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BLOMIDON.

This is that black rock bastion, based in surge,
 Pregnant with agate and with amethyst,
Whose foot the tides of storied Minas scourge,
 Whose top austere withdraws into the mist.
This is that ancient cape of tears and storm,
 Whose towering front inviolable frowns
O'er vales Evangeline and love keep warm—
 Whose fame thy song, O tender singer, crowns.
Yonder, across these reeling fields of foam,
 Came the sad threat of the avenging ships.
What profit now to know if just the doom,
 Though harsh! The streaming eyes, the praying lips,
The shadow of inextinguishable pain,
The poet's deathless music—these remain!

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Life and Its Forms.

THE essence of Christianity is life. It is not a creed, although creeds are necessary as its intellectual expression. It is not a ritual, although ritual is necessary to its aesthetic expression. It is not an organization, although organization is inevitable under its impulse. Christianity is life. Its unfolding history will therefore follow the general laws of life. Christianity is divine as well as human life. Its history will therefore manifest the characteristics of both, the natural and the supernatural.

Life grows. When Christianity appeared in the world it began at once to expand itself intensively and extensively. It permeated and spread over the Roman world. It grappled with the individual, and by working his regeneration wrought profound changes in the temper and spirit of the whole people. Like the Roentgen rays, it pierced to the very core of things and laid bare the moral rotteness and inadequacy of the ancient systems. Roman society was seen to stand upon foundations honey-combed by the dry rot of a hopeless atheism, and fast sinking with all that rested upon them into the bottomless quicksand of despair.

The new force was a life. While much of the old system was beyond hope of resuscitation, enough was left to form the nucleus of a new empire, the persistent survival of which is one of the romances of history.

What took place in the first Christian centuries has been repeated in all epochs since. The new Life wrought revolutions, broke off ancient forms with which men had encrusted themselves and created new forms to take their place. These, too, after a while became emptied of Life, which at once appeared in a new quarter, with a new manifestation. Under new conditions these experiences have been periodically repeated. Luther and the movement he led was but the withdrawal of Life from its ancient forms and its reappearance in the guise of evangelicalism. A century ago William Carey opened a new avenue for the pent-up energies of Christianity to spread themselves over the heathen world. The missionary movement for a hundred years has been, as it was intended to be, the vital breath of the church.

It is plain that to-day the regular channels of religious activity are unequal to the task of carrying the stream of divine energy, which

is Christianity in its essence. Everywhere may be seen signs of unrest and unequal, if not unregulated, pressure. Some, clad in the antique armor of an orthodoxy long since outgrown, are bravely fighting battles which were decided ages ago, and celebrating their unreal victories at a shrine devoid of any living Presence. Others, caught in the current of omnipotent purpose, are frantically seeking to change or control its direction, not believing in a Divine Immanence that does anything. Still others, like those human jackalls who rob the dead on a battle-field, are turning the turmoil of the hour to private gain and can look with equanimity upon the uprooting of all trees so long as the fruit falls into their lap. But these all are mere symptoms. This is the springtime of the world, and the Divine Life is about to put forth new forms of beauty and blessing.

What these forms are to be, what they must be, will appear upon a moment's thought. Christianity has expressed itself in theology, in art, in church organization, in evangelism, in literature, in individual experience. While these will change in form they will abide in essence. But these are not sufficient for the complete utterance of the Life. One vast region has as yet remained comparatively apart from its transforming influence. This is the region of the organized social life, in commerce, politics, and all the multiplex relations of man to man as members of civilized society. Here we may look for the new revival. Here indeed it has already begun. One of the curious features of the case is the fear with which this splendid escape from a petrified conventionalism is viewed. It is said to be the result of anarchy, of socialism, of education, of machinery, of democracy, of the devil, of labor, of capital, of the spots on the sun, of high prices, of low prices, of silver, of gold,—when all the while it is simply the coming of spring, the breaking out of Life, the overthrow of the frost king of selfishness. It is the same mysterious omnipotence that turned the world upside down, with one Paul for a lever; that by the mouth of a Luther or a Cromwell diverted the current of history; that, when the hour came, scourged slavery from the earth, finding meet in instruments in a Wilberforce, a Garrison and a Lincoln. There is nothing to fear except this absurd fear. The mountain streams are rushing tumultuously. The ice is moving out of the harbors. The firm earth, hitherto frost-bound, is opening for the seed of the sower. Some old landmarks are being swept away. Some

well-known roads are quite impassable. Storm and thick darkness the timid and the wicked. But here and there a crocus, sweet har-binger of summer, smiles out of the frost. The sunshine is yellow and warm, and above the tempest may often be heard the song of the birds beginning their nesting. It is springtime and there is nothing to fear.

Men say that the church has lost its power, and they are turning away unsatisfied from its doors. The reason is plain. Christianity is a splendid ocean liner. Timid souls have kept her tied to the wharf or running up and down the harbor. All is pleasant and safe, but it grows wearisome after a while. Let preparations now be made for the long voyage into the great deep. Let there be high purpose and and strenuous endeavor to find the sunlit land of human peace and brotherhood. Then the people will come aboard gladly. It is time to put to sea.

Charles Aubrey Eaton, '90.

Notes on The Education of Lady Jane Grey AND Mary, Queen of Scots.

ON the stage of the world's great theatre two famous women almost simultaneously acted their chosen parts. The date was from a few years before the middle of the sixteenth century to a few years before its close. To-day, one is almost hid away like "a pressed rose in a voluminous book, discovered only by its sweet odour," the other looms large in history and furnishes an unfailling theme of song and story. One lies in a humble grave allotted to her as a victim of capital punishment, the other rests beneath the vault of that "great temple of silence and reconciliation"—Westminster Abbey. Both were grand-daughters of Henry VIII of England. The one was Lady Jane Grey, the other, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Although her life covered but a brief period of time, Lady Jane Grey was destined to become the marvel of the age for her learning. She was born at her father's seat, Broadgate, Leicestershire, England, in the year 1537. Her parents, who were severe disciplinarians, bestowed more than ordinary care upon her education. At an early age she was placed in the hands of her tutor, the learned and distinguished Dr. Aylmer, under whose patient and careful teaching she attained to a most remarkable proficiency in the knowledge and use of both the dead and living languages, and in the comprehension and enjoyment of their richest compositions. While yet very young she had mastered Latin, Greek, French and Italian. In Latin and Greek she spoke with ease and fluency. Aided to these acquirements was a knowledge of at least three oriental tongues—Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. Besides her proficiency in the languages, she excelled in both vocal and instrumental music, and in needle work.

Such achievements surprise us, as they display an ability and a determined and persevering love of study which are rarely found in one so young. The secret of her acquisitions, however, are revealed to us in an account which Ascham gives of a visit paid to her when she was only fifteen years of age. Calling unexpectedly he found her in her chamber reading for amusement the celebrated Phaedon in Greek, and so understanding it as to excite his highest admiration. The following is Ascham's account of the visit in his own words:—

“Her parents, the Duke and Duchess with all the household of gentlemen and gentlewomen were hunting in the park. I asked her why she should lose such pastime. Smiling, she answered me: ‘All their sport in the park is but a shadow to what I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.’ ‘And how came you, madame, to such a deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing that not many women and but very few men have attained thereunto?’ ‘I will tell you,’ quoth she, ‘and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in the presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silent, sit, stand or go; whether I eat, drink, be merry or sad; whether I be sewing, playing, dancing or anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, that I think myself in Hell till time comes that I must go to Mr. Aylmer. He teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him. Thus my book hath been so much my pleasure and bringeth daily to me more pleasure; and more so that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles to me.’ ”

Thus, the severity of her parental education in the manner of stately etiquette, had made her find in her milder tutor and in her studies a grateful relief. To the classics therefore, as a source of daily comfort she applied with enthusiasm and this fortunate direction of her youthful energy was rewarded by those intellectual achievements which have secured to the youthful student a praiseworthy reputation which will never die.

