

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XL. 38

APRIL, 1912

No. 6

Another Reading (of Life).

Away with tears and sighing,
And leaden-eyed despair:
Life is a flight for flying
Serene through sunlit air:
 'Tis a ball if you'll but fling it,
 A sceptre if you'll swing it,
 A song if you'll but sing it,
 And singing, find it fair.

What of the darkness pending?
The game may yet be won;
Life showeth not the ending,
But somewhere is the sun.
 'Tis a garden if you'll tend it,
 'Tis a bow if you'll but bend it—
 A fool is he who'd end it
 Before the game is done.

The same bells, at your ringing,
Will cheerily chime, or toll—
Say not that life goes swinging
To dirge notes and to dole.
 'Tis a dragon?—you can slay it;
 'Tis a ghost?—but you can lay it;
 'Tis a pipe if you'll but play it,
 And playing win your soul.

R. E. BATES, '04.

From An Epithalamium.

Professionalism—Its Rise and Growth.

THE entrance of the professional into the various sporting circles of the day has been marked by much antagonism. Yet in spite of this feeling against him, wherever he has made his appearance, he has been accepted as a necessity. In Europe, in the United States and in Upper Canada he has gained a firm footing, and in the past year for the first time has invaded the Maritime provinces. Hence the question of his right to exist is a very live one among us.

Now there are a great many things to be said both for and against professionalism. In this short essay, however, it will be necessary to confine ourselves to the discussion of only a few of the most outstanding features.

One of the first objections to professionalism, advanced by its enemies, is the cheapening influence of the commercialism that the "pro" drags along with him. These amateur supporters claim that the aim of sport should be pleasure and that honor rather than commercial gain should be its reward; that where the hockey or foot-ball player is paid a salary for each rush he makes down the ice or the campus they cannot but realize that he is going to get his dollars for it.

Thus the pride that they used to take in the local player, the enthusiasm with which they were accustomed to follow his brilliant dashes, and the sympathy they gave to his reverses, alike vanish. The sport is cheapened, lowered in their eyes to the plane of the horse-race or the prize fight.

And there is much truth in their contention. We cannot look upon the professional in quite the same light as the amateur. Picture the runner of the first Marathon or the winners of the great games in ancient Athens receiving at the end of the contest a stipulated wage instead of the laurel wreath! I cannot but believe that our respect for these first great combatants would thereby greatly suffer.

Again the anti-professional urges that the rising local men, in whose interests and toward the further efficiency of whom the benefits derived from the playing should be invested are, with the entrance of the "pro" relegated to a secondary and obscure position. But we will return to a discussion of this again when presenting the other side of the question.

The last, and perhaps the most potent objection raised against the professional that we will consider is,—That while the different players

are looking around before the opening of a season of base-ball, hockey, etc., to find where the biggest wage is in evidence, the club having the greatest capital at its back is going to have the pick of all the available men, and consequently is likely to procure the winning aggregation. Thus the whole matter tends to become a problem of finance. This objection is a hard one to meet, past cases going often to prove its validity. There is not a great deal of loyalty to any certain cause in evidence in the professional player. He usually places his services at the disposal of the highest bidder.

This briefly stated stands the case against the professional. Now let us see what may be said in his defense,—

When a man for years throws the best that is in him into the cause of hockey, perhaps, or lacrosse, in order to acquire the proficiency necessary to produce the brand of play that the public calls for; when he neglects other things and makes sacrifices, as he often must, is it not only reasonable and just that he should have some remuneration? The fact that he is getting paid for his efforts need not in any way cause his love for the game to deteriorate or make him any the less a true sport and good fellow. We may cry out against this commercialism with all its underhanded features and schemings, and yet with the tendency of everything to specialization as society becomes more complex, this commercial element must of necessity enter in.

Years ago the same question was rife in the realms of art and music. The paid singer was looked down upon and regarded as a betrayer of an honorable trust. But today we do not value a Melba or a Caruso any the less because he is paid for his work. We have come to realize that such a degree of vocal excellence could never be obtained by one who has his living to earn in some other manner.

And the same law holds true in sport, and those who oppose professionalism are striving directly against the tendency of the times.

Moreover, commercialism had already entered the realm of sport long before the advent of the professional player. The association that stands behind the player speculates on him: It pays his travelling and sundry expenses and in return charges admittance fees to the games. Such speculations generally prove good investments and associations grow rich. Hence we find that commercialism is not foreign even to amateur sport. Why should not the player, who really takes the hard knocks, receive a portion of the harvest his efforts have brought forth, as well as the club to which he belongs.

Regarding the matter of developing local talent,—This objection does not really weigh as much as it would seem at first sight. While the game continues to be played, it still demands the same number of men. Hence just as many men must be developed under the professional regime as under the amateur.

This being the case there is no reason why local men should not figure on home teams in the future as professionals, as formerly they did as amateurs.

The question is, as I stated at the outset, a very complex one, and has in the past and no doubt will continue in the future to evoke much discussion. It is the old story of worthy sentiment opposing the incursion of a practice called into being by our changing social life; and this story has ever had the same ending. The efforts of those who decry professionalism,—however praiseworthy may be the motives which prompt them—judged in the light of the past seem doomed to failure.

Here in the Maritime provinces during the last two winters professional hockey has been given a fair straight test. Amateur and professional leagues have existed side by side. And the voice of our people as expressed by the greater crowds flocking to the professional matches is calling for the very best in sport as in anything else—and this best professionalism seems to furnish.

H. A. LOGAN.

“And After That the Dark.”

AN ETCHING,

NIGHT fell. The dusk that had gathered round the distant hills deepened, and with filmy mysteriousness drew close around my bit of lake and forest.

Set free from the thralldom of the enchanted dusk, I bid its strange niobeian fear depart, slipped back upon the springy boughs of pine, and passive, lay waiting for the message of the night.

The wind rustled a lullaby above me; shook resinous incense round me; softly touched my cheek; then trailed off into the forest swaying the pine trees' misty tops. A golden crescent of a moon hung low in the west and sent a shining shaft of light across the darkling lake. A

thousand little woodsy voices told of furtive life astir. Far in the distance a wild cat's cry re-echoed, while out on the lake a loon sent forth its piercing call. Nature was shaking herself awake. But I lay still—so still—brain and body alike soothed and quieted.

My eye followed the moon's jasper pathway, then, up, up, till held spellbound by the glorious heavens. How they stretched above me, deep, dark-blue, pierced by glowing points of fire, yet unfathomable. The wonder grew upon me till consciousness of self was lost in a mighty, nameless Something, indefinable, eternal.

