acadia Gener Cadia Athen Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

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DECEMBER, 1902,

Vol. XXIX.

Number 2.

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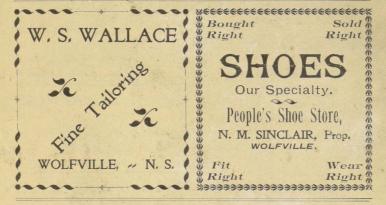
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Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

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No. 2.

ON THE LAST DAY OF AUTUMN.

The year lies dying in this evening light;
The poet musing in autumnal woods,
Hears melancholy sighs
Among the withered leaves.

Not so: but like a spirit glorified,

The angel of the year departs; lays down

His robes, once green in Spring

Or bright with summer's blue;

And, having done his mission on the earth—
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,
Orchards with rosy fruit
And scattered flowers around—

He lingers for a moment in the west,
While the declining sun sheds over all
A pleasant farewell smile
And so returns to God.

(Translated from the German.)

The Industrial Development of Cape Breton.

When the French grew weary of struggling over the possession of Port Royal and Grand Pre they came to Cape Breton for rest and a chance to live quietly. To-day the dwellers of "Isle of Coal" look longingly toward that valley under the shadow of the North Mountain and sigh for the peace of the tillers of its soil. For in this island to-day we have men and money, coal and coal smoke, steel and gas, coke and ash heaps, railways and steamship facilities, coal piers and ore piers, lakes and mountains, milk and whiskey, Liberals and Conservatives, but very little rest. The shriek of the locomotive, the boom of the rock blast, the buzz of the electric car, the whistles at the operating centres, are sounding in our ears night and day. Verily we live in a stirring age.

Now the idea is abroad that the industrial activity is largely limited to Sydney. It is true that Sydney is the greatest centre, the steel plant and the chief shipping pier of the Dominion Coal Co., being there. In Sydney dwell the highest salaried officials, and the officers of both the steel and coal companies are to be located there. In Sydney are the most fashionable stores and carriages and hotels and residences; but almost the whole island is throbbing with industrial life. Five years ago in the County of Cape Breton were four sleepy villages reposing softly on their beds of immeasurable mineral wealth. North Sydney, because of her steamship connection with Newfoundland and her cable connection with Europe, was then the most prosperous. But to-day as far as activity, population and money is concerned she stands third in the race; Glace Bay proving an easy second to the "City of Dreadful Steel," and historic old Louisburg is reaching out after world wide recognition. Each of these four is incorporated. Three of them have water systems, two have adequate sewerage and very shortly, Sydney, Glace Bay and North Sydney will be made one, united in the holy bonds of matrimory by the steel rails of an electric tram system. Sydney because of her sterner metal will strive to be the man of the house. It is probable that there are 12,000 people in Sydney, 8500 in Glace Bay, 6500 in North Sydney and 2000 in Louisburg, to-day. Verily Rip Van Winkle is at length awake.

Now to go outside the County of Cape Breton, who has not heard of Meyer & Webb and the Dominion Securities Company in connection with the proposed line of Railway between the Canso Strait and Louisburg? The line is almost complete as far as St. Peters. This portion of the Island is said to be very rich in mineral deposits. Broad Cove, Port Hood and Mabou each boast of a profitable coal mine. A new railway will shortly be under construction between Mabou and the nearest point on the Intercolonial. A company has been incorporated to bridge the Strait of Canso, and in a very few years you who dwell on the peninsula will forget that Cape Breton is an island and proudly speak of it as the steel end of our province, that first encounters Atlantic's roll.

The fishermen, the farmers, the sailors, the lumbermen, the tradesmen, the liquor men, the politicians, the temperence people and the clergymen all see increased opportunities in the whole island. But in the rest of this paper I shall deal only with the Industrial Life of the County of Cape Breton. Dominion Iron and Steel Company, Dominion Coal Company and Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company are the names of the great corporations that are back of the present industrial expansion. Much of the stock of these companies is held by Canadians and nine of the fifteen directors of the Dominion Steel Company are residents of Canada, James Ross, the president, being a most patriotic Britisher. Of course we must look with gratitude to the American, Mr. H. M. Whitney, he being the one who in 1893 headed the company that took over the coal mines, which before this had been but partially worked by small operators; and six years later the same gentleman was the most influential member of the organization now known as Dominion Iron and Steel Company. To-day these two companies are practically one. The Steel Company is technically called the lease of the Coal Company, but as the same men hold the bulk of the stock of both companies and as the boards of directors are practically the same, it is easy to see that the drift of things is toward complete amalgamation.

The Dominion Coal Company though first in the field and possessed of an unrivaled capitalization both as to money and material resources will probably be the one to disappear from the Stock Brokers records. If I be not mistaken the idea is abroad that the Coal Company is but a lesser organization. Some idea of its magnitude may come to you when you are reminded of the fact that the Steel Company in leasing it, guaranteed its shareholders a per cent upon a capitalization of

twenty million dollars. This common coal stock has recently soared to 145. Now when we compare this with the capitalization of the Steel Company it is found to be common stock, fifteen million dollars; preferred stock, five million dollars; while the common stock as yet giving no dividends has never gone above 78.

Belle Isle, off the coast of Newfoundland, produces the best grade of iron ore, the mines at or near Glace Bay give the best grade of coke producing coal; Sydney lies between the two. Great ore steamers come slipping across the Gulf of St. Lawrence while long trains of coal cars move in from Glace Bay. Train meets steamer at Sydney and after the collision, the product gathered up is called pig iron or steel, according to the force with which they are brought in contact. But let us begin with the obtaining of the coal.

At the present time the Coal Company is operating at mine pits, four of these are slopes and five shafts. At Reserve, the most coal is brought up. Here three slopes send up their precious burdens to the amount of 2800 to 3000 tons a day. Last month 77,000 tons were raised at this one colliery. And the nine pits produce 170,000 tons per month or about 2000,000 tons per year.

Recently I had the pleasure of attending the most worthy President of Acadia on a tour through the new colliery known as Dominion number two. Evidently he enjoyed the experience but was heard to remark, "this is the nearest to Haydes that I ever expect to get." When this sage remark fell from his lips nine hundred feet of solid stone lay packed above his head, stratum on stratum, each with the tokens of the life of the era in which it was deposited. Before him was the face of the seam of coal seven and a half feet in height and around him utter darkness save for the feeble light cast by the seal oil lamp which he held in his hand. In the distance is a boom like the peal of thunder. A miner has blown down thirty tons of coal with gun powder. That horrible din just in front is the pounding of the "iron man" on the lower edge of the seam. This machine cuts under the edge of the seam for five feet then the "blower" comes on with his air-drill, bores at the top of the seam puts in powder and fuse and blows down that coal which has been "undercut." Suddenly into your feeble circle of light a horses head protrudes and upon examination you find that attached to the noble animal is a string of empty cars sent

along to take on the coal just fallen. The coal here must be shoveled into the cars by hand-shovels but it is the only instance where the fuel is so handled. The loaded cars are drawn to the bottom of the shaft by an endless steel rope, put into an elevator and hoisted to the bank head. It is cleaned by a system of grates and falls into large coal cars that carry it to shipping piers or the coke ovens. It is the age of the machine, and even Cape Bretonians have found that there is no place where it can be more profitably employed than in politics.

The finer coal is sent to the wash-plant where it is thoroughly cleaned and sent to Louisburg for shipment to Boston where it is manufactured into coke by the Everett Gas and Coke Works. Vast quantities of good lump coal are ground to powder for the coke works in Sydney. The coal company owns and operates the line of railway between Sydney and Louisburg, a distance of 32 miles. The line is short but twenty engines are ever passing and repassing as they pull away the heavy trains and return with long lines of "empties." Beside the coal trains, four passenger trains and two freight, trains run over the line every day. Four of the engines on this line have four driving wheels each, and weigh when in use about 150 tons each. It is a pleasing sight to see one of these giants of the rail dash by with fifty cars heaped up with the dark product of the carboniforous age. One single train load often means a thousand tons and as the miners are paid for the excavation by the ton, that train load taken out in a few hours means more than five hundred dollars in their pockets and probably fifteen hundred dollars of clear profit in the coffers of the company.

The thriving town of Glace Bay depends for its existence on the operation of the mines in the vicinity, but as the price of coal is high enough to give large profits to operators, and as the supply of coal cannot be seriously diminished for half a century, the price of real estate has not yet begun to decline in the Black Diamond City.

Louisburg owes its present prosperity to its splendid harbor which the Frost-King is unable to seal up. It is open twelve months of the year while often the surface of Sydney Harbor is used as a trotting park. Steamers, bunkers, and coal boats load at the magnificent pier and hurry away to tell the world that there is no place on either continent where coal can be obtained with more expedition or safety than at the old "Dunkirk of America."

Between Glace Bay and Sydney are three villages with an aggregate population of about five thousand. These people are all engaged directly or indirectly with coal mining. Add to this number the eight thousand dwelling within the limits of the town of Glace Bay and you have at least 13,000 people actively engaged in coal producing industry for one company alone. But let us move along toward Sydney.

Fourteen miles from Glace Bay on the Eastern border of the town you come to the coke ovens. Slack or powdered coal is run in cars over the top of a long bank of steel and fire brick ovens. The bottoms drop from the cars in just the right place and the ovens are full. The empty cars are moved away, the ovens closed up so as to exclude all air; then fire is applied. For fifty hours the fire keeps up an intense heat. Then the door of an oven is opened, a great piston pushes the whole contents out in a body, white as it is with heat it rests on a great stone pier. Water is quickly applied till every sign of fire is gone. The mass is broken up loaded into cars waiting below and sent a mile away to the North-East to the blast-furnaces. It is worthy of notice that two of the by-products of the coking process, viz.—Tar and gas are also used in the manufacture of steel.

So much then for the coal and coke end of the operation. Now let us go down to the ore pier. Here we meet the ore boats as they come in from Belle Isle. It is unloaded by machinery. A great claw reaches down into the hold of the ship, seizes a ton of the ore and drops it in a car on the pier. The cars when loaded are drawn up close by the blast furnaces. Here they drop their burdens into huge pockets. From these pockets the ore drops into steel buckets whence it is conveyed either to the furnace or to the storage pile in the rear. For the year's supply of ore is brought on in the summer months. Great steel cranes, moved by electricity, run along on tracks and handle the ore and sand and dolmite with the greatest speed and facility. Hand-shovels are ignored.

Now for a view of the blast furnaces themselves. They are four in number, arranged in a row under a single roof. The great cylinders, rising high above the roof, which contain the hot air blast, appear to the uninitiated like many furnaces, for the furnaces themselves are not more protentious. But these huge steel tubes contain only common air, heated and kept under high pressure ready to force its way into the furnaces at the least opportunity.

The furnaces are of masonry about 80 feet high. The bottom is the smaller portion. The top may be open or closed by an ingenious device. The coke and ore are both put in at the top, the coke catching fire is suddenly enlivened by a blast of hot air turned on from below, which rushing up through the burning mass is robbed of its oxygen which becomes carbonic oxide gas, which together with the nitrogen of the air rises through the descending charge of ore. The reaction of the carbonic oxide and oxide of iron of the ore results in the formation of metallic iron and carbonic acid gas. This gas escapes at the top while the metal falls to the bottom of the furnace. The earthy matters of the ore fuse also and float on the top of the molten iron. Both iron and slag are drawn off from the furnace at regular intervals. The slage is thrown away. The iron is run into moulds of sand and so forms "pigs," or runs into great steel ladles, whence a steam engine draws it over to the next building, where are the steel furnaces, while still in the molters state. The claws from a great travelling steel crane reach down, pick up the ladle with its twenty-five tons of molton iron, carry it to the furnace where it is needed and pours it into a small aperature about 6 inches in diameter without spilling a drop.

At present there are nine steel furnaces in Sydney, arranged on the principle known as the "open hearth" system. The men working behind the furnaces pour in the molten iron and take out the finished steel. The men in front regulate the heat, put in the necessary ingredients to destroy undesirable properities and keep constantly testing the seething mass as it boils and splutters and in its radiant heat seems to be more of a fluid than water. Each of the nine furnaces holds fifty tons of steel and each furnace is filled and emptied twice in twenty-four hours so that 900 tons of steel may be manufactured every day with the present equipment. When the steel is ready to be taken from the furnace it is not dipped out, but a hydraulic jack overturns the furnace of brick with its fifty tons of steel as though it were so much pine lumber, and the liquid steel is poured into a single steel ladle sitting on scales in an excavation at the back of the furnace. After the product is weighed the hooks from the movable crane pick up the ladle and carry it to a place directly over the "ingot" moulds. These moulds have no bottom and are larger near the base. They stand on cars with brick floors and when the metal is cold the mould is pulled off by a jack leaving the cold black steel standing naked on the car. These cars are then drawn over to the rolling mills where "ingots" are heated and rolled into "billets" in which shape they are at present sold. Preparations are being made for the rolling of steel rails. Of course this sketch of the process has left out many of the most interesting details. In the estimation of the writer no field of observation in Nova Scotia is of greater interest than that within the enclosure of the Dominion Iron and Steel Works on the East side of Sydney Harbor.