But the talents and amiable qualities of this beautiful girl were the cause of her downfall. She attracted the attention of the ambitious and unscrupulous Duke of Northumberland, who conceived the plan of marrying her to his son, Guilford Dudley, and then, at the death of the king, whose health was rapidly failing, of placing her upon the throne. The plot was well laid and had the favor and support of many of the most influential noblemen in the kingdom. Accordingly, at the death of Edward VI, Lady Jane, urged by her husband and her parents and, no doubt, unconscious of the extent of the

wrong involved, reluctantly accepted the crown and was proclaimed queen. But her reign was brief. In a few days the rightful heir, Mary Tudor, marched into London in triumph and, the fair usurper, forced to give up the crown which she had never wished to wear, was committed to the Tower. On February 12th, 1554, Lady Jane Grey followed her husband to the block and yielded up her young life with these words: "Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit."

In her simple living, her artless innocence, her devotion to study and her deep piety, Lady Jane Grey presents a striking antithesis to the regal indulgences, the bewitching coquetry, the sordid and selfish aims of her kinswoman, Mary Queen of Scots.

December 7th, 1542, was the birthday of this princess who was to have such a romantic career. As prospective queen of a small kingdom, which was vexed by internal feuds, both civil and ecclesiastical, and at the same time threatened with absorption by Protestant England, Mary, Queen of Scotland well exemplified the adage, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." James V, called upon to face death before his daughter was out of her cradle, and foreseeing that a stormy future was inevitable, espoused the Catholic policy in hope of securing for the little queen protection by the continental powers.

When the child was about four years of age, she was taken by her mother, the Queen Regent, Marie deLorraine, to France, where in accordance with the advice of the Duke of Guise and the cardinal of Lorraine, she was left to be educated, with a view to a marriage with the Dauphin, son of Henry II. She was placed in a convent. Her curriculum embraced not only history and modern languages, but the classics, poetry and theology, besides the lighter accomplishments in which she excelled.

At the age of seventeen Mary was married to Francis II, who was in no sense her equal, being her junior by two years, insignificant in stature and feeble in mind. Upon the death of Henry II, Mary Stuart shared the coronation honors with her husband, but the Guises who had brought about this union, were the "power behind the throne."

The moral atmosphere of the French court did not tend toward the growth of a highly virtuous character. Before she had passed the age of minority she had enjoyed all that grandeur, revelry, dress

and pageantry could yield. The fancies of youth had long been destroyed by the fulness of premature gratifications. The French court, with all its pleasurable associations became her earthly heaven.

Francis II died within a year after his accession. While in retirement, in the convent at Rheims, Mary thus expressed her sorrow at the loss of his companionship :

“Ce qui m'estail plaisant
Pres m'est peine dure ;
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure.

“All that once in pleasure met,
Now is pain and sorrow;
The brilliant day that quickly set
In night with dreary morrow.”

The death of her mother soon after called Mary to the sovereignty of her native land. It was a sorrowful company that waved adieu as her ship left the shores of France. Looking through her tears she wrote the following lines :

“Adieu, plaiasant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance !
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a en de mo ! que la moitié,
Une part te reste, est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souviene ! ”

Farewell, thou ever pleasant land of France,
Beloved land of childhood's early day !
Farewell my France, farewell my happy years !
Though from thy shores I now am snatched
away,
Thou still retainest half my loving heart
The rest will ne'er forget thee though we
part ! ”

Mary arrived in Scotland on the 19th of August, 1591. To her enervated taste, the ancient spirit, sterner morals and plainer habits of less civilized Scotland, presented a dreary and repulsive prospect.

It was because she came with these adverse feelings—without a soul for real greatness—without any aspirations for a grand personal character—that she soon deviated into the course from which all the troubles of her maturer life and its unhappy close successively resulted.

It would be a long story to relate even the most important details of her life from now on; how she was charmed by the poetical and musical powers of her Italian secretary, Rizzio; her marriage with the handsome Lord Darnley; her partiality to Rizzio, arousing the jealousy of her husband who caused the murder of the favourite; the birth of the little prince who was to unite in his person the sovereignty of England and Scotland; the queen's growing aversion to her husband and the growth of the crowning passion of her life—her love for Bothwell; the mysterious murder of Darnley and Mary's marriage with Bothwell soon after; the revolt of the Scottish Lords; the defeat of Mary's troops and her imprisonment in "Loch Levin's lonely isle;" her escape and the second defeat of her army by the revolting Scottish troops; her escape to England where she threw herself upon the mercy of Elizabeth; her wearisome captivity of eighteen years which culminated in her execution.

The scene of her death was most touching! By the grey light of the early morning, February 8th, 1587, Mary Stuart, accompanied by her maids of honor, mounted the stairs leading to the place of execution. She had spent the night for the most part in prayer, and now pale but calm, she gazed upon the ghastly paraphernalia of death. Gracefully acknowledging the courtesy of a gentleman who assisted her to mount the scaffold, she sat down. Repelling the aid of the executioner she motioned her maidens to remove the veil and bare the beautiful neck for the cruel blow. Her last audible words were the same as those spoken by Lady Jane Grey thirty-three years before: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Two strokes of the axe and all was over.

In her prayer-book was found written a Latin invocation, which indicates much religious feeling, as well as a remarkable facility in the use of the Latin language.

For beauty, grace and poetic power, Mary has been called the Sappho of the 16th century. As to her character and career "we judge not, only relate."

A. M. J., '05.

The Balance.

*On all that one would seek to gain
A price is set—it must remain
Untouched until that price is paid;
Till gold or labor, pleasure, pain
Has compensation made.*

*The bird that chirps its cheerful song
Not knowing care, nor right, nor wrong—
The savage, free with manhood's health,
Believing only Nature strong—
Possesses their native wealth.*

*But man has paid for all he sought.
For pleasure, honor, power are bought
By yielding up his heart's true tone,
Which near to Nature once was caught
And marked as all Her own.*

E. W., '05.



The Newspaper in Politics.

ALTHOUGH the science of politics is a difficult branch of knowledge, which demands mental discipline and special study, it is a rather remarkable fact that nearly every adult has a definite opinion on, and some knowledge of every political subject. The average voter spending his life in manual toil can give little time to the mastery of political science and yet he is considered competent enough to have very many weighty questions submitted to him for decision. What or who is it that guides the public in forming its opinion? The press undertakes that office. Our journals are the guides, philosophers and friends of the masses, teaching them to think what they do on nearly all subjects. For the great majority of men, their newspapers—for they seldom read anything else—are the direct source of those

floating opinions which have drifted into their minds wherewith they judge all social and political questions.

This position of the press is of recent growth. The time was when the political opinions of the people were formed by the oratory and argument of leading men, delivered either in some public place, or on the floors of the houses of government. Even yet such methods are in use, but their effectiveness depends entirely on the press, and epoch marking speeches delivered "on the stump" or in Parliament are delivered there only in the hopes that they will come before the eyes of the masses through the medium of the daily newspapers. It is the custom now-a-days for the leading politicians, both on this continent and in the Old Country, to deliver their important speeches, outside the chambers of government, where they are restricted by parliamentary rules and usages. The Manchester and Birmingham speeches have become famous, and have exerted tremendous influence in the political world but almost wholly through the medium of the press. While these speeches were listened to by thousands, next day they were read by millions, but only by the sufferance of the newspaper editors. Were they opposed to publishing the speeches of any political leaders, their influence would be practically unfelt. The editor thus holds the politician in his power, by the right of censorship.

