

THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

Vol. I.

Bangor, Me., March, 1887.

No. 6.

"CHESTNUTS" or Violet and Green

As viewed by Mother Nature.

"There are always *two* sides to a question."
And thus ye will always find
Some way out of every tangled path,
As the *Hill* of Knowledge ye climb.
So ye "High and Mighty" Seniors
Look to your laurels well
And ye snubbed, afflicted Juniors list
To the tale I'm about to tell.

In the ancient days of fable,
When the "fairie folk" held sway,
Their language was spoken by flowers,
And down to this present day,
From their laurels and the olden scenes,
The spring brings a token of "faithful love"
From the little "green men" of thy dreams,

Hidden beneath the snow, asleep.
As the winter winds roar high,
Are the germs of many an "innocent" life—
But at the spring's first sigh
They wake and yawn and stretch themselves,
And at length begin to grow
Till tiny sprays and leaves of green
Are seen above the snow.

Then, when the sun grows warmer,
And the birds carol forth their lays;
When the slow gathering shadows
Foretell of lengthening days,
A sweet sad face like an angel's
Peeps out from its sheltered home,
And the Violet—"Flower of Athens"—
Faces the cold world alone.

Short and bright is its little hour
Ere it fades and is lost to earth,
But the leaves still cover its grave,
As they did the spot of its birth.

My tale of the flowerets is ended.
What! a moral would ye see?
Ah! well—they breathe a lesson
Of hope and charity—

TO THE CLASS OF '87.

Too soon will your triumphs be over.
Why let your displeasure be seen?
Your hours are numbered, and soon
You'll be buried beneath the green.

But in your future years—
When duty seems to call—
Be faithful as the violet
Is what I wish you all.

TO THE CLASS OF '88.

Never mind the cruel minds
That blight your spring time weather,
For the "*Violet*" will sooner die,
But the "*Green*" lives on forever
Throughout all climes and seasons,
In the "Bow of Promise" doth shine.
Live on through the coming days of joy
A blessing to all mankind.

A PROTEST.

Doubtless many readers of the "Record" noticed in the Harper's Magazine for February last, a very pretty little poem, written by some one who claims to be short-sighted and recounts the advantages which he enjoys over people who see things as they are. This was a new side of the question to me, and, in-

deed, I yet entertain a lurking doubt as to the truth of the writer's assertion that he is short-sighted. Methinks a few days' experience of its discomforts would cause him to write another poem in a different key. If this gentleman did not disdain the use of glasses I should suspect him of wearing a pair of the brightest rose color. But certainly he labors under a great mistake, for if ever a class of people were deserving of pity and Christian charity it is the short-sighted.

The author of this extremely pretty little poem says that because of his blessing (?) every girl he meets looks "preternaturally pretty." If this were only true, how delightful it would be! But how any one can call a pink blur, in which no single feature is recognizable, pretty, I cannot understand:—yet surely this is about the mirage thrown on the eye of the short-sighted person by the passing face.

Admitted that many ugly sights are lost, consider the beauties lost also, when even the stars in the heaven are dimmed, and clear bold outlines are things unknown. How unreal is the world of one who has never seen things as they are! How can anyone love nature who has never seen it, to whom all the exquisite finishing touches which Nature lavishes every where on the most common objects, are lost? No, the external world is not for the short-sighted; let him look within, there is his sphere.

Then its moral effect. Who was ever short-sighted and did not burden his soul with untruth, saying that he saw things which he did not, just to avoid the weariness of continually reminding his friends of his infirmity? I doubt if any really short-sighted person can be perfectly truthful.

"But," some one asks, "do you forget that science has provided glasses fitted to every degree of short-sightedness? No, but in my mind there is little to choose. Glasses once assumed what is life without them? It is like seeing the word for the first time fresh from the Creators' hand; faces and landscapes the outlines of which have been long familiar are clothed in new beauty as the bold outlines are filled in and the perfect picture completed. Who would not purchase the pleasure of seeing clearly at any cost of personal appearance, however great?—for it must be admitted that the human nose was not intended for the support of spectacles and they do not have the appearance of being indigenous.

But this is but one side of the question.

