

The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 4

The New Year

(First Prize Poem)

W

E catch bright visions in the opening year,
Of things beyond us—laurels won
Along the paths we've just begun
To tread, with new-born hope and youthful cheer,
Made brighter by associations here.
The past, its wealth of lessons e'er will hold
Before our memories, while we stray
Far from the scenes that here to-day
Are dear to us as precious links of gold,
To bind us to the past when years have rolled.
The future, dim and shadowed, lures us on,
To fields of glory there to test
The worth of manly powers—the best
That's in us rises to the martial song
Of those who have before us fought and won.
Thus, future, present, past—alike inspire
To lives that noble are and pure;
To deeds that must and shall endure,
And fill each breast with zeal that will not tire
Kindled by embers of a purer fire.

J. G. McKAY, '15.

Life in a Large University—Yale.

IF an apology be necessary for offering the following "notes" to the ACADIA ATHENÆUM by an Acadia graduate at Yale, the apology offered by the present writer will consist of, first, the simple observation of the obvious fact that a strong and growing tie exists between Acadia and Yale, and, secondly, that better acquaintance would probably still further strengthen that tie. The following "notes" are not intended for those who already know more about either or both of these institutions than the writer knows about them. They are rather submitted with the hope that a few simple hints regarding Yale and Yale life might be of interest and profit to those less acquainted with Yale. It must also be remembered that the writer speaks with no other authority than that of his own personal observations and experiences during the last two years at Yale.

For the present, at least, we shall pass by the material greatness of Yale. Before our first arrival in New Haven, we have all formed some vague idea of the magnitude of the "plant" which constitutes the visible Yale. It wouldn't be fair to say that, therefore, we are not "impressed" by this external aspect of Yale when we actually find ourselves in the midst of what would make quite a substantial town in the Annapolis-Cornwallis valley, and endeavoring for the first time to "get our bearings" in our new environment. The magnitude of the thing *does* impress the new arrival—it is all there as we have pictured in imagination, different only, perhaps, in being greater and grander. Yet, to the writer, these external aspects, great and grand as they are, have not appealed so much as have those aspects of Yale which characterize her "life" as distinguished from her "plant." It is of these, primarily, that these notes are intended to make mention.

One of the first things to "strike" the writer about Yale was her detailed administrative organization. At Acadia we knew something about "the office"—the amount we knew varying directly with the sum made up of the number of times we were "invited" to "call" at that place and the number of times we ventured to call without invitation. Apart from this, and one other office on Prospect Street, from which we heard at regular intervals (and which, strangely, almost slipped the writer's memory) we had seen little of administrative "machinery" at Acadia.

But at Yale, the amount of administrative work to be done was comparatively great, and necessity had apparently evolved an elaborate "division of labor." How many offices are here the writer does not yet know—one becomes content to know the ones in which one is directly interested. The thing which interested the writer most respecting these offices was, not their number, but the character of the men in charge of them. Every man seemed to have ready at hand, or rather at the end of his tongue, just the bit of information needed by the stranger in his effort to "find himself" in his new world. If one chanced to get into the wrong place, someone there was ready with a word to direct one to the proper source for the information wanted. Thus, while the division of labor was obvious, so was the "co-operation." And the memory of these men—once they had seen the new-comer and heard his name, they never seemed to forget it, notwithstanding the fact that each new-comer was only one among hundreds similarly new.

Another thing which early appealed to the writer was the "standing" of Acadia men at Yale. When the proper credentials were presented at the proper office, the official in charge said: "That is all right, Mr. ———. Acadia has sent us a lot of good men." He was not asked to explain his statement; but the writer interpreted it to mean that his predecessors from Acadia had "set the pace" and that something was expected of the new representative of a well-thought-of institution.

That the pace had been set, it didn't take long to discover. Memory still retains the feeling experienced at the thought of not being able to keep up the pace, and so be the first to lower, or tend to lower, Acadia's reputation at Yale. This thought, by times, at least, furnished even greater incentive to do one's best than did that of achievement for one's own good. Such is the influence of good example.

It was also soon apparent that the amount of work to be done was far in excess of what we had been accustomed to. In the writer's own courses the assignments were regularly from two to three times as long as had been customary at Acadia. Moreover, this work had to be prepared every day. There was no probability that one would be passed over in the round of recitations, unless one were to take a "dry cut," which means to get excused before class from the recitation. These "cuts" being limited in number, one could not escape many recitations.

With the exception of a few "quizz" classes, which were conducted somewhat after the manner of an Acadia class, the mode of reciting was by written answer to some question given by the instructor from the assigned reading for the day. Ten minutes were devoted to this test at the beginning of each hour, including the "quizz" hours. In this way one was held responsible for the assigned work every day. The grading was, for the dailies, based wholly upon these written tests. There was no probability whatever that, having "recited" on any given day, one would not be called "on" again for a week or more. The work had to be done every day, if one wished to get a creditable standing.

Remembering, then, that the assignments were from twice to three times as long as one had been accustomed to, and that they had to be prepared every day for written recitations, and that one's grading depended upon the character of the work done under these requirements, it will not be difficult to understand the statement which the writer has heard made by at least one Acadia man, namely, that he never before knew what work was.

The foregoing remarks regarding work apply chiefly to the senior requirements in the Academic department. They may be taken also to relate still more especially to the particular courses taken by the writer. And yet about every Acadia man that has expressed himself with respect to the work here has taken the position that he never worked so hard in his life as in his senior year at Yale.

As to the work in the Graduate School there is almost no end to, it. As a graduate, however, one has more control over one's own time and mode of working. As practically all Acadia men coming to Yale enter the senior Academic class, and as they have opportunity during the senior year to find out a good deal about the work of the Graduate School, nothing more need be said here about graduate work.

It must not be inferred from what has been said about work that the life of an Acadia man at Yale is just one monotonous "grind." The man who has the will and any knack at all for social life can find here some group whose spirit and tastes resemble his own. There are clubs and societies galore; of which we might speak more fully in another place.

