

E. W. Reid

ACADIA ATHEANEUM



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Intercollegiate Debating

INTERCOLLEGIATE debating does not create the popular enthusiasm that athletics do and yet as a matter of fact there is more at stake for a college when her students are matching their wits against those of their opponents in a forsenic contest than when they are struggling for athletic supremacy.

This article does not propose to argue the importance of debating as a college institution, but simply to offer a few suggestions that may be useful to those who are interested in this phase of college life.

A word as to the arrangement of speakers. It has been the custom at Acadia for one man only to make a second or rebuttal speech. This I think is a mistake, the better system being that after all the main speeches have been delivered, each man be given five minutes for rebuttal. This arrangement does not place so much responsibility on one man, gives all a more equal chance, and is a fairer test of the merits of the team as a whole.

As to the method of judging: Here again I think the system that is or at least was in vogue at Acadia is a poor one. When a representative from each college is appointed together with one independent judge, the chances are that the representatives from the respective colleges will have about as much to do with winning the debate as the speakers themselves. A system which I have seen work to good advantage, is to pick three independent judges, have them sit in different portions of the audience, and each hand in his decision to the chairman at the close of the debate without an opportunity to consult with the others. By this method the unbiased opinion of each judge is arrived at, and if the decision is not unanimous, there is still glory for the one side and consolation for the other.

A few suggestions to the members of the team in preparing for and conducting the debate. It is a good idea for the speakers to prepare speeches upon the opposite side before they undertake the preparation of their own arguments. The advantages of this are obvious.

One of the best preparations is for the members of the team to discuss informally the subject among themselves and endeavor to tear each others arguments to pieces.

Too much time should not be taken up in what is often useless and unnecessary reading. Of course some subjects are of such a nature that a good deal of reading must be done in order to understand the question properly ; but all reading should be gotten through with at the earliest possible stage of preparation. The debaters thoughts cannot crystalize and take definite shape as long as he is hopelessly floundering about amongst other peoples ideas. The most time and thought should be devoted to sorting and arranging his ideas into systematic shape and in fixing in his own mind a definite comprehensive view of the question. He should endeavor from the start to get at the fundamental principles of the subject, and to work these principles into concise clear cut propositions. He must think everything out for himself and be convinced before he can expect to convince others.

It is always a good plan for a debater to write a speech out in full not with the idea of learning and reciting it, but to put his ideas into more definite shape, to enable him to see more clearly the weak points in his arguments, and also, and perhaps most important, to prevent the danger of too much time being wasted in getting down to the subject. Of course it would be ruinous to attempt to recite a speech, but if he reasons the thing out in his own mind as he talks there will be no suggestion of reciting, while at the same time his vocabulary and method of expression will unconsciously be improved.

The speaker should endeavor to have at his disposal some carefully prepared sentences with which at times to sum up his arguments. These to be used in the nature of "clinchers." The debater who can command terse epigrammatic expressions has great power. They may be fallacious, but they sound logical and carry conviction.

Apt illustrations should be sought, but illustrations should never be used, unless they either exactly illustrate the point, or are capable of sidetracking an opponents argument. This method of meeting an

argument by avoiding it is especially useful in a debate where time is limited, and it is often more effective than an elaborate discussion. I have in mind a couple of instances where this was adopted very successfully.

One :—The subject was compulsory voting. The criticism has been made repeatedly that the idea was new and untried. The answer made was, "If the gentlemen will remember their Caesar they will recall that the Ancient Belgians punished abstinence from their councils by death. If the gentlemen think that a principle that has existed since before Christ is new, they are too conservative for American progress." Another: The subject was Ship Subsidies, and the question was persistently asked "How long are these subsidies to be continued?" Finally the answer was given, "Abraham Lincoln was once asked, how long a man's leg should be, and he replied, long enough to reach to the ground."

One danger that should be avoided is to over-estimate the intelligence of the audience. The speaker must remember that he has been studying and thinking over the question for weeks, while his hearers have given it little or no consideration at all. To be convincing an argument must be clear. One point well made is better than a dozen so presented as to only confuse the audience, and judges. Do not imagine that the judges will understand anyway. A speaker who cannot reach his audience, loses the psychological effect of the occasion, to which the judges are just as susceptible as the others.

The art of debating is largely acquired and no person who has a reasonable amount of brains and perseverance should despair of becoming a good debater. We hear of "born orators," but a trained logical method of expression is more to be desired than the power to give forth, a torrent of incoherent high sounding nothingness. Natural fluency is a gift too often abused. Its possessor relies on it too much and instead of argument we get "hot air." True oratory must contain the substance as well as the form. Debating trains the mind to think of the substance. It is the logic of eloquence, and to the public man who wishes to be a lasting power it is indispensable.

J. W. DeB. Farris, '99.

Wanderings

The time flies fast, O life, and yet
When time has ceased, what then?
Shall we, who erst did seek
That we to greatest heights should rise,
Lose all and sink into oblivion.

*Time flies, it speeds
And we have scarce begun
To plan each one his deeds
And lo! our race is done.*

O life, that we who live should cease
To live, and wander formless
Through the mists, that 'round us gather,
While silently we tread the great Unknown,
Unaided and alone, but yet for One.

*Time flies, and will not rest
A slightest space for thee or me,
But as in haste, that we may test
Our knowledge of eternity.*

O life and hope, what does this vast
Expanse beyond enclose, save this
Which is, and was, and will return
To taunt us with a wilful waste,
Or yet perchance, demand it back again.

*Time flies, nor pauses
When we cry, our work undone,
Nor yet demands if causes
We may have, who duty shun.*

O life, then must we live to die?
And naught to gain, but that the end
Shall find mankind a space removed
By our own help, if only merely moved
From darker depths, towards the goal for good?

*Time speeds, see thou
That then thy life shall count,
Thy aim that in the now
Thou'lt help each towards the mount.*

O life and truth, then give us each the aim
To onward, upward, strive to rise,
That ever thus we shall not spend
The smallest space of this great trust,
Mankind's own right, but for the right.

*Time flies, then choose
A purpose firm, that in your part
Of life you shall not lose
What should be yours, in life's great mart*
'O?

Harvard Types and Topics.

MR. Cox's article on Harvard, published two months ago in the *ATHENÆUM*, did not, as I had hoped it would, release me from my promise to your editor. A note threatening trouble unless he had something more about Harvard from me in time for this issue has set me down to writing precipitately whatever comes into my head. I have chosen a subject which will allow plenty of rambling about, and I defy anyone to trace the slightest logical continuity or even connection throughout this production.