While the sessions of parliament last but a few months, the newspaper is circulated and read from one year's end to the other. While parliament is adjourned some important departmental business may be made public. Instantly there ensues a discussion over it in the daily press and before the next meeting of the government the voice of the people through the newspapers and periodicals states in no uncertain tone, their stand on the matter, and the party in power either takes heed or runs the risk of wreck on the rocks of public opinion. The introduction of new party politics is often directly traced to the influence of the press, and no new legislation comes up for discussion in parliament that has not been thoroughly threshed out in the daily journals. Even when the government is in session the press exerts its influence and is feared and respected by the most popular of party men. They recognize that it is a force to be reckoned with, and look to the newspapers for guidance. Many a weary night has been spent by party chiefs, at some critical point, awaiting the appearance of the

morning "leaders," which were to settle their fate. Many a government, elected with large majorities, has been compelled to resign through sheer force of newspaper criticism. It may be asked how this is possible since the members of the governing bodies represent the opinion of the constituencies from which they were elected. It is true that at the time of election that members stand for the opinions of the majority of the electors, but public opinion is a variable quantity, and while the elections are but its expression once in four or five years, the newspaper is its daily utterance. Indeed the press is the pulse of the public and, although not an infallible guide, there is usually danger in store for the politician that fails to note its throbbing. So it can be seen that while parliament is supposed to rule the country the journalists to a great extent rule parliament. "Cabinets have been upset, ministers driven into retirement, laws repealed, great social reforms initiated, Bills transformed, estimates remodelled, programs modified, Acts passed, Generals nominated, Governors appointed, armies sent hither and thither, war proclaimed and war averted by the agency of newspapers. There were, of course, other agencies at work; but the dominant impulse, the original initiative and the directing spirit in all these cases must be sought in the editorial sanctum."

It has been stated that the press was the expression of the people's political opinions, and it would thus appear that the public dominates and controls the thought of the newspapers. While this is partly so, the press is really the creator of the public opinion for which it stands, and is thus a political factor in the country at large, as well as in the halls of government. If the newspapers presented but the bare facts they could hardly have any influence. But it is that which is thrown in with the news, in the shape of reportorial coloring or expert comment, that exerts the influence and consciously or unconsciously creates in the mind of the readers a prejudice either for or against the attitude of the newspaper. For instance, had the facts alone of the Alaskan Boundary dispute and decision been chronicled, without comment or coloring, there would have been in the minds of the majority of newspaper readers no very fixed opinion concerning the justice or injustice of the award. But it was the published expressions of experts and prominent men, and the impassioned editorials on the subject that have created opinions, and very strong ones

too, in the public mind. And these same opinions, now reacting on the press make it the index of the public's attitude. The political influence of the press becomes greater as the population among which it circulates becomes more scattered. In places far removed from the turmoil of political centres, and from the regular route of political orators the only means by which the thought of the party leaders can reach such selections is through the newspapers.

It is then evident, what a power the editor of a paper possesses. He is the censor of the views of others, and by being the author or guide of the thought expressed in the editorial columns of his own journal he is at once the superior in influence of the cabinet minister and the moulder of public opinion. To quote W. T. Stead: "The editor is the uncrowned ruler of an educated democracy."

In the light of these considerations the power of the press in the political world is apparent, and, we must grant, is immense. But great as it is, it could be much greater were it not for the evil effects of some characteristics of the press to-day. Sensationalism is one of these traits that is a source of weakness and yet it seemingly gives strength to a paper. Not that sensationalism is to be condemned, for sensationalism in journalism is justifiable up to the point that is necessary to arrest the eye of the public and compel it to admit the necessity of action. When the public is short-sighted—and on many subjects it is a blear-eyed public, short-sighted to the point of blindness—there is need to print in capitals. If you print in ordinary type it is as though you had never printed at all. Mere shouting in itself is one of the most vulgar and least attractive of human exercises. It is the thing shouted that will command attention after it has been aroused, but it must be aroused first; and therein lies the necessity of presenting it in such a fashion as to strike the eye and compel the public at least to ask, "What is it all about?" But if every one took to shouting, the general hub-bub will only be increased. That is just what is the trouble to-day. Everyone is shouting at the top of his voice and only a few have sense enough to see that to talk in whispers is now the way to attract attention. The shouting, or in other words the sensationalism of to-day, is justified by saying that it will increase the circulation and thus increase both the influence and profit of the paper. Of the first of the reasons it suffices to say that it is a false supposition to state that the influence of a paper increases directly as

the circulation. The fact is that the influence depends on the quality rather than the quantity of the circulation. Or to be more explicit, a paper read by one hundred thinking influential men would have more weight than one read by a thousand of the unthinking reckless rabble.

The second justification advanced, namely, that sensationalism increases the profit of a newspaper, brings us face to face with another evil that is crippling the influence of the press—the worship of the almighty dollar. The newspaper that exists for the express purpose of money-making can never hope for the highest influence in political or other circles. This avarice for wealth and greed of gain saps the vitality of the press and the newspaper, instead of leading the public, becomes its toy for amusement. Closely allied to this worship of gold is subservience to party and to individual, which is a common evil of the present, that is ruining the political character of the press and with it the political character of the public. As long as the selfish ends of one scheming, spoil-seeking politician can control the utterances of half a dozen papers with large circulations there can be expected nothing else than public countenance of corruption and “graft.” Subservience to party interests is just as much an evil as subservience to the individual, and is particularly noticeable in the Canadian press. It gives rise to what is called in political slang “mud-slinging.” The editorials of straight party papers instead of commanding respect, induce contempt. Whereas they should be straightforward, manly expressions of partisan opinion they are merely weak, childish bickerings written in a spirit of ill-temper that has a demoralizing effect on the reading public. It spreads abroad a narrow party feeling without any tolerance or generosity in it.

Another deplorable feature of the press is the absence of veracity in its news columns. To say nothing of the effect of this lack of truth, or what would be more correct, this partial truth, on the public in general it may be said that in politics its effect is to be regretted. This continual serving up of what the public knows to be false is the means of making honesty in political life an unknown quantity.

It is claimed that the public is ready for a free, clean press, but from the support given the papers of to-day it is apparent that the majority is not. To conclude, from these considerations it appears

that the press is a mighty political factor, but from its characteristic evils its influence is greatly weakened, nor so long as the majority plus the dollar rules, does there promise to be improvement.

C. '05.



Sketches.

I. THE SUMMER GIRL.

One morning in early October, three good fellows—VanDine, son of a comfortable millionaire; Jenks, a young playwright, and Vincent the illustrator—were sitting in the Metropolitan Club overlooking Broadway. Between them and the window drifted much smoke of good tobacco, and beyond the window was rain, and shining streets. The talk was of vacation, summer-resorts, and summer girls.

“Do you see that young lady crossing the street?” asked Jenks, suddenly, motioning with his cigar. “The one with the unruly umbrella and—er——”

“Ankles?” prompted VanDine.

“The same!” continued Jenks. “Reminds me of a girl I met at Old Orchard in July. Not half so pretty though. Nor so——” But Jenks stopped short as if unwilling to continue the description.

“So—what? Come, let’s have it,” said Vincent, scenting romance. “So——”

“So graceful, petite, heartrendingly attractive, altogether lovely. Jove! if you fellows could only have seen her. She was none of your scatter-brained summer girls. Wasn’t she witty, and couldn’t she talk drama though, or anything else for that matter. Knows more than any dozen girls I ever saw, and what an actor she’d make! She’d paralyze the dramatic world. No theatre is good enough for her, no role has ever been written worthy——”

“Hold, enough!” cried the other two, exchanging glances, “Are congratulations in order?”

"Well," replied the dramatist, coloring slightly, "I didn't intend to let you fellows know just yet, but I may as well admit—yes, we're engaged."

"Did you say the dinners at Delmonico's to-morrow?" enquired VanDine.

"To-morrow, if it suits you both."

"But what's her name? You haven't told us her name."

"I'll tell you to-morrow at dinner, so you may drink to her health. I want to surprise you."

