
drew him gently back to his chair and sat beside him with her arm about his shoulder.

"But you must not try to play the role of Atlas, my dear. The world is too great for your shoulders, strong as they are, and willing. We can only hope to live sincerely and well, and in this way to influence those about us."

As she felt him yielding to the comforting optimism of her mood, she slipped from his side and went toward the Victrola.

"I think I'll play you 'The Calm' from William Tell, shall I not?"

"Yes, do please, and thank you so much, my dear!"

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**THE CHAPEL ORGAN**

(January 15)

*By Alice Harvey, 18*

Through quiet aisle, and chancel still
Thrills out the organ's crystal voice,—
Now soft, and light, and like a bell,—
Now deep, and full, and warm,
A living thing,—
Now low and sweet, and like a prayer;
Till 'neath its spell
Drab things of earth recede,
And lo, the bird of peace, of peace supreme,
With notes all flute-like clear and most divine,
Sings in the heart.

With th' organ's great and pulsing heart
Our own beat on attuned.
Once more the flute-call sounds,—
The bird's note clear, and yet more clear,—
The call to ev'ning prayer.

The weary soul now rests
In the tender light, and pure;
The breath of very heaven draws near
And God himself.
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Once more the flute-call sounds,—
The bird's note clear, and yet more clear,—
The call to ev'ning prayer.

The weary soul now rests
In the tender light, and pure;
The breath of very heaven draws near
And God himself.
Confessions are always unpopular. Nevertheless we feel that the responsibility which rests upon the editorial staff of our literary magazine renders some confession justifiable. We realize the inefficiency of our powers for carrying out our future work. Our responsibility is doubly great in view of the splendid work of our predecessors. Last year, the magazine section as a supplement to our college newspaper was more or less of a venture. We must all agree that this first year of its life has been eminently successful. We feel that we, too, shall prosper if we may be assured of the support of our contributors. Do not place the entire burden of publishing the magazine upon the editorial board. It is only by co-operation that we can produce a result worthy of the students of Bates.
This publication belongs to you, our readers, as well as to us, and it needs your hearty support. The policy of the board is to make the magazine a representative publication of our college, a work of which the students, the faculty and the alumni will be proud. Contributions are earnestly desired. Will you help us to make the second year in the life of our magazine one to be remembered with pride by every Bates man and woman?

Let me tell you of my love, dear,
As the zephyr breeze at morn
Whispers to the water lily,
Waking fragrant to the dawn.
As the butterfly, soft winging,
Whispers to the passion vine
When the sunset, mystic, gives us
Promise of a joy sublime.

Let me dream a dream of you, dear,
In the lonely starry light
When the dusky shadows lengthen
To the purple haze of night
As the moon with shafts of silver
Lingers, swordlike, piercing through
Rifted clouds in God's great Heaven,
Bringing thoughts of love and you.

'17.
"End of the World Predicted." The newspaper with its evil-portending headlines fell to the floor, while Mrs. Baxter caught her breath with a quick gasp. "I must run right over and tell Lucy Jane. Whoever—" Mrs. Baxter stopped short and a dull red crept over her face at some unpleasant remembrance.

Mr. Baxter's coming was heralded by the heavy clumping of rubber boots, and the clattering of milk cans.

"Hello, Mother," he shouted. "Why, what's happened? Ain't no bad news from the children?"

"Land no, Pa, it's just some foolishness I read in the paper kind o startled me. I was goin' over to tell Lucy Jane. I do declare I'd clean forgotten about—well, about—"

"About what? Nothin's wrong, is it?"

"Nothing wrong! Well if you had had a disagreement with your nearest neighbor when you and her had lived next door for forty odd years! If your supposed best friend had wronged you!"

Mr. Baxter threw his cap down on the table and in perplexity ran his fingers through his hair.

"You and Lucy Jane ain't gone and had a fight?"

"I don't stoop so low as to fight."

"Now, mother, I didn't mean nothin'. Tell me what happened."

"Well, it all started with that new minister. I knew he'd cause trouble. They always do. To see a young flighty boy filling the place of a saintly man like Mr. Peabody, 'taint fittin'. Well seein' as I most always calculated to do my duty by undeserving as well as deserving, I'd figured to invite Mr. Keith to supper tomorrow night. Well what do you suppose?"

There was a long tedious pause for dramatic effect. "Miss Lucy Jane Allen, she decided to invite him for tomorrow night.
Usually I’m yieldin’ enough, but I was determined I’d entertain Mr. John Keith tomorrow night. We had words, and I shan’t be the first to speak.”