First, perhaps you would like to know what a typical Harvard man looks like. Well, of course there isn't any such thing as a typical Harvard man, to begin with. However, people all over the country like to cherish the illusion that there is one, so perhaps there is. Freshmen all like to have one to worship. As a matter of fact, I think the Freshmen from the big prep-schools, upon their arrival at Harvard, rig themselves up in a most wonderful way, each in accordance with his own ideal of a Harvard man, and striking into a most unnatural walk (supposed to be the Harvard stride) do swing through the yard, looking with awe each upon the other, with bated breath whispering to themselves, "There is a typical Harvard man." It is hard to tell a Freshman, here, especially hard for a Freshman.

However, there are certain characteristics which are fairly uniform in the appearance of the majority of Harvard men. The typical man about the yard, for instance what does he wear? A plain dark suit, trousers enormously baggy at the thighs, and in length striking a compromise between his heels and his knees, always turned up at the bottom (made that way,) broad low shoes summer and winter alike, with large ribbon laces, kid gloves just peeping out of the breast pocket of his coat; brass watch fob with class numerals dangling from his vest pocket, his hands deep in his trousers' pockets, his hat a gray slouch, battered by preference with crown most curiously shaped to the head. Caps like those recently adopted at a Acadia are very little worn. I have not seen one straight H cap. Caps seem to be worn chiefly by fellows who have been put on their class team during the last few minutes of a game, for the purpose of winning their class

numerals. The first few days I was here I wore my A cap, but I desisted after being several times in one day saluted on the street by muckers, "A ! Arlington High School. Huh !" The very humblest Harvard Senior does not care to be taken for a High School boy even by muckers. Perhaps I had better explain my terms as I go along. "Muckers" are Cambridge street urchins who throw snowballs at us week days, and sing to us Sunday in Appleton chapel, dressed in angelic garb of Choir Boys. Canes also are worn here very little, even Sundays. Most of the fellows I have noticed carrying a cane seemed to be doing so for football or lacrosse reasons, more to support themselves than their opinion of themselves.

Suppose we look next at the Harvard theatre man. He is very numerous. About the same proportion of Harvard men go to theatre as go to class. The man who does this properly wears his dress suit, opera coat and tall opera hat. He often has Her beside him, white and fluffy and charming. From your seat somewhere up in the balcony you may look down at him in his box. You will see and enjoy as much of the play as he does. Indeed you will see more of the *play*. After it is over, he will go to the Touraine for a theatre supper, you will go to a Rathskellar. Rathskellars are in high favor here, especially after theatre. Of course you know what a Rathskeller is ? Once upon a time it occurred to the enterprising keeper of an underground restaurant that people don't like to go to a restaurant down cellar. Whereupon he fitted up his hole in the ground in pseudo-Dutch style, hung steins around the walls, added a few horrible German dishes to his bill of fare, and called his restaurant a Rathskellar. The idea spread like wildfire and "took." The name comes from two German words meaning counsel-cellar. It is very appropriate. The patrons are in my opinion badly in need of counsel.

One of the most diverting things about going to theatre is getting a car back to Cambridge after it is over. The theatres are all near together, and as they all let out at about the same time, there is always a tremendous crush for cars in the subway, where lines going in all directions are brought together. All cars leaving the subway about eleven o'clock present striking analogies to huge sardine cans. "There always room at the top," but very little anywhere else. In the next world the particular form of punishment allotted to Harvard men will undoubtedly be a split hoof conductor motioning them on to the blaze,

and eternally calling, "Step right up forward, please !" An electric car is a marvellous thing. The old axiom that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time is disproved every night in the week in the Boston subway. The revised axiom would read something like this : "In a Cambridge car already full there is always room for as many more as there are Harvard men on the subway platform."

Some of the Harvard theatre-goes do not come home on the electrics. They come in cabs. If you should ever happen along the Gold Coast (*i. e.* Mount Auburn St.) a little after midnight, you might see a whole row of cabs drawn up in front of the swell dormitories, while the cabman are assisting their wavering fares up the broad stone steps. Occasionally one drifts into nine o'clock lecture next morning with his dress suit on under his overcoat.

Then another class of men you meet here are the grinds. Round-shouldered, thin-faced, spectacled grinds. They spend some twelve hours a day over their books, burning barrels of Standard Midnight Oil. They never miss a lecture, and every word that falls from the mouth of the professor, every cough and "ahem" even is eagerly snatched up and entered in their copious notes. Every now and then one of them is missed in his accustomed seat, and the word goes around that so and so broke down after the last exams, and had to give up college and go home. The temptation to grind is strong here. There is so terribly much right within reach which one wants to learn, and he can get but so very small a fraction of it at best. And besides there are scholarships to urge him on, and a Phi Beta Kappa waiting at the end. We'd all like to study if it wasn't such hard work.

Next comes the football hero. You are familiar with him through the Boston daily papers and *Life*. The picture is hardly exaggerated either. He is certainly magnificent in his kind. Dan Hurley is undeniably the greatest man in Cambridge. If you don't believe it, come to Cambridge next year and see what happens, when at a mass meeting before one of the big games, he steps out and utters barely half a dozen sentences ! It is well the ceiling of the Union Assembly Room is vaulted with steel.

And the literary man. He is found here as nowhere else. He generally lives in Hollis or Holworthy. He prefers the attraction of old traditions to modern conveniences. The yard dorms have this year, however, added steam heat as a supplementary attraction to the

traditions. This man goes to classes quite frequently when he is not writing something for one of the papers or for his own soul's satisfaction. He invites you perhaps to come to his rooms some afternoon to five o'clock tea. He has good tea with sliced lemon in it. He gets it ready in about five minutes and serves it in his own private china cups from the little tea table in the corner. Then he offers you your choice of some dozen pipes of different nationalities, and you smoke and talk. You look around his walls. The lower half of them all the way round are solid with books. The upper half usually papered in a dark, dull red or green are scattered with reproductions from the old masters, society shingles, medals, letters from publishing houses, and posters of his fraternity's amateur theatricals. There is probably a piano in the corner, a half-buried typewriter on his desk and some twenty sofa cushions distributed over his window seats and couches. When you go he makes you promise to come again, and insists upon lending you say a rare old edition of Dante which he picked up in the book stalls of Venice or Rome.