"Have you been to Newport lately?" asked VanDine, with apparent irrelevance. "I was down there to the Championship Tournaments this August. Wonderful players, those Dohertys—fine crowd this season—good many Philadelphia people—very best families—fine ladies—real enterprising mothers—must have heard about my old gentleman's latest deal in wheat—quite attentive to me—introduced all their daughters—wonderfully agreeable girls, too, most of them—all except one, in fact—she avoided me consistently—deucedly independent—lots of money of her own I guess—got my fighting blood up—great sparring for a week—got to think an awful lot of her—fell in love, in fact—no hope though, apparently—night of big dance at Astor's, we were in the conservatory, she was to leave for the mountains next day—dreamy waltz—Oh, you should have seen her eyes—(chuck that patronizing look, you fellows) I proposed to her."

"And got refused!" said Jenks and Vincent together.

"No, gentlemen, accepted!" answered VanDine, "and by heavens if there is another girl like her in this——"

"There are people in the room," said Vincent's warning finger. "What is her name?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow at Del's, or better—on Friday. You will dine with me Friday wont you?"

"Most certainly," said Jenks. "Funny, isn't it, that our romantic artist is to be the only bachelor of the three. Thought he'd be the first to go. Say, Vincent, can't you——"

But the creator of lovely magazine women and strenuous magazine men cast a threatening glance at the young playwright, while a humorous twinkle began to gather in his eye:

"Since you fellows have gone into the confessional business, I might tell you a little experience of mine up in the White Mountains

two weeks ago. I was on a sketching trip up that way, and was staying at the Summit House. There was a stunning girl there. Wish you fellows could have seen her! I never in all my life saw such eyes, and artistic—why, some of the sketches she made when we were out together would make half our New York artists feel like thirty cents. She is wonderful! We saw a good deal of each other and we soon began to—that is to say—well, anyway, one moonlight night we were out rowing on Mirror Lake—”

“Never mind the harrowing details, old man. Did anything come of it?”

“Say, have you chaps seen the *Globe* this morning?” drawled a dapper youth across the top of his outspread newspaper, nearby. “Another one of our heiresses gone to a title. I see where Lord Eston has married Pearl De Varne of Philadelphia. They’ve been engaged four years it seems. He——”

Vincent	}	“Impossible!”
Jenks		
VanDine		

“Pearl De Varne is to marry *me*, next month!” exclaimed Vincent.

“Pearl De Varne and I have been engaged since August,” announced VanDine, impressively.

“Pearl De Varne became engaged to *me* at Old Orchard Beach in July,” barely whispered Jenks.

Three men looked sheepishly at each other for a moment. Gradually a smile attacked the corner of Vincent’s mouth, and he said:

“Will some one start the Doxology?” And they shook hands all round and went out.

Half an hour later a young New York artist was industriously plying a knife among sundry sketches and canvasses from which bright eyes peered out; a certain VanDine could have been seen in Brøecker’s, cancelling an order for a special diamond ring, and a promising young playwright was viewing with a sardonic smile his latest and half completed comic opera, “The Summer Girl.”

II. THE HERALD "SCOOP."

All day long the dusty, thirsty, khaki-covered company had been steadily tramping, tramping, along the dustier, thirstier khaki colored roads toward Simari village. News had reached them early that morning that Aguinaldo with a large body-guard of insurgents had suddenly descended from the hills, and making Simari his headquarters, was gathering around him all the natives of the district, preparatory to making a sudden, desperate assault on Manila itself, now almost stripped of its American defenders. There was a great rejoicing in Company B of the California volunteers, for they were at last to have a chance to distinguish themselves. Within ten minutes of the arrival of the news, the company was on the march for Simari, and—Aguinaldo.

Just as the sun was sinking behind the blue hills across the Limpao River, they had come up with the Filipinos, strongly fortified in a block house and several thatched huts on a hill just this side of the little white village. Firing had begun, and the suggestive zip-zipping of bullets in the broad leaves overhead was heard for the first time by many of these young recruits. The advance was slow and cautious through the tangled underbrush, owing to an utter ignorance of the enemy's strength. At last the edge of the brush was reached, and with some misgivings the little company prepared for a rush in the open, up the hill to the huts.

Kenny, special correspondent for the *San Francisco Sun* was lying flat on his stomach behind a kindly broad-trunked tree, and with trembling fingers was writing out his despatch which, the gods remaining kind, he would somehow carry back to the nearest telegraph instrument, whence it would be sent to Manila, and thence by cablegram to the *San Francisco Sun*, at least a whole day before any other account could reach an American paper. What luck! Aguinaldo captured, sole account of the affair secured by James Kenny for the *Sun*! What more glory could a correspondent desire. Such a scoop as this would mean sure promotion, increase in salary, fame!

Happening to glance up from his writing, Kenny saw a dust-colored figure leave the underbrush to his right, and crouching almost to the ground, make its way quickly up the hill in the open. "What can the fool be doing?" thought Kenny. When within a rod or two

of the nearest Filipino hut, the figure suddenly stood erect, bent its head over as if looking into the view-finder of a pocket kodak, turned, and fell heavily, face downward.

Kenny had never done a brave act in his life that he could remember of, and certainly it was not with the thought of doing one that he dropped his note-book, dashed through the fringe of sugar cane, and dropping on his knees in the open, began to creep slowly up toward the fallen figure. He had no distinct idea of what he was doing. The hill seemed to be whirling around before him, but he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the yellowish heap ahead of him up near the hut. He heard as in a dream, the sharp "ping" of bullets on their way past his head. He noticed little puffs of dust around him at intervals and wondered what they were. He saw another figure some distance away creeping in the same direction, but all at once the figure went nearer to the ground, and didn't move any more. After what seemed æons of time he reached the dusty heap. It was a great strapping boy of about twenty. There was red on the yellow jacket, and a red gash across the cheek. A camera was clutched in one hand. He was evidently still alive. Gathering the young fellow up, just under the arm-pits, and shielding the bleeding head and chest with his own body, Kenny started on the run down the hill, half carrying, half dragging his heavy burden. Again the nightmare of singing bullets and puffs of dust, and through it all he could hear a faint voice muttering :

"Leave me 'lone, I'm all through, anyway. Don't be a fool. Get my account here to Manila, will you—cable Francisco *Herald*—first—I'm first! Great scoop, sorry can't finish it for 'em—got photo of Aguinaldo just leaving that hut—corker—tell 'em did my best—ouch—quick—in my left hand pocket—that's it—let me—look—just once before—. He tried to kiss the photograph that Kenny found for him—that of a beautiful girl, but just then something passed through the flesh of Kenny's arm and into the other's breast, the photograph fell to the ground, the figure shivered once and was limp, while Kenny, exhausted, dropped behind a bamboo tree, among the company.

Within fifteen minutes, the rush was made, the huts were captured and fired, and the Filipino defenders taken prisoners—all except Aguinaldo, and half a dozen of his guard, who fleeing from hut to

hut, made their way through the village and into the hills beyond. But the uprising was checked and Manila was saved.

Kenny travelled five miles afoot that night toward Manila, stole a horse from a native, rode till he was ready to fall, and finally came to a telegraph station. The message he sent to Manila to be cabled to Frisco, was not to the *Sun*, but to the *Sun's* bitter rival, the *Herald*. It was a magnificent account of the Battle of Simari, and Aguinaldo's hairbreadth escape, and a story of the gallant but foolhardy death of one, Smith, correspondent for the *Herald*. By the American-bound steamer there went to the Frisco *Herald* a package containing a precious kodak film on which was a striking picture of Aguinaldo at Simari. The picture has since been copied in many of the illustrated magazines all over the country. It made the *Herald's* fortune.

Kenny, of the *Sun*, didn't get any promotion—here.

B. '04.

Editorial.

