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EDITORIAL

It is safe to say that back-bone has more achievement to its credit than wish-bone. If we want something enough to get out and work for it we have a good chance of getting it. If we, the students of Bates, want more songs, if we want a variety of songs, we must do more than placidly wish for them. In the news section of this paper will be found an announcement of a song campaign and contest. A goodly
amount of energy has been used to start this and still more energy must be applied to make it a success. It's up to us, every one of us, to see that it is one.

Write songs. Write the words, and if your attempts at composing music are too pathetically similar to the monotonous creak of a rocking-chair, just find some musical friend who will concoct a fitting melody. Or, if you feel within you the stir of latent music with no inspiration for suiting words, quietly hint to some of your poetically inclined acquaintances that a good verse or two might move you to music. Send in some words without the music if you must. Do it any way you like, but do something. Perhaps four or five of you will get together and combine your wits. Perhaps you remember some funny nonsense verses which a bunch of you made a while ago and which have a musical swing. Certainly Bates has enough talent sufficiently varied, to produce a good assortment of songs from which to choose.

We are hoping that there will be many near-prize songs which will be worth learning and preserving as songs of Bates. Think, fellow-students, wouldn't it be delightful to have a dozen or more songs, wholly Bates songs, to sing at baseball games, up at the Liberty Theater, or anywhere that Bates men or women gather? We are wishing, too, for songs that give expression to some of the deeper and finer sentiments of college life, songs which might hint to strangers something of the real character of the college. We are glad that we have the Alma Mater, but what can one song show of the many sides of Bates life?

It seems very appropriate to include the Alumni in this campaign, though we are glad not to be forced to compete with them. Very possibly the perspective acquired by absence has given them a keen appreciation of the aims and ideals of Bates. Most of them still feel great interest in our affairs and will welcome this chance to co-operate with us in helping Bates spirit.

The prizes are not prepossessing. We must admit that. They are, however, the best that could be provided for, under the
circumstances. Yet the prizes are meant merely as symbols of the goal—the goal is more songs, good songs, and Bates songs—and this goal is worth while.

We say every one can do something and we mean it. We hardly expect a tangible contribution from every student or every graduate, but we do expect everyone to "boost". Talk about it, tell others about it, think about it, dream about it. Stir up all those people who could write but need coaxing. This movement can accomplish much if we are all back of it. "Boost!"

---

**FUN**

*By Katherine O'Brien, '22*

A boat on the water—a day in July;
A sky that's as clear as a laughing blue eye;
The spray, tiny elves a-hopping on high;
A world that is young and jolly and spry;
White specks of clouds, and swallows that fly
Up—up—away in the fathomless sky;
A daring breeze that sunbeams defy
That over the purple mountains hie;
The shore-line a distant ideal—why!
A challenge to honor and spirit says, "Try!"
The lake a great round lemon pie—
With gleaming, foaming meringue piled high;
My boat a knife that cuts it—Hi!
What fun we are having—my sail-boat and I!
A great spirit of festivity had engulfed the city of Pompeii. The successes of the Roman armies in the East and the extension of the Italian standard even to the farthest edge of the tropics, the national proclamation of a period of thanksgiving, the celebration of a hundred victories, all contributed to the common cause; but nothing was quite so effective, or quite so dramatic, or quite so pleasing to the people as the marriage of the beautiful daughter of their beloved mayor and governor, to a prince of royal blood. This was the wedding day! Why shouldn’t the blue Italian sky be bluer, and the sunshine fall with softer rays on the gay throngs of the city? Why shouldn’t the most stupendous spectacles that money and influence could put between the walls of an amphitheatre be offered free of charge to the populace? Exceptional, indeed, was the heart in Pompeii that did not respond to the pervading appeal of good-fellowship, of song, and of mirth? The more was the rejoicing from the fact that only a few months ago Portia, the bride of the day, had come so near an inappropriate marriage. She had even announced her engagement to a plebeian student. Rumors as to the change in her matrimonial intentions were varied but careless. With its idol properly wedded the city was content to be ignorant of the details of arrangement. And thus in apparent unanimity the city rejoiced, and all streets led to the amphitheatre.

But completely as the holiday glee invaded the city, one spot, at least, remained unmoved, immune alike to the sunshine of the morning and the high spirits of the occasion. The dingy basement apartment of Ampius Livicus, the fanatic in chemical and medicines was seldom visited or noticed by its neighbors, and, so far as its influence on the city was concerned the spot might have been on another planet. In fact,
The aged occupant was universally considered as possessing direct characteristics and powers from unearthly sources. A sorcerer, a wizard, a lunatic, a recluse, a learned student—the name of A. Livius, once illustrious in academic circles, had become a name to be whispered in awe and dread. People made extraordinary effort to avoid his dungeon abode, as conflicting rumors united to form about the whole locality a breath of evil mystery—where an evil genius experimented with the elements of Tartarus. And so even the greatest of celebrations entered not the shop of Livius, no ray of the unusual penetrated the gray stone of its walls, and as ever the tide of humanity detoured about the vicinity as if to shun a thing of danger.

