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November,  
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## The Acadia Athenaeum

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# The Acadia Athenaeum

VOL. XLI.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 1.

## Pan-Germanism.

Since Teutons first united  
'Neath Bismarck's iron hand;  
Since Prussia became leader,  
Of that warlike German band;  
Since Wilhelm has been Kaiser,  
Teuton visions have been grand,—  
For Pan-Germanic visions  
Have swept throughout the land.

The Germans have worked slowly,  
They've worked exceeding sure,  
They've traded with all nations,  
Competitors are "sore,"  
Their science has worked wonders,  
Their culture even more,—  
Hence Pan-Germanic visions  
They're having by the score.

With all their wealth and science,  
Their culture, and their ease,  
They've multiplied so quickly  
That everyone agrees  
They can't reduce their pressure  
Without more colonies,—  
Thus Pan-Germanic visions  
Arouse their ecstasies.

Thus hope for German future  
Has brightened Teuton skies;  
Thus love of home and country  
Urged on the German spies,  
And sent them all thru Europe,  
Thru England, in disguise,—  
For Pan-Germanic visions  
Were dazzling their eyes.

To them are due the crisis  
Of recent years, and war  
Has barely been averted  
When Teutons sought to score  
On Slav, and Gaul, and Saxon,  
Thru Turk, and Moor, and Boer,—  
These Pan-Germanic visions  
Have proved an awful lure.

But now concealment's vanished,  
Exposed is Teuton lust  
Of power and of Empire,  
For broken lies their trust,  
As tore they "scraps of paper,"  
Broke civilization's crust,—  
So Pan-Germanic visions,  
Shall crumble into dust.

The world's arrayed against them,  
Who think that "might is right,"  
A conflict now is raging,  
Whose end's not yet in sight;  
But Slav, and Gaul, and Saxon  
Won't weary of the fight,—  
Till Pan-Germanic visions,  
Have faded into night.

A. W. ROGERS, '15.



## The Place of the Church in Modern Life.

---

Is there any place in the modern world for the Christian Church? There are those who tell us that organized religion has neither the place nor the prestige that it once had. Some make bold to say that the church will play no part in the life of the future. Is that so? If not, why not? High sounding phrases about the origin of the Church do not answer the question. Pious platitudes fall unheeded upon the ears of the man in earnest for a day of righteousness and brotherhood among men. We must answer the question fairly. But, surely, there is no reason why we should fear to do so. No man is so great an enemy to the cause of the Church as the man who fails in fairness and frankness. The Church stands for truth, and nothing can be done against the truth, save the refusing to receive it. "The real problem," says an English writer, "centers in this question: Has the Church any distinctive function and mission great enough to justify its existence, and insure its success?" I believe profoundly that it has.

### THREE TASKS.

There are three distinctive tasks, so it seems to me, that give to the Church a very definite mission in the modern world. One is the task of interpreting the religious aspirations of the age, not in the terms of past religious experience and ancient theological formulas, but in the terms of modern knowledge and present-day life. Another is the task of interpreting the facts of life and its events in the light of spiritual vision and experience, the task of showing that a great spiritual purpose embraces all life, that all things have their deeper spiritual meaning and nature. The third, is the task of applying to the practical problems of life, the principles of this higher spiritualism and the ethics of the Galilean Carpenter. It is the task of the Church to assure men in spite of every vicissitude of life that there is, "One God, one law, one element, and one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves;" that there is a purpose to be achieved in every life that can never be defeated, and a power on the side of right, that can never be over-thrown. To me it seems

that the need of the modern world offers to the Church a grander opportunity than it has ever known to take its true place in the world's life. We can never do without the Church until all creation knows in fact, the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.

#### NEEDED — A NEW SPIRIT.

The modern world is beginning to recognize the need of a new social order; and the best men who are laboring to bring it about, recognize also the need of a new social spirit, a new social dynamic, a new spiritual principle for the personal life. Such a principle, such a dynamic, such a spirit can be found no where else, but in the life, and person, and Gospel, of Him who speaks with authority to every honest heart. The world of the future, with its new and more ideal social order, will need a new and more ideal manhood to sustain it, and even to make possible its bringing in. This is the opportunity of the Church. Is there not a need in such an age as this for some clear-sighted authority that has seen manhood at its best and caught a glimpse of its ideal possibilities to stand forth and declare with unflinching courage, how false the world's present estimate of life and manhood is? Is it not the task of the Church to set over against the mean and unworthy conception of manhood upon which the present order of things is built up, that pure and perfect picture of manhood, immortalized for us in the name of Jesus? Is it not the task of the Church today to up-lift before the people in the great struggle for economic freedom which is already upon us, the Christ ideal of duty and manhood and the cross of love and sacrifice? Today the world is waiting for someone to speak with authority and release it from the curse of militarism.

#### A NEW CRUSADE.

The Church must turn away from its dogmatic system-building and creed-shaping to the practical service of mankind. The Church is doing this more rapidly than her critics know. There is no place for the Church in the modern life, unless it is prepared to show the most active and whole-hearted sympathy with men in the actual struggles of this present life. The Church must cease to be satisfied with a tolerated place in life, and must itself take up the note of



challenge in the aggressive spirit of the old Crusaders. The Church at the present time is, unfortunately, only too often suggestive of a convalescent home, where incurably pious sentimentalists are nursed and coddled and where the minister, in too many cases, adopts the attitude of a doctor studying the whims of his best paying patients. The Church we need is one which suggests to the mind an ancient fortress, from which stream forth the soldiers of the cross in a crusade against darkness, oppression, and wrong, and which, while it finds shelter for the aged and the lame, provides also a place where swords may be sharpened and armour burnished, the center of an army fighting for truth and right, and scorning all compromise with evil. The place of such a Church will never be questioned for a moment in any world, and beneath its banner it should be possible to rally all who are to make the world greater and better. This is the challenge that every vital Church brings to the manhood and the womanhood of today.

E. LEROY DAKIN, '02.

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#### ALONG THE ROAD.

I walked a mile with Pleasure,  
She chattered all the way,  
But left me none the wiser  
For all she had to say.  
I walked a mile with Sorrow  
And ne'er a word said she;  
But oh the things I learned from her  
When Sorrow walked with me!

—R. B. Hamilton, in the *Century*.

## The Avenger.

---

If you were to go to a certain spot on the eastern coast of England, you would find a secluded nook, greatly enhanced by a little landlocked harbor, connected with the sea by a narrow passageway and surrounded on all sides by jagged, towering cliffs.

One evening, many years ago, shortly before sunset, a lad emerged from the forest at the back of this cove and climbed nimbly to the top of the highest cliff, from whence he gazed anxiously over the surface of the water.

Although his features gave evidence that he was not over fifteen years of age, his body was lithe and strong. His flaxen hair indicated his Saxon origin. His coarse clothing and uncovered feet told plainly that he belonged to the peasant class.

"Father's late," said the boy at last to himself. "He should have been here two days ago. He never did stay later than Wednesday night."

Then as he turned his eyes once more toward the eastern horizon, something caught his attention.

"Comin' at last," muttered the boy. "But what has kept him so long?"

Immediately he disappeared into the forest, from whence he returned a moment later with a bundle of dry sticks and a handful of moss. After skilful application of flint and steel, the moss finally burst into flame. From time to time he added fresh fuel to the fire.

When at last the vessel appeared at the mouth of the harbor, the boy with almost foolhardy dexterity scrambled down over the cliff and appeared at the landing place just in time to moor the vessel.

"Why, father!" exclaimed the boy, "what has kept you so long?"

"Ah, Jack, my boy, we've had bad luck," replied the father. "Arthur broke his arm in the storm. We had to stop in Holland until his arm was bandaged."

"Where is he now?" asked the boy. "You didn't leave him in Holland, did you?"

"No," replied the father. "He's down in the cabin. He's suffered terrible today, but he's asleep now. I'll go down and wake him."



As Jack gazed upon his brother, a tear stole down his cheek, but he brushed it aside.

"Never mind, Artie," said Jack, "you'll soon be out again."

"Boys," interrupted the father, "mother will be anxious about us. Let's go home at once."

A quarter of an hour's walk brought them to a little cottage, one room of which was dimly lighted by a tallow candle. As they entered, a middle aged woman, now busily preparing the evening meal, greeted them.

"Why! what's happened to you?" exclaimed the mother, glancing at Arthur's bandaged arm.

"I broke it, mother, in the storm", replied Arthur. "The main boom broke it and nearly knocked me overboard. Is supper ready, mother?"

When at last supper was over, the father, according to the tradition of the smugglers, told the story of the trip. After he had concluded, he turned to Jack and said:

"Jack, you'll have to go with me next time, Arthur is not able to do anything."