North Sydney owes its present prosperity partly to its proximity to Sydney, but more especially to the operations of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company at Sydney mines, about three miles north of North Sydney. This is a new company which has taken over the assets and liabilities of the Nova Scotia Steel Company. The old steel works at Ferrona are doing a large work but new furnaces are being constructed at Sydney mines. Shipping piers of the latest type have been erected at North Sydney by this company. Coke ovens are already turning out a first class product and a great future is predicted for the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company in Cape Breton.

We have considered the three principal corporations which are back of the industrial development of Cape Breton. But the new business firms, seeking stands in our towns, the lesser industries that are growing up all around, the substantial construction of public buildings, banks and houses of merchandise, the vast number of private residences all speak of prosperity and unbounded faith in the industrial leadership.

In the eager rush for Cape Breton, few Acadia men seem to have joined. Rev. F. M. Young of North Sydney, H. S. Ross and N. J. Lockhart, of Sydney and the writer at Glace Bay are all that I have come in contact with. If you like rush and money and care nothing for your old social customs and associations, then go East young man! go East!

A. J. ARCHIBALD, '96.

Foot-Ball Problems.

In complying with the request of the Editor for an article on foot-ball problems in the Maritime Provinces, little or nothing of value may be contributed. Frequently problems seem easy of solution when viewed through a telescope, while the same problems under the microscope may appear insoluble. However, there will be given some suggestions which seem practical and profitable from this distance, and with some light thrown on them from the American game. While there have been some changes and developments in the game as played in the Maritime Provinces during the last seven years, the great problem for Acadia remains the same. It might be summed up as follows:—How can the best foot-ball team be produced at Acadia, consistent with pure athletics?

Taken in the order of importance, the question of pure athletics will be first dealt with, for, more important than a winning team, more necessary than a brave fifteen, more essential than gentlemanly players, is a clean athletic record. This Acadia has not had. Acadia has almost without exception played at least one professional on the team, in what was supposed to be an amateur game. Particular reference is here made to the director of the gymnasium, who as such, receiving a salary for his services, is a professional. It will be a distinct loss to the team to do without the services of this man, whoever he may be, for his position usually insures his being an athlete of prominence; but if the existence of the team depends on his playing, disband. Far better to do this and make a record for pure athletics than to play him. Let the students do this and not force the other team to protest him, or the faculty to Remember it is the Acadia Amateur Athletic interfere. Association.

Under the rubric of professionalism, there come some problems of a pseudo-professional and partial professional character, all of which interfere with football as a clean pure sport. There is that mistake made by Acadia occasionally, of playing a man not a bona-fide student of the college or academy. Acadia has not sinned in this respect as much as at least one of her opponents. It is a great temptation to include in the team a graduate who has been a good player, when he can supposedly be ranked as a student by his attending a few recitations, or paying a term's tuition. That does not make him a bona-fide student, and it is an insult to the intelligence of the opposing team to call him such,—both the team and the individual player who would do such a thing should be ostracized until the fault is corrected. Perhaps the reason that Acadia has not been equally as guilty as some other institutions is that she has not

had the opportunity. If Acadia were in a city surrounded by graduates and concomitant temptations, her sin might be equally great. A college should have a college team or none. There is a rule among the American colleges aimed at this abuse. It is to the effect that a player cannot represent his college on an athletic team for more than four years, and there is now a movement on foot to limit the players to the undergraduate departments.

With the men who are not bona-fide students, should be classed those who are pseudo students, — those who are low stand men. Probably we can all remember players who had not a pass mark in any subject, yet were indispensible to the team, because they did little or nothing else than play foot-ball. This is a matter that should be attended to by the faculty rather than the students, for the protection of the college and the idea of education. The purpose of the college is study not foot-ball, and if this aim is aborted, so much the worse for the college. At Yale, for instance, the pass mark for students generally is 2.00, on the scale of 4.00; but no person can represent Yale on an athletic team who has not a mark of at least 2.25. This the faculty requires to protect the student's educational interests.

One thing that has always seemed to the writer inexplicable, is the fact that a man who has played on a college team, after graduation goes to another college and plays in championship games against his Alma Mater. If a person should him such a thing to a Harvard or Vale athlete he would be judged mentally unsound. What would be done with a Vale or Harvard athlete who played in a championship game against his former college? There is no answer, for the case is inconceivable, unthinkable. Hundreds of athletes have gone back and forth between these two colleges as graduate students, but you would search in vain for the name of one who had played championship games under both colors. This would be as distasteful to the second college as the first, for it is a frank admission of its athletic weakness,—that it had to take the training of other colleges to build up a team.

It seems little else than traitorous for a man, for four years to sing "Here's to good old Acadia," to play on her team, to imbibe her nourishment, and to laud her as his foster mother, then to turn around and act as her athletic antagonist, when he knows her secrets and is acquainted with her players. It is a

fact of history that Acadia has lost the great majority of her games with her traditional opponent; but history would as clearly prove that the balance of power between the two teams is held by the graduates of Acadia who are taking graduate work in the city university; and old mother Acadia, year after year, looks sorrowfully at her brave team pluckily accepting defeat, which has been inflicted by her disloyal sons. Among the American colleges there is a rule which prevents a player who has come from another college, from representing the second college in athletics, until after he has been a resident there one year. This is not aimed against the man who plays against his former college, this is out of the question, but against star players on the teams of minor colleges, who would in a semi-professional way, leave the minor college to enter the larger one for the sake of playing on the greater foot-ball team.

In speaking of the personnel of the team, it seems hardly necessary to discuss the question of color; yet this has been a question of some prominence in the provinces during the past few months. The Wednesday following the day when Acadia was refused a game on account of the complexion of one of the members of the team, the Yale Freshmen played with the Andover Academy, in the presence of over one thousand people. The latter team had as a full-back, a full blooded negro, and notwithstanding the example of the province team the week before, the game was played through without a protest. or three years ago Amherst College had a negro student who was a good end, and for two seasons he played against the Yale University team. Contrary to the statement of a correspondent of one of the Nova Scotia papers, Harvard did not play a negro on her team last year, but she has done so, and one of her chief coachers is Lewis, a mulatto. During the foot-ball season of '93-'94, Acadia played with a college team, one of whose members had as parents a full blooded negro and negress. a freak of nature the man was white,—being light complexioned with sandy (but very tightly curled) hair. How would this man's case be settled in the light of negro exclusion? It is a strange coincidence that the first negro graduate of Acadia was sent by the very town whose team refused to play Acadia on account of the fact that she played a negro on her team. enough of this,—this is not a problem among gentlemen.

There is one suggestion concerning the present rules which might be valuable. The rule concerning the exclusion of substitutes has little or no worth, and yet is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the game as it is played in the provinces. The only possible advantage that could result from this rule, would be when a team had two men of equal value for the same position, and the second man could be substituted before the end of the game. This does not occur once in a hundred games, because the positions are interchangeable. If there are two extra good men for right wing half-back, one can easily be shifted to left wing, or either of the centre positions, and used in the first of the game instead of being reserved as a substitute. Only if the men are just equal could substituting be abused, otherwise the best man should be trained to play as well as the last five minutes as the first five. Not infrequently with a squad of one hundred men, Yale or Harvard goes through seventy minutes of the hardest kind of foot-ball with only eleven men, not one substitute being used.

On the other hand the rule excluding substitutes is contrary to the spirit of the game in encouraging the roughest kind of play. A premium is placed upon the play that will injure your opponents. Looking at it in the best light, it is not our vaunted British fair-play for fifteen men to play against fourteen or thirteen opponents, simply because one or two have been unfortunate enough to be injured during the game. A game won this way is void of glory,—the glory should rather go to the thirteen or fourteen who play out full time against fifteen opponents. If it is thought that an indiscriminate rule might be abused, let it be modified so as to have the referee decide if a man is sufficiently injured to retire. This is a suggestion that seems fair to everyone, and one, which, if followed, would best bring out the merits of the two teams.

It may also seem that the rules should be modified so as to allow of more science in the game, than is possible under the present rules. It would be a mistake to substitute the close formations of the American game for the open work of English Rugby; for the latter, while contributing as largely to athletic development and meritorious team work, at the same time makes it a spectators' game that not only the elect, but all persons can enjoy. Some slight changes in the rules could be undoubtedly evolved, which leave the open game, and yet give opportunity for more scientific play.

In the development of any team there are three things necessary, viz., a knowledge of the game, repeated application

of this knowledge, and a body fitted to carry on the game the required length of time; or in a word, coaching, practice, and training. Only a combination of these three factors can make a team efficient. The problem of coaching at Acadia is difficult on account of the restricted finances. Dalhousie is not so troubled because so many of her graduates are living in the city, and consequently help can be secured at little cost. Do not misunderstand the point, not that coachers are to be paid for their services, but they should be reimbursed for all their expenses. Acadia has loyal graduates in the provinces who would willingly give a week or two in the fall to teaching the team the foot-ball which they know. Men could learn their positions themselves if they had sufficient time; but a hint can be given in a few minutes that would put a man weeks ahead. The captain cannot do it; he cannot play and coach too; and further he does not know the duties of every position. Outside help must be secured in order to have an efficient team.

Again, Acadia is at a disadvantage as far as practice is concerned, but not so much so as formerly. If memory serves, prior to the year when the writer was captain of the team, one game a year, that with Dalhousie, was all that was ever played. King's College team was not strong enough to be reckoned as a practice game, many of Acadia class teams being able to defeat it. The year referred to, the Acadia team took a trip playing Mt. Allison, St. John, Fredericton, and University of New Brunswick, in addition to the Dalhousie game. Since then more games have been played, but hardly enough yet to give good practice. For Acadia, a class game each Wednesday, and an outside game each Saturday, would give none too much practice; and without practice it is impossible to have an efficient team.

To discuss the third requisite, training, would be impossible even if the writer had time, but the necessity must be apparent to all. Not the team which plays best the first five minutes always wins, but the one which lasts through the entire game. Not to be over-trained, not to be under-trained, but to be "on edge" is the desired condition; to get a team there is the work of a specialist. However, much can be done by observing a few simple rules which should be known to every captain, and with a team willing to deny itself for a few weeks, the game ceases to be work and becomes what it should be, play.

Perhaps it may be thought that the problems of Acadia

have been discussed rather than those of the Maritime Provinces; this is true, but what has been said of Acadia is applicable to all. It is the earnest wish of the writer that he may have said something that will improve, not only the game at Acadia, but the great college sport in the provinces.

GEORGE B. CUTTEN, '96.

American Mural Painting.

Mural painting is a decorative art of great antiquity. Its beginnings are prehistoric. The impulse which gave rise to it is merely that deeply rooted feeling in the heart of men of all ages, conditions and stations, which seeks for some way of beautifying his home, his place of worship, and the tombs of his race.

Italy in the sixteenth century gave rise to the world's greatest decorators. They designed for domes, ceilings, and panels of all shapes; for dark or for light interiors; and used figures, arabesque, ornament, with the same unerring judgment. In this splendid group of world-renowned mural painters the palm is generally conceded to Raphael. He seems to have caught up the finest characteristics of his predecessors, and surpassed them, just as Shakespeare gathered for his purposes all the accomplishments of the then existing literature.

After Raphael begins a general decline in Italian art, and with it a decline in art over all Europe. "The brush that dropped from the hands of the last of the Italian masters was not again used, in a notable way, until the middle of the nineteenth century, when the two renowned Frenchmen Puvis de Chavannes and Paul Braudry showed themselves able successors of the illustrious decorators of the Renaissance." Through them mural painting has become a serious and important expression of the artistic development of the nineteenth century, not only in France, but on our own continent.

Here in America the native impulse for painting has been for many years obscured and diverted by the accretions of foreign experience and the influence of foreign schools. The artistic temperament has been slow in casting off the mannerisms adopted from abroad, and has rarely spoken out. But there is something in the productiveness of the artists of the nineteenth century which convinces us that a number of men in the American school have a touch of the divine fire of originality.