Suddenly, I thought: "Here is the secret of man's unconquerable desire to worship a higher intelligence. Wherever man is found, at night the stars point him to his Maker."

Small wonder that many an ancient people did worship first the Creator of night's wonderful canopy and then the stars themselves. Mahomet, pondering the why and wherefore of all that constitutes life, found not in the idols the true God, for the star-lit heavens of Arabia showed to him the existence of an Eternal One.

Now, swiftly followed an insinuation of the Wily One. Can it be that the Creator of such magnificence would ever deign to notice me—a single atom of humanity? He cast a passing glance and I was born. Then under Nature's laws I grew and came a man; set at defiance who dared to block my will, and wrestled from old Mother Earth my sustenance. Were I to fail or falter would that great Mind stoop with pitying thought to lift me up?

But, look! listen! Down at the edge of the lake a dark form hurtled through the moon-beam's silver light,—then, an agonizing shriek cut short—silence. A mountain lion, no doubt, getting his evening meal of mink or marten. Yes, but back there in the forest is a den, cunningly hid, and tiny, hungry cubs, left motherless. Viciously they cry at first and poke searching velvet noses into one another. The hours pass—the cries grow weaker—at last they cease.

An opening in the maze of underbrush showed a glint of moonlit meadow. Here lush grass grows high and hides many a burrow-like run for frightened bunnies. One winter night I caught them playing, all solemn in the moonlight. A moment I watched them,—they paused, turned startled, wrinkling their noses upward—then with a flash of white left the meadow lonely. Yet, 'tis true that had the mountain lion wandered elsewhere to-night, and his victim unmolested pursued her usual wont, the tiny cubs, way back in the forest, would have their fill: but there would be one less among the bunnies in the meadow.

My soul stirred and grew hot within me. I sprang from my bed of feathery boughs,—then, once more my gaze was held by the star bespangled heavens so deep, so calm, so far-reaching,—that passionately I recalled those lines of Arnold's:

“Ah, once more,” I cried, “ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you.”

‘From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer
“Would thou be as these are? Live as they.”

“Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.”’

Ah! It was not given to me to question God's justice. To understand it is beyond man's powers,—and He has said. “Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.”

The gentle night air trembled round me. The moon's soft radiance quivered on the lake. A pine cone fell at my feet. I stooped and took it in my hand. Oh the perfectness of the details in nature's insignificant things! It was wonderful—this attention to detail. What did it mean? Surely a love for the work. Otherwise there might not be detail, still less beauty in it. How perfect that slender branch above my head, all laced against the sky. Gradually, yet with a strange power, the love of God enveloped me. This nameless, indefinable Something that stamps itself on Nature's night, and cannot be known except through the delicate perception of the soul, is it not the Fatherhood of the Creator?

Again the soft wind caressed my cheek and breathed against my forehead. Gently the great pines swayed and bent protecting arms above me; I sank back on my piny couch; the sweet odors of the forest lulled my senses. A little wood-mouse squeaked, an owl gave forth a long drawn note, my eyes closed, and on the soft sad music of the forest night, sleep bore me far from earth.

MARION L. PRESTWOOD, '12.

In Memoriam.

ANNIE LAURA PECK.

ANNIE Laura Peck was born at Hopewell Hill, New Brunswick, February 21, 1878, and died at Vizianagram, India, March 11, 1912. After teaching four years in her native province she took the B. A. Course at Acadia, graduating with honors in 1905. Her life at our University was marked by excellence of scholarship and character. Having gone to India as a missionary a few months after graduation, she was entitled to the customary furlough in the autumn of 1913; but so well was her health preserved that she had decided to postpone her return until a year later. Suddenly taken ill, however, she died after a short sickness, to the great sorrow of her missionary associates, her numerous friends, and her family. She distinguished herself among the Telegus by proficiency in the acquirement of their language and the fine service she rendered the mission to that people.

To her sorrowing relations we extend deepest sympathy.

The Quest of Crema.

A LONE Indian was wading along the shore of the deep pool, where the trees cast their dark shadows over the water, and the large sea-trout were rising in the foam, where the high falls fell into the pool. For a moment with his spear in hand, he leaned over the pool and his dark form appeared below him in the water. He beheld the shadow for a moment, and as he saw the powerful shoulders and strong arms and the proud swing of his head, he muttered to himself, "I am Crema, I am Chief of the Penobscots, does Quicha think that I have fear of him, he has stolen my 'fair as the dawn,' but when the sun rises again and sets I will whisper to her in the spruce trees and she will come to me."

And his naked form bounded on over the moss-covered rocks along the rapids toward the wide lake of the Kouikoff above. Soon he stood on the shore of the lake which stretched away before him; but the wind from the sunset blew with him, and plunging into the lake he emerged in a short time on the opposite shore. Here he would remain till the sun rose, and when the next sun set he would be near the camp fires at Cansoke.

Having caught some fish from the lake, he made his fire and cooked his rude fare. Here he was alone, the wide lake stretching its smooth waters for several miles in the distance, the sides were lined with trees, which sought the evening shadows and reflected them upon the surface of the waters; and the hills behind, whose summits the sun was painting its coloured glory, rose for hundreds of feet. It was a scene of splendour, a scene of majesty, but the warrior was part of the scene; he had imbibed the spirit and the splendour of the wild into his own countenance, and into his own form, and as he stood there gazing out over the lake he was its expression, its embodiment.

But weariness was upon him, he had followed the camp fires of the Micmacs for many days, through the Miramichi valley, and thence down to the rushing waters of the Shubenacadie, and then he had travelled the fertile valley of the Musquodoboit and made his way across to the lakes of Kouikoff. No alien hand had visited these valleys, the white man had not been seen along the lakes and shores of this land. No one had as yet usurped his right to live and driven him back to die from contact with a civilization whose vices and not whose virtues he could imitate.

And as Crema slept by the shore he dreamt of his "fair one," like the moonbeam dancing on the waters, like the snow-flake falling on the leaves of autumn. But the early dawn was soon creeping across the sky and he was astir and in a short time was following the trail towards Cansoke. It was still quite dark among the trees, but through the open spaces overhead the cherry and purple tinted clouds of the dawn could be seen. On the shores of the still-waters and runs, the trees and rushes cast their dark outlines and the rising trout disturbed the stillness. A few birds twittered before their grand chorus of welcome to the great Hesper, about to be proclaimed King of the day. Onward he plodded with a swinging stride, his bronzed face absorbed in itself, seeming to be in harmony with the music and the beauty and the spirit of things around him. And now and then his lithe form would break into a run.