HAVE you ever seen the expression "a college gentleman?" Probably you have not. It is of very rare occurrence. And did you ever stop to think why it is you do not hear it oftener? Did you ever wonder whether the phrase is not of about as frequent occurrence as that which it represents? How many of the college fellows you know are gentlemen in the fullest sense of the term? Is there not a very prevalent tendency among fellows in attendance at our universities to strive to become "college men," to the neglect of becoming "college gentlemen?" You have read "In Memoriam" of course, perhaps many times. And were you not sometimes forcibly impressed by the stanza in which the poet attributes to his young friend this crowning glory:

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

Arthur Hallam is a type of college man seldom met with on this side of the water at least, and perhaps on the other side also. We have a belief, however, that the university man of England generally *is* a gentleman—that Oxford and Cambridge are producing, and for some hundreds of years have been producing English gentlemen as well as English scholars. There is something quite delightful in the English scholar, in his conservatism, his love of form and faith in precedent, his consideration for others. It almost seems as though our Canadian student with his unlimited freedom and lack of social restraint is in danger of becoming uncouth and disrespectful. His buoyant hopes, his strident ambition, his plans and prospects for his own great future lead him to become disregardful of the rights and privileges of others. Absorbed in his own interests he ceases to regard the feelings of others at all. He would be quick to resent it, of course, if you should tell him he was no gentleman. Perhaps his definition of a gentleman is at fault. He may think that if he conducts himself with a certain amount of propriety in the presence of ladies, is attentive to their wants, and refrains from making breaks and using strange language when in their company, he is going far towards fulfilling the requirements of a gentleman. But he must go

farther than this in order to realize the largest meaning of the term. He should entertain respect for old age, for one thing. Again a true gentleman will show himself not so much in what he says *to* the ladies as to what he says *of* them, when in the company of men. This is something we should be more careful about than we are. The lack of respect with which many of our fellows here speak, even of our own college ladies, is little less than disgraceful.

Further than that, a gentleman will show himself to be such in his relations with other fellows. Everyone has certain rights which it is the duty of everyone else to respect. It is the thoughtless ignoring of the other fellow's rights and feelings that causes most of the hard feeling between individuals and classes in college. It is not for us to say what a gentleman would or would not do under certain circumstances, but to make just a few practical suppositions: it is quite supposable that a gentleman might refrain from banging a tennis ball against the wall of his room for an hour at a time when he knows the fellow in the next room is trying to study; he might win a class victory without "rubbing it in" to the members of the defeated team, and might bear a defeat without trumping up a hundred and one excuses for the same, including the hint that the referee was partial; he might behave himself in church with a certain degree of respect and decency; he might refrain from playing hockey in the corridors when others wish to study, and breaking windows which will be paid for out of the common fund, and cursing the committee-men whose duty it is to see that order is maintained in the Hall; he might refrain from throwing bread at another fellow's head in the dining room; he might refrain from swearing and question able language at least at the table where there are others who do not care to hear it; he might speak of college ladies with respect, and of the other fellows' friends with at least some consideration. In short, there are a hundred things he might do and would do, too, if he were a gentleman, little things which would make life pleasanter for those around him, and which would cause him to be liked twice as well by everyone with whom he is associated.

Exchanges.

In reading the exchanges this month, we have come to the conclusion that each college paper must have started the new year with a fixed determination to make *their* paper brighter, and endeavor to raise the standard of college literature. To particularize any one paper as outdoing any other would be impossible. It would also be difficult to tell you all the good things contained in them. The exchange man can only draw your attention to the fact that they are well worth careful perusal.

The *Brunonian*, in its plain and very attractive cover, has an introductory poem, "To the sons of Brown." It rings with good college patriotism, as shown by the last stanza, which we quote:

"The critics can injure—
Not kill our renown;
Oh men! stand together
For glory of Brown."

This number contains the series of papers of appreciation on "The Presidents of Brown University." Why should not our college paper make Acadia students familiar with the history of former presidents? Could anything be of more interest to the student body? Another article treats concerning "Parsifal." Nearly every newspaper and periodical in the country has had an article on this opera. The writer goes on to say that "the legal and moral justice of the production of Parsifal in New York have nothing to do with the opera's effect "and in the opera" there is *much* that is religious but *nothing* that is sacreligious. "The effect of Parsifal in New York is the effect which Parsifal—adequately presented—would have in any city in any country, it is the effect that music produces in Bayreuth; and only those who are capable of expressing the beauties and powers of music can define this effect." To quote a convert to this fact: "Parsifal is great enough to create its own atmosphere, too great for outside things to mar it. Just as a lovely character is the same in any surroundings, so Parsifal could still be Parsifal in New York as well as Bayreuth" The writer believes that to one musically intelligent, whether intellectually or aesthetically, Parsifal is a great opera and its effect is impossible to change.

The *Harvard Monthly* January number is up to its usual high standard of excellence. It contains well written papers, bright catchy bits of fiction and several poems. All the American college papers are noticable for their original poems. This department does not receive the attention it should in our Canadian college papers. No branch of literature calls for so much originality and thought. As a means of development it cannot be excelled. Why, therefore do we find this common neglect?

The *Yale Literary Magazine* in its February number has an essay entitled "After us—What?" advocating reform in the Yale Fraternities and Clubs. The writer bases his arguments on the grounds that a Freshmen cannot realize any intimate connection with the university at large. He claims that on account of the removal of upper-class restraint more dissipation of all kinds is found. The principal objection to the present system is that under it the first elections to the fraternities come too late. The prospect of election to one of these fraternities is too remote, and for this reason, to their detriment, many men do not think about it at all. The writer advocates the formation of a Freshmen Club, including the entire class of a literary and social nature, and let it be understood that there is to be nothing secret about it.

The *Theologue* published by the students of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, contains a paper on "Some of the Literary Shrines in the Old Country." The writer goes on to show that the Old Country gives us a background for a great deal of our reading. There are three principal literary shrines to which strangers repair and drop their flower of respect; two in Scotland—Ayr and Abbotsford; the other in England—Stratford on the Avon. He also mentions the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey. Here are gathered Macaulay, Dickens, Samuel Johnson, Browning and Tennyson. Mention is also made of Carlyle, Milton, Lamb and Goldsmith.

Other exchanges;—The *University Monthly*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *The Mercarian*, *The Xaverian*, *Niagra Index*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *McGill Outlook*, *St John's Collegian*, *Allisonia*, *O. A. C. Review*, *Brandon College Monthly*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Argosy*.

The College World.

In the American as well as in the Canadian Universities, the great winter sport of Canada, Hockey, is gaining much in popularity. This season, a league was formed between Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia and Brown, and a regular series of games arranged. We give below a record of the games played, that are of greatest interest to us at Acadia:—

Yale	5	Columbia	3
Harvard	2	Columbia	1
Princeton	1	Brown	0
Harvard	7	Brown	0
Yale	4	Princeton	3
Harvard	4	Yale	3

Princeton will be the first University to have experiments conducted upon radium by its students. A graduate has given to the University, twelve and one half grains of radioactive barium chloride for these experiments.

The system of "tipping" has recently been debarred at the Yale Commons. Perhaps this may be an additional step towards the suppression of an obnoxious custom.

The Grounds Committee of the University of California has nearly consummated plans for an immense amphitheatre somewhat on the plan of the Harvard Stadium. The amphitheatre will include a baseball diamond, and a cinder running track besides the foot-ball field. Some of the old buildings will be torn down to make room for the new field.

During the last Academic year, about \$27,000,000 was given to American schools and colleges in the shape of bequests and gifts.

A significant event in the world of education was the opening of the University of Porto Rico on September 29, of last year. This is the first university on the island, and has an enrolment of one hundred and fifty students.

The Faculty of the University of Michigan has bought the U. of M. daily newspaper, for the sum of \$2,250, from the student corpor-

ation that has hitherto controlled it. The intention of the Faculty is to make the paper a part of the English course, the reporters being drawn from a special class in English.

An interesting basket ball game was recently played in St. John between the Ladies' basket ball team of the St. John Y. W. C. A. and that of Mt. Allison Ladies' College of Sackville, N. B. The score was 16—4 in favor of the former. Why could not a game be arranged between the Ladies' College, and our own Seminary?

