

ACADIA ATHENÆUM



January-February, 1925

51/3

Acadia University

FOUNDED 1838

A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

BEAUTIFUL LOCATION LARGE FACULTY
BUILDINGS AND LABORATORIES WELL EQUIPPED
NEW SCIENCE HALL

The following Courses are offered:—

- (1) Course of four years, leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.
- (2) Course of four years, leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Science.
- (3) Engineering Course of two or three years qualifying for entrance to the third year of the large Technical Schools.
- (4) Theological course of four years leading to the degree of B.A. (Theology); an advanced course leading to the degree of B.D.
- (5) Special Courses for those desiring to take only Selected Studies.
- (6) Graduate Course requiring one year's residence leading to the degree of Master of Arts.

The University is affiliated with the University of Oxford in Arts, McGill University in the Sciences and Medicine; Nova Scotia Technical College in Sciences, and Edinburgh University in Medicine.

The expenses for the year, including board, room, laundry, tuition and incidental fees are from \$330 to \$350.

Full information may be obtained by writing for Calendar.

Address THE REGISTRAR,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WATSON'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

FRUITS, CONFECTIONERY, ICE CREAM,
SODAS AND COLLEGE ICES.

HOT DRINKS, LIGHT LUNCHEES and HOME-MADE CANDY
for the Winter Months.

"THE GIFT SHOP"

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY,
SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, FINE CHINA,
FRENCH IVORY, LEATHER GOODS,
FOUNTAIN PENS AND EVERSHARP PENCILS.

Class Pins and Rings of Any Design

Williams & Co., Wolfville

THE GRAHAM
STUDIO

— FOR —

PORTRAITS

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING
AND HAND-COLORED PICTURES
OF NOVA SCOTIA SCENERY.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

L. W. SLEEP WOLFVILLE.

Hardware, Paints, and
Varnish.

Tin and Enamelware.
Plumbing and Furnace
Work.

Builders' Supplies.

Tel. 21.

Wolfville Fruit Co., Ltd.

The best place in town
to buy Fruit.

G. A. JOHNSON

Opposite Post Office.

The Barber Shop for the Students.

W. H. McMILLAN

Clothes Neatly Cleaned,
Pressed and Repaired.

F. M. BARNES

Bookseller and Stationer.

Headquarters for
Waterman's Fountain Pens,
Eversharp Pencils.

DON CAMPBELL

Bread and Fancy Baker.

Fresh Cakes and Pastry Daily.
Awarded 9 Medals and Diplomas
at London and Manchester, Eng.

ORPHEUM THEATRE.

N. Evans, Prof. and Manager

Wolfville, N. S.

For Refined Entertainment.

MOVING PICTURES,

Stage Productions,
Concerts, Lectures, etc.

Program Changes Mon. Wed. Fri.

One Show Each Night.

Two Shows Sat. Night.

McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

Courses are offered as follows:

AGRICULTURE.

APPLIED SCIENCE (for Men)

Architectural, Chemical, Civil,
Electrical, Mechanical, Metallur-
gical and Mining Engineering.

Arts, Commerce, Dentistry.
Household Science (for Women).
Law, Medicine, Music, Pharmacy.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

Educational Course.

SCHOOL FOR GRAD. NURSES
(for Women)

Public Health Nursing for Teach-
ers and Administrators in
Schools of Nursing.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

All of the above courses, except
those otherwise specified, are open
to men and women.

The Calendar giving full particulars regard-
ing the courses of study, the work com-
prised in each year, and the details of the
double courses offered, also the courses of-
fered in other Faculties and Departments,
may be obtained on application to

THE REGISTRAR.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Stationery of all kinds,

College and School Supplies,

Die Stamping and Plate Printing,

Book Binding and Paper Ruling,

Duro-Point and Eversharp Pencils,

Swan, Dinkie & Duofold Fountain Pens

A. & W. MACKINLAY, LIMITED

STATIONERS, HALIFAX, N. S.

Printing Of All Kinds

Posters, Programs, Topic Cards, Menus, Etc.

Also a good line of STATIONERY at Moderate Prices.
Gentlemen's Correspondence Paper, the Very Latest, 75c a Box

DAVIDSON BROTHERS

PRINTERS AND STATIONERS

Phone 217

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

A. M. YOUNG FANCY BAKER

And Dealer in Full Line of Moir's Chocolates
in Bulk and Boxes. Cake, Ice Cream, Sodas,
Winter and Summer. Try our Oyster Stews.
Our Pies Make a Good Lunch. Lunches Served.

Baked Beans a Specialty.

Ladies' Private Dining Room.

WOLFVILLE, Nova Scotia

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

THE PALMS

Ice Cream, Fruits, Confectionery

CLASS PARTIES CATERED TO

We also serve Hot Drinks and Light Lunches.

We Are Always Ready to Serve You!

Phone 238 J. M. NEWCOMBE, Proprietor.

MRS. JOHN SPENCER

(Next J. D. Harris', Main Street)

LIGHT LUNCHES, ICE CREAM, DRINKS,
CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS, CIGARETTES,
TOBACCOS. Open Daily 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

It Pays to Buy Good Clothes!

In the long run the good clothes
we sell are the least expensive.

Men know as soon as they try on a "Society
Brand" Suit that the style is better. After
they have worn it awhile they know that the
style has been tailored in to stay.

SOLE AGENTS IN ST. JOHN

Manchester, Robertson Allison

LIMITED

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

RAND'S DRUG STORE

ESTABLISHED 1853 AND GENEROUSLY PATRONIZED
BY ACADIA STUDENTS EVER SINCE

Besides our complete DRUG SERVICE we carry a line of the BEST
CANADIAN AND AMERICAN CHOCOLATES.

We also handle the celebrated "PIRATE" HOCKEY STICKS of
Nova Scotia. Special Rates by the dozen to Clubs.

TELEPHONE No. 19

ACADIA PHARMACY SPECIALIST IN PRESCRIPTIONS

FULL LINE OF DRUGS and TOILET SUNDRIES

AGENTS FOR NEILSON'S CHOCOLATES

STOCKS NEW—PRICES LOW

Two Qualified Druggists in charge of Dispensing.

Phone 41

HUGH E. CALKIN

WOLFVILLE,
N. S.

ACADIA VILLA HOTEL

One of the most popular resorts in Nova Scotia. Open May 1st.

Send in your Reservations for Commencement Week.

ROCKWELL & CO., Proprietors.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

A. E. REGAN CUSTOM TAILOR

Dealer in

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC SUITINGS.

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Repairing and Pressing. Prompt Service.

Phone 262

Wolfville, N. S.

CONTENTS

Awards for the Month	1
A Winter Night—O. T. Rumsey, '26.....	2
The Poets of The Future, Volume VII—Dr. V. B. Rhod- izer	3
An Educational Problem—Margaret Hutchins, '26.....	5
An Unfortunate Face—O. T. Rumsey, '26.....	9
I Protest—Charlotte M. Kinsman, '25.....	14
On the Ignorance of the Learned—E. Ardis Whitman, '26.	20
The Wallace Collection of Acadia University—H. Grace Beardsley, '25	20
The Fourth Door—Laura Davison, '26.....	24
The Egyptian Situation—R. A. Thorne, '25.....	28
Traditions—and Theda—E. Ardis Whitman, '26.....	31
A Life-Saver—O. T. Rumsey, '26.....	38
The Gold Standard—H. Grace Beardsley, '25.....	39
Radio—E. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25.....	43
Book Review	47
Editorial	49
Seminary Notes—Jewel Henderson, A. L. S.	51
Academy Notes	55
Athletics	57
Month	59
Personals	67
Exchanges	71
Jokes	79

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. LI. WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1925. No. 3.

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st.—O. H. Rumsey, '26; 2nd.—E. Ardis Whitman, '26.

Articles:—H. Grace Beardsley, '25; Margaret Hutchins, '26; R. A. Thorne, '25, (equal).

Stories:—1st.—O. H. Rumsey, '26; 2nd, Laura Davison, '26.

Humor:—1st.—Charlotte Kinsman, '26.

Science:—1st.—H. Grace Beardsley, '26; 2nd.—G. Doug. Anderson, Eng., '25; 3rd.—C. R. Gould, '26.

Athletics:—1st.—John Woodworth, '26; 2nd, (no award)

Month:—(no award).

Exchanges:—1st.—Margaret Hutchins, '26; 2nd.—R. A. Thorne, '25.

Personals:—1st.—Marjorie Mason, '26; 2nd.—(no award).

Jokes:—1st.—G. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25; 2nd, (no award).

Cartoon:—(no award).

Seniors	8 units.
Juniors	14 units.
Engineers	4 units.
Sophomores	0 units.
Freshmen	0 units.

Pennant to Juniors.

Science number.

A WINTER NIGHT

WHEN the red sun drops in the pine treetops,
And the woodland aisles grow dim,
And the shadows creep in the silence deep
Where the trees stand tall and grim—
Then a million eyes from the velvet skies
Are on watch from rim to rim.

All the winter night on a world of white
In a twinkling host they beam,
And the silver rays of their brilliance plays
Over field and hill and stream—
Till they find rebirth on the quiet earth
And as crystal snow gems gleam.

Every high-hung star from its place afar,
Through the night air clear and cold,
Drops a jeweled gift over sweep and drift—
Till the rising sun grown bold,
With the Midas touch of his glowing clutch
Has reset them all in gold.

O. T. R., '26.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE, VOLUME VII.

IT is always of special interest to readers of the *Acadia Athenæum* to know how Acadia students rank as poets, compared with students in other Canadian universities, on the basis of inclusion in THE POETS OF THE FUTURE. In Volume VII Acadia has to her credit one poem printed and five poems worthy of honorable mention, four of the five by students and one by Miss F. H. Saunders, at one time employed at Acadia Ladies' Seminary. The only serious poetic rival of Acadia among the Canadian universities, according to the stated basis of comparison, is the University of British Columbia, with three poems printed and two worthy of honorable mention. Mount Allison University and the University of New Brunswick, with one honorable mention each, complete the list for Canada. It is mere coincidence or a fact of significance that the entire representation of Canada in this volume of poems is confined to the maritime provinces, Atlantic and Pacific?

The anthology has a general as well as a special interest for all readers of the *Athenæum* who are interested in the future of poetry, because of the high grade of excellence achieved by many of the youthful poets represented. "Cycle", for instance, by Dorothy Rose Oppenheim, would be a credit to any major poet. These young writers succeed because they have discovered the poet's secret,—concret expression of rich sensuous experience, of deep emotion, or of profound reflection.

As is to be expected, nature is a very common lyric stimulus. There are pictorial and impressionistic poems inspired by the seasons of the year, particularly spring; by the times of the day,—dawn, high noon, and moon-silvered night; by aspects of the weather,—snow and rain and wind. Sometimes the nature poems supplement the picture or impression by a pleasing fancy, a subtle thought, or an artistic application to human experience.

Then there are emotional lyric gems based on love, on the transience of human experience, and on grief. Some-

times the expression of the emotion constitutes the poem; at other times emotion is accompanied by or passes into philosophic reflection. Shall love burn itself out by its own intensity or achieve permanence by moderated ardor? Shall happy love be an end in itself or an aid to the soul in the fulfillment of its aspirations? With such stimulating suggestions as these our young college poets tinge their poetic expressions of emotional experience.

One would not expect profoundly philosophical poems from college under graduates, and yet there are poems embodying in concrete for minspiring ideas about life and its meaning. These young poets are enthusiastic idealists, but their ideals must rest on truth and reality. Those who cling to illusions for the sake of the comfort they give, are in a decided minority, and one suspects that their attitude is poetic rather than philosophic. The majority express in pleasing verse ideals of unquestionable validity, such as sympathy with all living things, longing for social and international brotherhood nad peace, and the supremacy of the spiritual over the physical. Some stretch lame hands of faith and grope, through the darknes sand pain of an apparently impersonal universe, up to God.

The poems in this volume are an assurance that a crass materialism will never supplant a valid idealism and that utilitarianism can never destroy either the appreciation or beauty or the power of giving it appropriate artistic form.

V. B. R.

AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

IN the last few years there has been a remarkable development in the giving of prizes in our public schools. Almost every town school has its prize list, and even some rural schools have shared in this popular movement. As might be expected, most of the prizes are offered for the High School years, but the lower grades have by no means been overlooked, and very generous gifts are represented in their lists.

As an evidence of interest in our schools these prizes are certainly gratifying. Too little interest in education is shown by too many people. It is therefore encouraging to find an increasing number of citizens who are alive to the value of the work of the school and desirous of promoting its welfare. But in giving prizes is this interest wisely manifested and taking the wisest and most helpful form? Are prizes desirable? Do they really help in our public schools? Is the final result an educational asset? To many these will seem to be superfluous questions. They will answer them in the affirmative without hesitation and the matter settled. But the problem is not as simple as they think and the questions we have raised are not superfluous. Indeed there are urgent reasons for regarding prizes as a mistaken form of interest in our public schools, when we think of them as educational institutions.

Prizes do not serve the purpose for which they are given. Their object is to arouse the pupils to greater diligence in study. Through the incentive which they supply, it is hoped that a greater interest will be taken by all pupils in their school work. Most pupils apparently need some stimulus. As the ordinary teacher seems to be unable to link up the work of the school with the interests of the pupils, the stimulus must be found elsewhere. So a prize list is made out and by its glamour an effort is made to arouse a sufficient enthusiasm to keep all the school industriously at work. But experience shows that prizes are insufficient and a failure, given their object is to arouse the pupils to greater diligence

They do not reach the school with their appeal. Almost as soon as the list is announced most of the pupils are able to select the probable winners. As the school year goes on any doubt which may have been felt at first gradually ceases, and the contest is reduced to just a few competitors.

This is well illustrated by an instance taken from the experience of a Boy Scout worker. At one time a twenty-five dollar kodak was offered as a prize for the six best mounted photographs of camp activities taken, developed, and printed by one of the hundred and fifty boy campers. The conditions of the contest required that at least six boys enter. The conditions were complied with, but early in the competition it was evident that one was far superior to all others. The result was that the interest of the others lagged, and of course he won the prize. The object of the prize had been to arouse an interest in photography but in that it was an absolute failure. The camp as a whole, feeling from the first that any effort was useless, was not touched by the appeal, while the winner was interested beforehand. Thus do prizes succeed only in defeating their own ends.

This failure is all the greater because the incentive which goes with the prize never reaches those who need it most. The most intelligent students need no incentive. The bright ones, for whom the work is comparatively easy, are interested in it for its own sake. Those for whom the work is a burden and a trial, and who find it difficult to apply themselves are the ones whose interest it is necessary to obtain. But the appeal of the prize will never reach them. They know that even though they may do their best, and though their best may be good, another's best, though attained more easily, is sure to be better. Thus the uninterested pupil remains uninterested. Prizes are no stimulus for those who know they cannot win them.

It is a commonplace of educational theory that the law of the child is the law of the school. Its interests and needs are the vital factor in determining the aims, the methods, and the materials of education. All school programmes organized on any other basis are open to the dan-

ger of considering only a selected group. And that is the weakness of the prize system. It forgets that the task of the school is the education of all the children of the community, not the development of a few brilliant scholars. The problem to which the school must give itself is to retain as many of its pupils as possible at least to the end of the High School course. To do this it must supply a sufficient incentive which reaches all the pupils, not merely a select few. Its attitude must be democratic, not autocratic.

It may be objected that the system of prizes is carried on in all our colleges and universities. But that is a different matter. The task of the university is not the task of the school. The ideal school seeks to train and develop as far as possible all of its pupils. The university, on the other hand, seeks to prepare those who will some day take the leadership in the affairs of the world. To do this there must be some selective process, and the merit of those capable of leadership must receive proper recognition if they are to take their rightful place. Thus the prize system is an aid to the function of the university, while it is only a hindrance to the more democratic programme of the school.

A third objection to prize giving is the tendency of the system to develop an excessive individualism. Prizes stimulate competition, and competition prevents co-operation. No child is willing to assist another when such assistance may give the prize to his rival. Inevitably, therefore, prizes feed the competitive spirit. But is this wise training for the future? "He who begins life with these maxims," says Doctor J. H. Carlisle, "I will be first; I will not be second",—prepares the way for chronic restlessness and final defeat"—"society becomes like a sandemonium in proportion to the number of men who act on these avowed purposes." Co-operation and a spirit of mutual helpfulness cannot develop with selfishness, and no one would hesitate to affirm the positive value of a spirit of co-operation. Indeed, this lack of co-operation is a weakness of our present social system. Co-operation cannot but lead to a unity of interest and purpose, as contrasted with the destructive influence of individualism.

But lack of co-operation has another and more immediate effect which is clearly stated by E.L. Shearer in a recent book. He says that, "A group by co-operative effort can learn far more than individuals struggling selfishly." That is a fact which is undoubtedly true, and which must be recognized. If we are to be democratic in our educational system, we must seek the highest good for the whole group, and if co-operation is one means by which to attain this end, we must see to it that co-operative effort is maintained. Prize giving and individual competition directly offset any attempt which may be made to secure unity, and hence must give way to methods which will create a spirit of enterprise, and which will serve to emphasize the value of an effort for its own sake.

