# ACADIA ATHENÆUM


MAY, 1922

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# The Acadia Athenæum

Vol. XLVIII. Wolfville, N. S., May, 1922. No. 6.

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|---|---|
| Seniors | 12 units |
| Juniors | 13 units |
| Sophomores | 0 unit |
| Freshmen | 6 units |
| Engineers | 1 unit |

Pennant to Juniors.

## SPRING IS HERE

It is not the gentle murmur in the newly-budding trees
Where in balmy scented sweetness softly sighs the warming breeze,
Nor the drowsy humming, strumming of the newly-wakened bees,
That tells me Spring is here,—Winter gone.

It is not the deeper greeness of the grass upon the wold,
Nor the richly scented odor of the newly-furrowed mould,
Nor the birds upon the branches, nor the flower's dewey fold,
That tells me Spring is here,—Winter gone.

But my heart grows ever lighter as the moments flit away,
Till there's not a thought of sadness or of sorrow all the day;
But an all prevading gladness comes to tell me it is May,
And tells me Spring is here,—Winter gone.

—W. H. P., '23.

## THAT MAN JONES

DR. Wilber Cowie, M. D., was on the point of leaving his office for the night, when suddenly his telephone rang. "There goes my supper", was his rueful thought as he reached for the instrument.

"Hello——yes, this is Dr. Cowie speaking——oh, its you Frank, is it?—what! your boy has come back?——you only think he has? what do you mean by that?——you are at the police-court?——I'll be right around."

It took the doctor less than five minutes to reach the courthouse in his runabout. Standing beside the sergeant's desk he saw a middle-aged friend of his, Frank Regan, accompanied by two policemen and a young man. The latter glanced up languidlly at the doctor's entrance but showed no signs of recognizing him. The doctor hurried across the room to his friend.

"Tell me, Frank, what's the matter?"

"I'm glad you were able to come around here, Cowie. The police found this boy running a shoe-shine parlor over in Harlem, and they were so sure he was my Waltler that they brought him to me, but he won't recognize me at all. Look at him, Cowie, and see if he isn't Walter. Surely I ought to know my own boy, it's only three months since he disappeared."

The doctor stared at the boy intently.

"He has the same appearance", he declared, "have you any other means of identifying him?"

"Why, yes, look at this mark tatooed on his arm. You must remember that Walter had a mark just like that."

The young man attempted to prevent the doctor from looking at his arm, but did not succeed.

"Yes, I remember Walter had a mark like that. But why won't he speak to you, Frank?"

"I wish I knew. He has declared ever since he arrived this afternoon that he never saw me before. He swears that he was never in this part of the country till today. To think

that my own son would refuse to recognize me, it's almost more than I can bear!"

"Easy now, Frank. You mustn't get excited before we examine this thoroughly. Suppose you let me talk to the boy a little by myself, while you wait here."

"Yes, do any thing you want to, doctor; but for Heaven's sake find out why he won't recognize me."

The doctor and the young stranger went into an ante-room, while Regan walked the floor impatiently and bit savagely at an unlighted cigar. For half an hour he continued his restless tramp, and then had to sit down exhausted. Soon Cowie and his patient returned to the main room.

"Have you found the trouble?" Regan demanded eagerly.

"I think so, but I'm not sure," the doctor answered slowly. "I gave him an intelligence test, and he rates normal. He has brains enough to recognize you if he wants to, provided he *is* Walter, of course. Do you happen to know, he asked the two policemen, "how long he has been running his shoestand in Harlem?"

"About two months, sir. We couldn't find out much about what he had been doing before that. He seemed quite a stranger to the people living around there, although he said he had been living there all his life."

"Exactly," Cowie nodded, almost to himself, "now Frank, let me speak to you alone for a minute, will you? By the way, sergeant," he added, "you had better get the young fellow some supper and a bed, but don't let him get away on you."

As soon as the two men were alone in the ante-room, Regan's impatience burst all restraint.

"For Heaven's sake, Cowie, tell me if he's Walter. I'm getting desperate to know."

The doctor hesitated. "He has Walter's body", he answered, choosing his words carefully, "and Walter's intelligence, but another personality."

"Another personality? Do you mean he is insane? God forbid!"

"No, I don't mean he's insane. That intelligence test showed that he was sane enough, but he has dropped all his

old memories and most of his old characteristics, and is living a distinct life as another person."

"Is there anything I can do about it, doctor? I would do anything, bear any expense, to get my boy back."

"Dr. Veniot, of New York, is the best authority on such cases. Walter is suffering from 'dual personality', a disease so rare that there have never been more than thirty cases in a generation."

"Only thirty cases in a generation! Then how can this doctor get a chance to know anything about it? Why don't you tell me at once that it's hopeless, and be done with it?"

"But I tell you Dr. Veinot can cure him, I'm sure of it."

"No, Cowie, I'd rather know the worst at once. A disease with only thirty cases in a generation can't be cured! I wish you would tell me the truth."

"If you won't believe me for any other reason, I tell you he can cure Walter because he cured a harder case about four years ago. I was in New York at the time and heard about it. Would you like the account of it?"

"Of course I would, if its like Walter's trouble."

"Well, I'll make it as brief as I can. Six years ago, a man, whom I had better call Jones, graduated from Harvard Medical School. He had put himself through college by tremendous efforts. Then, too, in his last years his mother was drowned in a boating accident. Between the hard work and this shock he left college in a very run-down nervous-condition.

"For two years after his graduation he totally disappeared. No one heard a word about him or knew where he was. Suddenly he was recognized by a classmate down in Arkansas and sent back to New York for treatment. His condition then was much like Walter's today. His travels were traced by detectives, for they were of scientific interest, and between that information and the memories he related when hypnotized, we know most of the things that happened to him.

"In the first place, he had changed into a second personality, who was very fond of the sea. In this character, and under a false name, he shipped on a schooner for over three

months, and travelled along the entire eastern seaboard of the States. After a month on shore he passed into a third state, in which the sight of the sea was very nauseating to him. He could not take a trip in a ferry-boat without becoming violently sick. He had also acquired an aversion to high elevations, and would spend an hour zig-zagging up a hill rather than take five minutes and walk directly up it.

"The most interesting thing about this part of his history was his narrow escape from matrimony. He had become engaged while at college, and his fiancee had bravely agreed to wait till he became established in his profession, before they were married. In his normal state Jones had been rather shy, but his sailor-character was a regular Don Juan among women. He fell in love with every young lady he met, and was nearly killed several times in his seafaring character for interfering with other men's wives and sweethearts.

"While his schooner was in port in Savannah for repairs, Jones became enamoured of a young lady who conducted a tobacco-store near the water-front. He pressed his suit with great vehemence, and was successful. The marriage was set for a Wednesday afternoon, two days before the schooner was to sail. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, on Tuesday morning Jones felt rather sick and went to bed. He fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till Wednesday morning. When he got up, he had passed into his third state which I mentioned before, and in which he hated water and hills. Without the least remembrance of his schooner or his sweetheart, he left his boarding-house and started west, bound for the prairies.

"For the next six months we have little record of Jones's wanderings. The few facts that have been gleaned tell of a steady succession of stolen rides on freights, of lifts on carts and flivvers, and of many weary miles by 'Shank's mare', while the traveller ate what 'handouts' he could solicit along the way. Whatever way he travelled there, we know he reached Ohio, and worked three months as a farm-hand. In this mental state, strange to say, women had no attractions for him whatever.

"Then suddenly, Jones became a sailor again. To his horror he found that he was many hundred miles from the sea he loved and the girl he was about to marry. He had no idea how it had happened, and of what he had done in the meantime, but he set out boldly to work his way back to the coast. After a fortnight he managed to secure a job as stock-man on a cattle-train, and made the rest of his journey east in short order. He hurried to Savannah and hunted up his little tobacco-clerk.

"The young lady received him very coldly, in return for his startling desertion ten months before. Poor Jones tried to explain, but he didn't even know himself why he had left Savannah or how he got to Ohio, so his explanation only made matters worse. The lady was convinced that he was some sort of a confidence agent after her money, and had him arrested.

"There was no evidence against Jones that he had been after money, but his story of himself was so peculiar that the court put him in jail for three months as a vagrant. They say troubles never come singly,——Jones met enough of them about then to last him some time. The day he was released from jail he was caught by the crew of his old schooner, and dragged on board as a deserter.

"But this time his tobacco-clerk had forgiven him for the way he had used her, and was once more willing to marry him. She even followed him on board the schooner and begged to have the ceremony performed there. Jones was willing, but the captain refused. He declared, with much profanity, that a deserter did not deserve a wife. He would probably desert her as he had done the ship. In short, he would not let Jones get married on board, and he would not allow him ashore for the ceremony, so the fellow was still a bachelor when he left Savannah.

In the meantime Jones' fiancée had accompanied her father on a business trip through the South, till he reached Savannah. Here he was compelled to stop for nearly a month, and his daughter, alone a good deal of the time, amused herself by exploring the different parts of the town. She took a great interest in studying various types of people,

and often attended the public and semi-public ceremonies that were constantly being held in the lower part of the city.

It was for this reason that one afternoon she followed the joyous peal of a wedding-bell to a small church near the harbor, and joined the little group of spectators. The asthmatic organ ground out the Wedding March, and all eyes looked for the bride. In a radiant creation of silky material, and followed by two girls carrying carnations, the tobacco-clerk came down the aisle. Slowly she approached the chancel, and the groom stepped out from beside the minister to meet her. For the first time his face became clearly visible, and Jones's fiancée gave a slight gasp as she recognized her promised husband. At last his captain had relented and allowed the twice-delayed marriage.

"His financèe was about to throw herself into his arms, but some instinct restrained her. Why was he marrying another? What was he doing in such squalid surroundings at all? These and many other questions flashed through her mind. She pinched herself to make sure that she was not dreaming.

"Meanwhile the service had begun. The congregation knelt and heard the exposition of the marriage contract. As the fiancée rose from her knees she tried to catch Jones's eye. Once, indeed, he looked directly at her, but shewed no signs of recognition.

"By now her higher nature had conquered. She would remain silent, and let him pass out of her life unopposed. After all, if he had changed his mind it was his own affair, although she felt with a shade of bitterness that he might have written and told her about it.

"Her future was already planned out. She would return to New York at once, and choose some activity to make her life work. She might even make a suitable match in a more or less commercial way. She would let Mr. Jones see that others could be independent as well as himself.

The voice of the minister droned on———

" 'And if any of you know any just cause or impediment,——' the young lady smiled scornfully to herself,——

'why these two should not be joined together'——she set her teeth firmly together to keep from screaming,——'let him come forwaard or forever hold his peace.'

"Jones's fianceè was surprised to find herself beside the bridal pair. 'I know a reason why they should not be joined. That man is engaged to me, and he has never broken it off. Oh speak to me, Harry,' she begged imploringly, 'tell me why you were doing it.'

"Jones had been staring at the woman, and tried to remember her face, but was absolutely unsuccessful. At last he turned to the minister,

"'I don't believe I ever saw this woman before,' he declared.

"'Oh Harry, how can you say that? Tell me you no longer care for me, tell me you hate me, tell me anything you will, but don't deny that you know me.'

"'I tell you I never saw you before.'

"'I'm sorry for this interruption,' the minister interposed, 'but we should look into this a little before I continue the service. Let us go into the vestry for a minute. All you people,' he continued, to the audience, 'if you will remain seated, we will return at once.'

"In the vestry, the fianceè was bitterly reproached by the other woman for her wicked attempt to break up a happy couple. As the former had no proof beyond her word, and as Jones had declared positively that he did not know her, the minister at last consented to proceed with the service. The little group was returning to the church, when it was noticed that Jones was missing-

"Without any desire or volition on his part, his subconscious mind had reacted to the quarrel between the two women by transforming him to his third state, in which he did not know either of the two women, and in which women as a class failed to attract him. He simply realized suddenly that he was a farmer, and far away from his farm. He then slipped out the side-door while the minister was starting back into the church. Before the outraged audience could locate him, he had caught a west-bound freight and escaped.

A month later he was recognized in Arkansas and sent to New York, as I told you at the start.

"This Dr. Veniot took up his case, and gradually managed to merge all his personalities into one, so that he became normal again. The finest part of the story is that his fiancée remained true to him, in spite of his astounding behavior. Right up to the day of his return, she was sure that he would turn up sometime with a good reason for his long silence and strange acts. He married her as soon as he was cured, and he is doing fairly well in his profession today.

"Now just think about it a moment, Frank. This man Jones had his trouble two years, and had three mental states. Walter has only been bothered for three months, and has only two states. Now can't you believe that he will be cured?"

"Walter and I will start for New York at once, doctor. We won't lose a minute, I promise you. But can't you tell me who that man Jones is? I would like to talk to him. I am sure he could encourage me a lot."

"Why Frank, I've told you all there is to tell about him. He couldn't add many details that would interest you to what I just said."

"Maybe not, but I'm not sure of that. I would like to meet him just the same. Come, doctor, can't you tell me who he is?"

"I don't know whether I should," Cowie answered slowly. "You didn't know me more than three years ago, did you Frank?"

"No, you weren't here then, but what has that to do with this question?"

"Nothing much, except that I used to be 'that man Jones' ". H. H. W., '22.

## O SPECKLED TROUT

Oh, speckled trout! explorer of the rills,
With saucy twist and graceful sway you glide
Along the stream that laves your slippery side;
Or moveless, listen as the blackbird fills
The echoing forest with his joyous trills;
Then in a nook dart arrow-like to hide
When an approaching enemy you've spied,
Or faint, moss-muffled step a fear instils.
You search the stream and find the deepest pool
With pebbled bottom, alder-edged, and cool.
Above, marsh callas bloom; the iris blue, below;
The banks o'erhanging form a safe retreat
From soaring hawk or summer noonday's heat,
And quiet waters smoothly, slowly flow.

E . R. R,. '25.

## ENGLAND AND FRANCE

IN many ways the most important feature of European politics since the War, has been the growing coolness between Great Britain and France, somewhat paralleled by a drawing apart of France and Italy.

At the end of the War, Europe seemed to be dominated by a close combination of these three powers, which promised to form the basis of a post-war Europe. However, this alliance, like all such in history, lasted only as long as the reasons for its formation lasted, and then, with their common enemy vanquished, or at least subdued, the allies began to look at their points of difference.

To the casual reader of current politics, the difficulties and complications which have arisen in international affairs since the conclusion of the War seem but the natural result of such a terrific struggle as Europe so recently passed through—difficulties which may soon be adjusted to permit the continuation of European relations on the same basis which held at the close of the War. Closer students of European politics, however, point out that these difficulties and conflicting interests are due not merely to the post-war situation, but to foreign and continental policies, and national points of view which are far-reaching in the present world, and whose origin may be traced back for centuries.

In looking back over French history, the reign of Louis XIV seems to stand out like a distinct epoch. In the preceding century Spain and the German states, weakened by internal strife and dynastic disputes, ceased to be rivals of any importance, and France became easily the richest and most populous country of the continent—a leader, too, in its intellectual life. All this, under France's strong government tended to rouse a great spirit of national enthusiasm, and from then on, the bulk of the French people have been dominated by the idea of "la grande nation".

The adoption of the mercantile policy, at this time commonly held in Europe, now demanded the acquaintance of a colonial empire, and France under Colbert soon became a

serious rival of other European nations. But though victorious in her struggle with the hated Hapsburgs for dynastic aggrandizement on the continent, in the sphere of trade and commerce and in the asquisition of overseas dominions, France met with a formidable rival in the vigorous little English nation. It was not priority of settlement, nor validity of claim, however, that was to settle his colonial rivalry, but the fighting strength of the two nations. England's trade, built up by judicious navigation acts and by extensive colonization, increased rapidly, while that of France met a serious handicap in local tolls, internal customs, and the survival of mediaeval gilds. Up to the Seven Years' War conflicts btween France and England had been generally indecisive, but from this time on, Great Britain became pre-eminently a colonizing country—from this time dates the maritime supremacy of England, her commerce then advanced by leaps and bounds. This was but one, however, of many wars which were fought for French supremacy and which ended with the downfall of Napolean in 1815. France still remained the leading power on the continent until 1870, when she received a tremendous set-back in the War with Prussia. Great Britain was not immediately affected by the war, but continued to hold her position as chief commercial, colonial, and industrial power of the world. The Franco-Prussian War was the starting-point of a new era in European diplomacy. In the nineties a sort of balance of power was substituted in European politics for the former leadership of Germany and isolation of France—Great Britain remaining neutral between the Triple and Dual Alliances. No approachment seemed possible between England and France,—on at least three occasions they came very near fighting. The British government from 1895 to 1905 was controlled by the Conservative party, the party that traditionally upheld imperialism, a big navy, and a vigorous foreign policy.

Then the rivals made common cause against the new power menacing both when Germany's ambitions became apparent. By 1904 the Anglo--French Entente-Cordiale was firmly established; it was not a strict alliance, but it served to remove the causes of friction. But a few years of diplo-

matic agreement, and four years in arms against a common enemy could not entirely end the causes of disagreement scattered throughout the world.

Syria is only one of the many points where French and English foreign policies and national points of view clash. The struggle between France and Great Britain in the Near East has been carried on in war and diplomacy since Napolean's time, and in commerce much longer—the oldest western rivalry in this direction. Anglo-French relations were further strained when France negotiated a separate treaty with the Turkish Nationalist Government of Mustapha Kemal Pasha. Only an agreement between France and Great Britain can bring this Greeco-Turkish war to a close.

Perhaps the most striking instance of the difference in the policies of England and France was manifested at the Washington Conference. To France, still fearful of Teutonic aggression, it seemed desirable to obtain security by making and keeping Germany so weak that attack against France would be forever impossible. Certain imperialistic elements in France advocated an ambitious foreign policy which if successful would make France the military leader of Europe.

But Englishmen have not fought down a threatened German supremacy merely to see a French supremacy take its place. For England, the French naval claims at the Washington Conference were intensely distasteful. France already possessed the most powerful army in the world, and if in addition she should build up a navy approaching Great Britain's in strength, England would be faced with a situation in some ways more dangerous than that with Germany.

All this estranges England, seeking not only the establishment of a new political balance of power, but Europe's economic recovery as well. France is economically almost self-sufficient, and might be able to survive an economic collapse of the rest of the continent, but England would almost certainly be ruined, for continental Europe is England's chief market.

France's mistaken idea that the real purpose of the United States in calling the Washington Conference was to adjust differences with Great Britain, is evidence that France

is and will continue to be in the position of one so intensely concerned with matters nearer home that remote affairs can receive but secondary attention and slight undertaking.