As to the preparation an Acadia man brings with him for either setting or keeping up the pace at Yale, that seems to vary with the different lines of work they take up here and with the extent to which they have "specialized" in those lines at Acadia. Some come with

a better start in their chosen course than do others, both for the reason that more was given in their courses than in others at Acadia, and for the reason that they had made fuller use of such opportunity as Acadia offered than had others. But in general it may be put down as a pretty safe statement that what has placed Acadia men in the forefront at Yale, in respect to standing as students, is not the amount of *knowledge* they have brought with them, but rather a grim determination to do their best and a consequent unrelenting application to the work in hand. We have, of course, brought with us *some* knowledge of *how* to work; so that the remark of one Acadia man that he never before knew how to work must be taken with some qualification. Some of us have learned this art at Acadia more than others. In the writer's own case, he feels that he got some of his best training in method while at Acadia, in a certain line of extra-curriculum work in which he had some part. This extra-curriculum work also acquainted him with some facts and principles that have been useful in his work at Yale.

And yet, the total of facts and principles brought to Yale by the writer were a comparatively small asset with which to undertake the kind of work presented to him here. Whatever degree of success he has achieved here has not been made possible by these qualifications of *knowledge*, but rather by that indefinable something which every Acadia man seems to bring with him—something which usually enables him to win even in the face of large odds. Perhaps "push" is as good a name for this asset as any.

The foregoing reference to the comparatively small amount of knowledge Acadia men possess at graduating must not be taken as in any way an intended criticism on either the curriculum at Acadia or on the character of the work done there by the teaching staff. The writer recognizes the handicap under which the small college operates as compared with the great university. He is also proud of his Acadia diploma and deeply grateful for his course and experiences in and about the dear old college "on the hill." But for Acadia he would, in all probability, not be at Yale to-day. Both have been exceedingly good to him. Both occupy correspondingly large places in his affections. Which occupies the larger might be difficult to say. But this is certain, namely, that no true Acadia man forgets "the ladder by which he did ascend," when he has passed on to the larger institution and the world.

Tempest and Calm.

(First Prize Etching.)

A STORM at sea! The blasts of icy wind lash into fury the turgid water and fling it into the face of heaven. The heaving sea pitches the quivering ship as a summer zephyr tosses a feather. The wind whistles through the frozen rigging, while the harsh creaking of the ship accompanies the weird moaning of Nature. Overhead the heavy scuttling clouds belch forth the rumbling thunder and swift lightning, and then pass on making room for others. Dense darkness weighs on all, enwrapping the surroundings in an awful cloak of black. The straining ship rides helpless on the rushing waves, waiting for the morrow when toil and stress will cease, and the truce of Nature's elements will allow her to sail forward to the haven of peace and rest.

No stirring in the evening air! There is no sound save that of the the waves softly swashing against the ship's slender body. Overhead stretches the starry vault of heaven with its deep, mystical lights. The distant snow-clad hills loom up like spectral guardians of the sweet peace and silence. Far across the rippling waters gleam the harbor's lights with their welcoming rays. With idle, dreamy rolling the weary ship contentedly rests from its labors. She has foiled again the hungry sea, ever eager to drown in its depths whoever ventures on its waters. Danger and doubt are past, so she sleeps on its heaving bosom.

In sailing o'er life's ocean men meet many troublous storms. Bravely they should be weathered so that soon may be reached the refuge, when toil and trouble flee away, and men may sail on in sweet contentment to eternity's vast shore.

AUSTIN A. CHUTE, '12.



Debates and Debating.

THERE are two kinds of contests in which we engage in our college life: Physical, represented by football, hockey and the like; and intellectual, represented by debating. Now, the more important the contest, the greater the preparation that should be made. Much as we glory in our conquests in athletics, all will admit that it is our record in debating that causes every Acadia man to thrill with pride. As the years go by it will be harder to keep this record unbroken, therefore debating becomes increasingly more important from year to year. To-day we regard it as the most important contest of the year. This being so it is essential that it be given most attention, and that for it be made the best preparation. The success of an athletic team depends largely upon the number of men trying for a place, for thus the best material is selected. This is just as true in the debating realm. We often hear men speaking of trying for a place on the different athletic teams, but seldom hear them speaking about trying for a place on the debating team. This is not because they are undesirous of making the team, but because they think that such and such men will make it, and there is no chance for them. This is a mistake. The personnel of the debating team is never a foregone conclusion. Frequent miscalculations prove that statement. There is a chance for every man who works to make the team. The more men trying for a place on the team, the better the team will be, because of more material developed from which to choose. There may be some man in college potentially a greater debater than those on the team, but who, because of diffidence, fails to try, and thus goes undeveloped.

Acadia's success in debating seems to be due to two things: First, our system of interclass debating, and second, hard work. The other colleges either have had for some years, or are adopting our system of interclass debating. They will secure all the advantages resulting from it, if they will apply the other factor, hard work. We know that some of our sister colleges do not take the interclass debating seriously, with the result that their material is not developed. There is a slight tendency in our own college to take interclass debating less seriously than in former years. Unless such a tendency is checked we will weaken in debating ability. We must put more stress on the interclass debates, and more emphasis on hard work. In the interclass

debates we should be more careful in the subjects submitted. Submit good subjects. Do not hesitate to submit a subject slightly over the heads of the class below you. There has been much "kicking" in the past, because an upper class has submitted a subject, the principles of which they have studied in class, whilst the members of the lower class have not had such an opportunity to become intimate with the subject. Though the motive prompting the upper class to submit such a subject has not been high, the principle is, nevertheless, a good one. Make the lower class come up to the subject. Discuss subjects good enough for an intercollegiate debate and thus keep developing men of intercollegiate calibre. It is not well to discuss trite subjects; such as have been gone over for years in the interclass debates. Keep in touch with and discuss the political and social issues of the day. So much for the interclass debates. Now a word as to hard work.