Within, a dimness that bordered on darkness lighted the room so illusively that a stranger would have vowed he stood in some dimly lighted closet of an amateur experimenter in chemistry and physics, for all visible wall space was lined with vials, and bottles and mortars—and the air was stifling with pungent odors of herbs and heated chemicals. Yet, as the flickerings of the oil lamp in the corner spurted highest, one could see the shadows retreat until the place in transformation seemed a cavern without bonds—an abode for rats, one would say, or ghosts—and, truly enough, across the cluttered floor crept and scurried the little animals in careless play. With reason did Pompeians avoid such a home.

By a table, beneath the burning lamp sat an old man. Thin, ill-clad, he appeared like some half-shriveled corpse revived from a recent grave. His sparse gray beard fell from lips as colorless as itself, and the peaked nose was even sharper from its position by the fallen cheeks. Only his eyes seemed alive as they glared like torches upon the heavy liquid that he poured, drop by drop, into the flask at his side. Years before, Ampius Livius had been famed for those eyes, that had quelled his most determined opponents in science, that had made his will law with all his pupils. Steadily he sat, unaffected, like his bony hand, his whole being and soul con-
centrated on his work. Livicus was in his element and cared not for the foolish gaiety of frivolous crowds.

Suddenly, the silence of the room, disturbed only by the scurrying rodents and the soft spat, spat of the dropping liquid, became distinctly broken by a heavy step on stone. A visitor was approaching. A door was thrown open abruptly, sharply, as with authority, and a tall figure strode firmly and without hesitation into the room.

"What ho! friend. Greetings, my Ampius."

The cheery voice from the world without, contrasted sharply with the gloom of the interior. Slowly the old man raised his head and then a sign of pleasing recognition relaxed the tenacity of his countenance as the visitor stepped into the light.

The newcomer was plainly of no common rank. Tall and straight and handsome, he stood in the full attire of a prince. Even the faint flickers of the smoky lamp flashed back with a gaudy brightness from the spangles of his fillet. A sword with jewelled hilt, hung from his side. Even in the darkness the man could not have been mistaken as a leader, a soldier, and a favorite.

"Well", he continued, when no reply was offered his greetings, "the day has come at last, father Livicus. I have come to congratulate and to be congratulated. What say you, most worthy friend?"

The old man's expression of approval faded slightly.

"I care not to be congratulated, young sir, nor what is success to the world is but natural to me. Whatever I attempt is accomplished—just as my great aim will some day be achieved. Congratulations are vain follies—always insincere. I care not for them. If I have gained your end or helped you in your purpose, I ask no frivolous talk in return. As for the material price, I assume you have it for me. I regret to demand so heavily of you, but as you know, my searches require money."

"Verily, doctor, your seclusion has warped your soul and petrified your heart. Why should you set your heart against humanity? In your search for endless life you have lost your
own and substituted a routine of mere existence. What a gloomy hole this is! You should be with the city to-day. Think of it, Ampius, seventy elephants fight to death in the arena to-day, and in my honor, doctor, in my honor, thru your aid.

"But I am here neither to philosophize nor to urge you from your work. As you have said, our plan was successful. 'Ere nightfall the lady Portia will be my wife, and my happiness complete. Since you care not but for your price and refuse even your own best wishes to the honored couple, still can I please you and such was my mission."

The young man stepped to the table and drew forth a small pouch from which he poured a glittering pile of golden coins.

"A royal price for a royal purchase," he continued, as the scientist remained silent. "All gold is as nothing to the love of the loveliest and fairest of ladies, and even tho I know you spend it in a useless search, I regret not the sum. By the Great Jove, tho, you did not all the work. I thought the gods themselves could never persuade the girl that her first-chosen had deserted her. But tell me, Ampius," the man's voice lowered unconsciously, "what became of Marcius? Not that I care, but—is he yet alive?—Or is the question unbecoming?"

The gaunt fingers of the aged recluse fondled the coins abstractedly. A few moments of silence followed the question.

"Your rival," the voice was slow and the words chosen with deliberation, "your rival is not dead, but is in reality achieving a much greater service to humanity than any fool could do by marrying a fair lady. Love is intangible, unreal, is both impossible and worthless. Science is tangible, real, is actual and valuable. At first, my pupil insisted in taking a wrong viewpoint and vowed he would forsake his study of learning, would give up his course, all for the smiles and charms of a girl. I had, indeed, lost his patronage when you came to me six months ago. It was then that I decided some things should not be, and they were not. Always it is that way with my efforts, my friend. It was simple enough, al-
most ridiculously simple. I only asked the lad as a last request to aid me in a few important experiments. Frankly I told him my object was to make possible eternal life and easily enough it appealed to his nature. He gladly offered his body as the first to receive my trial attempts. Mindful of your offer, Lepidus, I took care that such influences should be in my first preparations as would ruin his thoughts of Portia. He has been my slave thenceforth, quite submissively. He has never left this room."

The young man started.

"This room," he exclaimed, "Great Jupiter, man, you can't mean Marcius Salvius is here in this room.' The visitor's hand stole to his sword as he cast an apprehensive glance into the gloom.

The older man stretched out a restraining hand.