In a tiny cottage so near the Baxter’s that the eaves almost touched, and that the vines on the cottage had crept over around the farmhouse windows, lived Miss Lucy Jane Allen. The contrast between Miss Lucy and her plump, energetic neighbor was as great as well could be. She had always submitted to a stronger will. Without a murmur she had consented to Mrs. Baxter’s rulings. One winter day a spirit of rebellion entered her heart. Perhaps it came tumbling along with the snow flakes, perhaps it had always been there, but never before dared assert itself. Anyway that little spirit grew and grew. The good old minister who had been faithful for many years died, and a young, inexperienced man came to take his place. Miss Lucy liked the enthusiastic, eager boy—as she called him. She decided that the very next week on Thursday she would invite him to supper. That spirit of rebellion must have been strong and big for when she found that Mrs. Baxter had also planned to have the minister as a visitor on Thursday, instead of doing as she ordinarily would have done, that is, entertained the minister some other night, she just went to work and asked him before Mrs. Baxter got a chance. Now as with trembling hands she poured golden and red preserves into quaint old-fashioned dishes, and as she cut great, spicy loaves of cake, she wondered if after all she wasn’t sorry that she hadn’t crushed that stubborn, obstinate spirit.

On Thursday Mrs. Baxter bustled about with much more than the usual confusion. The clatter of dishes, the pounding of the rolling-pin, and the angry whir of the egg-beater came as a warning to Mr. Baxter. He decided to stay in the barn for a while at least.

“Mother’s all upset,” he confided to the horse. “She takes things kind of hard. Guess we’ll let her calm down before we bother her any. Why can’t she entertain that young feller some other night? Well, far as I can figure it, women are mighty funny, mighty funny.”
In the kitchen Mrs. Baxter pushed a pan of biscuits into the oven and slammed the oven door.

"The stubbornness of Lucy Jane! I never heard anything like it. I can see her over there bustlin' 'round, puttin' on show for the new minister. Hm, well, let her. I don't care. I don't put on show for anybody, much less,—but just wait till Mr. Keith comes here, and if I don't give him a dinner that beats any— Why, what's that carriage, stoppin' for? My land, a station team and two girls gettin' out, and, land of love, goin' into Lucy Jane's. Well, I'll be blest!"

Mrs. Baxter had run to the sitting room window to get a better view of the newcomers. As she turned from the window, she gave a startled exclamation. The newspaper on the table flaunted the words, "End of the World Predicted," and the date given for the end was today.

An excited, decidedly nervous Miss Lucy opened the door for two strange young girls. She looked searchingly at her guests.

"I don't believe I know you, but come right in, my dears, come right in. Don't try to explain till you get in."

Out in the kitchen the bread for the new minister might be burning, the custard might be boiling to ruin, but under any conditions Miss Lucy would be hospitable.

"We are Mrs. Weymouth's nieces from Ridgeboro," the older of the girls explained after they were cosily seated. "Auntie said that she knew you sometimes take roomers, and she thought that perhaps we could stay here over night. We are on our way back to college. We were visiting Auntie. They have taken off the train that we usually take, and Auntie didn't know in time to write you. She thought that perhaps you—"

"There, there, don't you worry a mite more. I'm all alone and I'll just delight in having Rachel Weymouth's nieces here. I'll just bet that you are Ruth and Ellen Ambrose. I've heard lots about you girls. I'll show you the spare room, and you can make yourselves cosy. I'll have to be busy for the minister's coming to supper."

Safely in the spare room the girls smiled at each other.
"Isn’t she a dear?"

"What lovely white hair! I just love it, and this house, too, but Miss Allen herself most of all."

Then they frowned.

"She said that the minister was coming to supper. Isn’t that poky? I suppose he’ll be a solemn old gentleman, nice of course, but so grave and serious."

"The supper will be sure to be long and so polite. We’ll have enough politeness inflicted on us for the next few months. Don’t you suppose that Miss Allen would let us have an early lunch? We’d help to make up for the extra work."

In the late afternoon Mr. Keith was smiling as he walked briskly towards Miss Lucy’s homelike little cottage. Teas, receptions, and welcomes had been showered upon him without mercy. Now ahead of him lay a quiet little home, and dear gentle Miss Lucy, who seemed very like his own mother.

Mrs. Baxter, watching closely from the window, saw Mr. Keith as he came down the street and entered the house, but she could not see the wistful expression in his eyes, or detect the queer catch in his voice as he greeted Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy did notice.