But if prizes are not given, what alternative can be suggested? The answer is found in the system of awards. An award is an honorarium. It is a recognition of attainment or service. It is open to all who fulfil the requirements, not to the two or three who may surpass in some degree the majority. It is inclusive, and not exclusive. Because of its peculiarly intimate and uncontestable character it is immune from the dangers that beset prizes. A prize, on the other hand, is nothing more than a recognition of the attainment by one of what all may, or at least should, try to attain. It exalts the individual, and singles him out for distinction, whereas the award emphasizes recognition rather than distinction, and seeks recognition for all.

No ideal system of awards can be set forth,—every system must be varied to suit changing needs and conditions. But there are general rules which must be observed. First to be considered and of first importance is the basis of award. There is a danger here in both directions,—the standard may be too high or it may be too low. In either case it becomes a joke and a mockery. If the standard is too low so that all may attain it, it carries with it no honor, and if it is too high so that few can attain it, it falls back into the class of prizes, and hence fails in its purpose.

The form of the award is a question calling for adjustment to varying circumstances, but in every case it should be such that its value is extrinsic, not intrinsic. A small pin

or badge is the usual form. This idea is carried out at Acadia in the awarding of the gold and silver A's, and of the distinction caps and bands. In a High School a cup may be awarded to the class passing the greatest percentage of its members. This system would appear to be one of the best for securing co-operation. The main idea is that the award must have a distinctive character so as to make it worth while to work for it, but must not be such that it will come to be sought as an end in itself. There must be no mixing of motives; the award must be recognized for what it is,—a symbol of attainment.

M. H., '26.

AN UNFORTUNATE FACE

DINNER had been in progress for some time when John Philips entered the house, but he must, in fairness, be acquitted of being late for the meal. He had no intention whatever of dining with the Marshalls. If proof is needed that Philips was not guilty of this offense, the manner of his entry into the house may be cited. He clambered up a low, ivy-clad wall to the balcony on the first floor, and from this point of vantage had no difficulty whatever in stepping through the open window which led to Mrs. Marshalls' bedroom.

Again it is necessary to correct a possibly false impression. In spite of the delicate position in which he had placed himself, Philips was not engaged in one of those erotic episodes which are supposed to honeycomb society. A single glance at his face would demonstrate that here was no Don Juan, no wrecker of women's lives and happiness.

Philips was respectably married and the last man against whom a charge of flitting from flower to flower could be brought. Accuracy forbids me even to label Philips' face "plain and honest". Plain, undoubtedly it was, very plain. But it bore the indelible marks of his profession.

His nose had a tendency to stray over his face, his ears were thick, several of his teeth had been knocked out—an unfortunate face:—

But who shall deny that behind even the ugliest face a warm heart may beat?

Philips had given considerable care to the undertaking he in hand; he took a proper professional pride in his work, and for some days had watched the house with great care. He knew that he had a clear hour after the maid left the room before Mrs. Marshalls' return to it, and only the merest amateur would require anything like that time.

A look of disappointment crossed his face when his flash-light showed him that the jewel case had been put away. The look deepened when he discovered that all the drawers of the dressing table were locked.

He took from his pocket a pointed, short steel bar and placed his light on the floor so that it illuminated the object of his designs. Suddenly, however, a sound came to his ears. Silently he bent down and secured his flash-light. As silently he replaced the steel bar and slipped behind the thick curtain at the side of the window as he heard the door handle turn.

The maid switched on the electric light and softly hummed a pretty song, the chorus of which commences: "You're here and I'm here—" or words to that depressing effect.

There was nothing personal, however, in the song, although for the moment Philips had imagined there was.

The maid had brought up with her a large square, cardboard box, which she placed on the bed. As Philips peeped out from behind the curtain he saw that she was taking a hat from it. She produced another, and another. To Philips it seemed like some horrid conjuring trick.

Then began the most maddening part of his ordeal. The maid tried one of the hats on. She tried it on at several angles, and at each of them she contemplated herself elaborately in the big glass a few feet away from Philips. There was a calm deliberation about her, and the burgler reviled the vanity of women.

Minutes—priceless minutes—passed before she took up the second hat. This was a much smaller one, but it took her longer to make up her mind about it. And then the third

hat—a beautiful hat in which the maker had really excelled—a ravishing hat which stirred deep emotion in the heart of the maid.

At last, however, even the little hat was replaced on the bed with the others. The maid stood regarding them with ecstasy.

Surely she must go now?

The anguish of the unhappy Philips was beyond all words when he saw that she was not going. She crossed to the window, opened it wide, and stood looking up at the stars with an expression on her face which made her case quite clear to the watching man.

Once there came the little ghost of a sigh.

The girl was in love! Had burglar ever such luck?

There was nothing that Philips could do. If he stepped out and threatened her, she would scream—so he remained, hardly daring to breathe even behind the thick curtain.

The minutes were still passing—it's a confirmed habit they have—and Philips was growing more and more desperate. So far he had not even begun his work, and there was that lovesick girl looking up at the stars, dreaming away the minutes.

Another sound came to him, and a sudden movement on the part of the maid told him that she too, had heard it. She stepped back into the room and crossed to the door, which she opened.

"I've put the hats out, madame," he heard her say. "They are too lovely for words"!

"Thanks, Mary", a new voice replied. "I shan't want you any more."

The door closed, and he heard the key turn in it.

He was alone with Mrs. Marshall.

The first thing she did was to close the window; evidently she was not in love, and for this he was thankful. Then, of all the wildly irritating things from his point of view, she commenced to walk methodically up and down the bedroom.

His anxiety, however, gradually became tinged with curiosity. He was one of those simple souls who think that the great ones of the earth are happy. Yet here, almost

within reach of his hand, was a wealthy lady who was obviously much distressed!

"What a fool!" she said just above a whisper. "What a fool. He's bound to find out—sooner or later".

The minutes, by the way, were still passing.

Suddenly she stopped and came to the dressing table, so that once more the hidden man could see what she was doing. She unlocked a drawer, and from it she took a little blue bottle.

Philips was horrified.

There was something calm and coldly unemotional about Mrs Marshall now, and a great pity welled up in Philips. The woman he watched retained traces of great beauty—indeed she had progressed but little into middle age. She had everything—as far as Philips could see—to make her happy. An honorable name, position, wealth—everything.

And yet he saw the awful deliberation with which she took out that sinister blue bottle. She had sent her maid away.

A wild impulse came to him to step out from behind the curtain and point out to her the full significance of the awful act which she contemplated. He quelled the impulse, however, for he knew that she would rouse the household if she saw him; in other cases he had experienced the effect of his unfortunate face on excited ladies who saw it suddenly.

He knew with bitter clearness that any talk of his about little blue bottles would only give rise to what is known as "laughter in court," and would not weight in the least against the awkward fact of his being found in Mrs. Marshall's room.

So he still remained inactive.

She had taken the cork out, and was standing with the uncorked bottle in one hand and the cork in the other, while Philips watched her as a cat watches a mouse.

It was a ghastly situation for him. Fortunately few of us are fated to see a fellow being on the brink of disaster, and yet be unable to hold out a steady hand.

At that moment a break came in Philips almost unendurable suspense. There was a third interruption, this time in the form of a sharp tap on the door. Mrs. Marshall hurried—

ly recorked the bottle and replaced it in the drawer before she said, "Who's there?"

"It's I, dear," a man's voice replied.

She crossed to the door and unlocked it.

"Why was the door locked?" the man's voice asked.

I was going to lie down for a few minutes, she said, "and did not wish to be disturbed. My head—" "Poor, tired girl," the man sympathized. Phillips rightly assumed him to be Mr. Marshall. "There are some visitors here—"

"It shall probably be better if I come down", she replied. "I'll come now, with you."

Together they left the room.

Philips had had quite enough for one evening. He came out from behind the curtain, and it was the work of a second to take the blue bottle from the drawer, which Mrs. Marshall had left unlocked, slip it into his pocket, and climb through the window.

He reached the ground and street safely.

As he walked homeward he reviewed the evenings work. In return for the very considerable risk he had taken, he had obtained nothing.

Yet he had the quiet comfort of the knowledge that he had removed a terrible temptation from another's path. He believed that his night's work would give the poor woman time to think calmly before she did anything rash or terrible.

He was coming nearer to a street light now, and, remembering the sinister bottle in his pocket, he examined the label in the light of the street lamp.

Printed on it were the words,

"Kerkoff's Liquid Rouge."

O. T.R., '26.

I PROTEST

ALTHOUGH I am a patient man—my friends say of me that my self-control is beyond their comprehension—I feel at present that only by a terrific outburst of some sort can I express my vexation. As I am not a profane man—my wife is in fact an officer of the Anti Profanity Circle—I have chosen literature as my medium of expression.

It is our yearly custom to engage a cottage by the seashore, there to enjoy the manifold phases of nature of which we are deprived in our winter domicile, and to refresh our city-saturated lungs with the clear country ozone. In consequence of Agatha's being president of both the Association of Appreciative Observers of Nature and the Adults Fresh Air Organization, we feel it not only a pleasure but a duty to retire for a season to this peaceful and secluded spot.

This year our preparations for departure to this resort involved considerably more difficulty than is customary, owing to the fact that my wife insisted upon enjoying all the comforts of home during our sojourn. As it was necessary that the various societies in which she holds office should be apprized of her plans, I was handicapped in my packing by being forced to rely upon my own judgment in every emergency, not to speak of the extra effort involved by my being unaided. In spite of my utmost exertions it was by a very slight margin that we caught our train. My wife, returning from the Tired Mothers' Guild, was quite incensed by what she considered to be my dilatoriness in neglecting to attire the children properly for the trip. The fact that I had placed Julie's garments upon Clair, who is three years her junior, and vice versa, caused some consternation, but I finally repaired the damage and we started on our way.

As my wife is following most conscientiously the course of activity prescribed by the Tired Mothers' Guild, the unpacking and disposition of our efforts also fell to my lot, so that, when sufficient time had elapsed for the satisfactory arrangement of our chattels, I was thoroughly in need of a rest.

A week had passed since our arrival. The twins, Roosevelt and Martha, were suffering from colic—I having omitted to thoroughly cleanse their bottles—and while endeavoring to thrust them into the arms of Morpheus, I had succeeded in inducing in myself the spirit of repose and tranquillity. My wife was obeying that rule of the A.A. O. N. which states that every member thereof shall daily spend at least ten minutes in silent adoration or at least appreciation of nature.

My meditations were interrupted by an exclamation in the nature of a shriek from Agatha. As such manifestations of emotion are quite common with her, I experienced no immediate alarm. Finally, however, her cries, through frequent repetition, pierced my consciousness.

“It is—it’s yellow”, she gasped, in tones of what seemed to my uncomprehending ears to be awe.

“It quite frequently is at this time of the day,” I hastened to assure her, thinking that she was referring to the sunset in the direction of which she was gazing, “The phenomena is due to the rays of the sun”—I got no further.

“Oh, you heartless creature,” she wailed, now on the verge of tears, “cracking silly jokes when the lives of your wife and children are endangered. So that is your idea of humour!”

Genuinely alarmed by the torrent of sobs and accusations which followed, I hastened to her side, and, encumbered as I was, strove to offer such consolations as were possible to one unacquainted with the reason for the outburst. For some moments the storm continued unabated. I remember on the occasion when Agatha broached to her father the subject of her intended nuptials that his evident disapproval of the match caused her to burst into tears, and that he immediately yielded, exclaiming, “Anything, anything, Agatha, only do not cry. I cannot bear your tears.” In the years to come I was to understand that this nobility on the part of my father-in-law was to be ascribed, not to paternal affection, but to a normally sensitive condition of the eardrums.

At the moment of which I speak, the twins, who have inherited to a startling degree their mother's traits, had added their astounding vocal powers to the general din. I am exceedingly grateful, indeed, that suspense combined with other distractions did not unseat my reason.

From Agatha's incoherent utterances, I was able to ascertain that the cause of her distress involved somehow the property of our neighbour across the street. I gazed in vain, until I was finally enlightened by her frenzied repetition of the words "smallpox" and "quarantine card." Sure enough there was on the door, barely perceptible in the gathering dusk, a card, unmistakable yellowish in hue.

Although vaguely alarmed I strove to laugh the matter off, and said lightly "My dear, with your usual good judgment you have hit immediately upon one of the solutions to the problem. But has it not occurred to you that the card may have been intended to indicate something other than that which you conjectured?"

By this time Agatha had dried her tears. She confronted me with a look so expressive of scorn and disapprobation that I hesitated to meet her eye, but concerned myself with the separation of the twins, in whom proximity had induced a desire for combat.

"Augustus," she said scathingly. "I—I am surprised—amazed in fact, that you, a professional in a Christian institution should show such a shocking lack of fatherly affection." After a pause during which the intensity of her gaze made me positively ill at ease she continued patiently, "And anyway, I hope I know what I am talking about, Augustus. Have'nt you noticed that for two days the shades in the front of the house have been closed, and that the children have not been playing in the yard as usual? I dare say at this moment one of them lies still in death."

I said nothing but could not help reflecting that if it were necessary that one of them should be stricken down the one whose absence I could best bear would be the disagreeable male child who had compared me to a "consumptive walrus"—referring, doubtless, to the imperials which Agatha

insists upon my wearing, and which I claim accentuate my unusual degree of native emancipation.

Agatha consulted for a moment the program of the Tired Mother's Guild. "Let me see. It is now eight o'clock. According to chart I should retire at nine; however, I will take the next hour which I really should reserve for Peaceful Ponderings on Precious Poems for your instructions. Of course we will need to go on the first train, at six-thirty, I believe. Our chances for escape from that awful disease grow less with every hour. I—I am really afraid you will lose a little sleep, Augustus."

Much touched by her solicitude I assured her that she need not concern herself as to my welfare, and depositing Roosevelt and Martha in their respective cribs I girded myself for my labours.

I soon found that the six large trunks, for the purchase of which Agatha had upbraided me most vigorously, were to be no more than sufficient. I had previously formulated my system of packing, which is as follows. In each room I place a trunk, the aim being to deposit within it every article whose size and nature in general will permit of its being so treated. Owing to the mental disturbances caused by the perilous situation in which we found ourselves I did not realize my usual success. For instance, I have not yet been able to convince Agatha that it was not through native maliciousness that I used her new hat—the flamboyant color of which I had not professed to admire—as a receptacle for eggs. My excuse was that it should not have been left on the refrigerator. However, that was mere accident in a period of exceptional confusion.

Had I not fortunately dropped a pile of crockery, thus arousing my wife to her role of supervisor, I might have omitted to attend to the transportation of my Leghorn hens—two of which, I may state, were awarded blue ribbons in a recent agricultural exhibition. It was three o'clock before I had arrived at a stage in my undertakings which would allow of my attending to them.

I decided to approach my task without a light, hoping that the comparative darkness would facilitate their cap-

ture. My anticipations were not realized. No sooner had I seized the first victim than pandemonium broke loose. A veritable vortex of feathers and claws appeared to envelop me. Having assured myself that the door was securely fastened, I proceeded to place the fowls in a crate provided for the purpose. I finally succeeded in counting to the number of twenty and conveyed the crate outside the enclosure, there to replace the missing slot. To my dismay I found that one sole fowl remained in the repository. A hasty investigation showed that but one slot remained in the further side. As the forms of the other nineteen were discernable flitting here and there in the moonlight, I was forced to the distressing conclusion that they had made good their escape through the window—that I had, in short, been concentrating my faculties upon the capture and re-capture of the one fowl.

By the most resolute persistence I was able by the end of an hour to secure the majority of the fugitives. One, however, aroused my resentment by its obstinate evasions of my attempts. Finally it precipitated disaster upon me by crossing the street, and with a triumphant squawk, lodging upon the upper balcony of the doomed cottage. My ire was by this time aroused to such an extent that, forgetting the dreaded character of its shelter, I continued the pursuit, and regaining somewhat the agility of former years, scaled the balcony by means of a lattice covered with ivy. The fowl having composed itself once more to its interrupted slumbers, I secured it with the greatest of ease, and was cautiously descending, the prize clutched firmly under my arm, when the support gave way, precipitating the lattice, the fowl, and myself upon the ground. The unfortunate clamour occasioned by the splintering of woodwork, the squawking of the now thoroughly aroused fowl, and my own exclamations of surprise and pain, awakened my wife for the second time in that eventful night. She stood at a safe distance, adding to my confusion by her combined reprimands and suggestions as to the best way of extricating myself from the debris. In view of the circumstances her remarks as to my foolhardiness in approaching the seat of pestilence were most ill-timed, while the insinuation that I had been using the lattice work

as a shelter from the attacks of the fowl provoked me almost to the point of a retort. In fact, so upset was she by this occurrence that she was forced to retire once more, an ice-compress to her brow, although signs of approaching dawn had encouraged in me the hope that she intended to assist me in my further preparations. My remaining trials were made peculiarly difficult on account of my having severely wrenched my ankle in my fall, although in view of Agatha's indisposition I did not venture to mention it. Of the remaining hours I will not speak—I cannot without unseemly emotion. Suffice it to say that fifteen minutes before the arrival of our train, our goods were ready for transportation and we ourselves were prepared for departure. I was last. Congratulating myself on the result of my efficiency when Augustus junior, aged five—the exact replica of myself at his age I am to'd—broke in upon my cogitations by asking, “Father, what is your opinion as to the proper spelling of the word smallpox?”

