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JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

TADASHI FUJIMOTO, 1919

Like an ambitious child full of hope and energy, with ever widening horizon of vision, with nourishment abundant from without, with an unswerving faith and unbending will within, through toil and struggle against every odd and difficulty that from time to time has endangered her racial and national integrity, Japan has grown from infancy to maturity. In shaping her national life, imbued with the spirit of loyalty and patriotism, she has had two things constantly in view: In the first place, she must advance to the rank of the first class powers of the world, and in the second, she must guide the destiny of the Far East.

In the past, before the opening of Japan’s door for international intercourse, the Japanese people were forced to confine themselves within the very limited area of a small island. Such an exclusive policy adopted by the powerful Tokugawa Government was largely due to the aggressive propagation of Christianity from Europe with a secret political design behind. The effort to thwart this ambitious motive of a foreign power at once kindled a fire of patriotism of the Nipponese. Inspired by the spirit of national unity and self-government, the authority at the head of the Government issued a proclamation against foreigners with the words “Japan must be ruled by the Nipponese.” With a momentous decision and terrible persecution she swept all the Christian monks, priests, and even the native
converts out of the country, and shut her door against foreigners and forbade her people to go abroad. Hence, for nearly three centuries the Japanese people lived a peaceful national life.

Such a life, however, naturally made the Japanese homogeneous and made them imagine in their self-complacency that theirs was the only country on earth. Their ignorance of the world outside was so ridiculous that they were utterly perplexed when Commodore Perry came to Japan in 1853; they knew not what to do. Panic and confusion reigned for a time, and the conclusion of the whole matter was the enforced opening of the country for foreign trade. The treaty signed with the United States was followed by like treaties with other nations. The Japanese did not know at the time of the true significance of the international treaties. Like a fool gudgeon Japan consented to the bait of extra-territorial rights of foreigners and fixed her tariff rates exceedingly low. In short treaties were made which were unfair to Japan; morally they were humiliating and practically very inconvenient.

Then a revolution followed and the Government was restored to Emperor Meiji, and the Constitutional Government was adopted. Thus the whole nation united for the advancement of new civilization and power. Within three score and ten years Japan has successfully revised her much abused treaties, and in the successive victories in Chino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese Wars she has won a military prestige among the powers of the world. Through rapid absorption and adaptation of Western civilization and culture into her national life, the recent enormous industrial and economic expansion, and her loyal co-operation with the Allies, she has gained the confidence of the world. Furthermore, in view of famous Ishii-Lansing Agreement Japan has come to promise with the United States her absolute territorial integrity regarding her foreign policy, and thus has thrown a light upon the history of the world diplomacy.

In the past twenty years Japan has worked faithfully and industriously to improve the conditions of backward nations. She has spent more than half a billion dollars for her own national treasury on her colonial and overseas administration.
Peace and order have been steadily maintained, and filthy towns were made clean towns where any civilized people can live and trade.

During these years the United States has been a true and perpetual friend of Japan. Under the leadership and instruction of typical American teachers, scholars, missionaries, and statesmen she has been a faithful student and now has grown to be a powerful nation. In truth the Japanese people feel at the bottom of their hearts the real greatness of true American people. The influence of America is especially strong in Christian circles, and these Christians are to be the vital factors that will play an important part in making the greatness of the future nation. In these few years Christian propagation in Japan with the co-operative effort of American Missionaries has shown a remarkable progress throughout the country.

At this time of the world crisis Japan and the United States have come to feel a genuine friendship as has never been seen before. Unfortunately, however, there has been a group of people in both countries, who with their peculiar racial instinct, without foundation lasting in its principle, and without a progressive and constructive program for uplifting humanity, have been against each other with extreme suspicion and hate. This Jingoist or Yellow Journalist is the most dangerous and worst enemy against which nations today must fight to safeguard their national integrity and honour.

With our progressive and constructive programs for humanity and for lasting ideals, let us hope that the friendship between the United States and Japan may forever be founded upon the onward march of Christian civilization and that the institutions of the highest ideals may be kept alive and be extended into Asia without molestation of political aggrandizement.

May Japan and the United States, the mightiest nations of the extreme East and West, work always in unity, and may their unswerving faith and determination enable them to attain their vision of Universal Brotherhood and International Democracy.
In a certain little eastern town a rich old mansion, owned by several heirs, was with all its furnishings given to the Red Cross. The most valuable treasures of the old home were certain golden ornaments in the so called “altar room.” How many people in the little town know how these ornaments were saved from burglary, or how many people know why peace came in November of this year?

The dust lay thick in all the corridors of the deserted mansion. The low-sinking western sun peered thru the open shutter and, seeing only cobwebs and gloom, dropped below the friendly woods. The sleepy breeze, hesitating at the broken window, met the mustiness and dampness of the interior and fled to the tangle of weeds that marked the old garden. The spirit of a 1918 June crept to the still stately portico, then, shrinking before the spirit of a long ago November, it, too, left the mansion.

Only the child kept on. The same firm purpose that had led her thru the broken cellar window was guiding her straight toward the altar room. No dust, no gloom, no unknown ghost of the past could halt her slow but steady steps. Down the long corridor, a turn to the right, up the winding dark stairway, a turn to the left—and there was the altar room just as grandmother had so often described it in the warmth and cosiness of the home living-room. At the thought of the comfort and protection of home a shudder of dread shook the child, but resolutely she turned the knob of the altar room door.

