The
BATES STUDENT
MAGAZINE

January Number
1920
Editorials:

"The Gentle Art of Dodging"
What We Have To Read

Mumps Eva B. Symmes, '20 3
Lonesome Pete Irma Haskell, '21 6
A Departmental War Worker Carl E. Purinton, '23 7
The Silent Will Harold Manter, '22 10
A Strike That Told Frances Field 15
Air Castles Amy V. Blaisdell, '23 19
Back Door Callers Marguerite Hill, '21 20
In the Nick of Time Dwight Libby, '22 24
Too Good To Keep 30
BENSON & WHITE, ..... Insurance
AGENCY ESTABLISHED 1857
Insurance of all Kinds Written at Current Rates

165 Main Street, - - - LEWISTON, MAINE

Photographs that Please
AT THE NEW
HAMMOND STUDIO
Reduced Rates to Graduates
HAMMOND BROS.
138 Lisbon St., LEWISTON, ME.

MORRELL & PRINCE
Shoe Dealers
13 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.
Ask for Students’ Discount

THE FISK TEACHERS’ AGENCY
Everett O. Fisk & Co., Proprietors

Boston, Mass., 2a Park Street
New York, N. Y., 156 Fifth Avenue
Pittsburg, Pa., 549 Union Arcade
Memphis, Tenn., 2360 Overton Pk.Cr.
Birmingham, Ala., 809 Title Bldg.

Chicago, Ill., 28 E. Jackson Blvd.
Denver, Colo., 317 Masonic Temple
Portland, Ore., 509 Journal Bldg.
Berkeley, Cal., 2161 Shattuck Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal., 510 Spring St.

John G. Coburn
TAILOR
240 Main Street
LEWISTON, ME.

American Steam Laundry
41 Lisbon Street, LEWISTON
Phone 1228

ATTENTION!
Bates Students

I am giving the Student trade.
I expect your trade. When de-
sireous for prompt garage accom-
ommodation, cars for hire, and clean
Taxi, call

1398
The most reliable service in town—
if in doubt ask your friends.
Yours for satisfaction

GEO. B. GILLISPIE
103 PARK

LEWISTON MONUMENTAL WORKS
Marble and Granite Monuments
JAMES P. MURPHY ESTATE

Opp. M. C. R. R. Upper Depot

6 BATES STREET - - - LEWISTON, ME.
Electricity—
the Master Force in Manufacturing

The marvels of electricity have revolutionized our manufacturing industries. With belts and pulleys replaced by electric motors operating automatic—almost human—machines, many a slow and tedious process has been eliminated.

The Crane Company’s plant at Chicago—electric throughout—is a model of industrial efficiency. Its 10,000 horse-power of driving energy is brought by three small wires from a distant power plant. Then electricity drives the machinery which handles the coal for heating, cuts the steel, sifts the sand and sorts the material—in fact does everything from scrubbing the floor to winding the clock.

Such an institution is marvelous—superhuman—made thus by the man-multiplying force of electricity. The General Electric Company has been instrumental in effecting this evolution, by developing efficient electric generating and transmission apparatus and by assisting in the application of electrical energy to a multitude of needs.

General Electric Company

(All large cities)
EDITORIAL

THE GENTLE ART OF DODGING

There's a great variety to the knowledge we gain in college—that is why it is called a liberal education—and, alas, all too many cultivate the art of dodging. It's a great accomplishment, this dodging. If you are not one of the dodgers you have good chance to get acquainted with the fact. Just go up to one of these dodgers and ask him to do some work that he really doesn't have to. He's horribly busy. There's an exam or two
coming within the next week. He absolutely must go downtown tomorrow. Probably he doesn’t think he could possibly do anything like that anyway,—and before you know it he has dodged all around you and (in theory) filled his time so full that you wonder he has time to eat. In all probability he will assure you that he has not.

Thus it comes about that those who do bear responsibility must ‘‘travel up and down like a roaring lion’’, seeking whom they may find to contribute to a program or any college activity.

You will not know till you try it, how hard it is to coax others to work or how surprisingly good a ‘‘yes’’ does sound when it appears.

But don’t be too cross at the dodgers. They do miss a lot of fun, after all. Perhaps there are many of our workers who are reformed dodgers, and they know the sense of power and resourcefulness that is the companion of responsibility.

You, dodgers, try it once and see. The next time you’re asked to make use of your talents say ‘‘yes’’ before you have time to think of your troubles.

WHAT WE HAVE TO READ

You will notice quite a bit of local application in the present number. Everybody who reads Dwight Libby’s story will find that it leads him over familiar ground—almost too familiar to some of us.

Mumps is something else that is familiar to many of us; but even those who have experienced them will find a plenty to laugh at in reading Eva Symmes’ impressions of them.

The author of Moods absolutely declines to name ‘‘it’’ either poetry or prose, but we’ll print it the best we can and you may classify it to suit yourself.

You can’t help laughing when you read what Marguerite Hill says about Back Door Callers; and if you have had any experience, you will breathe a sight of sympathy with the attendant trials.

You might notice the even ratio of representation from all four classes. At last the freshmen are daring to contribute!
Sunday came; we went to Church; we sang hymns. I like hymns too, especially those which have several big, resonant, high notes in their possession. The time came for a wonderful outburst. Ah! I breathed long and looked heavenward. Alas! "Snap!" went my jaws, and sharp pains darted down my spinal column. I looked at my companions; they were singing joyously on. "Oh, Lord!" I groaned most reverently, "what in the dickens ails me!"

We went home; we ate dinner,—at least some of us did. I tried, and at every mouthful those daft jaws of mine would tie into dozens of knots. I felt sure at first that they must be lovers' knots, they were so firm and all enveloping; and then I knew they were sailors' knots, because no one on earth can tie tighter ones than they! Stars went up from every bone and socket, and broke in a thousand glorious myriads all about my buzzing head!

My path led straight to the Physical Director. The blow fell heavily,—"Mumps!".

"Quarantine and bed," I sobbed in my soul, "and no one to love me!"

I shook myself in spirit, "Brace up, there, old girl! You are not to think of home at all; not at all. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear," wailed my weaker self when I saw the big room in its loneliness. "But I want mama,—and, and—ev', ev'ry body! And there's nobody to k-k-kiss me good night!"

"You fool," said my will, "you'll make your face ache."

My hands went to my face; it felt terribly big and wet.