As I believe most emphatically in encouraging a desire for knowledge in the young, I satisfied his wholesome curiosity on the subject, giving the directions in so far as I could recall them at the moment.

We were well down the path before he continued.

“Then, father, it does not start with a ‘T’?”

Noticing the direction of his gaze, I was struck by a sudden idea. Crossing the road in spite of the remonstrance of my wife I peered at the card.

“TO LET” was the inscription that it bore. I turned to find Agatha at my heels.

“Oh, what a relief! What a relief!” she exclaimed. And to Julie, “yes, darling, we are going to stay at the lovely sea-shore.....Augustus, perhaps you had better start by unpacking the breakfast dishes.”

C. A. K., '25.

ON THE IGNORANCE OF THE LEARNED

HANDS off, Wise man! And do not dare to touch
 This thing you'll never, never understand!
 Snatch from the ground your learning's wooden clutch
 And take yourself into your logic land.
 I'm tired of you! Your wisdom bores me!
 I could find you and all you say in books!
 You are quite right! Oh, of a surety!
 Yet what know you how yonder sunrise looks?
 I sympathize with you, poor lonely one,
 The joy of comrades is such wondrous joy!
 And then when all your arguments are won,
 Will not the lonely sense of "rightness" cloy?
 I'd rather mend yon baby's broken cart
 Then have your mighty intellectual art!

E. A. W.

 THE WALLACE COLLECTION OF ACADIA
 UNIVERSITY

A VERY rare collection of books formerly belonging to the Wallace collection of Hertford House, is now in the possession of Acadia Library.

Far different from their former setting of richness and luxury in one of the wealthiest homes of England is the place in which many of these volumes are now to be found. Once reposing in the midst of grandeur and splendour, a part of the most famous collection of literature, art, and bric-a-brac to be found in private hands in the world, they are now in a lowly corner of the basement of the Library, and the story of their change is a most extraordinary one. Now covered with dust, one passes them by, and their true worth is scarcely recognized.

Sir Richard Wallace, connoisseur and collector of works of art, was born in London on the 26th of July, 1818. He was a natural son of Maria, wife of the third marquis of Hertford, but in his youth he was called Richard Jackson. He was

educated entirely under the supervision of his mother, Maria, being surrounded by influence more French than English, although he always insisted strongly on his English extraction. He was well known in Parisian society as Monsieur Richard, an intense collector of all sorts of valuable *objets d'arts*.

After the sale of these in 1857 he devoted himself to the assistance of the fourth Marquis of Hertford, his reputed half-brother, who left London to acquire in Paris a magnificent collection of the finest examples of painting, armor, furniture, and bric-a-brac. Dying unmarried in 1870, he left to Wallace an enormous property including Hertford House and its contents, the house in Paris, estates in Ireland, and the finest collection of pictures and *objets d'art* in private hands in the world.

In 1871, Wallace was created a baronet for his efforts during the siege of Paris in the Franco-Prussian war, his splendid munificence during this war having endeared him more than ever to the French people.

Before his death in 1890, he asked the British Parliament to receive as a gift his art gallery and collection. The reply was to the effect that Hertford House must be included in the gift. He, enraged at such seeming lack of appreciation of his generosity, died intestate. His widow, however, before her death in 1897, bequeathed Hertford House and its contents to the British nation. The galleries are still in the house, but the library was sold. A few volumes found their way to Boston, where they were discovered a few years ago by Dr. Smith, and sent to Acadia.

The books we have in our library are richly bound in fine leather with exquisite gold tooling, such as has never been produced on this side of the Atlantic. Some covers are all leather, some half-leather with marbled board covers and marbled end-papers.

On the backs of all the books is one of three escutcheons, one of which is undeniably that of Seymour, which is the Hertford House crest. The other two are very similar to the crests of Somerset and of Wallace, although there is

supposed to be no family connection between Sir Richard and the family to whom the latter escutcheon belongs.

There is Somerset blood in the House of Hertford, the story of which is in itself very romantic. The first Marquis of Hertford wished to marry Catherine, daughter of the Duke of Somerset and next in succession after Queen Elizabeth. The romance was blighted for a time as the Queen refused to give her consent, and it was impossible for any one of royal blood to marry without the approval of the ruling monarch.

Love, however, would have its way, and they were secretly married.

Their happiness lasted less than a year, for upon the discovery of the fact the red-headed queen in fury sent both of them to the Tower.

The Marquis of Hertford is best known to us as the original of the Marquis of Steyne in *Vanity Fair*, where Thackeray pictures him as a type of the society of the time. Steyne was a sly, deceitful old wretch, fond of such women as Becky, whose esteem he could readily purchase by his gifts of jewels.

Hertford, however, had exquisite taste when it came to a choice of books, as these hundred volumes testify.

Some books are autographed by the authors, and many bear the name of Beauchamp, the title by which Hertford was known in the Parisian court.

Many books are on the French Revolution, showing his deep interest in that war. Practically the whole library is in French, but a few books deal with English life and habits.

One of these is *L'Echo Britannique*, in two volumes, a review of the literature, sciences, arts, and customs of Great Britain. The portraits of English landscapes and famous landscapes are very fine. These two books contain many items of value which are probably inaccessible in English. Among the divisions are stories of commerce, industry, the fine arts, astronomy, fisheries, economy, history of the Lord Mayors of London, and country life of England. The only book comparable to it in our language is the *Standard Dic-*

tionary of Facts, of which these volumes, printed in 1835, are the forerunners.

After literature, history and science take precedence and many are the volumes treating of these subjects. Letters of famous men of the French court show his interest in the inner life of the French nation. No phase of science seems to be omitted, nor are the books confined to any one field. All branches evidently received the same attention, for there are numerous books in each subject.

Various types of books on art occupy an important place in the library—as is natural when one is so intensely interested in it.

There are many plays, both by contemporary and by ancient classic writers, while comedy is scattered throughout in goodly proportion. One noticable fact concerning the comedy is that the pictures convey almost as much of the atmosphere of humor as does the writing itself.

But the Marquis did not live in a world created entirely by other people, and we come to a very commonplace little book entitled, "The post-rates of 1828," to say nothing of another small volume giving the result of the horse race. He wasn't entirely intellectual!

Before leaving the collection it is necessary to glance briefly at the post cards of the treasures of the Wallace Art collection. Replicas of pictures by Rembrandt and other famous painters are in the Library and some idea of their real beauty may be estimated. Beautiful clocks and candelabra are among the cards as well as hideous suits of ancient armor, and helmets, following the immense scope of the collection itself.

It is amazing that a collection so worth-while, to say nothing of its monetary value, is so little known and appreciated. The volumes, although in a different environment from their former home, are still in a well guarded spot, and we are hoping that some future comer may be interested enough to divulge to us more thoroughly the inner contents of the library.

H. G. B., '25.

THE FOURTH DOOR

IT was a January evening in the little hamlet of Fraserville, situated at the foot of Wilton Mountains and three miles from Waterbury Station.

For three dreary days it had been snowing and now on the fourth night, the wind—bleak, piercing and from the north-east—rose, blowing the snow in furrows like waves as they crawl up the sandy beach. Twilight gradually settled down, a little sooner because of the dense storm. The cold increased. The window-panes of the little hut in which Tom Mathews and his eleven-year-old daughter lived, became coated thick with white, fanciful pictures. The sashes were loose; they rattled and the wind howled mournfully about them.

The kitchen was cold in spite of a good fire in the old-fashioned stove. Mr. Mathews and Maizie sat huddled over the fire, reading from a book which some kind lady had sent them, trying by this means to forget the storm and the sorrow of just one year ago. Suddenly, a more violent gust of wind came, blowing the back door open and swirling the smoke in clouds.

Maizie screamed.

“Oh! I am very sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you. Would you allow me to stay here all night?”

The book fell from Mr. Mathews’ hand. He turned and stared at the stranger, without answering his question. His face was dripping with melted snow; his black moustache hung with icicles. The snow from his coat was falling, making small puddles on the worn floor. The folds of his hat, to, were filled with the wet snow. In his right hand he held a club bag.

“Where in thunder did you come from in this storm?”

“I have walked, or rather stumbled, all the way from Waterbury Station. I looked for a team to take me to Wilton Mountain, but I could find none.”

“To Wilton Mountain! In this storm? I should say not! We are not fools in this country. No one but an idiot

would take a horse out in this weather and drive to Wilton Mountain. Ten miles to the settlement, man!"

"I know it is a long distance for such a night, but it was very important.....Then I inquired for a hotel and found there was none!"

"A hotel! Certainly not! Ridiculous! What do we need of a hotel in this place?"

The stranger leaned against the wall, tired of standing erect.

"I started to walk," he continued. "After what seemed hours, I saw your light. May I stay here all night, sir?"

"Well, I don't know. Maizie and I aren't much for keeping people all night. You see we have no extra rooms. This house has only three."

"Four, daddy,.....you forget," Maizie said softly.

"Have a little sense Maizie. One would think you were crazy. If you don't stop your plumb foolishness, you'll go to bed."

The voice of her father was final. Maizie shoved her feet farther into the oven and glanced furtively towards the stranger.

"You have a nice little home," the stranger began. "Four rooms, I presume."

"Well, stranger, it's sleeping on the lounge here in the kitchen, or not at all."

The stranger thanked him, took off his dripping coat, and sat down on the rope-bottom chair. His eyes wandered about the room. *Four* doors—and yet he had understood the man to say three rooms. Strange!

"I said, 'Three'. It was Maizie who said four." "Maizie, it's long past your bedtime. Now, stranger, I'll fix up this lounge and you can go right to sleep. Hurry! We have only two lights and Maizie has taken the other."

Carrying the smoky-chimneyed lamp, Mr. Mathews opened the door at the right hand side of the room, leaving the stranger in darkness save for a ray of light peeking through the cracks in the stove. Soon the fire died out and the room was in complete darkness. The stranger had not gone to sleep—he was thinking.

“That girl he calls Maizie seems a nice little thing, and the old man himself does not seem half bad. But one cannot judge from appearances. I could not help noticing the way he changed the conversation when a fourth door was mentioned. Why did he get so angry when Maizie said there was a fourth? And he looked so ashamed, too! It surely could not be that he was cross because she did not keep absolutely still. I wonder—perhaps he believes that “Little girls should be seen and not heard.” “No, that is impossible. He would not have been so cross, nor looked so ashamed. Yes, there’s something mysterious about it. I can’t help thinking it. it does look suspicious. There are four doors, that’s certain, for I counted them. The door that the wind is shaking is the one I entered. The one I noticed on the right-hand side of the room must lead to his bed-room, while that by the table is surely Maizie’s. But the other one! It must also lead to a room because Maizie mentioned a fourth. But why did he cut her off so quickly? Perhaps. yes, perhaps, after all, the Jackson folk were right when they said to search every house from the station to the last hut on Wilton Mountain.

Perhaps, indeed, in that room is the clue to the murder mystery. Well, if it is there, I shall do my best to find it, My fame as a detective will see to that. But, is it not strange that I should accidentally arrive at the very cottage? If it had not stormed so, I should certainly have gone up to Wilton Mountains tonight. The more I think of that door, the more I suspect. At any rate, it can do no harm to investigate.”

Stepping as quietly as possible from the lounge, he made his way, guided by the rattling and banging, towards the door which he had entered. He felt for the club bag which he knew had not been moved from the place where he had set it on entering. Fumbling for a few moments in its depths, he finally found his flash-light and turned it on.

Still as silently as possible, he walked up to the door—that door which for the stranger was all-important. He turned the knob. It was as he suspected. It was locked.

His suspicions were confirmed. He tried the door again; it was of no use.

"Well, locked doors cannot stop me. They are the least of my troubles." And again, going to his club bag, he pulled out a skeleton key and began to fit it into the lock. But the noise of the clicking had alarmed Mr. Mathews. He was suspicious of the stranger, as he was of all visitors. He had watched and had seen the flash-light.

"Maizie child! Wake up!"

"I.....don't.....want.....to go.....to the.....mountains....."

"Wake up, Mazie! This is no time to be dreaming! That stranger, instead of going to sleep is prowling about the kitchen! Dear knows what he's up to—perhaps he's a burglar. And if he isn't—I believe I can guess. Well, if he's trying to find out about the murder, he'd better go a few houses further up, where I have my suspicions he would find something instead of worrying the lives out of innocent people. I know what he's thinking about. Didn't you notice how he eyed that door and how he looked at you when you started to joke about the fourth room? He thought I was mad at you. Well I was.....it does rile me to hear girls making silly jokes and then I am pretty much ashamed of it. But land, girl, hurry! There he is now!

The mysterious door had flung open. The skeleton key had performed its part. What! Another door! Was this a secret vault or chamber? Surely here was the end of the murder mystery.

"I guess I've found something now all right! The papers will be full of it by Thursday!"

"Indeed you have found something, you sneaking spy!" yelled Mr. Mathews. Keep that second door shut! What! You'll open it? Well, see what curiosity did!"

The stranger pushed open the door.

"Moo-oo! Moo-oo.....!"

And the sleek-haired cow rolled her soft eyes towards the three who at this unusual hour had opened her stable door and disturbed her peaceful slumbers.

THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION

THE assassination of Sir Lee Stack, the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and Governor-General of the Sudan, brought to a head a question that has vexed Britain's greatest Statesmen since Egypt became, at least nominally, an integral part of that great Commonwealth of Nations known as the British Empire. This question has always been a problem, and as government succeeded government in England, each Prime Minister has found the same problem staring him in the face. What shall we do with Egypt, or what shall Britain's policy be with regard to Egypt?

Let us go back and see how this problem arose.

Since the connecting link between England and India is the Suez Canal, England, at all costs, must safeguard that thoroughfare of commerce. But the Suez Canal is dependent upon the waters of the Nile, on which, in turn, depends not merely the prosperity but the very livelihood of the major part of Egypt's population, for the fertile flood plains of the Nile make an otherwise wild region a land of garden-like fertility. On the other hand, Britain has developed the Sudan, in which country the Nile has its origin, and hence if Egypt should presume to temper with the water-supply of the Suez, Britain has it within her power to shut off, in a large measure, the waters of the Nile by extensive irrigation in the Sudan, a country which is rapidly coming to the fore as a producer of some of the finest cotton in the world.

But exploitation of one country at the expense of another is not the policy of the greatest of colonizing nations, and England, true to these principles, has brought a degree of prosperity to both Egypt and the Sudan hitherto unknown in those countries.

What then has caused the trouble?

The trouble has been brought about by the Nationalists in Egypt, who, blind to the service England has rendered them in the past and is still rendering them, are continually clamoring for absolute independence. They cannot see that

Egypt's ability to maintain, unaided, a constructive internal and external policy is on a par with the ability of India to assume the status of a self-governing Dominion at the present time. Yet some writers who profess to know the workings of the Egyptian mind, claim that the people of Egypt would be happier under a turbulent and incompetent rule of their own than under the experienced guiding hand of England.

This same Nationalist element has aroused in the people a belief that Egypt has a grivance in the English occupation of the Sudan, though Egypt has never had and never can have any claim to the Sudan other than that of sentiment.

Though it is not to be supposed that the Egyptian government had any hand in, or any sympathy with, the murder of Sir Lee Slack, yet the British Note pointed out that the murder of the Sirdar was the natural result of a campaign "not discouraged" by the Egyptian government.

The note also pointed out that the Egyptian rulers had proved themselves either incapable or unwilling to protect foreign lives in Egypt, and added that by the murder, Egypt, "as at present governed," was "held up to the contempt of civilized peoples."

In view of the above conditions, the British government deemed that the time had now come to cease quibbling and vacillating, and that stern measures must be adopted to uphold the integrity and honor of the Empire. The result was that, before the storm of indignation over the murder had abated, a sharp note, really an ultimatum, was sent to the Egyptian government, and General Allenby was empowered to take upon himself the responsibility of carrying out the British demands. The demands, in brief, were as follows:

A full apology for the crime; an enquiry into the authorship of the crime, with the condign punishment of the assassins; the suppression of all popular public demonstrations; the payment of a fine of £500,000; withdrawn from the Sudan within twenty-four hours of all Egyptian officers and all purely Egyptian units; the enlargement of the area to be irrigated at Sezira; and the withdrawal of all opposition to British action on behalf of foreign interests in Egypt. It

further announced that if these demands were not complied with, England would take "appropriate action."