There is one rather peculiar type of man met with here. I call him the professional debtor. There are two of the species rooming together on our own corridor. They lead a most picturesque life. Their room is literally a castle. The door is always double locked for fear of collectors or policemen, and only the private signal knock evokes any show of interest from within. If by any strategy a collector succeeds in effecting an entrance, the inmates put out through the windows, run around the building on a ledge, four stories from the ground, and climb into an unoccupied room which is always kept ready for an emergency. I have known a collector to camp on the stairs all the afternoon long with the hopes of catching them. They go on the principle that it is easier to buy books than to pay for them, and just about as satisfactory. They have a good library of authors' complete works in edition de luxe, bought by subscription. By keeping out of the collector's way, and only giving him a dollar or so when cornered, they plan to leave college with some hundred dollars worth of books for which they have paid only a trifling amount. When term bills come due or other necessary expenses, they generally lure on some easy friends and play poker all night long, generally ending up considerably richer than when they began. Among a certain class there is a good deal of poker played at Harvard. There is a story that

Bob Wrenn, the famous tennis champion of the United States, paid his own way through Harvard, and his younger brother's way, and ended up \$2000 to the good, all by judicious poker playing.

There are many interesting types of professors here. One often meets two professors standing in the middle of the sidewalk, wildly gesticulating in argument, and oblivious of everything else. They may be talking in anyone of a half dozen languages, altho English is most common. There is a gratifying sense of listening to the voice of authority when you attend lectures at Harvard. Nearly every professor is the author of at least one authoritative text book on his particular subject. Some of them take pleasure in referring to the fact. One professor I know of frequently finds occasion to say, "You will have to consult my own work on that point. It is not found elsewhere." This invariably brings a great stamping and cheers from the class.

Most of the professors are pretty thoroughly respected by the students. For instance I haven't met a single Harvard man who would not say that he believes Dean Briggs is the finest man in Massachusetts. Professor Wendell, now abroad is sworn by among all English students. Prof. Münsterburg and Prof. Royce are worshipped by all young philosophers. It might be interesting to you to know that our Prof. Münsterburg three or four days ago received from the Kaiser an offer of the chair of Philosophy at Königsberg — the same chair once held by the famous Kant himself. Prof. M. refused the offer by cable. Then there are other great names. If you are Hellenically inclined you may go and hear Greek Grammar Goodwin lecture, and, by the way, you will believe you are listening to a Greek god. He is a tall, handsome man with waving snow-white hair, and the fresh glowing face of an undergraduate athlete. I believe he must have found the elixir of youth concealed in some Greek root. Then there is the dear old Charles Eliot Norton. He has retired now, and he is a perfect embodiment of O. H. Holmes' "Last Leaf" the last of all that famous coterie of New England literary men of nearly half a century ago, old and bent, "he totters o'er the ground, with his cane," and his little dog which always accompanies him.

"But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan.
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone."

But his eyes are still bright, and glow with the fire that still burns within. He keeps his mental faculties wonderfully. Only a few weeks ago he brought out another book, containing the letters he once received from his old friend John Ruskin.

Among the celebrities I had almost forgotten to mention the Widow Nolen ! The Widow Nolen, a man, otherwise known as Nolen's University is one of the most important institutions here. He it is that saves many a Harvard man from shipwreck on the rocks of exams. On the night before each of the midyear and final exams he holds a seminar. To him flock those who have left undone the things they should have done. In a crowded hall, peeled down to their shirt-sleeves, sit the empty vessels, for him to fill. With attention strained to the utmost they sit and listen while he drones through a careful digest of all the lectures of the term, and from his years of experience studying the various professors' mental workings, he prophecies what questions will be set this year, and hammers in the necessary information on these important points. With heads well crammed by morning his pupils leave depositing a few dollars at the door, the price of their life, and enter the exam room to come through with colors flying.

There are other well known figures inseparably connected with Harvard if not directly with Harvard's learning. There is first of course John the Orangeman and his Donkey, a pair of twins that have become a symbol for Harvard on all posters and pictures. Then there is Max Keezer of Bow St. He is generally seen near Memorial asking all comers if he may not call and inspect their wardrobe. He is perfectly willing to give you two dollars for a twenty-five dollar suit, provided it has not been worn. Then the Dago with his banana cart, always by Randall Hall gate with his old refrain, "Nice-a-banan. Tan sants a dozen !" And finally there are myriad well known book agents, match-sellers, and other noisome pestilences.

I see I have taken up so much space with my "Types" that I shall have to skip most of my "Topics" (Bad practice this skipping topics. Never used to do it at Acadia) I should like to tell you all about Memorial Dining Hall rough-houses, where a rose or a fair maid's handkerchief dropped from the visitors's gallery means a general piling up of broken dishes, overturned chairs, tables, food and scrambling students ; and about fussing at Vespers, or going to Wellesley. By the way, for those who like that kind of a thing, Wellesley is about

the kind of a thing they'd like. There is also a place around here somewhere, I believe, called Radcliffe. It is hard to locate, however, and hardly pays one for the trouble. I never have been able to meet a fellow yet who will own up to having found it.

I must'nt close this article without telling you that Harvard is a very beautiful place. I know of nothing to equal the Yard in spring, all green as a well-kept lawn, checkered with the sunlight which sifts through the thick spreading elms overhead — unless, indeed, it be the same Yard in winter, white with fresh-fallen snow, the trees all one magic forest of silver-frost tracery. It is good to sit in the open windows of Hollis or Stoughton on the first warm, lazy spring day, with many other open windows and many other loungers in the dormitories all around the great quadrangle. Then you feel very young again, everybody. Each dorm nails down a book on the walk under its windows, and watches the innocent people come along and try to pull it up. Then what derisive hoots and popping out of heads from the countless squares in the old red brick walls around ; especially if the victim is some well known college man !

Winter afternoons there are glorious mile-long walks with the sunset by the side of the Charles, out beyond Mount Auburn and back. Or you may go through Mount Auburn Cemetery itself if you wish, and sit by the grave of Longfellow, and wish you were in it, or were sure of as honorable a one — until you look up around you and hear the breeze go through the trees overhead, and feel it on your cheek, and then you rise and throw back your shoulders, displacing the load of longings, and you stride off back to college, feeling after all how infinitely better it is to be a live nobody than a dead celebrity — even a poet.

Yes, Harvard is a beautiful place, and a fine place to come to. It is a place you can easily fall in love with. You are not likely to feel any "eyelid quiver for Harvard, whole body for Acadia," enthusiasm, while you are here. Yet you will not love your own mother Acadia any the less because you have found a great, new helpful friend to love and admire. More Acadia men ought to come here. I can't promise you all the things it seems you would have at Yale. I can't promise you such a wonderful chapel service at eight o'clock every day. I can't say that when you come you will find the Harvard Faculty lined up at the station anxiously watching, waiting for a man from Acadia.