England's traditional attitude in continental affairs has been characterized as one of watchful detachment. England is seeking to effect an economic stability that will give her profiitable markets, and secure a political balance of power that will prevent a new military peril and will leave her free to concentrate on domestic reconstruction and the development of her vast overseas empire. M. F., '23.

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## CONCERNING THE AUTHORITY OF THE TIN ALARM CLOCK

YEARS and years ago somebody invented a sun-dial and by this seemingly simple act plunged himself and us into a state of most abject slavery; he certainly did not realize the enormity of his crime or he would never have committed it. Previous to the time when supposedly normal human beings decided blindly to obey the dictatorial mandates of a mere time-piece, this somebody had lived a life such as we can only imagine in our wildest flights of fancy. He went to bed when he got sleepy, he got up when he was hungry for breakfast, and he never had to hurry to be on time for anything all day long; what more could man desire?

We all like to thank our lucky stars, if lucky stars there be, that we were born in a highly civilized age, but, are not our advantages more imaginary than real? If we consider that brief but hurried space of time separating sleep from breakfast we can not but see that the cave man had a distinct advantage over the modern youth. In the first place, the cave man never had to waste precious moments dragging on trousers and similar articles of clothing, for the good and sufficient reason that he did not wear trousers and such encumbrances, especially before breakfast. So when we consider the number of hungry youths who have been deprived of their morning nourishment because of a lost sock or a re-

fractory shoe lace, we instantly realize some of the advantages of sleeping in wolfskin pajamas, and of not having to get up until "getting up time." This before breakfast period is only a small part of the day, but even here the glorious freedom of the cave-man is most evident when compared to the subservience of the modern man to the little tin alarm clock.

We are all aware of the fact that the quiet old sun dial was the twenty-seventh great grandfather of the modern highly strung nervous alarm clock; but their dispositions are as different as their faces would indicate. The old sun dial exercised a very passive and gentle rule over his willing subjects, while his fiery little progeny exercises absolute and unrelenting control over all who come under his spell.

Let us take the case of the little tin alarm clock which rules over Tully Tavern, the cook and a few others. These worshippers of the little clock obey its dictates implicitly, never daring to question anything it may say or do. This clock's powerful grip on its admirers is due to the fact that it is the ambassador of the Library clock, a clock which is monarch of all it surveys and which is worshipped by *all* the professors and a *few* of the students. Now these clocks have a broad vein of humor somewhere in their works and delight to play pranks on their worshippers. The ways of the Library clock are past finding out, so we can only speak of some of the activities of his ambassador, the little tin alarm clock, ruler of Tully Tavern, the cook, and others. This clock has a most humorous disposition, as clocks go, and often during the night when the worshippers are all asleep, he might be seen, if we watched, to hurry his hands a bit and then settle down with a complacent tick to await breakfast, which will surely be served fifteen minutes earlier than if he had decided to retard those necessary members. We are not attempting to criticize the little clock, far be it from us, his hands are his own and he should be able to make them move fast or slow or not at all, as he sees fit. The fault lies with his slaves, for when the little tin ruler says ten minutes to eight, breakfast automatically ceases to be served, and certain hungry youths must depart empty away, regardless of

the fact that they could swear, and frequently do, that something is wrong with the powers that be.

It would be hopeless to attempt to follow the vagaries of this clock through a day. He usually has dinner served later than it should be, in order that he may enjoy the lecture which is always delivered when the hungry youths arrive before he signals "all ready". Supper is the only meal on which he exercises any discretion, for he hardly ever keeps things waiting more than ten minutes, and sometimes he varies the procedure and has supper ordered up ten minutes early.

We have looked at only the brighter side of alarm clock rule. The alarm clock has been the sole cause of many divorces, but we need not discuss such matters here, as the causes are self-evident. Upon investigation it has been found that the only class untainted by clock worship is the trainmen. They, long ago, saw the folly of attempting to believe clocks, and so decided to pay no attention whatever to such unreliable sources of information. Anyone who knows will admit that a train wreck is a small matter when compared to that rebellious feeling which arises in the human breast on being turned away from breakfast because a little tin clock says that he is late.

If alarm clock rule were abolished it would have a powerful effect on petticoat rule, which could probably then be abolished, since its weakened condition could not bear any determined attack after being deprived of its little tin ally. After these two, it would only be necessary to abolish the slide-rule, and then life in college would be worth living.

R. A. P., '23.

## BY THE SEA

The waves so majestic roll in one by one
And break in white foam on the sand;
They pause not to rest till the day's work is done,
Advancing, receding, unwearied they run,
Propelled by the great Master-hand
Obeying their Maker's command.

But evening comes on, and the Creator's hand
Has silenced the sounds of the day.
On the face of the deep by breezes scarce fanned
A pearly-white path runs in towards the land
From the moon, which high o'er the bay
Rides calm through the pale Milky Way.

The wavelets creep up with a steady lap, lap,
O'er the pebbles they lazily glide;
Then noiselessly roll, and clingingly wrap
Themselves o'er the stones, and playfully slap
At a boulder, just reached by the tide,
And fain in its shadow would hide.

Like a sentinel ghost bidding sailors beware
The lighthouse stands silent, alone;
From afar, like the Angelus calling to prayer
Re-echoes the chime of a bell on the air,
As, soft by the western breeze blown
Comes its faint, yet melodious tone.

Then no longer re-echoes the sound of the bell
Nor do night-breezes fitfully sweep,
For Nature has cast o'er the waters a spell
With power all tumult and movement to quell;
The wavelets themselves fall asleep
And calm is the face of the deep.

H. S. T., '22.

## SYSTEM

HENRY Creighton sat down methodically in his accustomed seat in the 5.30 suburban, after folding his coat with precision, placing it beside him, and laying his hat on top of it. Then he unfolded his customary copy of the Star, and, starting at the front page, began to read it carefully, taking each item in order, only running more quickly through the unimportant ones.

But this evening he found his attention wandering, and he brought himself up sharply, and concentrated once more on a somewhat vague discussion of the political situation in Britain. Having conscientiously finished this, he turned with precision to the financial page, and, just as methodicalrly, began to scan its mystic figures. However, when he had reached the end of the third column, Henry realized that he hadn't taken in one word of all he had read, so, with some annoyance, he refolded his paper accurately, and settled back in his seat to think. He was annoyed, because he had failed to read the entire paper in just the customary order, but as he sat and thought, his annoyance changed to complacency, and he began reminiscing of the affairs of the day, and week, and back over his brief, but rather successful, business career. Yes, there was no doubt, at least in Henry's mind, that he had been successful to no small degree, and he expected an even more prosperous future. Yet, though complacent, he was not altogether vain, for Henry knew right well wherein lay the secret of his success. And, as he thought over his favorite topic ,more, his pet theory, he murmured under his breath, "System, system!"

Henry was still feeling at peace with the world, and especially with himself, when he entered his home some twenty minutes later. He carefully removed his rubbers, placed his hat and coat in the closet—left side, second hook——laid the paper on the living-room table and went upstairs. He washed and dressed methodically, while his thoughts were on his favorite theme—that was the fine part of it, you see, one re-

duced all the necessary details of life to a system, so that they no longer occupied and wasted real mental effort.

Wondering at his wife's non-appearance, Henry descended in search of dinner. Probably Alicia was late again—that was really her one fault, she would not be punctual, indeed, it went further than that, it was a grave fault—Alicia simply wasn't *systematic*.

But in the kitchen, Henry found his wife, working at a table piled with dishes. He greeted her airily, "Why, what's up, Alicia? Cook taking a holiday?"

"Yes, a permanent holiday, and I gave it to her, with a whole month's wages to hurry her off, "she answered wearily. "It's no use, Henry, I couldn't stand that woman any longer, and you know it."

Henry pondered a while, and then volunteered goodnaturedly, "Well, it's just as I've often said, Alicia, you'll never keep any girl if you won't use business methods in the house. System, Alicia—"

"Henry Creighton," she whirled on him, "if you mention that hateful word once more, I'll never speak to you again. Sometimes I can stand it, but after a day when everything's gone wrong,—I can't. System is all right in the dull routine of business, Henry, but in the house—why something new happens every minute, so you simply can't run it by system."

Henry smiled with the superior air which every man has toward housekeeping—before he has tried it. But he refrained from saying anything further, until, as they sat down together at table, he volunteered, "I'll look up a cook, tomorrow, Alicia—haven't much to do, so I'll go straight to the agency myself."

"I wish you would, Henry," she retorted drily, "perhaps you'd even like to train her yourself."

Silence ensued, but Henry thought, and pondered deeply. His wife's last words had started a new train of thought, that occupied his mind for some time.

Henry was very much absorbed in his own plans for the following two days, and, at the end of the second he marched in triumphantly, escorting a big, capable looking woman.

Dramatically he introduced her, "Alicia, here is Norah, an expert in the culinary art, and a devotee to——system."

Norah was made acquainted with the chief features of her work and dismissed for the evening, but not before Henry had presented her with an exhaustive schedule for her work, planned a week in advance. He posted a similar chart in the kitchen, surveying it proudly. It was truly a work of art planned according to the most up-to-date texts on Domestic economy.

For almost a week now, the household affairs ran with machine-like precision. Norah entered right into the spirit of the thing, fairly memorized her schedule, and at the end of seven days he capacity for "system" made even Henry envious. Alicia said nothing,—she wasn't yet convinced, but meanwhile she dropped all responsibility and let things take their course. As for Henry, he beamed every day with increasing satisfaction. Never was a home more perfectly managed. System—but there, I'll leave it to Henry to sound its praises.

Then, one morning, having slept too late, Henry came rushing into the dining-room to find the table bare. He rang peremptorily and when Norah appeared, announced that he'd have his breakfast. "Why, sir," replied the imperturbable Norah, "breakfast was served at 7.30, and it's now a quarter of eight". With that she left him. Henry realized that the joke was on him, and laughed good-naturedly, left for his office, breakfastless. Well, he wouldn't be caught again, that was all,—and certainly a house had to be run on system.

One particularly fine day Henry left the office early. He wouldn't let Alicia know he was coming home for luncheon, just surprise her. But he received rather a cool welcome, "Why, Henry, why didn't you phone? Luncheon was at 1.30, and it is all over, now."

"Oh well, I'll just have what's left.

"But there's nothing left, we only cooked enough for two. You know how extravagant—"

"Oh never mind, I'll call Norah."

But Norah firmly declined. At 2.15 she was scheduled to clean the gas-range, and it was out of the question to prepare another meal, now.

Henry glumly went after his car. To drive way back to town for something to eat, was quite too much.

In a few days, however, the incident was quite forgotten, for Henry, elated by the amazing results of household efficiency had determined that the Creighton's must give a formal dinner. Alicia was sceptical, but Henry's enthusiasm overruled her, and with the cooperation of the increasingly-useful Norah, preparations weer made with surprising ease.

Dinner was scheduled for eight, and at eight-fifteen most of the guests had arrived. At 8.30 there was still no sign of the guest of honor, an important business man, and Henry returned from an inspection of the kitchen, pale and weak. Hastily summoning his wife, he imparted the awful news—Norah absolutely refused to delay the dinner, had put things away, and was going out.

"But I'll tell her how important it is," his wife replied.

"Oh it's no use, all she can say is something about her schedule, and system,—she won't listen to reason."

Alicia laughed and disappeared to the kitchen. Fortunately ,the guest of honor was delayed some fifteen minutes later, and the frenzied Henry was more than glad to have his wife announce dinner, at once. In some mysterious manner, everything appeared, perfectly cooked, and admirably served, and the whole affair was an undoubted success.

When the guests had gone, Henry turned to his wife in amazement "Alicia, how on earth did you manage that whole dinner in fifteen minutes?"

Alicia laughed, "Oh Henry, it was easy since I've learned to run the house by system. System, Henry, is——"

"Don't please, I've suffered enough tonight."

M. F., '23.

## THE ONE-ACT PLAY

YOU'RE not in it these days unless you are able to talk One-act plays. It's the correct thing to do. Anybody can talk novels, poetry, and economics, but the "social lion" and "lioness" of today must be primed with the latest "dope" on the One-act play in vogue if he or she would hold that envied title.

It has had a hard struggle for recognition, but at last it has been "taken on" by theatre managers and University professors—the index that it can no longer be ignored—something that people are willing to pay money for. It's here. You can see it on the bill-boards.

The majority of people, and let it be said, most students of dramatic art, have a very vague conception of and small appreciation for this one-act form of drama. It is generally regarded, as William Archer has it, as a "go-as-you-please composition", "a mere piece of dialogue",—something in the shape of a "cheap skit", farce, or "curtain-raiser",—good material for amateurs to practice on.

Now if you want a good show of towering indignation, just ask your friend, the writer of the One-act play, how he is getting along with his latest vaudeville sketch. Be prepared to wither. Since you have survived, it would be better to tell him at once that you were merely trying to prove tolerant again, and if you are a sympathetic listener you will learn that his finished product is one of the most perfect types of literally expression. It's true, too.

The One-act form in drama corresponds to the technical Short-Story in fiction. These two short forms of literature have much in common. Their great outstanding characteristic is their aim at singleness of impression. Both demand action right from the opening word, progressing logically, and culminating in an effective climax. From start to finish they must be direct, concrete, forceful, and closely welded—a vivid concentration.

One striking difference between the play and the story is that the former cannot merely present important facts and incidents in the form of dialogue or exposition because

they wouldn't "get across", as in a story; but they must be plainly portrayed in situations that can readily be seen.

Brander Matthews, a noted English stage-manager, expressed this very tersely and effectively when he said,—"If you want an *audience* to get a thing, you have to tell them that you are going to do it, while it is being done you must tell them that you are doing it, and when it is over you must tell them that you have done it, and *then* they don't even understand it."

By its very nature the One-act play is essentially constructed by episode. Sufficient space cannot be given for a life-story, nor can the plot have the degree of complexity that can be used effectively in the longer form. It is a presentation of some one significant event by which an insight is gained into the character and nature of the man—an interpretation of his life and aims by a flash-light on a momemtary circumstance.

There is absolutely no reason to infer that because the One-act play is concerned with a single situation that it loses its strength or impressiveness. By this very condition, the writer must choose the one crowning crisis or struggle—the one that makes or mars the soul. It is the very concentration of the longer form. Does it not offer even greater possibilities to the master dramatist?

The chief objection lodged against the One-act play is a purely conventional one. It has been claimed that an average audience cannot readily adjust itself to the changing scenes of a succession of short plays in an evening's performance. The psychologist would laugh at an objection of this sort. Can you not appreciate a musical concert of mixed numbers? Do you have any difficulty of adjustment in enjoying a much varied vaudeville performance? The cases are analogous. The objection is unwarranted and does not hold.

The longer form of drama undoubtedly still holds its place in popularity, probably thru convention and tradition. In spite of this fact, some of the more enterprising and wide-awake theatre-managers are making ventures in forcing this more modern form. It is with us whether we will or no, and offers no apology for its presence.

Who can say how soon it may rightly claim its place as the leading attraction in the large theatre?

—A. K. E., '22.

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## THE APPOINTED HOUR

JUDGE Lindsay awoke with a start. He felt assured that someone had gained access to his room for a reason, and his suspicions were confirmed when he placed his hand under his pillow and found that his revolver, which usually reposed there, was missing. He lay awake, listening and waiting for something to happen, but all was as silent as the grave. His heart pounded against his ribs, perhaps with a certain amount of fear, for who does not fear the unseen?

The silence was becoming almost unbearable and he was about to reach out and turn on his reading lamp which stood on a table near the bed, when the lights of the chandelier were suddenly dropped on, and the room was bathed in a sparkling brilliancy. Immediately the Judge's eyes turned toward the switch, where stood the intruder.

He was a tall man of heavy build. His face was that of a typical criminal; cold and hard, with the sunken hollow checks which spoke of a long term of confinement. His clothes were of a coarse pattern, and as he looked at the judge with eyes fired with hatred, one hand clutching convulsively the revolver which had lately reposed beneath his pillow, he was unable to repress a shudder, for murder was written on every line of the drug-crazed face.

"Who are you and what do you want?" remarked the Judge.

The intruder laughed sarcastically and replied:

"Now Judge, I remember *you*. Are'nt you going to return the compliment."

Lindsay ignored the sarcasm and examined the other's face more attentively, but was obliged to shake his head and reply in the negative.

"Then I will refresh your memory", the intruder hissed; "I am John Sayers."

The Judge started preceptibly, for the name vividly recalled the court which tried John Sayers for manslaughter. He remembered clearly how he had paused before passing sentence upon the clean-shaven, cultured man in the prisoner's dock, and the words of hatred and vindictiveness which had issued from his lips on its pronouncement.

"I will get you, Judge, when I do my twenty years, so help me God".

He had paid no attention to these words, for many other prisoners had sworn the same thing, and he was still alive. But——

Sayers broke in upon his reverie.

"Do you remember me now, Judge?"

"Yes, I do."

"I am glad of that. I do not wish to recall that court scene. I went to prison, and served my twenty years; served it as only a man who has gone thru it can realize. For twenty years, I have planned your death, and while in prison a chance was given to me beyond my wildest dreams. A Hindu, an acquaintance of mine, told me of a drug, which on being administered would cause the greatest torture, but would leave no trace."

"I suppose you wish me to take this drug," said the Judge dryly.

"Exactly," replied Sayers.

"And if I refuse?"

"There are always other methods which may be employed, for instance, a revolver."

Lindsay thought a moment. He looked at his watch, which registered ten minutes of two. He determined to gain time, and began to moralize with his confronter.

"Now see here, Sayers, if you kill me, the law will surely find it out, and what will be the——

"Cut that stuff out, Judge. I am taking all the risk, and know how much chance I have of escaping the law. Still, when a man has reached nearly fifty years of age, after spending the best part of his life in jail, it is immaterial."

As he spoke he advanced toward the bed, meanwhile keeping his eye fixed upon the Judge, drew a small vial from his pocket, and placed it upon the table.

"Have you made your choice", he quiried.

"I'll take the poison", returned the Judge. "Do you mind if I sit up?"

"I do not care whether you stand or sit, as long as you take the poison."

The Judge again looked at his watch. It was six minutes of two. Kelly, the policeman, passed the house every morning at two o'clock. He had received instructions, if he ever observed a light burning in the Judge's house, to investigate, and to force an entrance if necessary. It was towards this avenue of escape that the Judge was looking, meanwhile sparring for time.