There was a great hope in the heart of Crema, and the tedious tramp along the dashing streams and lakes seems full of joy to him. Soon he would see his "fair one," and he would lead her back through the forests to her home. The streams were laughing, the birds were singing, and over the tops of the pine trees the blue sky sank into its lofty depths. Suddenly there was an arrow flying by him and it lodged in one of the trees in front of him, then another came flying toward him and in an instant he felt a pain in his shoulder and fell to the ground unconscious.

When Crema recovered and opened his eyes, he found himself being carried along amongst a group of Indians. They made him walk when they saw he was in any way recovered, and he trod along in the centre of the file. He might have resisted and gotten away, but then the tribe would pursue him, and he would not be able to rescue his Nawana after all. He had thought he might steal in amongst them unawares and take Nawana when the stars were over the tree-tops and they were slumbering silently, but his hopes and his plan were fruitless; and what were life to him without his bride? So he marched along, bearing the taunts of his enemies in silence.

The day was wearing on, afar off they could hear the deep roaring of the sea, and the Indians looked at one another in fear, their camp at Cansoke was in a forest by a high cliff, where the surge of the great ocean came from the furthest shore of Europe. Columbus had not yet dreamt of such a land, and many an Indian brave as he stood there on that cliff at Cansoke watching the sun rise in the east must have wondered whence it came and what lands lay beyond. And it were better for him he knew not, the destruction of his happiness and the usurping of his freedom were better unfortold. The Indian needed few words, with

his quick intuition he could read the thoughts of the mind, and the mysteries of nature were to him like a game of which he was the master, he read her by signs which to him were indisputable.. And now something seemed to warn him that the storm was coming and ere a few hours had passed the huge breakers would be dashing madly against the cliffs at Cansoke.

They hurried on, little regarding the weakness of their prisoner, and if he stagger they strike him and drag him along. Across the streams of the Maragouche, across the marshes where the gulls are circling high and crying in the weird loneliness, over the deep wooded hill, down the gully of a little stream, and they have reached the camp. They bind the prisoner and throw him down, they care not for him now, there would be no war-dance that night; they would have killed him, they knew he dare not escape on such a night as this. The women with their streaming raven locks sat by their fire-sides, their faces terror-stricken; the men cast anxious glances about them and were silent

The face of the moon, as it appeared at times from behind the dark flying clouds, seemed to mock at the scene, the great full ocean with its kelp and weeds fell with a soft swish and splash on the sand and rocks. It was as if nature smiled beautifully upon the impotence of man.

In his tent Quicha, the chief of the Cansokes, was sitting by the smouldering fire in its centre. He was a brave youth, his strong arm and quick eye had won many a victory. Near him was seated a maiden, her head was bent forward and her eyes had a look half of melancholy and half of meditation, she was thinking of the laughing streams and the singing birds of her own people and she was thinking of her lover. Suddenly Quicha spoke, "The flowers were beginning to open and the green grass to come on the hillsides when I took you from your home, Nawana, but now the flowers have faded and the leaves have begun to fall from the trees, but still you will not be my bride." But the maiden was proud, her head still remained bent, she seemed not to hear the words. Suddenly the maiden rose from the fireside and stood before Quicha; after a moment she spoke to him, "Your people tell me of the legend of an Algonquin woman, she was taken a captive and was led here by the lonely sea to be the bride of the chief, but rather than that she cast herself over the cliff into the ocean. She would not be the bride of your fathers, Quicha, nor will I be the bride of you. "For a moment he stood dazed by the hate and pride of her words, and she was gone.

Like a deer she fled across the stricken camp, through the forest to the cliff. A whisper caught her ear—it was merely a whisper—

"Nawana," and a second time "Nawana." She knew the voice, but she did not wait; and in a moment Quicha was hurrying out of his tent and with all his followers pursued the maiden. But he was too late, she had gone; and as they reached the top of the cliff standing over the threatening sea they shuddered in fear and crept back to thier tents.

Then the storm came, it only rustled the tree-tops, it only sent the waves dashing a little fiercer on the beach; but in a moment the fury of the wind was aroused, the slumbering ocean was awakened, and lashed by the fierce wind into billows, it hurled its spume and foam madly upon the shore. The spirit of the storm was doing its work, hurling the angry sea against the huge boulders, sending the spray far over the cliffs playing with huge stones, wrenching the earth away in its grasp.

The moon was hid. In the midst of the storm no one noticed a dark form glide from amidst the trees where the captive lay, no one saw her stoop over and unloose the reeds that bound his hands. They did not whisper, they did not embrace one another, but silently, while the fierce storm was raging and the tents were being shaken by the breeze, they journeyed on over the marshes and through the forests to their home.

They had gone many miles, the Maragouche lakes and stillwaters were far behind, and they would soon again be near the lakes of the Kouikoff. The storm had played itself out, and over the face of nature there was a spirit of repose. There were a few clouds in the sky, but the moon was gliding brightly across the blue depths of sky. And a voice said, "Crema." It was their first word, and the strong arm of Crema caught the maiden to his breast; and there alone in the forest she said, "I knew you would come."

ERNEST W. BIGELOW, '10.



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No. 6

HARVEY TODD REID, 1912, *Editor-in-Chief.*

R. I. BALCOM, '12. W. R. CROWELL, '13. M. C. FOSTER, '14
AUSTIN A. CHUTE, '12 GWENDOLYN V. SHAND, '13 BLANCHE COES, '14

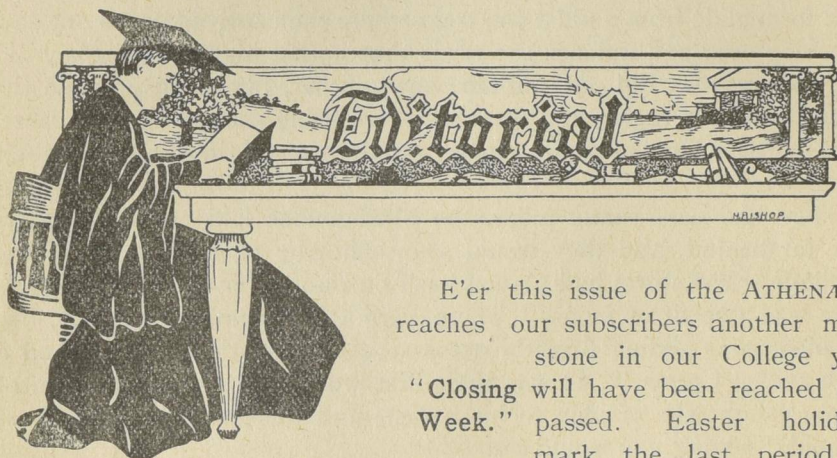
HORACE R. BISHOP, '14, *Staff Artist.*

RAYMOND R. HALEY, '13, *Business Editor.*

ASSISTANTS:

H. DEW. CUNNINGHAM, '14

L. M. BLEAKNEY, '15



E'er this issue of the ATHENÆUM reaches our subscribers another milestone in our College year "Closing will have been reached and Week." passed. Easter holidays mark the last period of vacations before the final holidays. To

some this three-fourths of our year 1911-12 has meant much, others not so much; to all it has meant time either spent well or ill. Already preparations are being made for "Closing Week." The usual routine of gaities will be presented and every effort will be put forth to make this one of the best "weeks" yet. The closing concert will probably be presented by local college talent. One of the strongest reasons for this decision is that hitherto the last few concerts presented in College Hall had not been as satisfactory as was expected. Why do we have a closing concert? Because we feel that it is our duty to entertain our visitors on that occasion and add to the attractions of the week in every

possible way? It is for that, but not for that reason alone. The current expenses of the different college societies have been in no way modest; past debts have to be cancelled, and all this can be done in one way only—through the agency of that medium of exchange called *money*. This is what the closing concert means to us. Beside furnishing excellent entertainment the surplus on that occasion is taken to reimburse the overburdened societies, in order that next year's work may be carried on under fairly favorable circumstances. This is the reason why all the college students should attend the concert. We never do things by halves at Acadia. Let this be no exception. Turn out and show the visitors that we have some life and spirit! That the concert will be *first-class* is assured. The talent in college, coupled with the very efficient training that will be given, should produce a concert in every way up to the standard. The management are making every plan for its success. All is necessary is the co-operation of the student body.

We note with interest the establishment of the Acadia Bulletin. Modest in appearance and size; well printed and containing much valuable information to Acadians the Bulletin ought to meet

An with general support. From appearance its purpose is to "Acadia convey news of a general nature to students and alumni, Weekly." rather than assume a strictly literary content. For this reason we hope that it may work in conjunction with the ATHENÆUM in presenting more fully and accurately the different phases of our college life, together with current notes regarding our graduates. The different daily, weekly and semi-weekly papers which have been coming to our desk throughout the year is evidence of the growing popularity of these student publications in the larger universities. Of necessity our monthly publication must aim at a more literary ideal than these papers. We hesitate to give the ATHENÆUM an appearance, which might be called *newsy*, at the sacrifice of the literary side, yet we feel that the time has come when some publication should be issued rather more frequently than the ATHENÆUM and where college graduate news might be fully presented in such form. Such a paper might be printed at a very moderate cost in connection with the ATHENÆUM, and we feel that the support of students and graduates would be assured. We would advocate the consideration of some such plan for the coming year. The student body is large enough, there is much news of student interest

which we feel we cannot publish in the ATHENÆUM to warrant the attempt of a weekly paper. We feel that once started it would soon prove a success and easily win for itself a place in our college life.

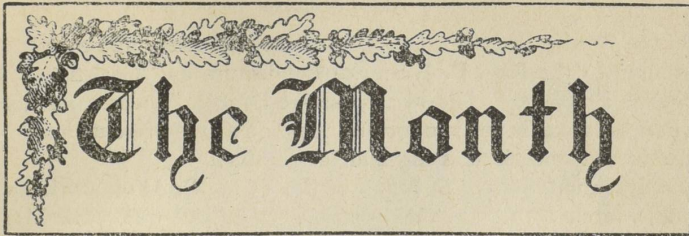
As we go to press the undercollegiate debate between the University of Mount Allison and Acadia is but a week distant. We wish our team all success and we know that Acadia's honor in debating will be splendidly upheld by the gentlemen chosen as our representatives for this year. Next month the ATHENÆUM will contain a brief summary of the debate.

Business Notice.

During this month it is requested that subscribers place their summer addresses in the hands of the Business Manager. The early receipt of all of these will facilitate matters at present and also aid in getting the June issue in the mails. Many have failed to receive their June copies from failure of attending to this small matter. No canvass will be made.

There are many subscriptions as yet unpaid. This year we are earnestly striving to make a success of our paper financially. *Our bills have to be met monthly.* We request every subscriber, interested in the ATHENÆUM to help us in this matter and as soon as possible.





THE playing-off of the Inter-class Hockey League claimed a large part of our time during the first part of the month. Later in the month the Co-eds gave us exhibitions as to their style of Basket Ball playing. Lately the approaching Inter-Collegiate Debate has been a subject of much discussion. We all know that our representatives will do their best, and we all hope that the best that they can do will outclass the best that can be done by Mount Allison.

SOCIAL.

The event of the greatest social importance—to Juniors—occurred on the evening of March 8th, when the annual Junior Banquet was held. At 8 o'clock, members and friends of the class assembled at College Hall. A farce, entitled "An Easy Mark", was presented by Misses Zwicker and Shand, Messrs. Eaton, Andrews, Chute, H. Haley, and Kinsman. At the conclusion of the farce the company adjourned to meet at the Royal Hotel where they were welcomed by the President, Mr. Lyons, and the Secretary, Miss Elderkin. Parlor games and music were indulged in for a time, after which all assembled in the dining room to partake of a well-ordered banquet.

The following toast list was proposed and responded to:—

THE KING.

E. M. A. Bleakney.....National Anthem.

THE GENTLEMEN.

Miss Lena Nowlan.....H. E. DeWolfe..

THE FACULTY.

A. S. Bishop.....Dr. Spidle

ALMA MATER.

P. B. Eaton.....Dr. Cutten

The banquet came to a close by the rendering of the class yell and theinging of the Acadia Doxology.

LECTURE.

On the evening of March 9th the Athenæum Society had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. P. J. Stackhouse lecture on "Christianity and the Social Problem." His lecture showed careful preparation and a deep insight into this very important question at the present time. The lecture proved both interesting and instructive.

Mr. Stackhouse spoke in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. on the following evening, March 10th. On this occasion his subject was "The Mission of the Church." The speaker brought the problem before us from a new standpoint, and in such a manner that all could not help but recognize the importance of this phase of the Church work.