"Wet?" I questioned. My mirror replied most emphatically.

"O, ye gods, is that I?" Tears were dripping down over vast, slimy areas of quivering, spongy cheeks and double chins. The pursed up mouth opened in amazement, and,—
"Oh, oh, oh!"

I saw no more. My feet beat a merry tattoo on the floor, in double quick time, I can assure you. Slippers flew into corners, toes collided with table legs, but on went the march! My hands seemed glued to that knarled piece of anatomy I had once known as my neck. And how it did talk! Why, the air turned from blue, to red, to white! Really I seem to recollect that it even swore once. Mumps are peculiar; sometimes they affect one's memory.

It was funny after that. My body appeared to wither right down into nothingness, and before I realized I was calling for mother and home again.

"Cut it out!" ordered brave will. "Turn all the pictures to the wall; that will change the thought waves."

"Thought waves?" said I. "Oh, yes, of course; Dr. Tubbs said so—Dr. Tubbs, Dr. Tubbs" Spikes were sticking in my ears and a knife was sawing at my chin. "Oh, yes, astronomy written Wednesday! Perhaps studying might help some."

"Good girl, good girl," whispered will, and pulled out the old, red book.

"Let me think,—planets, yes planets. Mercury was one,—and Jupiter."

"Oo-e-e-h!" Something hit my jaw. All their old moons, red, yellow, green, blue, and violet, revolved about my face! Did they mistake it for a fellow companion? "Heaven help us!" What made it feel so heavy and sag so on one side? I racked my brain. I knew! Perturbation! Certainly perturbation pulled things. Oh, no, planets pulled perturbations!

"Oh no, no, no!"

Anyhow, probably there was an unknown one hanging around somewhere that had an avidity for my face; and may be Dr. Tubbs might give me an A for discovering it.

"Aw, pshaw, who cares about As or Bs or Xs!" And my hands slammed the book across the room—"I hate everybody and everything, and I want my mother, and h-h-h— — No, I don't!"

Then softly, stealthily my hands reached out toward the the
desk. I wrote two letters, one to mother and one to somebody else, nice, weepy, comfy letters. I felt better.

"Shame, shame, shame," scoffed will.

"Oh, keep still!" said I, "you're too smart."

One afternoon a beautiful dish of ice cream appeared on my table. It was so soft, and white, and foamy; and the aroma it wafted upward started physic reaction at once! Down went one mouthful, two mouthfuls, three mouthfuls,—no more! My jaws were defiant; they set themselves as solidly as father's monkey-wrench. No amount of coaxing had any effect;—and all that delicious ice cream wasting before my very eyes!"

"I must have it!" I cried.

"Be careful," admonished will, "remember, 'Fools rush in where'—"

"I know!" my voice re-echoed in the empty room, "I can drink it."

Thereupon the dish with its tempting contents found itself ensconced upon the radiator. I watched the mound lower and lower until it reached the level of the sea about it; then, with my lips almost an eighth of an inch ajar, in poured the sweetened torren. Unearthly bliss! Who cares if little rivulets traversed the succession of chins, and finally wandered down the folds of pink gingham? Who cares if a monstrous yell soon ascended to the lofty ceiling? It was so good!

How long the nights did seem. I counted sheep, hens, goats, anything; I talked, I walked, but to no avail for an hour. Those blamed mumps planned to wake up at twelve o'clock every night! Then would begin the march, round, and round, and round. I knew every inch of the way now, without turning on the light. Would morning never come!

Suddenly the pain would diminish; I could breath again. "Aren't mumps funny, though? Just exactly like a naughty baby; for when you've trotted them around until they are tired, they will settle back in bed peacefully without another murmur.

I wonder how long mumps last."
LONESOME PETE

IRMA HASKELL, ’21.

Thar’s a feller in our town-ship
Goes by name uv Lonesome Pete,
He’s an odd sort uv a duffer
Known frum here to County-seat.

Slouches long thar on the tote-road
W’en the moon is young an’ mad,
With ’is old felt hat a-slantin’
An’ ’is eyes a-lookin’ sad.

Keeps ’is hands down in ’is pockets
An’ ’is head is allus bowed;
Folks all ’low they’ve never hearn ’im
Speak a single word out loud.

Keeps a-wanderin’ long the tote-road,
Sometimes singin’, allus sad,
’S if a-lookin’ after suthin’
W’at perhaps he’s never had.

Now he’s gittin’ kind uv aged
An’ he mopes along quite slow,
An’ he shivers mighty easy
W’en the wind begins ter blow.

Slouches ’long thar on the tote-road—
Ha’nts the swing-gate by the brook;
Moonlight nights you’ll hear ’im singin’;
Prob’ly see ’im if you look.

Folks allow he’s somewhat daffy
An’ is worried with ’is thot—
We-uns guess perhaps ’is sweetheart
Died, er suthin’ uv the sort.
Got a ring he carries with 'im
An' a coupl' o' ribbon bands
W'at he's allus muttin' over
An' a-fondlin' in 'is hands.

He's a sad, depressin' duffer
Most folks kinder hate ter meet,
Slouchin' 'long thar on the tote-road—
We-uns call 'im Lonesome Pete.

A DEPARTMENTAL WAR WORKER

CARL E. PURINTON, '23.

I.

A year ago at this season, I was one of 105,000 federal employes in the city of Washington. A war worker in a government department was one other than a permanent employee, one whose services had been called for on account of the overwhelming amount of work occasioned by Uncle Sam's entry into the war. Many war workers have found permanent positions in the departments, now that the war is over, while many others, like myself, have returned to pre-war pursuits.

During the spring, summer and fall of 1918, up to the very signing of the armistice, in fact, war workers poured into the national capital in ever-increasing numbers. Week after week, month after month, the daily arrivals mounted into the hundreds. The fact that many, dissatisfied with living conditions, were constantly leaving the city, seemed to have no retarding influence upon the steadily growing total.

I was assigned to the Office of the Chief of Ordnance. I may well illustrate the rapid expansion of government departments in general following our entry into the war by stating a few facts about the growth of the Ordnance Department. Under normal conditions, the Office of the Chief of Ordnance occupied a single building on F Street, and the number of its
employes was counted in the hundreds. In the spring of 1918, the department was forced by its own expansion to move down to 6th and B Streets and take possession of two groups of vast temporary structures built on the site of the old Pennsylvania terminal, the scene of the shooting of President Garfield. Each group consisted of six wings, and each wing was of three stories and occupied as much space as any of our buildings here at Bates. The number of civilian employes had increased to more than 10,000, and the monthly payroll amounted to about $1,000,000. The rapid development of other branches of the War Department and of other departments, such as the Navy and the Treasury, was correspondingly great.