Time does not admit of an account of the earlier attempts in mural painting in America. Difficulties in securing proper architectural conditions to render decorative designs possible; difficulties in securing

skilled labor and proper artist's materials for the merely mechanical part of the work had all to be overcome. There have been failures. The attempt to decorate the Albany Capital was a dismal failure, owing to the unsoundness of the walls; but so rapid has been the development in architecture that it requires some mental effort to realize that only seventeen years elapsed between the abandonment of work on the Albany Capital, and the completion of the Boston Library, which is an architectural triumph.

In this building several artists have found suitable space and surroundings for a display of their finest conceptions in mural decoration. The decorations of Puvis de Chavannes in this library occupy a superb position above the broad flight of steps of the Grand Stairway at the end of the central aisle. There are eight panels on the staircase, and one large painting "The Genius of Enlightment" on the wall of the Staircase Corridor. The construction of this Staircase Corridor enabled the artist to have a choice of design, for the long wall presented a surface broken exactly in the middle by a door, and the supports of the vaulting, which are placed a little higher than the top of this entrance, divide the upper part of the space into five arches, so that five separate panels could be used or a single decoration cover the whole. M. Puvis chose the latter, carrying a sweep of sky across the arches, and by placing beside the fine, severely designed doorway the seated figures of "Study" and "Contemplation," he dignified it into a pedestal for the Genius of Enlightment, a winged boy, who stands upon a cloud, holding blazing lights in his hands. Just below the arches is an expanse of sea. The hillside which fills the foreground has in it lines that dip and bend and are as individual as the lines of a portrait. The place is a most pleasant one, full of young, thickly-leaved trees, of small bushes and irregular green growth, -a fit play-ground for the Muses, who rise, four on one side, five on the other, like a flight of white butterflies.

"The perfect balance of the groups, their simplicity, and the harmony of the separate figures with one another, is suggestive of some exquisite piece of music, simple enough for any musician to read at sight, but which taxes the powers of the finest players to interpret in all its subtle beauty. The whole painting is so absolutely decorative that it might well have grown upon the wall, and from its pure fidelity to standards which have no touch of cleverness, or of aught superficial or common, leaves a conviction that however unlike these creations of the modern French artist are to the grand Muses of Hellas, yet they are really the same. They, too, carry the air from Olympus. One critic says, "They have come from that high world, which, were all

minds great enough, all hearts and eyes true and pure enough, the whole world might see; but that the majority can surmise only through the translated visions of poets and artists."

Among the many American artists of distinction, Edwin Austin Abbey stands as a representative of the realistic school His talent is distinctly dramatic, and he is endowed with the unusual power of realizing the tragedy underlying so much of human life. His fine easel pictures in oil, water color, and pastel, and even his works in black and white, which alone would make him a leader in American art, are excelled by his series of designs from the "Quest of the Holy Grail" for the decoration of the walls of the Boston Library. He shows great depth of feeling and insight into character; his coloring is strong and forcible, he delights in the use of deep hues, and does not shrink, as do many others, from the use of black. In collaboration with Sargent and other American painters, Abbey was offered the commission to decorate the newly-opened Boston Library. He prepared himself for his vast undertaking by traveling in Italy and France, studying details for his composition, until the series of designs so grandly portrayed in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" gradually evolved in his own mind. The series forms what may justly be called an epic poem in Mr. Abbey is the first to attempt a continuous, pictorial representation of the story of the Grail; and his treatment of this theme is one of the most noble and inspiring mural decorations of which this or any other country can boast.

The Library of Congress, though lacking distinction from an architectural standpoint, has given to the nation an artistic example that has awakened a broader and deeper interest in our subject than has ever been shown before. Its pictorial decorations are distinctly characteristic of our time, and of the present stage of advancement in American art,—they bear the stamp of intense character. The works here by Walker, Blashfield, and Cox are typical instances of the superior quality of the mural decorations which the National Library displays.

Mr. Walker's paintings are grouped under the general title "Lyric Poetry." They are characterized by poetical feeling and elevated sentiment. The figures in the largest tympanum where the subject is represented, are placed in a landscape, which seems drawn from some lovely natural spot where a brook flows between banks covered with grass and shrubs, and the trees above part to show the distant sky. A young girl, crowned with laurel, and holding a lyre stands in a depression in the bed of the little stream. On one side are "Pathos," "Truth," and "Devotion"; on the other, "Passion," "Beauty" and "Mirth." The refinement and sentiment of the soft gray canvasses

lightened with delicate blushes of color, convey a feeling of peace and repose, and make it a place to dream in, a place to love.

Mr. Blashfield's painting is confined to the rotunda. This is the position of greatest honor which could be offered a mural painter. His subjects: "The Human Understanding" and "The Evolution of Civilization" are most fitting decorations to crown the majestic structure and the splendid mural display of such a public building. Figures representing Written Records, Science, Religion, Administration, Philosophy, Physics, The Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and the like are laid in a mosaic pattern and combined in groups of three.

Mr. Cox's subjects: "The Arts" and "The Sciences" are lunettes in the gallery designed for museum purposes. They are distinctly formal, but are suitably plain in design for the gallery they adorn.

The value of such an exhibition representing the works of the artists already mentioned and those of many others equally competent cannot be over estimated. This art is the property of all men; it belongs to every citizen who has eyes to see; it dignifies public life, and adds joy to private life. But more particularly does it conserve the history of the life of the American people for Americans; and at the same time stimulate it to vaster issues.

The commissions for mural decorations which have been given more or less to able painters in all the best periods of art have always been made possible by material prosperity. The desire for decorative art in America has so recently manifested itself that it is evident that financial problems have only just commenced to allow the American people to turn their interests to the larger purposes of art. But they have already made a sudden advance in the direction of mural painting. A taste for art has developed which requires something more than the adaptability of plan to purposes of utility; it demands structural appropriateness to mural ornamentation.

Many drawbacks have retarded the growth of mural art in this country, but its sweep and requirements are boundless. Perhaps in no other sphere of artistic effort is there so much demanded of the painter as in this one of mural embellishment. Its pursuit implies a life of subjection on the part of the painter. His studies from Nature must necessarily have been of wider range than those of specialists in any other branches of art. Then, too, in point of subject alone, scenes of fable, history, legend, or classic idyl, biblical story, or splendid epic must find a sympathetic harbor in the mind of the painter who would acceptably fill the rolè of grand illuminator of the present and past.

It is within the possibilities of American temperament to perpetuate a high standard of accomplishment in this particular field. But the culmination of the decorative spirit will not be reached until the architect, the painter, and the sculptor work together from the plan of a structure to its completion.

CATHRINE M. ETHERIDGE, Seminary '02.

A Literary Desert?

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In one of the issues of the Kalamazoo College Index for 1901, there were certain statements which should be of interest to us here at Acadia. A paragraph in the Exchange Column of that ambitious journal was devoted to telling whomsoever it might concern that the Acadia Athenæum was an absolute failure as a college paper. The Exchange Editor had arrived at this pleasant conclusion from a consideration of the facts that "The Athenæum depends for its literary matter entirely upon old graduates, and c'ergymen at that, and further, the only thing in the paper distinctively 'student' is the Locals department which reminds one of the joke column in a certain Sunday Chicago paper of no enviable reputation."

While we cannot entirely agree with our friend of the Index, we must acknowledge that he came so dangerously near the truth that any argument with him would be quite useless. We therefore said nothing at the time, but consoled ourselves with the comfortable reflection that there are many college papers in Canada infinitely worse than the Atheneum Since then we have thought—and our thinking has gone thusly:—

Do the students of Acadia and her sister institution in the Maritime Provinces support their college papers as they ought? If they do, why this plaintive cry that arises annually from all over our land—the cry of college editors calling for student contributions?

But, to confine ourselves to Acadia, and bring no accusations against other Maritime Colleges, what is the condition of things here among us? Do we write for our paper—can we write for it—ought we to write for it?

Occasionally we see an article in the ATHENÆUM by some undergraduate, but did it ever occur to you to enquire what the article was written for? Nine times out of ten it is a "warmed-over" Junior Essay, and perhaps it is not even warmed-over. How many stories, poems, descriptive sketches, have you seen in our paper during the last four years, written by the students? Very few, I am afraid. And as for essays, I do not believe there is a man now in college who has deliberately sat down, with malice aforethought, to write an essay for the ATHENÆUM. We elect our editors, two from each class, and ex-

pect them to turn out a paper for us, and then when they write anything we don't like, we say things about them—real bad things. We don't any of us seem to feel that we are in any way responsible for our paper. The editors can't make the paper, and we don't want them to either, but we won't do our part to help them. What the Index said about the Athenhum as a college paper is only too true, and more, we should be heartly ashamed that it is so.

And why are these things so? Perhaps there are two reasons. One reason, the very, very major one is laziness, and the other, a very, very minor one is lack of training in English. All men, I suppose, are more or less lazy, and the less work they have to do the less they want to do it. We may think we are rushed with work here, but we actually don't know what work is. Ask an Acadia graduate who has gone to Harvard or McGill Medical, whether he has to study any harder there then he did here at Acadia. He will tell you he never knew what study meant till he got away from here. - It is a good thing for our college pride that nobody takes it into his head to make up statistics and find the average number of hours per day that we put into our studies. We study some, play football, hockey or tennis more, and loaf most of all. When the editor of the ATENAUM comes around and asks us to write an article for the paper, we tell him to depart wait for some more convenient season, for we haven't time now. Within the next forty eight hours we proceed to waste time enough to write two such articles as he asked us for. The average college man wastes time enough during his course to make him famous, if it were rightly applied.

Nor is it bad enough to be too lazy to write—we are too lazy to Read-aren't we reading all the time? you say. Yes, but what? Look into the Reading Room between classes. The daily papers are receiving some attention; two or three persons are leaning eagerly over the shoulders of the fortunate individual who happens to be at present in possession of Puck; Munsey and McClure are fairly well read, and the Century and Harpers are touched in spots. The very best parts of our very best magazines are almost wholly neglected. The Atlantic Monthly is left severely alone. Current Literature can generally be found on the rack. The Critic and the Bookman are read by a few young ladies. It would be an easy matter for me to locate the pen knife that cut the pages containing the "Editor's Easy Chair" in Harpers, every month last year. If you know nothing at all of the exquisite literary gems hidden away in the corners and crevices of that famous old Easy Chair, you cannot be expected of course to search for them. It would pay you richly to take a look in

there sometime. Most of us could stand a little more of that solid literature which requires to be chewed and digested. We are rather too fond of the Five-O'clock-Tea-Wafers of literature. They are so dainty and sugary and melty in your mouth!

There is that minor reason for not writing which I mentioned above—lack of training in English. The great majority of students who enter Acadia are not perfect masters of the English language if the Freshman essays are any kind of a test. The specimens of English compositions that are wormed out of the Freshman class every year on such profound subjects as, "How I Spent My Vacation" and "My Trip to Wolfville" must surely cause our good professor to groan inwardly. I would not of course suggest anything so revolutionary as the frequent writing of essays in our High Schools and Academies, for that would tend to give us a certain knowledge of the use of our own language which of course is entirely unnecessary! We have so many more important things to study in our schools!

It is needless to urge the objection that we can't write, for we can. If English has been neglected in our school training, we should strive to make up for it after we get in college. It doesn't take a heaven-born genius to write an interesting account of some event recently witnessed and to write it in good English, too. How well I remember the little "High School Hustler" we used to publish in a certain town in the United States. Half of the school used to write for it, and you would be surprised to see the really excellent results. It used to be a matter of pride with us to have something of ours published in the Hustler, and what was more, it wouldn't be published unless it was good. We used to write for the sake of writing, and for the sake of the paper, and there that paper was a success. Then there was a little Latin and Greek class in a little High School in another little town, where Latin and Greek used to be read for the sheer pleasure of it, and where selections of the authors read, Homer and Virgil mostly, would be given out to every member of the class to be turned into English verse. And they were turned too, and some of them surprisingly well, and they would be brought back and criticized by the teacher and then perhaps the editor of the town newspaper would come along and covet them, and publish them, and make us feel oh very, very big! Why can't we do something like that here? We surely are not ready to admit that Yankee High School boys and girls can use the English language better than we Bluenose Collegians? We are brought up in a land where poetry is native to the soil. Isn't it a pleasing reflection to so many of us as were brought up in sight of Blomidon, that it was an American poet who made this land famous?