This hard work begins back in the trial debates in the class. These trials or "scrub" debates should be taken more seriously. They should be prepared for more carefully. The work a man does in these debates will determine whether or not he will represent his class in the interclass debate. Therefore, when a man goes to the "scrub" debate, it should not be with the idea in mind that he will get up and say whatever occurs to him when he gets there, but it should be with adequate preparation, with the idea in mind that he is trying for a place on the college team. Then when he gets his chance to represent his class, he should throw himself into the work and prepare thoroughly for the interclass debate. His work there will determine whether or not he will win a place on the college team. Not a few men have won a place on the team by a brilliant showing in one interclass debate. Hard work cannot be too much emphasized in connection with debating.

Every year more strenuous efforts are being made to lower our colours; therefore every year we should redouble our efforts to keep flying those colours representing our supremacy in intercollegiate debating.

T. S. ROY, '11.



Reminiscences of the Campbellton Fire.

BEAUTIFULLY situated at the mouth of the Restigouche River and in the tideway of the Bay Chaleur is the busy little town of Campbellton. Previous to the fire of 1910 it had a population of over six thousand people. It was about a mile and a half in length and a half mile in width. It contained five mills, a machine-shop, freight-shed, station, roundhouse and other shops necessary in a railway centre, for Campbellton is an important centre of the Intercolonial Railway and a terminus of the International. It had many beautiful buildings, including a large brick school-house, three banks, a post office, Masonic Hall, an opera house, a hospital, curling and skating rinks, many busy stores of every kind and hundreds of beautiful residences.

On the afternoon of July 11, 1910, Campbellton was destroyed by fire. At the northern end of the town was a mill owned by the Richard's Lumber Co. About three o'clock in the afternoon a spark from a defective burner at this mill set fire to the roof of the cook-house, about fifty yards distant. Most of the men from the mill and the men in the neighborhood left off work to assist in putting out this fire, but they were unsuccessful. The fire apparatus was inefficient, the pressure of water was low, and a terrific wind helped the fire to gain great headway. House after house caught until the northeastern part of the town was all in flames. The mill caught, and all efforts to save it were unavailing. There seemed to be a draft through the mill and before it had been on fire ten minutes the flames were pouring through the roof. It seemed as though some giant battering-ram was being used from below, for great pieces of boards were torn off and flung to one side and millions of sparks, cinders, and even shingles were carried high in the air and swept by the wind over all parts of the town, starting fires everywhere.

The people, realizing that it was impossible to save their homes, gathered what things they prized most and fled to the ends of the town or back to the woods. The merchants put their books and papers in their safes, locked their stores and went home to assist their families. Some were fortunate and saved a great deal of their most valuable furniture (but these were few in number). Many carried their goods through the smoke and confusion to the wharves and fields, only t

have them burn up before their eyes. A few saved a little bedding and some clothes, but the majority escaped only with what they had on or could carry in their arms.

Within three hours after the fire started the whole town was a mass of flames. The fire burned fiercely against the wind and spread in every direction until only seven houses were left standing.

I had been out of town for a few days, but returned shortly after the fire began. I had been planning to spend the night at the home of some friends near the station. To my surprise I found the house still standing although in imminent danger of catching at any moment. Without delay I went to work fighting fire. For three hours we worked steadily, carrying water and pouring it upon the sides of both house and barn; running inside at intervals to extinguish a fire here and there, and tearing up planks at different corners of the house from which smoke would persist in coming. So exciting was the work that we lost all track of time and did not even know that we were tired. It seemed as though all the interest in that part of the town was centered around that one house. Being nearest the fire it was in the greatest danger of catching; could we have saved it, doubtless all the houses on the back street would have been saved.

A man from one of the back settlements had driven into town with a load of hay. He heard that the bar-rooms in town were giving away their stock to all who would take it, so he drove into a yard just back of where we were working, and unharnessed his horse, leaving the load of hay in the yard. Just at the time we thought we were free from danger a spark dropped in the hay and it burned like powder. Great bunches of it were carried everywhere by the wind, and we saw that it was impossible to save the house. So we made an effort to save some of the furniture, and succeeded in saving the greater part.

Finally we were warned to leave before the fire hemmed us in. As I was leaving I noticed a light in the carriage-shed and ran in with a pail of water; when I started out I found that the wind had closed the big door and a loose plank had sprung up from the outside, fastening the door in such a manner that it could not be opened from the inside. All the other doors were fastened on the outside with wooden buttons. The building was a long one and the fire soon burned through one end. Gradually it spread up the side until it reached a door. By this time the smoke was suffocating; the heat was intense; my coat was scorched in several places; on every side the lapping tongues of fire

seemed to reach out for me. The snapping and crackling of the burning timbers seemed like voices urging them on. To me it seemed only a matter of minutes before I would be overcome. As soon as the button burned off, the door began to swing open, leaving a crack through which the light from outside shone. Realizing what had happened I ran the length of the building and threw my weight against the burning door, and almost before I realized where I was I found myself with singed hair and eyebrows, and blistered hands and face in the open air. Never before had God's sky looked so beautiful.

With some difficulty I succeeded in reaching my friends at the upper end of the town, where we worked until after midnight.

About one o'clock, from the top of Monesy Rock Hill I looked out over the town. Such a spectacle as burst upon my sight I hope never to see again. It is impossible to describe my feelings in words. The sight was wonderful, even beautiful; and yet what tragedy, what misery and suffering it all meant. We cried out in ecstasy one moment and wiped the tears from our eyes the next.

About eight o'clock that morning I drove to Campbellton, taking with me a load of provisions. The sight I beheld on entering the town is one I shall never forget. What the day before had been a prosperous booming town was then a heap of smoking ashes. Everywhere parents were looking for children, and children for parents, who had become separated from them in the excitement of the fire. Although many rumors were afloat of people being killed, strange to say not a life was lost.