"Hold, my Lepidus. Be not alarmed. You need have no fear of Marcius. Have I not safely held him from his betrothed and left her heart for your own advances? The man is here—yes—but harmless as—as—one of my rats and much more helpless. Look! This little flask contains his fate as long as I desire. It is a powerful liquor of powerful herbs. No nerve can withstand its influence. Now even by his own taste does he crave it. I fear, in fact, I have been dealing him overdoses as he is slowly losing even his idiotic energy of late. But fear not Marcius, my friend, fear not Marcius."

A slight shudder passed thru the frame of the visitor as he realized the fate of his rival in the hands of this inhuman dealer of drugs.

"Each according to his method. "I suppose," he said with a voice not entirely relieved. "It is no concern of mine as to the means of others when the results bring such riches to me. I confess I have no desire that the lover of my wife-to-be suffer undue agony but, as I say, it is not a case for me to judge. But time is flying, Ampius, and the bride is waiting. I must depart. I hesitate not, my friend, to extend to you the best regards and earnest wishes for your
speedy success. You have done much for me and it shall not be forgotten."

With signs of somewhat uneasy haste the young man offered friendly salutations and turned to the door. A single step only he took toward the outside world. With an ejaculation of horror he stepped back. Unconsciously his hands hung helplessly with tense and extended fingers.

A scant three paces away there stood a figure that could well inspire terror in the boldest heart. Whether man or phantom, who could tell? It moved unsteadily. Fleshless it was, emaciated, hollow-eyed, its skin, yellow and hairless, followed tightly the contour of the skull and bones. The very personification of Death, Marcus Salvius stood weirdly in the flickering light as might a living skeleton. The ragged tunic that hung from his shoulder only exaggerated his weakened condition. But from his eyes there flashed forth hate and anger and burning scorn. And hate, fierce and complete as it was in his soul, conquered the condition of his body. It was toward Livius that he leaped.

"Fiend of Pluto!" His voice was pitched and excited and awakened a thousand cavernous echoes. Was it imagination that caused the room to shake and tremble and the ominous rumble of thunder to penetrate even the thickness of its silent walls? Unheeding, Lepidus and the old man gazed with the fascination of stupor upon the specter before them.

"Dog of the Underworld, I kill you first. You destroyer of soul and crusher of hearts and hopes, at last I can think and understand. So this was the object of the hell that has been mine, so this was the cause!"

A dagger gleamed in the upraised fist of the accuser. None too soon did the old man awake to his danger, but once he realized the situation, his movements were agile and accurate. Like a panther, he sprang to meet his adversary. For a moment only did they clench. The strength and vitality of the older man with little effort bore down the weakness of his opponent. There was a snap of breaking bones
as the dagger dropped from a limp hand. Still struggling the figures fell to the floor, but Livius was uppermost and halfsmothered cries of pain from the youth told plainly enough that there need be no fear from Marcus and that once more the aged doctor was successful.

"Lepidus," the old man’s voice showed but little of the exertion of the moment, still less of nervousness or excitement, "the bottle, please. The one I have pointed out to you. It is, indeed, a shame to thus mar your visit, but I have neglected to supply my subject with his morning portion to-day. With the exception of a broken wrist, I assure you he will soon be again normal. It is rarely that he becomes so stirred."

Lepidus was far from the calm state of his host. With difficulty he quelled the shaking of his hand sufficiently to grasp the neck of the flask on the table. Little did he note that it was not the flask formerly indicated to him. His teeth chattered as he tried to speak. Without a word he handed the bottle to Ampius. Surely, as the liquid was forced between the teeth of the prostrate victim a rumble as of thunder distinctly shook the room. A fleeting look of question entered the countenance of Ampius.

"A shower without, I venture. Or mayhap Vesuvius is again uneasy. Your holiday is disturbed by inclement weather, I judge. Not even Jove always favors the weddings of his peoples. But calm yourself, my friend, and be off to your bride," the old man rose from the now quiet form on the floor, "the incident is over, and let it not disturb your heart. I assure you there is no cause for—"

The sentence was never finished.

"By the Holy Olympus! Is this the flask you gave to me? Is this the drug I poured into you idiot? Jove! the work of years to be tested by mistake."

The man was thoroughly excited, nor did he attempt to conceal his alarm.

"Look, man! Look there! The stuff is at work! All Hades may yet be to pay for your error."

The form on the floor stirred and before the eyes of the
two men, rose to its feet. But the Marcius Salvius that stood before them now was not the Marcius Salvius that had stood in the same spot a few moments ago. Subtly altered, he stood firmly and confidently, a smile grotesquely lighting his face, a smile that changed to bitterness as he recalled the situation and the injustice of his enemies.

"Right you are, Livicus, but first I must bother you for the bottle. Such as you shall never enjoy its content."

"With staring eyes Livicus stretched back a protecting hand upon the bottle.

"Back, you idiot. The bottle will be destroyed before it will ever reach your worthless hand. Back! I say it! It is a command."

But for once the eye of the professor was powerless. In desperation, he clutched the captured dagger and drove it to its hilt into the breast of the advancing youth. With a laugh of scorn, it was removed and tossed away. No effect of pain, no blood, no hesitation marked the act.