They don't care especially whether you come from Acadia or Alaska or Andalusia, but they'll give you a fair show, and you'll have to prove for yourself what stuff is in you. You can't depend upon former Acadia men's records. I don't know that I can even promise you all a young Southern millionaire to trot you around the yard with his arm around your neck, as it seems is the custom at some other places, but you will find that Harvard is, after all, pretty much like the world at large, a fairly democratic place. Your ability will decide your place. Possibly you might earn more money at Yale, although there are more men working part of their way at least through Harvard, than there are students, professors, bull dogs, buildings and all down at the Football College. Perhaps most of you will go to Yale for financial reasons, but if so be that there is any one soul among you who is willing to butt up against the real thing for the sake of going to the grandest college in this or any other country, of being a Harvard man, let him come here even if you have to run in debt to do so. You will be glad of it all your life, and you will not be sorry, either, that you came from Acadia first.

Roy Elliott Bates, '04.



A Sunset

I stood one time on the sea-shore,
When the shades of night were nigh,
And I watched the sun descending
The arc of the western sky.

And, as it sank in the distance,
Behind the dark mountain's head,
Into the sky a color crept,
First rosy, then deeper red.

And other colors came and went,
All over the heavens they grew,
But a shadow rose in the distant east,
Of dismal and ghostly hue.

I turned once more to the sunset,
It was glorious to behold,
All the rainbow's lovely colours
Were mingled with radiant gold.

I then looked down at the water.
And saw on its rippling face
Colours, purple, gold and crimson,
In a never ending race.

And through the reflection of splendor
Lay a broad bright land of light,
Over which there flitted the shadows
Of the swallows in their flight.

And now the sky assumed once more
That magnificent rosy flame,
And a calm came over the heavens,
And a calm o'er my spirit came.

For, as I saw with what grandeur
The sun sank down to its rest,
Methought he resembled a spirit,
Entering the land of the blest.

But, while I pondered this likeness.
The shadow of night came o'er,
And blotted this vision of splendor
From my sight for evermore.

B. F. Trotter, H. C. A.

Seven Years

MACOMBER lounged comfortably in his chair and watched the smoke rings slowly rise towards the grimy ceiling of the old hotel office. "Yes one still dreams, Terrance lad," he confided to the shaggy terrier at his feet, and it seemed to Macomber that he dreamed in reality. It was so hard to realize that it had all happened, indeed very much as he had planned, that day seven years ago. It had seemed such a simple thing then, in the flood of his college enthusiasm to set the engineering world on fire, but it looked a different matter now—after seven years.

Now that they were gone it was rather good to recall those years, in fact he almost gloated over their hardships. Especially he remembered that first year when for the fault of a drunken chief the mines were flooded and he with the rest had to bear disgrace and dismissal. The bitterness of that first defeat came back vividly to him. He must admit that he had nearly lost faith in himself and his dreams then—so he stopped the letters. His brow clouded as he thought of that even now. Then later promotion came so slow that it never seemed to warrant a renewal of writing, and now at last the years had crept along and he was home. He had never stopped to think how long a period of silence he was ignoring in his dreams. "She promised to wait, you know" he frequently reminded Terrance, and the dog had never intimated that this argument was not absolutely conclusive.

Two commercial travellers came out from dinner and their conversation interrupted his reverie. "Rather romantic, that Jackson affair in tonight's paper" said the older man "He used to live here, was in business with his father."

"Fred Jackson in a romantic affair"—that sounded interesting to Macomber, he remembered now he hadn't heard from his old friend after the first six months.

"It was about the only decent thing he could do" continued the traveller.

"Yes" agreed his companion, "he did make rather a mess of it, with both women." The men moved on towards the bar and Macomber went over to the desk and got a paper. He easily found what they referred to—a whole column and he slowly waded through the details

and threw down the paper in disgust. It wasn't such a very strange or very new tale, but to Macomber from Brazil, it was a bit startling. "They called it romantic" he growled, well he was somewhat out of date in his ideas of romance it seemed. Yet in spite of his disgust he felt a lot of sympathy for his old friend. "Poor old Jackson" he mused "he certainly had made a miserable mess of it—as the drummer had said—with both women."

Macomber himself had never grown reconciled to stage girls. Even in his college days he remembered the boys used to laugh at him about his puritanic conscience and seven years in Brazil had not changed him. He had supposed however that Jackson in spite of his natural Bohemian tendencies would have at least grown discreet when he had married. But to break up a home and shoot himself—and for an actress—especially one with such a name as Myrine Maddox. Certainly Fred must have lost much of his old philosophy of shrewdness.

The sun dropped behind the buildings across the square, reminding Macomber it was near evening. He shrugged his shoulders and arose dismissing Jackson and his affairs from his mind. There was just time for a stroll before dark. It seemed a little lonesome in the streets not to see a familiar face, so he turned toward his old haunt, the river. When he reached the bridge the prospect of the sunset allured him further. He decided to try the old climb up the mountain and as there wasn't time to take the regular path he whistled to the dog and started up over the face of the cliff by a dimly remembered trail. His hard climb was well repaid when he at length arrived at the summit. As always the view was beautiful, but it seemed more so tonight after his long absence. Here he found something at least that was familiar. As of old there was a deep valley, the river and the little town. The great sweep of the river, the foam and spray of the falls, the clustered masses of the mills perched like feudal castles upon the rugged ledges, the canal, the busy little square and the streets stretching away amidst the trees towards the western hills. It was all just as he had pictured so often in his lonely dreams—and down there amidst it all was Lucile.

The darkness came on almost before he knew it, while he looked and dreamed. Only a splotch of gray remained of the river, and of the town only the thousand lights of the mills with here and there the winking blue stars of the street lamps.

Macomber turned to go but he had waited too long as it had grown so dark that it was impossible to see the path. After a quarter of an hour's hunt he gave it up. He could not locate the regular path and the trip down the way he had ascended was not to be attempted in the dark.

It seemed there was nothing to do but await the rise of the moon, so he collected a few sticks and built a little fire at the ledge to dispell the chill of the evening. Then seating himself with his back to the rock he produced his pipe. Terrance found a place near the blaze to his satisfaction, and in a few moments they were in their old time comfort.

Suddenly the dog gave a low growl and Macomber started at the well known warning of other camp fires, then remembering where he was he laughed. The bushes parted and a woman paused in the circle of the firelight. "Pardon me" she began, "but I have taken the wrong path above and am lost. Would you kindly show me the way down to the town?"