"No, father," replied Jack, "I can't go. It is wrong to smuggle."

"What!" exclaimed the father in surprise, "would you stay at home all your life? I've got to work and you've got to work too. We've got to smuggle or starve. If you won't help me, you can pack up your things and get out."

"I'll not go to Holland, father," replied Jack.

The next morning, after a sad farewell, Jack shouldered a meagre bundle and started for the nearest town. As he wandered down the pathway in deep meditation, his mind went back over his happy boyhood. All had been bright and pleasing, but now he was leaving behind all the friends and associations of home to face a cruel world. For a moment he hesitated. Should he go back, and do what his father had asked? What difference did it make, anyway? But no, he had started to do the right and he was going to do it.

After a long weary tramp, Jack arrived at his destination, where he immediately began his search for work. Hour after hour he walked around the town in the rain. No one wanted a ragged, barefoot boy. At last, in discouragement he left the town behind and sought out a haystack in the country, where he spent the night.

When Jack awoke, the morning sun was shining brightly in his face. After he had satisfied his hunger, by means of some coarse

bread from his bundle, he resumed his journey. He determined to try his luck in the next town.

For a whole week Jack tramped on in this way, but without success. At last, hungry, footsore, and tired, he arrived at a seaport town, where he learned that an admiral had recently arrived with a ship in search of recruits for the navy. Jack made no delay in enlisting. He realized that the life of a sailor was a hard one, but after all he knew that anything was better than the experiences of the past week.

Slowly, yet surely, step by step, Jack, by industry and faithfulness raised himself from his position as a common sailor. While the other sailors had chatted and gambled in their leisure hours, Jack had spent his in study. Thus he had soon obtained an accurate knowledge of seamanship. At last his labors were rewarded, when the admiral gave him command of a small ship, chartered to the northern seas in search of smugglers.

Day after day, the sailors, under Jack's command, explored every bay and harbor, in search of mysterious craft and contraband goods. Although much goods had been seized, none of the offenders had been captured.

One morning, before daybreak, Jack anchored his ship in a little harbor and, accompanied by a body of sailors, started overland.

After a few hours march, Jack halted his men in a wood and advanced to the top of a cliff, which overlooked a small harbor. As he stood there, his mind went back to his boyhood days; for this was the same cliff on which he was accustomed to build the fires, which lighted his father into the harbor.

"Poor father," muttered Jack, "I wonder whether he still goes to Holland? The king has sent me and I must do my duty."

Toward evening, a small vessel appeared on the horizon and a few hours later entered the harbor. Scarcely had she struck the landing place, when a band of marines sprang on board and secured the sailors. Jack's father and brother did not recognize in him the son and brother who used to light them into the harbor. When, finally, the prisoners and cargo had been secured, Jack revealed his identity.

"Ah, Jack," said the father bitterly, "I did you wrong when I drove you away from home, but you've got your revenge now."

"No, father," replied Jack, "it is not revenge, I am the king's officer and I must do my duty."



"Ah, no!" replied the father, "you think you can deceive your poor old father. It's the way of the world. Get even if you can."

"Arthur," said Jack, "I have not heard from you for a year. How is mother?"

"Mother's dead," replied Arthur sadly. "She died a few months ago. Ever since you left, she has not been the same. It broke her heart, Jack."

A few weeks later Jack returned to port, with his prisoners and goods. One evening, the admiral summoned him to come to his quarters. "Jack," said he, when they had at last settled down to business, "you did good work on your first trip. You captured two of the most troublesome smugglers on our coast. The king has learned of this and tells me that he is proud of you. It is my privilege to offer you the command of a larger vessel, and this letter of congratulation from his majesty himself."

"Sir," said Jack, "there is something I desire more than this command. I want to see my brother and father set free. You have great influence with the king, perhaps you could intercede for them."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the admiral.

"I mean," returned Jack, "that the two pirates which I captured are my father and brother."

"Jack, my man," said the admiral, "you have nobly done your duty. You have placed the king's command ahead of your own will. I am sure his majesty, when he hears of this, will grant your request."

One morning, Jack called at the prison to see his father and brother.

"Father," said Jack eagerly, "I have good news. The king has granted freedom to you on condition that you leave the country within thirty days."

"Forgive me, Jack," said the father, "I see now that you did not do it to hurt me. I have been cruel, Jack."

"Never mind, father, it's all over now. But I have something else to tell you. My term of enlistment in the navy expires next week, I am going to take you and Arthur to Canada, where we can be together once more, and make a new start to do what's right. We shall prove that you and Arthur are still loyal subjects of the king."

J. S. MILLETT, '16.

## Content.

What if the way ahead be overgrown,  
 A maze of tangled brier and thorn?  
 What if the trail be all obscured, unknown,  
 That other feet have worn?  
 Have you not asked the Guide? Has e'er the past belied  
 His promise? You are trusting Him;  
 Press on; fear not; whatever path you take  
     *Must* be the best!  
 The choice is yours, 'tis true, choose carefully —  
 A future is at stake — and prayerfully;  
 But when that choice is made,  
     To Him the rest!

The backward way, the way by which you came,  
 Seems it as though a traveler there  
 You wandered, fretful, discontent,— your aim  
     To find some path more fair?  
 That road, you say, was long, uncharted, weary, wrong,  
 And crossed by pain; the shadows there  
 Obscured the soul's true purpose, buried faith  
     In deepest night.—  
 But wait! You ventured not ere you had prayed  
 The guidance of His grace? You sought His aid,  
 His hand? Then spurn regret,  
     *That* path was right!

What if the cruel years have dimmed the gleam;  
 If Life's one pearl lies lustreless;  
 The joy in that which was, or might have been,  
     Forever laid to rest?  
 If Earth from Heaven seems far; the World a lonely bar  
 Where breaks the surf of Life's wild sea —  
 Cold, heartless sea, whose greed knows no return  
     Of all it takes?  
 Be still; be calm; eyes see where yours do not;  
 Some plan o'errules; some Mind transcends your thought;  
     On earth, in heaven, somewhere.  
     God compensates!

“J. G.”



## Their's But to Do, and Die.

---

At last he was on his way. The sharp, high note of his motor's exhaust seemed to blot out every other sound, as his speedy Bleriot monoplane, circling ever upward, sought the heights above. He felt himself to be alone in the world, the sole human survivor of the universe. Below lay a heavy bank of fog, shutting out the valley beneath, deadening all sound. Overhead, the sun shone brightly, but failed to instil any warmth into the air, whose penetrating chill was already beginning to creep into his very bones. He seemed isolated, marooned in space. But was he? His eager eyes, piercing intensely through his goggles, caught a glimpse for a moment of a long, white, cigar-shaped craft fast vanishing over the Western horizon. It was the Zeppelin.

An hour before, he had been behind the lines of the Allies. Six miles to the North a fierce artillery duel had raged across the valley. The thunder of the big guns had come, muffled, to his ears, as he had superintended the preparation of his Bleriot for a reconnoitring flight over the ranks of the enemy. To his left, across the road, was the field hospital. Constant streams of motors sped back and forth from the firing line, bringing back the wounded, and returning with ammunition. Red Cross nurses were hurrying here and there, easing the pain of one, or dressing the wounds of another, while a surgeon, bending over a sufferer, made preparations for an operation that might save his life.

Suddenly, above the roar of cannon, had come an awful deafening detonation, which, though deadened by distance, had pained his ear-drums by its violence. Another nearer, followed by minor explosions, had told him of an explosion in the artillery park, where much ammunition was stored. Then, overhead, he had glimpsed the long, lean, aircraft responsible for it all. Travelling at high speed, the Zeppelin had seemed to hover for an instant above the hospital. A dot, growing ever larger, had detached itself, then — chaos. When next he had looked, the field hospital had vanished.

In the momentary silence, his telephone had rung. "That you, LeBlanc?" had come the crisp tones of the Division Commander.

"Yes sir," he had answered. "Zeppelin — destroyed three batteries—half our ammunition — has valuable information.— Must not get away.—Understand?—Get her!" Then connection was cut off. There was no chance to tell of the hospital, or that the only remaining aeroplane was not equipped for offence. His duty, however, was clear, the Zeppelin must not get away.

His weather-tanned face had paled for a moment, as he realized the import of his superior's order, but he had not faltered. As he had walked over to his monoplane, he had held his eyes averted from the ruined hospital. It was no use. The groans of the wounded had filled his ears, and excluded all other sounds. His lips had tightened, these would not suffer in vain. Once more he had inspected his machine, then he had climbed aboard, started the motor, and here he was.