(One too, who had never even been here). How can any one live in this fair Acadian land, and especially in the beautiful Annapolis Valley, and not write poetry, or at least make a big bluff at it, no matter how weak it may be?

As for the final question, whether or not we ought to write for and support our college paper, I think there is but one side to that. Of course we ought What on earth is our paper for, I should like to know? Here we are year after year publishing a college paper which is written by people outside of the college. What good is that doing either us or the college? What good do we get out of our paper anyway? We actually don't read it half through. The part most read at present is that in which the feelings of two persons—or a series of two persons—are wounded for the rest of the college to laugh at. Perhaps if undergraduate work were a little more common in the paper, the so-called Joke-Column would cease to hold its position of prominence.

Beside the advantage that would come to the paper if more of the students wrote for it, there is an indirect advantage of no small importance that would result to the college. Can anyone estimate how much Harvard owes to Emerson and Holmes and Lowell and a dozen other literary men? What is it that is bringing Princeton to the front so rapidly nowadays but the number of literary men she is turning out? I would not be afraid to bet most anything that if Booth Tarkington and Jesse Lynch Williams had graduated from Acadia instead of from Princeton it would have done more good to this old college on the hill than two or three Forward Movement Funds. And where do these men begin their literary work if not on the college paper? Tarkington said to an interviewer a few weeks ago that the chief thing he was proud of in his college course was that he had worked on the same college paper that Williams had before him. Why not make the Acadia Athenaum as the Nassau Lit, or the Harvard Crimson? When we have done this, and have been out in the wide world a few years, will it not be a matter of pride to look back and say, "And even I wrote for that paper when I was in college."

Begin now, don't wait till you are a Senior, and don't be afraid to try your wings. You never know what you can do till you try. Shake yourselves, all of you. Lets get to work. Lets flood the editor with manuscript till he calls for assistants to help him in reading what is submitted, and picking out what is meritorious. Lets make the ATHENEUM a typical college paper, so full of life and college sport that old graduates reading it shall long to be back among us. And

what shall we write? Why, anything at all. Write a story, a good breezy essay on some subject of college interest, a descriptive sketch, a criticism, or if the Muses favor you, a poem. Undergraduate poetry is usually pretty well laughed at, but it need not be so. If you get laughed at, take down your Bryant, read Thauatopses through two or three times (written you remember when the author was only nineteen) and then try again. Keep at it. Remember what a furore David Harum kicked up, when, after its travels through seventeen editorial offices, it finally found someone who would publish it. No man should go through college who can't write an interesting account of a foot-ball game, or a hockey match, or a debate, or a Sophomore Racket, or the burning of a Reading Room, or something or other. For heaven's sake, lets do something along this line. Don't think of letting the college paper die down any more than you would think of letting college foot-ball go to the dogs. Can't we have a little literary revival around here, without any evangelist? Get to work, every one of you that has the least grain of literary ability in him, and let us see what you are good for?

Then the writer laid down his pen. He thought he heard in the far distance a thin, derisive laugh. They were reading his article and taking it for a joke. "He's a little excited" they said, "but he'll do no harm." Would he could some good! Verily, the way of the transgressor (and the reformer) is hard. Who will listen to the voice of one crying in the—literary—wilderness? And he sighed and said to himself, "What do they care?" E. '04.

Harvard's "Bloody Monday."

"Harvard Square. Change for Watertown and Newton. Transfers on the left!" The sound of that magic word, "Harvard" roused me from the reverie into which I was plunged. Here I was at last, and almost before the car had stopped I was standing on the sidewalk, through the mist, across the street, could see the Harvard "wall" and the "memorial gates" and beyond, the tops of the buildings looming up among the trees. There in the "college yard" were the main buildings,—halls, dormotories, class rooms and libraries. It was easy to tell that I stood within the circle of that realm of happiness,—"the college world." One glance at the throng that jostled and pushed by the "starter," with his five golden stripes, was enough to proclaim the fact. The air of ease and enjoyment, the cut of the clothes, a crimson cap or the gleam of a fraternity pin was

enough to stamp four-fifths of the crowd as "college men." But there seemed to be something unusual "in the air." The faces of those that passed held a look of expectancy. For this was "Bloody Monday" and that very night the annual Sophomore-Freshmen "rush" was to take place This "rush" at Harvard is something like the "wrestling matches" at Yale in that it marks the opening of the college year. The name "Bloody Monday" had its origin in the bloodshed produced by the "rush" but there was less to be seen that night than at one of our Acadia foot-ball matches.

A few steps brought me to the door-way of the Holyoke House where the marble steps have been worn hollow in the centre by the tramp of many generations of undergraduates. Up the broad stairway to the room of a Harvard Senior I went. And what a room! Open fireplace, hard-wood desks, rugs, lounges, cushions galore, countless photos, posters, pictures and statuettes went to make up a paradise for study. Books? Of course, lots of them and crimson banners too. Opening off on two sides were bed-rooms that were as tasty and dainty as the art of a college man could make them. Through the window there floated the yells of the Cambridge "mucker" which marked the assembling of the "rushers." And then, even the room of a Harvard Senior ceased to be attractive for I had come to see the "rush."

The Cambridge "mucker," I might explain, is a combination of the wit of an American city bred boy with a concentrated essence of the devil. He is to Cambridge what the "gamin" is to Paris. The despair of the police and the terror of the students he hangs about the college with eye always open for mischief and tongue ever ready with derision.

When I came out-of-doors, again, the mist had become a dreary drizzle. But the rain seemed to have little effect on the crowd for from all directions students were hurrying through the gate into the "yard." Once inside the gates it was plain that "Harvard" meant "vastness." On every side were the large buildings of brick or stone. I attempted to picture the "hill" in Wolfville when Acadia had attained to the size of Harvard. The picture was almost completed when my thoughts were called back to the scene before me by the cry of "Hats off." I looked about expecting to see some dignitary but was disappointed. The next thought was that I was the victim of a practical joke but the whispered explanation of my friend set me at ease. The "muckers" had commenced to reap a harvest of hats snatched from the crowd and he who failed to carry his head gear in his hand ran the chance of having none to carry on his head. What

the "" muckers" do with these hats I can't imagine but later I saw one with five who was on the lookout for more.

Up and down the paths marched the rival classes while their ranks kept swelling by the addition of late arrivals. Cries of "six this way" or "five this way" guided the belated ones to their places. At last all was ready and "six" faced "five" on the broad concrete driveway before the Hollis Hall. Among the trees and along the edge of the driveway thronged the spectators and the windows of the Hollis Hall were crowded with the smiling faces of upper classmen. The contestants were "formed up" in lines eight or ten deep, solidly locked together. For the first time Freshmen felt the grip of fellow Freshmen and in their hearts was growing a something called "class spirit."

"Here they come!" The crowd drew back a little as the tramp, tramp, of the "rushers" developed into the slap, slap, of running feet against the concrete. Smash! They met and for a few seconds one side held the other. Then the superiority of numbers told on the Sophs and they gave way. At the point where the "break" occurred there was a wild scattering of spectators. The Freshmen pushed through and "six" had won their first victory. Then they were a "class" with a being of their own and that something called "class spirit" welled up and over-flowed in a stream of yells that only the new-born Freshmen know how to give. Juniors cheered "nought six" lustily and the Seniors laid aside their dignity and screamed themselves hoarse for "nought five."

But the exultation of "six" over their first victory proved fatal to them. Before they were again "formed up" the Sophs were upon them. They withstood the first shock of the impact well enough but when a reserve squad of Sophs, in solid formation, crashed into them they wavered and gave way. Just as the stream of Sophs and Freshmen were mingled in wild confusion some wag "touched off" a bright flash powder that for the moment blinded the combatan's and served to make the confusion worse than ever. But all at last extricated themselves from the surging struggling mass and again "six" faced "five."

This time the "Freshies" under the coaching of a Junior were in good formation and they went through "five" like a "flying wedge" through a single line. Time after time the Sophs gathered their scattered ranks but 'twas of no use "six" was the stronger. The "rush" was over and the Freshmen were victorious. Very few injuries had been inflicted on either side. Now and again one would limp away resting on the shoulders of two friends or an overjealous youth would wander out from the crowd nursing a bleeding nose,

received from some opponents fist. For the most part, however, good nature prevailed and the boys took and gave without losing their tempers.

The Sophs marched from the Hollis Hall to the steps of University Hall from which they cheered the victors. Down they came and up the Freshmen surged. Two thousand voices greeted them and under the guidance of a lanky Junior they cheered the Sophs, the Juniors, the Seniors and the Sophs again. Then they were drilled on the Varsity "yell." At first their attempt was rather "ragged." But after a few times it rang forth clear cut and solid:—

Harvard, Harvard!

Rah, Rah! Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

Harvard, Harvard!

They will have no "ragged" cheering, by the way, at Harvard. During the progress of the "rush" the yelling was done with precision and it had a "go" that made it count for something. Three thousand voices form the "cheering section" on Soldier's Field when the big foot-ball matches are played. And for good results these voices have to yell together. That's why the Freshmen are trained to give the yell properly.

Down from the steps came "six" tumbling over one another in their haste. But they didn't come down to go to their rooms. Oh no. Freshmen at Harvard are like other Freshmen they must show themselves after a victory. So out into Harvard Square they marched. While the steady shout of "six, six, six," kept time to their tramp, tramp, tramp.

Then other fun began and the attention of the crowd was directed from the Freshmen to the "muckers." As the trolley cars rumbled by one of these imps of Satan would run nimbly behind and with a quick jerk pull the trolley from the wire. Of course the car stopped and the passengers sat in darkness while, out-side, the conductor tried to "place" the trolley amid the jeers of the crowd. Hardly was the connection made when it was jerked off again. A charge with the "switch stick" at last drove the "muckers" back enough to permit the car to get in motion. Some of the bolder ones not only jerked the trolleys off but on one occasion cut the rope and the spring sent the pole upright where it waved back and forth with the end of the rope dangling out of reach in a manner that was too ridiculous for words. But this particular car was in charge of a man that knew his business. In a twinkling he was on the roof and had grasped the pole. The

crowd watched the proceedings with breathless interest. Down, down the conductor bent the pole against the spring. The silence was oppressive. Suddenly the trolley struck the wire with a sizzle and the connection was made. The crowd broke forth into clapping loud and long. For Harvard students know how to applaud as well as to deride.

Interest soon began to flag and inside a short time the "Square" was emptied of students. But now was the time for the vanquished Sophomores. With their upper class friends they visited the rooms of the Freshmen on whom "punch notices" had been served. The hapless Freshmen had no alternative but to provide the refreshments. And to tell the truth they did very well. Then in the early hours, the upper-class-men and the Sophs filed out into the corridors bearing with them souvenirs of the night's jollification "swiped" from the rooms of their hosts. For my booty I bore off in triumph a copy of the "Harvard Crimson" and the cerk of—a ginger—ale bottle(!)

FOOTBALL.

THE TWO BIG GAMES.

I.—Tuesday, Nov. 11th, Acadia 0; Mt Allison 0; at Wolfville.II.—Wednesday, Nov. 19th. Acadia 0; Dalhousie 18; at Halifax.

On Tuesday, Nov. 11th, the first of our two final games took place, with our old rivals, Mt. Allison. The Sackville boys arrived in Wolfville Tuesday morning and were met at the station by the students as usual. The Mt. Allison team was considered to be the strongest team in the history of the college and the followers of the Maroon and Yellow were confident of victory. It was a fine clear November day and as Acadia's preliminary season had been promising hundreds had gathered from Wolfville and the surrounding towns to see the game, which promised to be a battle royal. Both teams were well supported from the side lines. The North stand was a mass of red and blue flags and streamers and here the Acadia boys were gathered to cheer their team to do its best. At 2.15 p. m., the two teams trotted onto the field and after the cheers of the respective colleges subsided the music struck up our new foot-ball song and as the chorus, "Glory, Glory for Acadia" swelled across the field the two teams faced each other and the game began. As the two teams lined up it was evident that the visitors were much our superior in weight and Acadia's chance of holding her own seemed none too certain however as the game progressed the aspect changed.