"Fool!" Marcius spoke, "fool, to doubt the success of your greatest work. You can no longer harm me. See! I shall have the flask!"

With a sharp push, the old man was knocked to his knees. But the move had come too late. As he fell, the precious flask was thrown to the floor and slowly, as if it had been so much molasses the priceless fluid wormed its way about the dust and dirt, a useless product of ceaseless experiments. A cry of wrath escaped the revived Salvius.

"And so you destroy your work rather than see it in my hands—but you shall not escape the less. May the curse of eternal torture be yours in Tartarus!"

Fingers of steel closed about the throat of the kneeling Livicus; slowly his face grew black and his body limp. Just as the last twist of life shook the helpless body, an interruption as sudden and terrific as a bolt from heaven upon the scene.

"Merciful Jupiter! The volcano—" The cry of terror from Lepidus was drowned in the uproar that followed. Crash on crash, roar on roar, the tumult of falling stone, of tre-
mendous upheavals and greater falls. There could be no es-
cape. Already the ceiling was falling. Masses of rock struck
the stone of the floor, unheard above the din from overhead.
All too well did the two men realize the destruction of the
city, the havoc and terror above. And soon would come the
ashes and the glowing embers and the lava.

Struck down from above, Lepidus was already senseless and
mortally wounded, but from Marcius the fragments seemed to
fall as from the immovable. With all the speed at his com-
mand he bounded for the door and with super-human strength
fought his way up the stair. His only thought was of Portia.
Somewhere in the terrible scenes above was Portia. Un-
reasonable in his excitement and haste, he little thought that
he would be powerless to aid her. His only thought was to see
again the face of the only one he had ever loved. He even
forgot that he was immortal and that she would be dead.
He only worked feverishly to overcome any obstacles in his
way.

He found her. An awful search it had been, thru debris
and over dead. Thru the screaming, shrieking crowd he had
plunged, unmindful of their terror. He had trampled on the
bloody faces of still breathing babies and children—there had
been no order, no law, no honor among the doomed populace
of the stricken city. And then had come the red hot ashes.
The tumult had died after that, succeeded by the still more
terrible stench of burning flesh. But the embers scorched
not the hastening figure of Marcius.

She was in the banquet hall, the last room in the palace
to remain protected. Wounded as she was, the stifling at-
mosphere was fast hastening the end. Marcius kicked aside
the bodies of the household about her to clear a space for
himself. Then it was that he realized that never could he
be of help to Portia. A day too late had he absorbed the
elixir of life from the master genius of his imprisoner. Even
the last resort of suicide was closed to him.

Thus, the great holiday of Pompeii came to a close, beneath
the dark voluminous smoke of the greatest volcano eruption in history, a catastrophe that buried deep the sole example of a wonderful achievement, an event of horror that submerged in a depth of lava, a heart imbued with immortality, a calamity that destroyed with the city the last traces of a marvelous fluid—the elixir of life.

THOUGHTS

BY I. LOUISE SARGENT, '20

A student of Bates sat out in the open air, peaceful, calm, semi-conscious. As quiet reigned, his mind was wont to wander.

This is a queer life—a funny combination of humanity, facts, and customs. How did it all begin anyway? "In the beginning God made heaven and earth." God made everything so long ago. Before then—what? All chaos. All confusion? But when did God begin to live? Who made God? Where did he come from? When will he end the world? What will he do then? What is it all about? What does it all mean? An unsoluble problem—Oh—

The savages first—ignorance—animal life—fighting—struggling for existence. Then men with vile ambitions—blood-thirsty greeds—sin—vice—war—slaughter! A revival of learning, of art, of science, of literature, of religion. New knowledge, new spirit of investigation, new hope for future life—a church—a love of righteousness—a Saviour!—A dark age—more wars—slovenly greed—limitless wrangling for land and power. Then—America—the dawn of day! A new century—less force, more arbitrating—less ignorance, more culture—less vulgarity, more Christianity—less classical inclinations, more art, more science, more beauty, more love.

A great war—a world war—devastation—destruction—annihilation—murder—slaughter—carnage. A merciless courage, a vain pride, a bloody greed, a hellish method, a moral degradation, a vile onslaught—Defeat!
A new age—a golden age—all arbitrating, no fighting—all culture, no ignorance—all righteousness, no vice. The height of evolution—a superhuman man—a universal race—an eternal age of beauty, painting, carving, writing—playing, singing, working. A union of nations—a moral purity—a heavenly peace. Perfection, faith, truth, divine love, heaven itself!—Oh—

The student of Bates retreated slowly to his room, bewildered, amazed, awed, but inspired.

———

OH, WOMAN!
By E. R. W., '20

When Mary O'Rourke shook Dave Sunniwell, she shook him for once and for all. Shook him? Fan, Mary's best friend, told the other girls in Tanner's dye factory that Mary had canned Dave. In plain English Mary had broken her engagement to marry Dave Sunniwell. Mary found an engagement the easiest thing in the world to break. Dave went slightly pale, grinned and said,

"Well, Mary, when you get ready to marry me, you'll find me waitin' at the Little Church Around the Corner."