If glasses could be firmly cemented to the nose of the wearer all would be comparatively well, but, alas, it is not so! Perpetual breakages and losses make the life of their unhappy owner a burden. Just when most necessary to his convenience, behold, his glasses have disappeared from the face of the earth. Once lost he must not delude himself with thinking that they will be found, such a thing never happens, unless the unhappy victim hastens to procure a new pair. This was never known to fail to effect their return, except in those very few exceptions which, as every one knows, are necessary to prove a rule. If he is a student and is dependent on his glasses they will often disappear just before recitation and his inhuman instructor will never fail to convey the impression that he thinks it but a slimsy pretext for a holiday. But he need not be down cast, he may be perfectly assured that he is no more responsible for the movements of his glasses than for those of the stars.

But while our glasses are so independent of us we are but slaves to them; once lost, who is to search for them since only the sense of touch can be relied upon? Cords, cases, these are but vanity and avail not. Science has yet to discover a method for making glasses stationary. There is a great need of some contrivance to accomplish this and a fortune in it for the lucky inventor. I myself will purchase the first lot manufactured, though it is my conviction that nothing short of screws firmly imbedded in the human skull will be sufficient.

THE LEGEND OF THE MONK OF ST. ANTHONY.

I recently read a translation from an old Norman legend which greatly interested me on account of its quaintness and originality. The story briefly told is as follows: There once lived in Rouen a man named Martin Franc who had a most charming wife, Marguerite. She was a great favorite with the town people on account of her piety, wit and beauty and more than one man in the city wished her husband well out of the way. Among her admirers was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the Abbey of St. Anthony, whose attentions at last became so noticeable that Marguerite, as well as her husband, was much annoyed, and together they formed a plan to rid themselves of this nuisance. One night when the friar remained longer than usual with Marguerite, her husband suddenly entered and

striking a blow at the visitor threw him prostrate to the floor. It proved, however, of a more serious nature than was intended, as when they tried to lift him from the ground he was found to be dead, for in his excitement Franc had dealt a more vigorous blow than he had intended.

Great was the consternation and grief which followed.

Marguerite, with ready tact, devised a scheme of getting rid of the body before they should be discovered.

Observing the ring of keys at the friar's waist she rightly guessed that they unlocked the doors of the convent gardens and she told her husband to take the body and place it there among the trees. He accordingly did so and left it sitting upright on a stone bench by the side of a fountain.

Now when the prior of the convent noticed that Friar Gui was absent from his place at midnight prayers, he was exceedingly angry and sent a monk to find the truant sacristan and bring him to his cell. It happened that the messenger sent by the prior was an enemy of Friar Gui and when he saw him sitting in the garden as he thought, asleep, he shouted "Why are you here asleep, when the brotherhood are all at their prayers?"

There was no answer.

"Wake up!" he cried again, "the prior wishes you to come at once to his cell."

Still there was no reply.

"Then" cried the angry monk, "I will wake you" and he gave the friar such a blow that he fell into the fountain with a loud splash. The monk waited a few moments expecting to see him rise dripping from the water, but he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin. At length he pulled him out and great was his horror to find that all efforts to restore life were unavailing. He had no doubt but that he was the cause of the friar's death and he began at once to look around for a way of ridding himself of the dead body, for as the animosity between the two men was well known in the convent he feared that when the deed was discovered he would be convicted of the murder. At length he determined to place the the friar at the door of the most famous beauty of the city, that all suspicion of murder might rest on some jealous husband. He therefore carried the limp body to the door of Marguerite Franc and after knocking glided away to the convent. The wind blew the arm of the dead friar against the wall again and again, making a loud noise. When Martin and his wife could stand it no longer they went down stairs and opened the door, when the body of the murdered friar fell into Martin's arms.

Terror and superstition were instantly visible on their faces.

"You must hasten with the body and throw it into the river," cried Marguerite.