Acadia kicked off and Mt. Allison fumbling the ball the play began in the visitors' territory. For the first few minutes the Mt Allison forwards rushed things and the ball was carried back to centre field; here the play remained for some time and the visitors made several attempts to advance the ball by their famous half back line (the only part of the Mt Allison team which Acadia really felt uneasy about). However on every pass they lost ground for our halves tackled and threw the runner every time for a loss. After a few moments of half back work Mt Allison fell back upon her forwards and from this on until the end of the game it was essentially a forward game. The Mt Alison forwards were strong in the scrim and generally controlled the ball, however Acadia's quarters always prevented their opponents from gaining ground when the ball was heeled out and by dribbling and rushing, the ball was advanced to Mt Allison's 25 yards; here Elliott made a good kick off touch on Mt Allison's 5 yards. For several minutes the play remained here but Acadia was unable to score and soon the visitors by a good punt sent the play back from the danger point to centre field. Here the play paused for a long time swaying from one side of centre to the other neither side being able to gain much good. Finally Acadia kicked and Mt Allison punted well back into Acadia's territory. Mt Allison followed up the kick and the ball was he'd at Acadia's 15 yards. Acadia's forwards however working together now in fine style soon carried the ball back to their opponents 40 yards. Here Acadia received a free kick and Calhoun tried a place kick but it fell short and Mt Allison ran the kick back to centre field. Here the play remained for the remainder of the half and the whistle blew with the ball there. Score: Acadia 0: Mt Allison 0.

In the second half Acadia began to force matters and from start to finish Mt Allison was on the defensive, the ball only crossing centre field into Acadia's territory twice and never passing her 25 yards. The visitors kicked off and Estey returned. The play began at centre and Acadia's forwards and quarters slowly advanced the ball to Mt Allison 10 yards, here the Maroon and Yellow kicked and blocking the return on the other side of centre tried to assume the aggressive but in vain. Again and again Mt Allison was forced inside her 25 and 20 yards, and again and again her backs punted out of danger. Once on a free kick the play was carried to Acadia's 30 yards but it soon went back to centre where Lockwood receiving the ball on a pass in ran to Mt Allison's 15 yards and being tackled passed to Elliott who made 10 more and Acadia began her attack on Mt Allison 5 yards. Here the play remained for some time and the excitement ran

high, but owing to the visitors splendid defense Acadia could not score though frequently getting within a yard or two of the Mt Allison line. Finally however Mt Allison kicked out of danger and the play began again at centre but again Acadia forced the Maroon and Yellow back to her 25 yards. Here Acadia was awarded a free kick and Bowes tried a place kick for goal. He made a good attempt but failed and Mt Allison returned the kick well into Acadia's territory. Acadia rushed and dribbled the ball back to centre where it stayed for some time and the whistle blew with the ball near centre field. Score: Acadia 0; Mt Allison 0.

The teams lined up as follows:

Estey. Full, Jakeman.	
Estey. Full, Jakeman.	
(Howe. HALVES, (Powell.	
Hamilton. C. Wright.	
Calhoun. Bigelow (Ca	pt.)
Ferris. Black.	1
f Elliot. Quarters, DeLong.	
Bowes. G. Wright.	
(Sipperell. Forwards, (Way.	
Cann. Dixon.	
Flick. McQuaid.	
Bates. Hume.	
{ Denton. { Curry.	
Thomas. Shanklin.	
Lombard. Hudson.	
Lockwood. Day.	

Dr. Campbell, of Dalhousie, refereed the game.

Of the visiting team, Day, Curry, Shanklin and Bigelow put up the best game and among the home players, while all played well, Sipperell, Lockwood, Thomas and Bates of the forwards and Bowes, Elliott and Hamilton of the back field are especially worthy of mention.

The Mt Allison team spent the night in Wolfville and the Athletic Association entertained them with a Reception in College Hall. Wednesday morning the team left for Halifax where they played Dalhousie.

On Wednesday, Nov. 19th, we met Dalhousie and we lost. Although we scarcely hoped for victory still we thought the issue doubtful and expected that the game would be hard and close as it always has been when Acadia and Dalhousie battled for the Intercollegiate championship. However our defeat was overwhelming; we started in to play but after the first score at the very beginning of

the game our team went to pieces and the game became a procession. Acadia lost her nerve and became demoralized and a team which has shown itself capable of putting up first class foot-ball was utterly routed, a thing which has never before happened in the history of the Red and Blue. Those who have followed our course during the season, who saw us outplay the Wanderers and Mt Allison, both of which teams gave Dalhousie hard games (the former holding her down to a draw) know what we can do, but on the Wanderers' grounds on the 29th of November we failed to deliver the goods. That is all that can be said. Of course there were things which helped along our ruin, as the absence of our two best halves and the laxness of the referee who allowed two tries to be scored on offside These were factors which might have modified if not changed the result. To the spectator it was but a defeat, but to us it was a seasons work gone for nought. Throughout the season all our efforts are directed, towards perfecting a team for this final game and on its result the success or failure of the years football history depends. All the weeks of training and practice, the work and worry of the Captain and players have been in vain for we lost to Dalhousie and lost badly. In those two short half hours of fierce battle crowned with the bitterness of defeat went the seasons hard and continuous work of thirty or forty men and the season of 1902 though otherwise bright and successful becomes one of the dark pages of Acadia's foot-ball history. But for the details.

Dalhousie winning the toss kicked off; the kick was returned off touch and the ball went in play at centre field. For the first few minutes our forwards more than held their own but on the second or third scrimmage Dalhousie heeled out, one of her quarters dropped back in the half line and their style of play was shown, namely, to overwhelm our halves (the weak point of our line) with numbers. It worked well and before Acadia found herself the Dalhousie backs were on our 5 yard line. Here the play paused for some time while the Yellow and Black sought the weak point in our line and our quarters not showing their customary brilliant defense work, Dickie dived across the line for the first score of the game. Cheese missed an easy goal and the score stood Dalhousie 3, Acadia 0, with the game only four minutes old.

Calhoun dropped the ball out for Acadia and Dalhousie resuming her tactics and rushed to within 10 yards of our line where Acadia was given a free kick for continuous offside play. Acadia followed up the kick well and play was resumed in Dalhousie's territory. For several minutes the play remained around centre field but Acadia's play

steadily declined and Dalhousie by brilliant half and quarter work again forced the Red and Blue back and the play for a long time shifted between Acadia's 10 and 25 yards. Here the brilliant defense work of our centre halves Hamilton and Schurman again and again saved a try but finally near the end of the half Dickie again scored on a short pass from Acadia's 5 yard line. The goal was missed and the score was: Dalhousie 6; Acadia 0. Dalhousie ran back the drop out and Campbell tried a drop goal from the field but failed. Acadia follows her drop out and the whistle blew with the ball held on Acadia's 25 yards and the score 6–0 in favor of Dalhousie.

In the second half Acadia followed up her kick off and the ball was held well beyond centre field. Here the play remained for several minutes but Dalhousie steadily forced Acadia back by dribbling and rushes by the halves until after about ten minutes of play Campbell dashed across for the third try from Acadia's 10 yards. The goal was missed. Score: Dalhousie 9; Acadia 0.

Dalhousie started to run back the drop out but Schurman nailed the runner at centre field. An exchange of punts followed and Baillie kicked to Estey who muffed and Rankin being about rive yards offside secured the ball and fell across the line for the fourth try. Score: Dalhousie 12; Acadia 0.

The ball from the drop out was held at centre and Dalhousie rushed to Acadia's 25 yards where she received a free kick. Campbell missed an easy drop and from the kick play was resumed at centre field. The next score was made in the same manner as the preceeding one. McDonald punted from Acadia's 20 yards and Dickie being on hand fell on the ball for a similiar score. The goal was again missed. Score: Dalhousie 15; Acadia 0. The next score soon followed Dalhousie's halves carried the ball across the line from centre field with apparently no opposition. Dickie carried the ball across but dropped it and Schurman and Baillie fell on it. Dalhousie was awarded the try. The goal as usual was missed. Score: Dalhousie 18; Acadia 0.

The ball from the drop out was held at centre. Then in the dying moments of the game Acadia pulled herself together and until the whistle blew played as she can play. From centre by dribbling and rushing the ball was carried to Dalhousie's 25 yards. Here Bowes received the ball and after a good run passed to Elliot who was brought to earth inside Dalhousie's 10 yards. For the remaining moments of the game Acadia's attack grew fiercer and fiercer and Dalhousie was thrown on the defensive but despite the efforts of the Yellow and Black the whistle blew with the ball on their own 10 yard line.

Score: Dalhousie 18; Acadia 0.

The teams lined up as follows:

Dalhousie.		Acadia.
Church.	Full,	Estey.
(Campbell.	HALVES,	(Howe.
Buckley.		Hamilton.
Carney.		Schurman.
Baillie.		DeWitt.
(Rankine.	QUARTERS,	(Bowes.
Dickie.		Elliot.
	FORWARDS.	
McDonald.		Sipperell.
Cheese.		Cann.
Potter.		Flick.
{ Malcolm.		{ Bates.
Southerland.		Calhoun.
Corston.		Thomas.
Foulton.		Denton.
Voung.		Lockwood.

G. Farrell of the W. A. A. C. refereed the game.

Dalhousie as usual played her brilliant and heady game and by all means the best game she has played against Acadia in recent years. Her men all did well but Malcolm Mc Donald and Potter were especially brilliant among the forwards while Dickie, Rankins and Campbell starred among the backs. The Acadia team as we have said went to pieces and became demoralized. The places of Boggs, Ferris and White vacated at the eleventh hour were inadequately filled and to their absence our defeat is largely due. While the team as a whole played no semblance of football, one or two individuals played their game. Hamilton, Denton and Calhoun of the regular men played well and hard, until the end, while Schurman a man who came forward at the last moment to fill a gap, without question played the best game on the field and was everywhere trying to bolster up our demoralized back field.

This game ended the Intercollegiate Football Season of the Maritime Provinces and again Dalhousie wins the championship.

The record of the various teams is as follows:

	Games Won.	Draw.	Lost.
Dalhousie,	2	0	0
Mt Allison,	1	1	1
Acadia,	0	2	1
U. N. B.	0	1	1

L. C., '03.

THE TWO MINOR GAMES.

On Friday, November 7, Acadia's fifteen lined up against the Y. M. C. A's of Halifax for the first game of the season on the home campus. The ground was wet and somewhat slippery from the rain of the previous night. A hard game was expected on the part of the home team, owing to their dissatisfaction over the result of last year's game with this same team.

First half: Acadia kicked off but the play was blocked, the ball returning to centre field. The first scrimmage showed the superiority of our forwards. They carried the ball or heeled out according as they thought best, and were soon down on their opponent's 25 yd line; here, a pass to Hamilton, who punted across the field to Howe, with a neat run by the latter carried the ball over the line. Howe's play was off-side however, and he was called back. Play was resumed at 5 yds. A heel-out to Bowes resulted in a try near the touch-line, which he failed to convert into a goal. The kick-out from 25 again brought the ball to centre field, from which it moved back and forth for some time; but finally stopped near the Y. M. C. A. goal line when half-time was called. Score 3 to 0.

Second half: The home forwards continued their good work of the first half, and the ball was soon again in a dangerous position for the visitors. The situation was relieved for a time by a free kick which sent the oval back to centre. Ground was gained and lost on both sides by punts and short runs. This open work was unsatisfactory for Acadia, so she again resorted to scrimmaging, with the result that she was soon hovering over the opposition 5 yd. The play remained stationary for some time. At length an intercepted pass and a brilliant dribble by Maxwell sent every one moving towards the Acadia goal-line. Borne touched the ball down over the 5 yd. line, thinking he had made a try. It was a narrow escape for our boys, and they realized it. Then began the pluckiest work of the game, that of endeavoring to push back to their lost position wholly by means of scrimmaging. In this they were assisted by a 40 yd. run by. White; and, in a short time had regained their forfeited territory. Hard bucking on the part of the quarters failed to get the ball across the line before the whistle sounded, although this result might have been attained by passing out to the wing halves, who had a clear field in front of them. The game closed at 3 to 0 in favor of the home team.

Acadia's line-up: Full—Estey; Halves—Hamilton, White, Charlton, Howe; Quarters—Bowes, Shankel; Forwards—Sipprell, Cann, Flick, Bates, Denton, Thomas, Lombard, Lockwood.

On Wednerday, November 5, our foot ball team visited Halifax to meet the Wanderers. It was generally thought both in the city and at the College that the Red and Blacks would have an easy victory but instead it was the most evenly contested game of the season.