He sat up on the edge of the bed, and reached for the vial. Near it, stood a glass filled with water, which he had placed there before retiring.

"It almost looks, Judge", said Sayers cynically, "as if you were helping my schemes, since you placed a glass of water there last night in readiness for me."

Lindsay poured the contents of the vial into the glass, and on looking up suddenly, he perceived that the eyes of this drug-crazed man was fixed upon his movements with intense joy.

"Drink," he commanded.

"Grant me one more favor," implored the Judge. "Pass me my coat, which is just behind you, so that I may enjoy one more cigarette".

Sayers half-turned, and as quick as the striking of a rattlesnake, Lindsay threw the contents of the glass into his face and leaped forward. The other, with a cry of baffled rage, endeavoured to use his revolver, but Lindsay, grasping his wrist, forced him to drop it, and they closed.

Back and forth they swayed, each endeavouring to throw the other. The Judge was a powerful man, but he stood no chance with his half-crazed assailant, who seemed to possess the strength of Hercules. He felt his strength beginning to ebb, his breath came in sharp gasps. Sayers, taking advan-

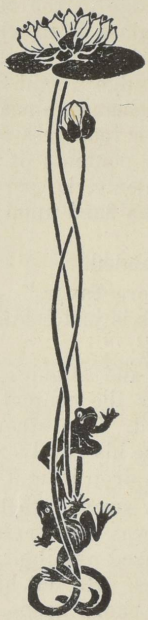
tage of this, exerted a superhuman effort and they fell to the floor with a crash, the Judge beneath.

With a triumphant laugh he fastened his fingers on Lindsay's throat. The Judge became aware of a buzzing sensation in his head, bright lights flashed before his eyes, and with a last effort he endeavoured to unclasp hands that were strangling the life from his body.

"I've got you, Judge," a voice panted, and the pressure on his throat was increased.

Suddenly the weight was lifted from his chest, the hands were removed from his throat, and he lasped into unsonsciousness.

Kelly had arrived! W. H. P., '23.



## OUR WISH

Thy say that God is infinite, he fills all space.
'Tis heaven where he abides, and we by grace
Will be allowed to share that heavenly rest,
And sing the Psalms with those already blest.
Through all eternity.

And then again they say beware of Hell.
It's horrors and its anguish none can tell.
It's down somewhere below the realm of light,
Where souls of sinners in a fire so bright.
Burn—aye—forever.

They tell us that we have immortal life.
That when we leave this world of toil and strife
We will be judged by what we did on earth.
By our rude conduct, our unholy mirth
Before the great Tribunal.

Immortal life, in Heaven or Hell we'll gain,
But lacking wisdom, I cannot explain
How Heaven, if infinite as folks will tell,
Leaves any room in which to make a Hell
In case we need it.

Who needs it? Well perhaps it's no one's thought,
To spend eternity where all is hot.
But, when we hear some long faced fraud orate
And howl about our present sinful state,—
We hope *he* finds it.

C. M. S., '24.

## THE TRAPPER'S LAW

AS Elk Horn approached the spot where he had hidden his furs a few hours before, his mind was filled with strange forebodings. He tried to put these feelings away from him by arguing that there was no one nearer than the trading post, which was thirty miles distant. This uneasiness increased to anxiety as he detected the imprints of snow-shoes on his trail. Lengthening his stride, the trapper proceeded rapidly toward his precious furs. He tore away the screening boughs in his haste. They were gone!

A close observer might have detected a gleam in the Indian's eye. Making sure that his rifle was loaded, and his hatchet securely fastened to his belt, Elk Horn started off along the trail left by the thief. After travelling a few hundred yards, he discovered that his enemy was moving toward the opposite side of the Sissibo from where his own tepee stood. With this information, Elk Horn gave up the chase, and set out for his tepee. In the morning, he would interview the thief who had disregard the Trapper's law!

. . . . .

Several hours before daylight, Elk Horn was once more on the trail, and soon came in sight of the snow-shoe tracks left by the thief. At dawn, he had made the circuit of the one end of the lake, and was nearing the lair of his enemy. Warned by the smell of smoke, Elk Horn now moved very cautiously. In a few minutes, the log cabin of the thief was in sight. A thin film of smoke was issuing from the chimney, but there was no sign of the inhabitant.

To the pursuer, the sun which had slowly risen along the south-eastern horizon, and now sat like a ball of fire on the crests of the mountains, presaged a storm. It was necessary to complete his mission, and return to the shelter of his dwelling before the storm broke.

On making a detour around the clearing in front of the cabin, Elk Horn discovered foot-steps leading along the rough and mountainous side of the lake. Instinctively, he judged that his prey had gone out to visit his trap-line.

The trail lead along the shore of the lake, which were crowned by forbidding and treacherous bluffs.

On noticing this fact, the Indian was seized by an idea which caused his eyes to gleam with a revengeful light. He selected a high bluff over which the trail led in dangerous proximity toward the lake. Below this spot, the icy waters of the lake were lashed into foam by the force of the breakers.

Choosing a stout sapling which was leaning out over the lake, Elk Horn bent it over the trail and fastened it by a curious contrivance of stout sticks. To the end of it, he tied a snare made from fox-wire, and strong enough to bear the weight of a man.The snare was dropped directly in the path of the returning thief, and the sapling was so adjusted that the least jar would dislodge, and allow it to return to its original position over the foaming waters of the lake.

All was now complete for the return of the foe. The swiftly-falling snow soon covered all traces of a strange presence. Elk Horn lay in his protecting thicket to watch the success of his plan. Several hours passed without any unusual sound except that caused by the whirling blizzard which had begun to rage. A white person would have become impatient, but the Indian lay as motionless as a log with his unblinking eyes fixed on the trail.

At last there came the sound of muffled footsteps, and a moment later the thief himself came into view. He trudged along unsuspectingly until he was almost directly over the snare. A moment more, and he would have passed. Suddenly he stopped, gave an exclamation of surprise, and was an instant later lifted feet first into the air ,and out over the water of the lake.

He hung there for a moment. A rifle spoke from the thicket. The pole trembled, crackled, and broke. The thief went hurtling through the air, and with a shriek fell into the icy depths below.

"'Now! You steal my furs, huh!'' muttered Elk Horn as he turned back on the trail, and disapepared in the fast-darkening woods. L. M. R., '24.

## THE HUMOR OF DICKENS AND HALIBURTON

THE serious and methodic student of literature is never content unless he has his favorite authors, or the publicly acclaimed great authors, mentally listed in order of preference; and having one great one in each type of literature with which to compare the others. He tends to have them so placed and familiarized as to be available for natural use in conversation—to be able to volunteer an opinion with conviction behind it, and explain explicitly why one is superior to another.

Although it is exhilarating, and it gives one a great self-satisfied feeling to express an original opinion on the merits and demerits of an author, it is far safer to do as most critics and "good authorities" do, namely, agree with the general trend of opinion and merely add a few original touches here and there, if for nothing more than to prove your acquaintance with the man's work—that gives the readed the impression that you know whereof you speak—it's effective.

Adhering to this principle, I have taken Dickens and Haliburton from the field of humor and have here briefly fused the concensus of opinion of essayists who have written at length on them separately.

Perhaps it will be easier to describe the chief characteristic difference in our two genial friends as follows:—"We laugh *at* Haliburton's creations and *with* Dickens". Each has his own method securing laughs and mellow smiles. While both resort to exaggeration and caricature. Haliburton depends on dialogue, featuring wit and repartee, for effect—a master at the art of producing hilarity thru conversational passages, but tending to become prosy in narrative and description. Dickens, on the other hand, revels in mirth-provoking and thoroughly pleasing accounts, of commonplace subjects, sprinkled occasionally with irresistable remarks so characteristic of his "funny" people, that his pages are a continual pleasure with less variation than Haliburton's. Dickens "wears" better.

Haliburton had a distinct gift for framing aphorisms, and spontaneously burst forth with short pithy sayings. It is easy to imagine "Sam Slick" remarking—"Nothing improves a man's manners like runnin' an election", or, "The good thing about a college education is that it shows how devilish little other people know". While Dickens may not have been noted so greatly for his "quotable" passages, he brings forth from some of his characters, remarks that, frequently recalled, never fail to be highly amusing. Who can refuse to smile when he recalls "Sam Weller" trying to comfort "Mr. Pickwick" who is in trouble,—"It can't be helped now, as they would say in Turkey, when they cut the wrong man's head off".

It must be admitted that Haliburton has more faults laid at his door than has Dickens. The most unforgiveable of these faults seems to be his occasional weakness for "double entendres". It is unmistakable. But they generally excuse him and justify it on the ground that the humor so far outweights the objectionable that it is worth the sacrifice.

If Dickens has many faults, essayists seem inclined to let them rest comparatively undisturbed. The most serious one that has been given any degree of prominnc is his inability to portray accuratly the English "Gentleman"—they are dismissed as "mere stuffed puppets". Dickens was so purely genial, kindly, and well-intentioned that it almost seems a shame to be at all harsh in criticism of him.

Both writers had the purpose of reform in their works. In this it would seem that Haliburton had the higher ideal with a broader outlook. His intense patriotism led him to use definite satirism as well as ridicule of his people of Nova Scotia, with the object of spurring them as a whole from their laziness, lethargy and extreme conservatism. It might be said of Dickens, who is undoubtedly regarded as having been truly great in the field of reform that he directed his work in a more tangible form towards the social institutions of his time—propoganda towards alleviating the bad conditions of the lower classes that he knew so well. He was less vindicative and less sharp, probably achieving greater results

than Haliburton's although those of the latter would be difficult to measure.

Yes, admittedly Dickens is easily the greatest artist, superior in style, ingenuity, and effect; but who can say what Haliburton might not have accomplished had his efforts been directed to a more critical circle—had his literary environment been equal to that of Dickens. We, as Canadians, and especially as Nova Scotians, are rightly very proud of the literary record of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, and are also very thankful for Charles Dickens. —A. K. E., '22.

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## YE SCINTILLATING POETS

WE have at sundry times and in divers manners been forced to raise our voice in protest against conventions established or about to be established. Our object is not to would the feelings of any, but if such action is necessary for the benefit of society, we shall not shrink from it.

Our present gentle reproof is directed against our poets, budding or about to bud. However, let it be clearly understood at the outset that we have sincere respect and admiration for all poets, from the most profound to the most humble. Even among the latter we have found gems of thought that have stimulated much pleasant reflection.

If in this article we speak with unaccustomed heat, the reader should kindly bear in mind that we have met with very grievous provocation. In the succeeding paragraphs we shall briefly outline the circumstances attending this provocation.

Upon receiving a recent issue of a journal which we had been accustomed to read with pleasure, we turned first, as was our custom, to peruse the poems. We had reached the concluding line of the third stanza of the first poem, when to our great dismay and horror we were quite blinded by the sun's "scintillating beams."

Shocked by such undignified conduct on the part of the sun, we turned to page six. Here we soon became engrossed in a bit of quiet, philosophic verse. Surely we thought in this at least no glaring scintillating light will harass or annoy.

Our hopes were soon to be dashed. We had read nearly to the end of the third stanza when suddenly without the least warning the light began to scintillate in a most alarming manner.

Becoming now quite panic stricken we turned the pages with feverish haste. We had passed shudderingly several effusions in which we know the light must be performing outrageously, coming finally to a little poem resembling those of Robert Service in freshness and vigor. Carried along by the rythm of the verse we were precipitated unceremoniously into the midst of the "scintillating dipper". This surely was the "most unkindest cut of all". Let us be candid. Have we not known the dipper for many decades? Have we ever known it to scintillate unduly?

We frankly confess that we were unable to continue our perusal of the journal and that in a state of deep dejection we carried it out secretly by night and burried it—digging its grave wide and deep.

Surely this tendency of causing all light to scintillate at least once in every poem should be checked. Could not the light be allowed occasionally as a variety to oscillate, vacillate or fluctuate?

The poets cannot say that by restricting their scintillating activities we are in any way depriving them of their liberties. We merely mean for them to be a little more mindful of the product which they turn out for public consumption. They themselves are to remain unmolested in their natural state, enjoying all their ancient privileges. Let them indulge their manifold eccentricities! Let them grow hair treble the normal poetic length! But, Sir Poets, beware! We will not tolerate this process of simultaneous scintillation!

V. L. P., '23.

## PAULINE JOHNSON

A long time ago it was my good fortune to meet Canada's great poetess, Pauline Johnson. Since then I have heard the name of the Indian singer with much interest, and one of the first pieces I memorized was her "Canadian Born."

E. Pauline Johnson, or Tekahiowake, was a Mohawk Indian maid. She was born in 1862 on her father's estate, "Chief's wood, on an Indian reservation. Her father was a chief of the Six Nation's Indians, and her mother, Emily Howells, was an English woman.

At a very early age she showed her poetical genius, and at the age of twelve was writing fairly creditable poetry, which she was afraid to have published in case she should regret its crudeness in later years.

The first periodicals to accept her poems were *"Gems of Poetry"*, a small New York poetical magazine, the *"Week"* of Toronto, the New York *Independent"* and the Toronto *"Saturday Night."*.

Her education was not extensive as far as schools were concerned: two years with a nursery governess, three years at Indian school, and two years at a central school in Brantford. She, however, acquired her general information thru reading, especially poetry.

Her great opportunity came when Frank Geigh, president of the Young Liberals Club of Toronto, conceived the idea of having an evening of Canadian literature. To this affair he invited all the available Canadian men and women of letters, including in this invitation Pauline Johnson. She recited from memory a poem of her own, "A cry from an Indian wife", a poem which was a protest against the ravaging of the Indian country by the white soldiers. The Indian wife is as pitiful concerning the fate of the young pale-faces as concerning the fate of her own warrior. She does not want bloodshed, yet she sends her brave forth to die for his rights. It shows up the Indian side of the North-West rebellion.

The poem was enthusiastically applauded by an audience representing the best of Canada's art, literature, and culture.

The next morning the entire press desired to know why this young reader and composer was not on the platform as a professional reader. They insisted on her being brought before the public eye; so Geigh arranged for her recital in Association Hall.

For this recital she composed the "Song My Paddle Sings", a poem which follows Pope's characterization of poetry in that "The sound is an echo of the sense." At first you feel that the waves are soothed by a dreamy lullaby, then you feel, as you read, the rush and swirl and roar, as the frail canoe crosses the rapids, and then you come again into quiet waters, lulled once more by the dreamy melody.

When the time for her appearance in public arrived, the young poetess beecame nervous and forgot her lines. With true Indian stolidity, she retained her self-control and poise, and smilingly passed over the difficulty by substituting some thing else, thus completely winning her audience by her coolness and self-possession.

In 1894, she submitted her poems in a collection to John Lane of the Bodley Head, London, and a book of her poems was published under the title "The White Wampum".

She travelled across Canada, giving recitals and was enabled to go to England, where, because of letter of introduction, she took a high place in London society.

During the next sixteen years of her life she traveled thru Canada, United States, and Newfoundland, giving recitals. During her travels she met many authors, artists, and critics who became her warm friends.

In 1903 her second book of poems, "Canadian Born", was published and enthusiastically received.

In 1906 she again visited England. In 1908 she returned to Vancouver to devote herself to literature. She collected Indian legends and wrote a series of boys' stories. She was an ardent canoeist, and the wild blood of her Indian ancestors ran in her veins, causing her to paddle her frail

craft in many strange rivers and many lonely lakes and to camp in infrequented places.

Canada lost a great poetess, March 7, 1913. She was a true Canadian patriot and a true Indian maiden. Her poem "Canadian Born" is a fine appeal to Canadian patriotism.

Many of her poems are composed around Indian legend. All have an appeal which brings them to a high place in literature.

She was a priestess of poetry, and her dedication of her book, "The White Wampum", is a proof of her devotion to the muse.

"As wampums to the Red man, so to the poet are his songs, chiselled alike from that which is purest of his possessions, woven alike with meaning into belt and book. wrought alike with the corresponding message of peace, the breathing of tradition, the value of more than coin, the seal of fellowship with all men". Just before she died Dr. J. D. Logan wrote the following sonnet to her, and sent it to her to cheer her during he declining hours.

O dulcet lyrist, whose pure poesy
Was free and artless as the avian lays,—
Heard in Canadian woods on April days,
When bird calls bird in clear antiphony
Can litanies from one thy debtors swell
The praise with which the world exalts her name,
Or add new glory to the fadeless fame
Won long ago by thy poetic spell?
Nay, Mohawk Warbler, I must choose, content—
The better part. Unfit to be thy peer
I turn to list thy lyric speech, and hear
Thy magic music from upland lawns
Where I, transplanted by thy ravishments
Dream peaceful dusks, or great ecstatic dawns.

—Z. I. P., '22.

## CUPID AT THE STILE

I have seen the shafts of Cupid penetrate two throbbing
hearts,
As a couple sauntered slowly o'er the beach;
I have seen two bashful lovers coyly tread a forest path,
And his fatal arrows pierce the heart of each;
I have seen a pair of hardened flirts receive a lasting blow,
As behind the palms they tarried for a while;
But I've never seen Dan Cupid so surely stalk his prey,
As when he meets a couple at the stile.
It may be in the gloaming of a balmy eve in June,
With apple fragrance heavy in the air,
It may be in the sunlight of a Sunday afternoon,
With bees and blooms and blossoms everywhere;
It may be when the autumn leaves lend color to the trees,
—It's up the hill and surely not a mile—
That when they reach the ridge's peak they rarely e'er sus-
pect
The danger that awaits them at the stile.

Now Cupid is not always there, he's many trips to make,
Like Santa Claus upon a Christmas morn;
To London, Paris, Tokio, to Moscow or Hong-kong,
Or possibly an urgent call beyond Cape Horn.
But when he's through with rougher climes, and harder tasks
are o'er,
And pleasant hours wishes to beguile,
He takes his bow and arrows, and with a roguish look
He follows college couples to the stile.

But is he always roguish, is he always playing tricks?
Do serious questions never fill his head?
Are his victims always dupes, are his favorites always fools,
Do they wish they had taken some other course instead?
Ah no! they're willing victims, they are voluntary dupes,
And when their latest hours show upon the dial,
They'll count among the memories they never wish erased
The hours spent with Cupid at the stile.

K.—'25.

## RETURNED MONEY

"HE got one hundred dollars of mine pretty easily the first week after I was discharged. I daresay I had been having a drink or two that evening, but it was he who got my money all right. At the police court in the morning they called him in, but he swore that he knew nothing about the matter except that I had been creating a disturbance in his hotel lobby, and that he had had me 'run in'. The decision went against me,——his word was better than mine".