An organization as large as the Ordnance Office necessarily involves a good deal of red tape in its dealings with its employes. A government clerk often gets into a rut from which it is difficult to escape. The work is frequently monotonous with little hope of future advancement.

I was fortunate in being placed in time-keeping and personnel work, which gave me an opportunity to meet all types of workers, and to make many good friends. I became acquainted with people from all sections of the country. During my period of a year in Ordnance work, I was in the same immediate office at different times with persons from California, Nebraska, Iowa, Indiana, Minnesota, Alabama, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Massachusetts, and with others whose native states I do not recall. Strange as it may seem, the nearby states were represented by no greater numbers than were the far distant states. Brought together, as we were, "from east and west and north and south," we were one big happy family, bound by ties of similar age, corresponding likes and dislikes, parallel ups and downs.

Despite the pleasant, intimate relationship between war workers, there was always a businesslike air about everything. There was also a certain tenseness over our work. The war was at its height. Great things were at stake. However monotonous our duties might be at times, they had to be performed if those khaki-clad soldiers of ours were to be equipped and supported. There could be no shirking, no slacking.
Then came the overwhelming successes of the American and Allied arms. The newspapers printed one noon, that for which their type had been set for days. Screaming headlines heralded: GERMANY SURRENDERS; ARMISTICE SIGNED. Wild enthusiasm burst forth. Happy, shouting groups met and talked it over. Work was practically abandoned for the day. The beautiful grounds of the Smithsonian Institute, across the street from the Ordnance Department buildings, were filled with government clerks hurrying to and fro in their excitement and joy. Good-natured motor-transport chauffeurs loaded their trucks with exultant war-working femininity, and joined the crowded procession of noisy automobiles and floats parading up and down Pennsylvania Avenue.

That night witnessed a still greater demonstration. The whole city of Washington celebrated. Historic Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Capitol, its dome beautifully illuminated, to the White House, was one surging, seething mass of closely packed touring cars, trucks, floats, and pedestrians. There was a carefree, happy feeling over all. The great strain was over. The war was won.

Soon after the signing of the armistice, a reactionary spirit of unrest began to affect the war workers. Interest in the work began to lag, now that the crisis of the war had been safely passed. The work of the Office of the Chief of Ordnance became a process of gradually winding up its affairs, and of demobilizing its working force to a peace basis. Many months passed before any visible results could be seen in the size of the department. When I left Washington this last July, the working force had been reduced to less than 2,000. An actual return to pre-war conditions probably will not be possible, but good progress toward that goal has been made.

Although departmental work has no great appeal as a career, yet I feel that it is a privilege to have been able to spend a year in government work in the capital city during such stirring times as the year 1917-1918. I shall always prize highly my experiences as a war worker.
THE SILENT WILL

HAROLD MANTER, '23.

New York has little concern for the unfortunate and penniless, and Jim Lawston knew it well. It had been weeks now that he had vainly sought and at times begged for work and a right to live. Down in the districts of narrow alleys and cluttered gutters, there was a three-room rent where love had created for Jim Lawston all that really mattered now in the world—a home. It was the rights of that home for existence that had made the fight desperate to him; the rights of his children and their mother to live happily like others, that stirred him to every energy. It had not been Lawston’s fault that the strike of the riveters had failed. But now their numbers were marked and from that time he had found no employment.

Tonight, he faced his last resource. It was no longer a case of try, but a case of must.

The crisp air of November cleared the throbbing in his head, and he began to comprehend the hopelessness of his position. He laughed bitterly, but kept on. He did not note the direction he followed nor the streets he chose. He did not care. He would think awhile, then find some corner where the steel trust did not have him marked, where he might find some chance that was fair.

Suddenly, he discovered that he had reached the residential districts. Massive bulks of architecture loomed up beyond dark lawns, and even by their dim outlines, he sensed their luxury and beauty. Lawston stood watching, and presently saw the lights of the mansion turned off one by one till the place was in darkness, barely distinguishable. What a chance—! Lawston did not dare complete his thought but turned away, ashamed. He had never been a thief.

Then, suddenly, he lost his nerve, and with his nerve flew also his temper, judgment, and reason. It was not fair. How did these favored ones earn their living? Where did they work?
Curse them, they didn't work, they robbed. How much better than his children were theirs? What had they done to deserve such luxury? What had they done? He could tell what they had done. They had taken bread from the mouths of those who worked, who slaved for them. They were starving his children and his wife. They were denying him the right of a free man to work. They were thieves, cut-throats, murderers, robbers. Robbers? Yes, robbers. Well, if they can rob for their pleasures, he could rob for his own existence.

In the feverish state of his excitement the idea found support and favor. Once decided, he made careful and detailed plans. Shrewdly, he appraised the countenance of each imposing dwelling, seeking the most favorable for his purpose.

Here at last was the place and his opportunity. The building before him sat back from the street and was completely dark. Lawston first crept stealthily around the entire building. He found nothing to discourage his purpose, and on his second round he discovered, to his delight, an open window hardly beyond his reach and directly in the rear of the building. If he had made the arrangements himself they could not have been more perfect. Five minutes later he was inside, groping blindly about.

The metamorphosis of Lawston's mind had been complete. The deed he would have scorned in his normal state, he deliberately welcomed, and exulted in its achievement. He little realized that his reason had broken from nervous strain, that he had become a different person. He even forgot why it was he must rob this house, knowing only that his purpose was a right and necessity, and following that aim carefully.

He found a door and opened it noiselessly. From the touch of the walls and furniture, he judged the room to be a library. The soft thick carpet absorbed all sound of his steps and he moved about freely. Plainly, there was nothing here worthy of his entrance. He must find something to pay for his work. He crept through another door and almost immediately ran up on a flight of stairs. Without question or doubt, he stepped up and up. On the next floor, his caution relaxed and with reckless boldness, he opened every door, examining each room.
There was no one in the house. The realization came to him without surprise. Now, he would collect his pay, his due, his own interest on past losses.