Hundreds of families had gathered in the open fields at the back of the town. They had built rude shacks of boughs and sticks and spread over them what little bedding they possessed. It was a pitiful sight to see families huddled together without food or shelter, their beautiful homes in ashes, and with nothing to begin life anew. Many in the evening of their lives had succeeded in paying off the mortgages on their homes, only to have them burned and everything they possessed wiped out of existence.

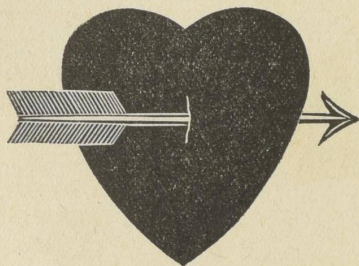
About noon a carload of provisions arrived and the hungry were fed. At two o'clock the first house was started, a one-story house with two rooms. The next building was a relief-station erected on the school grounds and from this both food and clothing were handed out to the people. Tents were brought from the Sussex Military Camp and erected on a hill overlooking the ruins of the town. Outside towns

and cities came nobly to the relief of the sufferers, sending clothing and money.

It was a beautiful sight at night to see the long rows of tents, each containing a single light—"The Tented City" some one called it.

The tents have long since disappeared; the charred remains of burnt buildings have also gone, and in their place houses have been erected, some more beautiful than the old ones, others crude and rough. Everywhere you will find a people who have put the past behind them and are looking only to the future, determined by hard work and perseverance to rebuild their homes and educate their children; looking hopefully forward to the good things in store for them in the coming years.

STERLING W. STACKHOUSE, '15.



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

R. I. BALCOM, '12. J. L. ILLSLEY, '13. M. B. MCKAY, '14.
AUSTIN A. CHUTE, '12. LENA M. NOWLAN, '13. C. DOROTHY BURDETT, '14.

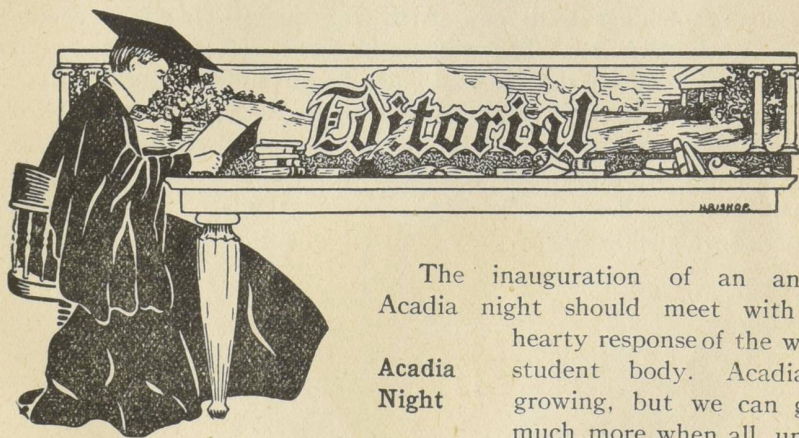
HORACE R. BISHOP, '14, *Staff Artist.*

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

ASSISTANTS:

GUY C. PHINNEY, '14.

E. DENNIS, '15.



The inauguration of an annual Acadia night should meet with the hearty response of the whole student body. Acadia is growing, but we can grow much more when all, under-

graduates, graduates, faculty, governors, etc., work with one end in view—to make Acadia an institution of which we may be proud and toward which we may point with pride. And what is better than an annual gathering where the Acadia spirit may prevail without alloy; where we may hear the institutional problems rehearsed and the improvements predicted; where we can feel that we are a part, though small, of the institution for which the name Acadia stands. Our forward movements have been characterized with signal success. We rejoice in this fact. The problems of the modern university are many, but when it can be felt that financial backing is assured, the way is paved for greater and more consistent advancement in every phase of college life. This is only one of the many problems

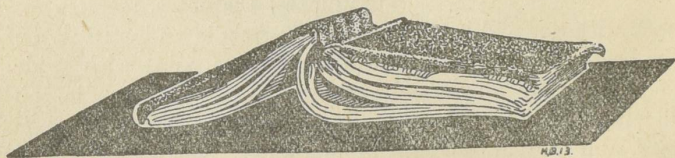
at Acadia. There are some in which the undergraduates may assist; some in which the Alumni may assist. A concentration of purpose is what there is needed. What is a better means toward this end than an annual gathering of Acadians? Here is where the real Acadia spirit is manifest. We trust the very commendable custom will be continued.

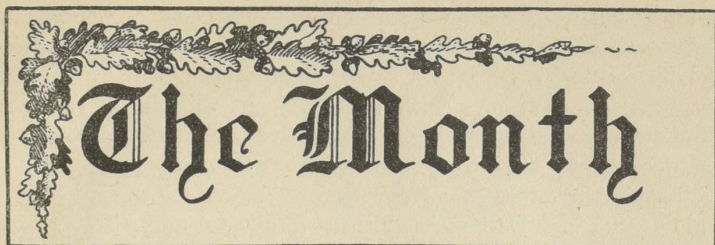
We are prepared at the time of writing to announce the prize winners of the poems and etchings of the ATHENÆUM contest. It

might be said that the contest has been very satisfactory **Athenaeum** from every point of view. Several original poems were

Prize contributed this year. Several etchings and an abundance
Contest of stories. In general the contributions showed careful and thoughtful preparation. The chief defect seemed to be

that many etchings were not strictly etchings. This is a common defect, we understand. The winners in the stories will be announced in next issue of the ATHENÆUM. The first prize for best original poem goes to J. G. MacKay, '15, second prize to A. A. Chute, '12. First etching prize to Mr. Chute, '12, also. Several poems and etchings, although not prize winners, were very good, and we hope to be able to publish some later in the year. We congratulate the winners and thank all who helped us by their contributions to make the competition a success.