The group of fellows sitting around the fire-place in the G. W. V. A. club-room at H——, could easily understand the speaker's last statement. It was the usual "old-soldier" story of "how I came to my present condition", and they had heard too many such stories to be greatly impressed. One after another they casually moved away, to some more cheerful and less depressing atmosphere, leaving the fellow with the hard-luck story seated dejectedly before the fire.

Frank Carson, at a table a short distance away, from behind a magazine, had witnessed this drama, the chief actor of which was now falling into a weary stupor where he had been left by the others—the epitome of loneliness and despair.

In spite of himself, Carson's Irish heart softened as he gazed at him. It was a typical picture of post-war tragedy, that tragedy which so soon began to be taken as a matter of course by the public, after the war—after the danger was over. To Carson, although not generally given to philosophizing on such matters, that sagging figure of a man—he was not old, exemplified to him the return of Youth from Hard War; a once glorious spirit, now sunk to lethargy in an indifferent body.

As he watched, a soiled and tattered letter fell from the breast pocket of the fellow's coat as it bulged when he sagged forward. Moving quietly across the room, Carson picked it up and glanced at it, hesitated, and then drew the contents from the envelope.

It contained a letter and a small snap-shot of a not too prosperous looking farm-house. An aged couple stood by

the front door-step, and beside them on the grass lay a large collie dog, stretched out in lassitude, with its head between its paws. All seemed to be gazing wistfully into the distance—perhaps down the road It was a home with someone missing. The letter was signed "Mother".

As Carson stood there and gazed into the dying fire, he felt a strong desire to help, in some way, the boy belonging to that aged couple who were apparently in need of him, and seemed to be waiting his return—almost despairingly, he imagined. He felt a long latent desire to do some good, some simple act of charity that might help to cover a few of his sins against his fellow-beings.

He had been living by his wits now for several years, recently in various Canadian cities, and as nobody but the police wanted him any longer he had decided to depart by boat from H———to a friendlier country. The "Karmania", on which he had booked passage, was due to call on the morrow en route to New York, so this was to be his last night ashore.

While standing there with the letter in his hand he decided that he would, if possible, get back that one hundred dollars to the fellow beside him, and send him home. The dumb appeal of the little farm-home gripped him. He wished, for a moment, with a far-away look in his eye, that he himself might have such a home to go to, where he could live as a useful citizen of a great country, instead of being a—— yes, he had to admit it,——a parasite on society. After making a note of the name and address on the envelope, and also of that of the sender, he replaced the letter on the floor before the sleeper, where it would catch his eye when he awoke, and went out into the street.

Carson was staying at the very hotel, the proprietor of which had figured so unfavorably in the conversation of the gathering in the club-room. It was not a pretentious or well-known hotel, but popular among a class that live mostly by night. Every city has them. The taxi-drivers know where they are to be found.

By the time he had arrived at this hotel after walking slowly, Carson had a plan of action carefully mapped out

that he figured would be successful, if everything was as usual in the semi-private smoking-room adjoining the lobby.

As he entered he nodded carelessly to the sleepy clerk at the desk, and passed upstairs to his room, after noting with satisfaction that the usual "session" was on in the smoking-room.

Arriving in his room, he quietly packed his few belongings in his suit-case—he travelled light, and lingered a few moments in final speculation before returning down-stairs. "No, I don't expect I will need to use it, but will have it where I can put my hand on it if necessary" went thru his mind as he slipped his automatic into his hip-pocket. He also drew a sizable roll from his money-belt and placed it in his breast-pocket. Everything was now "all set", so he picked up his suit-case, switched off the light and descended to the lobby for action.

He went at once to the desk, shook the clerk into consciousness, and asked for his bill, having decided that he might as well at least pay it, so that he could not be held up subsequently for it if it come to a "show-down" later with the police.

"Anything doing inside?" he asked of the clerk, nodding towards the smoking-room.

"Oh, yes, the usual", was the reply between yawns.

"Signal me in, will you, I guess I will see the bunch before I go".

The clerk did something mysterious with a push-button under his desk, and then led Carson to the door which was opened from within in response to a knock.

"Hello, old-timer", the hotel proprietor greeted him as he entered, "Come and take a seat if you are feeling lucky."

Thru a dense, heavy "smoke-screen", Carson observed that the usual game was on. The "house" had evidently been doing well, for most of the money on the table was in an untidy pile by the boss's right hand. The owner was flushed and excited, not wholly as a result of the play, Carson observed, as he caught a trace of something more than smoke in the air.

There was a pause in the play as the newcomer drew near the table. Cigarettes were passed around and lit. Some thirsty ones took this chance to get a drink.

"Yes, I am feeling lucky, damned lucky", bawled out Carson in a voice that suggested that he also had a "private stock." "And just to show you how lucky I feel, I will bet you five dollars that I can pick any card out of that deck that you wish to name. That says so, anyway". He stripped a "fiver" from his roll and threw it on the table.

The man with the pile of money beside him became interested at once. The rest around the table glanced at each other and tactly decided to let these two "go to it". It seemed as fair for one as the other, as far as "condition" went, and they secretly had hopes that Carson was not as "easy" as he appeared at the moment, and that he might get some of their money from the pile across the table.

The proprietor hesitated a moment as if to get the proposition absolutely straight, and then snapped at it. "Sure, I'll take you", he said as he drew a five-spot from his pile, "Now pick me out the eight of hearts".

Carson slid the deck of cards out in a row face down, and with a studied air of bravado drew forth a card, and flipped it up,——it was the jack of spades.

The proprietor burst into a loud laugh and swooped down on the ten dollars. The others around the table looked rather disgusted.

Carson appeared abashed for the moment, then smiled tolerantly. But he flashed up again as if his "Dutch courage" had reasserted itself. Throwing his roll on the table he again called out, glancing with a challenge in his eye towards the man with the money. "There's *one hundred* dollars says I can pick any card out of that pack that you care to name. Who'll say I can't?"

"I'll say that you can't", came back quickly from the former winner, as with unsteady and awkward fingers he feverishly counted out the one hundred dollars and placed it by the other.

"Now you 'wonder-worker' pick me out the 'curse of Scotland'—the nine of diamonds".

A gleam of triumph came into Carson's eye. He suddenly became sober, straightened up, quietly picked up the deck of cards, turned them *face up,* sorted them over carelessly in his fingers, picked out the nine of diamonds, and laving it calmly before the other, and reached for the money.

"But you turned——'.

"'Shut up, and stay where you are'', snaped out Carson, and he significantly slid his hand towards his hip-pocket. "I didn't say I could pick out any card without looking at the deck face up. And listen to this you hound of hell, about three months ago you rolled one of our returned boys for a hundred dollars'. He's getting that back tomorrow. Think twice before you try that on again.

The loser paled and sagged back into his chair. Carson deliberately folded the money, put it in his pocket, and with a smiling "Good-night," left the hotel.

Within the next two days, a certain old lady, a mother in a lonely farm-house received a letter containing a one-hundred-dollar bank-note,—a broken-spirited returned soldier received a railway ticket to his home, and a preemptory order, "Go home, it will be worth your while,*and get to work*",—and the "Karmania" cleared H———enroute to new York.

A. K. E., '22.

## THE PROFESSOR'S STORY

EXTRACT FROM "ONCE IN A BLUE MOON."

"MY most amusing experience," said the professor, and he paused for a moment. Then he went on, "I may safely say that at least one very amusing thing has happened to me since I left college, and I think that perhaps it is the most interesting experience of my life, except the night Musgrave put the frogs in Daly's bed."

Thereupon Daly interrupted with an injunction to the professor to go on with his story, and not talk "such damnable rot". The professor laughed and continued.

"One makes some strange friends in life—"

"Quite noticeable from this crowd of mokes that I call friends" interrupted Daly.

"You shut up, Daly," said Harpell, "Or I'll sit on you."

"As I was saying," continued the professor," one makes some very strange friends in life. But the strangest friend I ever had (excepting Daly) was Morgan, the physical culture trainer at—University when I first accepted the chair of Theology at that institution. He was a fine chess player, and as I have some little skill in that game myself, we grew to be quite friendly, and he used to come to see me very often.

"One evening he came in and stayed until eight o'clock, and then rose hastily, saying that he had an important engagement at half past eight, and he must leave at once. I did not intend to question him regarding this engagement, but his great embarrassment upon dropping on the floor two bits of pasteboard when he drew out his handkerchief, piqued my curiosity, and I asked him where he was going.

" 'Oh, nowhere much,' he replied with some embarrassment. Then I asked to see the bits of pasteboard. His embarassment grew greater. However, after much questioning I discovered that a certain Spike McGinty was to engage in a six round boxing match with Bill Keegan that night at 8.30.

"I notice that you have two tickets," said I, 'Who is to accompany you?'

" 'Oh, I don't know,' he replied, somewhat uneasily, 'There might be somebody who'd want to go with me.'

"The words had scarcely been spoken before I had decided who would accompany him. 'I shall go with you and use that other ticket,' said I.

"In his excitement he dropped to the venacular he had used in former times. 'Aw nix, professor! Dat ain't no place for you! S'pose someone seen yuh?' he pleaded, but I was obdurant. At last he consented, but very doubtfully.

"We went into the hall and I took my hat and coat. Suddenly Morgan changed from doubting consent to active resistance.

" 'Youse can't go in dat rig, professor! They'd spot yuh in a minnit!' I surveyed myself in a mirror.

" 'Quite true, said I, 'I probably should be the centre of considerable attraction.'

" 'Come up to my room and I'll fix you up,' suggested Morgan.

"The metamorphosis was truly remarkable. He began with my hat and stopped with my boots. When he had finished I again surveyed myself in a mirror. I very much doubt if even my worthy spouse would have recognized her Henry Peter Loney. I was wearing a hat of the type known in the old country as a "bowler". I had on a soft collar with a blue and white polka dot bow tie (I think they call them jazz bows). My suit, which was a vivid check was a size too small for me, and a pair of black and white socks, and a pair of black and white socks, and a pair of cloth-topped boots finished my disguise.

" 'Morgan seemed quite proud of me.

'That's fine,' said he, 'You'd pass anywhere now.' So in this attire I set out with Morgan for the fight.

" 'We called a taxi, and I do not remember the location to which he directed the driver. Even if I did know I would not be likely to tell you.

" 'When we arrived at our destination I noticed that the building was evidently an old theatre, and on entering I saw that it was remarkably adapted to such an exhibition as was to take place that night. To my great satisfaction I found

that Morgan had seats right by the side of the ring. I had never observed such an encounter, and wished to be quite close in order to see everything.

"The tobacco smoke was very thick, so thick, in fact, that I was troubled with a cough for several days afterward.

"I had not much time to gaze about me, for just as we were comfortably seated a man came to the centre of the ring and called out something like this:—'Gentlemen, on my right, Spike McGinty, the human pile driver, and on my left, Bill Keegan, the Texas Shadow. They will fight six rounds, no decision.' The two boxers came forward, shook hands, and then a bell rang.

"The man they called the human Pile Driver certainly gave the Texas Shadow a hard time. Of course, I must in all honesty state that McGinty did not hit Keegan but twice in the whole encounter, but it seemed as if Keegan was afraid of the other man. All Keegan did was to run away from McGinty, and dodge about the ring in such an amazing fashion that McGinty did not know where his opponent was half the time. Then a bell rang again, and they stopped and ran to the corners of the ring where chairs were supplied. There they were fanned with towels, and were sprinkled with water until the bell rang again, when they arose and continued the combat.

"Again Keegan resumed his tactics of running about the ring. But this time he tried to hit McGinty, and after an amazingly quick dash and blow from Keegan, McGinty fell to the floor and the referee counted ten. Then Keegan was proclamed the victor.

"Morgan, who hiteherto had been silent, now leapt to his feet, and shouted 'Foul! Foul!' and several men about the ring side took up the cry. Two of them climbed into the ring and began to remonstrate to the referee. The referee made no reply to their protests, but struck one of them with such force that he fell over the ropes.

"In an instant all was in a turmoil. The lights went out, and around me I heard oaths and cries. Someone struck me, and in response to the instinct of self-preservation I struck back.

"Just then somebody shouted 'Cops! Beat it!' I paused, not knowing what I should do. Morgan seized my hand and dragged me toward a window.

"I attempted to resist, but Morgan cried 'Come on you fool! I'd oughta leave ya get outa this mess yourself!' He did not desert me, however, but pushed me thru a window, climbed out himself, and we began to run.

"As we reached a corner another man caught up to us, and Morgan cried, 'Here, Mahar, look after old skeezicks here, while I lead the cops away.' Then he left us, and from that day to this I have not seen him.

"When we came to my house, after running for at least a half an hour with two policemen after us, we ran up the front steps and tried the door. Horrors! It was locked! and the police coming hot-foot! We then rushed around to the back of the house and I led Mahar in thru the cellar door, locking it behind me.

"We went into my study, and I glanced at my watch. It was ten o'clock! My wife, if she was not home then, soon would be, and I must divest myself of these atrocious garments befroe she saw me. And, too, I must account for Mahar's presence.

" 'Up this way!' I cried to Mahar, and led the way toward my bedroom. There I took off the clothes which Morgan had given me. I had scarcely done so when the door rang. Mahar jumped to his feet.

" 'De Bulls!' he said.

" 'Be still,' I said, and slipped on a dressing gown, and started out of the room.

" 'Where are you going?' asked Mahar.

" 'I am going to answer the door,' I replied. 'While I am gone you put on these clothehs.' With that I put some of my clothes on the bed, for we were about the same size, and an idea had already formed in my mind.

"Two policemen were at the door. They stated that they had seen two men go into my cellar, and wanted to go down and investigate. I said that I had not seen anyone around the house, but gave them my permission and went back to my room. I found Mahar struggling with a collar.

"'Wot kind of a job are yer pulling off?' he asked. I explained to him that I was Professor H. P. Loney, and that the house we were in belonged to me.

"This seemed to clear up a great deal of doubt in his mind, but he seemed to be rather angry at the clothes I had told him to put on. He asked me, in rather forcible language why he should have to put on such clothes. I then explained to him that when my wife came home, which was liable to be any minute, I should have to account for his presence in the house, and that I intended to pass him off as a professor of psychology.

"'But I don't know anything about that there stuff! That won't do nohow!' he said. 'It'll just get us into more trouble! I'm a married man meself, an' it don't pay to lie to yer wife!'

"'It will be quite all right,' I insisted. All you will have to do is to refrain from answering any questions which may be put to you—don't speak at all, in fact. Everything will go fine.' But he seemed rather dubious.

"Just at this moment my wife entered. I went downstairs and told her that the police were looking for two men whom they said had entered the house thru the cellar. As is the custom of her sex, she asked innumerable questions, but I referred her to the policemen whom I heard coming up the stairs. As they came up the stairs, my wife was waiting for them, and began her inquisition.

"Suddenly I had an idea. I would get Mahar out of the house while my wife was busy talking to the policemen. I rushed up to my room, and found Mahar completely dressed. He did not seem perfectly at ease, however, and welcomed the idea of getting out of the house without meeting Mrs. Loney.

"We went down the stairs quietly, very quietly indeed. My wife's back was turned toward us and she was talking at a great rate. I heaved a sigh of relief.

"'Fortunately,' thot I, 'I shall not have to tell Marion any fibs. Vain hopes! I was just opening the door, when she turned and saw us.

"'Why, Peter,' said she, 'I did not know that you had any friends in this evening.'

" 'Well—er—no—at least—that is to say—this, my dear, is Professor Scott, who hopes to obtain the chair of Psychology in our University.'

" 'Oh, Professor Scott,' she said, 'I'm so pleased to meet you. I've always just longed to meet an expert in psychology. There is one question that I have always longed to ask,—and—oh, you must come right into Mr. Loney's study and talk to us for a few moments.'

"Great drops of cold sweat formed themselves on my forehead.

" 'Professor Scott has to return to his rooms at once, my dear,' I hastened to explain. 'Some other night, perhaps, but not tonight.'

" "Well, then, Peter,' said she, 'you must get the car and we will drive Professor Scott to his rooms. I'm simply dying to ask him a few things that I have been wondering about.'

" 'Professor Scott's car is at the gate, my dear', I said, in despair. 'He will go back in that.'

" 'Where is it?' she asked. 'I saw no car when I came in.'

" 'Well,' I stammered, "that is to say—it was to be at the gate—and it probably will be very shortly.'

" 'Then Professor Scott can come into the study until the car comes.'

" 'This is getting worse every minute,' I thought, but I said, ' Oh no, he must go right back to his rooms. You see, they lock the doors at half past ten, my dear, and he must be theron time, as he has no pass key.'

" 'But,' said she, then paused, and looked at her watch. "Why, Peter it's twenty minutes past ten now. You must take our car. Bring it out to the front of the house, and I'll talk to Professor Scott while you are gone. Hurry now," And there was nothing to do but what she said. I went out to the garage with grave doubts and fears.

"When I brot the car around to the front of the house my wife was standing on the steps—alone. Mahar was nowhere to be seen. I stopped the car.

"My wife was the picture of righteous indignation. With an effort I managed to ask 'What has become of Professor Scott?'

" 'Professor Scott, inded! Profess—Oh! my pearl necklace—gone!

"It was only too true. With grave misgivings I felt for my watch. It too was gone.

"I never went to a prize fight again." —B. E. R., '24.

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## INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The interesting debate between Acadia and Mt. Allison was held in the Fawcett Memorial Hall, Sackville, on March 29th. Mt. Allison won the decision by two points to one. The resolution was: Resolved that it would be more beneficial to Canada for the Governor in Council by his power under the present immigration law to admit South Eastern European for the next twenty-five years even up to the yearly limit reached in 1913, rather than totally to exclude them.

The teams were: Mt. Allison, W. T. Flemington (leader), A. Reginald MacDougall and Fred Meek. Acadia—John Lank (leader), Harry Atkinson and Thomas H. Robinson.

The debate was a very interesting one and especial mention should be given to Mr. Lank's rebuttal. He pointed out among other things that the resolution means that immigrants be admitted after the regulations re health, character, etc., are complied with. After the debate the Acadia team were entertained at a very enjoyable banquet. We extend to Mt. A. our congratulations and wish to express our deep appreciation of their kindness and courtesy. We concede to them the *decision* but not the *debate*.

The Judges were: Dr. McKinnon, Pinehill College, Halifax; Rev. J. Ramsey, Moncton and Rev. A. F. Fisher, Sackville.