Deliberately, Lawston switched on a light. With his first glance, he uttered a cry of horror and started back alarmed. Almost upon his face had towered a human skeleton, its arms stretched toward him, its cavernous mouth agape with a hideous smile. For a moment, Lawston expected the onrush of the spectacle, but it did not move. Then he saw it was hung from a stand. He laughed in an ashamed manner. Of course, this was the home of some doctor, and the lifeless anatomy suspended before him was no enemy.

He looked about him. The room was a bed chamber and the bed in one corner was still untouched and neatly made. The walls of the room were largely covered with diagrams and charts of what Lawston recognized as representations of the human brain. On various pedestals around him, he noted there were mounted human sculls. But these things did not hold his attention which fixed itself upon the bureau. There he found a revolver which he pocketed and there also he discovered a quantity of jewelry. He swept it all into his pocket. He rummaged through every drawer and searched the desk by the bureau.

Suddenly, there were steps in the hall. Seized with sudden panic, Lawston jumped to the first action that entered his mind. With a single leap he was on the bed and two seconds later was completely covered by the blankets.

II.

Professor Ferault rode homeward with a great, if sinister, satisfaction. It had been the most successful evening of his life. He could look back and recall great crises, great events, both honorable and dishonorable in his life of varied fortune, but tonight had been the climax. He had reached the peak, and the power he now possessed was far beyond his wildest dreams. He recalled his youth in the village of Soissons, his university life, and finally the day when he had been made head of physical research work in the University of Paris. How he had startled
the nation of France with his weird and alarming power upon the human mind. He had boasted for years that there was no living person he could not hypnotize, and he laughed to think of the time the President of France had called upon him in Paris. For his own amusement, he had subtly influenced the mental associations of the royal mind and, with skillful suggestions, had had the head of a nation babbling like an idiot. He had been well paid to keep that fact hidden.

Tonight, before a conference of psychologists, Ferault had first propounded the result of his genius. America, also, would now know his power. By experiments upon subjects at the conference, the master of hypnotism had proven to himself and associates that his realm was unlimited. He had shown that not only by his will could he completely overpower any will of another, but also the far more important fact that he could exercise this power over any distance and under any circumstances. The results of this revelation had created a sort of panic at the conference, for its members could foresee the fearfulness to which such power might lead.

Now, his lean, angular body embedded in the cushions of his limousine, Ferault smiled upon himself and relaxed a little the continual intenseness of his nerves. His little pointed mustache elevated itself in satisfaction. He closed his eyes as he recalled his closing words to the men of science.

"Gentlemen," he had said, "the application of this great principle is limitless in its scope. It means that not only am I able to completely control the actions of my subjects while away from my presence, but it means I can control any number of minds at the same time, however widely apart they may be. It means that with but the use of a special faculty of my will I can decree this influence to continue indefinitely whether I am sick, asleep, or dead. Gentlemen, you can see the possible results of this principle."

Well, he thought now, there would be things he would change. He would have things as he pleased in the world now. But tonight he was a little weary, he would go to bed at once. Here he was already. The car stopped.
Absent-mindedly, the professor entered the house and went to his room. Somewhat exhausted as he was, he allowed his attention to become listless, and still thinking of his evil hopes in the near future, he turned off the light and crept into bed.

His first sensation was alarming. The touch of cold steel upon his back and every faculty of his system leaped into action, every nerve fibre in his being tinged into consciousness. He was vitally alert. His mind grasped the situation with the same speed that his hand switched on the light.

Lawston, whose mind could not follow the movements of his companion, found himself looking into a pair of glaring eyes which bored silently into his soul. He felt his consciousness wavering and slipping. What inhuman fellow had leapt to meet him? What demon's lash was robbing him of his last vestige of action? The last spark of initiative, just as he realized the hypnotic will of his enemy, told him to pull the trigger. But he could not. Something held his finger. Summoning his final effort, he felt his finger move, then pull and tug. He heard the report, a cry, a curse, and then felt the fire of a terrific impulse that burned into his brain. He knew no more.

Ferault was wounded. The anger at pain shot through his mind and roused his vengence. He felt his breast. There was blood on his hand when he drew it away.

"Dieu!" he gasped, "the boy has finished me." Then he turned to Lawston.

"Boy, attend." The youth cocked his head idiotically. "You are a worthless hound. You have killed me. Regard-tu"—

The man coughed. A cupful of blood fell from his lips upon the bed between them.

"You deserve torture,—diable!—but I will be good. Get home! Home!" He coughed again. "Home, dog, and take to your bed and sleep. I demand it. Comprend tu? Go!"

Mechanically, Lawston rose from the bed. He walked to the door and left the room. Like a machine he stepped into the outside air and as unconscious as death itself, he made his way to his home.
III.

The "New York Times" for November 15, contained the following news upon its front page:

"FAMOUS HYPNOTIST MURDERED

Professor Ferault found dead in his room.

Early this morning the body of Professor Ferault was discovered in his home at 427 Fifth Ave. A bullet from a revolver which was found near the body had pierced a vital artery near the heart. Physicians estimate that the murder must have been committed at mid-night or a little later. The appearance of the room gave evidence that robbery was the motive of the crime. As yet, detectives have gained no tangible clue, but with Chief Morgan hard at work, it is hoped that the murderer will soon be brought to justice."

Three weeks later in the same paper there appeared a very interesting item though it occupied but little space and was buried in the inner pages. It was headed: "Curious Death of Young Laborer," and read:

"James Lawston, a former riveter for the Globe Construction Company, died yesterday from lack of nourishment due to a continual sleep. For three weeks every effort to arouse Lawston had been unsuccessful, his only response being in the form of fierce growls as of an angry dog. As far as is known there is no parallel to his case in medical history. He leaves a wife and two children."

A STRIKE THAT TOLD

Frances Field, ’23.

There were many big things about Mr. Travers. He had a big frame, a big face, a big nose on which sat a pair of big glasses, while behind the glasses were two big eyes, twinkling with fun; and beneath his big coat was an extraordinarily big heart. Indeed, his heart was so big that people sometimes wondered if he had any room in his body for the other internal
organs. All these big things, not excluding his feet, which I neglected to mention, were essential in a man of Mr. Travers' position, for he was no other than the manager of one of the biggest shoe firms in one of the big New England cities.

On this particular morning in December, his usual jovial expression was subdued into a look of deepest anxiety and concern. His eyes which were accustomed to play hide and seek, were looking straight ahead at a certain door of his office, with an almost deathly tenseness.