A city government club has been formed by some Yale Seniors. The object of this organization is to make the College man after graduation an important factor in the life and management of his town or city. The club will be addressed by prominent politicians from time to time.

A new species of Intercollegiate athletic contests will soon come into existence. The New York Athletic Club intends holding a water polo tournament in which Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Columbia will compete.

Coach Arthur T. Hillebrand has been secured to coach the Princeton Base-ball team this season. Hillebrand turned out a victorious base-ball team last year, and guided the 1903 champion foot-ball eleven. Trainer Robinson, who has the distinction of being the only man who has served at Yale, Harvard and Princeton has been engaged to train Princeton teams in all branches of athletics for the next three years.

Harvard has recently made a "find" for a shot putter in Le Moyne, who recently defeated Sheldon at Yale in an open meet, with an excellent put of 46 ft. 8 1-4 inches.

In an exciting and close contest, McGill defeated Queen's University in a Basket Ball match by a score of 9-7. The match was an excellent exhibition of Basket Ball. We are glad to see that Keddy Acadia, '02, is playing his usual foxy game on the McGill team.

The University of New Brunswick began its work this year with a new psychological laboratory, the only one in Canada outside of Toronto. "Instead of the old fashioned psychology, which treated of the imaginary faculties, of an imaginary mind, in an imaginary world

students are now offered practical training in objective facts; in manipulating instruments of precision, in computing exact results.

The annual report of the Yale Financial Union shows a net profit for 1902-1903 of \$1,014.37 which includes the Football, Baseball, Athletic Associations and the Boat Club. The total receipts were \$92,711.88—divided as follows;—Football \$56,440; Baseball \$23,900; Boating \$8,829; Athletic Associations \$3,633.

The Toronto University authorities have been considering the advisability of establishing a chair of Celtic. A number of the descendants of the race in Ontario are anxious for a move in this direction. Another feature of the Toronto curriculum worthy of note is the compulsory elocution, beginning with next years classes. We have long felt the need of such a course here at Acadia, and we earnestly hope that this may soon be an accomplished fact.

About thirty negroes from the West Indies have signified their intentions to take the medical course at McGill next year. This course must be getting popular.

At the University of California, it has been decided to inaugurate a system of "Senior control" in all minor matters of underclass discipline. The men of the Senior class will take part in the deliberations of the Students' Affairs Committee, which will handle all undergraduate misdemeanors, such as disturbances of class meetings and Junior Exhibitions, rushing, hazing, etc. The bonds deposited by the various classes, for use of the University buildings have been removed, in order to give the Seniors an opportunity to exert a controlling influence upon the undergraduate body.

It has recently been announced that Harvard is to receive \$4,000,000 under the will of the late Gordon McKay.

The University of Munich has been first of the great German Universities to admit women to full students' privileges on precisely the same terms as men. Hitherto the professors have been allowed to admit them, or decline to receive them, at their discretion. The action of Munich is the more remarkable as a concerted effort was recently made at Berlin to reduce the number of women studying there.

“The women students of Northwestern University have passed a self-denying ordinance, barring fudge, chocolate eclairs, and late suppers. Such Spartan discipline is not sought for its moral qualities, but simply in the name of athletics. Long walks, regular gymnasium work, early retiring hours, will be substituted for the time now spent in social dissipation. The ban has also been placed on novels, “as tending to waste nervous force.” Would not such an ordinance have a very beneficent influence upon the athletic teams at our sister institution?

The students of Columbia University have made application to the authorities to have but two meals a day, instead of the usual number. They contend that the reduction desired will tend to benefit them mentally. We may remark that some “Chip Hallers” are putting this into practice, but we fear, for different reasons.

The University of Chicago has at present, fifty Canadians upon its teaching staff. Indeed the victims, who have become entangled in this and other educational institutions of the U. S. number many hundreds. In truth, almost the only export from Canada, there, on which the U. S. does not place high duty, is University graduates. They, themselves grow quite a crop each year, but the brand is not equal to the Canadian product.

According to one of our exchanges, American foot-ball during the past season, was not quite as strenuous as in previous years—there being only nineteen fatalities.

In the intercollegiate basket-ball union among the American colleges, Columbia now leads, with Yale, Penn. and Cornell tied for second place. The Harvard team is about to disband,—it has had a season of bad luck, and worse management, and now two members of the team have joined the base-ball squad. We append a few scores:

Columbia	37	Harvard	14
Yale	14	Penn.	12
Brown	29	Amherst	17
Penn.	21	Princeton	15

De Alumnis.

J. Phillip W. Bill, '99, is practising law in Lunenburg, N. S.

P. St. Clair Elliott, '02, is studying at the Dalhousie Law School.

Rev. Austin K. DeBlois, '86, is now the pastor of the late Dr. Henderson's church in Chicago.

Howard Moffatt, '96, in the last civic elections was elected a member of the Town Council of Amherst, N. S.

T. Sherman Rogers, '83, is the Liberal-Conservative candidate for the Dominion House of Commons for the County of Cumberland.

M. Garfield White, '01, was recently in Wolfville, looking after his father's interests and renewing old acquaintances.

Edwin Simpson, '99, is tutoring at the University of Chicago and pursuing a course of study, there, leading to the degree of Ph. D.

Leonard L. Slipp, '02, owing to illness, has been compelled to give up his position in Moncton and is now at his home in Sussex, N. B.

E. S. M. Eaton, '03, is the representative of the International Correspondence Schools in Cumberland County, with headquarters at Amherst.

L. W. D. Cox, '03, has severed his connection with the Bellows Falls (Vt.) *Times* and has accepted a better position on a paper in Ware, Mass.

J. Clarence Hemmeon, '98, is studying Economics and History in the Harvard Graduate School. He is the holder of a University Scholarship there.

W. Kenneth Haley, '02, captain of the Acadia Hockey team during his Senior year is playing, this winter, with the Mohawks, the leading Hockey team of St. John.

William M. MacVicar, '72, M. A., '76, who is the Head Master of the Roberts School, Cambridge, Mass., is also in his third year of a course in Geology in the Harvard Graduate School.

Rev. Howard P. Whidden, '91, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Dayton, Ohio.

E. LeRoy Dakin, '02, who has been preaching in Annapolis, N. S., has received a call from the Baptist church of Victoria, B.C. We understand he has accepted.

F. R. Shankle, '03, who is taking first year medicine at McGill accompanied the McGill Basket Ball team on its recent victorious trip to Queens, Toronto, in the capacity of substitute.

Clement L. Vaughn, '98, who received his B. A. degree from Harvard last year, is now studying Philosophy in the Harvard Graduate School, where he holds a University scholarship.

Miss Annie Marion MacLean, '93, M. A., '94, has acquired national fame in the United States as a lecturer on sociological problems. At present she holds an instructorship at the University of Chicago.

Rev. L. D. Morse, '88, is the pastor of the Wolfville Baptist church and is filling the position in such a manner as to please the student body, as well as his parishioners, which is not only always a difficult thing to do.

The engagement of Miss Winifred H. Coldwell, '98, to Mr. Oliver T. Ledford, a young business man of St. Louis, Mo., has been announced. The marriage will take place in St. Louis in the early spring. The Athenaeum extends felicitations.

J. Austin Bancroft, '03, last year's Gold Medalist is keeping up his reputation as a brilliant student in his Geology course at Yale. In the recent exams, there, he made the phenomenal record of 390 out of a possible 400. Owing to his excellent standing he has been elected to membership in the Sigma Chi society, being one of seven chosen from a class of two hundred and sixty.

Rev. Judson Kempton, '89, recently paid a hurried visit to his old home in Wolfville, being called here by the fatal illness of his sister. Mr. Kempton is the pastor of the Baptist church in Muscatine, Iowa, an enterprising town of 16,000 inhabitants on the banks of the Mississippi River. The interest shown by Mr. Kempton in the ATHENÆUM is much appreciated by the editors.