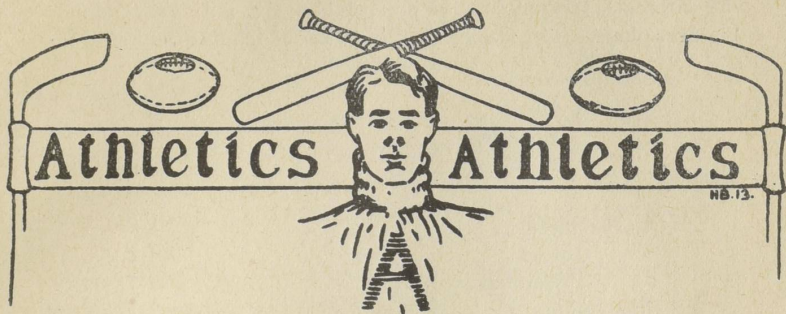
In both of these lectures Mr. Stackhouse fully maintained the high reputation he bears as a public speaker. We hope that the pleasure may be ours of hearing him at some later date.

ATHENAEUM.

The Athenæum Society was entertained on the evening of March 2nd by the Sophomore Class. The entertainment took the form of a minstrel show. Local hits were numerous, interspersed with songs, Mutt and Jeff performances, and other vaudeville acts. The entertainment proved a great success. All those present expressed themselves as having enjoyed a very pleasant evening

PROPYLAEUM.

The Freshettes entertained the Propylæum Society on Saturday, March 9th. A farce entitled, "An Alarm of Fire," which afforded a great deal of amusement and a Synopsis by Miss Crocker, which proved to be a well written and instructive paper furnished the main programme. The afternoon closed with the serving of ice-cream and cake. Several of the members of the Halifax Academy Basket-ball team were our guests at this time.



BASKET-BALL.

On March 1st the Acadia Basket-ball team went to Halifax to play a return game with the Dalhousie team. Although we had beaten them at a previous game on this occasion we were not so successful, Dalhousie coming off victorious with a score of 27-22.

On Thursday evening, February 29th, the Acadia Girls' Basket-ball team played their first home match with the Yarmouth Y. W. C. A. team in the College Gymnasium. The large crowd present testified to the interest taken in this form of the Co-eds activity. The Yarmouth team proved weak both in combination and in individual work, and were defeated by a score of 26-0.

The Co-ed Basket-ball team was again victorious on Saturday, March 8th. Their opponents at this time were the Halifax Academy Basket-ball team. The Halifax team played a much better game than that played by the Yarmouth team. The guards did especially good work, but in spite of all the excellent playing of the Halifax team they were defeated by a score of 13-3.

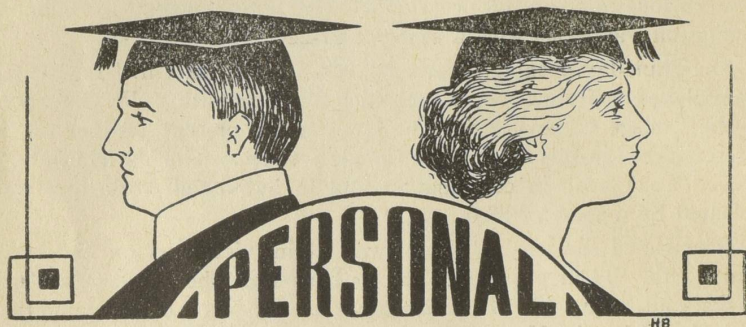
On Monday evening, March 25th, the Kentville Basket-ball team played the College team a return game in the Gymnasium. The home team controlled the ball practically the whole time. The game was not what could be called a good exhibition of Basket-ball but gave evidence of the strength of our team. The game ended with a score of 73-7 in favour of the College team.

The Acadia team on this occasion was Reid, Andrews, Forwards; Pines, Centre; Richmond, Logan, Defence.

HOCKEY.

The Interclass Hockey League has been finished with the Sophomores holding first place. The standing of the various teams is as follows:—

Sophomore-Senior.....	13-1.
Junior.....	3-1.
Freshman.....	4-2.
H. C. A.	3-0.
H. C. A.-Senior.....	5-3.
Junior.....	4-2.
Freshmen.....	7-3.
Senior-Junior.....	3-1.
Freshmen.....	6-3.
Junior-Freshmen.....	5-3.



Horace W. McKenna, '89, died at his home in Parrsboro, March 13th, after a year's illness. Mr. McKenna had been a lawyer in that town since 1893, and had a large legal practice there.

Frank E. Wheelock, '05, has been appointed Professor of Physics at Mount Allison University. After a very successful course at Acadia he studied Physics at Yale and has been teaching in the United States. In the fall of 1911 Professor Wheelock married Miss Cora Blenkhorn, of Canning, N. S.

C. L. Vaughn, '98, is Professor of Psychology at New York Normal College, New York

A. F. Newcombe, '98, has closed his pastorate at the North Baptist church, Halifax, and has removed to St. John, having been appointed Secretary of the Canadian Bible Society.

E. A. Crawley, '04, is on the engineering staff of the G. T. P. railway, with headquarters at Winnipeg.

Rosamond M. Archibald, '04, is residing in Wolfville. Miss Archibald is one of the University's recognized tutors.

R. B. Dexter, '04, has given up his medical profession in Georgetown, Col., has removed to City Island, N. Y., where he will pursue his chosen work.

From the "Pulp and Paper Magazine of Canada" we quote the following concerning Gordon MacIntyre, '10. "The department of Chemical Engineering at McGill is adding to their industrial equipment apparatus for work in paper. Investigations covering some months will be conducted by Mr. A. G. MacIntyre, B.A., a fourth year student in Chemical Engineering, who has had practical paper mill experience at Jonquiere, Quebec."

A. Burpee Balcom, '07 of Intercollegiate Debating fame, is studying law at Harvard.

Helena B. Marsters, '05, is residing in Halifax.

John S. Bates, '08, has been appointed captain of the Columbia hockey team, and has been picked as Rover for the All America team.

Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, '91, one of Acadia's most successful graduates has been elected President of the Canadian Club of New York.

A. S. Bagnall, '08, is at present doing pastoral work at the East Calgary Baptist Church, Alberta.

Victor Woodworth, '09, is teaching in the Chilliwack High School, Chilliwack, B. C.

Miss Etta J. Yuill, '97, is residing in Pentecton, B. C.