THE main event of the month has been that series of occurrences—for some, catastrophes—known as Midyear's Examinations. No authoritative statement can be issued as to the difficulty or non-difficulty of the exams, since such a large part in the matter is played by individual differences. But we know our readers are with us when we say that we are glad the dread two weeks are over, even if exams were never allowed to interfere with rink, particularly "open rink." The second term now confronts us with its pleasures and its terrors. May the terrors prove evanescent, and may the pleasures be enhanced by a devoted attachment to work in every department of college activity.

THE Y. M. C. A.

On Wednesday evening, January 17, the students of College and Seminary were addressed by Mr. C. W. Bishop, the Canadian Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Bishop's subject was "Efficiency of Service." His address was thorough and excellent. On the Thursday morning following, Mr. Bishop addressed the students of College and Academy, who were assembled together for Chapel exercises in College Hall.

Rev. Dr. H. T. DeWolfe spoke in College Hall on Sunday evening, January 21, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Needless to say, Dr. DeWolfe's address was up to his usual high standard. The students greatly appreciate Dr. DeWolfe's hearty willingness to co-operate with them in making their organizations useful and successful.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ACTIVITIES.

The Intercollegiate Debating Team has been chosen as follows: Mr. J. L. Illsley, '13, leader; Mr. C. E. Baker, '12, and Mr. C. A. S. Howe, '15. For the benefit of those of our readers who have not been

following debating closely, we subjoin the subject of our debate with Mt. Allison this year: "Resolved, that Canada should contribute financially to the British Navy, rather than build and maintain a navy of her own in accordance with the policy of the late government." The debaters would be very glad to receive any material relevant to the subject, from alumni or others interested.

Dalhousie University has submitted to Acadia a proposal that Mt. Allison, Acadia and Dalhousie unite to form an Intercollegiate Basket Ball League. At the time of writing, the proposal has not received the consideration of the A.A.A.A.

DEBATES.

Interest in Inter-Class Debating still continues. The debate held Saturday evening, January 13, on the Reciprocity question was one of the most interesting thus far this college year. The Juniors, represented by Messrs. Ross Eaton, H. R. Haley and A. S. Bishop, argued for the Laurier-Fielding Reciprocity Agreement, while the Sophomores, Messrs. A. A. Hovey, G. Bleakney and McKay, opposed it. The judges, Prof. Pattison, Mr. I. B. Oakes and Dr. Tufts, brought in the decision for the Juniors, who now tie for first place in the Inter-Class Debating League.

On the following Saturday evening, a "scrap-debate" on the Navy Question was held, C. E. Barker, '12, leading the naval construction side, and J. L. Illsley, '13, the side for naval contribution.

VISIT OF FRUIT GROWERS.

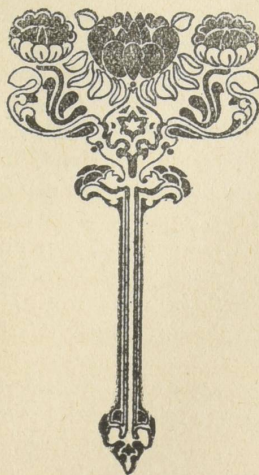
The walls of the college building rang with the old yell on the morning of January 17, when the President and students welcomed a deputation from the Nova Scotia Fruit Growers' Association, then in session in Wolfville. The Fruit Growers attended Chapel Exercises, after which they were shown through the Library and around the college buildings by Dr. Cutten, who expressed himself as heartily pleased to see that no small number of the leaders of the Fruit Growers' Movement were old Acadia men.

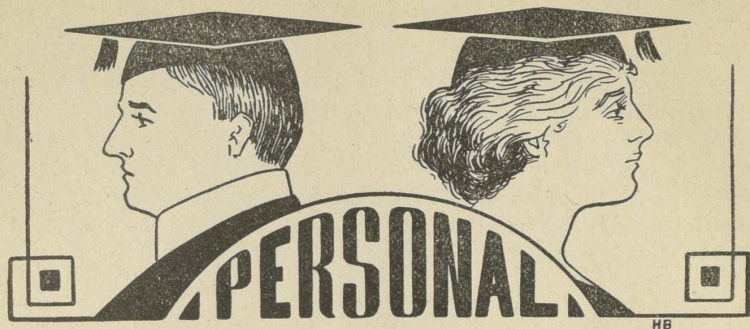
PROPYLAEUM.

The Junior girls gave their annual entertainment before the Propylaeum Society on January 13. Each girl, upon entering the room, was presented with a programme bound in the class colors. The chief feature of the entertainment was a play entitled "Mystery" which was much enjoyed by the audience. A Leap Year Pantomime also provoked much fun, after which refreshments were served by the entertaining class and the meeting adjourned.

ACADIA NIGHT.

On Thursday evening, January 11, an "Acadia Night" was held in College Hall. Governors of the University, Faculty, and students of the three institutions were present. A very pleasing programme was rendered by the students, addresses were delivered by Dr. Cutten, Dr. DeWolfe, Dr. Archibald and Rev. Alfred Chipman (who, by the way, is our oldest graduate) to which the students and friends present listened with greatest interest. After the programme and speeches were concluded, a short conversationé was held. This was our first observance of "Acadia Night." It proved such a success that we trust the annual custom will be inaugurated.





Harry B. Havey, '06, is one of the doctors at the city hospital, St. John, N. B.

W. J. Wright, '07, who has been surveying in British Columbia is now attending Yale and is studying for the degree of Ph. D.

