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April, 1922

Short Story Number

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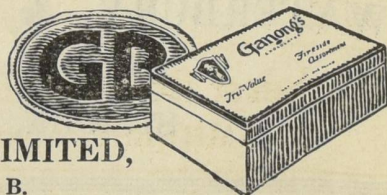
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WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1922.

No. 5.

AWARDS OF THE MONTH

Poems—1st, A. K. Eaton, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Stories—1st, H. G. Goucher, '22; 2nd, H. G. Goucher, '22;
3rd, E. C. Prime, '22.

Articles—1st, A. B. Corey, '22; 2nd, L. M. Rhodenizer, '24
and V. L. Pearson, '23, (1 unit each).

Humor—V. L. Pearson, '23 (2).

Science—1st, A. B. Corey, '22; 2nd, W. H. Elgee, '22.

Athletics—1st, P. L. Judge, '23; 2nd, A. K. Eaton, '22.

Month—1st, H. G. Goucher, '22; 2nd, Helena Miller, '23.

Exchanges—1st, V. I. Vaughan, '23; 2nd, H. G. Goucher, '22.

Personals—1st, Helen Crockett, '23; 2nd, M. O. Brinton, '22.

Illustration—Cartoon, J. W. Crockett, Eng.; Snap, H. G.
Beardsley, '25 (1).

Jokes—A. K. Eaton, '22 (1 unit).

Seniors	20 units
Juniors	10 units
Sophomores	1 unit
Freshmen	1 unit
Engineers	2 units

Pennant to Seniors.

PAUSE.

Pause for a space.
Pause in this rush of ever doing things,
Relax from concentration for the time,
Forget a moment the unfinished task
And rest a quiet moment with thyself.

Think for a space.
Think of the privilege of being here,
Where chance is ours of ever doing things—
Ours is the joy of having tasks to do.
With recreation never far away.

Live for a space.
Those golden days of life's activity.
When restless youth moves on unceasingly,
In comradeship with those of common aim,
Are God's best gift to all humanity.

—A. K. E. '22.

"FROM OUT THE SILENCE"

NO sound save the crunch, crunch of the man's snowshoes broke the almost ghastly silence of this intensely frosty night of the North. The man stopped to light his pipe,—silence pervaded everywhere; suddenly there was a blinding flash, a sharp crack, a dull moan and then—silence.

Two days later Sergeant Robert McIvor of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police swung up the trail leading to Fort Vermillion, one of the Hudson Bay Company's trading posts on the Peace River.

For the past four years Bob and his younger brother Jim, a constable in the same force, had been upholding the law in the great Northwest, as a part of the greatest police force in the world. The two brothers were to meet at Fort Vermillion, from which place Jim was returning to headquarters in Regina, with a report on which they had been working for the previous eight months, a report dealing with the actions of a group of supposed fur traders, under the leadership of one Dan Grew, a criminal who had spent a two years' term in the Saskatchewan penitentiary. Bob was to stay in the North until he could effect the arrest of the mysterious acting Grew, and Bob was determined that that day should not be far off. The difficulty arose in the fact that Grew was aware of the intentions of the two police, and governing himself accordingly, he kept out of their way.

As he hurried along, Bob was meditating over his task,—and he did not notice the figure lying in the trail until he was right upon it. It was a fur-clad man lying face downward in the snow, and something strangely familiar about the form attracted the sergeant as he bent down to turn the figure face-up. With a gasp, as the horrible truth dawned on him, Bob turned the man over. The fur-clad figure was his brother Jim, and a hole thru his forehead told the whole story.

For a bare moment Bob stood in a daze,—then the keen reality of the situation stole over him. Kneeling beside his brother he gave himself over to his emotions for a brief time, and then rose to his feet. Covering the cold, frozen form

with a blanket of snow, and with jaw firmly set, and a cool, keen glint flashing from his steely eyes, he made off down the trail on the run.

Without any perceptible diminishing of his pace, Bob arrived at the post an hour later, and went directly to the cabin where he and Jim had made their headquarters. Having divested himself of his pack, and without stopping either for nourishment or rest, Bob made his way to the Company's store, where he hurriedly related his horrible discovery to the friendly factor. In a few minutes the two had harnessed the factor's dog team, and were making the backward journey to the still form of the sergeant's brother.