E. C. Spinney, '68, is President of the International Guaranty Co., Chicago, Ill., and still retains a warm interest in Acadia.

T. H. Bogg's, '02, has a splendid position in the Department of Economics, Dartmouth University, Hanover, N. H.

A. C. Hayford, '14, is staying out a year in his home at Westport, N. S.

Clifford T. Jones, '93, is at present residing in Calgary, B. C.

Geo. C. F. Kierstead, '10, occupied the pulpit of the Windsor Baptist Church on Sunday, April 25th inst.

A. F. Baker, '93, who occupied the pulpit of the Summerland Baptist church, B. C., for some time, is at present in New Westminster.

S. Walter Schurman, '03, is pastor of the Baptist church at Hartland, N. B.

ACADIA LADIES SEMINARY.

Miss Carmen McDonald, '05, is at present in Dorchester, N. B.

Miss Edna Harrison, '05, is engaged in teaching in Port Morien, C. B.

Miss Mabel Hanna, '05, has been very successful in her work as teacher and is at present in Holden, Alta.

Miss M. Caldwell, '05, is at Dables Ferry, N. Y., where she holds a responsible position in St. Christopher's Home for children.

Miss Jennie Palmer, '05, is residing in Dorchester, N. B., Miss Palmer and Miss McDonald on behalf of the Class of '05 recently gave \$25.00 toward the Hospital Fund of the Seminary.

Miss Emily Young, '05, is enjoying a three months' trip abroad.

Miss Sara E. Hall, '08, is head of the Domestic Science department at Feller Institute, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

Miss Jennie Patillo, '05, is at her home at Truro, N. S.

Miss May Woodman, '05, is teaching music at Acadia Seminary, Miss Julia McIntyre, '06, is at the head of the Household Science department at the Seminary.

Miss Lavina Lewis, '06, is at her home in Hillsboro, N. B.

Miss T. Mitchell, '06, is nurse at Acadia Seminary.

Miss Kathleen Wortman, '07, Miss Muriel Harrington, '07, Miss Mary Archibald, '09, Miss Gladys Harris, '07, Miss Nellie Wood, '08 are residing in Wolfville, N. S.

Miss Emma Murray, '07 (Mrs. Arthur Estey) resides in Halifax, N. S., where Prof. Estey is teaching in Dalhousie University.

Miss Sarah K. Dobson, '08, has completed the course at Emmerson School of Oratory. Miss Dobson is at present teaching classes in Amherst and Moncton.

Miss Vera Dickson, '08, is at home in Hillsboro, N. B.

Miss Ida Rand, '08, is at present at her home in Kentville, N. S.

Miss M. E. Starr, '08, is studying violin at St. Petersburg, Russia.

Miss Pearl Price, '08, has a studio in New York.

Miss Gladys Clark, '09, is at her home, Bear River, N. S.

Miss Elsie Estabrooks, '09, is at present in St. John, N. B.

Miss Charlotte Layton, '09, is teaching music in Truro, N. S.

Miss Viola Weaver, '09, is Librarian at Acadia Seminary.

Miss Mary Calhoun, '10, resides in Gaspe, Quebec.

Miss May Chute, '10, who took the Domestic Science Post Graduate Course in Toronto, will take the place of Miss Anderson at Acadia Seminary after Easter.

Miss Florence Lewis, '10, is at her home in Brownville, Me.

Miss Ethel Smith, '10, is teaching on the reserve staff of St. John city.

Miss Mary Black, '11, is at her home in Amherst, N. S.

Miss Laura Curtis, '10, and Miss Jean McLatchey, '10, are studying at Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, Mass.

Miss Annie Murray, '11, is teaching in Fernie, B. C.

Miss Myrtle March, '11, is attending Michigan University.

Florence and Gladys McKeen, '11, are in Calgary.

Miss Florence Snell, '11, is on the teaching staff at Acadia Seminary.

Miss Marion Estabrooks, '11, is taking a course at McDonald College, Toronto.

Miss Nan Anderson, '11, is taking a business course in St. John, N. B.

Miss Helen Scott, is at her home in Sussex, N. B.

Miss Lottie Demming, is at her home at Perth, N. B.

HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY — Class of 1910..

W. Harry Freda has been ordained and is preaching in Nyantic, Conn., He is also attending Newton Theological Seminary.

Hartley Kirkpatrick is studying **medicine** at Dalhousie.

E. M. Larkin is attending the Maritime Business College.

Hugh Moore is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

R. L. Messenger is farming in Saskatoon, Sask.

Harry Paget is teaching school in Loggieville, N. B.

Frank E. Porter is in the restaurant business in Boston, Mass.

C. M. Sanford has a position in Beverly, Mass.

Class of 1911.

W. P. Calhoun is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

F. B. Duffy is at his home in Hillsboro, N. B.

G. F. Ensor is at his home in St. Stephen, N. B.

F. E. Gullison is studying medicine at McGill.

Garl McKenzie is studying at Dalhousie.

K. I. Murray is studying forestry at U. N. B.

W. M. Nichols is in business with his brother in Yale, B. C.

H. McLean is in Vancouver.

F. B. Rennie has a position in the C. P. R. office, Winnipeg.

F. E. Rattray has been married recently at his home in Amherst.

P. McA. Simms is at his home in St. John, N. B.



INDEPENDENCE in the choice and arrangement of material is the privilege of the editors of any college magazine. Criticism of such choice and arrangement should be the privilege of an exchange editor. We wish to express disapproval of the plan sometimes followed of placing editorial comments at the first of an issue or of sandwiching them between literary articles which appear best together at the beginning of the magazine.

Bates Student is very modest in appearance, but acceptable in contents. It specializes in fiction which is light yet readable. Cuts of musical clubs improve the last issue. This monthly contains the following among various items of interest: "After September 1, 1912, all students at Yale will be required to room in dormitories."

"The honor of having the largest" co-ed enrolment among co-educational institutions is claimed by the University of Nebraska with 1785 women students."

"Sixty-one students were sent to this country the past year by the government of China. They have not gone as formerly chiefly to Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but different colleges. The University of Michigan leads with an enrolment of sixteen, Wisconsin following with thirteen."

We found an article on "Hood and Gown" in *Acta Victoriana* quite instructive. The writer mingles fact and philosophy of college and university colors in an interesting way. The same issue contains a plea for a true conception of the humane and self sacrificing service every would be physician should desire to render. The editorial on Easter is a thoughtful review of its meaning and its value.