The whole familiar story of that long ago November—just as grandmother had told it—flashed thru her mind—the grandeur of the old home, the wealth of the furnishings, the dignity of the men, the beauty of the women. Then, so the story ran, when effort and money had brought to the mansion treasures
from all the world, when the glory of the family name and hap-
iness had reached its height the time-old trouble came. The
beautiful daughter learned to love a young servant in the house.
How well grandmother could remember the girl—the tossing of
the black curls, the sparkle of the dark eyes, the grace of the
lithe young figure, and, above all, the vivacity and charm of
manner. Grandmother and the other children had called her
“the white lady,” because of the softly clinging white she al-
ways wore. When it became known that the cherished daughter
had given her love to a mere servant, the father, just as the child
had learned was proper in stories, had raged and threatened,
but the daughter’s will matched his own. Bitterness followed
rage and one day in the altar room a servant had heard the
father pray that death should come to his home rather than a
marriage that to him was dishonor. On that same day the
daughter left the old mansion with her lover, and not two miles
from its doors the sleigh had overturned and the white lady was
brought back to the altar room for the last time. The prayer
had been answered. Then the home was closed and for these
many years it had been left alone with its splendor and its mem-
ories. And so in the country-side the story ran that the “white
lady’s” spirit returned to the altar room to kneel and pray,
and, too, the saying was that any prayer breathed before that
altar would be answered.

That was why the child had come. That was all that could
have urged her to that spot shunned by all the village children.
Shuddering she slipped her hand from the knob. “And they
say that a petition breathed before that altar will be granted.”
The words ran in her ears. Grandmother had said that and
Grandmother knew. Resolutely she turned the knob and pushed
with all her slight strength against the heavy oak door. Slowly
it opened. A dull moan trembled on the heavy air. Was it the
movement of the door or wasn’t it. Blindly the child flung herself
before the altar as it gleamed white-draped in the darkness of
the room. Catching her breath in a half-sob she listened for the
moan again, but silence, an absolute and awesome quiet, more
dreadful even than the moan had settled upon the altar room.
Oh, to slip from that room of horror and to flee to the cheeriness of home! But again the words beat thru her consciousness, "a petition breathed before that altar shall be granted." That gave new impulse, new courage. With pinched-shut eyes, and tensely-clenched hands she softly whispered her petition.

"Dear Father in Heaven," the words came falteringly, "help my father to win the war and to come back safe from France to mamma and papa and me. And, too, God, please look out for all the boys and tell them that I love them all. Amen."

She lifted her bowed head in relief, but, listen, a shuffling in the corridor, a hesitating at the door, a turning knob. The child's head dropped to the altar. Her dark curls lay tangled on the white covering. A strained, muffled moan came to her lips.

That moan, that still, white figure, those tumbled, black curls to the superstitious mind of the burglar could have but one meaning—"the white lady,"—"the white lady" herself had returned to protect the golden treasures of her altar. Little did the man care now for those treasures which he had come to steal. All that he asked was a safe escape from the ghost of the altar room.

The child heard a door banged, shut, unsteady, hurrying footsteps stumbling down the stairway, and all was still again.

Some moments later as she sped down the long corridors, as she again crept thru the broken cellar window back to the land of today, over and over the joyful thought was repeated, "The war'll end soon, anyhow, an' won't my mamma be surprised when I tell her I did."
I have waited so long
Now the town is before me
A queer, joyful feeling increases each moment
My comprehension is inadequate
But I am happy.
The town is really here
The street
Each house
One after the other
The church
And the patch of grass in the square.
My house appears
Plain
And yet transfigured
There is a new spirit about it
That comes out and envelopes me.
I go up the rough hewn rocks
That serve as steps,
In the doorway
Waits Mother
How little she is
And yet how big
The whole of life
Even the old scrubbed floor speaks a welcome.
My black cat rubs against my legs
I am at home.
It is lots of fun to meet, a whole crowd of you, all home from different colleges, eager and willing to compare notes, share experiences, and prove, to yourself, at least, that your college is the very best of them all. Before the evening is over somebody says, "Let's sing college songs," and here it is that the Bates man or woman either pleads that he is not much at singing, or tries his best to sing in on the songs he knows slightly, trusting to luck that once in awhile he will hit the right words. Then, somebody says "What are some of your Bates songs" A long pause, and at last comes the answer, "Well, we have the Alma Mater, and—and one or two other songs, but I can't remember any of them."

Other colleges have college songs that all the students know,
EDITIORIAL BOARD, 1918

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“Well, we have the Alma Mater, and—and one or two other
songs, but I can’t remember any of them.”

Other colleges have college songs that all the students know,
EDITORIAL BOARD, 1918
Bates has one song that most of the students know. Is it that there is something about the atmosphere of Bates which is unfavorable to music? Is it that Bates students cannot and do not care for singing? Of course it is absurd to think such a thing. We know better. Individual singing or music in small groups has been very successful, but a crowd of students without copies of words or music to read from are very nearly utterly songless. It is true that under the regime of the S. A. T. C. more songs were heard on the campus than there ever were before. They were, however, most of them, songs of the minute, they were sung well and heartily, but will soon be forgotten. What have we to take their places? Popular songs are all right and have their place, but what we need are songs that do not grow stale with age, songs that are typical of Bates and Bates life, good catchy, melodious, easily learned and hard to be forgotten Bates songs. Also, and of equal importance we need a college song book.

College songs do not of necessity need to be modeled after the Alma Mater, and be mere songs of praise of college and campus. Such songs are excellent, and we could well have more of them, but the humorous little couplet set to music deserves a place in a college song book quite as much as the more dignified compositions.

There are infinite possibilities for subjects for songs at Bates. Her grounds, her traditions, her beauties all could be well sung. Then, too, you hear now and then on the campus a phrase that apparently hits the fancy of the college students. Even the old favorite “Shave and a haircut,” and the mighty response “Bay rum,”, has musical possibilities. The old chant “Says I to myself” is not so lacking in appeal, and “Doggone that Bell” and other of the girls’ selections surely ought not to be forgotten.