Scarcely a word was spoken between the two men, for Douglas, the factor, knew the intensity of his friend's feelings. They arrived at the white mound in quick time, brushed aside the rude covering, and gently laid the frozen form on the sled,—then, without a word, the return journey was made.

It was dark when they arrived at the Post, but without thought of rest after their forced trip, the two men carried the dead constable into the office, and laid him down on the floor by the stove.

On opening his brother's fur coat Bob was surprised to find a piece of white paper lying on his chest. Scribbled over the paper were the words:

“I've got your brother, and I'll get you next.”

It could be only one person and that person was Dan Grew. For this bit of news Bob was infinitely thankful. He had been reasonably sure it was Grew who had done the vile deed, but now that he had proof he knew what he would do.

It was to be a contest to the death, and Bob well recognized the fact that the odds were against him. But this thing, this terrible death of his only brother, had left Bob ready, and he did not fear nor doubt the result.

That Grew was as fearless as bold was made quite evident to Sergeant McIvor during the next five weeks. He had been on the go incessantly, had been hot on Grew's trail on three occasions, each time to lose it when he felt almost certain of getting his man. On the last of these occasions while rounding a clump of scraggy bushes, he had perceived a move-

ment just in time to slacken his pace. That ready preception had saved Sergeant McIvor his life, for a bullet, well aimed for his heart, had missed its objective and instead, had found its mark in his left shoulder. A floating laugh had told from whence the missile had come.

That wounded shoulder incapacitated Bob for three long weeks, weeks that made him still more impatient and still more persistent in his resolve.

Grew was aware that Bob was laid up for an indefinite period, and consequently was less careful than he otherwise would have been. Rumors were continually reaching the injured man of Grew's whereabouts, and altho unable to act, Bob was nevertheless forming his plans. He received word one afternoon from a trader, who had been to Gonowash, a small settlement thirty miles down river, that Grew had been in the palce and had announced openly that he was going to return to Vermillion the following day, and "get that damn police."

Bob believed that Grew would do just as he said, and so, altho not in any fit condition, he prepared for a night in the open. He would take the trail for Gonowash and if he met his man,—well, he would take his chances.

It was well nigh to dark when Bob started down the trail for Gonowash, and his high-strung nerves made him feel fit for the task ahead of him, but he had reckoned without his strength. He had not gone two miles before that shoulder was crying out with pain. His pack, though as light as conditions would warrant, was far too heavy for any shoulder as weak as his. By the end of the fifth mile the sergeant was done out; he knew it was impossible to go much further, and he could never make the five miles back to the Post. As he was wondering what to do, he came to the place on the trail where his ill-fated brother had met his death. He stopped,—perhaps it was the haunting memory of that still, frozen form, perhaps it was a sort of premonition,—and his dulled senses caught on the frosty and silent air the crunch of distant snowshoes. That crunching could mean but one thing, the coming of a man, and that man, probably was Dan Grew.

Bob knew well that in his present condition, on an equal footing, he stood no chance whatever, yet he must get his man,—he had vowed he would—but how?

He spied about twenty yards from the trail a thick growth of stunted firs,—they must have been the same from which Grew had got Jim. Well, he would use them too.

Dragging himself to the bushes, he threw off his pack, went flat on his stomach, placed his rifle on the rack for a rest, and almost in a faint, he waited.

Ten minutes later the man came up the trail,—he stopped at the spot where the fur-clad figure had lain,—he laughed.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash, a sharp crack, a dull moan, and then—silence.

H. G. G. '22.

APRIL

A patch of dirty white upon the lawn
 (A remnant of its earlier wintry dress)
 Fast disappears as rain and sun conspire
 To render Nature's nakedness complete,
 Ere clothing her again in emerald garb.
 Bevvies of birds, despite a cheerless dawn,
 Cry welcome to belated Phoebus' train.
 Sunshine and showers in competition strive;
 Oh while one adds a touch the other lacks,
 Paint multi-colored arches in the sky
 And deck the leafless boughs with liquid gems.