The Zeppelin was fast, capable of sixty miles an hour, the high wind favoured her immensely. That did not deter LeBlanc. He alone knew the capability of his little Bleriot racer, with which he had won so many contests before giving it and himself to the service of his country. He had often travelled at a dizzy pace, reaching a hundred miles an hour, and now, the wind was in his favor too.

Higher and higher he climbed, till the rarefied air chilled his lungs with every breath. Still upward he rose, for his attack must be from above. Then he brought his machine to a level, and as the powerful engine felt the opened throttle, the rapid-fire of the exhaust merged into a continuous roar. Distance seemed to melt before him. A strange exultation took possession of him. No longer was he of the "earth, earthly," but a creature of the air. What had he to fear?

The Zeppelin, unconscious of pursuit, continued along the Allied lines, leaving destruction in its wake — an instrument of death. Suddenly, as the roar of another bomb explosion died away, a lookout saw the Bleriot, far in the distance, sweeping like an avenging Nemesis upon its foe. The Germans had valuable information; return was imperative; they must be content with the havoc they had wrought. Like some giant liner the leviathan of the air majestically changed her course. Her pointed prow turned Northward; her mighty engines urged her on, for only behind the German lines lay safety. The wind was on her quarter now, so her course was shaped a few points to the East for allowance. At her highest speed, the Zeppelin fled through the air.



LeBlanc, far in the distance, saw her action, and sensed her purpose. He, too, changed his course and, flying with undiminished velocity, he sped across the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, as it were, to intercept his foe.

Nearer and nearer drew the two. The Bleriot working perfectly, seemed to sound a note of warning from the roar of her exhaust. Soon the lines of travel met, but the Zeppelin, a thousand feet below, soon realized her peril. A cloud-bank lay ahead, and into it she plunged, followed by her daring pursuer. Fearful that she would elude him in that vaporous mist, LeBlanc set his teeth, and urged his machine on over the German lines. Then the clouds parted. Below him lay a city of tents, gleaming white in the sunlight. As suddenly as it came, his view was cut off, his attention distracted, for there, not five hundred feet beneath him, sped the giant air craft he sought.

LeBlanc, breathing a prayer, became transformed. A glow transfused his body. Through his mind ran a verse of an English poem:—

“Their’s not to reason why,  
Their’s but to do, and die!”

Yes, he would die for his country, die in doing his duty. Then, as the thought seized him, he tilted the rudder, and the Bleriot shot downward in its last, noble dive to death.

The machine-guns of the Zeppelin could not stop that bolt from the blue. Unswerving, unfaltering in its course, the aeroplane fell upon the dirigible. Then, high above the roar of motors and rapid-firers sounded the last wild war cry of a man about to die for his country. “Vive la France!” It rang in the ears of the Germans, but even as they heard it, the crash came. A terrific explosion rent the air. Then from the heights, a blackened mass of tangled wreckage fell upon the German camp below. LeBlanc had fulfilled his orders. The Zeppelin had not got away.

A. W. ROGERS, '15.

### THE SONG SPIRIT.

Acadia men don't sing. We gather at the “Hall” before our games and practise songs, but at the game the girls sing the songs and the boys content themselves with yelling. Many of Acadia's old graduates have remarked that there is a certain spirit lacking

that was here years ago, the spirit of song. There was a time when Acadia men would sing on all occasions, on the slightest provocation; it was part of their life; sing they would, whenever they were afforded an opportunity; and this song spirit was carried to all parts of the country via steamboats and trains.

The times have changed, however, and today Acadia men are either quiet while travelling, or singing the popular songs of the day, while men from other institutions are singing their college songs, and infusing the college spirit into the hearts and minds of the young men and women with whom they come in contact.

We would be greatly surprised if we knew how many men and women were influenced in their choice of a college, by hearing students singing their college songs. The song spirit and the college spirit are very closely allied.

There are several reasons why this song spirit has been dying out at Acadia, but chief among them is the fact that we have a *poor Song-Book*. Some one may object to this criticism; but it is a peculiar trait of Acadia men to look defeats and defects squarely in the face, and seek to remedy them without dodging. It is a fact that we have a poor song book, very poor, compared with other colleges of Acadia's standard. The chief fault is in the music being written too high. Scarcely any of the songs as they are written in the book, can be sung by the average man and the college song-book is intended to reach the average man, not a chosen few who have a degree in music, or belong to the Glee Club. Many times are we put to shame when we place our book before someone to play Acadia songs, and then have to tell him to transpose the music so that we can sing it. This usually results in our book being shelved and another substituted for it, as soon as it can be done without injuring our feelings.

We need a new song-book, one containing not only more and later songs, but embracing the old ones, written so that we can sing them.

Let the classical song-book be placed upon a private shelf in the new library, and let us have a book from which we can sing, one that will stimulate the song spirit, so needful on the campus and in college life, one that we can hand to anyone and say with pride, "*This is our song-book.*"

S. W. STACKHOUSE, '16.



## On Agents.

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An agent, according to the popular view of him, may be defined as a travelling windbag, guaranteed to talk until he makes a sale, or has the dog sicked on him. People say, if he is a student, that he should be doing some real work, like their own, or if he is a man, that he is a rascal for sure. On his own assertion, an agent is a long-suffering human being, endeavoring to the best of his ability to persuade society that it cannot get along without the article he is endeavoring to bestow upon it, for a consideration.

As to physique, that of an agent may be anything — tall, short, thick, or thin — though the short fat man has an advantage in that his contact with mother earth will be much less painful if he gets the grand bounce. However, a pair of long, lanky legs, when actively agitated, will often prove of great assistance in the "get away."

The physiognomy of a salesman is likewise negligible, though a large mouth, capable of most expansive smiles, is a help, while a pair of magnetic eyes will often be of great assistance in landing the prospect.

In his mental make-up, besides a vivid imagination, an agent needs little, but nerve. Success demands the courage of conviction, and he who seeks it must not hesitate to address a man under any circumstances. This, coupled with the "gift of gab," will enable a man to do anything, and anybody.

But over and above these attributes, no one can expect to become a successful agent until he can turn a politician green with envy, with his ability to shake hands. This should be done in the most modern, and approved pump-handle manner, with an affectionate death grip on the other fellow's hand, a "delighted to meet you!" expression on the countenance, and deep designs upon the prospect's pocket-book. One must be able to spout for fifteen minutes, if necessary, talking hard and fast all the time; then, when the order book is produced, the victim will willingly do anything, even to signing his name, to get rid of that "derved talkin' machine."

Now that we have covered the traits, physical, mental, or otherwise, of the agent's make-up, let us delve for a time into some of the

phenomena exhibited *by* or *to* this parasitic specimen of the human race, in pursuance of his business. Let us consider the first sale, for instance. The budding agent thinks he has memorized his line of talk; he approaches his prospect with an easy, confident bearing, performs the hand-shake stunt, introduces himself, and begins. All goes well, for a time. The victim, seemingly hypnotized by the avaricious glare of his tormentor, says never a word, his silence becomes oppressive. Then, half scared by the sound of his own voice, the amateur forgets his piece, but he must not stop; so he starts over again. Soon he is badly muddled, but he sticks to it, and finally, in desperation, produces his order book requesting a signature, feeling sure that he will not get it. To his surprise, the victim is really victimized. He signs, and the agent, fearful he may change his mind, departs hurriedly. But his elation is suddenly crushed. The man couldn't have understood what was being said. Horrors! he must have signed to get rid of him!

Rural work is the most eventful. If a horse be used, and the agent be not accustomed to animals of that nature, many possibilities present themselves, such as hitching the beast backward, runaways, kicks, or breakages. On the whole, a bicycle is more satisfactory, though it, too, may bother a novice, and punctures are not to be sought after. Country canvassing furnishes unequalled opportunities for the study of animals. Bulls are sometimes encountered, but canines are most plentiful; indeed, every farm has a dog, which is usually a most capable brute. There is a generally accepted rule that dogs will be entirely harmless if one assumes toward them a dignified, fearless mien. The only fault with this rule is the undeniable fact that it has exceptions. Experience proves it. One cannot be dignified, with a dog trying to make mincemeat of one's lower extremities. A case in point might illuminate. An agent, who was also a cyclist, rode hopefully up a long lane to a farmhouse. As usual, a dog appeared. Evidently it was old, therefore harmless. Nevertheless the young chap assumed a dignified air of indifference, and thereby failed to note one ominous fact in the beast's behaviour. Though it bounded merrily to meet him, the animal failed to bark. It did the only other thing that could reasonably be expected of a member of the canine family, and the cyclist, pedalling steadily along, was painfully surprised to receive a nip in his calf. The brute's bite was worse than his bark. Action immediately ensued. Agent on one side,



dog on the other, the bike was wheeled around to the back door, the dog was punished, and in compensation the bitten one secured an order, then went in search of hydrogen peroxide.