Macomber rose to his feet, staring at the figure in the firelight. Then a low exclamation escaped him and he started forward. "Lucille," he cried, extending his hand. The girl however, showed no sign of recognition and retreated slightly. "Surely I am not mistaken," he began. Then remembering, he snatched his hat from his head and as the firelight struck his face removed from the shadow of the brim it was the girl's turn to be surprised.

"What! Jack Macomber in Vermont," she said as she in turn came toward the fire. "And you really have left those wonderful mines?"

"Yes," said Macomber, "it took seven years, more than I had"—

"But" she interrupted "you forget the path. I really must get down to the square at once."

"I doubt if you could follow it in the darkness," he replied, "that is, if I could find it. I myself am waiting for the moon to rise and I fear you can do no better than share my fire." The girl stood warming her hands by the blaze while Macomber found her a log for a seat.

"It would take only a slight imagination to think it was one of the old moonlight picnics," said he when at length they were seated.

"Only there is no moon," she replied.

"Nor crowd nor banjo music" he assented "but they were only accessories."

"You have acquired a dog I see," said Lucille, "I have not been presented."

"Yes, this is Terrance, we worked it out together, the three of us."

"Three?" and the girl's eyes sought the fire.

"Yes my pipe, you remember I smoked. You just surprised one of our revels, such as you might have looked in upon any night during the past seven years."

"A pipe and dog must be good company," she mused "unfortunately I am a woman and enjoy neither."

"There always remains one's thoughts and one's dreams" he suggested.

"Do men dream" she asked. "I supposed that was left for women."

"I have dreamed," said Macomber, "for seven years."

"But tell me about your doings," she began, "I haven't heard of you since" —

"Since seven years," added Macomber.

"You have already mentioned the length of time I believe," she retorted, "but then of course you have succeeded, men always do"—she added as an after thought "most men."

"Yes," said Macomber, "after a fashion I suppose, otherwise I would not be here, you remember my promise the night I left."

"But you were just from college then, and," she laughed—"and romantic."

"Well Lucille" and Macomber leaned towards the girl across the dying fire, the men who had called him 'Ice Macomber' would have wondered had they seen him now. I am still romantic if by that you mean that I love you. Perhaps I should have waited to tell you this but I have waited so long now, seven years, years of work and striving, with mostly failure, years of loneliness with men such that only my dog was company, years when hope and faith were almost lost; but my dream of you, Lucille, kept me at it when everything seemed useless. But you see I have returned and you are here, oh little girl, (and Macomber's voice showed the intensity of his

feeling) how those years have strengthened my love for you I cannot tell."

He stopped out of breath and his eyes expressed what his lips could not complete. The girl had grown pale in the firelight, in fact, she seemed almost haggard and a sadness about her eyes he had not noticed before held Macomber silent. Then the mood passed and she was herself again.

"Seven years, Jack, that is time for much to happened. I had not supposed that people remembered seven years. I can scarcely believe it now—if I—if you had—" She hesitated and he started to protest his earnestness. "But see" and she started to her feet "the moon is rising, shall we go?"

Macomber knew that the discussion was for the present closed. He turned from the dying embers of the fire and led the way. On the climb down the rocky path until they reached the big stone bridge and the lights of the town lay before them, there was no attempt at talking. Then as they paused in the shade of the woods before entering the highway the girl turned. "Jack" she said, and her voice seemed so dry and hard that Macomber started. "I will bid you good-by here and you cannot come over tonight, but" (and she hesitated a moment) "I want you to kiss me for the sake of the Lucille of seven years ago." Her manner completely held Macomber, he wanted to take her in his arms but instead he bent and kissed her as he might have kissed his mother. "I will write to you to-morrow," she called to him as she slipped away, "and now good-by."

Macomber turned towards the old stone bridge which led over to the town. Mechanically he felt for his pipe and placed it, unlit, in his mouth, the dog strayed far ahead, and more than any time in all those seven years Macomber needed company.

* * *

The letter reached Macomber shortly after noon. He was still wondering over Lucille's behavior of the night before and joyfully hailed her letter as a solution of this puzzle as it had proved to so many others. The bell-boy brought it to him in the midst of a discussion of Brazil with a reporter who had dropped into the hotel. "I think I will call to-night whether or no," he mused as he tore open the envelope.

DEAR JACK :—

I had almost forgotten that there were still illusions. Until last night I would have said that people did not dream. I have not done so myself since (as you would say) seven years. It is almost as long since I have been called Lucille rather than Myrine Maddox. I suppose you are familiar with the latter from the newspapers. They are in the most correct. Father's illness and business failure the year you left made my ambition a necessity. It was shortly then that the dreams ceased. Jackson told me that you had married and the stopping of the letters confirmed it. I had not known until then how much I cared for you. Eh bien, one always starts as a chorus girl and the salary is not princely.

Father's needs have increased with his illness and I came up yesterday to take him to the city with me. When this reaches you I will have joined my company at the Criterion.

Yours

Lucille.

"Oh yes," said Macomber turning to the reporter, "we were discussing the hold those southern counties have on one. Well Brazil is'nt exactly Mandalay; still I left there a month ago for good, and I am returning to-morrow."

"That is a fine dog you have" suggested the reporter to break the ensuing silence.

"I believe so" said Macomber, "he is great company in Brazil."

* * * *

There are certain things which we are accustomed to believe in, such as the sun and the earth and the stars. To these Macomber had added Lucille and so it was very much as if one of the others had proved a fantasy. As an animal breaks for cover when wounded so Macomber in his first disappointment had turned for forgetfulness, to the old wilds. However, now that he thought it over more calmly the old life of danger and hardship lost its attractions.

As the cab rattled on towards the wharf the thought of it all grew more and more distasteful, the wretched camps, the stubborn natives, and the scum of civilization which composed his white associates. "And why was he going back?" he asked himself. "Had not his dreams come true?" He had achieved wealth and success and he was still young, and, yes the culmination of it all, he at last was sure that

Lucille loved him and had always loved him. There was only the happenings of those years. How he raged and cursed that pride of his that had stopped the letters. "But for that matter was there anything else now in his way but his cursed pride?" The cab slowed down to allow a dray to pass and Macomber looking out saw a shimmer of the sea. "And he was going back to live there, and without his dreams." His eyes wandered once more out the cab window, across the street was a bill board where a sad and beautiful but familiar face looked back at him. Macomber looked long his jaw set firm. The puritanic conscience was dying hard. He started, hesitated, then turned quickly towards the door. Even the dog felt the change and the shaggy head was thrust against his master's hand. Macomber smiled "After seven years, Terrance lad, one has had enough of dreams and ideals I guess." Then he had the door open and the driver's attention. "Drive me to the Criterion" he said "and be quick about it, I have forgotten something."