Upon the hill, a modest mayflower bud
 Half hid beneath a mass of trailing leaves,
 Blushing, peeps forth upon the naked earth.
 Imprisoned leaflets, waking, feel again
 The urge of life, and conscious of their power
 Like Samson, stretch themselves and burst their bonds,
 All nature stirs, touched by a magic wand;
 And, smiling fondly on the quickening earth
 As smiles a master on his handiwork,
 The sun glides swiftly towards the purple west.

H. S. T. '22.

WHY STUDENTS AGE.

MANY have expressed wonder at the change which occurs in students during their four years residence at college. They come as blooming youths and maidens; they leave as mature men and women,—some even of quite ancient appearance. To those familiar with conditions of college life it is not surprising that this change occurs. It is indeed most remarkable that the aging process is not more marked. We need merely to trace the rigorous course of one day to understand the mental strain under which the students are laboring.

We should first get a clean conception of the typical student. Of course no one has ever seen this student, nevertheless he is supposed to exist, and the reader of an article on college is never thoroughly satisfied unless he is introduced. Therefore, gentle readers, control your emotions; the typical student is even now about to disclose a few of the many afflictions that change him from a green, awkward boy to a sophisticated man of uncertain age.

As is generally known, the before-mentioned student is of studious nature, follows regular habits, and is of the highest moral character. He is usually mildly indifferent toward ladies. Personally, he would prefer to hate them, but he is aware that hate produces a deleterious psychological effect; therefore he forces himself to entertain kindly thoughts toward them.

However, the inadvisability of hating is not absolutely decided, as we have been in close touch with a friend who has conducted extensive experiments, and he informs me that the effect of feminine society is almost, if not quite, as injurious as the cherishing of hatred. But we do not think that he has given the matter a fair test. He has steeped his system so thoroughly in dramatic theory and practice that we shrewdly surmise that his lamentable condition is due to this latter cause.

But we digress. Let us return to the usual routine of the college day. The student invariably rises early. Within

our own experience, we have known students to rise at such an hour that they worked three or four hours before taking any nourishment whatsoever. Yea, verily, they have an all-consuming zeal for knowledge.

At or before 8.30 a. m., never after, the students gather in the lecture rooms. This marks the beginning of a series of ordeals. During the lectures the students feelings, assuming that he possesses such, are frightfully harrowed. We have known students to sit through period after period without even getting a nap, and as for sound sleep, it is practically impossible except for those especially gifted.

Scarcely has the student composed himself to enjoy the pleasant music of Latin poetry when, marvelous to relate, he senses a most discordant note. He is asked to translate a passage dealing with some shady act of the beautiful Grecian Helen. He is of course perfectly conversant with the passage, but from chivalrous motives endeavours to keep the matter dark, and declines to translate the passage. But by ill-fortune another student is called upon who is also in the secret, but who lacks the sense of chivalry. The ruin wrought by Helen is soon manifest to the whole class. The student then communes with himself saying, "Truly, the feminine power of devastation was developed very early in history, and is still going strong."

Wearied in mind the student then turns from the study of the past to the study of the present, hoping to find in industrial problems a balm for his cares. But he is soon disillusioned. He finds that he, in common with the rest of the community, is exposed to the veils of reform movements, anti-reform movements, lockouts, and boycotts. Nor is this all. He discovers that old systems are waning, and that new ones are waxing. He finally leaves the lecture room in a state of utter collapse, having learned that new adjunct to the Taylor system is rapidly coming into vogue enabling men to do four days work in one day.

Fleeing from this fearful revelation he enters the law class to forget his woe. But here fresh atrocities set his brain reeling. Never before had he supposed that human nature

was so perfidious. He is introduced to a group of five individuals, A, B, C, D, and X. Only five, surely among so few there could be but little room for vice. The first four he had known for a long time to be of excellent character, but he at once suspected X to be of a shady character since the latter had conducted himself so shamelessly in Algebra.

X soon more than justifies these suspicions. He assaults and batters A with the intent to do grievous bodily harm. He next strikes B with a sword, aiming to do grievous bodily harm, and reckless whether or not he kills him. Shortly after this he is found loitering about C's premises meditating murder. For all these crimes and misdemeanors X is imprisoned for a long term.