# SCIENCE

## AIR YOUR BAD AIR THEORIES

WHAT makes air in an ill-ventilated room bad? Why the resulting head-aches, and feelings of lassitude, dullness, and sleepiness from crowded rooms? We are familiar with it, and all grumble about it.

Most probably, if asked, you would come back with the worn-out statement that the oxygen from the air has been exhausted, and that the carbon dioxide given off thru the lungs and pores of those present has poisoned the air, making it unfit for further use. Or you might try to be more evasive and simply say that the aerial spirit, the substance necessary for the preservation of life, has been exhausted.

Both of these reasons sound very plausible and are generally accepted, but somebody always gets "smart" and explodes these pet ideas of ours. In this case, as in most, it is the scientist who has done the exploding, and the "would-be" clears away the débris.

Ask the chemist to tell you the constituents of pure air. That is enough to start him going. Don't interrupt his flow of words, but if you can sort something out from his language just make a note to the effect that there is oxygen to the extent of 23%, and carbon dioxide measuring 0.03% in pure air.

If he is a truly obliging chemist with a passion for his work, he will continue with the information that the bad air in even the most poorly ventilated schools and factories—and that's pretty bad, still contains at least 19% oxygen, and carbon dioxide is present as 0.3% only.

It has been experimentally determined that before any harmful physiological effect can be demonstrated, the oxygen must be reduced to 14% and the carbon dioxide increased to 2.4%. There you have it.

Let's try another theory, that of "crowd poison" this time. According to this theory there is a poison known as anthropotoxin given off by the lungs and body surface. The odor of foul air was supposed to be the index of the poison in the air.

In order to prove this theory the scientist went so far as to condense an amount of expired air, and fed the resulting solid and liquid to some innocent little guinea pigs. They didn't seem to thrive on this second-hand-air hash. The ill effects produced were at once attributed to the presence of anthropotoxin. And now comes the great anticlimax:—"Later experiments show the technique of this experiment to be false and without grounding"—and probably the poor little sick guinea pigs never so much as got an apology.

The truth of the matter is that the chemist has had to "pass the buck" along to his fellow scientists in the physics laboratory; the oxygen, carbon dioxide, and toxin content theory would seem to hold good.

The physicist hit upon the brainy idea of "canning up" a few individuals in an air-tight box, and gave each one a tube thru which he might breathe pure air from the outside. The prisoners still complained about the bad air and felt the usual depressing symptoms.

Concurently with the above test, the experimenter stationed several other persons outside this air-tight cage with tubes leading into it thru which they drew their breath. After "smoking" this large pipe with several individuals in the bowl for several hours, the smokers felt none the worse for it.

We can now safely conclude that the effects of bad air are dependent upon its temperature and humidity. The body is continually producing more heat than is necessary for maintaining the normal temperature as a result of muscular, nervous, and glandular activity. This heat is disposed of

thru direct radiation and also by the evaporation of moisture from the body.

Now, if the air becomes over-heated, radiation cannot take place, in fact the reverse will happen. Furthermore, if the air is already saturated with moisture, evaporation will cease. In this state, the two most important factors for maintaining the balance of temperature in the normal body are absent. We suffer for it in the shape of head-aches, drowsiness, and lassitude.

The tragedy of the "Black Hole' 'of Culcutta is a ghastly example of the results of extreme heat and humidity. All but a score of the one hundred and forty-six forced in that small room succumbed before they were liberated.

Since the scientist has obligingly shown us the causes of the ill effects from bad air, our friend the efficiency expert comes along in his train with tabulated results of caried ventilation in terms of quality and quantity of work done. He claims that there is no variation in the turn-out of work on account of mere impure air, provided the temperature and humidity are at normal, but if the temperature of a room be raised from 68 degrees F. to 86 degrees F. there will be a resulting loss of 39% of efficiency. Well worth knowing, isn't it?

When it is possible, it is still by far the better method to get plenty of fresh air from outside. The human body has become adapted to the average humidity of the great out-of-doors and is healthiest there. The heating indoors can be more readily and accurately adjusted than the humidity.

So still keep on freely ventilating your rooms, only, incidentally it is just as well to know why you do it.

A. K.E.,'22.

## VARIATIONS AND ACQUIRED CHARACTERS

"VARIETY is the very spice of life, that gives it all its flavor", says Cowper. Such must be the attitude of every student of Nature, for only through an appreciation and recognition of the individuality of all animate beings can the scientific naturalist be able to make classifications, further his researches, and in a more or less unconscious manner cultivate his aesthetic sense.

Individuality is common to all organisms. No two beings, no two organs, no two cells of any organ are identical in every respect. Were there no differences in individuals, there would be no comparisons, hence there would be no change in species, and no opportunity for improvement of the race. The most invariable thing in Nature is Variation.

Variation is defined as *differences,* whether in the expression of bodily characters, or in the expression of the germinal substance, among organisms of the same species related by descent. Heredity, on the other hand, is the germinal *resemblance* among organisms related by descent. Continuous variations are characters in plants and in animals which form a more or less unbroken series of changes, and always show the tendency to breed back to the "norm" or mean above and below each character. Discontinuous variations or "mutations" show tendencies to form a distinct variety in a species, and breed true to themselves, when crossed with individuals of the same variety. The most common "mutants" in evidence are those of the Oenothera lamarckiana (Lamarck's Evening Primrose), as first noted by DeVries, early in this century. This species has at least seven varieties, each of which shows the tendency to form a new species. By selection, either natural or artificial, new species are formed by the resultant combinations of the dominant characters in any one variety. Thus are we able to conceive of an evolutionary change in the race.

Many theories have been advanced in regard to variations from the types shown in species. In 1809, Lamarck gave forth his theory of Acquired Characters either by means of the

direct influence of environment, or through the principle of "Use and Disuse". Here he endeavored to show that variations originate in the body cells, and are transferred to the germ cells. For instance, he showed that the development of certain organs resulted in their enlarged growth, as well as in their increased vigor, while failure to use them was followed by degeneration with their probable final disappearance. Throughout the influence of the body plasm or somatoplasm upon the germinal substance, new characters were transmitted and variations resulted. Darwin, who in 1859, published his "Origin of Species" took into consideration these numerous variations, but made little or no attempt to account for them, and hence attributed numbers of them to "chance". He accepted the theory of Lamarck in a great many details.

Weismann, in 1893, affirmed that variation was a matter determined in the germinal material itself, in his theory known as the "Continuity of the Germplasm." He stated that the germinal substance is distinct from the body plasm, and hence is not subject to extrinsic influence. It is the one immortal thing in Nature, and the body plasm serves only as a natural protection or shield. The body plasm is a derivative of the germplasm, hence the continuous germinal substance produces not only a new organism but also the subsequent germinal material. To account for adaptive variations he formulted two hypotheses: (1) for the origin of inherited variation similar to that which environment produces in the body he invented the hypothesis of parallel modification of germplasm and somatoplasm; (2) for the "apparent" inheritance of use and disuse, the hypothesis of germinal selection. By this, he meant that the various determiners which compose the germplasm are competing with each other in a struggle for nourishment. Sometimes one determiner prevails, sometimes another. The determiners which are supplied with the most food grow largest, and give rise to characters of a corresponding sort upon the development of the body. Thus there are perpetual variations in the organs and tissues in the body, and thru natural selection an *apparent* inheritance of use and disuse results.

Experiments of various kinds have been made upon animal and plant organisms. It has been found that external stimuli affect the development of characters in three ways. They modify the development of inherited characters; they actually condition the production of characters whose heridity determiners are present in the germplasm; and they may cause germinal variations which result in the appearance of new germinal characters. The followers of Weismann's doctrine have tried to show us that such phenomena as external influences are incomprehensible since the germinal units are independent in themselves, only deriving nourishment thru the soma. But external influences such as excess of heat, light, nourishhment, and other physical and chemical stimuli modify the general behavior and structure of the organisms experimented upon. It has been found that important changes in coloring, markings, and size of the butterfly, as well as in the shape in some of its organs were changes in its general vigor. This does not mean that the differences should be merely those of vigor, but they show that acquired differences of general or local vigor may weaken or reinforce certain physiological functions, which result in their turn in important changes in size, color, or reproduction. They alter the functions of vital organs, and thru them those characters of specific value are modified. Such changes cannot but be inherited for a number of generations, just as an inherent tendency toward tuberculosis or cardiac weakness may be transmitted. At any rate, we are not justified in saying that it is incomprehensible how definite changes, like those of wing color in the butterfly, are transmitted to the germplasm. They *are* transmitted. Moreover we know that the germplasm does not live the isolated life which the hypothesis of Weismann teaches. The germplasm of the reproductive cells and the nuclei of the body cells are closely inter-related, and it is well known today that both in plants and in animals there exist connections between most cells by means of fine threads of protoplasm. So that we must now consider the close relationship of these cells to one another rather than refer to the isolation of any particular kind. Spencer gives us

the theory of the unceasing flow of protoplasm, by which the body cells were supposed to throw off "gemmules" which pass into the germ cells. This view is to account for the direct action between the germ cells and soma. The preseent conception of the complex organization of the germinal material adds to the difficulty of conceiving an inter-relation between the body and its progeny.

Notwithstanding the fundamental nature of the problems of the inheritance of acquired characters, with their accompanying variations, and all the evidence which has been presented for their solution, they still remain unsolved. Each theory advanced fails to satisfy one or another of the conditions necessary for absolute proof. For twenty two generations Weismann cut off the tails of mice at birth, yet no change resulted. So far as the inheritance of mutilations and disease influences are concerned, the evidence is of a negative type, and thus inconclusive. The effects of acclimatization, changed food supply, and temperature on the germplasm of the new individuals can be explained in more than one way. Even in the case of instincts, which have been termed as inherited memory, and which produce the strongst evidence for the inheritance of acquired characters, an alternative explanation is possible.

The views of Lamarck and Weismann have their strong features as well as their weak ones, and the followers of each school have been practically forced to concede in the ideas of one another in regard to the evolution of species, the course of which is guided by the adaptive directions of environment.

The problem of acquired characters, after all, concerns the higher animals only. In the lower animals and in plants, no clear distinctions exist between body and germ cells, as we find in higher phyla. Every cell is capable of reproduction in the lowest animals, and modifications produced in a cell by environment are passed on to the next generation. If it be true that the potentialities of living substance can be changed in lower organisms, it seems reasonable also that such influences may exist in the higher animals. It is the sheltered position of the germ cells which ordinarily seems

to exempt them from direct modifications, but we cannot assume that they are always free from such.

In making an application to the human race, we find that man is subject to environment influences for a period much longer than most other animals. The periods of infancy and adolescence are of such a duration, and the cells of the organism are of such a plastic nature that they are capable of receiving influences for a longer time. Every living thing in the world has come into existence by a process of development. The entire human personality, mind, as well as body, has thus arisen, and the factors of development may be classified as intrinsic in the organization of the germ cells, and extrinsic as represented in environmental forces and conditions. The intrinsic forces are those which are commonly called heredity, and they direct and guide development in the main; the extrinsic or environmental factors furnish the conditions in which development takes place and modify, more or less its course.

If the germ cells are thus capable of modification, variations, either continuous or discontinuous ,are quite possible, and evolution guided by the environment must be in some measure, at least, a reality. The truth, then, lies neither in the extreme Lamarckian view that all acquired characters are inherited, nor in the extreme Weismannian view that no extraneous influences modify the germplasm, but somewhere between. —A. E. W., '23.

## EUGENICS IN SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT—III

Note—This is the third of a series of articles on this subject which have been published in the *Athenaeum*. The first was published June 1921, the second in November 1921.—Ed.

THE basic or fundamental principle in encouraging a progressive attitude in this matter of human improvement through means of creating a eugenic sentiment, is found in the *conservation of desirable germplasm*. This may be brought about negatively through restriction of the undesirable, and positively by enlarging the opportunities of the fit: by developing the best through isolation from the sources of degeneracy, by *avoiding mistakes*, and by taking advantage of human mutations. These are axiomatic truths, yet our discussion would be incomplete without some treatment of the necessity for such conservation.

In many cases today the fit do not have the opportunity to utilize their fitness to the highest advantage, and to reproduce their desirable qualities in their offspring. A method to obviate this condition, which is due to social stratification (social here in its narrower sense of so-called social standing), was proposed in Germany some years ago. By a statute each couple, fit to such a degree that their offspring would certainly be of asset value to the nation, were to receive a state bonus, and a further bonus to aid in the rearing of their children. The idea had barely been tried out when the war intereferred. It is therefore difficult to say what the possible results might have been.

Often the middle classes produce mutant figures of *potential* ability, but that ability cannot attain its highest possible utility on account of genteel poverty, educational disadvantages, and so on. If these conditions could be obviated, much ability could be conserved and added to the national force through the efforts thereby made possible. The matter of subsidizing the fit, therefore, seems to be a suggestion in the right direction, even though calculated merely to increase *national* potentiality.

Another feature of importance in this connexion is the alarming non-productiveness of our professional and educated people. It has been estimated that Harvard and Vassar graduates each produce a *small fraction of one child.* If this state of affairs continues, it is evident that the intellectually best part of our population will become extinct. Then instead of improvement, we must face a state of indifferent constancy, since our educated people will come only from the middle classes. Of such importance is this matter that Dr. Kellogg (lecturer in psychology, Acadia Unnversity) recently said that if we removed *fifty* of the outstanding men of letters of America, we would receive an almost fatal blow to our racial progress, such a retardation would be given to our civilization. This phase of the problem therefore presents a matter of deep concern, one intimately connected with human progress.

The underlying reason seems to be found in the fact that the long and expensive educative process requred necessarily tends toward late marriage and hence to limited offspring. Then too, men of the professons are often so busy that they are notably not men of the home. Spare moments are more often spent at clubs, or other places where they can in obtaining recreation at the same time obtain means to additional advance in their professions.

In the case of college professors, those who are recognized as really the most highly developed members of our society, intellectually, the salaries are often prohibitive in themselves, rendering the rearing of children impractiable, since they cannot afford to do so and at the same time maintain the social status expected of them. Estimations in the case of American Universities bring out the fact that "each of the college professors of America is entitled to just two fifths of a child!" This naturally raises the question, "should only the *financially* fit be allowed to survive—to reproduce their species? Should or should not those who may be fittest, physically, intellectually, and morally, also be entitled to the privilege and responsibility of taking their natural part in determining the character of the nation's future generations, for the evolution of the race and the glory of God?"

In such cases we often pause and wonder. Wherein lies the solution? Is ti in subsidy? In state education? Surely all the "forces that can reasonably be brought to bear" should be exerted to the furtherance of the conservation of eminently desirable germplasm, for on the solution of this problem depends in no small degree the future of our nation.

L. P. S., '22.

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## AIRCRAFT OF THE FUTURE

HAS aviation a future? This is a queston whch has often been asked. Few indeed, are those today who doubt that this science has great possibilities, but it is so misunderstood that the layman has many incorrect ideas concerning it. The purpose of this article is to show briefly in the light of our present day knowledge the future requirements of aircraft and how they are likely to develop.

One thing is necessary for the immediate development of aviation, and that is to establish flying in the eyes of the public as a safe and sure means of transportation. Needless to say the general public considers the areoplane a very dangerous "vehicle", but investigation of statistics will show that the accidents of commercial aviation are few, and that almost all aeroplane accidents are the result of dare devil stunts, experimenting by amateurs, and the flying of obsolete and worn out aeroplanes. Everyone is interested in aviation to a certain extent, for it is something new, and when they read about an aeroplane crashing to the ground and killing its passengers they remember it longer than they would a train collision or a shipwreck where dozens of people lose their lives. "Getting killed" by a train is a matter-of-fact thing, but being smashed up in an aeroplane is something extremely noteworthy. Thousands of people are drowned every year and thousands are killed by automobiles, yet we swim and drive in cars without thought of danger. When we consider flying as a matter-of-fact occurrence, we will forget its dangers and many of the incorrect ideas that we now hold concerning aviation will disappear.

If aeroplanes or any form of aircraft are to become rivals of the express train the speed of aerial transportation must increase. This does not necessarily imply that aeroplanes must increase their speed, for it is quite high now. The average speed of commercial aeroplanes is about 100 miles per hour, which is about three times as fast as the express train. Aeroplanes must be more capable of preventing delays and of increasing their range of flight, for stops take time. Commercial aeroplanes seldom fly more than five hours continuously, thus giving them a range of about five hundred miles. Aeroplanes must also be able to fly at night, directed by wireless or by some other means. All of these factors will increase the speed of aerial transportation greatly, and place aviation on a better commercial basis.

Although an increase in the speed of aeroplanes would be very desirable in aviation it is by no means as important as increasing their load capacity and reliability. Racing aeroplanes have attained speeds above 200 m. p. h., but the power required to drive these racers is much too great for attempting commercial aeroplanes designed to fly at an equal speed, under the same conditions,—that is, at sea level. If we are to increase their speed greatly we must build them for rising to great altitudes, as eight miles above sea-level, where the density of the air is about one fourth of that at the sea level. Obviously, an aeroplane flying at the higher altitude would have one quarter as much resistance offered to its flight as it would at the lower level. As the resistance increases approximately as the square of the speed, the aeroplane could fly at twice the velocity at an eight-mile altitude as it could at sea-level, other conditions being constant.

Brequet, one of the greatest engineers of today, says that the ultimate speed of aeroplanes flying at about seven miles altitude would be 1800 m. p. h., which is somewhat higher than the velocity of a modern artillery projectible. An aeroplane flying at this altitude would be very different from the present forms. It would be an aerial "submarine". The engine would receive air from a super-charger which would compress it to atmospheric pressure. The air supplied to the pilot and passengers would also be compressed to sea

level density which would require the cabin to be airtight. At altitudes above seven miles the temperature of the atmosphere is practically constant about 60° F in summer and 71° F in winter which would make it necessary to heat the cabin for the occupants. Many great problems have to be solved yet before altitude flying will become general, but it is quite generally recognized by aeronautical engineers that this is the only way in which the speed of aircraft can be increased to any great extent.

The possibilities of the various types of aircraft will now be considered.

As is well known, the aeroplane is developed to a much higher degree than any other type of aircraft, and for future development it presents unusual possibilities. It will probably be the only form which will be able to rise to great altitudes, hence it will probably be the fastest type. Brequet prophesied that aeroplanes would be travelling at a speed at least 1000 m. p. h. within fifty years. Also, aeroplanes are yet small compared with their eventual size.