With a noticeable effort, he rose to his feet. As he looked about the room, he saw a spider busily spinning his web about a fly. His eyes twinkled now, lighting up his whole face, and he quoted in school-boy fashion, "'Won't you come into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly." With one stroke of his finger, he disentangled the fly as he said, "You are far too greedy, Mr. Spider."

Involuntarily Mr. Travers looked back at the door, and then squaring his shoulders, and gritting his teeth, he said in an undertone, "'Yes, I'll learn the worst; I'll enter your parlor, oh spider, and see if anyone will free me.'"

A few minutes later, he had slipped silently into an inconspicuous place behind some curtains of a little ante room next to one of the work rooms, and was straining his ears for the slightest sound.

There was a certain spirit of unrest, as though a storm were about to break forth in this big room where hundreds of the poorer class of the city worked. Girls were doing their work nervously. Not a second passed but someone's eyes were cast furtively at the clock. Uncontrolled laughter broke forth here and there, but it was without depth of fun.

At exactly ten o'clock, every one laid down his work with a finality that exposed defiance. A sullen look, the ordinary concomitant of a strike, settled on the faces of the employees as they put on their wraps. At just five minutes past ten, they started towards the door—but found it locked.

A rather young man, with a face already showing lines of thought and deliberation stood near it. He did not look easily frightened; nor was he at all aggressive, tho there was an air
of assuredness about him which checked all thots of violence. He mounted a bench, and began to speak in quiet tones, "Why are you striking?"

An angry, surprised murmur ran thru the crowd and died away again.

"Aw, we want some more money," said one.

The crowd shouted approval, and then a girl spoke in haughty contempt, "We don’t git enough to live on, and have any decent clothes. I ain’t had a new coat for ages".

"I don’t never have a new dress", interposed another.

"Over in L——'s they git lots more money than we do," another contributed.

"Well, open them doors, we ain’t going to stand here no longer; we git more money or else let Mr. Travers and his shoe buhiness go to h——, and you with 'em, Michael McCarthy!"

But McCarthy spoke in an even, distinct voice. "Yes, you all want more money. What do you do with it when you git it? Why ain’t you had new coats and dresses?" With growing sarcasm, "You don’t have enough money 'cause yer don’t save it. You go to the movies, night after night, ain’t particu-
lar whether you see a murder or a scene in heaven; you never take any thought whether a show’s fit for your eyes or not. Why, holy Peter, the theaters depend on you for support. They put on the pictures that they can git the cheapest, 'cause they know you’ll be there anyway. Respectable people won’t look at the shows you do. You say you have to go to keep warm. Go to the library, read a decent book, go home and go to bed, and you’ll save enough to appear like kings and queens. Study the figgers. The money the theaters earn from you alone would heat your rooms comfortable.

"Then what money you have left you spend on chewing gum, and cigarettes. You chew gum till your mouths are stretched like worn out elastic. You chew gum till the very air you breathe has a Wrigley smell. You smoke till you’re an abomination to the public.

"You ain’t gut money enough! Course, you ain’t. Why
is it that the rich people have money? Cause they git it off you. They don't throw it away, nor chew it into the atmosphere, nor smoke it away in any such quantities as yer do. You support all the cheap trash, so they don't have to.

"You want more money! Have you done anything to deserve more money? Have you worked harder? Are you accomplishing more everyday? No, you git lazier and lazier every minute. The more money you git, the less you want to work. Now if yer take my advice, you won't do no such fool thing as you're intending to. You'll take off your things and git ter work. Yer'll work harder'n yer ever did before. Then yer'll git more pay if yer deserve it. You, Mary, 'll have a new coat by Christmas; and you Matilda, will have a new dress. And yer can raise money enough to give the poor children a Christmas like they've never had before.

"If you don't take my advice you can do as you was planning to. Go home, pretend you're abused, git no money, have no Christmas, perhaps no dinner, and not let the children even know what fun is! That's all I have to say; but jest remember that Michael McCarthy will stand by his job and Mr. Travers, no matter what the rest of yer do.'"

He jumped down and set to work at once. His checks were red now, and he showed an extra squaring of the shoulders.

There was deep silence a few minutes, then the throng slowly took off their coats, and set to work. Never did they work harder, and never did they do it more gladly.

Even while they worked there was circulated a card, on which was written, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven. I pledge — to be used for the poor children of this city to give them the best time they ever had.'" When it had been to everyone, there was a startling amount: $800.

It was closing time that night when Mr. Travers called Michael McCarthy into his office.

"Congratulations, Mike, for being the best fellow I've seen
in many a day. You are to become assistant manager after Christmas for Mr. Farewell is going away.''

"My stars, sir, I guess yer've gut the wrong man. I ain't done nothing."

"No, I haven't got the wrong man. I was behind the curtain this morning. It is men like you that make this world worth living in."

"Well, sir, I thank you most heartily;" choking, "it's so sudden I can't think of the right words just now."

"And Mike, I don't mind telling you that a new contract that we just received will enable us to give all the employees a ten per cent raise by Christmas, since, thanks to you today, there'll be no strike to hold it up."

"I always knewed—knew you was—were fair, sir. I shall have to polish me grammar a bit, now I'm to be one of the firm."

After he had closed the door, Mr. Travers looked up at the spider's web. "Well," he chuckled, "I'm glad I accepted your invitation, Mr. Spider, your parlor was mightily uncomfortable, but I had a strong arm to rescue me!"

——

AIR CASTLES

AMY V. BLAISDELL, '23

Oh, Little Castle in the air
So radiant and so wondrous fair,
I pray thee do not fall!
For I have cherished thee so long
And sung to thee in tender song,
You've grown to be my all!

My prayer was thus in Youth's sweet dawn
And ever nearer was I drawn,
Till one sad day it fell!—
The shining thing of lovely dreams.
(How long that gray time seems!)
My heart says "All is Well."
And now I pray to One above,—
That One, who, in His boundless love
Looks down on each fair dream.
Give Thou me strength to build anew
The castle straight and high and true
More worthy may it seem.