X having been satisfactorily disposed of, the student composes himself to listen to the story of the peaceful lives of A, B, C, and D. But he now suffers the crowning disappointment. A, previously of irreproachable character, now seems to have all the vices of the wicked X, together with some peculiar to himself. He does by guile worse crimes than X had done by open violence. He digs a pit into which B falls, suffering severe injuries; rolls a barrel of flour from a window which falls upon C, who is passing in the street below; and induces D's servant to put poison in the former's coffee. After learning into what degradation the virtuous A has fallen, the student loses all faith in humanity, and steels himself to bear with fortitude of the ultimate moral ruin of B, C, and D.

Heavy in spirits he then seeks the privacy of his room, hoping to forget. But alas! His theological friends, attributing his depression to ignorable causes, gather about him to counsel and advise. By wise precepts and unctious words they succeed in divesting his mind of all evil. As a result his mind is practically a mental vacuum. However, conditions being normal, this vacuum is soon filled. The evil ideas, being apparently more alacritous, outstrip the good ideas in getting into his mind, consequently the last state of that student is worse than the first.

We have enumerated but a few of the tribulations which change the verdant freshman to the experienced senior, yet there are countless others which cannot be easily classified, and if they could might be frowned upon by the censor.

—V. L. P. '23.

A DOUBLE RECONCILIATION.

IT was early summer in the Forest of Orosely. In the southern portion of that great expanse of woods all was radiant. The perfect stillness of the old forest was broken by numerous sounds of life, for it was the mating season and every least individual was bubbling over with exhilaration. Yet everything seemed so peaceful and so cheerful,—the birds were sporting among the trees and building their nests, the rabbits were chasing each other in and about the underbush, and the squirrels were playfully jumping about the trees filling the air with their ceaseless chatter. Assuredly it was a scene contrasting pleasantly with the busy hum of civilization.

In these days of modern improvements and complete living, pleasure forms an important part in the life in many of our people. Naturally, a desire for such complete recreation has been catered to along, with other things of perhaps more primary significance; hunting grounds, summer resorts, country and seaside, and even forest camps have sprung up as if overnight. And when the choicest spots in this fair Dominion of ours were chosen for such resorts, the Forest of Orosely was not omitted, rather may we say, the Forest of Orosely did not escape. In its southern position there was a moderately large lake, deep, sunny, and lying in that part of the forest which was composed of beech trees, large, majestic old trees with an underlying carpet of clean, crackling leaves. On the pretty banks of the lake, a year before the time of our story, a summer hotel had been erected, and its natural surroundings had been so changed and supplemented by the hand of man that the spot was now an ideal one both as regards scenic value and adaptability to the different

forms of sport which man best likes. Surrounding the lake and extending a couple of miles northward was the broad expanse of beech wood, eventually giving way to stately evergreens. As may readily be imagined this was a perfect place in which to enjoy one's self, where the monotonous, mechanical routine of civilization did not interrupt the whole-hearted pursuit of pleasure.

And now in the early part of summer whilst the resort was thronged with people from every city in the Dominion, the inhabitants of the forest in their fearlessness and innocence of man-lik intrigue, sported in perfect freedom and happiness. Everything seemed so quiet and so peaceful: they enjoyed their existence undisturbed, living in harmony and in safety.

It was the mating season, and on a bright cheerful morning, two squirrels, Rusty and Reddie might have been observed playing under the beeches about a mile and a half from the Inn. They seemed perfectly happy and contented with each other's company, and as they playfully nibbled at the young beechnut sprouts, one can scarcely imagine a scene of more simplicity and natural attractiveness. One who has observed a squirrel sitting on a post cracking a nut or eating grain cannot soon forget the smart figure of the little fellow as he sits with his tail arched over his back, his wary eye all the while taking in every detail of what is going on about him. But infinitely more striking is he in his natural element.

An onlooker would have noticed, however, that the little young Reddie avoided the more intimate advances of the male squirrel. Rusty followed her about for some time, as if gently pressing his suit, but all the while she seemed to repel him, and at last she fled precipitately up a tall tree and disappeared in the overhanging mass of branches, on which the leaves were now so thick that they perceptibly dimmed the light from the heavens and rendered a slightly greenish tint to that transmitted below. The disappointment of the young squirrel was intense, judging from his attitude upon the flight of Reddie. He followed her to the foot of the tree and as she became invisible in the branches above, he halted

as if deeply wounded. His vivacity and sparkling grace seemed robbed of its motive, and his abject misery was really pitiful to behold. He sat disconsolately under the tall beech for a few moments, and then slunk out of sight around its gigantic bole.