"The poor boy’s homesick. I’ll just mother him all I can," she determined.

A few hours later two girls upstairs were wondering when that young man was going and when the old minister was coming. The caller must be some sort of an agent, they decided.

It was evening now. The supper table had been cleared and the dishes washed, while Miss Lucy and her guest worked and joked together like two happy children. They made a pleasing picture as they sat there before the tiny fireplace. The man, in whose eyes glowed boyish pleasure, the serenely contented Miss Lucy who had forgotten all her difficulties,—even the dispute with her dearest friend. The man looked appreciatively around the room.

"This is the best place—the most like home."

Miss Lucy’s face flushed with joy.

"I’m so glad you like my little home, and I do hope you’ll
come here as often as you can. It is quiet and restful here, never any excitement."

The fire snapped in the fireplace, the clock ticked on the mantle shelf, tiny fire spirits stole into the room and played delightful little games. Next door they could see Mrs. Baxter as she sat by the window mending. Mr. Baxter was still at work in the barn. The stillness seemed to hold them speechless.

Then came a crash, a rattle, a bang, scream after scream, and then a thud. The little house was shaken, and seemed to quiver in fright. The confusion did not stop. It increased until a bedlam of noise rushed toward the farmhouse.

Mrs. Baxter had jumped to her feet at the first sound. Before her eyes danced the words, "End of the World Predicted." Out of doors she rushed and straight for the cottage, for there the end of the world seemed to be starting. Into the front door she burst just as Miss Lucy and her guest were hurrying up the front stairs. She forgot that she had quarreled with her friend.

"Oh, Lucy Jane," she cried, "let's be together in the end!"

Up the stairs they followed Miss Lucy, straight toward the spare room door. Three new actors entered the confusion of the room. The minister was clutched by two girlish hands, while a shrill voice screamed in his ear, "Kill him! Kill him!" Alone in the middle of the high bed, skirts held tight in two small hands, Miss Ruth Ambrose danced and hopped. Mrs. Baxter clasped fragile Miss Lucy in her arms.

"Don't be afraid, Lucy Jane. You and me's still friends. It's just the end, Lucy Jane, just the end."

"End of what?" gasped Miss Lucy.

"The world!" yelled Mrs. Baxter.

Across the room scuttled a terrified, little gray object. It was not the end of the world—it was just a mouse.
A VALENTINE

By George W. Flint, ’71

All hail to the day, which St. Valentine christened,
When love is the sentiment dear to the heart
Of every young swain and fair maiden, who’ve listened
To the cooing and wooing of Cupid’s soft art.

Although we have passed the noon of such pleasure,
And Young Love forgets us, we will not repine,
We’ll bask in your friendship—, we count it a treasure,
And send you this token of St. Valentine.

E’en if there’s no lover, who breathes his devotion
To a heart that is fervent, a soul that is pure,
Remember that friendship is deep as the ocean,
And, though calm on its surface, will ever endure.

Young Love is a schemer; short circuits the wire
That touches the center of your heart and mine;
It makes us get gay at the sound of the lyre,
And the songs that we sing to our St. Valentine.

This life is a puzzle. We all try to solve it,
And find the true answer, each one in his time.
It matters but little how much we revolve it.
We encounter this factor of St. Valentine.

May the day bring you joy and infinite pleasure,
And love in your heart its sweet glories enshrine,
That you in your gladness may reap in rich measure
All blessings vouchsafed by our St. Valentine.
Sunset: Silently, without warning, darkness closes on us through fading tree-trunks. But it finds us not unprepared. During the last half-hour a little hollow between giant maples has transformed itself into a luxurious bedroom with balsam couch and triangular stone fireplace, our defense against the horrors of the gloom. A pile of deadwood, sufficient material for a long siege, completes the furnishings.

Here, with battery masked, we await the enemy’s approach. The watch is not long, though his advance is so insidious that he is upon us ere we are aware of his presence. A flickering match touches a bit of birchbark, sparks creep up into dry leaves, and with a crackling volley our first discharge is launched against the foe.

With the magic glow of the little pile of deadwood, the enemy retreats; a vague, boundless, intangible universe of dim shapes against a background of darkness, is transformed into a miniature world of our own. A few tree-trunks, effectual barriers against other worlds, leafy curtains overhead, with here and there a pale star glimmering through, paling and brightening, as our blaze dies down for a moment, or, discovering new fuel, leaps up again in flame: this is our horizon, these bound our universe, known only to us, and to the wondering senses of sharp-eyed creatures, who gazed down amazed, at this little daylight, in that which, according to their whole previous experience, should be night.