---

**BACK DOOR CALLERS**

**Marguerite Hill, '21**

Time was when our *front* doors received the wear and tear of the rabble who drifted to our houses. The heavy, latticed entrance with its antique, iron knocker presented an imposing front to the world, behind which the commonplace, homely life of the inmates went on with a certain degree of privacy. Our *back* doors were kept sacred to the use of our friends and relatives, who came and went across our back yards in an informal manner, assured of their customary hearty welcome there. That such callers should be received courteously was an unwritten law to our grandparents.

Of late years, this conception concerning the office of back doors seems fallen into disuse. We open our front entrances at all hours of the day, and with the gradual elimination of our queer little old, stiff-legged parlours, we have come to find them convenient for the general comings and goings of the family. On the other hand, our back doors have apparently come to be the chief avenue of approach to a promiscuous throng of human beings.

Some of us find it difficult to overcome the intuitive feeling of kindliness which comes to us as we leave our cake boards to answer a knock, and we pay for our weakness by learning to our sorrow that the back door caller is of more types than one. Yes, our custom of back door courtesy will have to go, as our dear old pewter plates and candelabra have had to go.

This is not at all a hasty conclusion on my part, but the
natural result of a number of incidents extending over a long period of time. The first episode of importance was a tramp with a rugged, bristling countenance and a red shirt, figuratively red at least. He presented a very solid appearance as he stood in the back door, waiting for something to eat. Somehow I felt that presumably I should consider him a romantic figure, but he had a disagreeable habit of looking in a very sinister manner into all the corners of things. I could not but admit to myself, as from behind the curtains of the front bay window, I watched his broad shoulders slouch out of the yard, that I was glad he had elected to stay no longer. Eventually, in three or four days or so, there was an important robbery somewhere; and the thief, who had duly escaped, was said to be a tramp. I felt vaguely unhappy about it, for in my own mind there was no doubt that my tramp and the tramp were the same. However that may be, an unreasonable prejudice against red shirts fastened itself upon me, and in my mind grew an indeterminate, far-away forbidding of future troubles.

There were times of course, when this uncomfortable feeling left me. Upon one such occasion, I was returning home after a very satisfactory day's work at the library, my mind smiling to itself with that elated, something-good-is-going-to happen feeling well known to everyone. As I turned into my yard, I caught sight of an elderly woman sitting on the queer, box-like fixture occupied on Mondays by our clothesreel. She was talking to my mother who was standing near her. "Delightful"! I murmured to myself. "Doubtless an old friend of my mother's", and with that thought in mind I went toward them, smiling pleasantly the while. Altho she was conversing very rapidly on a perfectly alien topic, the visitor stopped and stretched out a kindly hand to me.

"Why, hello, my dear. How well you look! You are certainly your mother's daughter."

"You-er think so?" I remarked incoherently, and looked to my mother for my cue. Instead of introducing me or saying something appropriate, she bit her lip and looked away. I
was very mystified by this proceeding until the thot came to me that I am always forgetting people’s names when it is time to introduce them and that doubtless my mother had caught the habit. Consequently, I talked on fluently to cover my embarrassment over this unusual situation. Fortunately, however, our talkative visitor soon rose to go, and patted my mother’s arm fondly as she whispered, “Be good, my dear; and be sure and use what I told you; the plants will grow so much better. Good-by, dear children,” and she was gone.

I turned on my mother. “Would you mind telling me who she is?” I asked her.

She gave a deep sigh of relief. “I’m sorry, but I can’t. I never saw her before in all my life. She just walked right up here to the back door and started talking. I think by some of the things she said that there must be something very wrong with her. Mrs. Byrnes says there is a woman on Oliver Street who has just come home from an insane asylum. Perhaps—”.

“I thot so too,” I interrupted grimly, and added as the thot struck me, “And you say she came to the back door?”

On a Saturday morning a month or so ago, I had occasion to be keeping house by myself. I was dispatching the duties of Saturday with such concentrated zest that at first I did not hear the knocking at the back door, and when I finally came to open it, I found an entirely strange man cajoling my dog.

My dog is of the Boston terrier type and still in a very youthful stage; he has a screw tail which is an exact imitation of a question mark, and bat-ears, each one half the size of his face, which stand erect and give him the aspect of a small windmill. From my point of view naturally, there was nothing particularly sinister in the fact that anyone should wish to look at him. The man removed his hat promptly and conversed with me in a pleasant manner about the points of my dog; and after a short time, he remarked casually, “Mrs. Byrnes next door tells me that you have a fine old carpet sweeper which would be perfectly good if it was only tinkered up a bit. Now, I’ve spent most of my life fixing up such
things, so if you’ll let me look at it, I’m sure I would have it good in no time.’’

I looked at him. He was certainly a very nice man and he had come to the back door—but here something in me seemed to protest against giving him anything.

‘‘Really,’’ I demurred, ‘‘I’m sure there’s nothing the matter with it. I think you had better not bother.’’

He did not go; instead he stepped inside. ‘‘I should just like to look at it; if you’ll just tell me where it is, I’ll get it myself, no bother to you at all.’’

Inadvertently I looked toward the shed. In a moment he was out there, poking around in all the corners; and finally he emerged with his desired object.

He began briskly, ‘‘Now this wants new springs and some rubbers. I’ll paint it too, and do it all for two dollars.’’

‘‘But—’’, I started, reaching out a hand for it.

‘‘Oh, that’s all right; you can pay for it tomorrow when I bring it back,’’ and he departed swiftly.

With a growing conviction of a deep mistake, I watched him and our carpet sweeper down the street. This conviction stayed with me the rest of the forenoon, and found its proof when my parents arrived. I summoned all my courage and informed them that a very skilled workman had taken away our carpet sweeper for two dollars, and would return it in perfect condition.

I was very much surprised to hear my mother groan, ‘‘What, again? Didn’t you know that I had a man fix that just two weeks ago for a dollar and a half, and he didn’t do a thing to it? Besides, we really don’t use it.’’

The next day, our carpet sweeper returned, mutilated with a homely coat of varnish and some cloth things around it. I tried it hopefully on a rug in my room, but it refused to pick up even the very long white thread I placed there for the purpose.

It really mattered little, since carpet sweepers, like lam-brequins, are things of the past; and yet this episode had a very revolutionary effect on several of my ideas. Every
now and then my mother breaks out with, "You know, I can't understand how you happened to let that man take our carpet sweeper—" and I reply weakly, employing the remnants of my old excuse, yet knowing in my heart that my faith in it has gone forever,

"But he came to the back door."