M. F. McCutcheon, '09, is pastor of the Brussels St. Baptist Church, St. John, N. B.

F. F. Foshay, '09, is studying at Colgate.

W. C. Huntington, '09, is working with the General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Vancouver, B. C., seems to be a mustering place for former Acadia students. An Acadia Club has been formed there with about sixty members. J. W. DeB. Farris, '99, and C. M. Woodworth, '90, are prominent lawyers there. Clarence Messinger, '08, and Roy Stultz, '11, are studying law in the offices of Messrs. Russell, Russell & Hancox. G. H. Gower, '07, principal of the Model School, is the youngest principal in the city. Misses Dorothy Manning, '09, Eva Peck, '09, and Lona Belyea, '10, are also teaching. W. L. Rand, '07, is in business with his uncle C. D. Rand, '79, one of the largest real estate dealers there. Si Mallery and Frank Faulkner, formerly of the class of 1911, have positions in the city. Miss May Crandall, '07, Florence Messinger and Nellie Pineo, of Acadia Seminary, reside there. "Shiner" MacLean, H. C. A. '11, also lives in Vancouver. J. Elmer Brown, '10, is assistant principal of the North Vancouver Public School. Carl Eaton, '11, is teacher near Vancouver.

F. W. Pattison, '04, is pastor of the Summerland Baptist Church.

Roy Davidson, '07, is studying dentistry at Baltimore, Maryland.

George Haverstock, '09, and Harold Spurr, '08, are teachers in the High School at New Westminster, B. C.

F. G. Hughson, '10, is studying law in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Jack Primrose, '12, is also in Winnipeg.

E. W. Bigelow, '10, is studying law in the offices of Taylor, Harvey, Baird and Grant, Vancouver, B. C.

Fred Woodworth, '09, is teaching at Chilliwack, B. C.

Several of Acadia's recent graduates are now in Wolfville. Jos. E. Howe, '06, is Housemaster of the Academy. Miss C. M. Benjamin, '07, is teaching business studies at Acadia Seminary. Miss Jean Haley, '08, is College Librarian. J. A. Green, '10, is teaching in the Academy. Ivan Nowlan, '10, is studying for the degree of B. Th. at Acadia. Miss Rosamond Archibald, '04, is residing in Wolfville.

Percy Hayden, '08, Frank Rideout, '09, George Keirstead, '10, and G. W. Warren, '10, are members of the Senior Class of Newton.

G. F. Camp, '10, is pastor of the church at Kingsboro, P. E. I.

V. E. Chute, '10, and wife are residing in Toronto.

M. C. Foster, '09, is Principal of Canning School.

Frank E. Dickie, '09, is studying at Columbia.

W. S. Smith, '09, is pastor of the Baptist Church, Kemptville, N. S.

Miss Viola Roscoe, '10, is teaching at Berwick, N. S.

W. S. MacIntyre, '10, is teaching in Quincy, Mass.

F. Alline Huntington, '12, is one of the many Acadia men in Vancouver, B. C. Address 937 Burrard St.

A. DeW. Foster, M. P., '13, was married on January 11th to Miss Charlotte Lawrence, Acadia Seminary, '09.

We hope to be able to publish next month in this column a complete record of the class of 1911.





ONE who has the privilege of reviewing the magazines which come to the exchange table month by month notices a variety in their contents quite as great as that in their cover designs. It is quite proper for each editorial group to have an ideal, and in working towards it give its paper an individuality of its own. We need, however, to learn from each other, since no one of us can claim perfection in the magazine we issue.

We have found *Acta Victoriana* one of the best magazines we have recently received. Its Christmas issue is deserving of much praise. Both covers and contents are pleasing. The article on Canadian Literature is somewhat of a contrast to that which has appeared in *King's College Record*. But the writer hopes for better things in years to come. The results of an interview with Dr. A. J. Macdonald of "The Globe" should be of interest to all college men of journalistic tendencies. "There is a great chance for the university man in journalism. But if he would truly succeed, his personal qualities must rank as high as his academic attainments. It is the man, rather than his university degree, that will tell in newspaper work. . . . A well selected university course would have greatly increased the efficiency of some of the best editors and writers on the press who had no such educational opportunities, nor any kind of university course. Some of your scholarship men learn very little that would be worth while in newspaper work. . . . Get history of all kinds and of all countries, history of men and of nations; political and constitutional history and history of economics and of social movements. Add to your history political economy and to political economy, literature; and literature of all kinds, too. Master the great ideas and the great style of the world's great men. . . . You must have principles and opinions and you must express them.

That always involves antagonism from other principles and other opinions. But you will find it better in the long run, as well as more interesting to hold your principles with firmness, and to express your opinions without hedging. . . . In dozens of ways, more perhaps, in the future than in the past, newspapers will be tempted to tone their editorial opinions to suit the interests that buy their advertising space. But to yield to that temptation would be fatal. Neither a man nor a newspaper can afford to sacrifice independence and self respect. As a profession, journalism is attractive and compensating to men of intelligence and power, but as a trade it would degenerate to the servitude of hirelings and poltroons. Let the universities send out men with newspaper aptitudes and trained minds and a firm grip on high ideals, and the independence of the press in Canada will be maintained, even against the intrigues and bribes of the selfish Big Interests." "The Left Hand of St. Nicholas" is a piece of fiction full of interest and meaning. Under the head of "Peripetetic Jottings" appear a number of racy and humorous anecdotes of western life." The articles are interspersed with charming half tones and cuts of the college executives.

The *U. N. B. Monthly* says the right thing in the "Spirit of Sport." We regret that offences by all at some time or another make the writing of such articles necessary.

The *Xaverian* is uniformly good. The December issue contains fiction of a pleasing stamp, along with a contribution on Forestry and a discussion of the comparative disciplinary value of European and American universities and colleges.

In the *Harvard Monthly*, we find an abundance of fiction. "First Harvard Freshmen" gives a picture of the earliest days of Harvard contrasting strangely with present conditions. An editorial of considerable length discusses "the educational snobbery which increasingly demands the doctrinal degree of candidates for appointment to teaching positions." It declares that this demand "has given to the degree a commercial value it ought not to have." "The Ph. D. is ostensibly a seal upon scholarly equipment. But as in the medical profession there are degrees and degrees. Upon the seal that guarantees a man's equipment must be set the seal of the guarantor." While the editorial is written from a Harvard standpoint it gives more than local reasons for its protest. What it says may well be considered by those contemplating post-graduate work.