What we need at Bates is a college song book. The whole world has learned to sing during the last few years. Bates does not want to be behind the times, but in order to sing there must be songs to sing. We need Bates songs, we need the co-operation, and enthusiasm necessary for getting together and publishing a Bates Song Book, we need the spirit and zest that will
make the songs popular if they are published. If the oppor-
tunity is offered to you Boom the song book, if no one says any-
thing about it start to boom it on your own account. We need a Bates Song book, and of course we all want it. Why then
don’t we have it?

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AMERICANISM

IDA TAYLOR, ’20

Seven years ago on a bright May morning I made my en-
trance into America as a happy, carefree child. Today, for the first time, I feel something within me which demands expression, something which I am going to call Americanism. Seven years, did I say? and you wonder why it took so long. Let me tell you.

On that eventful morning when I clung to the deck-rail and stretched my neck to catch sight of Boston Harbour, I had a childish presentiment that all this wonderful land was expecting me, was even stretching out its arms to welcome me. The ship made its slow progress into the harbour and I had ample time to consider that splendid statue which stands at the entrance to the harbour and which may be seen as soon as land itself. To my youthful fancy it seemed to say, “Behold! the Land of Promise awaits you. Welcome.” So occupied was I in attempting to take in all the new situations, sights and sounds as we landed that I even failed to recognize my long-suffering Dad as he hastened forward to claim the rest of his little family.

We spent the first few days in a whirl of countless expe-
riences, a hurry-seurry of people hastening hither and yon, and a flutter of girls with tremendous butterfly bows on the backs of their heads. I remember the butterfly bows especially be-
cause to my sister and me with hair hanging loose in the char-
acteristic English fashion, those yards and yards of ribbon perched on the heads of girls of our own age, was a strange sight. After a few more days of sight-seeing and introduction to
strange customs, we arrived at our new home and our new life in America began. I must pause a moment here and explain to you the attitude of most Englishmen on coming to America.

At home the English child hears comparatively little of America. As he grows older he gets the impression that America is a place where men do as they please, where there is no pomp and ceremony, in fact, America is the independent younger of the English-speaking family. He comes to this country with this thought in mind. He is not like the Italian or some other foreigner who enters an almost unknown land, meets different people, different customs and a strange race and tongue. The Britisher comes in the elder brother attitude. Behind him are centuries of narrow conservatism, years of ancestral pride in king and country taught to him by England’s struggle for supremacy. He looks out on America as a land partly his by inheritance, partly by bonds of relationship. And what of America?

To return to my story,—we children at once entered school and our troubles began. The ninth grade was taking American history, and we arrived at the opportune moment of the Revolutionary War. The teacher, with lack of tact, or you may say, with deserving censure, made us the objects of his “slams.” We were especially informed of every battle in which the English turned and fled, of their utter inability to cope with America, in fact of their utter inferiority. This may all have been true or said merely in the spirit of tantalization but in the language of my American, it certainly was “letting us down hard.” So all the time we were on our guard for such attitudes and naturally met instead of a warm welcome, a rather cold, defiant greeting.

As I grew older I determined to see things in a different light. I began to consider myself one of the mass and to occupy a place solely my own. Now and again that feeling of resentment made itself felt but I remembered that these people had a right in this free-born land, which was theirs by conquest, to demand something in return of those who would share it with them. Then, and not till then, could I stand with the crowd and join
with whole-heartedness in the singing of "America."

Then the United States joined the struggling armies of the Allies, and when ones' own brother marches away under "Old Glory" all barriers against that flag are apt to totter. Here was another bond drawing me nearer to the great heart of America.

Then one morning an army officer told us about the spirit of the American troops. Perhaps it was the influence of this noble presentation of American ideals, perhaps it was merely the natural result of attempts to assimilate, but from that time I have dimly realized that just as America is an individual land that has sprung from innate desires and aspirations so true Americanism is formed in the soul, in the consciousness and conception of the individual. There is no definition; Americanism exists in the personal ideals and inspirations of a cosmopolitan people.

So without forgetting all the dear memories of the old country, I am laying claim to a country which is my own because in my heart I call it my own.

LIGHT AND DARK SPOTS

CHARLES E. PACKARD, '19

A cross
A step or two
And then another cross.
So few
Have left, unscarred,
Those tortured fields of France!
Ah, very few!
Yet, scarred or unscarred, in life or death
They are our heroes, brave and true!

"You're a bloke!
I'd let the son-of-a-gun choke!
I'm thru
With the whole blamed crew.
And you
Give th' Hun a drink
When You saw him sink?
Now Bill, did you?"

A thirst
That dried and burned and parched
A cruel thirst
Something, somewhere dripped blood
Cold as an icy flood
Then heat,
A stifling, searing heat.
Swift as the pulsing surge and beat
Of fevered mood
Came a thick sweep of shell
And nothing stood.

"You ask me did I give the Hun a drink?
I say, pal, what d'ya think
I'd do?
I cursed the dog, and then
Blame me, I couldn't see him die
Without a drop or two.
And life was sweet, even to him, no doubt
As 'tis to me and you.
So I give him a drink.
God, but he needed it tho!

A star
Glovs faint
And seems afar
To vanish
In a dish of morning mist
Or dew.
A cloud or two
Hang low
And in the East
A strip of red
Burns thru
Ah, but the world is old,
So very, very old,
Nothing is new!

HOW TO BECOME A FURNACE MAN

FRANK HAMLEN, '21

There is a famous recipe for cooking rabbit stew which begins like this: "First, catch your rabbit." The first step, however, in becoming a furnace man is not to get your furnace; it is to be absolutely sure of your ability to run a furnace. This ability means much more than mere mechanical skill. Little of that is needed. What is needed is ability to gauge the weather and the moods of your employers for a day in advance; some native shrewdness; a great deal of tact; a little courage; patience greater than that of Job; no small amount of persuasiveness; and, above all, a good memory.