Dave was a good fellow, but Mary O'Rourke had ambitions. She planned to marry into Society. Dave was a dyer in Tanner's dye house. He was all right, but Mary was stalking higher game or, in other words, Jimmie O'Callahan, the salesman for Tanner's. O'Callahan was a man of the world; Dave was only a dyer in the small world of Tanner's dyeing establishment.

Mary was a pretty girl with the map of Ireland on her face, and a mop of curly red hair that put her freckles to blush. The freckles were a golden brown and Mary's hair was distinctly and indisputably fiery. With these assets Mary set out to catch O'Callahan. Mary was no fool. She knew Dave's possibilities of making a good husband, but as she said to Fan,
"Gee, Fan, Dave's a fine boy, but he's too slow. He can't talk about anything but me and those everlasting dyes he's experimentin' with. O'Callahan ought to be able to talk; he earns his livin' by talkin'. I'm goin' to the movies with him to-night, and it's a sure thing that I'm going to be the future Mrs. Jimmie O'Callahan.

Fan grinned. She knew Mary and she knew Dave. She knew human nature pretty well, having cleaned the spots off its clothes for ten years or so.

"All right, Kid," she replied. "You'll find me awake when you come in. I'm readin' a swell story about a kidnapped heiress—she pronounced it with an 'h'—, and you bet I'll be waitin' to hear about Mary O'Rourke and Jimmie O'Callahan. O'Callahan's a nice name, kind o' stylish soundin', like von Tirpitz, one of the big German guns that sunk the Lusitania."

11.30 P.M. found Mary bursting into the room she shared with Fan.

"Well, Kid," said Fan. "How did yuh like him?"

She hated to leave Marceline in the hands of the brutal kidnappers, but she was a good pal.

"How did I like him? Gee, Fan, he's got the worst line of talk yuh ever heard. All he talks about is dyes, and he asked me if I dyed my hair. I told him if he ever saw a dye this shade to burn it, the fresh yap! I guess it's good old Dave for mine. Any time he wants me, I'm for him. Old Dave can have me for the askin'. Gee, I wish O'Callahan would spring that line of talk where Dave is, sometime.

Fan grinned, and went back to rescue Marceline from the cruel bandits before she went to bed.
MY VALENTINE

BY GEORGE W. FLINT, '71

This is the day we fain would choose
To reinvoke the Classic Muse
To sing anew a song of love,
Like that of angels sung above,
When lovers fond exchange their views
On Life’s great story, lest they lose
The glow and tints that always shine
This hallowed day St. Valentine
Has set apart, divinely blest,
Assigned to us at Love’s behest.
Let minstrels tune their light guitar
And sing of heroes brave in war;
Let troubadours their lyres string
And Cupid’s love lays wildly sing;
Let poet climb Parnassus’ Height,
And drink deep draughts with keen delight.

From out the Spring where Muses play,—
Gain inspiration grave and gay,
Which emanates in lofty strains
Of love and friendship’s dearest claims;
Let me with humble grace impart
To you the secret of my heart—
Since love that’s true is good for two,
Oh, let me send that love to you,
And think of you at Cupid’s shrine,
My rare and choicest Valentine!

February 14, 1919
Last night as I waited on the corner for my car, I watched the people as they passed. On almost every face I caught the same expression—one of strained enduring of circumstances too exacting; an expression which ranged all the way from indifferent boredom on the faces of some, to bitter disgust and actual despair on the faces of others. And the queer part of it was that none seemed to notice his fellow-beings or to glimpse in their faces an echo of his own feelings. There were exceptions, of course. There was the little office girl, who was finding life so novel and interesting that she was anything but bored. Then there was the Irish conductor. I called him that directly I saw him, altho for all I knew he might not have been related to an Irish surname for several generations. Even tho he was not laughing, he seemed to leave with one the undeniable impression of a cheery smile. The corners of his mouth turned up instead of down and the twinkle in his eye was unassumed. With a real feeling of regret, I watched him turn the corner. One hates to lose pleasant impressions. My third nice face I had almost missed, but for a happy chance. I had dropped my bag, and in stooping to pick it up, my eyes met those of an old man. His was the face of one who had suffered much from the world, yet loved it in spite of the fact. The eyes were understanding, tolerant of all trifling matters; the mouth was tender, reminiscent. It was not, however, until he left to take a year that I noticed another thing about him,—he was lame with a frightful deformity of one leg. I had not known; but after all, his face had told me all mattered.

I wonder why there are so many of the one type and so few of the other. Perhaps it is because they haven't time to think. And yet, I think I understand how they feel.
have in mind very vividly a certain experience of only two weeks ago.

I waited as long as I could. For months, it seemed, I had crushed down the insistent call of the real me somewhere beneath my busy and conventional exterior. I had denied it, I had evaded it, I had even lied to this strange and indefinable longing in order to accomplish in some measure the astounding array of tasks which others had imposed upon me. I had chafed beneath each newly-added duty, and had cried within me to be free of it all—the eternal meanness of man, his unsympathetic demands on my time and efforts, his ingratitude for my consideration of him, and the smallness of his thoughts and ideals. All the time I had felt like a seething whirlpool inside, and I had known that the time would surely come when I should throw aside my outward demands and listen to the inner self.