Politeness, a word supposedly absent from an agent's vocabulary, serves well at times. A salesman once was seeking in vain to deliver an order. The man's mother was a tyrant, refusing to let him pay. After a lengthy and severe argument with the old lady, which increased in fervor, but was seemingly unproductive of results, he was about to depart, when the man's young wife dropped her scissors. The disappointed one picked them up, and returned them to her, whereupon she went to another room, got the money, and paid for the order. Evidently she not only appreciated the act, but the lecture to her tyrannical mother-in-law as well.

Optimism is a prime essential of an agent. If an order is lost, better luck next time. If it rains, there is a chance to go fishing. If his bicycle breaks, it's lucky he can carry it. If a dog bites him, it's a good thing it wasn't a bigger dog. If he gets kicked out of a house, the man's boots might have been heavier. If he falls into a puddle, it might have been a pond, and so on. The pessimist stands no chance. Wear the smile that won't come off, glue it on, and hustle. All things come to him who waits, but not if he's an agent. Remember, all ye who would embark upon the unknown sea of agency, that nobody loves you, you've got to work. Keep on the job, and things will come your way, be they boots, bricks, dogs, or orders, but don't dodge these last.

A. W. ROGERS, '15.



## THE MOOSE HUNTER.

Proudly through the hardwood thickets,  
Strides the monarch of the wild,—  
Head erect, and nostrils snorting,  
Antlers toss from side to side.

Now he stops in perfect silence;  
Listens; scents the atmosphere;  
Gazes keenly through the forest,  
Though an enemy were near.

Onward then he boldly plunges,  
To a clear and sparkling pool,  
Here he stops again to listen;  
Here he drinks the water cool.

Suddenly a sound familiar  
Breaks the silence of the morn,  
But — Oh cowardly deception —  
'Tis the hunter's birch-bark horn.

Then once more the call re-echoes;  
Long and low it strikes his ear.  
Still he hesitates a moment,  
Part in doubt and part in fear.

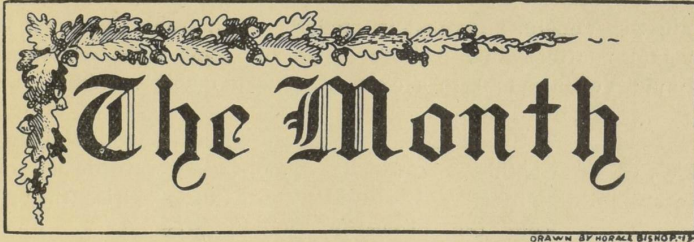
But with confidence returning,  
Out across the bog he strides;  
Boldly now he presses forward,  
And more quickly still he glides.

In alarm he stays his footsteps,—  
But, too late! The hunter's aim  
Finds the heart. He bravely rallies,  
Yet he struggles on in vain.

Now in agony he lashes,  
Now he gasps with feeble breath,  
All his happy days are over,  
See his eyes are still in death.

J. S. MILLETT, '16.





# The Month

DRAWN BY HORACE BISHOP, '15

Although the war has taken away some of our college boys, and indirectly has not permitted others to attend, yet Acadia enters upon her seventy-seventh year with an attendance nearly as large as usual. The first month has been largely taken up with football and social functions. However, all the time has not been thus occupied, for the enthusiasm and determination of the students in their studies seem greater than ever before. We feel confident that, in spite of the European war, this will be one of the most profitable years in Acadia's history.

**The New Buildings.** On our return, three new buildings, each nearly completed, greeted us; namely, the beautiful Henry R. Emerson memorial library, a pretty brick ladies' residence, and a brick residence for the college boys. These buildings will probably be completed before the new year. The ladies' residence is already partially occupied. These buildings are splendid testimonials to Acadia's progress.

**Y. M. C. A. Reception.** The first social function of the college year took place in College Hall, Friday evening, October 2nd, in the form of a very successful reception, given by the Y. M. C. A., for the benefit of new students. Speeches were given by Dr. Cutten, and by the presidents of the college societies. Mr. J. G. MacKay, '15, president of the Student's Council, emphasized, on behalf of the Council, the advisability of adopting the universal fee. The result was, that over

forty students paid the universal fee before the close of the reception. After the speeches, a new (?) feature of Y. M. C. A. receptions was introduced; namely, Gravenstein apples. Then came the usual inter-class games, after which college songs and class yells, including the Freshman Yell, brought to a close a very enjoyable evening.

The college Y. W. C. A. gave its annual reception to the new female students on Saturday evening, October 3rd. Besides the college girls, the guests were the professors' wives, Miss A. F. Freeman (librarian) and Mrs. (Dr.) Elliott (our former librarian). The first part of the evening was taken up with games. Miss Blanche Thomas and Miss Bessie Lockhart each gave a humorous reading. College songs and class yells followed. Then all formed in line and by a circuitous route marched to Randall's Hill. Here an old-fashioned "corn-boil" over a crackling bon-fire was enjoyed by everybody. More songs brought to a close what is declared by many of the girls, to be the best reception they ever attended.

As the "Personals" tell us, W. F. Gregg, president of the Sophomore Class, R. Acker, president of the Freshman Class, and H. H. Powell, '18, have started for the front. They expect to join the first contingent in England. On the eve of their departure, a reception was given in their honor by the Sophomores and the Freshmen. During the evening, the deep regret of all, upon losing three of Acadia's best men, found expression in the words of E. C. Leslie, '17, and O. M. Hirtle, '18, who gave short speeches. The best wishes of both students and professors follow them in their dangerous but patriotic undertaking.

The need of having a rink owned by the Acadia students, is being felt more clearly each year. Several mass meetings have been held in regard to this matter. Two proposals have been considered by the student body; first, that a new rink be built; secondly, that the town rink be purchased and necessary repairs be made. In either case, the students would contribute two thousand dollars or more; the Governors of the University have very generously agreed to lend



the remainder of the necessary amount. However, no decision has yet been arrived at. A rink is needed; a rink would pay; why not have one this year?

The Acadia Orchestral Club has begun the year with **The Orchestra.** splendid prospects. The membership exceeds that of last year. Miss Beatrice Langley, head of the Violin Department of Acadia Conservatory of Music, is again president and conductor. Miss Theresa Frantz, also of the Conservatory staff, is accompanist.

On October 16th, the Glee Club of Acadia was for the **The Glee Club.** first time organized as a regular college society.

Under the directorship of Professor McKee, of the Seminary staff, the club will meet every Thursday evening. The Glee Club came into prominence last spring, when it made a very successful trip through Nova Scotia and part of New Brunswick. Everywhere it was well received. We hope the Club will continue its splendid record.

**Y. M. C. A.** These societies seem to be growing in usefulness, year  
and by year. The Sunday morning services are not so  
**Y. W. C. A.** largely attended as they might be, but the Wednesday  
evening joint meetings of the two societies have been  
well attended. During the past month, these mid-week meetings  
have been led by Mr. E. A. Kinley, '15, president of the Y. M. C. A.;  
Mr. Clark, Dominion Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.; Mr. W. S. Ryder,  
'15, Mr. A. H. G. Mitchell, '16, and Dr. R. V. Jones.

**"Tully** At the Mt. Allison-Acadia football game, a new  
**Tavern."** feature of the side lines was the "Tavern" of the  
Co-eds. Hot coffee and cocoa and sandwiches were  
sold. The proceeds from this and other such func-  
tions that the Co-eds intend holding are for Y. W. C. A. work.  
This means of getting money is to take the place of the long and  
strenuous task of putting on a public play.

On the evening of October 22nd, the Athletic Asso-  
**The A. A. A. A.** ciation gave a reception for Mt. Allison students that  
**Reception.** were attending the Mt. Allison-Acadia football game.  
Unfortunately, most of the Mt. Allison boys had to  
go to Kentville before evening, and therefore not many of them were





In College Hall, on Saturday evening, October 24th, Professor N. C. Hannay delivered an excellent lecture **Lecture on** "The European War." The lecture was given under the auspices of the Athenaeum Society. The very large attendance attested the deep interest taken in the subject by both townspeople and students. Professor Hannay, who spent a part of his student life in Germany, and is, therefore, conversant with conditions in Germany, dealt mainly with the German side of the question.