The following is an extract from an editorial which appeared in the "Aerial Age", April 10, 1922.—"If we imagine a machine fifty tons total weight ,and such a design has already been prepared in Germany by Professor Junkers), with a thick, high lift, wing section, and assume a wing load of 10 lb./sq. ft., we arrive at a wing area of about 11,000 sq. ft. This high-lift wing will have a maximum thickness of about 18 per cent of chord. If, now, we assume a maximum chord of about 40 ft. in the centre, we arrive at a wing depth of about 7 ft. This means that there will be sufficient depth to place the engines, passenger cabins, tanks, etc., inside the wings, and it would appear that it might be possible to suppress the fuselage (body) altogether, or at any rate to reduce it to a couple of girders carrying the tail. If we imagine a folding undercarriage which disappears into the wings during flight, we arrive at the conclusion that the L/D (lift/drift) ratio of the whole machine might be as high as 15 or so. As that of the average machine of today is only about 7 or 8, the gain in efficiency would be great indeed, reducing the required power by between one-half and one-third.

The effect of this on the cost of air transport would be considerable, and the whole subject of the 'giant' is one of extreme fascination. The day is not yet, but it is coming". (Such a machine would be a monoplane with about 300 ft. wingspread).

The "glider" is a form of aircraft which is receiving a great deal of attention today, and the German experimenters especially are being watched for their developments along this line. This is the type of machine with which Lithenthal, Langley, and the Wrights experimented, before the days of the aeroplane, and which for several years has been practically forgotten. Only recently has it returned to prominence, for with this type it seems possible to imitate the soaring flight of birds, which fly for hours without perceptibly moving a wing. The developments of the last two years present great possibilities, and in the very near future we should have gliders or soarers which will sustain themselves in the air only as a result of the proper movements of the controls. A low powered motor will probably be installed in the machine but it will be used only in case of emergency. The following are some figures of the record soaring flights in Germany:— (From "Aerial Age", Feb. 20, 1922). The von Loesal Glider—distance, 4080 meters, time—305 seconds, velocity approximately 13.3 meters per second. The Klemperer Glider—distance 4600 meters, time 783 seconds,, velocity, nearly 6 meters per second. Refer to the "Scientific American", April 1922, for further particulars. If this type develops successfully it will probably be the sport 'plane of the future. It will probably be slow and will fly at comparatively low altitudes with small cost of operation. As the wing loading of gliders is necessarily low, not above 2 lbs. per sq. ft. wing area, they will not be great load carriers, for the aeroplane often has a wing load of about 12 lbs. per sq. ft. An aeroplane weighing 1800 lbs. is considered very efficient if it carries 1200 lbs. load. A glider of equal size would weigh about 300 lbs. and would be able to carry not more than 200 lbs. load, at a maximum. In studying soaring fiight, the greatest soaring birds have been examined and tested in wind tunnels,

and it has been found that they, too, have a very low wing loading—not above 1.5 lbs. per sq. ft. wing area.

The ornithoptre is the type of aircraft which imitates the wing beats of birds and flys by their reaction upon the air. No practical machine of this form has so far been devised and very little research work has been carried on in connection with it, mainly because it is difficult to construct a machine which will function as do the wings of a bird. Also, the "wing beat" method of propulsion is very inefficient compared with the air screw. A bird weighing 1 lb. would expend about three times as much energy in flight as would a model aeroplane weighing 1 lb., and flying under the same conditions. The glider may eventually resolve itself into more or less the ornithoptre form, but there is little possibility that any form of aircraft will fly by exactly imitating the wing beats of a bird.

The helicoptre is a form of aircraft whose support in air is derived by the reaction of vertically lifting propellers. Since the late war this type has developed rapidly, but as yet there si no authentic record of a successful flight of this form. The following in an extract from an editorial which appeared in the "New York Times":—"A dispatch from The Hague recently said: "The Hanschk helicoptre makes 500 kilometers (312 miles) per hour, can ascend and descend vertically, remain stationary in the air, and cannot fall". The inventor has claimed that he will fly to New York in a day. He talks of winning the million-dollar prize for a flight around the world." There may be some truth in these claims but as yet they have not been verified. If helicoptres develop to a success their use will probably be confined to flight at comparatively slow altitudes but with great speed. The greatest disadvantage of this type is that it relies solely upon the propellers to give the support in the air. In case of engine failure it seems quite likely that the machine would fall to the ground unless some means are found to permit it to lower itself without damage. On the other hand, with the motor running it is possible to land the machine in a very small space and so eliminate the loading disadvantage of

aeroplanes. The future alone can determine the value of this type.

The dirigible balloon is a very well known type of aircraft. It is probably known more from its disasters and unsuccessful flights than for its merits. This form has shown itself to be inadequately developed, only the Germans have had any success with this type. If airships (strictly speaking "airship" is a dirigible balloon) are to be of use in the future, hydrogen must be replaced by helium or some other non-inflammable gas, and some very thorough researches must be carried on to determine the strength of the forces encountered. This type is yet in the experimental stage, and development will be accompanied by immense cost and probably with great loss of life, as has been the case in the past. For the future their use is limited to slow, long-distance flights, carried on at low altitudes. The load carried will probably be high, not less than twenty-five tons.

The development of aviation has hardly begun. With any one of these forms of aircraft there is room for an enormous amount of research and experiment. All aeronautical sciences are as yet crudely developed, although, some wonderful things have been accomplished. Knowing what has been done already, who can doubt that things unheard-of and undreamed-of will be ours in the future? M. C. B., '25.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF A CHEMIST

Dear Readers:—

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now. I have taken it into my cranial vicinity to relate a few of the greatest comic tragedies in the present history of Acadia. This trestise treats of occult occurrences in the A. C. A. (Acadia Chemical Auditorium). Consequently this epic will be couched in and supersaturated with the choicest chemical terms. Moreover, I wish to assert that it is written so you can understand it.

I feel certain that nobody is aware of the true origin of *chemstry,* that is, the word itself. It is what the student specializing in English, calls a hybrid. It is derived from the Sanskrit word "Chemi" meaning stink, and the Hebrew word "Izzy" or "Istry", meaning "poor". Now do not jump to the conclusion that the word "Chemistry" means therefore a bad smell—A bad smell is already implied by the word "stink" itself. Therefore a poor stink means a "poor bad smell" or in other words, "a nice smell".

Episode number one is the sad tale of a brilliant, unobserving young chemist, and his sad end. An enterprising but unsophisticated youth, who bore the noble name of I. Vorey Dohme, had spilled some concentrated paregoric acid upon a stool. This youth, possessing an investigative mentality, decided not to wipe it up, but to see if everything said about Valspar was as per advertisement. The reader who has perused the article this far, will realize the possibilities of our hero's performing an unique titration. This he did, but not so as you would notice it. Feeling that his understanding was about to fail, he gracefully and unexpectedly sat upon the aforementioned stool. Thus the acid was neutralized and the end point found thru a tactile rather than a visual sensation. It was an embarrassing situation.

Episode number two spells the beans on a carefree student who nevertheless walked about with a harassed appear-

ance. He was a fast worker and knew how to make tight joints. So one day when it behooved him to boil T. N. T., none of us were surprised when a parting of one of his joints was heralded by a loud report. While some parts of apparatus were volatilized, other parts were quickly precipated around the immediate vicinity. After that, his slogan was "Never Say Die," altho he did manage to dye various parts of his anatomy later on. He has come to the conclusion since, that it was no use to diet.

Episode the third treats of a treasure hunt made by all chemistry students some time during their course. This is favorite pastime was called, "Hunting for Kicks". In this sport the nasal appendage was utilized to a great extent. The substances found were comparable to ancient Gaul—divided into three parts. The first division consists of the real goods, treated only with a bitter mercury compound or slightly soured. The second part had the correct odor but possessed a taste like that of vinegar. The third was concentrated ammonia. Any person fortunate to smell that first, lost all further interest in the game, for they had indeed discovered the ultra-kick, and ever afterward advised all would-be treasure seekers to ty "em on yuh!"

Episode four. The hero of this episode had a prosperous name and was often referred to as a reveler. His prime object was a successful gas analysis. He found this impossible because it could not be isolated from the space-pervading hot air and weel meant advice of his colleagues.

Episode five. A certain student owned a musical instrument, played by a drawing in of the breath. The tones were of a soft gurgling nature. Fearing his beloved instrument would become infected, he decided, upon the advice of a friend, to Pasteurize the same in a boiling solution of carbolic acid. That acid never "smelt" again,—the Meerschaum did.

Thus, rough reader (I think this sounds much better than "gentle reader") you have brought to your attention, a few of the many things that can be spontaneously generated in a

Chemistry Lab. and of which the outside world is generally ignorant. The usual method of their enlightment is an attempt to assimilate articles couched in supertechnical terms. A few marvelous discoveries explained in such simple and vivid language that even a moran may comprehend their bombasity.

In making a test for the sleep-producing substance chloroform, students have found a volatile odor, nauseating to the "n" the power; a substance of such peculiar ability that on the first sniff of its wonderful odor, the person will inquire where he may obtain such lovely perfume; upon the second sniff, he wonders how he ever got that way in the first place.

Another ernormous accomplishment was the preparation of the odor of mice. This odor was so natural that a cat, after smelling it, wuld wag its tail and bark. One veracious experimenter discovered that when brought close to a mousetrap, the magnamimous odor would cause it to snap, thinking a mouse was near.

T. K. C., '22.

# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVIII. WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1922. No. 6.



## Editorial

THE live question at the present writing is that of Maritime College Amalgamation. So far two colleges have take na definite stand in the matter: Kings for the proposed union, and U. of N. B. against it.

There is much to be said on both sides of the question. A large non-denominational college has its advantages in that it is separated from any possible church prejudice, and it should be self-supporting. In the large college the staff of instructors could reach many more students than is possible in the smaller college, but, can the same standard of scholarship be attained without the more intimate association of instructor and student made possible in the smaller institution? It is doubtful if this is true in the case of those giving undergraduate courses.

With regard to the specific instance under discussion, Halifax is undoubtedly the best opportunity in the Maritime

Provinces for the establishment of a strong *medical* college, but is it the logical location for a *central* Maritime university? There is every reason to believe that New Brunswickers would patronize the Maine and Quebec institutions, should the proposition become an established fact.

Then again, the futility of attempting a Maritime graduate school of reputable standing is evident from the experiences of the few American colleges which have attained that reputation. The proposed college would not be large enough, and even if it should be favored with success in numbers of students, and eventually become self-supporting through combined staffs and lessened operating expenses, the endowment would not begin to cover the initial expenditure.

Finally, and we believe of highest importance, is the fact that *many persons who can now afford a college education would be excluded from such advantage were the smaller colleges abolished.* Undoubtedly the expense of the larger institution together with city life and increased travelling expenses would place a college education beyond the means of many of our cleverest people who today can obtain it, and through it be started well on the road to Success.

We believe, then, that although the smaller colleges may apparently be inefficient and not self-supporting, they have their reason and right to existence, and that the present system in the Maritime Provinces is the most efficient for the extension of *higher education* to the *greatest number* of their people.

Our congratulations are extended to Horace H. Wetmore, '22, who, with units won in this month's competition, completes the quota required for his Literary "A".

The special attention of the student body is called to the matter of address for the distribution of the June *Athenaeum.* Elsewhere in this issue will be found forms which should be filled in and handed to the Circulation Manager.

## SEMINARY NOTES

THE month of March in Acadia Seminary has been marked by few but very important events.

### RECITAL BY ETHELYNDE SMITH.

The third and last of the series of recitals conducted by the Acadia Conservatory of Music was given in the Baptist Church, Thursday evening, April 6tth, at 8 o'clock when Ethelynde Smith, soprano, rendered the following well-chosen program to an appreciative audience:

18th Century Classics:

(a) Inovation from "Radamists" (1720) ..... *Handel*
(Arranged by Frank Bibb)

(b) Mermaid's Song ..... *Hadyn*

German Leider:

(b) The Disappointed Serenader ..... *Brahms*
(a) Moonlight ..... *Schurmann*

Modern French Aria:

Depuis le Jour ..... Carpentier
(From the Opera, "Louise")

Modern Russian Songs:

(a) My Native Land ..... *Gretchaniniff*
(b) In the Silence of Night ..... *Rachmainoff*
(c) The Lark ..... Rubinstein

20th Century American Songs:

(a) Twilight ..... *Katherine Glen*
(b) Berrybrown ..... *Ward-Stephens*
(c) Wind Song ..... *James H. Rogers*

(d) Sunlight (Waltz Song) .....*Harriet Ware*

American Aria:

Spring Song of the Robin Woman .....*Charles W. Cadman*

Children's Songs:

(a) There are Fairies at the Bottom of our Garden—
*Liza Schmann*

(b) The Icicle .....*Karolyn Wells Bassett*
(c) The Bagpipe Man .....*Howard McKinney*

(Dedicated to Miss Smith)

(d) The Mountain Linnet .....*Katherine Glen*
(e) Good-morning, Brother Sunshine .....*Liza Schmann*

God Save the King.

Mr. Marsh has expended a great deal of effort in bringing these artists to Wolfville and all who have had the pleasure of attending any or all of the three recitals have found them of the highest value, viewed from the educational as well as from the artistic standpoint.

## GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

On Saturday afternoon, April 8; at 3.30 o'clock a large number gathered in the Memorial Gymnasium to watch the closing exercises of the Seminary Physical Training Classes. These classes under the efficient leadership of Mrs. E. Cort Reynolds have been doing excellent work. The exercises of Saturday afternoon well attested to the progress that has been made and to the untiring work of the leader. Miss Reynolds was ably assisted on this occasion by Eileen Wilson and Eleanor Mitchell, Pianistes. The program was as follows:

1. (a) Grand March.
   (b) Free Arm Exercises.
2. Clap Dance .....Pupils of Junior School
3. Indian Club Drill.
4. Sailors Hornpipe ....F. Murray, F. Fraser, G. Vail
5. Dumb Bell Drill.
6. Vanity Fair .....Elizabeth Belfield
7. Apparatus.
   (a) Horse, rings and mats.
   (b) Pyramids.
8. Game-Act, Straddle ball relay.

God Save the King.

## PIERIAN SOCIETY.

The Pierian Society still keeps up its standard for entertaining and instructive meetings. The Pierian paper has been the program on the last two occasions, April 8 and March 25. On April 8, the Pierian paper was an all-senior one.

## Y. W. C. A.

With the coming of Easter time, this society and what it stands for seems to take a bigger place in the life of the Seminary. The past month has been marked by a series of special half-hour meetings, led by Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, meetings which have proved a tremendous and vital factor in the lives of many of the girls. Special addresses were given, once by Mr. Orchard, three times by Dr. Herbert Johnson, addresses which left a lasting impression. A great many of the girls took their stand in the service of the Master and on Sunday night, April 9, sixteen were baptized.

## SENIOR HOUSE PARTY.

On Friday night, March seventeen, the annual Senior House Party was held in the Seminary Gymnasium. The evening filled to the brim with fun and laughter, enjoyable

games, contests and selections both musical and dramatic, slipped away all too quickly, and was voted, by every one, an undoubted success. This was greatly enhanced by the dainty refreshments served in the dining room. Miss Margaret V. Palmer, vice-principal, Miss Beatrice Janet Langley and Miss Lois Lamont proved themselves delightful chaperones. Rev,. and Mrs. H. T. DeWolfe were guests.

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## ACADEMY NOTES

IN the April issue of the Athenaeum the name of Miss Gertrude Rogers was omitted from the list of characters appearing in "Playgoers," the one-act domestic episode staged in the Opera House, on March 13 by the Academy Dramatic Club. Miss Rogers played the part of the mistress in a very creditable manner.

All the members of the Dramatic Club will receive their D. C. pins in the near future.

Our Annual Reception was held on April 1st. There were a large number of students present, and also many citizens of Wolfville. The Memorial Gymnasium was very nicely decorated with garnet and blue streamers. The following program was presented:—

Vocal Solo ..... Miss Duncanson.
Reading ..... Mr. Miller
Musical Monologue ..... Mr. Cameron
Selection ..... College Quartette
Reading ..... A. D. Flowers
Violin Solo ..... Mrs. Thompson
Vocal Solo ..... Mr. Silver
Bell Solo ..... Mr. MacLauchlan

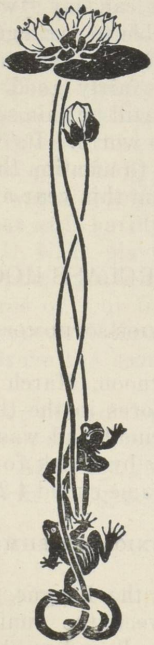
God Save the King.

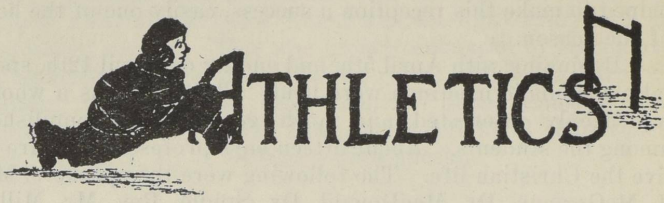
A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

A vote of thanks was given to all those, who in any way, helped to make this reception a success, easily one of the best of the season.

Beginning with April 5th, and ending on April 12th, special evangelistic meetings were held. The school, as a whole, was deeply interested, and much good was accomplished among the students. About fifteen boys professed a desire to live the Christian life. The following were the speakers, Mr. J. McGorman, Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Spidle, Rev. Mr. Miller and Dr. DeWolfe. Dr. Archibald was the leader of these meetings.

Easter vacation began Thursday, April 13, and ended Monday, April 17. Many of the boys remained here during vacation.






SO far this year there seems to have ben a jinx of some sort on all sorts of sport at Acadia. Never before have we gone through a whole year without winning at least one league championship. Still there are two things we can do about it; we can take it with a grin, which is easier said than done sometimes, or we can say "while there's life there's hope". It is still possible to arrange an intercollegiate track meet. If that comes off, our chances of winning it, and so of breaking this jinx, are fairly good. These chances can be realized if every fellow will put himself behind the track team and push it for all he's worth. Its worth the effort, for the good of the college, not to mention the good to yourselves, so let's make the track team this year a winner, and clean up in this sport at least.

## INTERCLASS HOCKEY.

### JUNIOR-SOPHOMORES.

On Saturday afternoon, March 18, the Junior Hockey Team met the Sophomores in the third game of the series. The game was fast thruout and was characterized by many fine rushes, particularly by Clark for the Sophs, and Hirtle for the Juniors. The game ended 4-2 in favor of the Juniors.