Laurie Davidson Cox, '03.



The Tupper Oratorical.

THAT oratory is a lost art, no one will believe who was fortunate enough to be present in College Hall on the evening of Friday, April 28, the occasion of the fifth annual contest for the Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal, offered for excellence in that branch of attainment. Certainly it was the best Tupper evening since the institution of the exercise and after the disappointing performance of last year gave one the courage to think that, after all, the present is better than the past, even at Acadia. The number of essays, five, was sufficient to make the contest worth while and also to ensure a comfortable evening's program. Of the essays themselves much more could be said than is here in the usual trite generalities. In brief, they were consistently of a high order and showed the result of honest thought and work. And even if one could not fail to notice the prominence of "Marathor" and the "Plains of Shinar" as common factors, yet the addresses were all characteristic and quite indicative of individuality.

Nor was the presentation in any case marred by one of those painful lapses of memory which make both speaker and hearer feel so badly.

Of course, there was the usual "large and appreciative" audience—student bodies occupying the galleries, others the main floor, the former varying the program with the usual hilarity and college song, the latter listening in envious pleasure. Probably the most important part of the audience was the three judges, on whom depended the fate of the golden medal. These gentlemen were, Hon. W. T. Pipes, K. C., of Amherst, Mr. Johnson Hunt, D. C. L., of Halifax and Mr. A. E. Dunlap, of Kentville. Dr. Trotter performed the duties of chairman in his own inimitable manner and succeeded in "breaking the ice" for the first speaker thus lessening by a few degrees the rigors of that one's plunge.

As decided by lot, Mr. W. H. Coleman '06 delivered the first address. His subject was "Evidences of Design in History," which, by the way was chosen by three of the other speakers. To many Mr. Coleman proved an agreeable surprise, both in the form and delivery of his address. His essay, though perhaps not so continuously worked out as some of the others was marked by many ringing periods very pleasing to the ear.

The second speaker, Mr. J. M. Simpson, '05, had chosen the same subject and his effort though not so flowery as the first address, was carefully and logically thought out. Unfortunately, either through nervousness or indisposition, Mr. Simpson did not appear to nearly so good advantage in his delivery as he has on former occasions, a fact which somewhat spoiled his chances with so good an essay.

Happily, the program was here varied with an address on a different subject, and one too of a particularly timely and interesting character, "Will Russia's Redemption be by Revolution or Reform?" by Mr. V. L. O. Chittick '05. As a purely didactic composition this ranked equal to any of the evening and though not attempting any dizzy flights of eloquence, Mr. Chittick was able, with his lucid and analytical interpretation of the question, to hold and please his audience during the course of his delivery, which was quite characteristic in presentation.

Although "Evidences of Design in History" had become somewhat of an old story, something good was expected from the fourth speaker, Mr. Frederick Porter, '06, nor did he disappoint. His treat-

ment of the subject was essentially the same as that of his predecessors though differently marked out. The well chosen diction and style, the keen probing thought power displayed, combined with his forcible and convincing manner of presentation rendered Mr. Porter's oration very effective and quite worthy of the reward.

As the fourth speaker on the same subject, Mr. R. K. Strong, '05, had a somewhat difficult position and the fact that he held in a very evident manner the attention of his hearers, speaks in itself much for his part in the contest. Considerably different from the others was his manner of approaching the subject, employing an elaborately executed metaphysical theory. To this feature was added a nicety of language and style, with an admirably studied delivery which caused not a few to think twice as to their opinion of the award.

After a short interval, filled in with singing from the gallery chorus, and speech making from the floor, the judges returned and announced their decision, that as has been already intimated, the medal had been awarded to Mr. Porter.

That all were satisfied was very clearly evinced by the usual applause, yelling, and very forcible assertions that "he's all right,"—little incidents which constituted a very fitting compliment to the whole exercise. With the singing of the National Anthem the meeting dispersed.

Editorial

JUNE NUMBER ANNOUNCEMENT—In accordance with the custom of the past two years it is intended to make the June number of the *ATHENÆUM* larger than the regular issues, and of very special interest. As is but fitting, most of the contributions to the June number will be written by and concerned with the members of the graduating class. The table of contents will include the Class Ode, the Valedictory, the Class History, and the Class Prophecy. There will also be published the winning Oration in the Tupper Medal Contest, and, if possible, the winning essay in the White Essay Competition. Besides these note-worthy articles, we have much pleasure in announcing that there will appear a contribution from the pen of Roy Elliott Bates '04, whose work in the various numbers of this year has so delighted our readers. In addition to these features there will be a comprehensive and well written review of the year's work in the Athletic Association, in the Athenæum Society, in the Propylæum Society, in the Y. M. C. A., and in the Y. W. C. A. A complete list of graduation and college honors will be given, and of course there will be the usual full reports of the various exercises of Commencement Week. A number of interesting half-tone pictures will add further to the interest of the last issue of the year, so that as a whole the June number will be a valuable souvenir of 1904-05.

Perhaps the greatest advertisement that Acadia has is Commencement Week with its numerous and extended exercises, which are of such high order as to make our university unique in this respect among the smaller colleges of Canada and the United States. We can imagine no better way of inducing those, who are thinking of taking a college course, to come to

Acadia than to have them present throughout the last week of the college year. It is not possible, however, for most of us to have all, whom we should like to induce to come here to college, present at the closing exercises. The next best thing to Commencement itself will be the June ATHENÆUM with its full reports of the doings of the final week, and its reproductions of many of its essential and most interesting features. We feel confident that if every sub-Freshmen, and every one contemplating a college course at any of the Maritime universities, could see and read the June ATHENÆUM much would be done to awaken their interest in Acadia, and to bring them here. Therefore those of us who know of any prospective students should see that a copy of the June number is placed in their hands. Many will also desire copies of this special issue for their friends who are interested in Acadia. Extra copies of the June number will be sold for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and in order to secure them the order must be placed in the hands of the Business Manager before the end of the college year. As an inducement to intending subscribers for next year to pay in advance a free copy of the June number will be given to each one whose subscription is paid on or before June 1, 1905. Upon all who are in arrears we urge a prompt payment of their indebtedness in order that the finances of the ATHENÆUM may not be embarrassed by the publication of this special number.