If you feel that you have all these qualifications then you may take steps to secure a furnace to run. There are several ways to do this. The best method is to let it be noised abroad that you would be willing, for a consideration, to take care of a furnace. Possibly the next week, but more probable the next month, or perhaps not until the next year will you have the opportunity you wish. This only goes to show the need of patience. But, if you are shrewd, you will not accept the position offered you at once. You will find out something about your prospective employer or employers. At this point you must remember this fact: whoever may pay the bills, the real employer of the furnace man is the woman of the household. If your employer is to be a maiden lady, or a childless widow with penurious attributes or a scanty supply of good humor, you will find some tactful means of declining the position. If your employer is to be a woman who has or who has had several children, you will accept the position on the spot. Under other conditions you will either
be very careful, or, afterwards, very sorrowful. In closing the bargain you must be very diplomatic. You must give the idea that only as a favor are you giving your services at all. At the same time you must convey the impression that the greater your remuneration, the better your services.

The position once secured you will next have some one show you the furnace. Your guide will point out the defects and eccentricities of the furnace. You will be told how your predecessor has run the furnace; also how your guide thinks it should be run. The manipulation of the checks, drafts, and automatic regulator, if there is one, will be explained to you. You will be told where and in what quantities coal should be put on. If you are foresighted enough to request it, you will learn of the disposition of the ashes. Then, after everything that you and your guide can think of has been discussed and explained to your complete satisfaction, you will be given a key to the house. This is the final stage in becoming a furnace man.

MIGNONETTE
IZETTA WOLFE, '19

The old-fashioned garden was serenely beautiful that evening. The faint and delicate perfume from a thousand flowers, the rose, the mignonette, the sweet alyssum—all flowers of yesterday—the flowers that grandma loves—scented the air. The old walls covered with training vines and ivy were tinted with the purple haze of twilight. Here and there a lily lifted its sweet face to catch a bit of the cooling, evening dew or allow a giant emperor moth to light upon its petals and swing in the gentle breeze, the breeze which stirred the quiet water at the fountain base into tiny ripples which shone like numberless jewels in the path of the rising moon. The light breeze gradually died away. The air became sultry. Slowly the ivy twined gate opened and a man came into the garden. For a time he stood in the twilight, hat in hand, and gazed toward the house upon the terraces. Finally he seated him-
self on a stone bench in the full light of the moon which by this time had risen high. The burden of long years had stooped the once stately shoulders, and the hair had long ago taken on the tints of newly fallen snow. The man’s face was pathetically sweet here under the searching moonbeams. Again a breeze sprang up and stirred the flowers’ heads. Their mingled odor filled the air. The old man moved. He stooped and picked a piece of fragrant mignonette which was growing at his feet. For a time he sat thinking, gazing at the flower in his hand. Presently he spoke.

“Mignonette! How many memories it holds!”

The scene changed for him. He had gone back many years to his boyhood. It was moonlight in his mother’s garden. He could smell again the fragrant mignonette and hear the dull surge of the waves on the beach not far away. A vision of his mother in her accustomed place rose before him. Oh, happy childhood! The man was awakened from his reverie by two tiny hands placed upon his eyes.

“Oh, grandpa, guess who it is.”

“I guess I don’t know, sonny.”

“There, I knew you couldn’t guess. Well, it’s Junior.”

The child climbed down and seated himself in his grandfather’s lap.

“It’s hot inside, grandpa, and I slipped out, ’cause nurse’s asleep. Tell me ’bout the time when you were a little boy ’bout so high.” He measured as high as his knee and settled down contentedly for the story which grandpa never failed to tell.

“When I was a boy? That’s a long time ago, Junior. Let me think. Did I ever tell you about the Cartwrights next door? No? Well, it was an exciting day when the Cartwrights moved in. I had no brothers and sisters, and I can remember how anxiously I watched to see if there were any boys in the Cartwright family. The first day I saw none, but I felt sure there must be so I waited, rather impatiently, I confess, until school time came on Monday. It was Saturday that they moved in. I arrived at school rather early and
waited. The school bell rang, but still no Cartwright boys appeared. We had just finished our morning exercises when there was a knock at the door, a thing which caused intense excitement at that time. The door was opened, and not a Cartwright boy but a girl came in. I had not thought of a girl so I was surprised. She was such a pretty child. I can see her now with her sparkling brown eyes and smooth hair neatly tied with a bright ribbon. Every seat was taken except the other half of mine, and the teacher brought her up to sit with me. I felt awkward and strange and hardly looked at her when she took her seat. All the morning we sat very still. At noon I sped home to tell mother of the pretty little girl next door. From that time we became fast friends. When I failed in class there was always a word of sympathy and extra kindness on her part which I tried to overbalance with the largest and juiciest apples from my father's prize orchard or the prettiest flowers from mother's garden. Everything she received with the same charming sweetness. So we grew up bound fast together by the ties of closest friendship. All childish secrets and disappointments were talked over—she giving advice as best she could. Then at last we were through high school."

For a minute the old man looked fondly at the sprig of mignonette and continued not noticing that Junior had fallen asleep.