* * * * *

Several days before the forest incident we have just narrated, two young people, in whom we have a special interest, had arrived at Lakeside Inn. One was a tall dark man with a distinctly military bearing, and the other was a girl. She was of medium height, and very beautiful, one of those whose actual beauty necessarily renders description impossible. It happened that they had met during the war while he was in training at a camp located in the home town of the young lady. They had become close friends and after his departure had corresponded for some time. Then during one of the emergencies in France he had not written her. When at last he did write again, his letter had been returned from the little town, unopened, with the postmaster's cruel message; "Moved away. No address". Now since they had met again at the Inn quite unexpectedly, one may readily believe that they lost no time in renewing the friendship which had been broken off so inopportunately. Since they were in each other's company a good deal, naturally the germs of a deeper affection, which had been present ever since their first meeting, soon ripened into a mature love.

Everything went smoothly "in the usual way" for some time, until one day there was a petty quarrel with a resulting disagreement, and the engagement so recently formed was broken abruptly by the young lady. Obviously this was a severe blow to the other, and he did all in his power to discover wherein he had blundered, and to reinstate himself in her favor. But, since, as is often the case, where the deepest love is, there is also a more determined resistance once the closest relations have been broken, his efforts were of no avail. He determined, therefore, to leave the Forest of Orosely, and accordingly packed his personal effects intending to leave the following morning.

Try as he might to forget her, he could not; thoughts of her still haunted him, and he felt that he could not leave without seeing her again. So he waited until late breakfast, but still she did not appear. His ardour was somewhat mitigated as he waited until long after her usual time of arising, but this annoyance gave way to alarm as eleven o'clock still found her absent, and there was no word from her. And to torture still further his already disturbed state of mind, the maid soon brought word that when she went thru that part of the house the lady was not in her room.

Now very much alarmed, the young man left his club-bag on the veranda of the Inn and walked meditatively into the forest above. He had gone perhaps a mile and a half and was about to return, when accidentally his eye caught a scene he would never forget. It was that of the two squirrels, Rusty and Reddie. As they played about the beech, so happy in each others' company, he was reminded sadly of his own unhappy affair and he noted the contrast painfully. He was about to turn aside and retrace his steps when only a few rods distant, he saw the form of the one he loved so dearly. She was sitting with her back toward the squirrels, her face buried in her hands.

Silently he walked toward her and touched her lightly on the shoulder. He did not speak, he merely pointed with his finger toward the quaint little love scene under the tree. Without speaking they absorbedly watched the courtship of Rusty, and the silence grew more oppressive as the drama be came unfolded before their eyes. As they watched the two squirrels the arm of the young man stole about the young lady, and when Reddie fled leaving the disconsolate Rusty so miserable under the tree, she looked up into his face. He bent down and kissed her as the squirrel disappeared behind the tree.

* * * * *

As the young people slowly, but now happily, strolled away toward the Inn, an observer might have seen from behind the two trees not far distant, something unnoticed by either of the young people, namely, two pairs of eyes studiously fixed upon them. Unconsciously, as the human lovers

faded into the distance, the two squirrels, moved out from their places of concealment so as to keep them in view. Then Rusty, who was foremost, turned and faced Reddie. Deliberately she approached him, and touching each other's noses, they turned and scampered happily back into the forest.

—L. P. S. '22.

A MARCH MORNING.

THE golden sunlight sheds a glimmering glow
 Far o'er the singing earth. The distant east
 Sees swift commotion where the morning sun
 Bathes boisterously in seas of blinding light.
 The ripples from his revelry roll 'round
 And 'round the world, till town and flushing field
 And every glistening twig and twittering bird
 Seem peeking with an opalescent air;
 Till men and boys scarce knowing that they sing
 Bestir themselves and breast the swelling day.
 Machinery whirrs, bells ring, and whistles shout
 On every side; the shrieking train rolls on
 Its smoke trailed way,—and to and fro,
 And up and down, life surges everywhere.