When these demands were brought before the Egyptian government, a stormy session followed. The Prime Minister, Zaghlul Pasha, and his deputies agreed to apologize to Britain, to punish the criminals, and to pay the fine, but they indignantly rejected the other demands.

When General Allenby was informed of the government's action, he did not hesitate. He promptly sent instructions for the removal of all Egyptian officers and troops from the Sudan, and ordered an increase of the Gezera irrigations. Following this, he seized the Customs Offices.

In spite of this, Zaghlul Pasha obstinately refused to reconsider his decision, but, feeling that the situation was getting beyond his control, he resigned. But as a last act before leaving office, he paid the £500,000 fine demanded, and had a committee draw up a protest to be presented to the League of Nations.

The new Prime Minister was Zewar Pasha, and he being of a more moderate turn of mind than his predecessor, it was hoped that an amicable settlement could soon be reached. England meanwhile, not to be caught unawares, moved troops and ships to the scene in readiness for any emergency that might arise.

Such, in brief, was the crux of the situation. But perhaps we would not be far astray if we said that all this unpleasantness might have been averted if British statesmen during the last few years had pursued a firm policy with regard to Egypt.

Instead of this, matters have been allowed to drift, though the British government must have known that the question would have to be faced squarely sooner or later.

It is true that the British government has acted wisely in the recent crisis, for anything but firm and decisive action would have been a weakness, and the consequences might have been serious. It is also evident that Britain can show good faith in the way she has dealt with the situation, for her policy has safeguarded foreign residents in Egypt. Another proof of good faith is Allenby's consistently sympathetic

attitude, and still another proof is that Britain spontaneously sought the co-operation of the League of Nations in an Egyptian settlement.

It will be no easy task to reach a permanent agreement that will be satisfactory to both parties, and by no means the least difficult of all the questions involved will be that one with regard to the rights of European Powers, especially in the Suez Canal zone. One writer suggests that the League of Nations give international status to the Canal zone, thus keeping the Canal a fairway for all nations. In addition, it is also suggested that an ideal settlement would be: self-determination for Egypt and British protection of the Sudan, though the drawbacks and difficulties of self-determination for Egypt are evident.

The future alone must decide what form the final settlement is to take, but for the sake of peace and harmony and justice to all concerned, it is to be hoped that a lasting agreement will be reached whereby the rights of Egypt and the integrity and unity of the British Commonwealth of Nations will be preserved.

R. A. T., '25.

TRADITIONS—AND THEDA

THE village would have sworn to a man that there had been Harringtons and a Harrington Castle almost since the world began. And, indeed, I found it very easy to believe them that warm June afternoon when I first set foot on Harrington Heath. There was a mellowness, a delightful, weird old-worldness and granite permanence about it which must have grown up through years of storm and sunshine and warm human contact. I felt that fortune had favoured me when I had found a chance to combine a rest from medical practice with attendance upon the castle's youthful owner, young Sir Dugald Harrington.

I felt even more convinced of my good fortune at the end of the second day. My patient had a rather painful fracture of the ankle, which, though, it would probably keep him

chained to his room for sometime, scarcely seemed to necessitate constant medical attendance. However, under the circumstances, I did not demur at the enforced rest and tired, regardless of my professional capacity, to make myself as agreeable as possible—not a difficult feat considering the impulsive, delightful youngster I was tending. To be sure, I rather feared his two maiden aunts who were very patrician and formal. However, as long as my patient and I were comfortable and the museum was filled with exquisite Harrington heirlooms and pictures of stately Harrington lords and ladies and the library with quaint, old books of legend and poem, I was quite contented. That is, until Dugald told me the story.

That was one faintly-perfumed late June evening, two weeks after my arrival. Dugald sat, his ankle almost recovered, in a great chair beside the open window of his room, watching for me. It had long been a tacit understanding that I was to visit the village post-office every other evening to remove the narrow, white envelope from the rest of the Harrington mail and secretly bring it to him. He had never made any remark about it till that. Perhaps his anxiety at my rather belated arrival induced comment. At any rate, when he had read the letter through, he turned to me with a very sombre young face.

“Honestly, now Doc, just ethically speaking, how much duty do you think the new world owes the old?”

“Duty”? I puzzled.

“Yes, Duty—capital D. To traditions, I mean, and all that. Suppose, for instance, a chap belongs to a mighty old family that’s bundled up in traditions so it can hardly breathe—and what’s worse, doesn’t even want to breathe, thinks it’s losing caste to take away even one bandage!—must he bundle himself up, too, in every one of them? you know?”—suddenly intensely personal—“It’s dashed hard to break away when you’re the only one they have—life and family and everything else to them?”

“It’s” I felt my way slowly, “a very old problem, boy Dugald, youngsters of every generation have to face it. It’s

so specially hard on your class. I think, perhaps, if you felt free to tell me a little more"—

Dugald ignored, that remark, "I know it's trite—deucedly trite. But, of course, it's a little different in our family on account of the sun-dial—I mean, it's sort of the foundation and everything of our traditions. But it's partly on account of that they don't like Theda.

"Sun-dial? Theda?" I echoed stupidly.

The boy had calmed a little and waved an explanatory hand at the envelope.

"Her father's sort of a Bohemian kind of an artist—you know, lives in New York. Theda's in London now—studying music. She's—she's—sort of sweet. That's all about Theda. I thought you must have heard the sun-dial story in the village."

"I don't know the village, much," I explained apologetically. I would love to hear the story."

The boy stared unseeingly out of the window. The perfume of hawthorn driftel in and a cricket chirped in the garden.

"It's rather a beautiful thing," he said. And then he told me the story as I shall give it to you.

"They say the first Harrington made it—hundreds of years ago. I have never looked up the genealogy carefully, but I think he must have been Norman—likely a courtier. Anyway, he had rather odd fancies and liked to make quaint, little figures of things. One day he made the sun-dial. There was no sound for a moment but the churping of the cricket. Then the boy continued, "I guess it was a very beautiful thing. He made it in memory of his wife who had died two years after they were married, leaving him with one son. He painted it very wonderfully with a tiny picture of an old stone-castle and ivy. Somehow, it fell into the hands of the queen and she was so delighted with it that she promised him great wealth in exchange. But he had loved his wife very much, so he refused as courteously as he might, telling her why. It is said that the queen, who was very unhappy in love herself, called with tears in her eyes for the sword that she might knight him there and then, saying as she did

so: 'rise, my lord of Harrington. I have met with no other in my kingdom at once so chivalrous, so honourable, and possessed of so exquisite an imagination. Preserve your sun-dial and may the lords and ladies of Harrington follow always its traditions.' And they have." There was flame in the boy's eyes when he finished. "They've taught me all that stuff by heart, you see, since I was a little chap. I'm rather proud of it myself."

"You might well be", I replied, almost afraid to break the spell, "Is there more to the story?"

"Oh yes, you see, we haven't the sun-dial now. They say that's why the family is declining in every way—except honor." The boy's head went up proudly. "Great-great uncle John Harrington was a bit wild, they say, and he lost the dial—or rather, hid it. It was like this. He had been wild, of course, but always straight until, one night, he promised some fellows to do something—well, it wasn't Harrington. On the night, he was to meet his chums, he went to look at the time on the sun-dial. The Harringtons love to say that the spirit of its maker slowed the dial that night. Be that as it may he was an hour late for his appointment—as they found out afterwards—and never took part in the deed. He came back just long enough—it is believed—to take the dial with him. Then he vanished and was never heard of again. Nor have we ever found trace of the dial. My aunts believe that the Harrington who finds it will bring the family back to prosperity again."

I was too deeply moved by the beautiful tale to say anything for a moment or two. Dugald was again staring unseeingly out of the window with a hovering something at once, proud and wistful around his mouth. He turned without waiting for me to speak and began jerkily;

"About Theda. She writes that a musical opera, in which she has a minor part, are touring the country and will be in Brandon—the nearest town—next week. She wants me to come and bring my two "blessed o'd aunts." Imagine Aunt Martha journeying to Brandon for a purpose like that!" The boy suddenly doubled up with eager, fresh, young laughter. "I'll go, of course, but she—you see, I met her in London

last summer—no matter how—and I told her a great deal about Harrington Heath and the Castle and my aunts. She seemed sort of made for things like that. maybe I kind of gave her a wrong impression about it all, but,—“the boy’s eyes pled with me—“it was like it’s always been to me. And I can’t tell her how things are. You see, my aunts have begun to be discouraged about the dial and they have decided that I must bring back prosperity by my marriage. I can’t tell Theda. She couldn’t understand. She’d think I was cowardly not to break away and—and I don’t think it’s cowardice! If it was one’s father—or whole family—or anybody strong—but they—you see, all of life for them is the Harrington family and the Harrington traditions—and the present lord and heir of the Harrington estates.” The boy laughed mirthlessly. “And they’ve been so good to me in their own way and almost gone without food to send me to college—I can’t do it, doc.”

I talked to the boy a long time that night but there was so little one could do or say. He went asleep and I sat up far into the night trying to find a solution.

There was no opera in Brandon that night after all. The star fell ill and so the next day, the east, because they had nothing to do and were young and—it was beautiful summer on the English downs, held a pastoral on Harrington Heath. Dugald was visibly disturbed, especially when his aunts declared and their intention of going.

“It’s”—the thin silver of Aunt Prisalla’s voice pronounced, “a very beneficial thing for the villagers. It will probably be very poorly presented but, at least, it will possess beauty of setting and will teach the working people to value the peace and contentment of their surroundings. Martha and I will indicate our approval by attending.” Dugald groaned but made no remark. He dared not tell his aunts that the abhorred Theda would be present.

The scene of the pastoral was a delightfully romantic spot—a birch grove on the borders of the Harrington estates. About one hundred years previous, great-grandfather Harrington had designed this for the axe and a large central space had been cleared before a protesting family could stop

the desecration. Here the pastoral took place. I was so entertained by the beautiful view of the tiny village,—each separate spire and chimney choosing a particular pine-birch-tree to peep around—and by the astonishment of the villagers, that I feared I paid little attention until the beginning of the third act, when Dugald had warned me, Theda would make her appearance.

I think I had not expected such an exquisite, little being—not exactly pretty—just exquisite like a dainty cameo—tiny and white-skinned with soft, shining hair and wide, very dark blue eyes. She sang with no special power but with a very peculiar sweetness—a little dainty ballad about knights and “one” ladies. Straight into Dugald’s brown eyes she sank it—her answer to the things he had found courage to tell her in their ride across the heath that morning,—

“Oh, the true knight has one lady
And one lady alone,
And not for wealth nor money
And not for Castle home.

Would the true knight leave his lady,
His lady, his lady,
Would the true knight leave his lady
and——

Crash! A silken flurry of pink crepe

and the tiny, tripping feet doubled under their owner and dropped her down within two inches of the closed trap-door built for the play over a “deep dark hole”—dropped her down with a long, brown half-decayed root in her hands where she had pulled it free of the ground in an effort to save herself. Theda gave just the sort of a gasp you would have expected and sat quite still for a whole minute, an absurd, adorable, little heap. Then, suddenly, she gave another gasp and dove with her both tiny hands in the long brown furrow the root had left.

Then, before the bewildered crowd had time to collect its sense, Theda had run, jumped, skipped, shoved her way over

the stage and straight to Dugald and I and the two prim aunts. Breathlessly, she dropped something into the boy's lap and stood before him, eyes shining. The crowd surged around us, curious, gaping. Aunt Martha and Aunt Priscilla rose trembling to their feet and clutched each other's hands. Dugald sat, holding the little box, making no motion to open it, only looking straight at Theda with a great light shining in his eyes.

"There's—there's writing on it, she cried,, read it, Dugald—please quick!"

I shall never forget those words as Dugald Harrington read them that day in a voice almost unnaturally clear. "Buried here by me, John Graham Hunt, in this wood on this day, the 17th of August, 1757. Was afraid the young master would break it or carry it away."

Dugald still held the box in his hand, making no move to open it. "That", he said slowly, "must have been the old gardener they tell about who got shot by poachers two days after great-great uncle John ran away.

After all, it was Aunt Martha who seized the little box and took from it the broken but exquisite heirloom we had scarcely dared expect. Absolute stillness fell on the crowd—only Aunt Priscilla began to cry. Aunt Martha simply held the dial and stared with a concentration I have never seen before or since.

Then Theda seized her a moment. Ignoring Dugald's eager hands, she laid her own tiny ones on the stooped shoulders of the old devotee.

"Please," she begged, "don't you think finding it makes me a Harrington too?"

And Aunt Martha looked as though she thought it did.

A . LIFE-SAVER

A POET wrote a poem, he thought it good,
And sent it off to sell, as poets should.
The days went slowly by, as days will do,
The poet scanned the mails; 'tis sad, but true,
At last a letter came, "Oh joy! Oh bliss!"
He fearfully peeped inside, "At last, by heck!"
He promptly swooned with joy, "A check! A check!"

Then to his wife, his prostrate form beside,
"I've led a doleful life", he weakly cried,
"And now I meet my death"—she never crept—
"From unexpected joy", she gently wept.

"My one—my last request", he murmured low,
"Is, show the check to me before I go."
She held it up to his fast-dimming sight,
He read, and sat erect, recovered quite.

What caused the miracle that loosed death's grip?
Merely a new kind of—rejection slip!

O. T. R., '26.

A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at each corner and along the sides. Inside the border, the word "SCIENCE" is written in a simple, black, sans-serif, all-caps font, centered horizontally and vertically.

SCIENCE

THE GOLD STANDARD

PROBABLY the most important problem confronting the world today is that concerning the currency, the question of re-establishing the gold standard. On this question depends the restoration of commercial prosperity, and upon commercial prosperity rests the fate of nations. The vital point is in the currency, and only with the restoration of a sound currency can ultimate financial rest be assured.

Before 1914, there was worked out an international system of currency, based upon gold. The gold was coined into different shapes, but this fact did not alter its value. The thing called a sovereign was stamped as such to show that it contained $11\frac{3}{4}$ grains of pure gold. In the same way, a dollar was called such to show that it contained $23\frac{1}{5}$ grains; and so with the coinage of all the other countries. Thus international trade was rendered comparatively easy by the payment of gold. It made no difference whether it went in the form of bullion or of coins—it was accepted as par in any country because of the system. The least variation in the price of bills set up an automatic regulation. Everything was certain. One knew the utmost that he had to pay—usually about four cents—in order to send his money into another country—and so the country in which it had all been originated, England, became the commercial centre of the world. In that splendid gold standard lay the secret of the world's commerce, and for over a century economists had taught that any nation which departed from that standard was taking the first step towards ruin. The assignat of the

French Revolution and of the American greenback were cited as examples in order to show the truth of this statement.

As soon as the war came, however, every nation, in order that they might meet payments and use the gold for other purposes, immediately cut away the gold basis and reached out for irredeemable paper money. After this, step followed step until by the end of the war it was practically impossible to restore the gold standard, which contains the first step towards commercial solvency and prosperity. Unless this is done, ultimate ruin will result.

Look what happened in Germany. From necessity or policy, marks were printed in great numbers, and strange results began to appear, calculated to lead the world astray. It seemed as if Germany were making money by the depression of the mark.

As the mark was multiplied in numbers, its value fell. Interest rates and prices rose. Rise in prices meant increased profits, because it is a recognized fact that wages never rise as fast as prices. The working man suffered every time while the employer gained. He was paying what was really a lower and lower wage, paying wages in the depreciated mark, and exacting more and more work for every gold mark that he gave; consequently he was able to sell his goods in all parts of the world at a lower price than the manufacturer in other countries. But to do this, they were forced to keep on going; the government continued to print large quantities of marks, prices kept soaring and wages always lagged behind until Germany ended in the financial ruin where she is today.

To a lesser extent the same thing happened to France with regard to the franc. She is beginning to pull herself out of difficulties now, however, and the value of the franc is again rising.

As to England there has been more wisdom and judgment shown there than in any other country. As soon as the war over financial experts met with bankers and economists and drew up the Aucliffe Report, in which they stated, "There can be no stability for our trade until the pound sterling in

gold becomes again the basis." This is still the policy of England, but the difficulty is to put it into effect. She has a large outstanding debt, and the bad currencies of all the world are pressing up on her, which makes the task very difficult.

True to tradition, however, they refuse to give in and depreciate their money, although the popnd sterling may be forced down by the severe pressure of the situation to \$4.25 as it stands at the present time. The way is not easy. It would be much easier to print more notes, let prices rise and busines boom, and reach out for a temporary prosperity that could only end in final disaster.

Turn to United States. Here is a different picture. It is estimated that half the world's coined gold lies in the banks and treasuries of the United States today. And of what use is it? Practically worthless. The United States has become the miser of civilization. She sits and fingers her gold that should be lent to other countries and which might become the basis of a new currency. Lending the gold hoards of the United States is one of the most important steps to be taken, for it is only by getting money into circulation that any degree of banking can be established.