This is our world, cut off from all other parts of earth, for this night at least. What matters it to us? The endless stream of human struggle and rivalry, ebbing, flowing; each, with pitiful eagerness, struggling to add his mite to swell the current: all this is far away and beyond our sphere. Love, Hate, Envy, Rivalry, miniature components of what men call Life—all are dissolved away in the bigger, grander life of the big
This night we are free, children of Mother Earth, come back to our primeval home.

A few sounds remind us of our nearness to other spheres. Somewhere, not many rods away, a roaring mountain stream leaps and rushes in its initial spurt of the long race to the sea. Pemigewasset, the Indians named him, and that he is called today. To us, however, his roar is but the music from other worlds, echoing through the universe, received and welcomed into our own. Far away, and above us, where at sunrise we shall recognize the peak of old Lafayette, firm and immovable as the earth of which it forms a part, we hear the cry of a night-bird, startled, perhaps, at our distant light.

This is our world, this the universe which concentrates itself upon our senses, as we lie upon our couch of twigs, rousing only to replenish the fire, which leaps and crackles with seeming consciousness of its own importance. Ah, the mystery, the magic of a campfire! A forest, darkness, a heap of kindled branches, and a thousand centuries melt away, man is clothed once more in wolf-skins, the little creatures of the gloom are his brothers by a common bond of danger and primeval joys. A rustling of leaves, the crashing of a large body through distant bushes, and senses, dormant for ages, rouse themselves with a painful start, as he gropes instinctively for his stone hatchet. Muscles awake, after an eon’s disuse, in a vain attempt to raise the bristles of what was once a heavy mane, but of which evolution, and the habits of civilization have left but a pitiful remnant. His environment narrowed, his enlarged view cut off, the medley of shrieking locomotives and hissing steam silenced, old instinctive associations are aroused, and though still the ruler of earth, the intellectual rivalry, the triumphs of science, the pleasures of art, merge into one common trunk, and man is content to revert to his former physical existence.

Thus we rest, imbibing at every breath more of the romance and savagery of prehistoric life. Few words are exchanged. They are not needed. Talk is, after all, pitifully cheap. Through conversation, we believe, we get to know our fellow-beings. But in spite of a large number of intimate friends,
how many of us ever really know one another? Ours is, at best, a solitary existence, and though under the magic touch of Love, we seem for a moment to peer into the depths of another soul, the vision is but momentary, the emotion dies, the vision fades, we live and die alone, unknown, unknowing.

Gradually our fire dies down, darkness creeps up, this time unnoticed. The leaves have ceased to rustle in the breeze. Only the booming of the rushing waters is heard. All nature seems holding her breath, as if in anticipation of some violent cataclysm, the destruction of a world, our world, perhaps.

As a signal to the waiting universe, a beam of light filters down through the leaves. Dreamily, with growing drowsiness, we watch the glow, now creeping in wavering rays through our curtain, now vanishing entirely, as it is reflected or cut off by the quivering of damp leaves. Brighter and brighter shine the reflections: the beacon is growing. A slight rustle of leaves obscures the luminous rays; pale wavering blotches filter through the meshes and are scattered like snow upon the ground. Then as the branches sway for a moment, our sleep-dimmed eyes catch full view of a pure white disk of silver, outlined against the rugged brow of the mountain, and the full moon smiles kindly down upon us, bringing sleep, the blessed of the open air and the forest.
"ALL IS WELL"

By Cecilia A. Christensen, '19

It is spring in the Northland. Valleys are cool with softly breathing winds, and forests feel the exhilaration of a new birth. The first bird-note breaks the tense silence which long enshrouded the world; every tiny bud oozes out gladness. High above the plains rises the mount of the gods, where Odin, ruler of the immortals and father of men, holds court in a huge, rock-hewn hall. For months his door has been barred behind a great bank of ice, but at length his mighty torch is raised, and the barrier between men and their father vanishes.

The peasants are pulling down their shutters to let in the first warm ray of sunlight, while from time to time are heard the voices of women calling to each other: "Ho! Odin hath awakened from his winter’s sleep. He sends us warmth and cheer. Ho!"