The Month.

To the student the past month has been an exceptionally busy and interesting one. No sooner was that trying ordeal, mid year exams over with than such vain things as parties, recitals, receptions and Hockey led us to reluctantly abandon those resolutions formed during the bitter experiences of exam weeks,—that henceforth we would take heed to our ways and keep up our class work during the term.



The "Day of Prayer for Colleges" was duly observed at Acadia on Sunday, February 7th. In the morning a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Rev. L. D. Morse, a letter from Pres. Trotter regretting his absence from and deep interest in the services of the day was read by Dr. Keirstead. In the evening a mass meeting was held in College Hall at which suitable addresses were delivered by Rev's G. F. Johnson, a graduate of Mount Allison—H. T. DeWolfe and Dr. Boggs. Rev. A. J. Kempton, of Muscatine Iowa, who happened to be present in a few words expressed his deep gratitude to his *Alma Mater*. Dr. Keirstead who presided, referred in a very fitting manner to the part taken in this service in previous years by Dr. Sawyer, but who in accordance with his own wish was not called upon to deliver an address on this occasion. Excellent music was furnished by a special choir under the efficient direction of Mr. Maxim. The meeting closed with prayer and benediction by Dr. Sawyer.



Although football has been unthought of for three months, yet the members of our team are not forgotten. On Thursday evening, February 4th they were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tabor, Highland Ave. An evening spent in playing progressive "Pit" was much enjoyed by all present.

Hockey continues to be the favorite recreation of most of the fellows. Its popularity is ever increasing. Since last issue two more games of the inter-class league have been played. The game between the Academy and Sophomores resulted in an easy victory for the former,

score 12-1. Remembering the disadvantages under which they are competing the Sophs. have no reason to be discouraged by above score. The Senior Freshmen game was won by the former. The score being 9-0. In this game the Freshmen worked hard, but the combination, which characterized the playing of their opponents, was lacking in the '06 team.

More important than these was the game in Wolfville Rink on Monday evening, February 8th between Acadia and Dalhousie Law School. The visiting team arrived by the 6.30 train and were noisily welcomed at the station by Acadia. By 8 o'clock the hour announced for the game—upwards of three hundred spectators had arranged themselves around the promenade, eagerly awaiting the struggle. Owing to some differences regarding the selection of a referee the game was unavoidably delayed. The matter was finally settled to the entire satisfaction of both parties by the choice of Dr. Jacques, Canning for the team lined up as follows:

<i>Acadia</i>	}	Goal Point C. Point Centre Rover R. Wing L. Wing	}	<i>Dal. Law</i> Corey Graham Carney Dickey (Capt) Trites MacGilloary Eager
Bates				
H. DeWitt				
Curry				
MacIntyre				
A. DeWitt				
Dexter (Capt)				
Christie				

The game had not been in progress three minutes when Christie by a skilful dash succeeded in scoring for Acadia. This was soon followed by a second goal and it now looked as though the game were going to be too one-sided to arouse much excitement. During the first half Acadia had the advantage of the play, keeping the puck most of the time in her opponent's territory. At half time the score stood 6-1 in favor of Acadia. At the beginning of the second half the Law team gave promise of a more interesting game, yet Acadia again outplayed them adding four goals to her score, while they secured one at close of game the score stood 10-2—Acadia victor,—The sympathizers on the promenade nobly supported the work of Acadia's team on the ice. The game throughout was clean and was characterized by the best of good feeling between the contestants. After the game both teams repaired to the Acadia Villa where an oyster supper awaited them, and where an hour was very pleasantly spent.

On the morning of Friday, February 12th the team which had lined up against Dal. Law School, accompanied by two "rooters" left for Yarmouth. After a long and uninteresting journey the boys were met by members of the Yarmouth club and driven to the hotel. When they had dined and amply rested they were taken to the rink and at 8.15 the game began. Acadia was at first considerably embarrassed by the strangeness of the rink, particularly as a number of posts supporting the structure are placed in the ice on either side. The advantage of the play during the first half was decidedly with Yarmouth, they succeeding in scoring three goals all of them on individual plays. Acadia was generally on the defensive although one goal was placed to her credit. The second half was much more interesting as well as more evenly contested. Acadia had become accustomed to the rink and really had the advantage of territory, but Yarmouth played a splendid defensive game and thus held her own. Each team scored one goal. At close of game the score stood 4-2 the victory with Yarmouth. The game was characterized by the entire absence of rough and unfair play and indeed in this as in other respects, the Yarmouth boys maintained their reputation of being real gentlemen and true sportsmen. This was further shown when after the game both teams met together around inviting tables. An enjoyable hour followed; the evening being concluded by sincere expressions of the mutual good will existing. On their return to Wolfville the team were certainly gratified at the warm reception given them at the station. Defeated or victorious Acadia is still Acadia.

The evening of Friday, February 5th was a memorable one to the Junior Class. It was the occasion of an "at home" given by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Elderkin in honor of their niece, Miss Bessie Elderkin—a member of that class. Notwithstanding the unusual severity of the weather the Juniors arrived safely and at a goodly hour. With conversation, progressive games, refreshments and college songs the evening passed all too rapidly. "The class yell" given with no little animation informally expressed the guests' warm appreciation of the kindness of host and hostess.



The people of Wolfville, especially those who are lovers of good music, enjoyed a treat on Friday evening, February 12th, when the

pupils of Acadia Seminary, under the instruction of Prof. Maxim gave a pianoforte recital in College Hall. Owing to other attractions of the same evening the attendance was not so large as could be desired nor as so excellent an entertainment merited. The programme consisting of nine numbers was carried out in a highly creditable manner. Such musical entertainments are worthy of the appreciation and patronage of all and particularly of the students; many of whom on this as on former occasions were conspicuous by their absence.



On St. Valentine's Eve., February 13th, Professor and Mrs. Haley were at home to the members of the Senior Class. Very appropriately the evening was begun by an interchange of valentines among the guests. Then followed several interesting games specially suited to the occasion. Of these a 'search of hearts' in which all were quite successful, proved the most interesting. Prizes were awarded to those winning the greatest number of points in the different games. After refreshments this novel and delightful evening was brought to a close by the singing of college songs in which all very heartily joined.



The long awaited H. C. A. reception was held on the evening of Friday, February 19th. As the Hall has recently been repainted the usual profusion of decorations was lacking; yet with the aid of furniture, rugs, and Chinese lanterns the room presented a neat and attractive appearance. Owing to the prevalence of 'grip' in the three institutions the attendance was not large. The first half hour was spent in securing names to correspond to the numbers on the topic card. After this all were left to provide their own entertainment. To what extent they succeeded, we are unable to say; yet judging by the cheerful atmosphere that prevailed throughout the evening we have no hesitation in affirming that the reception was an event of much pleasure to all concerned.



Unfortunately the night of meeting of Athenæum Society happens to be "Rink Night," and too many of our members allow the

latter to occupy the more important place in their attention. Yet during the past month our meetings have shown signs of a more vigorous life. The efforts of the officers and committees have met with a more generous response from the members. Inter class debates have been instituted and have been the means of arousing increased interest in debating. The first of these inter class debates took place on Saturday evening, February 20th. The question under discussion was "Resolved that the present system of teaching in our public schools is not such as to give the average pupil a knowledge of the real principles of successful living" Appellants, Sophomores; Respondents, Seniors. The Sophomores were represented by Messrs. Porter, Carmichael and Bancroft while Messrs Jones, Baker and Cunningham constituted the senior team. The discussion was most interesting, each side advancing forcible argument in favor of their view. The manner of delivery also was excellent; the only criticism we venture to offer being the too extensive use of manuscript in some instances. However this is a defect that will soon disappear with more practice. After due deliberation the judges decided that the debate had been won by the Sophomores. At the close of the discussion Dr. Keirstead, who was present by invitation, gave some very practical and significant suggestions on the best methods of debating. From his large knowledge and wide experience the Doctor knows whereof he speaks.