### JUNIORS-FRESHMEN.

The final game of the League was played on Monday evening, Mar. 20, between the Juniors and the Freshmen. The Freshmen played well and were particularly successful

in their shooting. The play was fast and exciting, especially toward the last of the third period when the score was tied. The final score was 7-7. The Juniors thus completed the League without a loss and the Interclass Championship goes to them.

## BASKETBALL.

### U. N. B. 53—ACADIA 27.

Acadia lost her first game in the intercollegiate league when she defeated by U. N. B. at Fredericton, Mar. 16th. The game was very fast from start to finish, and in spite of a slippery floor that bothered both teams, was filled with snappy plays. The U. N. B. team had a general advantage in combination and shooting, besides a perfect knowledge of the floor, so that the score was in their favor from the first.

U. N. B. started off with a rush, and soon piled up a lead of nine points. Acadia "got going" then, and for a while the scoring was even. The Acadia guards were blocking better, and their forwards were getting more shots at the basket, than at the first. Toward the end of the period U. N. B. made another spurt and practically doubled the score.

The second period was a repetition of the first. Acadia was shooting better, but still hardly up to the standard of their opponents. The U. N. B. players had opened out their combination, and were playing five men on the ball, although they had only used three or four in the first period. With this style of attack they went through the Acadia defense time after time, and drove the score up. The game ended 53-27 in their favor.

Willett and Dummer played the best game for U. N. B. and were the best players on the floor. Robinson put up the best game for Acadia. After the game the Acadia team was entertained at a dance in the gymnasium.

| U. N. B. | | Acadia |
|---|---|---|
| | *forwards* | |
| Wilett, Seeley | | Robinson, Brown |
| | *center* | |
| Dummer | | Wigmore |
| | *guards* | |
| Sergeant, Scovil | | Chipman, Corey |
| | *spares* | |
| Trimble | | Lewis, Wetmore |

TROJANS 36—ACADIA 17.

The game between Acadia and the St. John Trojans was featured by the remarkable Acadia comeback in the second period. Although outscored 27-7 in the first period, the score was 10-9 in their favor in the second.

In the first half of the game, the Acadia guards were unable to cope with the Trojan attack, which came down the floor every time at full speed, regardless of accidents. The refereeing was also loose, and much "rough-stuff" was allowed to pass. In the second period Acadia tried to rough it a little on their own account, and found that they were an even match with their opponents at that style of game.

The play was extremely fast from start to finish, and the main features were the Trojan combination and the shooting of "Beef" Malcolm, their husky center. Brown put up the best game for Acadia.

Jimmie Flemming, an ex-Acadia man, was on the opposing lineup.

| Trojans | | Acadia |
|---|---|---|
| | *forwards* | |
| Flemming, Shaw | | Robinson, Brown |
| | *center* | |
| Malcolm | | Wigmore |
| | *guards* | |
| Kerr, McGowan | | Corey, Chiuman |

MT. A. 32—ACADIA 24.

Acadia lost her hold on second place in the basketball league by losing to Mt. A. at Wolfville on Mar. 23rd. The game was marred a little by fumbling and wild shooting, but was close and interesting throughout. Acadia had the better of the play and score for the first two-thirds of the game, but were off in their shooting. Mt. A. were steadier shots, although they had fewer chances.

Mt. A. scored first, but Acadia soon evened it, and then held the lead for the rest of the first period. All through this session the two scores were very close, and the period ended 16-13 in favor of Acadia. In the second period the Mt. A. defence tightened up, and their forwards covered the floor better, making an attack that was hard to stop. They brought the score up to a tie, 20-20, and then slowly forged ahead. The final score was 32-24 in their favor.

Downie was easily the best man on the Mt. A. team, and Wigmore and Brown did the most of the scoring for Acadia. After the game the visitors were entertained at a light supper.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | *forwards* | |
| Downey, Read | | Robinson, Brown |
| | *center* | |
| R. Ashford | | Wigmore |
| | *guards* | |
| Taylor, H. Ashford | | Corey, Chipman |
| | *spares* | |
| Pickard, Read | | Lewis, Wetmore |

NORTH SECTION VS. WILLETT HALL.

On March 17th, North Section honored St. Patrick's by defeating the rest of Willett Hall at basketball, Marquis of Queensbury rules, 17-16. The game was a little rough at times, but not dirty. Phinney and Morrison pretended for a moment that they weren't friends, but were parted by the referee. Atkinson should be applauded for shooting a couple of baskets with his eyes shut. Crowdis did some expert

'Bucking' among his opponents. Referee Pentz played a star game for the Willett Hall team.

| North Section | | Willett Hall |
|---|---|---|
| | *forwards* | |
| Murray, Crowdis | | Morrison, Atkinson |
| | *center* | |
| Clarke | | McCready |
| | *guards* | |
| Phinney, Esttey | | Dobson, Anthony |
| | *Referee* | |
| ——— | | Pentz |

SECOND CORRIDOR VS. REST OF TULLY TAVERN.

On Mar. 24th, the *Second Corridor* bravely challenged the rest of the *Tavern* to a game of basketball. Both sections of the coeds rallied to the support of their teams in great numbers, armed with awe-inspiring and tongue-twisting "yells".

*Seconds* led off with a rush and soon secured a six-point lead, but after a few minutes of play the *Tavern* bucked up and nearly tied the score. For a while the play was very eveen, but toward the end of the period the Seconds gradually drew ahead again.

The second period was not quite so fast as the first, and rather more one-sided. The *Tavern* team became erratic in their shooting, while the *Seconds* steadied down more and more as their lead increased. Toward the end of the game the *Tavern* made a desperate rally, but it was too late to avert defeat. The final score was 32-16.

The guarding of Misses Hennigar and Brown for the winners was the chief feature of the game. Bob Murray was the star forward on the floor, and Brownie and Mac put up a good game at center. The Misses Cutten and Archibald refereed! (?)

| Seconds | Tully Tavern |
|---|---|
| Misses Murray, Steeves | Misses Read, Proctor, Vaughan |
| Misses Brown, Macphail | Misses Sanford, MacLaughlin |
| Misses Hennigar, MacCurdy, | Misses Crockett, Freeman |
| Misses Brown, MacKinnon | |

AFTERNOON TEA.

On April 8th, Mrs. Hugh E. Calkin very kindly invited both college basketball teams to a tea fight. Robinson proved himself an experienced sofa-serpent, and Corey made a perfect tea-hound. Brown swung a mean fist at the chocolates on the way out. Both teams are much obliged to Mrs. Calkin.

Line-up:—Mrs. Calkin, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Forbes.

| | |
|---|---|
| Miss Archibald | Mr. Chipman |
| Murray | Lewis |
| Brown | Corey |
| MacPhail | Wigmore (absent) |
| Hennigar | Robinson |
| Freeman | Brown |
| Sanford | Wetmore |

Referee—Miss White.
Umpire—Miss Makinson.

## BASEBALL

Preparations for college and class baseball are well under way. The campus has long been dry enough to play on, and several practice games have been played. Around the college, balls have been flying in all directions for a fortnight, as each aspirant tests out the old "soup-bone" to make sure that the old snap is still there.

There has been some talk of a game with Dalhousie this spring, but nothing definite has been settled so far. A series of games between any of the colleeges that close late enough in the spring to participate should produce some good sport.

The Class League should have several well-balanced teams to struggle for the new trophy donated last year by the graduating Engineers. The league schedule is to be drawn up shortly.

NORTH SECTION 8 — WILLETT HALL 1

The first real baseball game of the season was played on April 8th, when North Section defeated the rest of Willett Hall 8-1 in five innings. The class of ball was very good for the early season. There were a few errors, but all of them were excusable. Howatt pitched a good game for the winners.

The first inning was air-tight, and neither side scored. In the second North Section began to hit better, and soon scored their first run. They continued to score steadily from then on, aided by a few errors on the part of the Willett Hall team. The latter secured their one run in the fourth.

*North Section*—Howatt, pitcher; Phinney, catcher; Murray, first base; Wigmore, second; Ross, third; Clarke, short-stop; Rockwell, left field; Crowdis, center; Conrad, right.

*Willett Hall*—Parsons, Morrison, pitcher; Lewis, catcher; Grimmer, first base; Peters, second; Anthony, third; Morrison, Parsons, short-stop; Doyle, left field; Corey, center; Cleveland, right.

## TRACK SPORTS

It is not yet settled whether or not there will be an inter-collegiate track meet this spring. Practices have started, however, in the hope that a meet can be held. It is two years now since the colleges have competed against one another, and a good meet should prove a benefit to track and field sports at all the institutions.

To this date the weather has not permitted any outside work except running, but the other events will be commenced with the first real breath of spring. This year our team will

be nearly all new material, but as far as can be judged it should be a well-balanced team that represents Acadia this spring.

The annual interclass field-day will be held at Commencement as usual.

## TENNIS.

Much effort is being expended in order to have the tennis courts in good condition as soon as possible. We have very good courts and should take pride in keping them in good condition. Max Brown has been appointed Chairman of the Tennis Committee and is doing all in his power to get the Courts into shape for use as soon as the weather permits.

# THE MONTH

## SCIENCE CLUB.

AT the meeting of March 22nd, Mr. T. K. Cleveland gave a practical demonstration of high frequency currents passing thru a vacuum. Dr. Wheelock kindly gave the society the use of the apparatus required.

On Wednesday, Mar. 29th, a short business meeting was held, and then W. B. McKenzie gave an interesting talk on "The Influence of Magnetism on Light".

Wednesday, April 5th, a business meeting was held in Willett Hall club room and Ludlow Weeks gave an illustrated lecture on Astronomy. The latter was given in Carnegie Science Hall.

## DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the society was held in the club room of the Ladies' Residence on April 5th. After the business part of the meting was over the following program was enjoyed:—

Reading—Miss E. Smallman
Solo—Mr. Parsons
Minuet in 17th Century Costume—Miss Starr and Miss Benesch
Reading—Miss Parlee

Hermina Benesch and Austin Brownell were the committee responsible for this excellent programme. This was

the last regular meeting of the year; it served to indicate the progress of the Society in that time, and the enthusiasm of its members, who have given splendid cooperation towards the success of the work outlined for the year.

The remainder of the evening was given over to games,—tucker and contests, which were doubly appreciated because of the open-fire, and the cosy and original decorations designed by the "Judiquers". Ice Cream, cake and wafers were served. Miss White, Miss Mackinson, Mrs. Weeks and Dr. Rhodenizer, together with those taking part in the program, were guests of the evening.

## PROPYLAEUM.

### JUNIOR-SOPHETTES.

The Junior-Sophette debate was the program for the regular meeting of the Propylaeum Society on Monday evening, March 30th. The resolution, which touched on a present day problem, was: "Resolved that women should receive equal pay with men for the same kind and quantity of work." The Juniors, represented by the Misses Bowlby (leader), Read, and Miller, upheld the negative; while the Sophettes represented by the Misses Black (leader), Lusby, and Pugsley, upheld the affirmative. The decision was given in favor of the Juniors. Mabel Brown '22 was the critic for the evening.

### SENIORS-SOPHETTES.

On Monday evening, April 10th, the Sophettes went down to defeat before the Seniors, though not because they did not put up a hard fight. The resolution read as follows: Resolved that Germany has more right to Upper Silicia than Poland." Miss Phillips led the negative side of the question for the Seniors, supported by Miss Marguerita Cutten, and Miss McPhail. The Sophette debaters were: Miss Muriel Cutten (leader), Miss King and Miss Flewwelling. Miss Read '23 gave the critics' report which was not only well written but also humorous. After the debate the Sophettes

held a party in the Club-room, Tully Tavern. Judging from the sounds that floated to the realms above a very pleasant evening was spent.

## THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

For the first time since 1920, the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorial Contest was held. It took place on Friday evening, April 7th, in the Baptist Church. Dr. Cutten presided at the meeting. The contestants were D. D. Cameron, '22, W. H. Elgee, '22, C. K. Ganong, '22, and F. Neary, Theologue. Messrs. Cameron and Elgee spoke on the subject of "Industrial Democracy", Mr. Ganong on "International Arbitration" and Mr. Neary on "The Natural Resources of Canada." The judges for the contest were Dr. MacDonald, Rev. Mr. Miller and Dr. Spidle. The judges gave their decisions as follows: —Mh. Elgee, first prize and Mr. Ganong, second prize.

This was preceded by the contest for the Sealy gold medal. This medal is offered for the first time this year by Jas. Sealy of Kentville for competition in oratory in the Freshmen class. Messrs. Short and Trites were the contestants, speaking, respectively, on the subjects, "The Russian Jew in America" and "The Development of the Country School." The same judges acted for this contest, awarding the medal to Mr. Trites.

## DR. CUTTEN'S LECTURE.

Thursday evening, March 30, Dr. Cutten gave an interesting lecture on "Modern Psychology" in the Baptist church. He spoke particularly on "Intelligent Quotient of the school children of Canada" showing how education would be benefited by the use of these tests.

## Y. M. C. A. AND S. C. A.

During the weeks of March 14 and 29 the university students had the pleasure of having two eminent leaders with us in our Y. M. C. A. and S. C. A. services. Monday and Tues-

day evening, Mr. Orchard, assistant general-secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of Canada, spoke to us of the great opportunities for service in foreign missionary work. On Wednesday and for the next two weeks, Dr. Johnson of Boston Warren Ave. Baptist Church, conducted a series of special meetings on the general topic of "Life Service and Grasping our Opportunity". These meetings were enjoyed by all and on Sunday, April 4th, sixteen college students took an open stand for Christ through Baptism.

At the joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and S. C. A. in Willett Hall, Wednesday evening, April 5th. Dr. Spidel gave an interesting and helpful talk on "Following Jesus."

Mr. Hemmeon led the meeting of April 12, speaking on the subject of "Tuesday of Passion Week."

S. C. A.

On March 19th, Miss Reta Cochrane had charge of the S. C. A. meeting which took the form of a sing. Misses Josephine Harris, Mabel Nichols, Margaret McCurdy and Isabel MacPhail rendered solos which were enjoyed by all.

Sunday of March 26th, we again had a sing, Miss Parlee leader. Miss Josephine Harris and Miss Mabel Nichols sang a duet in their usual pleasing manner. Miss MacPhail and Miss McCurdy also sang for us.

Mrs. Clarke led the meeting of April 2nd, speaking to us on Miss Flora Clarke. It was a very interesting meeting.

Miss White led the meeting of April 9th. Her subject being "Christianity, a principle of modern life". This proved an interesting talk and a help to all who heard it. Miss Josephine Harris sang.

At a business meeting of the S. C. A., Wednesday, April 12th, the following officers were appointed for next year:—

*President*—Miss Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23.
*Vice-Pres.*—Miss Eldred Bridges, '24.
*Treasurer*—Miss Jean Walker, '24.
*Secretary*—Miss Helen Lawson, '25.
*Corresponding Sect'y.*—Miss Helen Crockett, '23.

## STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

This year a Student Volunteer Band has been started for the purpose of reviving interest in Missions. Every Sunday at 1.30 p .m. a mission study group is held. H. S. Thurston is the discussion leader. Since these meetings have been inaugurated the number of Student Volunteers has increased from one to five. We hope that its success may be even greater in the future.

## PAJAMA PARADE.

"Listen! That sounds like a "pajama parade." "Do you suppose it is?" So in response to certain familiar sounds, slowly drawing nearer, there was a general rush to the front windows of Tully Tavern. We were just in time to see some "niggah gentleman" placing a piano under the light at the entrance. Mr. Peters, '23 was the pianist and there were several other *musical* instruments thru the crowd, so we were agreeably entertained by an orchestra, songs, jokes and step dances. We could almost imagine ourselves down in old Kenutcky. After about an hour the crowd moved down to entertain the eagerly waiting Sems.

## CLASS ACTIVITIES.

### SENIORS

The trying work of the past week left many Seniors weary of life in general. Something was necessary to restore the flagging spirits, so a theatre party was decided upon for the evening of April 12th. They had seats reserved in the gallery and from the reports of those sitting near we believe that their intellects were appreciably revived. After the

show they went to Willett Hall Club room where a most sumptuous repast was enjoyed. Prof. and Mrs .Balcom and Miss White chaperoned the party.

The grave old Seniors are now eating their meals together, a sure sign that the end is not far. Many are the hearty laughs coming from tables II, III, IX and X, particularly the latter. Somehow or other, the menu tastes better to us than usual, if that were possible (?) Those who are going to Normal School are leaving in less than a month's time, so we must "make glad the waste places".

Sunday evening, April ninth, Merle Mason entertained his classmates at a delightful sing, Miss Nichols and Mr. Cameron furnished some very excellent numbers. After refreshments were served all returned home having enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

ENGINEERS.

Sunday evening, March 25th, Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock opened their doors to the Engineers, *and their friends.* A very enjoyable time was spent around the fire singing good old hymns, and eating ice cream and cake. Dr. Wheelock said there was ice cream enough for twice the number of people present, but results showed that he underestimated the cubic capacity of the people with whom he was dealing. Anyway there was not much left.

Monday evening, March 7th, the Engineers took their "fair friends" across the way to see the thrilling movie "Conflict". After the show everybody went to Willett Hall Club room where a most enjoyable time was spent toasting march-mallows and playing tucker. After splendid eats and a rollicking old "Well, Well," the party broke up. Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock chaperoned.

SING AT DR. CHUTE'S.

Dr. Chute again extended a cordial invitation to the students of the University to a "Sing" at his home on Sunday

evening, April 2. The music provided was especially good. Besides the usual singing Miss Nichols and Mr. Mollins rendered solos; Mr. Vincent and Mr. Thompson sang a duet; a pleasing number was also given by the quartette. Perhaps the most enjoyable thing about these sings is the charming manner in which Dr. and Mrs. Chute make their guests feel at home and you invariably leave with a desire to accept their hospitality again.

## ACADEMY RECEPTION.

The annual reception of the Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy was held in the Memorial Gymnasium on the evening of Saturday, April the first. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated for the occasion and between the topics the following numbers were enjoyed:

Vocal sole—Mr. Silver
Reading—Mr. Miller
Musical Monologue—Mr. Cameron
Reading—A. D. Flowers
Violin Solo—Mrs. Thompson
Bell Solo—Mr. MacLauglelan
Selection—College Quartette

Mrs. W. L. Archibald, Miss S. E. MacGregor, J. T. McLean (Pres. of School), and C. M. Mellish, Secretary, were the chaperones of the evening.