The time did come most unexpectedly, on the most ordinary kind of a morning. The sun had not risen, and from my kitchen window everything was a cold, damp grayness. The dead leaves, which peered up in places over the garden, were stiff with last night's frost; and the fences and trees bore a thin covering of white. In spite of everything, however, some instinct told me that this was to be a day of days and warned me to put aside ordinary matters to be alive in it.

Mentally, I cancelled every possible task for the day, and instead of my usual tailored suit, I rummaged about in my closet until I found an old skirt of five years back. It was a light tweed of mixed brown and green, the threads pulled abominably in places where I had climbed over or under barbed wire fences. Even in the beginning, it had not been artistically constructed; it had defied all fashion by being short, full, and comfortable, all at the same time. My heart warmed as I looked at the old thing; it had seen many good times and would see many more. I borrowed a grey flannel shirt of brother John's and a pair of moccasins which are our joint possession. A disreputably old sweater, a visorless
cap of father’s and a pair of Aunt Kate’s woolen mittens completed my holiday costume; and I looked out of the window to see how my day was progressing. I could just see the sun thru the bare limbs of the orchard trees, and it seemed almost to increase rather than to dispel the gloomy mistiness of the morning. I knew better than to believe these early signs, however, and hurried out of the house, stopping only long enough to scribble a note which I put in front of the kitchen clock. “Have gone off again,” it read, “don’t worry; will be back sometime today.” They would understand, I knew; they had received such notes before.

Up the long street I hastened, eager to leave behind me the sleepy, unawakened houses, and the close atmosphere of the city with its hateful restraint and ceaseless driving power. A the joint where the street left off and the road began, I stopped for a moment to look off over the valley which opened at my left. Dirt-brown fields, darker woods, and the dim outline of far-distant hills—all seeming singularly dull and uninteresting, yet causing my heart to sing as it had not done for weeks—called me to explore them. I went on, unconsciously changing my city gait for the easy and tireless swing which one adopts on the road. The morning had but begun. I met a milk team jogging along, but the driver pretended not to see me. Poor fellow, he had his own opinion concerning girls who did peculiar things, such as taking early morning tramps into the country. Half a mile farther on, a farm wagon overtook me, and a gruff voice demanded, “Have a lift, lady?”

“Thanks, no,” I announced, “I’d rather walk this morning. Going to be a great day, isn’t it?”

“Yep, sure is,” was the response, and the wagon passed me.

On the road, it is better to be civil and as frank as possible to everyone. It pays in the end.

Past the next curve, I decided to take a short cut across country toward a certain high hill which I had long been intending to climb. Cross country walking is of necessity
much slower and more difficult than following the road, but it is also vastly more interesting. One never knows what to expect. The dry stubble of the field resisted my steps, retard-ing my progress about half, but the brittle feel of it was pleasant to my feet. Two or three miles of such traveling and I entered a woods by a narrow but much-used path. There were many winter trees; and altho the sun was shining brightly enough outside, it was as dark as late afternoon here. Cold, too, and still. I listened for the possible twitter of a bird or the faint rush of tiny feet in the brush. The quiet was uncanny. Almost imperceptible, the sound of scraping bark reached my ear, and on the lower limb of a tree just ahead I caught a sudden flash of lighter brown. Eagerly then, but slowly, that I might make no noise, I crept toward the tree. Directly under it, I stood still and looked up into the branches. I vow I had not made a sound audible to the human ear, yet there sat the squirrel, head cocked on one side, black, beady eyes fixed on mine inquiringly, waiting to see what I would do. Then, in an instant, he was gone from sight, a piece of falling bark, whisked from its place by his precipitous retreat, my only reminder that I had seen him. I went on. Shall I ever learn how to act in the woods, I wonder? Probably not; that is something one learns only from living there, not from occasional visits.

On the other side of the woods was a road so near like the first one, I should not have known the difference were it not for my compass. I began to feel hungry. I looked at the sun, but it was not yet noon. When one is tramping, how-ever, oneself, not the sun, becomes one's clock. At the next likely farmhouse, therefore, I approached the back door. A large efficient looking dog announced my arrival. The woman who answered my knock was tall, angular, and suspicious. I ignored all these qualities.

"Could you possibly sell me," I began pleasantly, "a couple of glasses of milk?"

"Why-er-yes," she answered surprised. "Won't you step into the kitchen?"
“Thank you, I will, if it won’t bother you,” I smiled, and acted with alacrity upon the invitation. In the rocking chair by the window was a visitor, who looked me up and down condescendingly. Besides the milk I was provided with two large doughnuts, which substantially increased my lunch. After I had paid her and had praised the milk, which was really very good, and the doughnuts, which were not at all bad, I made what I considered a rather graceful exit. As the door closed upon me, I heard, “Now, what in the world—?” “Oh, some queer city folk, like as not.”