And now, with regard to Canada, the country with which we are most vitally concerned. We suspended the gold standard in August 1914, and we have forgotten that it ever existed. Our paper dollars seem to fulfill their functions, but if we only knew it, the real basis of our commercial soundness has been torn away. Our money is not as bad as the French franc, it is not nearly as bad as the German mark, but it is bad money, and we should never forget it. We should resolutely against depreciated currency and do our utmost to put our country back on the gold basis.

Now what would happen if we said that after this date every Canadian dollar shall be paid in gold? The argument might come up that in the paying off of our debts, our gold would soon run out and that then we should be worse off than we are at present. Our balance of trade, however, is very favorable, has been every year and is likely to be for many years to come, for we sell more than we buy. The last

annual returns show a hundred million dollars in our favor as a whole, that is, reckoned with all the world, and if we could be allowed to resume the free sale and purchase of gold we could always sell our sterling obligation for gold and pay anything that had to be paid.

We also have interest to pay on a large national debt, and the large sum of principal which falls due from time to time. This is true if all the people ask for gold, but ever since Confederation this country has paid out interest on a large debt, and never paid one cent of gold; it was paid through the ordinary banking operation backwards and forwards as it can be done again. There is the undoubted fact, however, that inevitably there would be at first a drain upon our tender for its bills, and the legal tender would be accepted for the gold that was behind it. If that continued, undoubtedly every bank would be broke, and even our own government would be involved in the crash. That is the worst that could happen to us if we tried to restore the gold standard and failed. But that is no worse than is happening at the present time for the government is broke now, and at least we have ventured along the right path, which is better than neglecting it through fear.

And what would be the advantage of all this trouble in getting back to the gold standard? It means that if we go back to the system under which we can truly say that our money is "as good as gold", Canada will become the best country in the world for the investor and she will attract capital from all over the globe. The great thing we need is incoming capital and immigrants, and this is the way to attract both. We must establish a standard of money which will mean that every investment here is a good investment, and it is only by taking this first step in restoring the gold standard, that we can hope to increase the prosperity of our country to the degree which is needed for ultimate success.

H. G. B., '25.

RADIO

IT is a startling fact that the mechanism that makes radio telephony and telegraphy possible is as old as the universe and that all thru the ages we have been observing it in action, but that only within the last few years has man taken advantage of it for a useful purpose. As far back as human record goes, man has known lightening quite intimately and even prehistoric man found it necessary to take precautions against its effects. With the recognition of the usefulness of metal and its adoption into the field of man's activities the danger from lightning appears to have become greater and the precautions that he has observed against its effects more complete. Not, however, until Franklin had determined what the nature of lightning was and had given this valuable information to the world, have we any record of a concrete recognition of the fact that lightning is only an electric disturbance, the effect of which may be felt at great distances from the seat of the disturbance.

And now man has learned how to make his own lightning, and has learned how it may be harnessed by his will. Less than twenty years ago he learned that he could not only duplicate the effect of lightening with his radio transmitter, but that he could, with his radio receiver, detect the action of his artificially made lightning at tremendous distances. From this elementary beginning he has evolved a system of radio communication that completely annihilates distance, protects human life at sea, allows him to talk most freely to ships when they are many miles away, allows him to direct airplanes from the ground, and what is probably his greatest achievement, allows him to talk to many millions of people at once. This triumph, that of the broadcast radio telephone, is without doubt the biggest step in the advancement of science and civilization that man has ever achieved, and is even now not only filling a new and important place among the elements that make for man's happiness, but is also making impossible another such terrible war as the one thru which we have just passed.

All this has come about through man's realization that all the universe is immersed in a certain something which prevades everything.. He has learned how to create a disturbance in this something—called “ether” for lack of a better name—and has learned how to detect this disturbance in the “ether” at a great distance from its origin. He has opened for himself an avenue of communication that is not only new but is also of such limitless possibilities, that even at this time he can see but dimly the vast fields of usefulness which this instrumentality will ultimately attain and which his other methods of communication could never have.

His discovery that this ether could be thrown into periodic disturbance allowed him to send telegraph signals from one place to another, since the ether disturbance created by his radio telegraph transmitter could be made alternately short and long, just as ordinary telegraph dots and dashes, and he could then do over tremendous distances what he could do with ordinary telegraph lines over only comparatively short distances.

But he required something more than his crude “ether disturber” in order to transmit the human voice. For this purpose, he required something more than a mechanism which would alternately disturb the ether and then have it quiescent. He needed some mechanism that would allow the disturbance which he sent out to carry with it all the fine graduations of tone and intensity of the voice. He needed, also a device which would detect this disturbance that had been sent through the all prevading ether, and which would convert this disturbance again into sound so that one might hear the voice at a distance.

Three short years have seen fairy-like development in radio broadcasting. Beginning with the sending out, into the unknown, concerts of reproduced music from phonographs and player pianos, the studio work has evolved into something very distinctive, for it is now possible to arrange and produce performances of two and three hours duration. The large broadcasting stations have their stage in the studio itself, their audience extends over the entire continent, and occasionally extends to the other hemisphere.

The better studios put on performances of bands, orchestras, instrumental and vocal solos, readings, speeches, and plays. The entire business of broadcasting is still in a state of development, with a constant process of elimination and construction tending toward the permanent and definite values in what will make radio, eventually, one of the greatest factors in our general life. A microphone placed in any theatre, church, or auditorium and connected by telephone line to the broadcasting apparatus, enables anyone with a receiving set, tuned to the station, to hear the performance.

But the real development of broadcasting will be evolved in the studio itself. Already the drama has been transformed into the radio play, and this in turn will form the nucleus of the bigger and more definite radio program. Besides this, the utility of radio will constantly increase because of its dissemination of education and culture.

Broadcasting is in itself an art, or science in which many things have to be considered. Everyone who has had any experience with sound phenomena will realize that certain acoustic rules must be observed in order to get best reproduction. All outside or foreign sounds must be excluded. Various sound-proof materials, such as felt or cork, or even air chamber arrangements, are used to gain this effect. All echoes and reverberations must be suppressed to such an extent that the concert is not "roary"; but at the same time, great care must be taken to avoid reaching the extreme where the sounds seem really dead and bodiless. The walls of broadcasting studios are draped with heavy velvet curtains with a six to twelve inch air space between the walls and draperies. The ceiling is also draped with curtains and the general shape of these is very important. Heavy carpetings on the floors complete the soft setting of the broadcast studio. Finally, the artists and speakers must be carefully placed in proper relation to the microphone so that natural and pleasing reproduction is assured.

A special type of apparatus, known as a transmitter, is used to broadcast radio signals. Its function is to generate a steady stream of radio waves of high power, which may be controlled in character to correspond with the particular

sounds that originate in the studio. Large vacuum tubes, coupled with various electrical apparatus, generate this radio power.

The sea of ether in which we live is filled with disturbances, some of which are caused by natural disturbances of the earth's atmosphere; others are the radio signals, some of which we wish to hear. These signals must be detected and converted into sound, and a means of selecting a desired signal must be provided. The modern radio receiving set does all these things and in addition to these, by the addition of certain apparatus, the sound volume may be increased or amplified.

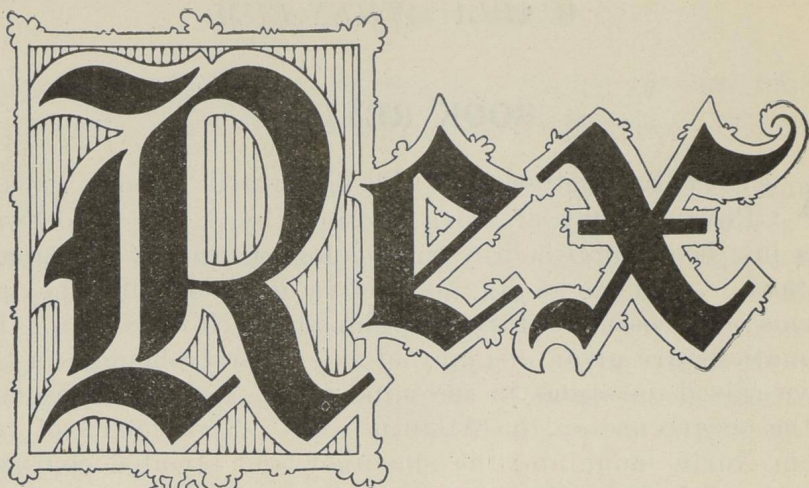
During the past few months, pictures have been transmitted by radio from Europe to America. This has opened an entirely new field of radio broadcasting which, no doubt, within the next few years, will be developed to a perfection equal to that at present attained in the broadcasting of voice.

It is impossible to conceive what developments radio will undergo during the next few years. But it is quite possible and safe to prophesy that within the present generation the radio science will be developed to such an extent that the scenes, actions, and talk of the whole world will be revealed to us in our own hands by—radio.

G. D. A., Eng., '25.

BOOK REVIEW

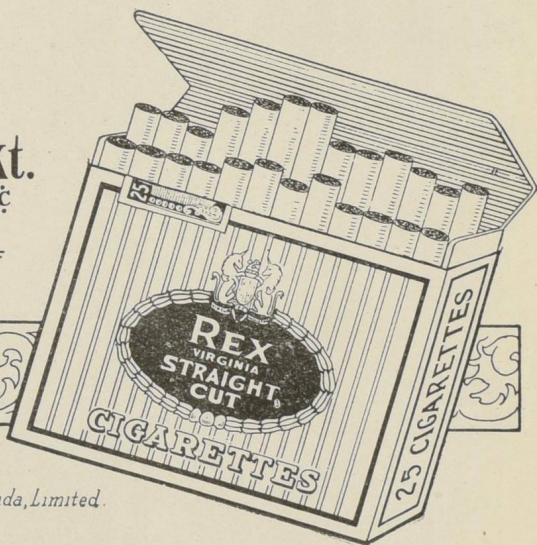
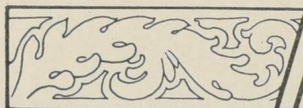
A VERY interesting and well-illustrated report entitled "Physiography of Nova Scotia", by J. W. Goldthwait, has just been published by the Geological Survey of Canada, Ottawa. It deals in an instructive manner with the land forms and costal features developed in Nova Scotia. Explanations are given of many of the natural phenomena that have raised questions in the mind of the inquiring observer, —the occurrence on the Atlantic coast of fragments of rock from North mountain, the smoother and striated character of some of the rock exposures, the formation of lowlands like the Annapolis valley, the salt marshes, the old forest under the salt marsh at Yarmouth, the valleys of the Avon River type and the passes through Cobequid mountains. The report is scientific but not abstruse. It is readable and remarkably free from purely scientific phraseology. The author is to be congratulated on the delightful way in which he has presented the subject and on his selection of a very fine series of photographs for purposes of illustration. The report will be a welcome addition to the library of the student of nature.



King of
CIGARETTES

15¢ per pkt.
25 for 35¢

ALSO IN TINS OF
50 for 70¢



*Manufactured by
Imperial Tobacco Co of Canada, Limited.*

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. LI. WOLFVILLE, N. S., JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1925. No. 3.

V. C. Short, '25.....Managing Editor.

T. W. Cook, '25.....Literary Editor.

E. R. Rafuse, '25, Science.

Inga Vogler, '25, Month.

R. A. Thorne, '25, Athletics.

E. Ardis Whitman, '26, Exchanges.

Margaret Hutchins, '26, Personals.

C. L. Fillmore, '25, Jokes.

H. E. McLauchlan, A.C.A. Rep.

Jewel Henderson, A.L.S. Rep.

Virginia Dixon, '28, Staff Artist.

Percy McKay, '27, Circulation Man.

F. C. Crossman, '26.....Business Manager.

Subscriptions \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates given on application.
All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the
Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



Editorial



BEHOLD, a new year has come upon us since last we spoke to our readers. May the Athenæum convey a much belated greeting? Acadia students are always in danger of confusing their beginnings, as college year, second term, and the orthodox New Year jostle each other for recognition in demand upon moral force of character in the shape of "pep" applied to the carrying out of new and good resolutions. By the time this issue reaches our readers the much heralded and dreaded examinations will have passed into history leaving their joys and bitter sorrows only as memories. Some of our number are meeting their first experience, others are veteran Sophomores and Juniors, while a few feel that they are topping the last rise that leads from the pleasant vale of college life down into the great, wide world!

This term marks an epoch in more general ways. On Thursday, January 15th, Dr. Patterson made the joyous an-

nouncement that the new hall will be ready for occupation one week after the opening of classes for the second term. What a joyful consummation! No more crowding into basements, or vainly searching for professors who are supposed to have a class at a certain place, only to find that some one else has preempted the classroom! No more agony for the unhappy one who must arrange schedules to fit into inadequate classroom space! We are proud of our college building. Like some noble temple of learning; led up to by walks of stately old trees, it stands overlooking the Acadia campus, a magnificent pile of white stone, a monument to the past and a symbol of the future.

It is rather sad to have to descend from admiration of beauty to warning. Yet it is just possible that we need it. Let us remember when we enter the new building that it is not ours alone. It represents hard labor and self-sacrifice of many culture-loving people. So let us take pride in keeping the beauty of the interior unmarred. The science building has not suffered much from vandalism. Yet there are always some strangely perverted specimens of humanity who delight to see their names and symbols carved and printed in conspicuous places. We can see that such, if there are any among us, be dealt with severely. A strong sentiment against such things would do much.

We regret that the cares of other business and the lack of space in our last issue prevented comment on the appearance of our new contemporary—shall we say rival?—"The Spokesman". Will the Editors accept a somewhat belated congratulation on their "Unison, Humor, and Pep," and especially the energy they have shown in carrying forward their new enterprize. They have shown the kind of initiative and faith with which the world can ill afford to dispense. "The Spokesman" is a weekly sheet, carrying some snappy articles and other Literary material of varying degrees of value, but intended in its main purpose to keep the students in touch with college affairs and provide an outlet for criticism and discussion.

Would it be impertinent, since there are rumors that unthinking ones favor a substitution of "Spokesman" for

“Athenaeum”—a change similar to that taking place in many of our colleges, to offer a word on the relative merits, of the two kinds of literature? The Athenaeum is, as we know, a literary magazine. It is, in one sense, rather unique among college monthlys, in that the material is contributed wholly by the students. By the aid of the competitive system and support of the students, a standard of quality has been raised of which we are justly proud. Now, what is the purpose of a college? With all due respect to our newspapers, we cannot but feel that the literature particularly in need of encouragement, and in which a college should be peculiarly interested, should be of a lasting type. Now, what is the value of the daily and weekly newspaper? Simply, it gives daily and weekly news of current events. A college newspaper caters to too exclusive a constituency to attempt to compete with great city dailies in the distribution of world news. So we have only left college events. Do we need this at Acadia? We think it should at least be proved by discovering whether the students have enough interest in such a matter to support it financially. At least, we should hesitate long before we take steps that will result in the loss of our literary magazine.

In the rush of exams, the Athenaeum went short in several of its general departments. The literary departments were well supported, the stories especially being of excellent quality. May we appeal for a little more support in the general departments?

SEMINARY NOTES

THE first Recital of the Department of Music was held in the Chapel on Saturday evening 6, December. The following program was well rendered and delighted both the instructors and audience.

Polonaise	<i>Spindler</i>
	Dorothy Leckhart.
Barearole	<i>Oehmler</i>
	Margaret Grant.

Mazurka	Spindler
	Helen Young.
Reading	"The Chimes"
	Elsie Barnes
Grandpa's Story	Orth
	Bessie Benjamin.
{Folk Song	Greig
{Waltz	
	Natica Sherrer.
Birthday	Woodman
	Beulah Wry.
Reading	"Penrod and Sam"
	Elsie Davis.
Polichinelle	Rachmaninoff
	Vera Olts.
Grillen Op. 12 No. 4.....	Schumann
	Irene Card.
"Parla"	Arditi
	Melba Roop.
Second Arabesque	Debussy
	Lucy Cogswell.
Scherzo Op. 39	Chopin
	Minnie Poole.

God Save The King.

On the following Saturday evening the 13, December the Students in Expression delighted their hearers with the following:

Monologue—"Their Only Child"	Fiske
	Marion Marshall.
Reading—Anne Tells Her History—	
	(taken from <i>Anne of Green Gables</i>)
	Elsie Davis.
Monologue—"Christmas Greens"	Hull
	Jean Stewart.
Reading—"Penrod's Busy Day"—	
	(taken from <i>Penrod and Sam</i>)
	Ena Roop.

Piano Solo—"Polichinelle" *Rachmaninoff*
Vera Olts.

Reading—"Gadsby's Wedding" *Kipling*
Doane Hadfield.

Reading—"A Lady Enquiring About Trains" *Fiske*
Laura Trenholm.

Reading—"The New Fool" *Leacock*
Ralph Marvin.

Reading—"The Coming of the Prince" *Field*
Vera MacEacheron.

Play—"Trifles" *Susan Glespell*

Characters:—

George Henderson Doane Hodfield

Henry Peters Clarence Gould

Lewis Hale Ralph Marvin

Mrs. Peters Lena Price

Mrs. Hale Helen Yeomans

Scene:—The kitchen in the now abandoned house of John Wright."