We take great pleasure in presenting, in this number, to our readers the timely article on "Intercollegiate Debating" by Mr. J. W. DeB. Farris, '99. The writer of this article has had a brilliant record as a debater both during his undergraduate course at Acadia, and at the University of Pennsylvania, so that he is thoroughly compet

ent to write on this absorbing topic. While at Acadia Mr. Farris was always prominent in the debates of the Athenæum Society, and he was a member of that debating team — now so famous — which defeated Dalhousie. After his graduation Mr. Farris entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, where he was awarded the Frazier prize for the best showing made in the debating trials, and was elected leader of the Pennsylvania team for the debate with the University of Michigan. Largely through the splendid work of Mr. Farris, Pennsylvania defeated the western college and gained one of the very few victories up to that time ever scored against Michigan in a large number of intercollegiate contests. Mr. Farris is still remembered here, not only as one of our best debaters, but as Captain of the football team which so decisively defeated Mt. Allison in '98, and which foot-ball enthusiasts of those days claim to have been the finest team Acadia ever had.

It will be evident to those who read the contribution of Mr. Farris, that he has written from the point of view of the conditions that existed when he was here rather than from those now prevailing. The rules governing the present debates provide for one or three judges, as the colleges debating desire, none of whom can be members of the Faculty of any college in the league. Consequently the impartiality, which was lacking under the old system has been, in so far as it is possible secured by the new rules. Mr. Farris' suggestion as to securing independent decisions from each of the three judges is something that the Intercollegiate Debating Committee might consider with profit at its next conference.



Mr. Cox's story "Seven Years," which also appears in this number was published in a recent number of the *Advocate*, Harvard's fortnightly literary publication. We congratulate Mr. Cox on the ability which enables him to write with such a degree of excellence as is demanded by the *Advocate*, and we wish to thank him for making his story available for the readers of the ATHENÆUM.

The Month

During the greater part of March and April a series of special meetings was held in the Baptist Church under the leadership of the efficient pastor, Rev. L. D. Morse. These services permanently effected the student life in all three institutions, bringing blessings and experiences which will be remembered through all time.

For two weeks college classes were partially suspended allowing freedom for every one to attend the meetings and receive benefit therefrom.

Needless to say, this action on the part of the Faculty was greatly appreciated by the students.



The last, and probably most appreciated, recital of the year's course was given in Assembly Hall, Friday evening, April 14th, by the pupils of Acadia Seminary in elocution, assisted by artists of other departments. The platform of the hall, largely extended and tastefully decorated with potted plants, assumed the appearance of a stage.

The following programme was heard with interest by a large audience :

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| 1.—How the Cap'n Saved the Day | Williams |
| MISS MARY E. RICHARDS | |
| 2.—Naughty Zell | Werner |
| MISS MARY V. RICHARDS | |
| 3.—Gypsy Dance | Henri Ernst |
| MISS VIOLET STUART | |
| 4.—(a) The Daffodils | Wordsworth |
| (b) A Day in June | Lowell |
| (c) Night Wind | Field |
| MISS BEATRICE OULTON | |
| 5.—The Soul of the Violin | Merrill |
| MISS FRANCES BURDETT | |
| 6. Sally Ann's Experience | Hall |
| MISS MARY JOHNSON | |

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|-------------------------------------|----------------------|------------|
| 7.—(a) The Woodlark | | Rogers |
| (b) Spring | | Drake |
| | MRS. O. D. HARRIS | |
| 8.—A Play of Fancy | | |
| | TWENTY YOUNG LADIES | |
| 9.—The King's Pardon | | |
| | MISS TREVA MITCHELL | |
| 10.—By the Brookside | | Tours |
| | MISS KATHLEEN LYONS | |
| 11.—The Blind Girl of Castle Cuilli | | Longfellow |
| | MISS BEATRICE OULTON | |

The first number by Miss Mary E. Richards combined the sweetness and pathos of the selection with the liquid voice and attractive manner of the performer. Contrasting with the sentiment of this piece was the humorous selection by Miss Mary V. Richards who held her audience captive by her wit and brightness. The selections by Miss Oulton, while perhaps not so attractive as less difficult pieces, showed careful and more advanced training and good insight in the interpretation of the thoughts of Wordsworth and Lowell. Miss Burdett with her sympathetic voice showed the advantage of a vocal training in elocution by the harmony of her voice with the piano accompaniment. Sally Ann's Experience by Miss Johnston, by its originality and its combining the religious with the ridiculous, met with hearty applause in recognition of its appreciation. The most pleasing feature of the programme was the drill performed by twenty young ladies in Japanese costumes. The grace and symmetry of motion of these fair eastern goddesses evince the value of musical accompaniment in our movements. With clear powerful voice Miss Mitchell enthused her audience and carried them in very reality to the scene and through the intricacies of her selection. The last number of the programme by Miss Oulton was accompanied by tableaux vivants consisting of thirteen girls in characteristic costumes. A pleasing diversion was given to the programme by the solos rendered by Miss Stuart on the violin, Miss Harris vocal and Miss Lyons on the piano.

Miss Lynds deserves much credit for her efficient work in this department, as a great improvement has been noted in the clearness of enunciation and the richness of voice quality,

The most interesting programme which the Propylæum Society has witnessed for some time took place April 14th., when the Freshettes furnished the entertainment. After the preliminaries were finished the seals of the day's programme were broken and disclosed the following :

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| 1. Reading, Selected | Miss Daniels. |
| 2. Music, Duet | Miss Haley and Miss Kempton. |
| 3. Synopsis | Miss Belyea. |
| 4. Shakesperian Conference | |

DRAMATIC PERSONAE.

Hamlet.....	Miss Elliot.
Shylock.....	Miss Kempton.
Cleopatria.....	Miss Macleod.
Desdimona.....	Miss Belyea.
Macbeth.....	Miss Vaughn.
Lady Macbeth.....	Miss Elderkin.
Romeo.....	Miss Haley.
Juliet.....	Miss Daniels.
Cawdor.....	Miss Brown.

The fourth number, "Shakesperian Conference" represented a conference of Shakespeare's most noted characters which took place in our present century. These characters, possessing the modern craze for the latest inventions, wished to remodel Shakespeare's plays to suit the times, Cleopatria even being so degenerate as to have an automobile. The meeting closed with a practical lesson to these ancient heros and heroines of the use of the camera.



The Base-ball season has returned and the league has been organized among the college classes and the Academy. The first game was played on the afternoon of April 28 between the Freshman and Seniors. The former class has the material for an excellent team, and during the first innings of the game made it very interesting for the Seniors. But in the sixth inning the tables were turned and the Seniors brought in ten runs. The game ended with the score of 17 to 11 in their favor. The second game of the series was played on May 1st. between the Academy and the Sophomores, and resulted in a decisive victory for the former team. Score 17-4.