So once again the murdered monk was placed across Martin's shoulders and off he hurried to the river. When he had nearly reached the quay he heard the sound of steps behind him. He stopped to listen. Nearer and nearer they came. He tried to run but his feet seemed nailed to the ground and he leaned trembling against the wall of a building. In his fright the body of the friar slipped from his shoulders and fell against him. At this moment a man came around the corner carrying a huge sack. His eyes were on the ground and he did not see Franc and the monk until he was directly in front of them. When he observed as he thought two men, he uttered a cry and rushed away. The sack fell heavily at the feet of Franc and in the fall the string broke and out came the head of a hog.

When Franc had recovered from his surprise he placed in the sack the dead body of the friar in exchange for the hog which he carried off with him.

Scarcely had he disappeared when the owner of the sack returned with two other men. Great was their surprise to find the sack still there. The man who had fled was laughed at by his companions who declared that he had been frightened by his own shadow. Then one of the men took the sack and all three disappeared.

Now at that time there were in Rouen three robbers who went around the streets at night for the purpose of stealing what they could lay their hands on. On the night of the murder of Friar Gui the three men had been prowling around the streets with out finding anything to reward their labors. At last, they saw a hog hanging up and quickly taking possession of it, placed it in a sack which one man carried off on his shoulders while the others went different ways. This was the person who was so alarmed at the sight of Martin Franc.

The three men now went to a lonely inn to take out their plunder and surprised enough were they when instead of the hog they found the dead friar. Fearing it was a bad omen and would bring them ill luck, they took it, before daylight, to the butcher's and hung it in the place of the stolen hog.

The next morning the butcher was thunder-struck to find, instead of the nice fat hog, a dead friar presenting a ghastly sight in the early morning light.

He decided to place the body on horse back and after binding it down with cords to let the horse gallop off while he would

rush after it and shout, "Stop thief! The man has stolen my horse." Then the people would strike the monk as he rode by and it would be thought that he had met his death in that way. The plan was accordingly carried out and everything transpired as the butcher had expected. The people struck at the monk as he passed and many joined in the pursuit. The noise only served to frighten the horse and to quicken his pace. On, on, he went until he reached the quay. One more mad plunge—a splash, and both horse and rider were in the river, were swept down by the current and seen no more.

OUR EXCHANGES.

As seen by G. C. and J. D.

If Mr. Heislein of *Nulli Secundus* will read carefully the Publisher's notice of this paper, he will discover that instead of being published by "active college students," it is published by "Students of the Bangor High School," but we hope they are no less active. As to his criticism of the *Shylock* articles in our January number, we would say that as each was written from a different standpoint, each writer saw the character in a different light. If Jews or Christians should give up the "prejudices akin to their respective religious bodies," there would no longer be two bodies, they would be merged into one. Had we intended to give a thorough analysis of Shakespeare's *Shylock*, we should have carefully considered the view from each stand-point and have come out for one side or the other; but the articles in question were merely to point out a few arguments on each side; and although they may have been rather superficial, considering the the magnitude of the subject, they surely showed more real thought than the criticism of Mr. Heislein.

The story entitled "Love" by Miss E. M. Dowe, which appeared in the *Ubiquitous* some time ago, reminds the writer of insipid apple sauce highly sweetened to give it flavor. It is without point or character, and would be unreadable were it not for the great number of adjectives which give it a sort of artificial tone. We hope all Miss Dowe's writings are not of this stamp.

We read in the *High School World* for March the proceedings of a Debating Society which that school supports. It is an excellent thing. As every school should have class organizations, so every school should have a Debating Club. It is not good to read and study all the time. We must not allow our minds to continually receive thoughts, we must make them give forth ideas of their own occasionally. It is a hopeless task to keep pouring facts into the mind, unless it will yield something in return.

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The readers of the Record will remember an article on the "Protection of Birds", which was published in the columns of its first number. We can use no argument on this much talked of subject which has not been brought forward by that writer and thousands of other partizans of the good cause, but we wish to call the attention of our readers to the Audubon Society which was founded in New York City in Feb. 1886, whose purpose is the protection of American birds, and which already has a membership of 2300, in which list are the names of many distinguished men and women.

The only qualification for membership is the signing of one or more of the three pledges, the objects of which are to prevent as far as possible:

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Pledges may be obtained from any of the editors.