God Save The King.

The Annual Christmas Vesper Service, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., was held in the Seminary Chapel on 14, December. The Order of Service was as follows:

Hymn—"Joy to the World.

Invocation

Solo Miss Guri From

Scripture Reading

Tenor Solo "The Infant Redeemer"
Mr. W. A. Jones.

Prayer

Violin Solo—"Meditation" ..from *Thais* Massenet
Miss Grace Chapman.

Address Dr. H. T. DeWolfe

Offering

Hymn "The Herald Angels Sing"
 Glee Club—"Carol Sweetly Carol" *Mansfield*

On 16, December the Seminary Dining Room was the centre of interest where the Faculty, students and guests were treated to a sumptuous Christmas Dinner. After all the good things had been disposed of, speeches were made by Dr. Patterson and Dr. DeWolfe. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. DeWolfe, Dr. and Mrs. Marshall, Miss Rosamond Archibald, and Mr. W. A. Jones.

On the following evening immediately after supper, Santa Claus made his appearance in the form of Mademoiselle Gassard.

After an appropriate speech she retired, leaving behind her as an expression of the Christmas spirit a dainty bookmark for every girl in the Seminary.

At a meeting of the Basket Ball Girls held for the purpose of electing officers the following were chosen:

Captain—Vera MacEacheron.

Business Manager—J. Henderson.

At a similar meeting held recently Queenie MacLean was chosen as Hockey Captain and Marion MacLaughlin, Business Manager.

Although many of last year's players are missing, there is some splendid new material, and under the efficient coaching of Mr. Fred Crossman and Mr. Blair Elderkin respectively the Seminary teams hope to make at least a creditable showing.

Pierian Society continues to meet every second week. The following are the names of the officers and committees for the ensuing term.

President—Cecilia Bradshaw

1st Vice—Emily Kelly

2nd Vice—Mary Milliard

Secretary-Treasurer—Eva Robinson.

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE.

Ruth Harris, Evelyn Hatfield, Elsie Davis.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE.

Grace Abrams, Vera Shaffner, Hazel Cochrane.

The Reception, given under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. and Pierian Society was held in the Seminary Chapel, 17, January. The decorations were artistically arranged and greatly added to the appearance of the various rooms. The topics were interesting and original, even the Faculty being interested in the Cross Word Puzzle, which was especially designed for the occasion by Dr. DeWolfe. The Guests were received by Miss Margaret Palmer, Vice Principal; Miss Florence MacDonald, President of Y. W. C. A., Miss Jean Stewart, President of Pierian Society First Term; and Miss Cecilia Bradshaw, President for Second Term. After the customary eight topics the National Anthem and Acadia Doxology concluded an enjoyable evening.

J. H., A. L. S.

ACADEMY NOTES

A VERY interesting debate was held the evening of Jan. 24, between members of the Middle Class. The subject of debate was Resolved; that "Reading is more beneficial to the individual than Travel." G. Titus brought in a very humorous and interesting critic's report on the manner in which the debate was handled by the two teams.

It is the intention of the Debating Committee to arrange for several inter-class debates in the future.

The Senior Class of the Academy was very pleasantly entertained by the ladies of the Baptist Church in the parlor of the Church, Tuesday evening, an. 10.

The Hockey Team got away to a good start by defeating King's line-up at Windsor on Jan. 24. We hope that the team will keep up the good work in its future games.

The Y. M. C. A. under the leadership of its new President, Mr. Harold Hopper, has been having some very interesting and enjoyable meetings this year. Along with the

regular addresses each night there is usually a special musical attraction which greatly adds to the interest.

The following officers have been elected to carry out the work for this term:

OF THE SCHOOL.

J. E. Raymond, President; B. Linton, Vice-President; and L. Williamson, Secretary.

OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

B. Berry, President; J. Carruthers, Vice-President; and F. Smith, Secretary.

OF THE COURT.

G. W. Titus, Judge; E. Ferguson, Clerk; W. Roberts, Crown Prosecutor; S. A. Titus and A. Harrison, Police.

OF THE Y. M. C. A.

H. Hopper, President; A. Akerly, Vice-President; and A. C. Titus, Secretary.

OF THE LYCEUM.

B. Linton, President; G. Chambers, Vice-President; and G. Colwell, Secretary.

W. Parker, J. Chisholm and A. Bolby was elected as the nominating committee for 1925.

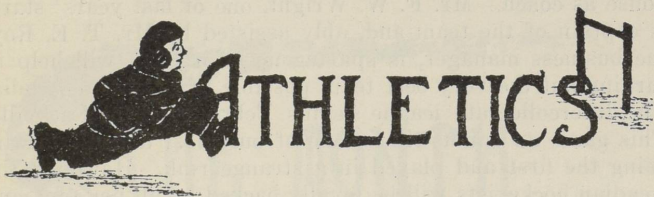
The following are the officers of the Senior Class:

President, B. Berry; Vice President, G. Hamilton; L. Williamson, Secretary and W. Roberts, Treasurer.

G. Titus has been appointed to give the Class Prophecy and W. Roberts to give the Valedictory.

The night before the fellows went home for the Christmas holidays they had a very enjoyable Xmas dinner. Dr. Patterson and Dr. Marshall were among the guests who gave short after dinner addresses. The dining hall was decorated for the occasion and a very happy hour was spent.

At a Court Trial held Jan. 26, H. Griffin was sentenced to give a vocal solo in front of the post office at 5.15 p.m., Jan. 28, for failing to appear in a debate, in which he was supposed to take part.



THE Athletic activities of the past month have not been very important. There have been no intercollegiate games; the sports were confined to interclass competition solely. The interclass basketball league was played off during the two weeks previous to the Christmas vacation. In the boys' league, the Juniors captured the championship without any great difficulty, while the Senior girls, true to their admirable reputation, carried off the honors in the girls' league. In the games of the series, a high degree of interest was shown and, excluding the champions, the teams were quite evenly matched and the competition keen. One of the most thrilling games was the Sophomore vs. Engineers, which the Sophomores won by a narrow margin and a hard fight. The Juniors vs. Sophettes game was also well competed. The Sophettes won thru the accurate shooting of their forwards but had very little advantage of play.

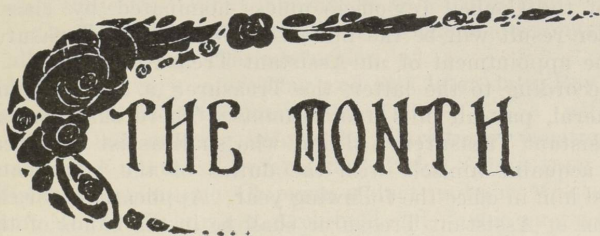
The interclass series revealed an abundance of intercollegiate material among both girls and boys

The college basketball practices are now underway. There are large representations turning out for both teams. Miss Helen Lawson is captain of the Co-eds' team again this year. The captain of the boys team is not yet appointed. Mr. H. A. Davison has been elected manager. Acadia has an enviable reputation in basketball circles. Her prestige during the last two years has greatly increased. The students feel confident that this year that good name will be maintained.

Hockey, Canada's national sport, is also claiming its share of interest at Acadia. Six hours per week the boys are chasing the puck under the direction of "Ted" Stack-

house as coach. Mr. F. W. Wright, one of last years' stars, is captain of the team and, ably assisted by Mr. T. E. Roy, the business manager, is sparing no effort that will help in turning out the very best team possible to represent Acadia. The intercollegiate league begins February 5, at Sackville. This game no doubt will be one of our most difficult to win, being the first and played in a strange rink. However, the Acadian hockeyists will be loyally backed by all her fans and again it will be "What are we goin' to give 'em?!"



A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose and various leaves and smaller flowers, arranged in a horizontal, slightly curved pattern.

THE MONTH

STUDENTS' UNION.

NOW that the first term is nearing its close, it would be well if the *Athenæum* broke its silence respecting our new but most important organization, the Students' Union. The Union has held a number of meetings; the Council, its executive, several; the members of the Judicial Committees (boys and girls) were appointed; and the last budget was presented by the Treasurer.

The Season Ticket Scheme, after a period of uncertainty occasioned by the Bursar not having been informed last year of the increase in the Universal Fee, was finally put through by the Union. The benefits of the scheme are obvious.

Shortly before Xmas, as the late fixed by the Faculty for the beginning of the Xmas vacation, Dec. 22, was unsuitable to the students, they passed a resolution asking the Faculty to change it to Dec. 19. As a result the Faculty graciously allowed the vacation to begin Dec. 19 and end Jan. 7, with the understanding that there should be no special holidays for the rest of the year.

Treasury.—Dec. 31, 1924, Bank Balance, \$696.39. Of Total Estimated Income from Universal Fee (\$2890.00), the sum of \$1716.75 has been received from the Bursar. Estimated Balance from Bursar, \$1173.25.

A number of amendments to the constitution of the Union have been passed by the students and are now (Jan. 17) awaiting the approval of the Committee on Student Affairs. As a result, the Treasurer of the Union and the Chairman of

the Willett Hall House Committee shall invariably be members of the Council (ex-officio unless nominated by class). Another result will be the increased work of the Treasurer and the appointment of an Assistant Treasurer.

According to the latter, the Treasurer, a Senior, shall, in general, pay all bills and accounts. There shall be an Assistant Treasurer, a Junior, who shall assist the Treasurer acquaint himself with the duties of the latter, and succeed him in office the following year. Applications for the position of Assistant Treasurer shall be in the hands of the Council within a week of the opening of the academic year, and the name selected by the Council shall be referred to the Students' Union for approval. In those societies that abolish their treasurer's office, the secretary shall take the place of the treasurer in O. K-ing bills, etc., and it shall be the duty of the Union Treasurer to provide statements of funds to societies requesting the same. Finally, the Assistant shall have 10 points.

It was also decided to put the scheme in operation the beginning of the second term.

The Committee on Student Affairs has at last been appointed. The members are—Doctors Wheelock and MacDonald, Prof. Rogers, Dr. L. Eaton, George Nowlan, Esq., and President Patterson and Ren Thorne (ex-officio).

The Council, in conjunction with the heads of the various organizations, has ordered standard Union writing-paper. The advantages accruing are manifest.

Last chapel Ren Thorne, President of the Union, announced that as a result of an interview with the President there would be a Students' Union Office in one of the rooms of the new building. It would be for the use of officers of the Union and other organizations, and papers, reports, etc., would there be kept on file.

S. C. A.

The meetings of the womens' branch of the S. C. A. have been most interesting and helpful. The meeting on Nov. 30th took the form of a song service, and a discussion on,—Is the S. C. A. worth while?"

On Dec. 7th, Dr. DeWolfe addressed the meeting, taking as his subject,—“What it means to be a Christian.”

On Dec. 14th. Rev. Gullison, returned missionary from India, spoke on the conversion of . This address was very interesting and at a later date, Rev. Gullison is to tell us of the conversion of wife.

The last meeting before the Christmas vacation was made up of a musical programme. Helen Simms sang a solo; Misses Freeman and Chipman a duet and the Misses Chipman, Murray, Schurman, Archibald and Vogler sang a chorus. Laura Duncanson read “The Other Wise Man.”

On Jan. 11th, the “Canadian Student”, the magazine published by the S. C. A. was discussed and articles were read from recent numbers by Evangeline McClelland and Inga Vogler, the latter entitled “Where are ”, being of special interest, since it was written by one of last year’s graduates, C. M. Spidell.

The meeting on Jan. 18th was very informal, being held in the Reception Room before the fire. Mary Curry read a charming letter from Jean Gates, missionary in China, who was with us last year. Mrs. McLean spoke to us on,—“The charm of a good conversationalist.”

Besides the regular meetings, the Bible Study Groups have been continuing.

Another phase of the work of the S. C. A. was the collection taken to buy Xmas gifts for needy children on the North Mountain. Several of our members made a trip to the Mountain in teams and distributed the gifts personally. The Christmas tree and programme was much enjoyed by the children.

PROPYLAEUM.

On December 1st, the regular meeting of Propylaeum Society was held in the Physics Lecture Room. The programme for the evening was the Sophette-Freshette debate, the subject being,—“Resolved that college women should look forward to the learned professions and management of business as proper and desirable opportunities for women.” The Sophettes, who supported the negative, were Mary Bis-

hop, Helen Simms and Ethelyn Osborne; the Freshettes were Elizabeth Corey, Eulah Jenkins and Constance Barteaux. The decision of the judges was in favor of the Sophettes.

Mary Curry gave the Critics report.

The meeting on December 15th was the Christmas Propylaeum. The following programme was presented:

1. Synopsis—Carol Chipman.
2. Violin Solo—Zelma Trethewey.
3. Reading—Ardis Whitman.
4. Quartette. Misses Schurman, Freeman,
McMahon and Chipman.
5. Santa Claus and the Xmas tree.

Each girl was presented with a gift and a bag of candy from the gaily decked tree. Evangeline McLelland was the critic of the evening.

LE CERCLE FRANSAIS.

The second meeting of this new organization was held on Dec. 12th, in Tully Club Room. After the business part of the meeting was over, Prof. Rogers gave a very interesting discourse on his first impressions of Paris. Ren Thorne gave a humorous French-Canadian reading, and Misses McMahon and Vogler sang a French song. Grace Beardsley read a paper on a valuable collection of French books in our Library. Games were played and refreshments served, thus

Another social evening was spent on January 16th. Ray Estey gave a talk on some of his experiences in France and in the trenches; Mr. Flowers gave a French Canadian reading, and a one-act French play "Nicette" was presented. Those taking part in it were Miss Dixon, Messrs. Marvin, Thorne and Dunlap. Lydia Miller read a paper on French Canadian literature. Refreshments and the singing of the "Marsellaise" brought a very enjoyable evening to a close.

TULLY PARTY.

The girls of Tully Tavern held their Annual Christmas and students of the University on the evening of December 13th.

After the Grand March the following programme was presented:—

- I. I am the King.
- II. Family Group.
- III. Bird's Christmas Carol.
- IV. Santa's Surprise Package.
- V. Refreshments.
- VI. Merrie Yuletide.
- VII. Christmas Tree.

The whole programme was of a high order and cleverly presented, but special mention might be made of the costumes and the Christmas dinner of "Merrie Yuletide." The decoration were in red and green and harmonized with the spirit of Christmas. Tully Parties are indeed becoming to be outstanding events of the college year.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The girls of Tully Tavern held their Annual Christmas Dinner on the evening of December 15th. The faculty guests were Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Prof. and Mrs. Jeffrey, Prof. and Mrs. Paul Rogers, Dr. Young and Miss Grant

CLASS ACTIVITIES.

SENIOR-JUNIOR SING.

The Juniors and Seniors were invited to the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Chute on the evening of December 14th for a sing. The singing of old hymns was heartily enjoyed by the students, as well as the grate fire and the apples. A solo was sung by Miss Simms and a duet by Misses Freeman and Simms. We wish to thank Dr. and Mrs. Chute for their hospitality.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors went to Kentville on the evening of December 2nd to see "The Covered Waggon." The ride in the bus was much enjoyed, as also the refreshments at the "Green

Lantern." The chaperones were Prof. and Mrs. Rogers, Dr. Young and Miss Grant.

SOPHOMORES.

The Sophomores also held a theatre party, but went to see "Flowing Gold" at our own theatre on December 10th, after which they went to the "Palms" for refreshments. The chaperones were Prof. and Mrs. Balcom, and Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Curry.

FRESHMEN PARTY.

The freshmen began to think that it was time they had a class party, so they held one on Tuesday, November 25th. It is evident that they all felt in need of a good laugh for they went to the theatre to see the burlesque, "The Three Must-Get-There's" and a vaudeville show.

The boys of the class seem to be very bashful for they requested that the "little freshettes green" ask them. Now, as this is leap year that was all right, but boys, we would remind you that leap year will soon be over and therefore you should be getting up your courage.

After seeing the picture, the freshmen went to the "Palms" for refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Hill were the chaperones.

JUDIQUE CLUB.

Early in November the Cape Bretoner's held a meeting and organized a club, hereafter to be known as the Judique Club. About thirty were present and much business was considered. The officers elected were: President, A. A. Harris; Vice-President, H. McPherson; Secretary-Treasurer, K. McKenzie. The executive were then instructed to draw up a constitution and it is now in the hands of Dr. Patterson for approval. The "judiquers" meet once a month and they are now planning a "big time" in the immediate future.

WILLETT HALL STAG PARTY.

True to the joyous spirit of the occasion, Willett Hall Stag Party opened with a burst of music. This, however,

soon gave way to eats, which consisted of oyster stew, cake and coffee. The boys formed an "endless" chain past the genial countenance of Mr. "Artie" Young, who served the refreshments to the great satisfaction of all.

But what is this we see? Surely it is our old friend Santa Claus: We were disillusioned, however, to find that Mr. R. Marven had abstracted the old gentleman's clothing and appeared now in disguise. After a number of highly useful and ornamental presents had been distributed, there was more music, then games, followed by the traditional serenade to Tully and the "Ladies" Seminary. But the fire bell broke up this highly laudable event, and there was a scurrying of feet to the lower town.