Now comes one of the peasants forth from the smallest cottage—his figure alert, and blood tingling with the hope of young manhood—and turns glad, shining eyes to the mountain cave. He walks with proud step straight up the narrow and uncertain path, never faltering, not once lowering his exultant gaze from the height above him. The ascent is long and hard, but the man rises over stones and waterfalls with the bearing of the god himself. As he nears the top, he pauses to break off a twig bearing tiny buds, symbolic of new life—his offering to the great father.

He reaches the entrance of Odin’s palace and beats upon the doorpost with his staff, heretofore unused. From within the call, "Who knocks there?" causes the visitor’s heart to bound with joy and with fear.

"'Tis Mime," he hastens to reply. The same instant he finds himself inside the huge hall, face to face with the supreme ruler of mortals, Odin, the benignant.

"I have been given a son. O Father, my first-born. I come
seeking your blessing. Look now with favor upon the child, that he may grow to wisdom and valor.’

The god nods assent. ‘Go in peace, Mime. It shall be as thou sayest. All is well with thy son.’

With contented heart, the young father descends the steep path by which he came, and joyously enters his home.

Years pass. Today the sun is hot, and the atmosphere oppressive, relieved only by that reluctant breeze of sultry midsummer. The peasants are again singing, this time over their work in the fields. ’Tis the very ripeness of the year, and Mime again sets his face toward Valhalla. His step on the mountainside is less boyant, but not less sure. His face shows the strength of middle age, tempered with patience and fortitude. The gift to Odin this time is a perfect rose, which Mime gathers at the foot of the rugged path. He looks at the flower and smiles, for the full-blown petals are symbolic of his fully realized hopes.

Odin greets his guest on the very threshold of the palace. His arms are outstretched, as if in approbation, even before the boon is asked.

‘I would marry my son to the fair Sieglinde, daughter of Hunding. Bless this union, Great Father, and bestow happiness upon my son.’

‘As thou hast said, Mime. All is well with thy son.’

It is late fall in the Northland. The earth is bleak, and men keep close to their hearth-fires. A cruel, biting wind sweeps over the mountain, bending the great trees and scattering bare branches upon the ground. In the half-darkness, a bent old man stumbles up the side. With the aid of his stick, he picks his way slowly and painfully upward to the door of Valhalla. The darkness and the gale increase, and the path becomes still more difficult to follow.

Mime climbs on, battling with the keen blast and often slipping back; but at last he gains the top, and falls, chilled and exhausted, before the entrance of the great hall. This, too, is dark and forbidding. The man grasps a handful of dead leaves and crawls to the stone door, but the god does not appear in response to his feeble knocking. Mime persists, though in
dread and despair. No show of welcome comes from within. Now a cry of anguish escapes his trembling lips. Even at the same time the fierce wind seems to have died down. A kind of subdued light fills the place. Mime, still cowering on the ground, feels the soft breath and the light of the approaching spirit. The vision is Odin himself, who speaks in reproachful tones:

"Hath doubt seized upon thee?"

The old man stammers eagerly:

"O All-powerful Father, my son lies dead, the victim of a wasting fever. Give me assurance that he suffers no more."

"Fear not, but go in peace, Mime. All is well with thy son."
SOME FUTURIST PROSE

The sun had risen. At the top of the hill, outlined against the rising mists, stood the little Scotchman. Suddenly his arm lifted, his outstretched finger pointing toward the east. Myer, at the stock ticker, had uttered a startled exclamation, and dropped heavily to the floor. The policeman watched him for a moment with an assumed interest, and then, turning sharply about, leaped upon the camel driver, who had been casting furtive glances out into the darkness. The two men crashed to the deck in a struggling heap. The captain was already standing over them with a belaying pin, looking for a good opening, when the curtains parted and the herald stepped into the room.

"The Queen! the Queen!" he cried.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the conductor, tugging viciously at the signal cord. "My own mistake," he added in hasty explanation, as the ranchman's head appeared at the top of the staircase.

When our car stopped, Murphy lighted another cigar. The manager was apparently relying upon the advice of his sister-in-law. In another moment, Gerard was free. The election had been unanimous. Enthusiasm was at its highest pitch. The expressman, however, had not arrived. I glanced about cautiously. The street organ could still be heard. Even then, all would have been well if the tent flap had been securely fastened. The snow had not begun to fall, and our task was as yet unfinished.

The sun had risen.

—'19
EVOlUTION

Freshman: "I want to do my own work."
Sophomore: "I wonder if I've got that right?"
Junior: "Say, what's your answer?"
Senior: "Hey, let's copy that, will you?"

—The Beacon.
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