The Society publishes a bright and interesting magazine of some 25 pages, and no one can long withstand the strong appeal of the many noted authors who contribute to it. Let me quote a few words from its pages: "It would be hard to say whether boys or girls have behaved most generously in the matter. To both sexes membership in the Audubon Society involves some self denial for

conscience sake, and they have both responded in a manner to maintain the high character of the race and its readiness to place principle above everything."

Surely when all classes of people all over the country are coming so nobly to the front in this great work, the pupils of the B. H. S. will not be behindhand.

H.

ANOTHER COFFEE PARTY!!

The senior class again "bobs up serenely." If we can't have a Reception, we will have a Coffee Party. A class meeting was held in Room A., Monday, 3rd inst. at which it was decided to have another Coffee Party some time this week or next. The exact date is as yet undecided. We hope to have quite as good an attendance as at the the last, and can promise as many attractions, if not more.

LOCALS.

That reception seems to be agitating the juniors just now, and some of them say they are going to give it too.

The "Protest" in this issue will find a ready response in the hearts of the numerous short-sighted persons in school.

The measles which decimated the ranks of our scholars last term seems to have spent their fury. Very many unfortunates took the occasion of the two weeks vacation to come down with this disease. Very considerate of them.

The weather this winter shows a fearful partiality to the school authorities. Not content with always arranging its storms so that it should be decently pleasant at a quarter of eight and a driving storm at one P. M., it must needs go to work and either snow or rain or do something else equally disagreeable nearly every day of our vacation. The pupils will certainly strike if this goes on much longer.

We have heard various individuals remark as to the ribbon-ness of the locals in our last. There was a certain sameness about them, we will confess, but if any body wants better locals let him send "em in." We stand ready to receive them from all quarters.

The membership roll of the A. A. shows a startling preponderance of the male sex. This is not as it should be. Just think girls, it will only take *an hour and a half* once in *two weeks*! Is it possible that you cannot spare so much time from your other occupations! The last meeting was exceedingly pleasant. All the teachers of the school were elected honorary members. The next meeting (April 20) will be, we expect, well worth attending, and we expect to see many there.

The class parts have been given out as follows:

Valedictory	May S. Bolton.
Salutatory	Reuben L. Illsley.
History	Alice M. Robinson.
Prophecy	Alice L. Dunning.
	Louise S. Glass.
Poem	Sadie F. Moor.
Address to '88	Mabel Harlow.
Ode	Willie F. Holden.
Essay	Annie Adams.
Piano Solo	E. Gertrude Hutchins.
Discussion:—	Thos. S. Burr, Ralph Hunt,
	Grace E. Clergue, Hattie O. Milliken.
Declaration	John M. Hastings.
Recitation	Lucinda Moulton.
Song	Lillian N. Arnold.
Original Exercise in English Literature:—	
	Mary A. Robinson, Mabel Pritchard,
	Edith S. Farrington, Edna G. Gilman,
	Carrie Kenney, Minnie Whitney.

This term we shall place our exchanges as received, on file in the Library, for the benefit of all.

IS HE A MILLIONAIRE?

There is now living an old gentleman who is ninety-five years of age. Let us suppose that at the age of twenty he began to save one dollar each week. At the end of the year he had fifty-two dollars. Let us suppose that he invested the money securely at the rate of five per cent. per annum and at the end of the year drew the interest and deposited it with the principal so as to secure compound interest. Let us also suppose that he continued his habit of saving and, in consequence, put away securely invested fifty-two dollars yearly, and that he also pursued the same course of drawing the interest and adding it to the principal each year. He now has, of course, fifty-two dollars, his first year's savings, at compound interest seventy-four years. The second year's savings he has at compound interest seventy-three years. The third year's seventy-two years and so on. He now has fifty-two dollars at compound interest seventy-four years, seventy-three years and seventy-two years and so on,—during the sum, that is, of all these years—the sum of the series seventy-four to one. Now money at five per cent. compound interest, more than doubles itself every fifteen years—not to be exact, call it just fifteen years. I want to know the amount of the old gentleman's fortune at the present time. The sum of the series is—but I will not work out the problem. The figures as I make them are somewhat startling and may not be correct. Will some of the bright boys and girls give me their results that I may compare them with mine?

G. C.

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