The guests of honor were Prof. Paul Rogers, and seniors now residing in town.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Mr. A. A. McLeod, of the senior class, carried off the honors in the Annual Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest, held in the First Baptist Church. There were four speakers, A. A. McLeod, Preston Warren, Frank Allaby, and Robert Goudy. Mr. Allaby, the first speaker, spoke on "World Citizenship"; Mr. Goudy on "Maritime Rights"; Mr. McLeod on "Manatma Gandhi"; and Mr. Warren on Fox Farming in Prince Edward Island".

Mr. McLeod gave an outline of Mr. Gandhi's life, stressed his principles, and interpreted his message in the light of the future.

The judges were Mrs. MacLean and Drs. Chute and Hemmeon. Dr. Spidle presided.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

Interest in the debates is by no means lessening if we are to judge by the evening of November 28th, when the two upper classes debated on the subject: Resolved, that the Provincial Governments should co-operate with the Federal Government to induce immigration from Great Britain and

northern Europe into the Maritime Provinces." Cook, Short, and Warren supported the affirmative side for the Seniors; and Bryns Curry, Crossman, and Neal won the debate for the Juniors.

Smith, '24, acted as critic.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

The Freshmen experienced their first Athenaeum debate on December 6th, when they met the Sophomores on the question: "Resolved, that a legislative union would prove beneficial to the Maritime Provinces." Perry, Harry Jenkins, and Potter debated for the Sophomores on the negative side; and Bishop, Goudy, and Paul represented the Freshmen. The debate was won by the lower classmen.

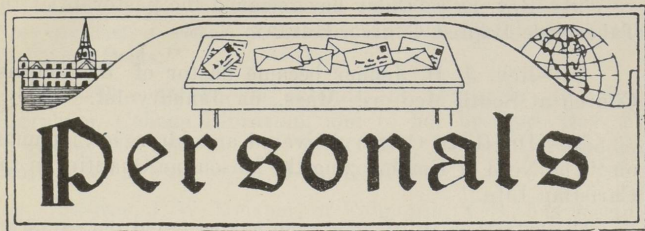
Bryns Curry gave a characteristically excellent critic's report.

SENIOR-ENGINEER DEBATE.

The subject for Saturday evening, December 13th, held, perhaps, more than ordinary interest since it will be used by the inter-collegiate debaters,—“Resolved, that the time has now come when in the best interests of the British Empire, India should be granted the status of a dominion.”

The Engineers, represented by Anderson, Mackenzie, and Kirk, took the affirmative side of the question and lost to Perry, McLeod, and Fillmore, who debated for the Seniors.

Neal acted as critic.



DR. Jacob G. Schurman, United States Minister to China, has returned to the Orient after a visit to America. Dr. Schurman was a student and a professor at Acadia.

'75—W. G. Parsons, Rev. H. D. Bentley '81 and Dr. F. S. Messenger '90, spoke at an Acadia Rally at Middleton, N. S.

'78—Rev. J. A. Faulkner, D. D., professor of Drew Theological Seminary, has an interesting article in a recent issue of *'The Maritime Baptist'*.

'80—The Faculty of McMaster University at a recent meeting, passed a resolution of appreciation of the late Dr. E. W. Sawyer, "As a man, a scholar, a teacher, a Christian leader, and a public spirited citizen."

'1—The *Athenaeum* regrets to record the death of Frank Andrews who died in Victoria B. C., from severe injuries received from a fall.

'85—Rev. S. W. Cumings, profesor in Redlands University, Cal., has been engaged as permanent supply of the Redlands Baptist Church.

'90—Rev. C. A. Eaton was elected as a Representative for the Fourth District of New Jersey in the recent Congressional elections in the United States.

'91—Rev. A. T. Kempton of Cambridge, Mass., is giving a series of Drama Sermons before the Y. M. C. A. of Brooklyn, N. Y.

'91—Rev. E. E. Daley has resigned the pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Halifax, N. S.

'91—Rev. J. H. Jenner became pastor of the Baptist Church at South Medford, Mass., on January 1st.

'96—Dr. G. B. Cutten delivered an address in Cincinnati on "The Need of Emphasizing the Masculine Qualities in the Christian Life."

Ex. '96—Rev. W. B. Bezanson has resigned the pastorate of the Dartmouth Baptist Church and accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Sydney Mines.

'00—The *Athenaeum* extends its sympathy to Rev. Frank Conn, of New York City on the death of his father Capt. H. H. Conn.

'01—Rev. A. S. Lewis pastor of the Fairville Baptist Church, Vancouver, B. C., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Edmonton, Alberta.

'06—Prof. W. Harold Coleman who has for some years been in charge of the Department of English of Furman College, South Carolina, has accepted appointment to a professorship in the Department of English, Bucknell Univ., Lewisburg, Penn.

'07—Rufus L. Davidson is practising Dentistry in Pen-ticton, B. C.

'10—Mr. John H. Geldert, Y. M. C. A. Secretary from Shanghai, China, is now on furlough in Canada and the United States.

'10—Ivan S. Nowlan is Secretary of the Mass. Sunday School Association.

'13—Rev. H. S. Allaby, of Davisville, R. I., arrived on Friday, Jan. 2nd, to take up his work as pastor of the Berwick Baptist Church.

'14—The *Athenaeum* extends its sympathy to Rev. A. Gibson, Annapolis Royal, N. S., on the death of his father.

'15—Rev. C. W. Robbins is contributing to *The Maritime Baptist* a series of articles on The Theology of the Canadian Poets."

'15—The *Athenaeum* extends its sympathy to Mrs. Ingraham, College Librarian, and to her brothers Rev. F. S. Kinley '06 and Rev. F. A. Kinley '15, on the sudden death of their brother Mr. John R. Kinley.

'15—Rev. J. W. Meisner, of Falmouth, N. S., has accepted a call to the church at Nicatux, Anna. Co., N. S.

'15—Dr. Lalia A. Chase leaves shortly for Winnipeg where she will practice her profession.

'16—Miss Hazel Clark is spending the winter in Palo Alto, California with her mother who is recovering from a severe illness.

'16—Mrs. C. P. Wright, (nee Miss Esther I. Clark), is at present at Stanford Univ., Cal., where her husband is engaged in the Food Research Institute of that University.

Ex. '19—Mr. Bernard Haley is lecturing in Economic Theory at Stanford Univ., Cal., and expects to complete his residence work for Ph. D. at Harvard in 1925-26.

'21—The *Athenaeum* regrets to announce the sudden death of Donald H. MacPherson, at his home in Annapolis.

A. L. S. '21—Elizabeth Hortense Griffin was married on Jan. 1, 1925, to William A. Moir, of Halifax, N. S.

'22—Rev. C. H. Atkinson, assistant pastor at Clarendon St., Church has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Livermore Falls, Maine.

'23—Kathleen Bowlby has our sympathy in the death of her brother.

A. L. S. '23—Marion Simpson is teaching in Clermont, Florida.

'23—Beatrice Innes is teaching in Enfield, N. S.

'24—Alden Clark is playing with the Fredericton Hockey Club this winter.

'25—The *Athenaeum* extends its sympathy to Edith Illsley on the death of her brother.

'26—A. P. Morton has our deep sympathy in the death of his mother.

'28—The *Athenaeum* extends its sympathy to Elbert Paul on the death of his mother.

President Patterson was in Boston at the annual meeting of the Acadia Alumnae of New England.





"Don't view me with a critic's eye
But pass my imperfections by."

—Pope.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

—David Everett.

CRITICISM is commonly regarded as essentially unfavorable. To criticize is to show cracks and flaws, to uncover the ragged edges, to condemn with more or less severity. If this were the office of criticism, its task most certainly would be an unpleasant one. But criticism involves no such bias of opinion or attitude. Criticism is the exercise of judgment, and the critic may praise, express his appreciation, and pay an honorable tribute to worth. It is an art within the realm of the fine arts, where culture expresses its judgment with kindness and justice. More than once in the history of literature a 'criticism' has won a reputation for a new writer, and made the world a debtor to its gift of recognition and appreciation.

Some times this seems to be forgotten in the Exchange Department of the college magazine, and the criticisms are long on disapproval and censure, and short on praise and appreciation. This is a mistake. Our duty is to throw the light as brightly upon the strong as upon the weak features of our Exchanges. Indeed, we go further,—we ought to approve more readily than we disapprove. We are too experienced to be lavish with censorious ink. Most, —probably all of the writers in the college magazine are

just adventurers. We must, therefore, encourage those who are only beginning the search for the true art of writing, for, in the words of Pope:

“True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.”

WESTERN U GAZETTE.

This is one of the finest weekly papers that finds a place on our exchange shelf, and the Christmas number is especially interesting. Lack of material does not seem to be one of your difficulties. The article “Individuality and a College Education” is very appropriate, and gives evidence of careful thought. The poem “Impotence” deserves special mention, although all the poetry is good. You are to be congratulated on your numerous poets, especially the humorists. No one can say that the University of Western Ontario is not up-to-date. They even publish a cross-word puzzle!

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The current issue of the monthly contains some very interesting reading. The article on “Brandon” expresses a spirit of friendliness which is highly commendable, and which we would all do well to imitate. Too often we forget that universities are united in a common cause, and we seem to think that our “fellow-students of another university are our enemies. “The Romance of Jewels” is an interesting and original article, and the poem “A Sunset Fantasy” is excellent. The frontispiece “An Impetuous River” adds much to the magazine. The quality of the work is beyond reproach; a greater quantity is highly desirable.

The Brunswicker contains some excellent articles but we

MARITIME STUDENTS AGRICULTURIST.

This small paper contains a surprising amount of good material. It abounds in short articles, some of them, such as the ones dealing with apple-raising in Nova Scotia, are of

special interest to Nova Scotian fruit-growers, while others, such as the one on Education, are of interest to the general reader. In the line of thrills and humour Sol-g-Sombra deserves mention. Interesting as it sounds, we fear that such a journey even in the pleasant lands of France and Spain would be too much for our nerves, to say nothing of our pocket-book. A little poetry would not be out of place to add a higher literary touch, but altogether we find this a very pleasing journal.

THE SHEAF.

The weekly publication of the University of Saskatchewan makes a specialty of college news. All their activities find a place in this "newsy" paper, and in a readable form. To an outsider, however, these are of less interest than articles on general topics, and we feel that the function of a college paper is higher than the mere detailing of events of only temporary interest. Judging from the accounts of the active life which goes on within your halls, the students are fully alive. Could not an interest be aroused in a higher literary standard for your paper?

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

The most note-worthy feature of this month's issue is the excellence of the articles. The article on Yellowstone Park is a fine bit of description, whose value is immeasurably increased by three delightful illustrations. The enlightening discussion of the problems of India by the Rev. John Hart is very timely, and presents this vital topic in an unusually clear manner. This magazine has a high standard which it well maintains, but we venture to suggest that the large space devoted to college activities is a little out of proportion to the other departments.

THE INTEGRAL.

We appreciate this excellent publication of the Tri-State College which adds a little variety to our exchange shelf. Although the best articles are scientific in their nature, and

deal with subjects of special interest to engineering students, we find much that indicates an interest outside of curriculum work. "Cotton Cloth" and "The Care of Locomotive Bailers" are the leading articles of the current issue. We especially commend the department of Editorial Comment touching as it does upon so many cosmopolitan topics, and making an invaluable addition to the paper. Wit, also, is one of its strong points. If your poets could be induced to lend their harmonious songs you would possess a thoroughly balanced and comprehensive magazine.

ARGOSY WEEKLY.

Mt. A's. weekly paper is wholly readable, and we note with interest the raising of the question of recognition of literary attainment. We assure you that we feel that there is no better way of securing a still higher standard than by recognizing in some suitable way the merits of contributors. We find that our system of awards is proving invaluable in keeping up the literary standard of the Athenaeum.

A recent editorial "Exams. and a Merry Christmas" expresses a praise-worthy sentiment. With exams. still ahead of us we appreciate the problem of this article. The sketch of J. O. O'Connell entitled "The Children's Friend" introduces us to the Picnic King. The current news is particularly good.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

There is no scarcity of news in Dalhousie's weekly paper. Coming events are announced, and past events are reviewed in detail. The numerous activities of the Dal students evidently furnish abundant material for the reporter. We regret, however, that the literary talent which is undoubtedly present in the student body finds no expression in this student magazine. Surely it ought not to be so. The suggestion made recently in the correspondence column regarding the addition of a section for literary discussion appealed

to us as being excellent, but a later editorial written in answer to this suggestion informs us that the plan has been tried, and was found to be a failure. A system of recognition of literary merit ought to be an aid in securing a higher class of material. We would suggest also a broadening of outlook to include events of more than local interest.

THE ARGOSY.

We always welcome the Argosy as furnishing us an abundance of food for thought, and introducing topics of more than usual interest. It maintains a somewhat higher standard in that the articles are not contributed by undergraduates, and we feel incompetent to judge the writings of those who so far excell us in wisdom. Articles of special interest are those on Watson, on Pragmatism and on Current Philosophy. The reminiscences by old graduates form an extremely commendable feature, and add an intimate touch which links this generation in good fellowship with the last.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

This is an excellent magazine, and the Christmas issue upholds well the honor of its predecessors. One pleasing feature is the number of rather light articles of a descriptive nature. We believe that some space in a college magazine should be devoted to more serious topics, but at the same time we admit that it is most refreshing to find something that, although light, furnishes us with information which increases our knowledge of the world outside our own small circle. In this connection we would mention "A Lumbercamp Christmas" and "An English Christmas Eve" portraying as they do so great a contrast. The latest version of the "Night before Christmas" is decidedly modern, to say the least. We begin to feel our childhood faith tottering as a result of reading it. We greatly appreciate this publication on our exchange shelf.

THE ORACLE.

The chief characteristic of the student body of the Fort William Collegiate and Technical Institute would seem to be a sence of humor. We read until our gravity was completely destroyed, and then, when we came to a second joke department, decided that too much space was devoted to jokes for a magazine published by suposedly serious students. We fear that the gods who send forth to you their oracular utterings are not taking this earthly existence of ours seriously enough. If they could be induced to take an interest in scientific matters and current problems it would doubtless benefit the Oracle. We suggest also more originality in your prize poetry.

RED AND WHITE.

For variety of material, we find few college magazines to equal "Red and White." The editorial of the current issue is exceptionally good, and the College Chronicle is managed in an admirable manner. Too many make the mistake of putting college news in the foreground. The legend "The God of Publicius" is of a high type, and another story,—*"The Football's Farewell"* adds a touch of fine humor. We enjoyed the poem, *"Réve! Souris!"* for we so seldom see French poetry in a college paper. The article on "Francis Thompson" supplies excellent literary criticism,—a feature which is often lacking. "Red and White" seems to have a character of its own which is scarcely definable, and yet which is evident in all the contributions. We congratulate you, St. Dustans, on the fine work which you are doing.

OAKWOOD ORACLE.

The chief distinction of this bright paper is the abundance of artistic talent which is evidenced in the numerous cartoons which greatly increase the worth of it. The editorial is well-written, "snappy", and full of life. Perhaps the best contribution to the Christmas issue is *"The Story of a Brave Man"* which is all that its name suggests. The athletic de-

partment interests us particularly, especially the variety of athletic contests engaged in by the girls. Your material is all good,—we only wish there were more of it. We do not imply that the magazine is entirely devoid of material; not at all. We merely feel that a little more of such good material would be highly acceptable.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The resemblance of the King's College Record to the Athenaeum both in classification of material and in the system of literary awards gives us a feeling of kinship. The fact that we acknowledge this resemblance is meant to be a compliment, however it may be taken. At the same time we feel that we are complimenting ourselves. The article "Pioneering in New Brunswick Fifty Years Ago", commends itself to us not only as interesting reading but because it calls to our attention the deeds of our own immediate ancestors here in Canada. The scientific article "Destructive Rays" deals with an interesting and novel problem in an interesting manner. "A Ghost at Sea" supplies all the weirdness that it's title suggests. The material is all alive, up-to-date, and enjoyable.

THE MINNESOTA QUARTERLY.

The Minnesota Quarterly may well boast of the abundance of its material, and excellent material it is, too. The stories are too numerous to mention. "The Gopher Men"—a study in anthropology, is an article that is well worth reading, as is also "The Study of Philosophy." We greatly appreciate the space devoted to introducing the reader to the contributors. One enjoys so much more reading the material of one to whom one has at least been introduced. The magazine gives evidence of the support of both graduates and undergraduates, which is in itself a matter for congratulation.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW.