McMaster Monthly is as pleasing as usual. A vivacious article "En Route to India" and a sympathetic outline of the character and work of David Lloyd George are among its contents.

More than a few will enjoy the account of a Nova Scotia teacher's impressions of Saskatchewan, given in the March issue of *The Dalhousie Gazette*. The closing sentences are suggestive:—

"... how good it feels to be back in Nova Scotia. Here at last is *variety* and life is worth living again—towns and country, hills, rivers, trees and seas, things to talk about other than wheat and land, things to eat other than canned fish and wheat bread, things to do other than work and sleep, and more pleasant thoughts than money-making deals in lands, animals and wheat. How delightful it is to be back in civilization again!

"But once infected with the Western fever, recovery is difficult. Cure may be apparent but lapse is certain and some day soon or late, he or she will go back to the vast granary to claim part of its immense wealth as their own."

SPRING SONG.

Spring speaks not of budding trees
Unto me;
Nor of birds and flowers and bees
Oh so free!
Nor of meadows that I see
Filled with lambs;
Spring brings back no thought to me
But "Exams."

—Queen's Journal.

Our attention has been compelled by the contrary viewpoints of insertions in the Exchange Columns of *King's College Record* and *The Dalhousie Gazette* for February. The quotation of the latter from an article by A. W. Eaton, D. C. L. on "Our Maritime Provincial University that is to be" is a rather extreme and unfair criticism of present educational conditions in our Maritime Provinces. *King's Record* quotes "Comments" from *Xaverian* on the service of the denominational college, and justly emphasizes that service. *The Mitre* also quotes from *Lux Columbia*: "In the last analysis, the success of our colleges must be measured by the fidelity, truthfulness, purity, courage and self-

sacrifice in the lives of those coming out from them. Judged by this standard the Christian college—without any shadow of doubt—takes the first place, for it is sending out into the world young men and women, not only of splendid intellectual endowments, but also of sound, robust morality, to impart hope and heroism to the faint and to uplift the world.

Other exchanges received: *Harvard Monthly*, *Maritime Students Agriculturalist*, *Acadia Bulletin*, *Argosy*, *Xaverian The Collegian*. McGill.

Acadia Seminary Notes.

On Friday evening, March 22nd, the second Pupil's Recital was given in College Hall, where the following programme was carefully and interestingly rendered:—

PROGRAMME.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO—Impromptu.....Schubert
MISS ETHEL NORTON.
2. VOCAL SOLO—a. Break, Break, Break.....Lewis
b. Beam from Yonder Star.....Bullard
MR. RICHARD CLARK, Baritone.
3. VIOLIN SOLO—a. Adagio {
b. Gondoliera {Ries
MISS DOROTHY HARRINGTON.
4. READING—The Call (A Monologue in Costume).
MISS OCTAVIA HAYWARD.
5. VOCAL SOLO—Song of Sunshine.....A. Goring Thomas.
MISS REITA FOWNES, Soprano.
6. VIOLIN SOLO—a. Gavotte.....Bach
b. The Bee.....Schubert
MISS LILA STRONG.
7. Reading—The Easter Good-Time Garden, Florence Morse Kingsley
MISS ANITA ELDERKIN.
8. VOCAL SOLO—It Is Enough.....From Elijah
MR. FRED BISHOP.
9. PIANOFORTE SOLO—a. La Scaramouche.....Chaminade
b. Humoresque.....Schuett
MISS MABEL PHILLIPS.

Madame Constance C. Bauer, who was teacher of French and German in Acadia Seminary from 1884-1892, died suddenly in Meridu, N. H., on Saturday, January 20, 1912. Born in Gloucestershire, England, in 1855 Madame Bauer came to Nova Scotia in 1884, and went to the United States in 1892, where she taught in St. Agnes School, Albany, N. Y., St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., and Kimball School, Worcester, Mass. For the last three and one-half years of her life she had been first teacher and then Preceptress at the Kimball Union School, Meriden, N. H.

Madame Bauer was educated in Dresden, Germany, and was married to Dr. George Bauer, surgeon in the Hungarian army. He died at Budapest in 1879

Many who read this note will recall with pleasure the delightful associations with Madame Bauer as teacher and friend, to these and to all her former pupils her sudden death will be a source of profound sorrow.

We are privileged to acknowledge further contributions for the Hospital Fund.

Mrs. Emma Whidden.....	\$20 00
Mrs. N. A. Rhodes.....	15 00
Miss Helena Kierstead.....	2 00
Class of 1905 per Miss Mabel Macdonald and Miss Jennie Palmer.....	25 00
Formerly acknowledged.....	55 00
Total.....	\$117 00

The Current Topic Club will close the year's work at Easter. The last address by Mr. J. F. Herbin, Wolfville on "Traces of the Acadians" was most instructive and interesting. It was well received.

This year, 1912, is the Jubilee Year of Acadia Seminary. Appropriate exercises in celebration of this event will be held on Tuesday afternoon, May 28, when an address will be delivered, an historical sketch and a jubilee ode read, together with other exercises appropriate to the occasion. In the evening, after the Graduating Exercises of the Seminary, a banquet will be spread in the Dining room of the Seminary, prepared, under the direction of Miss McIntyre by the pupils in Household Science.

In connection with this celebration it is proposed that the Alumnae and former pupils raise \$25 00 to augment the fund now in hand for the construction and furnishing of the Fine Arts Building. The Principal is greatly delighted to announce a pledge of \$5,000 for this purpose, generously contributed by a loyal friend of the Seminary, whose name will be given in due time. If as is confidently expected \$20,000 can be raised before July, the work of construction will be proceeded with at once. Who will give the second \$5,000, \$3,000, \$2,000, \$1,000?

We regret to announce the resignation of Miss Loreta Anderson, assistant in Household Science, on account of ill health. Miss Anderson's place has been filled by the appointment of Miss May Chute, Acadia Seminary, 1910. Lillian Massey in 1911. We welcome Miss Chute back to her Alma Mater.

Will all the former graduates into whose hands the ATHENÆUM comes please send present name and address to the Principal of the Seminary Rev. H. T. DeWolfe? Thus accuracy will be assured in the next edition of the Catalogue.

Academy Notes.

GENERAL.—The exams are over for another month and, although there were some failures, the standard has been maintained. The past month has been a very quiet month here except for some interesting hockey games played by the cads against the college boys in the inter-class hockey league. Skating will soon be over for this season and baseball and track will flourish. Our only holidays between now and closing will be the Easter vacation and the Queen's birthday. We will have about seven weeks of classes and then the finals will commence. We just refer to the Academy reception held on Friday evening, March 1st. College Hall was suitably decorated for the occasion and everybody present at the reception pronounced it a great success.