IN THE NICK OF TIME

Dwight Libby, '22

Suppose, gentle reader, that you want to go to college and haven't any-er-some folks call it "kale", and others "chink"—but we'll simply say that you are financially embarrassed! If this happens to be your fortunate situation, Bates College Catalogue advises you to go to Bates. It does advise you, however, to procure at least a hundred dollar bonus from some philanthropic and benevolent friend or relative, before launching your campaign for an education, but it is far better to start off with absolutely nothing than never to venture forth at all.

It happens to be my pleasure to know a person in approximately this situation. It had always been his sole ambition to go to college. He wasn't so particular about graduating—that all depended upon how well he enjoyed himself after he got there, but he was a fellow that would try anything once. A friend of his persuaded him to come to Bates. Since he lived on a farm, he sold a few of his father's pigs and traded a set of old firearms for the semi-necessary hundred dollars.

When he jumped off the cars at Bates Street station, something in his undeveloped and unsophisticated process of reasoning convinced him that this particular street would lead him to his desination, so he hiked down Bates Street a couple of miles in search of intellect and culture. He wore out some very expensive shoe leather but found no foundation of knowledge until considerate fate placed a cop in his path. This
blue coated information bureau enlightened our pilgrim; and following the recipe given him, he found the college, situated as it were, at the foot of beautiful Mt. David and on the southern shores of picturesque Lake Andrews.

Of course the first thing Jack did—we will call him Jack because it is a rather gallant name and coeds like it, altho his parents donated him a decidedly more complex and appropriate cognomen—well, the first thing Jack did after he had registered was to look around the campus in quest of employment. He hunted up Harry Rowe, who runs a kind of an employment bureau over in Chase Hall, and asked him if he had anything for a fellow to do.

"There's plenty of work to be done," Mr. Rowe replied, and without further examination he directed the applicant into a closet where there were a few scrubbing brushes, et cetera, and set him cleaning up the basement of Chase Hall—which was then still under construction. "You see, we must test your mettle first—something better is bound to turn up later," Mr. Rowe added, by way of explanation and encouragement.

It was a good test for Jack's mettle. There isn't much doubt about that. He found his occupation decidedly more menial than any rustic labor he had ever been accustomed to, but Jack was a persistent lad and stuck by his colors as long as anyone else. The next day he continued to devote most of his time to police work in the corridors of the new building, but the third day Harry came up to him again and told him that he was about to be promoted. Jack's spirits brightened up with this information, but when he learned that the best job he could find was in a restaurant down on Lisbon Street, they suffered a complete relapse. If there was anything under the sun Jack hated, it was waiting on tables—but Jack was only a freshman, and as I have said he was ambitious—so he didn't say "no". He reported for duty that evening, and after a few primary disasters that furnished no little entertainment for his fellow sufferers but were quite pathetic to
himself, Jack found himself quite well contented in his new occupation.

So at the end of the first week Jack straightened out his little accounts. Books, an initial payment on his term bill, and other pecuniary needs had eaten no small hole into his capital. However, he congratulated himself on the fact that the food question—the biggest factor in one’s college expenses—was forever taken care of. But he frowned a little when he thought of four long years “slinging hash” in this little downtown restaurant, and of the number of miles he must travel back and forth to his room way up there on the college campus, all for what? Suddenly he grew very, very pessimistic. Then his room-mate entered with another fellow, and all of his dull cares retreated.

Day followed day, night followed night, and the first Semester of Jack’s freshmen year slipped quietly away in the same monotonous manner. Through the Thanksgiving and Christmas recesses Jack still worked diligently, successfully paid his term bill and other minor expenses—and then one night he discovered to his amazement that he only had the small sum of twenty-five cents in his treasury.

It was a lovely moonlight evening the very first of March. Signs of spring were even then in their embryonic stages. The atmosphere was light and warm and the thick blanket of snow that had covered the campus since Christmas had just been peeled off by Mother Nature. These things combine to excite the passion of youth. Everything was ideal for a little stroll. No sooner was this diversion suggested by Jack’s roommate than Jack jumped from his study and both made their exit from the dormitory. Where did they go? They only went down to the mecca of all Bates’ students, George Ross’s. In spite of the drought in his treasury Jack was feeling in pretty good spirits, and it required no reasoning with his conscience to part with his last two bits. When he left this ice cream palace he had only two cents in his pocket-book. These he spent for a two cent stamp, returned to his
room and penned a clever little piece of literature to his girl back home—forgetting everything.

The next occasion that presented itself to Jack to spend his money was a hair cut. It became quite essential for him to have this operation performed, for public opinion would accept no other alternative. He was therefore forced to borrow some capital from his roommate, this being his first real loan. Returning from his work that evening he found a letter on his table from the College Treasurer's Department. It contained the term bill for the second Semester. Subtracting his deferred tuition, which I should have mentioned previously as being granted him, there was still fifty dollars left.

"It's all up with me now!" he said as he threw himself down on the bottom story of his double-decked bed. "Fifty dollars! And I am minus fifty cents already!"

The next morning while Jack was in Hygiene class over in Carnegie Science Hall, a brilliant inspiration struck him. It was the little dried-up skeleton that hung in the corner of the room that produced the effect. Somewhere, Jack had heard of people dying and leaving their skeletons to medical societies or educational institutions for the convenient little sum of fifty dollars. Here was Jack's way out of the situation.

Accordingly he returned to his room and made plans for the rest of his life. He could do this simply enough, for he granted himself just about one more week of relationship with this earthly sphere. Indeed, he figured out approximately the latest hour in which he could break this partnership and get his bills paid.

As the week allotted to him progressed, Jack began to take his last days in a more matter-of-fact manner. Except that he was more serious than usual, no one would have suspected what was going on in his mental undertow. The hardest thing to resort to was leaving Jennie behind. He could console himself better if he knew that she cared for him, he thought—and there was one last way to find out. That was to write her a letter. Things had always been more or less understood between him and Jennie; but now as he reviewed his first real
romance, he saw how loose it had been. Indeed, the evidence of any mutual understanding between them appeared to be only theoretical at most.

The letter was written—a foolish little epistle to be sure! It was a final appeal to Jennie for her to accept his love, and inside of it he placed another little letter which he marked carefully: "Not to be opened except in case of my death." He tried to justify his precaution by saying that people nowadays do not know when death may overtake them.