Other magazines received: *The Bates Student*, *The Saint Andrew's College Review*, *King's College Record*, *McMaster University Monthly*, *MacDonald College Magazine*, *Brandon College Quill*, *The Okanagan Lyceum*, *The Theologue*, *The Mitre*, *The Dalhousie Gazette*, *The Argosy*.



Academy Notes.

GENERAL.—The Academy opened on January 4th, 1912, with nearly all the old students back and about twenty new ones. The registration now is a few in advance of last year at this date. The Academy home is now fully occupied and a number of students are boarding in town. We are glad to say especially for this time of year, that the health of the students has been good. Everything seems to be pointing towards making this a banner year at H. C. A. We trust that the next few months will pass away smoothly and that the school and the students both will be benefited by good faithful work.

Y. M. C. A. AND LYCEUM.—Work has not begun in earnest in these societies as yet but we feel assured that last year's standard will not be lowered and sincerely hope that it may be raised.

✓ **ATHLETICS.**—On the evening of December 18th, the Academy Basket-ball Team played the Truro Y. M. C. A. at Truro. The game resulted in a victory for the Academy, the final score being 21-15. The line-up of the Academy team was as follows:

H. C. A., Gibson, McKay, forwards; Porter, centre; D. Kitchen, W. Kitchen, defence.

A return game is expected with Truro during the last week in January. The material for a hockey team in the Academy is not up to the standard of former years but with some hard work a good team may be developed. No games have been played as yet.

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

Acadia Seminary Notes.

The work of the Winter Term began January 3. The residence is filled; in all there is an additional registration of twenty or twenty-five.

Last term the Current Topic Club was organized. The officers elected were:—Octavia Hayward, President; May Palmer, Vice-President; Margaret Trenholm, Secretary-Treasurer. Already the Club has been addressed on topics of current and vital interest by Mrs. (Dr.) Mader of Halifax, Miss Hartley, Miss Mitchell, and will in the near future hear Miss Wilson, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Grant, Mr. J. F. Herbin and Principal DeWolfe.

On the evening of Tuesday, January 16, the Faculty Recital was given. It was an evening of rare pleasure. The departments of Pianoforte, Violin, Voice and Oratory were represented by Mr. Edward Fletcher, Pianist; Miss Ethola W. Frost, Pianiste; Miss M. Evelyn Schwartz, Reader; Miss Annah Hamilton Remick, Reader; Miss Ida I. Wilson, Contralto; Miss Theresa Frantz, Soprano; Miss Mary B. Freeland, Voilinite; in the presentation of the following programme,—

PART I.

1. READING.... John Storm's Resolution,
From "The Christian" by Hall Caine.
MISS SCHWART.
2. PIANO SOLO..... Concert Etude in F sharp major—McDowell.
MISS FROST.
3. VIOLIN SOLO..... 1st Movement Mendelssohn Concerto.
MISS FREELAND.
4. READING..... Truth's Advocate.
MISS REMICK.
5. SONGS..... Serenade— Richard Strauss.
Still wie die Nacht— Bohm.
MISS FRANTZ.

PART II.

6. PIANO SOLO Toccata Brilliante.
Romanza Appassionata.
Polonaise Mignonne.
(Vom Componisten vorgetragen)
MR. FLETCHER.

7. SONGS.....Romanza—"Voce di donna o"—Ponchielli.
 (From Opera "Graconda")
 "On the Shore"—Chaminade
 MISS WILSON.
8. (a) Canzonetta.....D'Ambrosio.
 (b) Serenade.....Pierné.
 MISS FREELAND.
9. PIANO SOLI.....Pastorale—Scarlatti.
 Prelude—Chopin.
 Nocturne—Chopin.
 Waltz in C sharp Minor—Chopin.
 Waltz in E Minor—Chopin.
 MR. FLETCHER.
10. DUET.....Carmina Waltz—H. Lane Wilson.
 MISS WILSON AND MISS FRANTZ

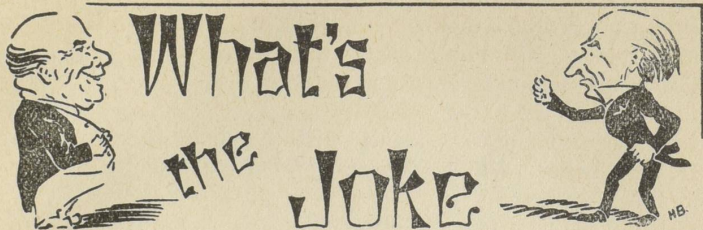
It was a fine programme in every number, finely and artistically rendered. Number six represents Mr. Fletcher's own work, showing that not only as a pianist but also as a composer he occupies a distinguished place. Every performer is to be congratulated upon the individual contribution to so excellent and artistic a result.

The work of Hospital Enlargement is well in hand. The painting, etc., will wait for the summer vacation. Provision has been made for a Diet Kitchen, a Dispensary, Closets and a ward for five beds.

Contributions have been received from:—

Dr. G. A. DeWitt	\$20 00
Dr. C. Avery DeWitt.....	10 00
From Hillsboro, N. B., Friends and Former Students.....	25 00
(Mary B. Peck, Flora B. Peck, Mrs. I. W. Corbett, Vera M. Dickson, Mrs. W. J. Lewis, Lavinia Lewis).	

Pledges have been received from several other individuals and classes, so that the prospect for realizing the amount needed is good. Many thanks to all who have helped and who have promised to help.



Tanch, '12—Man is a social being. Man cannot live “alone.”

Miss Ox-n-r—I don't see why we must come straight home from rink; it's only a rabbit hop—

Miss C-rb-tt—I notice you aren't a very fast hopper.