After reviewing the underlying causes of Germany's greatness, the speaker dwelt on Germany's two great aspirations. These aspirations are: first, Germany's desire for colonies; secondly, her desire that her "*Kultur*," or her type of civilization, shall become the civilization of the world. These aspirations are legitimate. But Prussian militarism has decreed that Germany shall realize her aspirations by the power of the sword. This method is utterly opposed to our conception of right.

In closing, the speaker expressed his conviction that the enormous sacrifices that Great Britain is making to uphold her treaty obligations, and to protect her weak brother, Belgium, will not be in vain; right will prevail.

When the Seminary opened in September, in spite of the great European crisis, the total registration of resident pupils almost equalled the record of last year. Many of the old girls were back, and, at a reception Saturday evening, September 5th, gave the new girls a hearty welcome.

**Acadia Seminary.** The Y. W. C. A. of the Seminary has started another year's work with: Georgie Balcom, President; Bessie Rayner, Vice-President; Myrtle Ganong, Secretary; Myrtle Morse, Treasurer; and Jean Goucher, Recording Secretary. The first Sunday of each month is devoted to vesper service, led by Dr. DeWolfe, the fourth Sunday of the month to a missionary service. Our last one was led by Mr. Hill, returned missionary from South Africa.

The girls are already making plans for their Y. W. C. A. Fair, which is to take place the first part of next month.

**PIERIAN SOCIETY:** The Pierian Society in the Seminary has started its work for another year with Myrtle B. Ganong, '15, as president, and Alice A. Atkins, '15, as secretary.

The object of this Society is to instruct the girls along literary lines, and to familiarize them with the current events of the day.

FACULTY: There have been a few changes in the Faculty this year, Miss Allen succeeding Miss Jackson as a teacher of Mathematics, Miss Bailey having charge of the Art Department and Miss Gaines of the Elocution Department.

There has been a notable increase in the Music Department, the registration exceeding one hundred and eighty (180), which is the largest in the history of the school. Miss Brown, a former graduate of the Seminary, has taken the position of accompanist in the Voice Department.

ACADEMY RECEPTION: The first social function given by the Seminary was the "Academy Reception," which was held September 26th, in Alumnae Hall. The Hall as well as the class-rooms and corridor was prettily decorated. There was a large number present and we were glad to see the Faculty of both Seminary and Academy showing interest in our social gathering.

On Saturday evening, October 31st, Mrs. Rust gave the girls a Hallowe'en party, in the gymnasium, which was suitably decorated for the occasion. Refreshments were served, and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

<p>Acadia Collegiate Academy.</p>	<p>On September 2nd, the annual opening exercises of the Academy were held in the Chapel Room. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Cutten and Archibald, Professor Perry and Dr. G. O. Goucher, of St. Stephen.</p>
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Although the war has affected our attendance, the number of students is nearly up to the average. It is the aim of the students to make this the most profitable year in the history of the Academy.

The conversion of the Edward W. Young building into a dining hall has added greatly to the comfort of the students.

The following changes have been made in the staff: Mr. F. H. Chute has succeeded Mr. E. C. Leslie as teacher of French and English; Mr. Leslie is Latin instructor in place of Mr. G. B. Waldrop; Mr. C. B. Manzer has succeeded Mr. C. Easton in the Banking Department, and Mr. G. W. Blackadar has succeeded Mr. Lawson in Manual Training.



# The Acadia Athenaeum

VOL. XLI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1914.

No. 1.

W. S. RYDER, 1915, Editor-in-Chief.

A. H. G. MITCHELL, '16, Month.

A. W. ROGERS, '15, Exchanges.

J. W. MEISNER, '15, Personals.

MISS L. CHASE, '16, Humorettes.

I. C. DOTY, '15, Athletics.

C. A. S. HOWE, '15, Staff Artist.

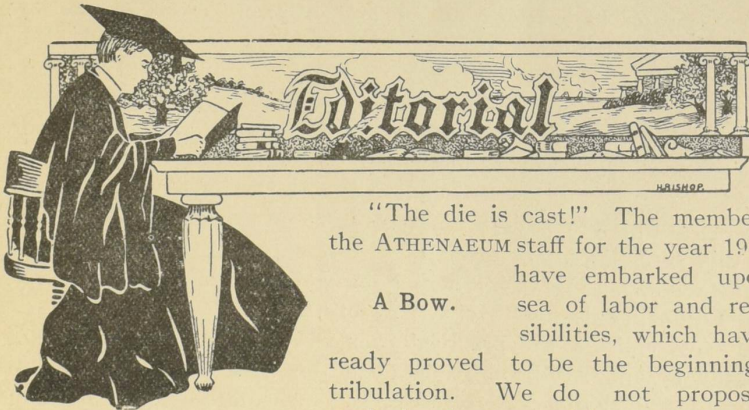
M. G. SAUNDERS, '16, Bus. Mgr.

H. F. LEWIS, '17, Circulating Mgr.

MISS A. A. ATKINS, Seminary.

C. WHITE, Academy.

A. P. WATSON, '17, and L. F. TITUS, '18, Assistants.



"The die is cast!" The members of the ATHENÆUM staff for the year 1914-15 have embarked upon a

**A Bow.**

sea of labor and responsibilities, which have already proved to be the beginnings of tribulation. We do not propose to apologize for our position. Apologies are

antiquated. With caution, and, we believe, with a fair sense of our obligation not only to the narrower, but also to the wider constituency of Acadia, we assume the duties of the editor's chair. Since service is the measure of true greatness and success, we shall attempt to justify our existence by endeavoring to serve our subscribers, and to let our actions speak more loudly than any verbal statement of our policy.

The support and co-operation, which we have already received from the present students of the Acadian institutions, give us encouragement. Our invitations and expectations for the first issue have been fairly well fulfilled, but as the new students become adapted to their surroundings, and the older ones regain their collegiate equilibrium, we do not hesitate to solicit and expect a considerable increase of competition in the various departments of the paper.

To Alumni and Alumnae, as well as to all others interested in Acadia, we should say, "*We also want to serve you.*" In order that we may do so, we ask for your co-operation. Send us news' items of every sort and description, so long as they would in any way engage the interest of the Acadian World. You could help us in a most practical and acceptable way by forwarding the price of your subscription as early as convenient. Over one hundred of our subscribers are in arrears. Undoubtedly, carelessness, in large part, accounts for this condition of affairs. At any rate, kindly remember that, especially during these times of financial stringency, we need sufficient means to produce an efficient college paper. A word to the wise is sufficient.

We greatly regret that, on account of sickness, Mrs. **Changes in** M. K. Ingraham (literary editor), and Mr. H. P. **Staff.** Davidson (athletic editor), have been compelled to resign. Both would have been worthy and capable

members of this year's staff. Mrs. Ingraham continues her college work this term; Mr. Davidson is at present in the Sanitarium in Kentville, N. S. Their editorships have been taken, respectively, by the Editor-in-chief and Mr. I. C. Doty, '15.

We have enlisted the practical consideration and co-operation of the Seminary and Academy students in the work of the ATHENÆUM this year, by including on our staff a representative from each of these schools. Miss A. A. Atkins has been chosen by the Seminary girls, and Mr. C. White, by the Academy boys.

**The War.** The war spirit finds expression in many parts of this issue. The poem on "Pan-Germanism" is especially enthusiastic. The Month and Personal Departments tell us how directly Acadia has been affected, and how nobly some of her sons have responded to the call of duty.



In the Month Department, reference is made to the **Universal Fee.** Universal Fee. For the enlightenment of outsiders, we may say that this is a new scheme, adopted this year, by which any student, by paying one fee to the Students' Council, may obtain active membership into his or her college societies, and become a regular subscriber to the college paper. Three dollars and fifty cents admit the young women to their societies and to subscription to the paper; five dollars, the young men to their societies, and to subscription to the paper. Thus far, practically all the young women, and over two-thirds of the young men, have co-operated in this new movement and paid in their respective fees. In this way, not only is much extra work saved but the ATHENÆUM and the different societies are greatly strengthened financially.

**Literary**  
**"A."**

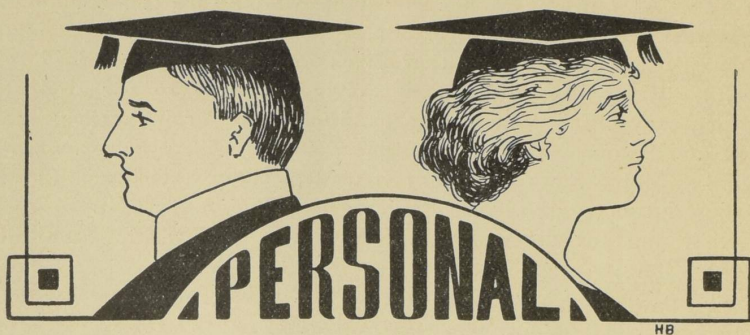
On account of the space and time devoted to this matter last year, we do not feel disposed to make further explanations in this department. For the benefit of the new students, however, and those whose pure minds should be stirred up by way of remembrance, we shall be glad to post adequate information upon the College Bulletin Board.