I laughed softly to myself as I went on down the road. It is always rather interesting to learn how strangers have been impressed by one. At my left, a few miles ahead, was the hill I had come to climb. In an hour or two I should be at the top. Unconsciously, I began to walk faster. I passed a little brown schoolhouse on a corner. A boy’s head, studiously bent, showed above the window ledge. Again I smiled. I liked small boys and girls; they were so frank and unaffected, so not grown-up. Instead of continuing straight ahead, I elected to follow a wagon road which apparently led up the hill. That it actually did so, I considered rather good fortune; usually one finds that such roads turn eventually in the wrong direction. I didn’t look up until I had reached the very highest point of the hill. As views go, I suppose it wasn’t much: on three sides just acres of ordinary fields and woods with occasional farmhouses, stretching off to a horizon of vague indistinct hills; and on the fourth side, the city with its crowded areas and smoky haziness. As I say, it was probably very usual, but I liked it. I leaned back against the fence and looked at the wide spaces before me, dreaming.

By and by, I watched the sun set; and as shadows began to settle about me, I realized that my day was over. I looked at my pedometer. I was sixteen miles from home. Once more I looked around me at the indeterminate mingling of brown and grays, then quickly began the descent of the hill. I sought out a little village store, for I had begun to feel hun-
gry again. It was a small store, over-crowded, and very smoky. The proprietor was a wizened little old man, who eyed me curiously. During my stay all conversation ceased as if by common consent, and everyone present gave undivided attention to me.

"Please give me a quarter of a pound of cheese, a package of Uneeda Biscuit and—two bars of this sweet chocolate," I said, endeavoring to overlook the general cessation of activity. As I turned to go out of the door with my parcels, one of the group by the stone re-opened the conversation.

"Now, this here sheriff, he acts to me as if—." I resumed my walk, munching crackers from one hand and cheese from the other. It was a joyous meal.

Tramping in the daytime is interesting enough, but at night it is wonderful. The fields and road about one grow from gray to black, and practically the only sensations possible are those of sound and touch. Sounds are extraordinarily clear at night. The bark of a dog is heard across the field. Voices and snatches of conversation drift about one seemingly from nowhere. Occasionally, an electric car or an automobile passes, leaving everything behind it darker and more silent. At last, around a bend in the road, I saw the city—my city—its thousands of lights making of it a live thing into the night. Soon I was walking on a sidewalk whose concrete hardness seemed not unpleasant after the roughness of the country roads. Suddenly, I realized that I was tired, very tired; but still the memory of wide spaces and far stretches of fields and hills persisted in my mind. I turned onto my street. I could see my house, set away from the others, dark save for the sitting room. The curtains had not been drawn; my father and John were playing cards, and my mother was at the piano. In the dark, I smiled to myself. It was all a part of my life and I liked it.
ADVENTURERS

By Marion F. Lewis, '19

A rain soaked road at twilight. Stiff black trees at the road's edge that march beside us, Grimly reminiscent of the storm. And overhead, a sullen sky, With here and there a lighter spot Which shifts and disappears into the gray. The fields we pass are brown and spongy, With hidden pools between the tufts of grass;— A sodden winter world after the winter storm. And yet—this road must lead us somewhere, Let's go on.

THE EMANCIPATION OF FRIVOLITY
(A Dramatic Fantasy in One Act)

By S. H. Woodman, '20

Dramatis Personae

Harlequin
Philosophy
Frivolity
Bacchus

Place: Island of Tasmania.
Time: Present.
Scene: Interior of Harlequin's and Frivolity's nest.

Costumes: Harlequin, contrary to the ordinary conception, is dressed not in parti-colored garments, but rather in a commonplace, ultra-archaic costume. He does, however, carry an elon-
gated talisman which he manipulates as a cane when the occasion permits.

Philosophy is dressed in black. His complexion is ashen.
Bacchus is clothed in the vestments of the nobility.
Frivolity is modestly but neatly attired.

Scenery: The nest is unpretentious. There are several chairs and a table at the right front. A doorway severs the immediate center background. Another door penetrates the left wall. A clock rests upon one of the walls.

The sound of wind and rain permeates the setting, which continues periodically during the act. As the curtain rises the clock strikes eight. The last note is partially obliterated by the voice of Harlequin.

Harlequin: Such an hour. Such a night; and such gloom. My, but the wind is restless! A fine night for evil to descend upon this nest of ours. My little chic you shall tumble to bed soon.

Frivolity: But can't I stay up and listen to you and Philosophy?

Harlequin: Egads, no. Your brain is immature, my pet. You would not understand Philosophy's conjectures or my jesting. You shall hie to bed, soon, little wifey. To-morrow, you demonstrate your domestic skill in a fine plum pudding.

Frivolity: But it is lonesome in there all alone. (She points to the rear door.)

Harlequin: (Laughing) So, my little pet, you are afraid that Mumbo Jumbo will be blown here by this east wind. Quiet your fears. I am a merry-andrew, but I am no fool. (Raises his wand). This talisman is as good as the king's army.

Frivolity: But the wind blows through the cracks.

Harlequin: Then pull the clothes tight around you.

Frivolity: You would have me die of fright rather than to amuse myself.