Bishop—Does Stackhouse still take the Evening Harold?

Eaton—No! He has renewed the subscription in H. Haley's favour.

Miss M-rst--s—The hockey team has arranged for a game with Dalhousie.

Miss Cl--ke—Isn't that splendid!

Miss M-rst--s—But they are apt to get into trouble on account of it.

Miss Cl--ke—I don't see what the boys want to play hockey for.

A FRESHETTE'S VIEW OF ACADIA.

Jim Naysium is a very rough, athletic young fellow.

Cy Anse is too dissipated. Has too much to do with pipes, flasks, smoke and fumes.

Manuel Trayning is very shy of the girls.

Prof. Haley—Can you tell me what density is?

Calhoun—I can't just express it, but I have it in my head. ✓

Miss——'12 (enthusiastically to Prof. Haycock)—Oh, professor! I visited a museum, Xmas, and saw the queerest old fossil there; at once I thought of you.

Question in English test:—What do you know about Layamon's Brut?

Crabtree's answer:—Don't know anything about the brute.

Prof. Coit (working math.)—I must have a mistake in this.

Miss P-lm-r—No! You're all right, professor.

Prof. Coit (smiling)—How do you know I am?

Godfrey—Is Hunt very popular with the young ladies?

Dexter—Is he? Why he takes the *pick* of the freshettes every night.

Hovey (in College Hall Acadia night) yawns and puts his arm around back of seat.

Miss Wigmore—This is just like chapel. Isn't it, Mr. Hovey?

Hovey (removing arm hastily)—Gee! I forgot.

Sem.—Isn't it funny that Miss Snell is so crazy about "Bishop" Pippins?

Coll Ledge is very pious; never misses his morning prayers.

H. C. A. is a charming, overgrown stripling.

Chip Hall and Sema Nairy spend their whole time flirting with each other.

The Co-ed's home is in rather straitened circumstances, is it not?

The matron—Yes! I have had difficulty several times in keeping *de wolfe* from the door.

Dr. DeWolfe—Mr. Chute, will you please give an account of John the Baptist's life?

F. Chute—His father's name was Zacchaeus?

Dr. DeW.—Yes, and who was he?

Chute—The man that climbed the tree and went to Heaven.

Hudson—If I accept your field, will you grant me a "supply?"

Aged deacon—Why, yes! what is your favorite brand?

Prof. Perry—What places a limit upon man's growth?

Hovey—Well now, it takes all his anabolism to fill up his cerebro vacuo.

Loc-art (translating in French) j'admire votre fille—

Prof. Wortman—That will do Mr. Loc-art, excellent.

E. M. A. Bl-kn-y—A young man should always have something to keep him in check.

F. Logan—What check have you?

(Wise Junior)—The corr-bitt.

Walker—Is that compass of yours any good?

Everett—Well, it's forty "horse power" strong and points towards—

Richardson—The same place Richmond's does.

Miss Br-wn—Have you kept your New Year's resolutions?

Miss P-rdy—Yes, I am spending this term with a spotless *page*.

Reid (to Walker '12)—Well, Rory! What do you think is the summum bonum or highest good?

R-ry—Highest good! I guess Ivan Nowlan must be.

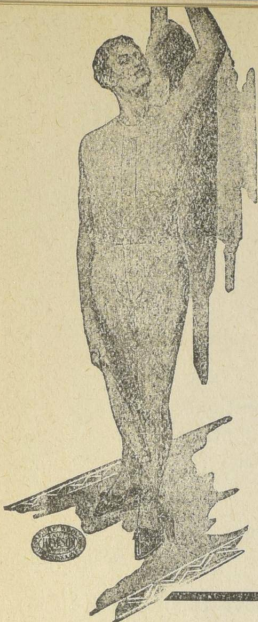
NO ENERGY IS LOST.

Dr. Cutten (to Smith '13)—Mr. Smith when I move this book it affects the whole universe?

Jack—Hardly noticeable sir.

Acknowledgements.

Miss M. C. Starratt, Miss M. Taylor, Miss J. Sweet, E. B. Shand, R. R. Murray, G. L. Cox, A. B. Clarke, I. W. Clarke, A. R. Goucher, Mrs. Marshall, Miss M. Prestwood, E. B. McLatchy, S. K. Payzant, C. P. Illsley, E. J. Sproule, F. T. Beck, F. W. Bishop, Mrs. C. Balcom, F. Young, W. H. Chase, W. P. Potter, G. Atkins, G. L. Andrews, V. K. Mason, G. B. Page, Miss E. Giberson, F. W. Spencer, A. Johnston, H. A. Gibson, Misses M. Armstrong, C. Cole, D. Crosby, L. Cross, M. Danielson, N. Lewis L. Laws, C. MacGregor, S. MacDonald, G. MacPhail, H. MacLearn, G. McIvor, M. Marr, H. Marr, N. Neilly, G. Nicholson, M. Palmer, M. Pugsley, E. Smith, L. Steeves, J. Saunders, M. Shand, L. Sexton, D. Sweet, T. Tracey, L. Hatt, G. Pincombe, B. Myers, C. Currie, F. Benjamin, F. Black, Dr. G. E. De Witt, W. H. Morse, Miss J. M. Clarke, Miss I. C. Freeman, W. De W. Barss, P. E. Eveleigh, R. P. Donkin, W. R. Walker, A. W. Brown, L. H. Ingraham, \$1.00 each. Rev. S. W. Schurman, \$3.00. Dr. E. G. Bill, \$2.60. L. R. Fairn, \$2.50. Rev. A. Cahoon, Rev. I. A. Corbett, \$2.00 each. W. A. Porter, \$1.70. A. K. Herman, J. Meisner, \$0.75 each. Miss E. Slack \$0.40. H. T. Reid, R. Young, \$0.30 each. E. Dennis, Miss P. Purdy, \$0.15 each.



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