**Graduates.** We have pleasure in publishing an article, entitled "The Place of the Church in Modern Life," from the pen of the Rev. E. LeRoy Dakin, '02. Mr. Dakin, who is pastor of the Baptist Temple (an institutional church, open seven days of the week), Logansport, Indiana, has received one hundred and sixty-seven (167) members into his church since last February.

We should be pleased to receive such contributions as the above-named from any other graduates, who are now in "the wide, wide world."

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"Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
 Wishing for the war to cease;  
 Many are the hearts, looking for the right,  
 To see the dawn of peace."



'62 — Rev. Dr. S. B. Kempton, of Dartmouth, N. S., celebrated his eightieth birthday on November 3rd.

'87 — John B. Morgan has recently been appointed manager of the Great West Life Insurance Co., for Vancouver Island, with office at Victoria.— *Bulletin*.

'90 — Rev. N. A. MacNeil spent a few days in Wolfville at the beginning of the college year.

'91 — Rev. W. M. Smallman, of Bridgewater, N. S., who has been suffering from a severe illness, has recently gone to Boston for treatment.

'91 — Douglas B. Hemmeon has been visiting his parents in Wolfville.

'93 — John C. Chesley has recently been appointed agent for the Marine and Fisheries Department, with office at St. John, N. B.

'93 — Rev. H. H. Saunders has been spending his vacation with friends in Paradise and Wolfville, N. S.

'96 — Rev. Lyman N. Denton, at present pastor in Kansas City, Kansas, has been called to the pastorate of the Olivet Church, Montreal.

'97 — Rev. Arthur C. Archibald, pastor of the First Church, St. Joseph, Missouri, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Church, Lowell, Mass.

'98 — Rev. Charles W. Rose has begun his work as pastor of the Amherst Baptist Church.

'99 — Rev. Perry J. Stackhouse has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Utica, N. Y.



'03 — Mr. Laurie D. Cox has been appointed professor of landscape engineering at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y. He has already achieved marked success in his chosen profession.

'07 — Rev. J. D. Brehaut has recently concluded his work as pastor of the Digby Baptist Church, and is now taking post-graduate work at Rochester Theological Seminary.

'08 — M. R. Elliott, M.D., and Jean S. Haley, both of this class, were married September 23rd, and are residing in Wolfville.

'08 — Rev. Robert F. Allen, of Annapolis, has been called to the Chester Baptist Church.

'08 — John S. Bates, Ph.D., is Superintendent of the Forest Products' Laboratories in Montreal. Associated with him are: R. W. Sterns, '10, L. Seaman, '10, G. B. Page, '11, H. R. Haley, '13, J. G. McKinnon, '14.

'08 — K. C. Denton is teaching in High School, Montreal.

'10 — Chas. Dyas is teaching in High School, Montreal.

'10 — H. H. Mussels is teaching chemistry in Westmount High School.

'11 — W. A. Porter, who has been employed in engineering work on the Hudson Bay Railroad, is now at his home in Kentville.

'11 — Rev. J. D. Macleod has become pastor of the Paradise and Clarence churches.

'11 — Mary L. Starratt is teaching in Montreal.

'12 — J. E. Barss is in the employ of the Imperial Oil Co., Montreal.

'12 — A. K. Hermon, who graduated from Newton last Spring, and was recently ordained, is preaching at Milton, N. S.

'12 — Roy Balcolm is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

'12 — Rev. C. A. Britten, who spent a short vacation in the Provinces, is now taking a post-graduate course at Rochester Theological Seminary.

'12 — Austin Chute is teaching in Connecticut.

'12 — C. A. Dawson is studying post-graduate work at Chicago University.

'12 — H. H. Pineo has recently been admitted to the Bar, and is now practising law in Amherst, N. S.

'13 — Ross Eaton was married in September to Emma Oxner, of Chester Basin. Mr. Eaton is assistant pastor at Amherst.

'13 — P. S. Andrews, who has been employed in New Glasgow, is at present at his home in Middleton, N. S.

'13 — W. R. Crowell is teaching in Sydney.

'13 — Frank Chute is teaching at Acadia Collegiate Academy.

'13 — Harry P. Lockhart is teaching in the High School, Montreal.  
Address, c/o Central Y. M. C. A.

Ex. '15 — At Grand Pré on September 8th, Ayrton Johnson and Gladys Currie were married.

Ex. '15 — L. H. Cookson is connected with the Department of Public Works, Chatham, N. B.

Ex. '15 — L. M. Bleakney is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

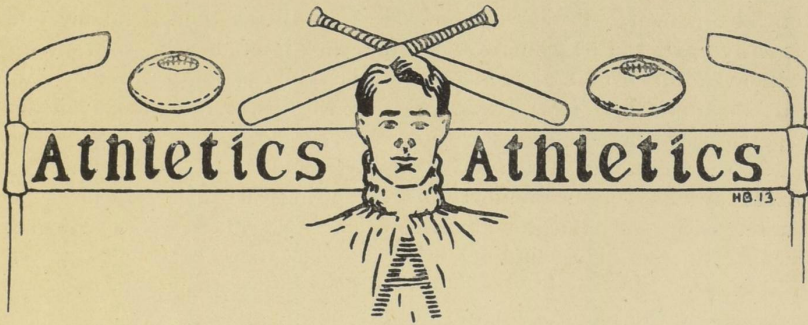
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### ACADIA AND THE WAR.

The following Acadia men have left for the front: Arthur H. Chute, '10; W. R. Kinsman, '13; F. W. Bagnall, '14; Eric MacDonald, Ex., '14; Eric Leslie, Ex., '14; Eric Forbes, Ex., '14; Maurice Freda, Ex., '14; Grant McNeil, Ex., '15; Frank Nicholson, Ex., '15; Edward Hunt, Ex., '15; J. H. Feindel, '16; R. E. Horne, '16; E. D. Fletcher, '17; C. K. McLeod, '17; M. F. Gregg, '17; H. H. Powell, '18; R. Acker, '18; Philip Simms, A. C. A.; K. I. Murray, A. C. A.; Mr. Lantz, A. C. A.; Mr. Frost, A. C. A.

The following Acadia men have joined the McGill Regiment: J. S. Bates, '08; Dick Sproule, Ex., '14; P. Illsley, Ex., '13; Mr. Fritz, Ex., '14; H. R. Haley, '13; J. G. McKinnon, '14.





When College opened on the last day of September, Acadia's football prospects for the coming season did not appear very bright, as it was found that only seven veterans had returned this Fall. However, as a result of the zealous efforts of Coach Chipman and Captain Atkins, and the presence of a large number of husky recruits, a team has been formed that will ably uphold Acadia's excellent reputation. Notwithstanding the absence of the Chipman Hall training table, the members of the team have showed themselves to be in excellent condition.

ACADIA 19; KINGS 0.

A practice game with Kings was arranged for October 17th, although, judging by the fact that Kings had just beaten Dalhousie, a close game was expected, but only at the beginning of the second half did the Kings team appear dangerous. The game was played in a heavy rainstorm and the slippery condition of the field prevented any great exhibitions of speed. Leaman, Parker, Harlow and McCurdy scored for Acadia. The game showed that our scrim needed a lot of practice before the Mt. Allison game.

ACADIA 14; MT. ALLISON 5.

The first game for the new Clark Trophy was played in Wolfville on October 22nd. Acadia kicked off with a strong wind in her favor, and rushed the play from the start. After three minutes of play, Leaman crossed the line for a touchdown, which was not

converted. Soon McCurdy went over the Mt. Allison line for another touchdown, which Parker converted. Mt. Allison then got busy and Eaton rushed the ball to Acadia's five yard line. Anglin secured the ball on a throw-in and went across the line for Mt. Allison's only touchdown, which Hartz converted. Mt. Allison had the advantage in territory at half-time.