LYCEUM.—There has been no Lyceum this week on account of the lighting system being out of commission.

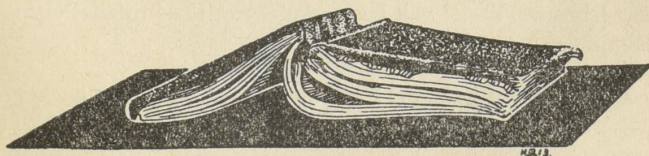
ATHLETICS.—On Saturday, the 2nd of March the Academy Hockey Team went to Halifax to play a return game with the Halifax County Academy. At eleven o'clock in the Arena the teams faced off. The visitors were a little strange in the big rink and as a result of this it did not take the home team long to score the first goal. Shortly after this Parker scored for Horton, and shortly before half time Porter scored number two for the visitors. The first half ended 2-1 in favor of Horton. The second half started with a rush, neither side scored for some time. After about fifteen minutes play, Archibald scored for Horton and five minutes later Rogers scored number two for Halifax.

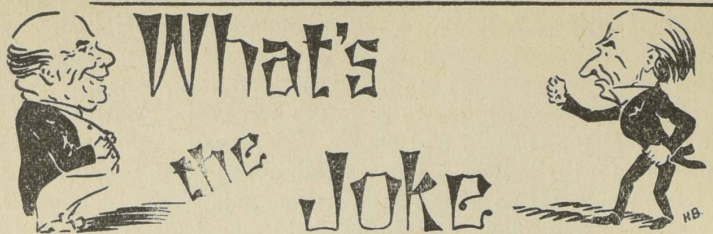
At the end of the hour the score stood 3-2 in favor of Horton.

The Academy team lined up as follows: Goal, Blair; Point, Barss; C. Point, Porter; Rover, Parker; Centre, Archibald; Wings, McNeill and McKay, Spare, Dalmaine.

This year the Academy team gets second place in the Inter-class Hockey League. They have in all played seven games and of these they have won six and lost 1. The number of goals scored against them was 19. while they scored 30.

C. M. SNOW,	}	Lyceum Editors.
G. B. BLAIR,		
F. F. FOWLIE.		





Miss Van Wart—How do you know Mr. H-t-i-ld is as tall as you are?

Miss Reid—Oh, I always tell people's height by looking straight into their eyes.

Prof. Pattison—Miss Lent, how did you like Cowper's "Task"?

Miss Lent—I liked it alright, but as hard as I looked I couldn't find the "sofa."

Prof. Haley—What is Charles' Law?

Miss Woodworth—To leave at half-past ten

Wheelock (at bulletin board)—College note paper—— is that the paper we write our tests on?

Prof. Coit—Mr. Dennis, now first, what is m times o u?

Dennis—Why—oum (Oh you Emm.)

R-chm-nd—Well, spring will soon be here.

Miss J-hns-n—Yes, I will be so glad when the "robins" come again.

R-chm-nd—? ? ? ?

Miss Giberson—I hope the Freshmen win this game of hockey.

R. R. J. Brown—So do I; somehow or other I **always** like to see the Freshmen win.

DeWolfe—Going to church Lockart??

Lockart—No.

DeWolfe—You ought to be going to worship.

Lockart—I am.

Pyzant Atkins (at farmhouse outside Wolfville, 1 a. m.)—Have you not a hand-sled you could lend me?

Prof. Haycock (in Mineralogy)—Do any of you know the name of the largest diamond?

Bailey—The ace?

Errands gone
On With fi
Delity By
Fritz and "Pug"
I remain
Your humble Servant
"Skuke."

Dr. Cutten—Well Mr. Stackhouse, I think you had better consult Dr. Tufts about that.

Stackhouse—Yes I expect to consult him.

Prof. Pattison—How did you like this piece of Scott's?

Miss Brown—Oh, I just love Scott!

Prof. Haycock—What is $C S_2$ the symbol for?

Lyons—Colgates Special, No. 2.

Prof. Pattison—How would you punctuate: The young lady who was the only person in the parlor was sitting on the sofa before the firelight.

Hunt—I think I'd make a dash after the dame.

I just annexed 'bout fifty bills,
But see no ray of hope;
For I must hand it over to
His holiness the pope.

He placed his arm around her waist,
The colour left her cheek;
But on the sleeve of his Sunday coat
It showed up for a week.

H. C. A.

Middler (newly arrived) To Senior Class—"You will appoint a committee to confer with me.

Senior (in back seat) Fine chance!

Sem. Teacher—Is this form correct Miss M-rr—ought it to be *fini* or *finis*.

Miss M-rr. Oh I am sure it ought to be *finis* (Phinney).

Ph-l Andr-ws '13—If the Sems. know I deliver these song-books they will be buying them every day.

Acknowledgements.

FEBRUARY 26—MARCH 19.

T. A. Skinner, A. C. Hayford, L. Blackadar, W. S. Smith, Rev. E. D. Webber, Rev. S. S. Poole, Miss E. W. Baker, Clifford T. Jones, E. C. Whitman, Prof. Thompson, Rev. A. F. Newcomb, R. D. Colpitts, Paul Corey, L. R. Skinner, J. Bailey, M. F. Freda, E. L. Powell, Misses C. Benjamin, H. Smith, E. Wry, M. Baker, J. Prescott, Mrs. H. G. Harlow, R. G. Clarke, Dr. H. T. DeWolfe, W. E. Mellor, Miss G. M. Fullerton, \$1.00 each. L. B. Boggs, \$4.40. J. C. Bishop, A. M. Wilson, \$3.00 each. E. C. Spinney, \$2.60. H. S. Ross, W. L. Barss, Garfield White, Miss O. Hayward, Miss E. J. Yuill, Victor Woodworth, \$2.00 each. A. J. Crockett, 60c. Miss G. Tingley, 45c. L. Bleakney, 30c. H. T. Reid, 45c., A. Rogers, L. Bleakney, 15c. each.

We are pleased to note among our advertisements this month that of the Eaton Studio—formerly Robinson's. The studio has been newly fitted up in the most up-to-date style, and this, together with the fact that only expert workmen are employed, should make us rest assured that the very best class of work will be turned out. Special attention is promised to student and college work.