"It seems but yesterday." The man was musing now. "How beautiful Marjorie was that night we received our diplomas. 'Twas no fancy affair like the graduation of now-a-days, just some speeches and the like, but somehow or other everything was painted in glowing colors. Things were different than they had been in our childhood. Marjorie had grown up. Her hair, the one thing that was glorious about Marjorie, had been piled high on her head, and her dress was much longer than it had formerly been. Again I felt strange. Marjorie was much more interesting in short dresses and pig-tail. That first summer of being grown up passed uneventfully. We saw much of each other but there were no longer the childish confidences.
September came with its autumnal glory. For two months I had been all excitement; for September meant college with its wonderful opportunities. The night before my departure I met Marjorie in her mother's garden.' The old man paused a minute to wipe a tear away and continued. ‘There was so much to be said, yet neither of us could say it. We talked of the things that I should see, of what college would mean to me, and when it was time for me to leave, she picked a sprig of mignonette and gave it to me. In the morning I left my home for the college many miles away. At first letters came frequently from Marjorie—letters bubbling over with the joy of life. And then gradually they grew less frequent a thing which troubled me greatly, a thing which I never confided to anyone. I had been in college scarcely a year when the Civil War broke out, and, filled with enthusiasm, I enlisted. A very hasty trip was made to my home. Marjorie was spending the day with friends in town so I did not meet her altho I longed to see her, to ask her why she had written so little of late. For months no news came from her, and, when at length word did come thru a friend it was only the announcement of her marriage to someone of whom I had never heard. Never had I realized how I loved her until that day. It seemed as if that man had stolen away my very life and had left me in utter darkness. For a time I felt I must see her. But what would be the use! She had probably never cared for me. My life lost its interest, a great void surrounded me. The eye becomes accustomed to the light after it has been in darkness so I became accustomed to life with its missing joy and did my work not for the love of it but because it was the task allotted to me. In time I married your grandmother. Yes, I admired her, but it was never a great love that bound us together. She knew that I could never love her as I loved Marjorie. And yet Mary and I were very happy together.’

Again the man stooped to gaze fondly at the bit of mignonette. The night wind was softly sighing among the pines upon the hill. The man took up the broken thread of his story.

Yes, I found out long after why she did it all—Marjorie, I
mean. She left a letter for me to be read after her death. Each word is graven in my heart.

"Could you believe that I did not love you? Nothing that I did was complete without your share in it. After the war broke out and Richard came with the news (I do not know where he learned it) that you died gloriously I felt that life was no longer worth living, but since father had also given his life I knew mother needed me, and when Richard urged our marriage I consented. And now, dear John, you know that even in death I thought of you and wanted you. Yet a little and we shall meet.'

"Marjorie! Yes—I'm coming." The old man tried to rise but could not because of the sleeping child. A bright light shone about him and before him stood Marjorie resplendent in the beauty of her youth—a sweet smile on her girlish face and her arms extended in welcome.

"Where can Junior be?" The voice of the child's mother was heard, and a light step neared the bench. "Oh, he's here, John, with Grandpa, and"—She came near enough to touch the head of the child—"they are both asleep. Grandpa, the air is growing chilly, now. You had better come in." She stooped, wondering why grandpa did not answer and touched the hand which had now become cold.

"Oh, John, come!"

HER FIRST FUNERAL

'19

Little Frances Logan came out of the back door of her house and sat down on the railing of the little veranda. The Dutchman's pipe vine that climbed over the porch had almost screened it, and Frances, with crisp pink skirts and a pink bow on the top of her well brushed dark curls, was framed in glossy green leaves. The early afternoon sunshine came slanting, in bringing out shining tints in the green of the leaves.
touching the little girl’s dark hair with a hint of gold, and making her face glow with a sunny radiance. She stayed perched there on the railing for a few moments, her eyes dancing with expectation—a whole beautiful afternoon ahead of her with all sorts of wonderful things that might happen. What should she do first? There was the problem.

Frances got down from the porch railing, went down the steps and skipped out the walk to the street. She looked down the street, then up and across. Then suddenly, “Lo ’Lisbeth,” she called joyfully to a little girl on the other side of the street. “Lo, Frank”, came back the answer, “’What yer doin’?’” “Nothing, yet, what are you?” “I jest come out. Come on over.” “All right!” called Frances and crossed the street.

Elizabeth, rather light of complexion and with pink, plump cheeks was arrayed in a blue gingham dress with beautifully ironed pleats.

“Let’s sit on the steps,” she said, and she sat down on the top step very carefully and slowly.

“I guess I didn’t wrinkle ’em any,” she said, and she smoothed the plaits lovingly with her fingers.

“Huh! what if you did.” commented Frances, flouncing down on the step beside Elizabeth. “Hope I do get mine wrinkled an’ then I’ll have a fresh dress to-morrer. If I kept this too good, I’d hev to wear it again. I never hev to try to get ’em wrinkled tho,” she finished, “for I always do, anyway’. She jumped up from the step as if anxious not to waste any time by sitting still. “’What we goin’ to do first?’” she asked.

“I dunno!” said Elizabeth. “We can play house.”

“I don’t want to.”

“I don’t either, I guess. I know—let’s play bakeshop. Mother gave me a lovely crinkley cookie cutter yesterday an’ I’ve saved a lot of cocoa cans. I got a round one that will be great for a brown bread loaf.”

“And I’ve got two perfumery bottles that we can play get flavoring out of,” said Frances joyfully, “and an awful big
iron spoon. Come on over with me while I get my dishes and we'll play in your yard, or—no, you bring your dishes over in mine.” Frances' invitation sounded somewhat like demand but Elizabeth didn't notice it.

"All right," she agreed, "The dirt's softer in your yard, and besides the piazza steps make nice shelves for our cakes an' things."

In a very few minutes the two children were over in Frances' yard each with a large mixing bowl and a varied assortment of cans, covers, and discarded kitchen utensils.

"Maybe we'll get too dirty," said Elizabeth. "We're both dressed up an' my dress is bran new."

"Mine ain't, but it's nearly new an' exactly as good as new," said Frances. "But I've heard my mother say that ladies who cook should always look very nice. She wears awfully pretty blue an' white dresses when she cooks things. We'll be cooks, now, an' course we ought to be dressed nice."

"I s'pose so," said Elizabeth.