A great deal of space in this publication is devoted to athletics, cuts of the foot-ball teams, general news, and humor. We feel that we are fully acquainted with all the

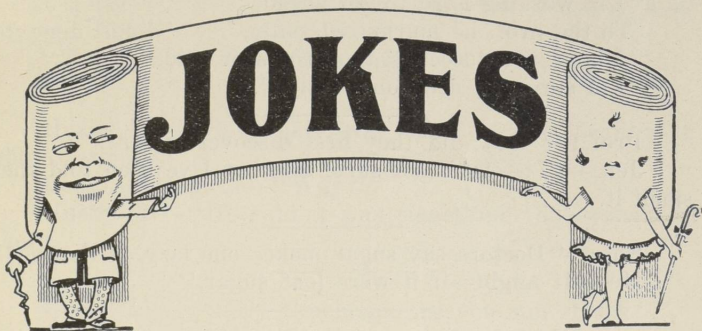
members of the teams from the captain of the first team to the very smallest member of the Lower School team. The articles though short are by no means narrow in their scope, for they carry us from Rome to Japan, and from Quebec to India. Cartoons aid in making it attractive. Illustration seems to be a characteristic feature. We would like to see a poem now and then or a story to take the place of some of the details of athletics.

MANAGRA.

We always find something worth-while in the Managra, and the Christmas issue is no exception. We fully agree with the editor in the comment on the prize story,—“A Christmas Romance.” The poem “The Passing of the Last Great West” expresses well a sentiment which we of the East have heard, but which we perhaps do not appreciate save in the abstract. As usual the Department of Home Economics treats of a subject of practical value,—“Sweet as Honey”. The Animal Husbandry Department, though appealing to a limited number of university students, is highly commendable in a publication which belongs to such a college. “Summer with the New Canadians” introduces us to a Doukhobor colony, and on the whole we find our new citizens quite to our liking though rather amusing sometimes.

THE BRUNSWICKIAN.

The Brunswickian contains some excellent articles, but we regret the absence of poetry. We cannot believe that U.N.B. has no poets, and we fail to see why they should be so modest. It would take very little effort to bring out poetic talent which at present is hidden, and it would certainly be worth while, both for the Brunswickian and for the students. The current issue contains a helpful article for the law student,—“To Be a Lawyer,” and we meet again our old friends from debating circles “Why Canada Should Prohibit the Export of Unmanufactured Wood.” “That Eventful Trip” brings back the memory of foot-ball days, and adds a pleasant touch of humor.



We love to specialize in knocks;
 So don't get peevish if our fun
 Should take a rise from anyone,
 And don't be angry if we fail.
 To get the name of every male
 Or female, who provides a joke—
 We sometimes miss the best of folk—
 But—boost us if our breezy news,
 Should cure your wayward fit of blues.

Sophette: (looking for book)—“I can't find the “Children of Israel” anywhere.”

Freshette:—“I didn't even know he was married.”

He—“Is that the belle of the school.”

Birdie—“Yes—in the gymnasium sense.”

———“What are you taking for your cold, Otto?”

Otto—“What will you give me for it?”

Prof.:—“Why are you wearing that bandage about your head?”

Webber, '28:—Sir, a thought just struck me.

His breath was sweet as lilacs bloom
 But he'd just drunk his wife's perfume.

"I'm working hard to get ahead,"
 To the prof. he murmured sadly,
 "I hope you succeed" the professor said,
 "I'm sure you need one badly."

Prof.:—"How did they first discover silver?"
 Jen.—'27:—"I'm not sure, Sir, but I've been told they
 smelt it."

She:—"Doctors say sugar makes one lazy, is that so?"
 He:—"It might—if it were loaf sugar."

At Athenaeum staff meeting.—"Who is that bored-look-
 ing man over there in the corner, all by himself?"
 "Oh, that's the joke Editor looking over his jokes."

She—"How do you like my new dress?"
 He—"Its ? ? ? "
 She—"Quick! Call a taxi."

Cutten '25:—"Why does Marion Read do so much sew-
 ing?"

Carol:—"I guess she's going to be a 'Taylor' "

"It is said that impetuous people have black eyes,"
 ————"Yes, and if they don't have them they're liable
 to get them."

Pudd '25—"Do you think the women should be allowed
 to vote?"

Moffat '25—"Sure, they are allowed to make money
 all other ways."

Walter Mackley, Eng.—"As my grandmother used to say,
 'I haul in my horn.'"

"Boots", Eng.—"Did she belong to the bovine species,
 too?"

"Hefty" '28—"Say Ted what takes up most of your time?"

"Ted" Taylor '28—"Read-ing."

Husky '27—"Say, that Prof. asked me the meaning of abbreviation."

Doug. Gordon '28—"Why?"

Husky '27—"He said it was something that wasn't all there."

Home Eng.:—"Say Creelman, are you sun struck?"

Creelman, Eng.:—"No Jim, Sem-struck."

Prof. Jefferies—"Parks! What three words are used the most in this class-room?"

Sue:—"I don't know."

Prof.:—"Perfectly correct."

Prof.:—"This is the thirteenth time you've come to class unprepared, aren't you afraid of failing?"

Orlando, Eng.:—"No sir, I'm not superstitious."

PSYCHOLOGY OR MATH.?

The difference between a dimple and a wrinkle is 25 years.

McLatchy.—"I intend to marry a girl who is my direct opposite."

Mason '27—"You'd better get busy then—there aren't many wise and intelligent girls left now-a-days."

McPherson—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Dunlop '26—"I'd shine them."

Poodle McDonald—"Why is it that when I stand on my head the blood rushes to my head, and when I stand on my feet it does not rush to my feet?"

Hevenor '28—"Because your feet are 'nt empty."

Prof:—(In mental arithmetic test)—“How old would a person be who was born in 1888?”

Soph.:—“Was it a man or a woman, sir?”

Dr. DeW.—“A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.”

Student.—“That is why so many of us get plucked in the exams.”

Davy '26.—(Looking at his marks)—“Did you get first class?”

McLatchy.—“The only time I get first class is when I travel on the train.”

Sophette:—“What's the hurry.”

Short '25:—“Oh don't worry, I'm not rushing you.”

Prof. Jeffries:—“What is the value of pi?”

McWha, Eng.:—“About 30 cents.”

Wright '26:—“You can always tell a Sophomore.”

Coit '25:—“Well, perhaps—but not much.”

Eleanor Harris:—“Why do all the boys wear sweaters?”

Curry '26:—“To distinguish them from the professors.”

Skin '25.—(to Freddie Crossman)—“Freddie, I dreamed about you last night. Honestly, girls dream about the craziest things.”

Freddie Wright.—“I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigarettes lately.”

Israel.—“You're right, if that's one of them.”

—“Say, Jenkins, if your girl used you that way, what would you do.”

Jenkins '2—“I'd Walk-er.”

Prof.—“Classics are books which have endured.”

Stude.—“Have been endured, I should say.”

French Prof.:—“Don’t be so literal, Marvin. Read between the lines more.”

Marvin ’22.—“I can’t sir, its half erased.”

Crosman ’26:—Curry has a sovereign contempt for anyone who doesn’t know as much as he does.”

Roy ’25:—“I should think he would.”

Physics Prof.:—“Now what is an expansion due to heat?”

———“Summer days become longer.”

Con. ’28:—“What’s the difference between betting and bluffing?”

Stub Findlay ’28:—“A good ‘deal’ .”

Alce McLeod:—“Do you love me for myself alone?”

Henry:—“Sure who else should I love you for?”

Visitor:—“Did you ever see “The Four Horsemen” in Wolfville?”

Student:—“They’ll have to bring their own mounts if they come here. This is only a one-horse town.”

Dizz ’26:—“Why are girls always so afraid of mice?”

Benny ’26:—“Naturally a girl doesn’t want to be thought a cat.”

Firpo:—“Say Doc, lend me your mug to shave.”

Doc.—“Aw, go on and shave your own mug.”

Arnold—(at the table):—“Pass me the brown bread, that white is as dry as a ‘Chip’.”

Nate——’28:—When I don’t look at girls I feel so blue and when I do, I get red because I am so Green.”

Charlie Fillmore '25:—"No, Ted is a man of open mind."

Copeland '25:—"That explains how the ideas of so many other people get into it, I suppose."

Arnold—(offering a prayer to Santa Claus)—"In the wood-box of your work-shop save for me a 'chip'."

Eddie—(at rink):—"They shouldn't charge me \$5.00 for a season ticket, I'm just a little fellow."

Rafuse:—"And you don't cut much ice either."

Mary Bishop:—"I dreamed about Doc Messenger last night."

Inga:—"Was it a long dream?"

Crandall:—"Its deuced funny to me, but you always seem to be busy when I drop in."

Beryl:—"And still you drop in."

Cox '28:—"I want a couple of pillow cases."

Salesman:—"What size?"

Cox:—"I don't know, but I wear a size seven hat."

1st Parent:—"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basketball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

2nd Parent:—"How so?"

1st Parent:—"Now she writes that she has made the "scrub" team."

He:—"Well, what do you think of the wide open spaces?"

She:—"I never saw such a mouth before, I'll admit."

Prof.:—"When I was in college we took ice cream with a fork. How do you do it now?"

Jimmp Wardrope:—"With Paul."

Psychology Prof.:—"What is the chief value of a college education?"

Sophette:—"To know a good man when you see him."

Miss Parlee '28—(in the library)—“Who is that fellow we met?”

Miss Fritz '28:—“Cook of the Senior Class.”

Miss Parlee '28:—“Gracious! Do they have one all their own?”

Estey, Eng.:—(in Bible Class)—“The Israelites descended from Ham.”

Prof.:—Are you establishing a new theory of evolution?”

1st Eng.:—(at the forge):—Kennie McKenzie strikes like lightning.”

2nd Eng.:—“How do you make that out?”

1st Eng.:—“He rarely hits the same place twice.”

Travel in the younger sort is a part of education;
in the older, a part of experience. - - - - Bacon.

EDUCATIONAL TOURS

— TO —

BRITAIN -- HOLLAND -- BELGIUM -- FRANCE

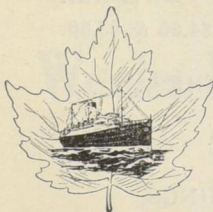
The first Tour, under the auspices of Guy Tombs, Ltd., leaves Montreal on the “ATHENIA” for Glasgow, June 19, returning from Southampton July 17, on the “AUSONIA”.

The second Tour, under the auspices of W. H. Henry, Ltd., leaves Montreal June 27 on the “AUSONIA” for Plymouth, returning from Liverpool July 24 on the “ALAUNIA”.

The third Tour, under the auspices of Guy Tombs, Ltd., leaves Montreal July 3 for Glasgow on the “LETITIA”, returning from Southampton July 31, on the “ASCANIA”.

Inclusive Cost of Tour - \$330.00

For full particulars of itinerary apply to:—



GUY TOMBS LTD.

285 Beaver Hall Hill,
Montreal.

W. H. HENRY LTD.,

286 St. James St.,
Montreal.

THE ROBERT REFORD CO., LIMITED
20 Hospital Street, Montreal.

CUNARD --- ANCHOR --- DONALDSON

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

J. E. HALES & COMPANY, LIMITED

FINE DRY GOODS, SILKS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Coats, Dresses, Blouses,
Fancy Goods and Knitting Wools.

MEN'S CLOTHING MEN'S FURNISHINGS
of the Very Latest Styles.

FOOT BALL, HOCKEY, BASE BALL UNIFORMS,
JERSEYS AND SWEATERS.

SEMI-READY CLOTHING. FASHION CRAFT Tailored Clothes.

Call and See Our Stock and Samples.

Nova Scotia Technical College

Offers

Courses with the Degree of B. Sc. in Civil, Electrical,
Mechanical and Mining Engineering.

Modern Equipment. Adequate Laboratories.

Highly Qualified Staff. Tuition \$75.00 per Year.

TWENTY FREE SCHOLARSHIPS of
\$75.00 Each for Nova Scotian Students.

Write for Information to

PRINCIPAL F. H. SEXTON,
Halifax, N. S.

**F. C. BISHOP ORPHEUM
BUILDING**

**WE CATER TO ACADIA STUDENTS IN FOOTBALL
and HOCKEY OUTFITS and College Jerseys \$4.00 & \$5.00.**

Agents for COLLEGE BRAND CLOTHES.

**EVERYTHING IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS,
CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.**

**A
Good
Thing**



**Rub
It
In**

NOTHING TO EQUAL

Minard's King of Pain

For Sprains, Bruises, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles,
Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Chilblains, Aches and Pains.

It Never Fails--Keep a Bottle Handy

Our plant is well equipped for handling
all kinds of Commercial, Legal, Society
and Book

PRINTING

Weeks Printing Company, Ltd.

54 ARGYLE STREET

HALIFAX

ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Rochester, N. Y.

CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D., LL.D., President.

A graduate school of Theology, with a curriculum designed to train college graduates for effective service as pastors and preachers, at home or abroad.

A Faculty thoroughly trained by graduate specialization and by practical pastoral experience.

An ample Library, and modern equipment.

Degrees of B. D. and Th. M. granted to qualifying students.

All courses in University of Rochester (3 city blocks away) open to Seminary students.

Correspondence invited.

G. B. EWELL, Registrar.

A Cup of RED ROSE COFFEE In The Morning

Not only is delightfully pleasing, but
aids digestion—increases your energy
—and supports the brain for a good
day's work.

Now, while you think of it, have your
grocer send you a can of RED ROSE
COFFEE.

WE are Agents for the following well known
lines:

Bells Shoes for Women
Ames Holden Rubber Goods
Holeproof Silk Hosiery
20th Century Clothing
Hatchway No Button Underwear

WATERBURY CO., Ltd

Wolfville, N. S.

BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING.

WHY

send LAUNDRY to Halifax when the

WAH HOP
LAUNDRY
IS HERE IN TOWN?

PORTER BROS.

Fancy Groceries for your Class Party.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES
for the Show.

Everything to Please the People.

A. W. BLEAKNEY'S
Hardware Store
WOLFVILLE, Nova Scotia

The Devonshire Tea Room
Miss Cooper Miss Harwood

Open from 9.00 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.

Breakfast, Luncheon,
Afternoon Tea, and Supper.
Catering to Parties a Specialty.
Main Street, Herbin Block,
Wolfville, N. S.

C. H. HANSFORD
Sanitary Barber Shop
Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes.
Opposite Rand's Drug Store,
Wolfville, N. S.

Picture Framing a Specialty.

WOODMAN & CO.

FURNITURE DEALERS

Wolfville, N. S.

G. D. JEFFERSON

MAIN STREET

BOOTS AND SHOES.
EXPERT SHOE REPAIRING.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE
OF MOIR'S CHOCOLATES.

Our Fancy Biscuits are just the thing
for your Socials and Class Parties.

J. D. HARRIS

Call in at our Store on
MAIN ST., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

G. C. Nowlan, B.A., LL.B.
Barrister and Solicitor.

Phone 240 Box 134
Wolfville, N. S.

**Hutchinson's Taxi and
Bus Service**

Elm Avenue.

T. E. Hutchinson, Proprietor.
Baggage, Express, and Trucking
carefully done. Tel. 125.

H. E. BLAKENEY
The Student's Shop.

Magazines, Stationery.
Tobaccos, Sporting Goods, etc.
Phone 228.

Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy

(FORMERLY HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY)

Ninety-Sixth Year.

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL

FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN

Staff of Eight Experienced Teachers

New Students' Residence. Modern Equipment

FOUR DIPLOMA COURSES

Collegiate, General, Business, Manual Training

Students prepared for University Matriculation in ARTS, SCIENCE, ENGINEERING, LAW, DENTISTRY, etc.

Instruction provided in MECHANIC SCIENCE, STENOGRAPHY, TYPE-WRITING, INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL MUSIC.

The necessary expenses for a regular course, including Board and Tuition, is very moderate, averages about \$360.00 per year.

Special attention given to older pupils whose educational opportunities have been few. Liberal Scholarships for needy and deserving boys.

For further particulars write for the Calendar.

ADDRESS THE PRINCIPAL

REV. W. L. ARCHIBALD, M. A., Ph. D.

P. O. BOX 445

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

ACADIA SEMINARY

REV. H. T. DeWOLFE, B.A., D.D. - - - - - Principal

MISS MARGARET V. PALMER, B.A. - - - - - Vice-Principal

A HIGH GRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Offers Courses for a Diploma in Three Departments of Study.

ACADEMIC

COLLEGIATE—Furnishing a good general education.

SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION—Preparing for admission to the Sophomore Class of the University.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND FINE ARTS

MUSICAL COURSES—Pianoforte, Voice, Violin, History of Music, Theory, Harmony. Taught in accordance with modern and efficient methods.

EXPRESSION—The School of the Spoken Word.

ART—Painting both in Oils and China, Commercial Art, Designing, Leather Work, Stenciling, Raffia, Basketry.

PRACTICAL ARTS

BUSINESS COURSES—Book-keeping, Stenography, Typewriting.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—Home Makers' and Normal Course for Teachers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Twenty-five Teachers of fine personality, graduates of the leading colleges, conservatories and technical schools.

Special courses are provided for those who do not care to enter any of the regular courses leading to a diploma.

Pupils received at any time.

For catalogue and complete information

Apply to the Principal,

REV. H. T. DeWOLFE, B. A., D. D., Wolfville, N. S.