It was a forward and quarter game throughout, for soon after the game started the College forwards proved themselves too strong for the opponents, and Acadia at once decided to use the halves only for defence work. Our forwards being much the stronger were able to use the screw scrimmage to perfection and in the first half did not heel out but were satisfied with gaining foot by foot. The Wanderers were unable to get the ball to their halves, their quarters when obtaining the ball were always sharply tackled and the ball either blocked or themselves thrown into touch. As far as territory was concerned Acadia had all the advantage and in the second half the Wanderers never entered our territory. The Red and Blacks scored after ten minutes through a lucky play by Farrell. Two free kicks were given to the Wanderers, the second our back field fumbled. Farrell following sharply kicked over our full back's head and scored the only try of the game. It was a hard game rougher than usual, with plenty of hard tackles and mix ups. Our team was in the pink of condition never lagging, the forwards especially proving themselves too fast for their opponents.

The teams lined up as follows:

Acadia's.		Wanderers.
Estey	BACK	McDonald
(Howe		(Stephen
White		Murray
Charlton	HALF BACKS	Bauld
Hamilton		Farrell
Elliott	QUARTER BACKS	Harrington
Bowes		Gorham
Lockwood		Monaghan
Lombard		Brinton
Denton		T. Wood
Thomas	FORWARDS .	DeMille
Bates		Fenerty
Flick		Ewing
Sipprell		Johnson
Cann		Parker

The game started at 4.05 and it was agreed to play but 25 minutes halves. Acadia as usual at the outset allowed the game to be loose; and the Wanderers gained at nearly every play. Stephen obtaining the ball punted across to Bauld, and Farrell brought it close to our line where the ball was kicked over but touched downward by Estey. Acadia then commenced their forward game, gaining by every scrum until within 30 yards of their opponents goal when the Wanderers were awarded a free kick. The ball was sent down the line into touch. Farrell followed sharply and as the ball was thrown on by one of our halves, he received his chance and kicking over Estey's head scored three more. Acadia gained slowly but when well within the "Red and Black's" territory another free kick relieved the

danger. Acadia again was forcing her way onward when time was called.

In the second half the play again was loose at the opening but soon settled down to the forwards. Acadia by the screw scrimmage carried the ball to the Wanderers ten yards, but the Wanderers were awarded a free kick. Once more Acadia got to the line and here, between the five and ten yard line, the ball varied for the remainder of the half. The last 15 minutes was the finest part of the game for our team was determined to score. Our forwards easily controlled the ball, heeling out at their pleasure, the quarters continually plunging to get over. It was during these minutes that the Wanderers showed of what they were made for they put up one of the most stubborn fights ever seen from the grandstand. Placing two extra men in the scrimmage and bunching the remainder they succeeded in preventing our quarters from scoring. During the last few minutes Bowes broke through; but was called back for picking out of the scrimmage. The whistle blew for time with the ball on the two yard line. Thus was finished the most unfortunate game of the season-a battle all in Acadia's favor, yet a battle lost.

Dr. Geo. Campbell refereed giving every satisfaction, being sharp

and impartial.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

We do not ask for jewels bright,
Silks, satins, laces, treasures rare,
Baubles, all pleasing to the sight,
Which only mean an added care;
Not even books, companions sweet,
Or pictures, scenes, some grave, some gay,
A single boon we soft entreat,
Let us forget 'tis Christmas Day.

All friends at home a merry day
Enjoy, but even they at night,
Draw close and speak of us away
In tender tones, now grave, now light.
A Homeless Child's love, human birth,
They celebrate in kindly way.
We ask no portion of their mirth,
But to forget 'tis Christmas Day.

Forsake, oh memory! thy throne,
Grant us to-day this tiny gift,
To-morrow, come and claim thine own,
Oblivion's kindly clouds then lift.
But now let no thoughts of our home
Disturb us, while abroad we stray.
As long as we are forced to roam,
Let us forget 'tis Christmas Day.

E. F. KEIRSTEAD, '98.

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Forward Movement Fund.

The Completion of the Five years ago the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces formed the ideal of raising the magnificent sum of \$75,000, to be expended in

liquidating various long outstanding debts on our educational institutions. This ideal then seemed to be in large measure unreal and visionary, but to-day after five years of toil and waiting the ideal has become a reality, and the Forward Movement Fund has become an event in the history of our college.

The method followed in the prosecution of this stupendous task, is of course known to all our readers; and while thanks is due Mr. Rockefeller who through the American Baptist Education Society pledged \$15,000, and to the donors of smaller gifts, we must not forget the men, notable among whom are Dr. Trotter, Rev. W. S. Hall and Rev. A. Cohoon, who actuated by sentiments of pure love to the cause for which they were working have devoted time and labor and sacrificed much personal advantage through hours of anxiety and wearvness.

The Forward Movement Fund has been completed and the

financial standing of the college made \$75,000 better, but is the forward movement done? There is great danger of reaction. The people of the Denomination upon which our institutions are dependent for support must remember that debts have not all vanished, and that the great field of science has only begun to have well merited emphasis laid upon it.

Science at Dr. Trotter on commenting during the past.

Acadia. month on the completion of the Forward Movement Fund, made some remarks bearing on the condition of the science departments in our college. In the course of the past few years material progress has been made along these avenues, and in *pure* science, comparisons with other maritime colleges are not at all disadvantageous to us; but our condition is as yet considerably behind the demands made upon us by the outside world.

In education no sudden revolutions occur, and great changes are introduced by degrees without producing any commotion or surprise, hence we need not be surprised when we recognize that the gigantic strides in the study of the natural sciences at the present time, had their miniatures in other days. From the days of Erasmus and Rabelais, if not earlier, educational reformers have urged the importance of studying things rather than books about things, of cultivating the hand and eye as well as the mind, of training the perceptive powers, of cultivating a habit of observation and discrimination, and of developing the faculty of judgment. Yet, notwithstanding all that has been said and written, progress in this direction has until recently been very slow. Carlyle apparently looking at the matter almost from the old scholastic standpoint, expressed the opinion that the true university of modern times was a great library, books not things should be studied. It would conform more to the modern point of view to say that the true university of the twentieth century is a great laboratory; in it as we before said the distinguishing feature of education should be the cultivation of the observation and all that that implies. But the mind must work in connection with this observation or all the results are lost, for we must think as well as see, we see not with the eye but through it. Otherwise, we observe but we no longer learn. New facts are unrevealed, and new truths undiscovered for the thoughts are not in union with the sight. Everybody however recognizes the great importance of the

natural science in these particulars, and let us return to the consideration of science among ourselves.

Now that the liquidating of a considerable debt has made further progress possible, stress should be particularly laid upon these departments of our work; because of the pure educative value of the sciences refered to above; because of the fitting for everyday life derived from their study; and because, looking at the subject from a more material standpoint, every additional course in science and every increase of efficiency in existing courses gives us prestige with the higher institutions, especially those devoted to applied science. But perhaps the most evident reason that more provision should be made for pure science among us, is the fact that our masterly science and mathematics professors find students flocking to their hands in such numbers that it is impossible to accommodate them and to give extensive courses in but a few subjects; and what does this mean? But it is not within our province to suggest ways and means, we simply point out the need.

Academy and College.

The Relations of the When Horton Academy was founded about three quarters of a century ago, it probably held about the same relation to the mean educational status

of the province that the college to-day holds. Ten years later the college was founded, and by degrees its growing and expanding curiculum caused the Academy to take the position of a preparatory school. And such is the function the Academy should to-day hold. Otherwise, its usefulness is in a large measure gone, it simply puts itself on the level of the score or so county academies scattered over the provinces; and, upon observation,—we find that in the majority of branches the students coming from the provincial academies are better prepared than the graduates of our Academy.

The greatest credit is of course due the able principal and staff of teachers, who have by their efforts put the Academy on its present advanced footing; but with this increased efficiency in some lines there seems to be a growing tendency for the Academy to consider itself an independent institution and to endeavour to stand alone. This tendency while evinced in the attitude of the students, only took material form during the last year when a separate Amateur Athletic Association was formed among them. Rumor also says that a separate Y. M. C. A.,

was agitated, but we cannot vouch for this. Not until the opening of this year have the conflicting interests of the two Associations, chiefly with reference to the campus, made some adjustments necessary, and we are glad to be able to report that an amalgamation has been at length effected, while we soon expect a seal and conditions of permanency to be added to this amalgamation by the ratification of our constitution by the Board of Governors, making the A. A. A. A., the only athletic society receiving aid from their hands.

For several years previous to 1889 there were no less than three athletic clubs at Acadia, in that year by an effort in which Mr. J. F. Herbin was the moving spirit, these societies were declared dead and the present A. A. A. A., founded. Let us not at this late date return to this condition of division. we wish just here to repeat the oft-quoted assertion that "union is strength." Our Institutions with their small aggregate of students can only hope to compete with the opponents we meet in both physical and intellectual circles by being firmly bound together in every possible way, in sentiment, interest and labor. True the Academy students seem to have but little part in the work of the Athletic Association and the Y. M. C. A., but we feel that there is no adverse force though perhaps not as much encouragement as is to be desired, they have only to take hold of the opportunities set before them, and whether their participation is large or small is a matter of their own option. And let the students of the college endeavour to encourage the Academy to take hold of our common work with the zeal it requires to bring it to a success.

Library Notes.

Within the past few months our Library has received several notable additions. Mr. Edward Brooks of Medford, Massachusetts, a friend and classmate of Dr. Tufts at Harvard, generously presented the Library last summer with the complete set of American Statesmen, thirty-two volumes in all. These books are a valuable accession to the department of American history and biography,—a department, by the way, that our students, as a rule, know too little about. The attractive press work of these volumes and the general literary excellence of the reading matter ought to draw many of our students to this hitherto neglected field of learning. It does not pay Canadians to be ignorant of

what has been done in the United States. The resemblances between our own conditions and those that either have obtained, or now obtain, to the South of us, are too striking and too instructive for educated Canadians to be ignorant of.

The "Library of Oratory, Ancient and Modern," edited by Chauncey M. Depew, makes a large body of striking and valuable literary material easily accessible to our students. Within the fifteen handsome volumes of this set a remarkable aggregation of foresnic literature has been gathered. The collection includes specimens from many lands and from all periods of which we have worthy literary remains. The selections are given without mutilation or curtailment, and so the reader is able to judge a discourse as a whole. A brief but detailed biographical sketch accompanies the contribution of each speaker. This feature of the set materially increases its value as in this way it becomes a serviceable dictionary of names. Perhaps the American politician is too evident, but then much must be conceded to the demands of seventy-five millions of American citizens. These volumes are a mine of information concerning almost every conceivable topic, but naturally liberty, state's rights, slavery, temperance, and such other subjects as have often agitated men's minds and aroused them to activity, are most largely represented in the speeches chosen.

In the department of Theology, Hastings Dictionary of the Bible with its four magnificent volumes brings to us the latest and best results in the line of biblical study and research.

The twenty-five volumes of Linscott's Nineteenth Century attempt to set out the achievements of the past one hundred years. At first thought it might seem that from so brief a period results worthy of perpetuation could not be found sufficient to fill so many books. A cursory examination of the volumes, however, shows that in many instances the space allotted is all too brief to give an adequate epitome of all that the civilization of the nineteenth century has accomplished. One's mind almost staggers as one contemplates the magnitude of the contribution that the past three generations have made to the sum of the world's progress and development. It appears almost as if, in some mysterious way, man once more had gained access to the tree of knowledge, had plucked and eaten to the full, and thereby through knowledge attained and consequent acquisition of power, was fast assuming attributes daringly near those of a god. But, no; after all, we are only on the fringe and outer hem of the

wondrous, infinite garment of knowledge and wisdom that shrouds and conceals the glories of the infinite, all-wise Father who graciously permits us his children, to play with, and wonder at, the lustrous hem of that yet more lustrous robe.

In the second volume of the Nineteenth Century we are especially interested inasmuch as it is the work of one of Nova Scotia's own sons and of one nearly related to Acadia. This volume gives a review of the literature of the Century. Its author is Professor A. B. DeMille of King's College. Professor DeMille is a son of the late James DeMille, at one time professor of Classics at Acadia and subsequently professor of English at Dalhousie. The name of DeMille is inseparably and honorably linked with the early history of Acadia. As students and as teacher the life of the DeMilles has entered largely into that of these institutions: but to us the name of DeMille serves rather to call up memories of that wizard whose pen conjured for us such entrancing pictures of the early school life at Acadia. What days of delight we spent with "The Boys of Grand Prè School"! What a wonderful thing it was to see and to know those who had taken part in all those strange adventures and pranks of "The B. O. W. C."! How the slimy and dingy Mud Creek became almost. Nay! more than, an equal of the tawny Tiber, because, forsooth, on its placid and fertile bosom, the good ship "Antelope" had rested, and from its sedgy shores that happy and ever to be envied band of chosen spirits had gone forth to meet the fogs and swirling tides of Fundy's Bay! Once more we see Captain Corbett and his "babby" and listen to the sage advice of good old Solomon. Again there passes before us the stately form of Mr. Long surrounded by the young heroes of those schooldays of the long ago. What an eager, active, joyous band they are! How full of life and zest! But, alas, how time sweeps us on! To-day, with only one or two exceptions they all, teacher and pupils and loving wizard-writer, have passed on and upward, and their children and children's children now are helping to make our schools and country what they ought to be.