"I tell you what," stated Frances, "I'm goin' to make a chocolate cake out o' black dirt, an' frost it with white sand."

"I'm goin' to make a white one an' frost it with dark," said Elizabeth her interest entirely eclipsing her vanity. "We can stick tops of flowers on 'em to make 'em look fancy."

"I'm puttin' little teeny leaves 'round this one," said Frances. "It's a birthday cake and it's going to cost a heap."

The bakery business had begun in earnest.

About an hour later Frances' older sister, Grace, came out on the veranda all in soft white even to her hat and gloves. The two children by this time showed decided signs of their trade, their dresses, hands and faces being liberally besmeared with dirt mixture.

"Where you goin'?" asked Frances pausing a moment with uplifted spoon. "Can we go, too?"

"I should say not," said Grace. "How can you children get so dirty? Be sure, Frances, that you sweep off the steps after you get thru with your messing."
Please let us go," teased Frances. "We want some fun, too."

"Frances Logan," said Grace almost sternly. "I'm going to Mary Allen's funeral up to the church. And you talk of fun!" Her eyes filled with tears; Mary had been a dear friend of hers. Quickly she went down the steps, leaving behind her two very puzzled and somewhat vexed children.

To a child of seven who has always been carefully screened from anything gloomy or sorrowful the word, funeral, means very little. The two children only knew that Grace was going somewhere.

"She needn't been so snippy about it," said Frances. "I thought you said your sister was nice," said Elizabeth. "Well, she is, once in a while. I won't be bossed around by her tho. She ain't my mother!"

"Course not, she ain't old enough", said Elizabeth.

"Well I'm glad she ain't. I'd hate to belong to her any more than being her sister. That's bad enough. She is nice tho—sometimes," Frances added with a tinge of loyalty."

"Well, she wan't nice just now."

"No, she might hev let us go with her jest as well as not. She was only goin' up to the church, and mother likes for me to go to church. She says that she wants me to get the habit."

"Do yer know where the church is?" inquired Elizabeth. "Course, I do! Don't mother take me there most every Sunday that it ain't too pleasant. Awfully pleasant Sundays we go ridin' in the auto. I told mother that it made me feel lots happier than goin' to church, but we went to church for a lot of Sundays after that, an' only went on little short rides in the afternoon."

"Is it far to the church?"

"No, not so very. Say we might—mightn't we?" exclaimed Frances. "Will you go if I do?"

"Yes. Do I hev to ask my mother?"

"No, 'Lisbeth," said Frances, "we prob'ly won't go in, and we won't be gone long. She won't care as long as it's to church anyway."
"Are you goin' to ask yours?" demanded Elizabeth. "If you are I'll ask mine."

"N-n-no."

Frances hesitated, then brightened up. "I can't, she's downtown buyin' me some new stockins. I wear 'em out awful fast. 'Sides, I know she'd like for me to go to church. Come along." The children started off, their bakery forgotten.

"I dunno but what I ought to wash my hands," said Elizabeth. "We ain't got the time," said Frances with less grammar than emphasis. "Let's run till we get out of breath then we'll walk till we get our breaths back, an' then run some more." Hand joined in grimy hand the two raced up the street as fast as they could go. Panting and breathless they slowed down, after a little.

"I tell you what, Frank," said Elizabeth, "folks that go to funerals always take flowers."

"How do you know?" demanded Frances.

"Well, I do know. Once my mother went to a funeral, and she had flowers sent. They were most likely too heavy for her to carry herself. I don't think they'll let us in 'less we hev some flowers."

"But maybe we won't go in," ventured Frances.

"No, but we might want to take jest a peek to see what they were doin'."

"Where do you spose we could get some flowers?" said Frances thoughtfully.

"I know the lady that lives in that house over there." said Elizabeth. "There's a whole lot of peonies in her front yard."

"We might ask for some," said Frances. "You'll hev to do the askin' 'long's you know her. I'll ring the doorbell for you," she finished generously.

"I sort of hate to," said Elizabeth.

"Don't be a 'fraid cat," taunted Frances.

"I'm not, Frances Logan, you stop callin' me names."
"Ask her then, if yer’re not scared. There! I’ve rung the bell; now you’ll hev to ask."

The two children waited for someone to answer the bell. Elizabeth put her hands behind her so that the lady wouldn’t see that they were dirty. She stood straight and stiff all ready to make her little speech. She had it already made up for the occasion. "We’re goin’ to a funeral," she would say, "an’ we forgot our flowers. Please may we have some of yours?"

The children waited. Nothing happened. Frances punched the bell again, rising up on her tiptoes to reach it.

"Maybe it didn’t ring," said Elizabeth.

"It did, fer I heard it," said Frances. "Nobody’s home."

"What’ll we do?"

"Well," pondered Frances, "if she was home she’d want us to hev the flowers ’slong as we wanted ’em for a funeral, wouldn’t she?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "an’ she’s awful generous. She sent my mother a lovely cake once, a new kind she learned how to make ’thout any sugar."

"There’s an awful lot of peonies, and we don’t need many," said Frances.

"No, we’ll only take a few," said Elizabeth. "She won’t miss jest a few."

"I wonder will it be stealing," said Frances. We couldn’t—no, of course it ain’t stealing when we ain’t goin’ to keep ’em ourselves at all."

"Who do we give ’em to?" asked Elizabeth doubtfully.

"Oh! the man at the door, I guess," said Frances cheerfully, "same’s you do tickets at the movies, you know."

In a few minutes the children, each carrying a huge bunch of cheerful looking red and pink peonies went down the street on their way to the funeral.

"Here’s the church," said Frances at last. "My! look at all the folks all dressed up. Ain’t they grand! They’re all goin’ in too."