At the beginning of the second half, Leaman and Gregg exchanged places because of Leaman's injury. During this half, Harlow and Parker each scored a touchdown, neither of which was converted, because of the high wind. During the last part of this half, Mt. Allison kept the ball in Acadia's territory, but were unable to score. Features of the game were the heeling of the Acadia scrim, and the speed and good tackling of the Acadia halves. Dr. Rankin, of Halifax, refereed very satisfactorily. The opposing teams lined up as follows:

ACADIA.		MT. ALLISON.	
Atkins (Capt.)	.....	Durant (Capt)	.....
Steeves	.....	Forwards	.....
McKay	.....	.....	McDonald
Spencer	.....	.....	Barnes.
Bishop	.....	.....	Seeley.
R. Harlow	.....	.....	Poole.
Roscoe	.....	.....	Wetmore.
Parker	.....	.....	Baxter.
Richardson	.....	Quarters	.....
Archibald	.....	.....	Ferguson
L. Harlow	.....	.....	McAfee
Leaman	.....	.....	Gregg.
Eagles	.....	Halves	.....
McCurdy	.....	.....	Heartz.
Gregg	.....	.....	Eaton
	.....	.....	Anglin.
	.....	.....	Windsor.
	.....	Fullback	.....
	.....	.....	Redding.

#### ACADEMY.

The outlook for Athletics in the Academy this year seems to be very good. Last year was a banner year for the Academy in this respect, as its athletic teams won the Bulmer Cup, and also the inter-class championship, in both hockey and baseball, besides having a good football team. With last year's successes in view, every effort is being put forth to maintain this high standard.



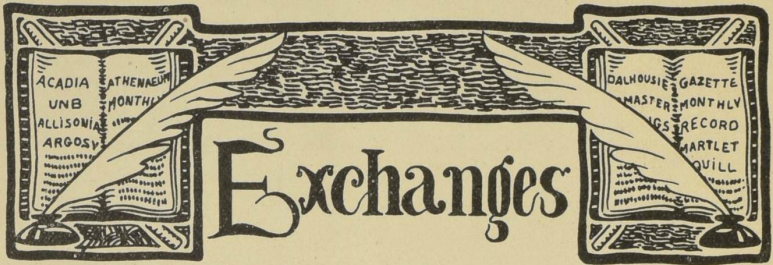
With only five of last year's football team back, Captain Sharpe has done well with the raw material available, and has formed a good team, which has been able to give the College team some stiff practices.

The track team is also busy and hopes to win the Bulmer Trophy again on November 14th. If they win again this year, the trophy is theirs to keep.

#### SECOND DALHOUSIE 11; A. C. A. 5.

The Academy lined up against the Second Dalhousie football team in Halifax on October 31st, for their first game of the season, but went down to defeat, 11-5. The Academy scrim worked well, getting the ball nearly every time, and the Academy half line was faster than their opponent's. The Dalhousie team proved too much for the Academy in dribbling, and it was because of their constant dribbling and following up that their scores resulted. In the second period, from a five yard scrim, Fletcher crossed the line for the Academy's only touchdown, which Grady converted. Emmerson and Grady starred for the Academy, while Shrieve and Smith were Dalhousie's best men. Captain Allen James of the Dalhousie First team refereed. The Academy lined up as follows: Sharpe (Capt.), Walker, Benjamin, McClare, Kelly, Page, Holmes, Forwards; Rogers, Fletcher, White, Quarters; Rust, Grady, Emmerson, Hudson, Halves; Stewart, Fullback; Tingley, Spare.





In this first issue, at the beginning of another college year, we extend to our contemporary editors, greetings.

According to custom, we should lay down a platform for the coming year, and having done so, we should adhere to it. The main function of an Exchange Column is, in our own opinion at least, to give its readers some idea of student life at other colleges, as expressed in their publications. To do this it should include extracts from other journals, and should provide a directory or index of interesting articles in them. Aside from this primary purpose, the Exchange Department should contain fair and just criticisms of the various exchanges from other centers of education, and should not be chary of either praise or censure.

To this policy we pledge ourselves, it will be our ideal. May other publications remember this when they pass criticism upon us.

As usual, but few exchanges have come to us in time for our first issue.

"The Brandon College Quill" contains some advice to new students, written in the vernacular. Here are some sample aphorisms:

"Don't butt in; watch developments, learn things, then say your say.

Don't be a walking, talking gramophone, saying things nobody cares about.

Take in all you can, college societies, sports, and studies, but give out once in a while.

It won't hurt to mix a little religion with your sport or study.

Hermits are made, not born. Mix up some, but not too much.

If a hard subject knocks you out, get up, "stick out your jaw, and hit back."



This monthly, and "The Sheaf," another publication from the West, reflect the breezy, optimistic note so characteristic of that section of this Canada of ours. Both are attractive, without and within.

"The University Monthly" publishes a list of its new students, their home, denomination, and course; a form of introduction that might well aid older students in becoming acquainted with the newcomers.

We read with sorrow the obituary of Foster Howe, a former Acadia student, who, after taking Forestry at our sister University, was drowned this summer while on a wood's survey. The writer, evidently one who knew him well, speaks thus of his character:—

"From his character as I have seen it around the camp-fire, or on the trail, at rest, or under the pack, he was one of Nature's noble men. He was clean and honest, simple in his tastes, with a generosity as large as himself, courteous to women, and a man among men. In athletics he fought fair, though losing, played the game to the end, and helped the man who was down."

Those who knew him here will realize that these are true words. May we be deserving of such a remembrance when we "have crossed the bar."

An article entitled, "Self-expression," might be taken to heart by many who have talents which they hesitate to use.

We cannot close without some mention of the changed note in the publications of other universities since the outbreak of the present war. This may be best expressed in the words of Daniel M. Gordon, Principal of Queens:—

"It is to her young men that the nation turns at such a time as this, with confidence and hope. They are strong, strong in the vigour of early manhood, strong in the courage of faith, strong in the resolute purpose to make their life tell for the good of their country. To none should the nation feel entitled to turn with more assurance than to her university students. Their spirits have been fed from the garnered stores of the best in literature and science, and their fellows may well ask, 'What do ye more than others?' Whatever be the field of their strenuous effort, whether by taking their place in the fighting line, or by increasing in other ways the forces that make for victory, they should most freely and effectively contribute of their strength for the common weal."

Already, movements are on foot in various universities, among them Dalhousie and Mount Allison, to institute regular drill and musketry practice among the students, so that those who feel the call of duty may complete their year, and yet receive training in the art of warfare. Among other plans an Officers' Training Corps is proposed, and several universities are giving volunteers their year. All of these movements go to show that the student body of Canada feels its duty to the Empire in their crisis. As yet we at Acadia have adopted no tangible proposal, but whatever plan is decided upon, the students of Acadia will be found in their place, doing their "level best" as in years gone by. In the words of the "Queen's Journal:"—If a contingent is sent from Canadian universities, it should represent the earnest, carefully thought out ideals of those halls of learning, and thus be representative of the best manhood, not only in colleges, but in Canada. It is a vital question, and the answer given by our students, will clearly indicate the depth of our patriotism, and reveal the nature of our national spirit."

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the closing numbers of the "Dalhousie Gazette," "Brandon College Quill," and "Chatham High School Times," as well as the "University Monthly," "The Sheaf," "The Dalhousie Gazette" (weekly), "The Queen's Journal," and the "McGill Daily."

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### MEETING AT NIGHT.

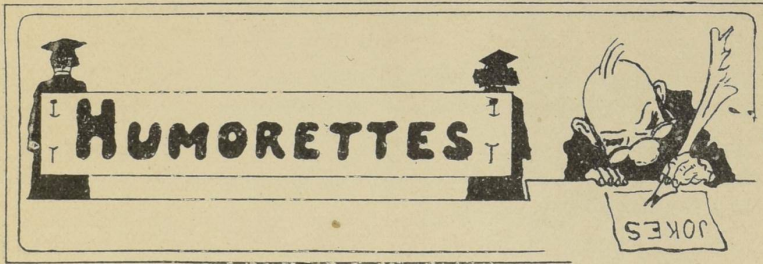
The grey sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach  
Three fields to cross till a form appears;

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears  
Than the two hearts beating each to each.

—Robert Browning.





It was Chase's first Sunday as usher in church, and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered, he said: "This way, madame, and I'll sew you into a sheet."

Miss Smith, '15: "I tell you, girls, it pays to have a pull with the engineers."

Piper, '15 (As the class is discussing digestion): "The question resolves itself into this—To digest or to jest die,—that is the question."

Miss Outhouse, '15 (Showing visitors through Tully Tavern) "This room is called Saint's Rest, Grace is the saint and Deb is the rest."

Curry, '18 (After reading the rules laid down by the Sophs): "Well, I guess I'll have to sell my pipe."

Miss Lockhart, '16 (At the table): "Do you care for Moore?"

Miss Addison, '18 (Blushing): "Oh, no, we are merely good friends."

Bleakney, '16 (On geology trip): "Shut your eyes now and see what the weather omens are."