## TULLY TAVERN PARTY.

Tuesday night, April 11th, the Coeds gave their annual reception, in Tully Tavern dining room. The decoration of yellow and white were very artistic and the program was especially good. On entering the dining room, topic cards were handed to each guest. The first topic was a grand march and the others were held alternately in the dining room and first corridor, where contests were held in each room. Such contests as eating ice cream blind-folded and

making animals out of gum were the special attractions. The fortune tellers were very busy too. In the dining room Miss Zella Parlee gave a reading. Misses H. Benesch and Helen Starr a minuet and the first-year girls, a burlesque.

Two amusing features of the party were the clowns, Misses Helen Archibald and Gwen. Belyea, who announced the program and were the general entertainers. The party broke up after refreshments were served and the boys were escorted home by the young ladies.

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## THEOLOGICAL CLUB NOTES

DR. Herbert Johnson whose arrival was noted in the last issue of the "Athenaeum", spent two weeks with us and won a large place in the hearts of Acadia students. His practical messages were very helpful and the services were well attended. Miss Evelyn Duncanson added much to the success of the services by her beautiful singing. During the campaign, the hymn "Have Thine Own Way, Lord", came to be very well known. As a result of Dr. Johnson's visit, upwards of fifty will unite with the church. A hearty welcome will await Dr. Johnson when he returns to Acadia to speak at the Y. M. C. A. service on the evening of Baccaleaurate Sunday.

On Wednesday evening. April 5th, a number of the members of the Theological club and a few other friends. met at the home of Dr. A. C. Chute, Dean of the Department of Theology, in honor of his birthday. The event was a surprise to Dr. Chute, and a very delightful evening was spent. On behalf of the students present, Mr. M. O. Brinton, '22, presented Dr. Chute with a silver mounted cane. Dr. Chute is beloved by every Acadia student. past and present, and all will join in wishing him many more happy years of usefulness.

Dr. Cutten was the speaker at the Club on Friday evening, April 7th. His subject was "Evangelism" and his address was very interesting and much appreciated.

Mr. C. I. Wilson has recently accepted a call to the Pennfield, N. B. Baptist church.

Mr. W. H Elgee, '22. a member of the Theological club, contributes the fol owing article.

## THE PROBLEM OF BALANCED DEVELOPMENT

One of the most pertinent facts of the present day is that the world is growing smaller. This may not be noticeably true when referred to the standard of a mile or when compared with another planet, but it is true in its relation to man. The world, to man. was once of indefinite size; later, its circumference was a three year's journey; now. the Australian airmen plan to make it a 240 hours journey. Once, the simplest facts of the world were beyond the realm of knowledge; now. many of the most subtle laws and forces are harnessed for our use. Once, the nation a few thousand miles away was barbarian, unknown, and feared. Modern commerce and inventions have made all the nations neighbors in business communication and political relations. The relations of nations at the present time leaves no people from whom we can remain aloof; we are influencing and influenced by every race of men.

We believe that the western nations are progressing; it seems undeniable in the sphere of knowledge; it is true in the sphere of wealth. These combined, result in progress in power, and it is hard to believe that it is not true in the sphere of morals, religion, altruism, and philanthrophy.

These mighty eastern nations with whom we have come in contact within the last century and who have thereby become our neighbors in material things, are nevertheless dominated by the ideals of the same heathen religious as they were two or five thousand years ago. Progress is beginning to come to them in material things, but, apart from the beginnings made by Christianity, this is not being paralleled by progress in ideals.

What then is the outcome to be expected? With isolation impossible as a thing of the past, our progress is bound up with the progress of the world. Is it possible for the development of the world to continue if this great part of it is lacking the ideals whichh have made our progress possible? If we do not want the eastern world to become an engine to undo all the advancement that our western civilization has attained, we must take to them the Christian ideals on which we build.

Are Christian missions worth while?


'57.—Dr. A. D. Barss recently celebrated his eightieth birthday.

'67.—We extend sympathy to Dr. J. W. Manning and family in the death of Mrs Manning which took place at her home in Wolfville, March 30.

'71.—Hon. James Wilberforce Longley died at Mader's Hospital. Halifax, March 16.

'71.—Dr. W. A. Spinney was elected secretary of the New York Baptist Ministers' Conference for the ensuing year.

'75.—We extend sympathy to J. Howard Barss, and J. Ernest Barss '12. in the death of Mrs. Barss which took place on April 14th.

'86.—Rev. C. H. Day has been appointed a member of the Bacchus Historical Society which met recently at Tremont Temple.

'91.—Rev. C. B. Freeman was formally inducted at the Charlotte Street Baptist Church, St. John, March 7.

'91.—Rev. E. E. Gates has been appointed New England Correspondent of the Baptist Church for the Watchman Examiner.

'94.—Rev. L. F. and Mrs. Wallace are conducting meetings at Gableston, Yar. Co., N. S.

'96.—Rev. A. C. H. Morse, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Denver, Col., has had $1000 added to his salary.

'99.—Rev. Trad Hardy is having an an exceptionally good year at Sanford, Maine.

'99.—Rev. A. B. Sloat has been appointed representative of the State Board of Promotion before special session of the Congregational Council.

'04.—Dr. and Mrs. Avery DeWitt entertained at their residence, on Mar. 20, the Faculty of Acadia University and the resident members of the Board of Governors.

'07.—We sympathize with Rev. B. D. Knott, pastor of the Immanuel Baptist Church. Truro, in the death of his father at Ilkeston, Derbyshire, England. March 7.

'71.—Rev. I. S. Roy began his pastorate of First Church, Brockton, Feb. 6, under very encouraging prospects.

'15.—Rev. E. A. Kinley has been so successful at Prince St., Church, Truro, that they have decided to build a new Sunday School Room, costing $16,000.

'15.—Rev. C. W. Robbins has been so successful in the first year of hs pastorate at Bridgetown that the church building is to be enlarged to meet the present need.

'16.—Rev. C. W. Cook has resigned his pastorate at Parrsboro to enter Newton Theological Seminary in the Autumn.

'18.—Esther L. Gould, who has been teaching Spanish in Hollins College, Va.. leaves on June 1, to spend the summer in Spain.

'19.—Rev. Francis McAvoy has resigned his pastorate at Aylesford, to accept a unanimous call to Glace Bay.

'20.—Mildred Harvey left Wolfville on Mar. 14, to spend two months in New York, visiting relatives.

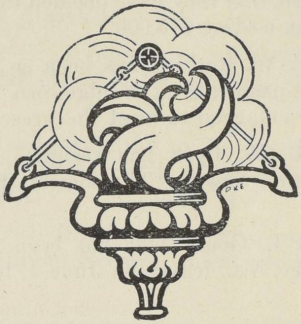
Eng. Ex. '21.—On March 18, Allan Parker and Madge Pratt were married.

Eng., '21.—H. W. MacPhail has gone to Nova Scotia Tech.

Ex. '22 and Ex. '23.—Jean MacQuarrie and Vaughan Henshaw were married on Feb. 4 at Oakville, Ont.

Eng. Ex. '22.—P. W. Freeman is now editor-in-chief of the "Integral".

Ex.. '23.—Marjorie Marshall is recovering from a serious operation at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.




*"We should always keep a corner of our heads open and free, that we may make room for the opinions of our friends. Let us have heart and head hospitality."—Joubert.*

Simple eloquence of expression and an understanding of simple human relations have characterized the most of our great authors. Their publications portray, not the gilded, glittering gyrations of a perverted society, embellished with descriptions of impossible demi-*mondaines* and deceptive, destructive rascals, rather, they confine themselves to the average round of human existence, rendering scenes pathetic where pathos, in the ordinary course of events, would be expected, mirth where laughter or gentle smiles would be invited, and anger where circumstances would warrant it. Nor is the ability to portray human emotions altogether innate. The special aptitude for a certain task is only perfected through months and years of hard, consistent effort. As "Rome was not built in a day" so those of whom we would fain speak as the greatest writers of all time remained unrecognized for years 'ere they were acclaimed as the truly great. Who knows but that many of those whose contributions appear in our college periodicals will some day prove that they too are worthy of being ranked among the world's great writers? So we would urge editorial staffs to stimulate literary activities within their respective student bodies, endeavoring thereby to create a wholesome literature, which will be but a cornerstone of the literary edifice which is to be realized in future years.

## THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The February number is a rather poor showing compared with what we know you to be capable of achieving, as evidenced by many of your past numbers. Nevertheless, we must give credit to the two very fine articles "The Value of Poetry" and "For Those Who Have Eyes". The latter has charms which a lover of the out-of-doors cannot but appreciate.

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

A publication which like the Western University Gazette, The Gateway, and The Sheaf is maintained for the purpose of keeping the students informed of current events concerning their Alma Mater. By this means, it gives due and timely notice of important events which are about to take place. However well it may minister to the desires of the student body, it cannot, on account of space limitations reflect a true perspective of the literary ability of the college, while jokes are few and far between.

We wish to commend the issue of March 29th, dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. Frank Woodbury, who must have been in life as in death. a true Christian gentleman, unflagging in zeal, and ever endeavouring to further the good of his fellowmen.

## McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The March number is, by far, the best that you have sent out this year. If all orations are of a quality approximating "Pioneers," you may well feel proud, for, to our mind, it is no mean literary achievement. The great distinguishing and attractive feature of the magazine is the inimitable way in which all your events, whether athletic or otherwise, are recorded. One's presence is hardly required to enter into the spirit of the acts. The cuts and engravings are good but the issue lacks humor.

## THE INTEGRAL.

This, the publication of the Engineering Society of Tri-State College, is a new exchange to our shelves. We are pleased to note that Mr. Percy W. Freeman, a former student at Acadia and generally known as "Major", is Editor-in-Chief. To all outward appearances, it is by far the most attractive college magazine we have had the pleasure of reviewing. Some novel features characterize it as being vastly different to the stereotyped periodical to which we have grown accustomed. Since it is a publication of an engineering society, it is not surprising to find its contents dealing mainly with current engineering topics. Numerous poems are to be found within its pages ,the most notable of which are "The Hobo Engineer" and "Intentions," the last two lines of which are,

> There ain't much credit a guy can borrow,
> Because of things he was gonna do—Tomorrow!

Numerous snapshots, a calendar of the terms events, and a "boat load" of humor go to round out a well and carefully edited paper.

## GOBLIN.

Of all our exchanges, there is none like Goblin,—no not even in name or content. It is intended to be humorous. Its intentions have been realized. The materials ranges all the way from satirical remarks to cartoons and pseudo one-act plays. In between we find conventional jokes, puns, and witticisms. As a whole. it is a clever endeavour to publish a magazine which is at once foolish and clever, ridiculous and witty.

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.

The Review is largely taken up with write-ups of college activities, especially athletics. Who said that puns were out of date? At least the writer of "The Voyage of the L 6"

hadn't heard anything about it. Well arranged puns just the same. We like the skill and wit of your cartoons.

## WESTERN UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

The efforts of your Players' Club appear to have been crowned with success. Your method of reporting games and other events is quite novel and makes interesting reading.

## THE UBYSSEY.

This weekly publication has the "sports" column well filled. College activities are well written. There are no stories, but the poem is good.

## THE SHEAF.

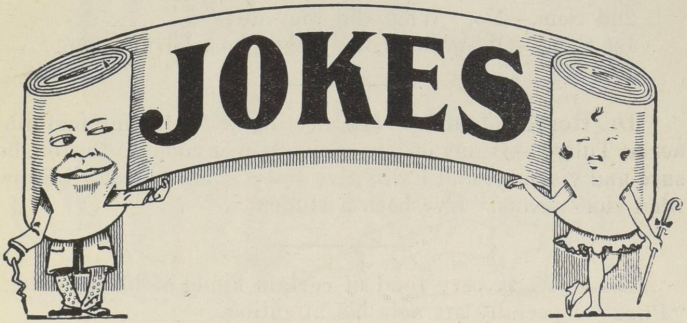
The Literary Supplement of March 16th, is splendid. It seems to us that these essays and poems are too good to be published in a form so unsubstantial. Note this bit from "The Mirage"——

> " 'They who have caught the vision,
> And recall the past anew,
> May rejoice and be glad with the dreamer of dreams,
> In beholding the dream come true." '

## THE McGILL NEWS.

This magazine is devoted to giving news both of college activities, and of old graduates. There are several good pictures of the Prince of Wales in India in the last number. The "Sports" pages are very good.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of The Gateway, McGill Daily, The Canadian Student, The Educational Review. The Wilsonion, and the Yale Alumni Weekly.




Dr. Rh-d-n-z-r.—Times have changed. You never used to come in late.

Doc. Olmst- -d '23.—Yes sir. I keep on setting my watch ahead, but times will change.

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B-ll M-ll-r, '22.—I think I will make a few "cat's cradles" and then perhaps I wont find dead cats in my own bed.

---

Our Bulletin Board—

1st Notice.—Senior Essays must be handed in at College office not later than April 7th.

2nd Notice.—Life-saving classes will begin this week under the direction of Mr. Russell.

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"Moses" P-rs-ns, '23.—(To Harry Atk-ns-n coming in late for breakfast).—I thot you were going to turn over a new leaf.

Atk-ns-n, '22.—I did. but it stuck.

---

M-ry Wym-n, '22.—Just think, no more football games, or Freshman rushes.

M-r-on McDonald, '23.—There is nothing to prevent you from rushing a Freshman for the rest of this year.

1st Sem.—Did you hear about the Cads getting fired out of Kent Lodge?

2nd Sem.—No. What did they do?

1st Sem.—Oh, nothing, only the place burnt down.

---

Dr. Herbert Johnson. (In meeting, after having had dinner at Tully).—If any of you students ever come to Boston, be sure and visit me, and I will give you a square meal. I know what that means. I've been a student.

---

B-r-t, '25, is very fond of certain kinds of hairdressing. "Pugs" especially attracts his attention.

---

E-d-th I-sley, '25.—"What kind of men does H-l-n D-m-ck like?"

D-t R-nd, '25.—"Oh the kind that have their backst'er (Baxter).

---

N-rm W-b-er, '23.—"Do you study the "fin" in zoology?"

L-se M-se, '24.—"Not much, I don't have to. You see I room with Helena and she takes Finneology."

---

Ch-p-m, '24.—"Did you ever see Black Park'er (Parker) gum?"

McL-n, '24.—"No. Have they gone into partnership so soon?" ....

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P-t-r J-d- -, '23.—I feel as if I were on my way to the lowest inferno.

W- -n, '23.—Good-bye.

J-dg, '23.—Oh, I'll see *you* later.

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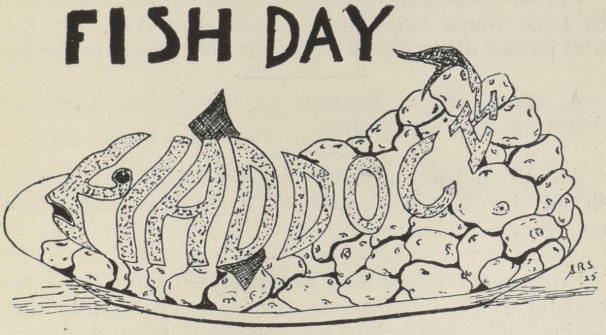
M-ry R-ad, '23.—(in theatre jam)—"Don't, crowd us (Crowdis).




M. F-tzp-tr-ck, '23.—I should think you'de be ashamed, Edna, having me drag you out of bed to classes every morning.

E. S-nf- -d, '23.—Well, I am ashamed. Marge, but I'd rather be ashamed than get up.

---

Mrs. Weeks:—Young man. the lights in this house go out at ten o'clock.

D-v-s-n, Eng., '23:—That suits me, don't delay on my account.

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W. A-ms-r-ng, '24:—What is proof that the end of a University Course is hard to obtain?

M-b-l Br-wn, '23:—I suppose because they give it to us by degrees.

---

V-nc-nt, '22.—Don't make so much noise putting that soup in your mouth.

H-cks. '22.—Where do you think I'd put it—in my eye?

---

E. G- -dw-n, '23.—What's the joke?

P. St- -v-s, '23.—Oh, it's good to laugh after eating.

Miss G- -dw-n, '23.—That would keep you laughing most of the time then.

Dr. Rhodenizer (seeing E-t-n, '23 in earnest conversation with some young ladies in the back row—Yes, Mr. E-t-n, you're paying attention all right, but not to Pauline Johnson.

---

A. Sm-th, '24, in German I.. translating:—And—er—he burst out into loud pauses.

---

An optimist is a man who takes his best girl to a show with only two bits in his pocket. A pessimist is a girl who takes fifty-cents along with her.

---

Prof. Perry (discussing parasites)—There is one parasite under which young men have special privileges at Christmas time. Can you tell me it's name, Mr. Atk-ns-n?

At- -nsc-n, '22 (waking up).—The mushroom, Sir?

---

Prof. Kellogg (in Psychology II class, watching V. V- -gh-n and K. B-wl-- struggling for the same stool)—First theorem in physics, two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

---

Dr. Spidle in ethics class:—There are four classics in ethics, whose exponents are, Aristotle, J. S. Mill, H. Spencer, F. H. Green.

N. M-rt-n, '24:—What are Aristotle's initials, sir?

---

V V- -gh-n, '23; in Science Hall before debate:—My I wish I had the "Seats of the Mighty" here.

M. F-tzp-tr-ck. '23:—Why. aren't these chairs strong enough for you?

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P-rs-ns, '23:—I used that ticket when I was in New York last. It was the last time I heard Caruso.

M-r- - McD-n-ld, '23:—No wonder he died.

REMARKABLE REMARKS.

V. L. P- -rson.—All tacks are income tax, when one sits on them.

Arth-r Br-wn, '24.—Just because I am aquatic captain, you don't have to call me a poor fish.

DeW. Mull-n. (As the second bag of water struck him) —It never rains but it pours. (Ed Note.—Did he say *that*).

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## Important Notice

In order that the June *Athenaeum* may reach its readers promptly, we are asking members of the student body, and others who have not been receiving their copies promptly on account of their being incorrectly addressed ,to fill in the form below and hand or forward same to the *Circulation Manager*. In the case of present students this is called to their attention as the address in the college calendar may not always be correct at present, or be the address to which it is desired the June issue should be sent.

Name of Subscriber .....

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New address (or address for June issue. Students .....

In case of students not returning. but remaining subscribers, please give address .....

Please fill out and forward to Thos. H. Robinson, Circulation Manager *Athenaeum,* Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.

Orders for extra copies of the June issue to be left in the hands of Mr. Robinson, *cash with order*. Price of this issue (June) 50 cents. These orders must be filed before June 1st.