"Maybe we’d better go back," said Elizabeth, looking doubtfully at her dirty dress.
“I guess we won’t go way back after we’ve got here!” said Frances, “We’ll wait till we think most everybody’s in and then we’ll go in a little ways and see what they’re doin’.”

The children waited for some minutes watching the well dressed tho sobered people enter the church.

“They all look awful solemn,” said Elizabeth.

That’s because they’re goin’ in a church,” explained Frances, “Mother always tells me not to laugh when I go inside a church.”

“They’re all in now,” said Elizabeth, “what do yer spose they’re doin’?”

“I dunno,” said Frances. “Jest look at all the carriages waiting at the door. Most likely they’re all goin’ for a ride after they get out of church, same as we do sometimes. ’Twould be awful mean of Grace to go riding ’thout saying a word about it to us. Let’s go in.”

The children, still hand in hand, entered the church. It was a large church, and the light streaked thru the stained glass windows, making little aisles of light in the sombre interior. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, pungently fragrant. Down at the front of the church there were massed great bunches of bloom, white, faintly pink, lavender, dull rose red, and golden yellow. An organ was playing softly, the music came as if from a distance, full of haunting melody and compelling sweetness.

“Ain’t it jest beautiful!” breathed Elizabeth.

“Yes,” said Frances her face alight with the wonder of it all. “Look, ’Lisbeth, here comes the man after our flowers. Let’s tell him we want a seat near the back, for we might not want to stay till it’s over and then we can go out ’thout disturbing anyone.”

A man came over to where the little girls were standing in the doorway. He was a tall man, dressed in solemn black, but his face was kind as he looked at the children. “Even the children loved her,” he thought to himself. “These, no doubt, are some of the children from the slums whom she taught and played with. Dirty and unkempt they none the less come to
do her honor at her funeral, and bring such offering as they can.

"Won’t you come in," he said kindly, aloud. "The service is almost ready to begin."

"Here!" said Frances shoving out her flowers. "We brought these."

"It was a very nice thing to do, my dears," said the man. "I'm going to let you carry them down yourselves and put them right side of the casket," he added. "It is only fitting," he thought benevolently, "that the people see how even the little children of the poor come bringing their gifts."

"I-I don’t want to go," murmured Elizabeth, suddenly conscious of all the people in the church.

"We've got to," whispered Frances. "He said for us to."

She pulled Elizabeth by the hand and they marched down the sunny aisle together, their big bunches of peonies nodding in front of them.

It was a side aisle, so at first nobody noticed them. Then everybody turned and watched and gazed at them. It was a fearfully long aisle to the children, a dreadfully long aisle lined on one side with shining glass of the windows, and on the other with the curious stares of people. At last, they came to the front of the church, to the flowers and to a long, white box which was open and on which they could see a beautiful young lady asleep on a whole pillow of white roses.

"Oh!" said Frances softly and put her flowers gently down beside the others on the floor. Elizabeth laid hers down near them, and the children went back up the aisle, unconsciously keeping step with the solemnly sweet, slow measure of the music.

The man in black met them at the back of the church. "I'll find you a seat," he whispered, "The minister is just going to begin."

"I-I guess we can’t stay," whispered back Frances, and she and Elizabeth slipped out of the door, almost before the man knew what they were doing.
"Wan't it queer?" said Elizabeth once safely outside.
"I don't know," said Frances. "Wished I hadn't gone."
"Yer fraid yer mother'11 scold yer, now," said Elizabeth.
"I am not," denied Frances with spirit. "Only I didn't know a funeral was—was like that," she finished haltingly.
"What did yer think it was goin' to be like?" queried Elizabeth.
"I dunno, neither did you, either."
"No, I didn't," admitted Elizabeth. "Anyway we went.
Gee, but you're dirty!" looking at Frances' mud-bespattered dress and face.
"I'm not one half as dirty as you are," retorted Frances.
"You are and—say do yer spose your sister saw us?"
Frances stood stock still in dismay. "She must have.
Everybody did!" she said miserably.
"You'll get it!" said Elizabeth, confident that she had no sister to tell on her.
"I guess I'm not afraid," Frances staunchly, but even as she said it, in her heart she knew that she was dreadfully ashamed of herself, and afraid, not so much of punishment, as conscious of a strange, unexplainable dread which she had felt ever since she had looked at that still, white face among the roses.

The children separated at the walk which led up to Frances' house.
"See you in the morning," said Elizabeth.
Maybe," said Frances.
"Say, I hope your mother won't spank you," said Elizabeth,
"Maybe she thinks you're too old to be spanked, now."
Frances drew herself up haughtily and stamped her foot.
"You go right straight home, Lisbeth Willard, and leave me alone. I'll never speak to you again as long's you live if you don't, so there!" She waited until the humbled Elizabeth had crossed the street, then turned and stalked up the path.

Once on the porch Frances' bravado left her and she crept a dejected little figure into the house. How she hated herself! She didn't ever want anybody to see her again. She wouldn't
let them. From the entry she heard her mother singing gaily in the kitchen as she went about getting supper. How could anybody feel like singing? Thru the dining room she went and into the library. Over in a corner was a large leather upholstered couch. Under this she crawled, and cuddled down on the floor, a miserable little heap of dusty pink dress with a woefully dirty and by this time, tear stained countenance.

It’s pretty hard work to cry and cry and cry without a sound except a stifled sob now and then, but Frances did it. She even astounded herself to find how quietly she could cry. Pretty soon she heard Grace come in, and she lay perfectly rigid listening to what the older girl would say to her mother. Thru the open doors the sound of Grace’s high voice came clearly.