And at last, the inevitable night approached. By a process of elimination he had finally arrived at the conclusion that Hedge Laboratory would be the most ideal sepulchre. Surely, with all its acids and fumes, death would descend calmly and swiftly there—but—the last mail had brought him no word from Jennie. He hardly knew what to do. He went to bed earlier than usual in order to get some rest before the appointed hour of midnight, but somehow he couldn't sleep. He thought over all his autobiography, and between each chapter he sometimes found himself actually praying. His roommate was away, a fact which facilitated matters considerably.

Midnight came, and the alarm went off, a soft, faint little tinkle, just enough to warn him that his fate was about to be sealed. He jumped out of bed, placed a note on his roommate's desk with his watch to pay back the fifty cents he had borrowed for the hair cut. Nearby he placed a letter addressed to the college treasurer, containing a copy of his term bill and a statement authorizing the college to take over his skeleton in payment thereof.

Then he crept stealthily out of his room, down the corridor and out of the dormitory in the still night air. He wondered why Jennie had not written—why must he die without some definite assurance of her intentions toward him? As he walked slowly down towards Central Avenue a bicycle emerged from the shadows, the rider jumped off and advanced toward him. Jack was hardly aware of this fact until the messenger boy stopped him and asked him if he could direct him to Room—up in the dormitory. Jack gasped audibly and only upon re-
petition of the question did he recover himself sufficiently to
tell the boy that he was the one who roomed there.

"Perchance this will ease your mind," the messenger boy
said as he handed Jack a telegram. Jack opened it nervously
and dodged back into the hall to read:

Dear Jack:

Received your letter today. Opened the one inside by mis-
take. Am sending fifty dollars in morning mail. Serus in
caelum redeas.

Jennie
MONIE’S THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER

ETHEL M. WEYMOUTH, ’20.

Soldiers Three, The Little Minister, The Virginian, The Harvester, and the Millionaire of Rough and Ready sat with the Poet at the Breakfast Table Far From the Maddening Crowd.

The Harvester, who lived Near to Nature’s Heart amid Green Fields and Running Brooks and knew all the Ways of Nature had gone Far into the Forest in quest of a Blue Flower. He was caught in a Tempest and missed the Crossing that led to his Farm at Edgcworth. He followed The Long Trail to Haworth’s Forge in the Forest and at Dawn continued his Roundabout Journey. But it did not prove A Fool’s Errand for in The Chosen Valley near The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, he found the Rose of a Hundred Leaves. From this, together with Orchids Passion Flowers, sap from Six Trees, and dew from Meadow Grass, he made Golden Hope, a Freckles-remover, which made Pollyanna glad and caused it to be said of Allan Quartermain, ‘‘He Fell in Love with His Wife.’’

The Minister’s Wooing and his Wayside Courtships had ended in An Amazing Marriage to The Maid of Maiden Lane. To him She was still The Woman Thou Gavest Me. The Wind of Destiny had not yet blown Uncle William and Sister Jane, his Crumbling Idols, as Burglars Into His Paradise. Telling Jess the story of his Love and helping wind her Three-Stranded Yarn took so much time that he was Forty Minutes Late at nearly every engagement.

The Virginian, a Scape-Goat In Ole Virginia, had been one of the Two Little Confederates, who spent Nights with Uncle Remus to meet Mr. Rabbit At Home. Later, as A Hazard of New Fortunes, he fought the Battle of the Strong On the Frontier with Red Men and White far from The Reign of Law. At the coming of The New Day he rode into The Undiscovered Country, followed The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag, and read the
Biography of a Grizzly. At last The Prodigal In Exile saw a Man from Home; he thot of the Sundials and Roses of Yesterday in The Old South and of the Home Folks near Red Rock on New-found River. The Ways of Nature were stronger than The Call of the Wild and he set out for The Iron Trail.

On the train he met the Millionaire of Rough and Ready who told him The Story of a Mine called The Luck of Roaring Camp, which was richer than King Solomon's Mines. He had found it after Hard Times, Roughing It, and washing Dust. But now he thot it Strictly Business to consider His Daughter First and to make The Rose of Dutcher's Cooly one of the Pillars of Society.

Soldiers Three had been Where the Battle Was Fought. They had stood before the Seats of the Mighty Prince of India, Afterwards as Captains Courageous they had taken The Fighting Chance In Darkest Africa and knew Well-worn Roads in Spain, Holland, and Italy.

Now they sat talking Over the Tea Cups of Literary Friends and Acquaintances when the Compleat Angler called and invited them to try Fisherman's Luck in Little Rivers.

A Few Quotations.

"Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend."

Halliburton.

The way the ancients said "mind your own business"—"It becomes a man to give heed to those things which regard himself."

Herodotus.

"The very great pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us."

"About the only person that we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel."

"When men grow virtuous in their old age they are merely making a sacrifice to God, of the devils leavings."

Jonathan Swift.
BATES STUDENTS Trade at
MARTIN & CHUZAS, 183 Lisbon Street
DEALERS IN
W. L. DOUGLASS SHOES
Discount on any pair to Bates Students        Every Pair Guaranteed
First Class Shoe Repairing

COMPLIMENTS OF
A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS OF
A FRIEND

THE CORLEW TEACHERS' AGENCY
RUFUS E. CORLEW, Proprietor        GRACE M. ABBOTT, Manager
120 Boylston Street
BOSTON, - - MASS.
Telephone Beach. 6606
Seniors intending to teach will find this Agency thoroughly reliable

THE MOHICAN CO.
HOME OF
PURE FOODS
217-221 MAIN STREET
LEWISTON       MAINE

DIAMONDS        JEWELERS AND OPTOMETRISTS    WATCHES
GEO. V. TURGEON & CO.
COMPLETE LINE OF FINE JEWELRY
WATERMAN AND CONKLIN FOUNTAIN PENS
SPECIAL
Watch Repairing, Jewelry Repairing and Optical Work of all kinds.
80 Lisbon Street   Lewiston, Me.

FLAGG & PLUMMER Photographers
MRS. DORA CLARK TASH Proprietor
102 Lisbon Street, LEWISTON, MAINE

MASSAGING A SPECIALTY
E. EUGENE KELLER
Park House
Barber Shop
6 Park Street, Lewiston, Maine

BERRY PAPER COMPANY
Stationers and Paper Dealers
AGENTS EASTERN KODAK COMPANY
49 Lisbon Street Lewiston, Me.