Nor sleeps my soul on such a morn as this.
 Before my eyes were opened it awoke
 Full conscious of the promise of the day.
 Then with a song that only soul can know
 It 'rose and slipped its moorings of the past
 And launched upon an epoch of great deed
 To dare and do beyond its former self.

T. A. M. (Acadia '21.)

EGYPTIAN AUTONOMY

THE movement towards Egyptian independence is by no means new. As long ago as 1832 Mehemet Ali headed a revolt against Turkish domination. Fifty years later it broke forth under Arabi Pasha. In the light of later years this latter was found not to be so much a revolt against foreign domination as against the bad government existing at the time. The desire for freedom was reawakened and the struggle for independence, coupled with the development of national consciousness, grew in intensity. Not merely self-government but complete freedom was demanded, and this was repeatedly promised them by Gladstone, Harcourt, and others including many of our present day politicians.

While these promises were being made, certain elements in British society were expressing the view that the Egyptians would not be ready for autonomy for generations to come, and agitated in favor of the continuance of British domination. As a natural consequence Egyptians came to disregard the promises of the British government and considered the statements coming from unofficial England as the true sentiment of British authority. On the other hand, thoughtful Englishmen, believing in the policy of their government, have sought to bring about as speedily as possible the realization of its intentions. Among those who have worked indefatigably towards this end is Lord Milner, whose views may be taken as an expression of the sincerity of England's official position. He says, "Strangely enough the view has been expressed in some quarters that any relaxation of British control over the administration of Egypt would be an abandonment of the objects which we have hitherto been pursuing in that country. Nothing could be further from the truth. The establishment of Egypt as an independent state in intimate alliance with Great Britain, so far from being a reversal of the policy with which we set out, would be the consummation of it. Unless all our past declarations have been insincere, and all our professions hypocritical, this is the goal to which our efforts have always been directed."

What, then, has been the status of Egypt, and for what reasons has she not been free from foreign intervention? To deal with these questions in full would take more space than the scope of this article will allow. To be brief both may be answered as one. In 1882 Arabi's revolt caused a critical period in the history of Egypt. Had it succeeded, there would have resulted a tremendous financial loss to many European countries and the utter demoralization of Egypt, which would ultimately have ended in complete Turkish domination and the return to the insufferable oppression of the unbearable Turk. Europe held aloof. England interfered, took control, and, while allowing the suzerainty of the Porte, established what was in fact, though not in name, a Protectorate.

This, however, was not the intention of Britain at the time, for repeated statements would have us believe that withdrawal from military occupation of the country would be possible within a few months, in which time it was expected that there would be some stable and competent government which would be capable of looking after the welfare of the Egyptian state. As the months passed the military occupation continued and the protectorate form of government became firmly established. English officials with French confreres held the reins of power while educating the people to self-government such as would be approved by the European nations largely interested, financially or otherwise, in the country. For a quarter of a century Lord Cromer, the British High Commissioner, directed Egyptian affairs, but as he himself acknowledged, without furthering, to any great extent, the opportunity of Egyptian self-government. His successors adopted a policy slightly more lenient than that of their illustrious predecessor, so that throughout this period the Egyptians were being taught through precept rather than through experience, the use and benefits of European institutions. So matters stood at the beginning of the World War.

On December 18, 1914, without previous warning, the British Foreign Office, "*in view of the State of War, arising out of the action of Turkey*", gave notice that "Egypt is placed under the protection of His Majesty, and will hence-

forth constitute a British Protectorate. The suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt is thus terminated." The Khedive was deposed and a Sultan appointed. All this was believed to be, in effect, "a purely practical administrative step" to sever Egypt from Turkey and the Protectorate was thus supposed by competent authorities to be nothing more than a war measure.

When the Allied Armies began their final drive and victory was assured them, certain leaders of the Egyptian National Party, of whom the chief was Zaglul Pasha, a former Minister of Education and thus officially recognized by the British authorities, gathered together to frame a request for Egyptian independence. Two days after the Armistice they asked for and were granted an audience with the British High Commissioner, Sir Reginald Wingate, and claimed, in the name of the Egyptian people, "complete independence" as a reward for the share borne by Egypt in the war, and in fulfilment of promises of freedom for all states, whether great or small, made by the statesmen of the Allied and Associated Powers. Towards this and other requests the British government took a distinctly supercilious attitude ignoring them altogether.