Did I hear some one say "silly, stupid stories?" Well, perhaps they are, compared with what we get from the blood-curd-lers of to-day; but I think I have never got more unalloyed pleasure out of any book than I got out of the "B. O. W. C." books of James DeMille. "Silly?" Ah! No. Did you ever see the magnificent Arthur, get a grip of his hand and see his soul

shine out through his eyes? Did you eyer hear of the later feats of strength of Stalwart Bruce, that gallant soul who was fouly slain while protecting the helpless? Did you ever hear Tom preach; or sit Sunday after Sunday while Phil, who ran that fearful race with fire, told the gospel story in loving, earnest words from the old pulpit of the First Horton Church? Did vou ever see and know that noble, stately Christian gentleman, Dr. Crawley, who made all these stories possible? Were you ever fortunate enough to get a glimpse of, perhaps a kindly greeting from the author of all these wonderful books and of many another story too old for the boys of our day? No, did you say? Well then, all the beauty and the wonder and the power of these, as you say, simple tales may be unperceived, but to me, who lived amid the scenes of the tales, who met almost daily some of those who sailed beneath the mysterious banner of the "B. O. W. C.," there was no book like these. And even now, I joyfully admit that when I can get one of these entrancing books I gladly yield myself to all the witchery of its pages.

But there—what have I been doing? I started to write a review of Professor DeMille's Literature in the Nineteenth Century, and instead of so doing I have been away in dreamland. Some other time I may have something to say concerning Professor DeMille's praiseworthy effort.

De Alumnis.

Our apology is due Mr. Steele, mention not having been made of him in the sketch, in our last issue, of the class of '02, through some unaccountable error of the printer.

Warren M. Steele came to us from Amherst, (consider well all that that implies.) He entered the class of '02, as the leader of the class matriculating into college from Horton Academy in 1898, and we may say that this was just a forecast of his whole college course. His interests were too diversified and varied for him to attain preeminence in any one branch, but the amount of work he accomplished in all spheres, in athletics, in the realm of intellect, in the various college organizations and in society was stupendous. More particularly,—he played on the college foot-ball team five years, left half-back; was foot-ball captain and gymnasium instructor in his senior year; won the gold medal as champion all around athlete four successive years; holds four college records, the 100 yards dash, pole

vault, 120 yards hurdle and the broad jump; and played on our base-ball, basket-ball and hockey teams while in college. In the more purely intellectual line,—he was during a large part of his course one of our best debaters, and most accomplished writers; his valedictory and senior oration were masterpieces of literature, the latter tending largely to his own chosen field of activity, philosophy. Report says that the place he filled in society was a large one, and the remaining vaceum is of course of equal size. But nobody is perfect and we find fault that Warren M. Steele occupied too much of his horizon, for which however he had more justification than some others of his class.

At present he is taking a course in philosophy at Yale. Having retired from athletics and society and left mathematics alone, and having directed all his energy into the one channel, we prophesy that the resulting stream will be sure to make wheels go somewhere.

W. L. Hall, '97, is practicing law in Liverpool, Lunenburg County, N. S.

Miss Alice R. Power, '96, is pursuing graduate studies in English and Philosophy at Radcliffe this year.

- W. F. Parker, '81, has lately moved to Wolfville and is practicing law here. We are glad to see our old graduates settling near their Alma Mater.
- E. K. Amberman, '03, has gone to Halifax and has entered the medical school.
- Rev. A. T. Kempton, M. A., '91, of Fitchburg, Mass., has just begun another lecture season. His lectures are four in number: "The Evangeline Picture Story," "The Miles Standish Picture Story," "Picturesque and Romantic Nova Scotia," and "Beautiful and Historic New Brunswick." The lectures are illustrated with stereoptican pictures and are very popular among the Academies, High Schools and other institutions of learning in New England.
- L. E. Eaton, '03, is at present persuing a course in Dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. We hear he is there making a name for himself in track athletics as he did at Acadia.
- J. W. Jones, '03, who left us last year to continue his studies at the University of Chicago was selected as a member of the All Canada foot-ball team which is to leave soon for a tour of the British Isles. However owing to other plans for the winter he was unable to go.

Acadia is well represented at Vale this year. The following are pursuing graduate work. S. J. Case, '93, R. D. G. Richardson, '98, S. C. Dukeshire, '98, W. I. Hutchinson, '01, A. L. Bishop, '01, Aaron Perry, '01, W. M. Steele, '02, W. L. Patterson, '02.

Rev. J. Harry King, '94, is at present located at Port Burwell, Ont. We are pleased to note that the six thousandth copy of his Epic, "The Hero of the Drama of Genesis," has been sold.

Exchanges.

Once more we have gone through the round of college journals which make up our list of exchanges—through the dreary monotony of impossible fiction, of the productions of very minor poets and of editorials which are forever drumming articles or giving advice to Freshmen. Occasionally, however, an article of true merit lights up the monotonous gleam, and rewards us for our trouble.

The Bates Student for October is not as good as the September issue. It contains two stories, "How the Game was Won," and "Rose Cottage." The former tells how Carter, a fellow under medium height, and of ordinary features went to the football coach, just before a big game, and asked for a suit to join in the practice. The coach instead of uttering the angry reproach which rose to his lips, went in a dreamy sort of way, and got him his best suit. Carter played phenomonally, and made the team for the game. During the game one of the opponents had a clear field, for the gold with only Carter following him up. Carter got near him made some motion with his hands and the runner fell. Carter then secured the ball and ran the whole length of the field to the opponents' goal. When tackled, the man who touched him fell as if struck by lightning. The explanation of his wonderful feat was that he was a hypnotist, and posed on the stage as an electric man rendering powerless all who touched him. The explanation is as weak as the story is overdrawn. "Rose Cottage," is a well told story, but has nothing whatever to relieve its intense sadness, and the black gloom left by the closing sentence is its chief defect. They are outlined against the sombre stream of the water was the form of an old woman, her thin hair blown by the sea-breeze. Her wasted hands reached out to the vast ocean, and a sob was heard in the darkness.

"The Iron Age," is the story of the Pilgrim Fathers told in ryhme. We would advise the author to have more respect for the King's English and not write, "Dreary must this land to the Pilgrim seemed," for the sake of meter.

"Satan," giving a sketch of the different views which have been held of Satan, is a concise and well written article. Bates is to be congratulated on having a poetical exchange man. The following is his production; and might well be called, "Reveries of a Chip-Haller."

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight; Feed me on gruel again just for to-night, I am so weary of sole leather for steak, Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake; Oysters that slept in a watery bath Butter as strong as Goliah, the Gath. Weary of paying for what I don't eat, Chewing up rubber and calling it meat,—Backward, turn backward for weary I am, Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed, Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed, Let me once more have old-fashioned pie A·d then I'll be willing to turn up and die."

The University Monthly opens with a poem entitled, "The Death of De Noue." It has some symptoms of poetry, but the author seems rather confused as to the environment. At first he describes the scene as one of wild storms and dim confusion, farther down, without change of time or place, as a peaceful scene, where the wind formed, "a music drear." "An extract from 'The Founder of Memorism," is as the name suggests a cutting from some larger production, and unless one was already familiar with the subject he could scarcely read it intelligently, certainly not with interest.

"A Man or a Sheep," expresses the fear of the author that fiction is leaving its proper subject, viz., man, and dealing too much with animals. He asks the question, "When shall we be able to leave knowledge and the getting of it to the schools and colleges where it belongs?" We answer, never, and advise him to get broader ideas about knowledge and its field before attempting to limit its sphere. "From Inverness to Glasgow," is a graphical, and natural description of a journey. The "Steel Works of Cape Breton," and "Camp Kisaway," are both good articles. The Monthly has a column entitled "The College World." We have often felt the need of such a column in the Athenæum. Although not very full, the idea is good, as the column lets us know what is going on in other colleges.

The Argosy for October has one good article entitled

"Impressions of an American University." The plan of the article is well laid out and the subject methodically and skillfully treated. The remainder of the literary portion of the magazine is mainly taken up with sketches of the members of the class of '02. These sketches, instead of being confined to a few characteristic traits, are quite extended and take up rather too much space. The editor of Sackvillania, the local column, evidently has the quality of irony in a greater degree than that of mercy. We pity his victims.

The Dalhousie Gazette for October contains an editorial, the spirit of which is admirable, and should be held by all colleges. Speaking of foot-ball it says:—"Prospects whether good or bad need not trouble us seriously. What we should think more about, is not how to get the trophy but, how to promote clean sport; the essence of which is to do as well as you can, but be willing to have the best man win."

"A Study of Human Nature," is an excellent pen sketch. The only other article of literary pretentions is the inaugural address, by Prof. Dixon, on "Technical Education." Although we would like to see more articles from Dalhousie students, the *Gazette* is a well arranged journal, and stands well up in our list of exchanges.

The Brunonian is a welcome addition to our exchanges. It contains some good material, but if we might offer a suggestion, it is that the journal runs rather too predominently towards the short story and poem. A few more weighty articles would add weight and give variety to it. "Autumn," is an ornate and beautiful description of that season, filled with happy figures and showing a good command of language.

The Niagra Index is published bi-monthly. The issue for November 1st, is filled with good solid reading. "Reflections from Dream Life," is a good article on Marvel's noted work.

Other exchanges to hand—Excelsior, McMaster University Monthly, Trinity University Review, Prince of Wales College Observer, Presbyterian College Journal.

The Month.

Editors: T. A. LEONARD AND MISS ROSAMOND ARCHIBALD.

The success of our Foot-Ball Team in New Brunswick was gratifying. To show our appreciation an informal reception was given them in College Hall on the evening of October 24 by their firm and loyal supporters in foot-ball—the co-eds. Ping Pong, Table foot-ball, upjenkins and "clothespins" were uproariously indulged in by all present and—oh yes, fudge was indulged in also. Hilarious and hearty music brought to a close what everyone voted a "jolly evening."

On Saturday evening, October 25, a large number of students, including the ladies of the Propyleum Society, who had been invited, were present at our annual Freshmen-Sophomore Debate. The discussion of the subject, "Resolved that Imperial Federation is in the best interests of the British Empire" was interesting and instructive. The Sophomore speakers, the appellants, showed more system to their line of argument than the Freshmen. Their speakers were Messrs. Chittick, Howe, Simpson and Wheelock. The Freshmen speakers were, Messrs. Horwood, Porter, Simonson, and Coleman. The vote of the ATHENÆUM was given in favour of the Sophomores.

The long expected Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Reception, otherwise known as the "merry-go-round," was held in the Hall on the evening of November 7. Having formed the chief theme of conversation for weeks previous among all concerned, excitement reached the fever-heat on that evening. To nearly everybody it proved the fulfilment of all fondly cherished desires. The introducing committee did good work, which made up for any deficiency felt in the entertainment committee c mposed of all present. This reception, be it known to all is but a foretaste of even better ones, if possible, to follow.

Rev. Mr. Waring, Pastor of Brussels St. Baptist Church, St. John, delivered a lecture before the students and town people, in College Hall, on Sunday afternoon, November 9. His address was learned and comprehensive. The three divisions of the theme, "Christ and Him Crucified," were the Saviourhood, Messiahship and atonement of Jesus. Christ saves not merely or primarily from the penalty of sins but from their power. The principles of morality are more easily understood and lived in the light of the knowledge of the personal Jesus. In adopting and adapting the Messianic hopes current among the Jews, Jesus got his fulcrum from which to lift the world. In the

light of the New Testament, of Church history, and of common sense the emphasis should be laid upon the fact of salvation rather than any theory concerning the fact. In seeking the right theory these three things should be borne in mind. First, Be careful of supple figures of speech especially when they travel alone. Second, Let the New Testament association of Christ's death with the priestly sacrifices of the Old Testament be viewed in the light of the teaching of the prophets concerning those sacrifices. Third, The touchstone of any theory is how does it fit into the real character of Jesus.