“I never in my whole life was so mortified,” she said. “There we were in the church and the minister just ready to begin the service when in came those two children, Frances and that Willard child, and if I do say it, I never saw two such disreputable looking children in my life. They must have made mud pies all over their dresses and faces and in their dirty hands they had the awfulest bunches of big gaudy peonies that you ever saw. Right down the aisle they came and actually stopped and gaped at the casket. I heard a woman next to me say, ‘What horrible little waifs, ‘and I don’t wonder. They put their dreadful flowers down, and then just stalked back up the aisle as slow as they could move, just as if they wanted to be dead sure that everybody saw them. Haven’t children got a bit of delicacy of feeling? Can’t you get a particle of the sense of the decency of things into Frances’ head at least. One woman in back of me whispered ‘Those children ought to be spanked and sent home.’ and I quite agreed with her. What do you suppose people thought? There were lots of folks there whom we knew, and they must have recognized her. What will they think of us? I never, never felt so disgraced, never!”

Just what her mother said, Frances didn’t hear. Then she caught the word, supper.

“I’m quite sure” said Grace, “that she is over to Willard’s
to supper. She probably thought it would be wise not to come home too quickly. Shall I go over after her?"

"No, dear," Frances heard her mother answer, "I'm not afraid but what she'll be home all right."

"But she's as dirty as a little pig and--" began Grace.

"Never mind," came her mother's voice, "We'll have supper right away, you and I, for I know you have to go out early tonight. Your father isn't coming till later, so we won't wait for him."

Frances lay there under the couch almost motionless, too miserable even to cry. She had disgraced the family. They were all ashamed of her. She had done something more dreadful than anything else in her whole mischief-loving little existence. Frances heard her mother and sister sit down to the supper table. Thru the door came whiffs of hot rolls and other things she especially liked. How hungry she was! But they'd probably never want to give her anything more to eat, because she had disgraced them, Grace had said so.

Back into the little girl's mind came the scene at the church. She remembered how quiet everything was, and how soft the music sounded. She remembered how beautiful the flowers were and how little she had felt as she went down the aisle, and how she had never known before how dreadful it was to have so many solemn eyes looking at you. Frances closed her eyes and could almost seem to see that white face on its white rose pillow. She remembered that face. Why it was Mary Allen, a girl who used to come to see Grace. What could have been the matter with her? There was something puzzling about it all; something mystical, awful. Frances put a hand up over her throat as she always did when anything frightened her. There wasn't anything to be afraid of, but still—it was pretty dark, anyway, under the couch by this time.

Did time ever seem so long? Frances heard her mother and sister chatter away pleasantly as they ate, then a long time afterwards, or so it seemed to Frances, Grace came thru the library on her way upstairs to dress before going out for the evening. Frances all but held her breath as her sister went by, and then
settled down with a sigh of relief. They hadn’t found her yet. After another awfully long interval of time Frances heard Grace come down stairs and pause at the library door to call out good-bye to her mother.

“She doesn’t sound so awfully disgraced,” thought Frances. “But she is, we all are.” It was very dark under the couch, now, and out in the room all was shadowy, with queer black objects which might be furniture, but which looked forbidding enough to be about anything. There is nothing in the dark to be afraid of, and Frances knew it, but the trouble was that it is quite possible to be afraid even when you know there is nothing to be afraid of. Besides, she was tired; she was hungry; she had been cramped up under a couch for hours. Was it any wonder that the tears came again? She cried softly to herself at first, then she couldn’t keep it stifled any longer and she sobbed aloud. In a minute her mother was in the room.

“Frances,” she called. “Frances!”

With an almost superhuman effort Frances choked down her sobs and was still. She dug her hands into the upholstery of the couch, every muscle tense with the effort to somehow stop crying. From the couch bottom came a little dust. It filled the little girl’s eyes, her nose, her throat.

“Ker choo!” she sneezed, then again and again.

“Frances, dear, where are you?” called her mother entering the room. The sight of her mother, the dust, the dark, and the caressing sound of that “dear” were too much for Frances’ self-control. Sobbing and sneezing she rolled out from under the couch, and in another minute was in her mother’s arms.

“There, dear, there. You mustn’t cry so,” soothed her mother sitting down in a chair and rocking back and forth.

“I can’t help it. I don’t have to try to cry at all,” wailed Frances. “It got to goin’ an’ now it goes by itself an’ I can’t stop it.”

“Tell mother about it, dear,” said Frances’ mother when the little girl was a little calmer.”

Frances sobbed out her story, and her mother explained and
comforted in that satisfying way that only mothers, and, in fact, only few mothers have."

"But we’re all disgraced!" finished Frances miserably.

"No, dear, we aren’t," said her mother, and she snuggled the child in her arms, and rocked back and forth, back and forth gently.

Frances had stopped crying now, but was giving tired, little shuddering sighs just in rhythm to the creaking of the chair rockers. Suddenly, the chair stopped, and the mother looked down at the flushed little face with the tangled curls tumbled about the hot forehead. The lashes were tight closed over the eager, questioning eyes; Frances was sound asleep.

The library door opened, and in came Frances’ father. "What’s the matter?" he asked softly.

"Nothing," answered his wife, and sighed a little. "Poor little kid," she said. "I saw her come in the house before supper, but I knew that she had a battle to fight out, and it was better to let her do it by herself. She seems bound to find out things for herself, even to funerals. What will she get into next?" but even as she said it, the mother bent and kissed the dirty little forehead.
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Came back from the war to the dorm
But it found that Bates life
With its uproar and strife
Is worse than trench life in a storm.

METAMORPHOSIS

I
Before
The Parker Hall windows at night
Never showed a faint glimmer of light
When taps blew at ten
Deathly silence reigned then,
Every soldier was tucked in bed tight.

II
After
With the passing of order and law
Things ain’t what they used to be, for
Each Parker Hall light
Doth burn all the night
But for co-eds life always is war.

L’ENVIOI
Now we’ve done with saving the nation
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