Miss Wilson, '15: "O, I don't dare to shut my eyes; there is no telling what you might do."

Hirtle, '18 (After reading the laws laid down by the Sophs): "Does it not strike one as a remarkable circumstance—yes, even a coincidence, that every member of the class of 1917 comes from the States?"

Curry, '18: "What makes you think that?"

Hirtle: "Well, it says on this notice 'we are all from Missouri.'"

Borden, '17: "Isn't it awkward to have these geology trips on Saturday afternoon. That is the only time we have to call on the Sems."

Miss Starratt, '17 (The night before the concert): "Why did the class of 1914 have to graduate? I don't think it is fair."

Howe, '15 (To Dr. Tufts): "Yes, from the standpoint of a Christian that may be all right, but from the standpoint of a heathen I don't see it quite so clearly."

In Soph. Bible: "What is the system of chronology in the King James' Version?"

VanWart, '17: "That a man lived so many years and begat sons and daughters."

Miss Pineo, '16 (Out to dinner): "Does anyone say grace here?"

Slocum, '17: "Delplaine says Grace—the rest of us say *Miss Blenkhorn*."

Miss Marshall, '17: "Is your class having a Hallowe'en Party to-night?"

Miss Ogilvie, '18: "No, what is the use? the boys aren't allowed to see us home anyway."

Davidson, '18 (to president of Sophomore Class): "Say, Gregg, will it be all right if I walk down street with my grandmother?"

Latest novelties in collars and ties; apply to A. R. Lawrence, Eng., '17.

The Sophomore class acknowledge with thanks the sum of fifteen cents received from Davidson, '18, in payment for tonsorial work.

The rules, published by '17,  
 Posted round the town have been  
 As warning to the freshmen green,  
 That they shall not with girls be seen  
 Nor court my Lady Nicotine,  
 Nor place a hat upon their bean,  
 Nor round Acadia Sem be seen,  
 And always must they show a mein,  
 Respectful toward old seventeen,  
 And truly awful is the fate,  
 Of those who break the Soph's mandate.



Steeves, '18 (to Soph. president): "I am invited out to supper Sunday night. If there are any ladies there, may I speak to them, as long as I don't go home with any?"

Quartette in Glee Club — Spencer, Carter, Leeman, Delplaine: "It's a long way to Tully Tavern."

Opposition Quartette — Atkins, Richardson, Parker, Bishop: "It's a long way to Seminary."

Calhoun, '16: "I have had three pieces of pie."

A. W. Rogers, '15: "You are a pious man, Cal."

English Prof: "Give an example of a literary magazine."

McCutcheon, Eng. '16: "The Ladies Home Journal."

### ECHOES FROM THE SEM.

*Echoes from the Sem* — Miss McLean (After walking across the street to see what was drawing such a crowd around the shop window was heard to say): "Oh! it's only a hen — (p)shaw!"

Miss Miller was complaining to Miss Cross that her callers stayed too long on Saturday afternoons.

Miss Cross: "The *longer* they are the better I like them."

Miss Kitchen's version of the verb *go*:

"I should have went

I must have went

I *will* have went."

Miss Gross, when asked if she took vocai, replied, "Yes, but I have a stronger inclination toward *Art*."

## Acknowledgements

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Clifford J. Shand, \$3.00; Dr. W. W. Chipman, \$2.00; H. Bert Ellis, M.D., \$1.50; Miss Catherine Beattie, John W. Dewis, M.D., \$1.30 each. L. Mortimer Smith, A. G. McIntyre, J. W. Wallace, Rev. Chas. W. Rose, W. G. Clarke, W. W. Clarke, Prof. G. B. Waldrop N. Curry, LL.D., E. C. Whitman, R. A. Poole, A. DeW. Foster, M.P., Rev. F. H. Wentworth, V. B. Vanwart, C. B. Messenger, I. B. Rouse, J. L. Wood, A. W. Rogers, E. A. Kinley, J. A. Greene, R. A. Harris, C. W. Robbins, R. M. Godfrey, A. B. Dawson, J. M. Boyer, J. W. Meisner, L. H. Coldwell, C. D. Piper, J. G. McKay, M. G. Saunders, R. M. Millett, F. C. Manning, N. Rogers, W. S. Ryder, G. B. Peck, Robie Brown, A. H. G. Mitchell, W. P. Calhoun, Geo. Elliott, W. L. Slocum, K. P. Day, E. H. Langille, H. M. Wilson, J. B. Amos, R. H. Carter, Frank Higgins, Bernard Wood, C. W. Delplaine, W. M. Moore, F. L. Swim, J. A. Draper, S. M. Steeves, W. B. Davidson, F. A. Croaleer, J. F. McNeill, W. L. Coleman, A. W. McFarlane, F. L. Simpson, D. Smith, H. H. Titus, C. G. Schurman, S. M. Hirtle, B. E. Chute, B. R. Hall, H. F. Lewis, A. P. Watson, John Mosher, L. F. Titus, P. R. Tingley, J. S. Millett, R. B. Smallman, Dr. G. B. Cutten, R. Johnson, I. W. Clark, A. G. Webster, S. W. Stackhouse, Rex Harlow, Fred Spencer, E. C. Leslie, N. A. Whitman, R. S. Gregg, Murray Chipman, F. W. Currey, A. L. Steeves, W. G. Archibald, E. F. Mabie, J. S. Arbuckle, Harold Roscoe, Angus Elderkin, H. F. Bishop, Spurgeon Turner, H. H. Murray, H. L. Porter, G. M. Morrison, Lee Blackadar, Douglas Borden, Wilfred Scott, G. L. McPhee, C. L. Moore, H. A. Bishop, R. C. Borden, Alex. Gibson, I. C. Doty, W. S. Jacobs, C. F. Bleakney, R. E. Page, H. H. Chase, H. B. DeWolfe, H. G. Vail, H. G. Evans, C. A. S. Howe, A. M. McCurdy, P. Duffy, A. Bone, C. B. Lumsden, \$1.00 each. E. N. Rhodes, M.P., H. M. Foster, G. L. Andrews, \$1.00 each. J. F. Logan, \$1.30; Miss. B. Thomas, \$1.00.



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 WINNERS FOR THE MONTH.

POEMS:— 1st, J. G. McKay, '15; 2nd, A. W. Rogers, '15.

STORIES:— 1st, A. W. Rogers, '15; 2nd, J. S. Millett, '16.

ARTICLES:— 1st, A. W. Rogers, '15; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.

MONTH:— 1st, B. G. Wood, '16.

PERSONALS:— 1st, S. W. Stackhouse, '16; J. S. Millett, '16.

ATHLETICS:— 1st, M. G. Saunders, '16; 2nd, E. C. Leslie, '17.

EXCHANGES:— 1st, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.

JOKES:— 1st, E. C. Leslie, '17; 2nd, S. W. Stackhouse, '16.



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Stop - Look - Listen

We, the most famous, mighty, and respected class of 1917 welcome you to Acadia, and we hereby notify you that we have adopted the following rules for your conduct, which shall become operative on SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, at 6 o'clock, a. m., which you must be prepared to obey from that time or incur the penalty of our displeasure, which, twice incurred, is most dampening to the spirits.

YOU  
SHALL  
NOT

1. Be seen upon the street, on the grounds of the University, or in any public place, as the escort of a lady, unless chaperoned by a Sophomore.
2. Wear a hat (a hat to mean anything except a cap) or a cane at any time, or in any place unless permission be first obtained from the President of the Sophomore Class.
3. Smoke upon the streets of Wolfville, or upon the University grounds.
4. Wear any preparatory school colors, sweaters, insignia or badges.
5. Approach at any time, or for any purpose, the grounds of Acadia Ladies' Seminary, or make any noise or disturbance around the Seminary buildings, or call upon any young lady at the Seminary, except that any freshmen who has a sister at the Seminary may obtain permission from the president of the Sophomore Class to call upon her.
6. Make yourself conspicuous upon the street or elsewhere by any yelling or other misconduct incompatible with your status as freshmen.
7. Show any disrespect to any student of the University of a higher class than your own.

And remember, freshmen, that no matter how indispensable you may have been to your prep. school, that Acadia has existed for over seventy-five years without you, and we are all from Missouri. If you are any good we shall find it out. So come along, ye cowering, cringing, frightened babes of '18 and respect, imitate and be obedient to your superiors.

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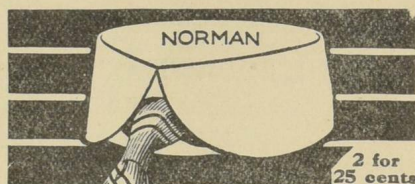
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