The tennis season, too, has reopened, and there is the promise of some close and interesting playing in the tournaments at the term's end. A new court, the fourth, has been prepared, and all have been rolled with a seven-ton roller so that the courts are in a condition never before excelled.



Dr. and Mrs. Trotter were "At Home" to the Senior classes of the College and Seminary on the evening of Saturday, April 29. This annual event has come to be eagerly looked forward to by the members of the graduating classes, and each one of 1905 found the realization even more enjoyable than the anticipation. Contests of a novel and interesting nature helped to make the time pass very pleasantly, and a musical and literary programme, which was participated in by Misses Burdett, Oulton and Morse of the Seminary, proved very delightful. At the close of the programme dainty refreshments were served. College songs and the Seniors' yell brought to a close an evening that will be long remembered as one of the pleasantest social experiences of Noughty Five.



When a person leaves college at any time during his course it is no very pleasant occasion, and when it occurs during one's fourth year just on the eve of graduation, it is particularly hard. However Nineteen-Five has had this misfortune, having had to lose a valued member in the person of C. Elton Lewis, who was forced to give up his studies on account of a serious trouble with his eyes. To show their appreciation of Mr. Lewis his class-mates tendered him a farewell banquet in the Chip Hall dining-room on the night preceeding his departure. An elaborate menu satisfied the wants of the inner man, and an extensive toast list gave an opportunity for the saying of many a heartfelt word of praise for the one about to leave. Lewis has been indentified with Nought-Five from its beginning, and has always been a valued member and a popular-fellow. He played on his class Hockey, Baseball and Track teams. He won his "A" in his Junior year in Base-ball

and Track Sports, and in his Senior year in Football. His departure from college means a serious loss to Acadia in the inter-collegiate meet of this year, for Lewis was looked upon as a sure point-winner in the pole-vault and the sprints. One thing about Lewis' work in sports, that never failed to call forth admiration, was the dare-devil spirit with which he played. He entered into a game with all his heart, and at times was so reckless as to literally take his life in his hands. Mr. Lewis expects to return to Acadia, after the mid-years of next year, and will graduate with 1906. Wherever he is or whatever he may be doing the good wishes of Nineteen-Five and of the ATHENÆUM follow him.

The Freshmen class has also lost one of its most valued members in the person of John I. Flick. Flick will long be remembered by those of us who knew him in either College or Academy as a kind-hearted, manly, Christian fellow. He played on the Foot-ball team for three years as forward, and was always found willing to his part in all phases of college life. Flick intends to preach during the summer, and next Autumn will enter Colgate preparatory to ordination into the ministry. Our best wishes follow him.



The College Jester

There's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us that ill becomes any of us to talk about the rest of us.

NOTICE.

We hereby give our promise that we will leave Harris and Havey alone in this issue.

The benefits of an education.

Mrs. D.—“What's the word that means the opposite of maximum?”

D-v-s-n :—*Minnie-mum.*

Foster :—"Were you in the elocution recital?"

Elliot—"Oh! I had a *leading* part; I was an usher."

Knott :—"I wish the mice would not eat these crackers."

Stenderson :—"I don't mind what they eat, but it's what they leave."

THE LATEST SPOONHOLDER :— *The Verandah.*

The Seminary is a poor place for girls for they are taught two or three languages and one tongue is enough for any woman.

Miss P-tnam :—(in English,) "Give the meaning and derivation of *scholastic*."

Miss M. E. J-hns-n :—"It is the kind of rubber the students have in their necks; from the Latin *schola*, student, and *elastico*, I turn."

OVERHEARD

S. K-nl-y : "I don't know whether to go to the May Festival, or get a pair of boots. The price is the same in either case." We see he is still wearing his old boots.

You've always heard 'twas a wooly lamb
That followed round with *Mary*
But if you'd looked at Easter time
You would have seen it was a *Harry*.

Mr. Shaw :—"Well who is your favourite poet then?"

Collishaw :—"Bacon."

Roscoe :—(at International Law class.) How long does it take to go to the train.

Barss :—Fifteen minutes.

It is vulgar to suppose that,
When you hear a trumpet at dead of night, it is Gabriel.
Because we have chainless wheels and horseless carriages, we will
have endless vacations.

Because a person has a vacant look, he is turning his thoughts inward.

Because you are EATON you are better than Chip Hall hash.

Because MISS H-LL has the same *caller* every Saturday, she has no laundry bill.

Because a fellow has the two last topics with the same young lady he is "rushing her"

When CHICKEN sings, it is (h) enchanting.

You can hear the sermon as well, by looking at the sems.

Because MACGREG-R stays in bed late, he is *laying in weight*.

Everybody who goes to the private "sings" can sing.

By sitting in front of a mirror with her eyes closed, Miss ELD-RK-N can see how she looks when she snores.

The position of Joke Editor is the happiest, cheeriest and most pleasant in the world.

Happy's soliloquy :(after eating all of Hatt's cream puffs and cake.)
 "Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt, thaw and resolve itself into a barrel, that I might eat ; eat all those sandwiches and finish the pie."

"Though college bills like melting snow
 Are of a binding nature,
 In these the Pater—not the Sun
 Becomes the liquidator."

SOME FRESHMEN WONDERS

I wonder if I will ever be a Senior.

I wonder if a fellow has to have a girl before he is invited to all these parties.

I wonder if everybody can sing who goes to Choral Club.

I wonder if we are as green as we look.

I wonder if our ribbon had anything to do with the loss of the Parisian.

I wonder where the animal they call the Athenaeum is. They say it is almost dead, and speak of its eyes and nose. (Aye's and No's.)

1ST SOPHETTE :—(in math.) “What locus does the nose represent ?”

2ND SOPHETTE :—“A circle with radius equal to zero :—for it is a *centre* (scenter.)

1st. Student :—“They say *Billy Kierst-d* is loosing his head.”

2nd. Ditto :—“Oh now only his hair, I think.”

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MRS. VAUGHN .—“No : business and occupation are not synonyms, for those students occupy our veranda, but they have no business there.”

HUTCH-NS-N :— (singing.)

Fishing, fishing

Is one of the gentlest arts

Whether you fish for *chickens*

Or whether you fish for hearts.

HEARD AFTER RECEPTION.

SHORTL-FF :—My, there was a crowd in the south gallery ! Why
MISS DAN-LS and I could not get room to *squeeze* in.

And now we're going to say farewell

As you'll be glad to learn

And though you found these jokes so *dry*

We hope they will not *burn*.

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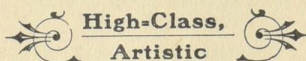
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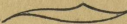
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