Mr. Jays, travelling Secretary of "The Students' Volunteer Movement" spent three days with us while on his visit to the Maritime Colleges. Twice has he been on the Foreign Field and each time he has been compelled to return home on account of sickness. He is, however, not discouraged and is already making plans for his return in the near future.

What was looked forward to with impatience by all who knew about it and with apprehension by those who took part, proved on the evening of November 14 to be not only the most successful Teachers' Recital on record, but the best combined musical and literary treat Wolfville has listened to this year.

The value of the instrumental music exhibited by Mr. W. H. A. Moore and Miss L. T. Churchill was enhanced by the heavy work done by the former in happy contrast to the lighter and more delicate selections of the latter. Miss Mabel Marvin as a vocal soloist has not been surpassed at Acadia. She charmed all by her simplicity and unaffectedness of manner, by her rich mezzo-soprano voice, perhaps best displayed in her last selection-"Because I love Thee," which she was compelled, by thunderous applause to repeat as an encore. Miss Margaret Lynds proved a successful balance wheel in the literary line against all the musical talent. Her first selection "Nydia" was a masterpiece and splendidly done. She pleased her audience best, however, by "The Telltale;" and her perfect imitation of "birdlore" was a delightful surprise to all. The violin soloist, Miss E. F. Denham, captivated everyone from start to finish. She entered right into the spirit of her well chosen selections and carried everybody with her.

In closing this humble effort of appreciation, allow us to congratulate all who took part on their unquestioned success, and ourselves in having such an efficient staff.

An Acadia student is very fortunate. He feels at once that the

Professors take a deep interest in whatever may be for his welfare, not only in the class-room but out of it. For instance, we wished someone to speak to us on the method of debate and, upon a few days' notice Dr. Keirstead addressed the Athenaum Society. As a result our conception of a debate, and its conduct are clearer and more definite. We give but the synopsis of his address.

- I. What is meant by debate? Webster says: "Contention in words or arguments; discussion for the purpose of elucidating truth; strife in argument between persons of different opinions." Accepting these definitions as enough for our present purpose we may say that in a debate we expect, first, the presentation of arguments on both sides of a question or proposition, and second, that these arguments will be set opposite one another so as to suggest, if not to require, a decision as to which side has the stronger reasons in its favor. A debate, then, is more than a discussion. It is a discussion with a view to a decision on the case. It should result in an elucidation of the truth, but it is a presentation of the subject from two points of view.
- II. What is the office of Debate in a liberal education? What discipline and culture does it give?
- (a) It is helpful to discrimination of thought and accuracy of expression. As in logic we have the combined method of argument and difference, so debate gives us the burden of positive proof and the discrimination of denial. As in the laboratory you need the method of experiment based on the differences between substances to determine your analysis, so in debate the denial of statements advanced divides the subject and so brings it more fully before the mind than could otherwise be done. The sceptical attitude assumed by the negative makes clearer the positive grounds on which the proposition is based. Thus the proposition discussed is sharply separated from ever other proposition and thereby many other propositions are suggested.
- (b) Debate requires the exercise, under severe conditions, of the constructive powers of the mind. You must gather out of all the information available what will bear on your subject. You must classify your facts and so arrange the reasons on your side as to form a chain of argument. This will improve the judgment and add to mental strength. The habit of using knowledge in this way will awaken the mind to a sense of the value of all facts and so stimulate to enthusiastic study as we discover that all facts have a practical as well as a speculative interest.
- (c) Debate develops the power of Expression. It requires full expression of the argument, but it corrects the tendency to extravagant statement, for the speaker is called to account for any unwarranted emphasis. So a sense of responsibility and a carefulness of thinking are cultivated. The speaker must be aggressive, but at the same time

restrained in utterances; he must have grasp of the subject and power of elaboration.

- (d) It developes the power of speaking by the Rhetoric required and the use of the voice under circumstances of various kinds. As compared with the oration debate has the advantage of greater definiteness of purpose and so of keener mental activity. One is not carried away with aesthetic feeling or unrestrained imagination, but is held to close argument. This tends to give soundness and sanity to the mind and that serious tone which must be the basis of all healthful mental life.
 - III. Suggestions as to the conduct of a debate.
- (a) The purpose of the debate must be serious. To engage in debate merely for the sake of the culture to be gained will not secure the best results. The mental powers will not do their best work unless moved by the highest motives, and self is not the highest motive. It is true some culture is gained by arguing a side in which you do not believe, but it is desirable, though probably not always possible in debating societies, that a man's arguments should correspond with his convictions.
- (b) To debate well you must make the most careful, we might almost say exhaustive preparation. "To move mightily you must be mightily moved" and only full knowledge and study will make the subject move you. Get all the facts available that bear on your subject and you will be surprised at their readiness to fall into line and fight for you. More debates fail from lack of preparation by the debaters than from all other causes combined.
- (c) Care must be given to the selection of the question to be debated and to the clear and accurate statement of it. It is desirable, but not always possible perhaps, to have subjects of practical as well as speculative interest, subjects that bear on living issues and on which different policies are based. They ought, however, to be not merely practical, but such as require a discussion of the universal truths related.
- (d) The speakers on the affirmative must, of course, advance reasons for the affirmative, but they must also anticipate objections. There is no absolute rule for all cases. Sometimes a speaker will need to answer arguments before they are presented by his opponents. But he must not fail to bring forward the reasons for his own side.

The speakers on the negative must, of course, refute the argument of the affirmative, but they may also strengthen their case by giving

reasons for denying the proposition.

Generally it is not well to begin with a weak argument. The case should also close with a strong argument. The weaker reasons, if used, should be mixed with the stronger. In answering an opponent attack his premises and his reasoning. Challenge his sources of information. Quote from authorities on your side. To help you detect fallacies revise your logic once a month. But treat your opponent fairly and preserve good spirit and temper. Know when to stop.

President Trotter has gone to Boston and New York in the interests of Acadia. From New York he goes West to Denison University where he lectures. He will spend a few days in Buffalo before he crosses over to Toronto. Here he will remain for a time with his home friends. We may look for his return about Christmas. We wish him a very pleasant and enjoyable trip.

Impressions.

"Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turned critics next and proved plain fools at last."
—Pope.

EDITORS: - VICTOR L. O. CHITTICK, MISS MAIE MESSENGER.

Such a rogue.

The ridiculous appearance of the "bluffing" student is only equaled by that of the "bluffing" professor. We have both varieties at Acadia.

A POOR EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.

ist foot-ball player: "Why can't you see the ball?"
2nd foot-ball player: "Because I've got a bandage over
my ears."

TERRIBLE FATE: WORSE ENGLISH.

Wrathy Student, to his Roommate: "You'll be struck down dead yet before you die."

Dalhousie has been characterised as a "God-less College." But a "football-less" one is worse!

They say that B-rg-s, '05, is thinking of marryin' (Marion.)

Freshmen, (to young lady at the reception): "Is there anyone of my classmates whom you would care to meet?"

Lady: "No one in particular. Just use your own judgement."

A few minutes later Pastor Hatch was presented!

Sophette (abstractedly): "How(e) can I do without thee?"

EN ROUTE TO HALIFAX.

Nervous lady passenger, (on hearing the boys "yell"): "Is there any danger sir?"

Conductor: "Oh no madam. There's been some trouble at the lunatic assylum in Bridgetown and we were just taking a few of the worst cases to Mt. Hope."

DOES HE HUG IT?

Baird (from his bed): "Say fellows stop your fooling and give me back my pillow for I'm almost frozen.

AT THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Bashful Brainless: "I love nature, Miss-" Sarcastic Sem: "But your love is not returned."
Bashful Brainless: "How's that?"

Sarcastic Sem: "Because nature abhores a vacuum."

Behold, Lot dwelt late in his bed on the Sabbath. And the High Priest of Sodom went in unto Lot and bade him arise and gird on his fine shirt. And the High Priest and the Sodomites thrust out Lot and commanded him saying: "Go up unto the prayer-meeting." And Lot did that which was commanded him for he was sore afraid.

Chapel attendance of both faculty and students has been falling off. The students have cut down their marks so much by "skipping" that the profs. have to stay away to calculate the reduction.

A groan of terror escaped the lips of the class as the orator ceased speaking. His knees became rigid; his teeth were bared; angry fire flashed from his eyes; around his head he swung his right arm with the speed of lightning. Was there any danger? Oh no! It was only S-mp-n at the black-board!

The Freshmen have chosen for their colours purple and white,—half mourning. So far their choice has proved quite appropriate.

A certain Senior is a regular subscriber to Leslie's Weekly. Copies cannot be borrowed.

IT'S VERY EVIDENT HE DOESN'T.

Prof. H-1-y: "Mr. A-re, what is meant by work?"

Mr. A-re: "I don't know sir!"

A BROKEN DOWN SPORT.

Lady, at the reception, (to a member of the visiting team): "Can't I introduce you to someone?"

The Visitor: "No thank you my feet are disabled."

The lady was, afterwards, heard to remark that his tongue was in the same condition

C-n-gh-m and C-x are to be prosecuted for infringement of the game law. They have been detected shooting Sems, -with their cameras.

A Sem (at the foot-ball game): "I suppose they have that little fellow out there to run after the ball.

Another Sem: "Oh no, that's our full-back!"

Unsophisticated Freshie: "Why do the boys go down

town so early now? Does the mail come sooner?"

Senior Friend: "Oh no its the female. The Sems have changed their walking hours."

Our worthy professor of Bible has been unusually jovial with the Freshmen. The other day, while discussing the "ten plagues" Dr. Chute startled the youthful members of '06, by the following virulent "slang": "Mark you, there were no flies on the Israelites!"

The Acadia girl who sought to attract attention by waving a Mt Allison banner, at the foot-ball match with our rivals from Sackville, brought to mind the story of the Irishman who on meeting a mermaid said: "Faith an' ve're navther wan thing ner tother an' it's a darned poor apology ve air fer ayther!"

> A Command—"Do this, do that"—a scream! "That's wrong—that's what you need!" Thus "Hot-time "coached the foot-ball team But n'er a man gave heed.

"Go on!—pass there!—now dodge!—good block! That's right !- Fall on the ball!' You would have thought to hear him talk That Sch-rm-n knew it all.

The Juniors wish to announce that their annual rhetorical exhibition will be held on Tuesday evening, December Sixteenth. Friends are requested to bear in mind that this is to be neither a poultry-show nor a wedding!

For some impropriety a few of the Sems were, lately, deprived of the privilege(?) of attending church at night. The report, that the rest of the girls had refused to go out of sympathy created great consernation among certain of the young gentlemen. F-rr-s was heard to emphatically declare: "If the Sems don't go to church I won't!"

Ist Sem: "Can't I get you a drink?"
2nd Sem: "Thank you, all I want is a sip."

TO MCV-E-R.

Four weeks of the college year had passed When into the famous Soph'more class There came a man of might and brain, Who "quizzed" the profs., but all in vain, Not one to answer has been able.

Mac you're "pulling"—that's no fable!

Acknowledgments.

C. M. Baird, \$1.00; Miss Mildred Balcom, \$1.00; D. E. Carmichael, \$1.00; Loring Christie, \$1.00; Miss Curry, \$1.00; Davidson Bros., \$1.00; Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, \$1.00; Prof. Wm. Elder, \$1.00; Roy Fash, \$1.00; Kenneth Haley, \$1.00; C. E. Lewis, \$1.00; J. S. MacFadden, 42 cts.; J. C. Masereau, \$1.00; Miss Hariett Morton, \$1.00; J. C. Rayworth, \$1.00; Claude Sanderson, \$1.00; Ralph Simmson, \$1.00; Miss Edith Spurdon, \$1.00; R. K. Strong, \$1.00; D. J. Webster, \$1.00; E. C. Young, \$1.75; Extras, 15 cts.



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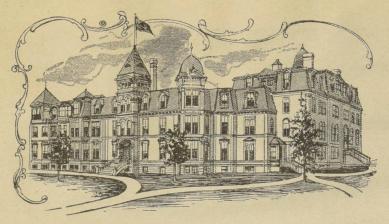
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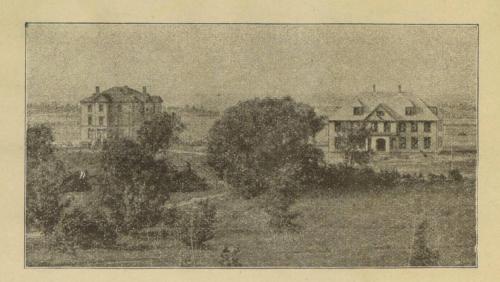
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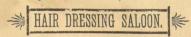
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