ED. NOTE—We are sorry that the ATHENÆUM is so late in appearing this month, but owing to an unfortunate accident at our printing house, the delay was unavoidable. We hope to get out the remaining issues of this year on time.

Cribbed and Coined

OBSERVATIONS.

Look before you sleep
 Many are called, but few get up.
 A lie in time saves nine.
 Fools rush in and win where angels fear to tread.
 Where there's a will, there's a law suit.
 The silence which is golden is that which we have
 during study hours.—*O. A. C. Review.*

Thirty years ago it was thought the Homeric poems could not have been written down till the 7th century B. C., for the simple reason that writing was not known to the Greeks till then. Whatever may be the date of the first writing down of the Homeric poems, it is now as certain as ocular demonstration can make it that long before these poems were composed the inhabitants of the Aegean Islands and coasts, had among other gifts of civilization a highly developed system of writing. It is becoming increasingly probable that the Phoenicians got the alphabet from the Aegean people now represented to us by the Minoan civilization of Crete.

—*Oxford Magazine.*

There was a crowd, as there were three—
 The girl, the parlor lamp, and he;
 Two is a company, so, no doubt
 That's why the parlor lamp went out.

—*McMaster Monthly.*

A learned clergyman was thus accosted by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college I presume?" "Yes sir," was the answer. "I am thankful," said the other, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "happened in Balaam's time!"—*Ex.*

I want to be an angel,
 And with the angels stand,
 Smelling sulphur in a tube,
 And a blowpipe in my hand.—*The Inferno.*

We are told that in Chicago the form of leap-year proposals is like this: "John, dear, will you get your next divorce from me?"—*Ex.*

When young Lochinvar rode out from the West,
 He claimed that his automobile was the best:
 It was painted dark red and it brilliantly shone,
 He went like a streak and he rode all alone:
 He shot over ruts with a zip and a jar,
 And the people fled madly from young Lochinvar.

With a whirl of his wheels and a hum of his cogs,
 He knocked down the children and ran over dogs;
 He frightened the horses and laughed at their pranks,
 And men who got angry he looked on as cranks;
 He gave her the very last notch on the bar,
 And a cloud of dust followed the gay Lochinvar.

He stayed not at bridges, he stopped not for stone;
 He calmly took all of the roads as his own,
 Till he came to a crossing and smashed through a gate,
 And endeavored to butt thro' a trainload of freight—
 They searched, and at last lying under a car,
 They found a few chunks of the bold Lochinvar.

The lady sat waiting to hear the loud hum
 That would tell her the gallant had finally come,
 But she waited with sighs and she waited in vain:
 Those car wheels had many a sickening stain,
 And to show you how pitiless some people are,
 They said it was good for the young Lochinvar.

—*St. John's Collegian*

"See here," said the poet to the Editor, "that check you sent me for my poem is no good." "Neither is the poem," answered the Editor. "Please close the door."—*Ex.*

One moonlit night some time ago,
 Four bashful youths resolved to go
 For a snowshoe tramp with maidens four,
 "Co-eds" in short, in college lore—
 The Sems, compelled such sport to miss,
 Saw they the like
 that left Sem this

Once out of sight behind the hills,
 In spite of fences, ditch, and spills,
 Their shyness vanished, and they tried
 To walk together, side by side,
 Each with a maid, and thought it bliss
 To walk quite close in twos like this.

Down one steep hill they tried a race,
 The leader set a frightful pace,
 The others followed—all was well
 Till crash! he tripped, and headlong fell
 The sparkling, frosty snow to kiss,
 Then they were allmixeduplikethis!

With apologies to a coasting poem
 in the *McGill Outlook*.

Together they floated onward,
 Free from troubles and cares,
 All is sunk in a perfect trust,
 The whole wide world is their's.

Have we a youth with a maiden fair?
 No, hardly, that—you see
 Merely some bloated billionaires
 A-floating a company.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

“Much Ado About Nothing.”

“For my part, getting up seems not so easy
By half, as lying.”—HOOD.

Mine hair!



PRACTISING FOR THE BIG GAME.

Str—g: Did you bring the puck with you, H—wl—t?

H—wl—t: No, but I brought a ball of yarn, won't that do?



He (at a Sunday night's sing): “What shall we sing?”

She: “Take me as I am.”

He then realized it was leap year, and fainted.



The Freshman *Infantry* have lately been parading to the photographers for their class picture.



Laundryman: “Mr. B—rry, I must charge you double for your shirts.”

B—rry: “Why, what's the matter now?”

Laundryman: “Well, I don't mind washing for an ordinary man, but I must draw the line on circus tents.”



Puzzle: Find the Junior who paid for the team which the class girls used on that “*cold* night.”



P—yz—t: (Soliloquizing after waiting an hour at the reception room for his young lady to put in her appearance) “They also serve who only *sit* and wait.”



1st Sophette (plugging): Well, what's Milton done anyway?

2nd “ : I should think Miss St—rns would be able to give you all the information you need.



Enquirer,—“What are you studying in Latin?”

Freshette,—“Caesar's Pro Archia.”

When first that Harry went to pay
 His weekly call across the way
 To hide him from their naughty eyes,
 An easel could but scarce suffice ;
 Or the piano.

But if these visits as we're told,
 Are not enough ; and in the cold
 He marches every afternoon
 'Twill be a *Wedding March* next June
 For the Soprano ;
 On the piano.



The *Sergeant* of the Sem ranks (to companion): "I wonder why all the College boys look at me so much. Whenever I sigh they sigh, and whenever I smile they smile."



D-n-m (blowing loudly): "Ah, I got a cold in my head, don' chu know."

Fair sympathizer: "Well if you have *anything* there it must be a cold."

D-n-m (sweetly): "It would seem so."



C-rr (reading newspaper): "I read here that the bridge at Montreal is a *cantilever* one."

H-r-s (looking wistfully over toward the Sem): "The question that troubles me most now is, 'How much longer *can I leave her?*'"



B-k-r in Athenaeum—Hair on end and arms thrown wildly into the air—"Canada is a loyal *son* of the Empire, and as such, she should contribute *her* share towards *its* defence."



Tr-v-s,—What causes the green color in this liquid Professor?

Prof. H-y-ck, (Smiling): The green shade is probably due to reflection Mr. Tr-v-s.



Ad-ms, (at reception to Sem.) Will you have the pleasure of this topic with me?

C-pp the Scientist (sitting on the stairs): "Does any of you fellows know what the octrapleroscope is?"

D-n-m, the Dictionary Digester, : "Such an implement is utterly incomprehensible to a mental faculty not innately endowed with archetypes peculiar to astrology."

C-pp: "Well mister, let me explain it ter you. Them German Scientists found that drops of water fall through the ether at the rate of,—"

But the great speech was never finished, for just then a large pitcher of water was overturned on the Scientist's head, and the meeting adjourned.



At the hockey match between the 2nd Senior and 2nd Junior teams, it was conclusively proven that Hockey is to be numbered among the sedentary occupations.



We are pleased to announce the publication of a book by one of our undergraduates Mr. Ad-ms. It is entitled: "Stars and how to see them, or Astronomical Figure Skating."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

V. L. Denton \$1.00; Miss Edich W. Spurden \$1.00. Wm. Regan \$2.50; J. M. Shaw \$1.00; Acadia Seminary \$6.00; J. W. Wallace \$1.00; J. D. Chambers \$3.50; W. J. Balcom \$1.72; Dr. Dickey \$2.00; Miss E. S. Colwell \$3.00; J. M. Simpson \$1.00; S. G. Weaver \$1.00; E. S. M. Eaton \$1.00; Judson Kempton \$1.00; Miss Laura Kenney 50c.; Extra Copies 70c.

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