Harlequin: Hear her talk! Such a little spitfire. Come! It is time all good house-wives were in bed. To-morrow you shall have a shilling and a beautiful amulet.
Frivolity: So you promised me before. (Leaves room thru center door.)

Harlequin: A fine spouse. And how easily she is managed. A goodly credit to my dominating personality.

(At this moment a knock sounds on the door, left. Harlequin opens door and admits Philosophy. The sound of wind and rain increases as the door opens.)

Philosophy: A beastly night, this, Harlequin.

Harlequin: Righto! A suitable environment for the Evil Spirit.

Philosophy: Pshaw! How many times must I tell you there is no such thing as the devil.

Harlequin: But Bacchus saw him one night, in the form of Mumbo Jumbo.

Philosophy: Bacchus is a notorious libertine. He is always over-burdened with money—and liquor.

(They sit down at table.)

Harlequin: But he has a pedigree.

Philosophy: A most disreputable one.

Harlequin: He would have no occasion to lie to me.

Philosophy: Intoxication stimulates the imagination.

Harlequin: Of course, you are right; but Bacchus is a good fellow, except that he criticises my treatment of Frivolity.

Philosophy: He is a hypocrite. Because he would debauch, he would have others do so likewise. He would like you to make a golden butterfly of Frivolity. Listen not to his blustering or the mind of your chic will become vitiated.

Harlequin: I will refuse to entertain him again.

Philosophy: Good! You are wise for a jester.

Harlequin: I am prevailed upon by your wisdom. I deserve no flattery.

Philosophy: My assumptions are the results of persevering study. I have left no book unread.

Harlequin: You are a genius. Sometimes I feel that I am a little harsh, just a little harsh with Frivolity.

Philosophy: Tut, tut. You are too lenient. Her parents were dissolute people. She inherits a passion for extravagant.
amusement. From now on you must be more rigid in your commands, more obdurate in your decisions. Would you have your professional name jeopardized by the frivolity of a mere coquette?

_Harlequin:_ That would be humiliating. My wife must never betray my good name by artifice. It is true I love her, but I must suppress my devotion and assume the responsibility of a master not an ardent philanderer. Is it true that all women are deceitful?

_Philosophy:_ They are all feeble-minded, capricious creatures. They must be tamed and sternly taught the duties of a faithful wife. Their beauty is merely a simulated display of affection. There was Helen of Troy—a charming woman but as fickle as the moon. After all, women are only marionettes guided by an intricate maze of delicate strings. It is up to the husband to know those strings and to be the sole conductor.

_Harlequin:_ You are incredibly wise. I shall follow your directions. Frivolity shall be the example of a model wife.

(At the conclusion of this speech thunder is heard. The left door opens suddenly and emits the terrors of Bacchus. A flash of lightning vividly illuminates the room. A gust of wind extinguishes one of the lights so that the stage is left in comparative darkness. The thunder continues to rumble periodically during the remainder of the act. The two men in the room jump up upon seeing Bacchus and assume expressions of indignation.)

_Bacchus:_ (Breathless and alarmed) It—it’s here—in there. (Points at center door.)

_Harlequin:_ What you fool?

_Bacchus:_ Mumbo Jumbo. I saw him down by the river and followed him here. I saw him go in by the window. Quick, after him, before he injures little Frivolity.

_Philosophy:_ He’s drunk. Don’t mind Harlequin.

_Bacchus:_ For God’s sake hurry.

(The two men glare angrily at Bacchus. Bacchus noting their hesitancy starts to reel toward the center door.)

_Harlequin:_ Stop! Don’t trespass you fool. (Seizes him.)
Bacchus: Save her! Hurry before it is too late.

Harlequin: I shall not pet her by showing that I care.

Bacchus: You are murderers.

(A morbid, piercing scream issues from Frivolity’s room.)

Bacchus: (Rushing madly thru the left door) You have killed her, it is too late.

Harlequin: (Bursting thru center door) What have I done?

(Philosophy stands at the left rear stage awaiting the result of Harlequin’s investigation.)

Harlequin: (Slowly entering). She—she is dead. Her dear, sweet face is contorted and cemented in an awful expression of fear. And I killed her. With my talisman I could have saved her. My dear little chic is dead. No more will she dance for me during the long dreary evenings. (Pauses). I loved her—I love her until—(Turns and faces Philosophy angrily)—until you contaminated my mind with your fool assumptions. (Harlequin rushes toward table and picks up wand which he had dropped there some time before). But she shall be revenged. I shall be revenged! (Philosophy starts for left door but it is too late. The magic of Harlequin’s wand slays him.)

CURTAIN
A harmless, inoffensive mouse,
(You say it was obligatory,)
Was sent quite suddenly last week,
Unto a place called Purgatory.

That mouse has testified since then,
(By written word in Satan’s Index,)
He perished at the hands of—
A member of the Gentler Sex.

A man would smile at Mousie’s Folly,—
Poor Mousie could not comprehend,
How member of the Gentler Sex
Could bring him to untimely end.

A man would smile, and Satan laughed.
“Poor fool,” he said, “Doest think them frail?
Ha! ha! The female of the Species
Is far more deadly than the Male.”
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