Following this indescrction, intense agitation spread throughout the country. England had played Egypt false and resentment was rife in the hearts of the people. The Prime Minister, Rushdi Pasha, became alarmed and requested that he and one of his colleagues be allowed to go to London to confer with British Ministers. The request being refused, the whole cabinet resigned. Mistake followed mistake until Zaglul and three of his friends were arrested and deported on a British man-of-war to Malta. The rebellion of the spring of 1919 ensued. Lord Allenby, who was at that time attending the Peace Conference, was sent to Cairo to take charge. Zaglul and his friends were released, and an Egyptian ministry was again formed. This did not alter matters much, for, since the release of the prisoners did not appear to herald any recognition of independence, a period of passive resistance compelled the government to resign.

Allenby took action by threatening Martial Law, and a new ministry was formed.

The Foreign Office had by this time become thoroughly interested and somewhat alarmed over the situation, consequence of which a new solution to the problem was suggested. Lord Milner was appointed to head a Commission, including Gen. Sir John Maxwell, both well known in Egypt, to investigate affairs and make whatever recommendations they deemed advisable. Owing to some delay which has never been satisfactorily explained, the Commission did not arrive in Cairo till December, a full six months after its appointment. The long delay proved to be of tremendous consequence. The country became impatient, and Zaglul, still burning with resentment at the treatment previously accorded him, found no difficulty in inciting an agitation for "complete independence" throughout the provinces. Lord Milner was everywhere boycotted and at times experienced the utmost difficulty in gaining interviews with prominent Egyptians and in discovering the real needs of the country.

Nevertheless, the Milner Commission accomplished its purpose and returned to London with Zaglul and a few of his friends. A Memorandum was published in August, 1920, but its official Report was not laid before Parliament until the early part of last year. It was a rather complete document except that it made no statement regarding the "obnoxious" Protectorate. On this account it was not acceptable to the Egyptian government. Consequently, the British Cabinet invited the Sultan to despatch a delegation to attend a conference in London. Unfortunately, all that had been done by Lord Milner was now undone. The British delegates refuted the Heads of Agreement contained in the Milner Report as impracticable and suggested others in their stead.

While the Foreign Office seemed disposed to take a broader view of the subject, the view of the War Offices, as expressed by Mr. Churchill, held sway. The military demands to be imposed upon Egypt by the Milner recommendations were considered insufficient to protect British interests in the East. It was deemed of the utmost importance that all Egypt, if need be, rather than specified places, be used by

the Empire's forces at the discretion of Great Britain. Upon this hinged the success or failure of the negotiations. The Egyptian delegates demurred and returned to Cairo. Again there was a deadlock despite the prevalent idea that it was only a temporary interruption of the independence parley.

To those who were in a position to judge, this was a most serious state of affairs. Not only was Egypt now involved but seditious propoganda would soon join the interests of the followers of the Phophet in Egypt, Turkey, India, and throughout the Moslem world. Territorial integrity was being denied a country within whose borders the Imam daily calls the Faithful to prayer. Here indeed was a cause for anxiety. While recognizing this to be true, Lord Allenby, through force exerted in Great Britain was obliged to state his views most emphatically in favor of the position of the British government. He, on the other hand, was urging that the Protectorate be abolished and that the principal proposals of the Milner Draft Treaty be brought in force.

On January 12th he asked that he be allowed to inform the Sultan of Great Britain's intention to abolish the Protectorate. This was refused but he was requested to send representatives to London. Considering this to be too much of a delay, he was granted permission to make the journey himself. In expectation of his arrival and the stage to which negotiations had advanced, Mr. Lloyd George on February 7th, in reply to a question in the House of Commons said: "We are willing to meet all thees legitimate national aspirations of the Egyptian people. We are prepared to abandon the Protectorate, but it must be upon clear fundamental conditions." What Allenby said or did is not known, but the result was that on February 28, 1922, Egypt was granted "Complete Independence", and allowed to work out her own national institutions.

A. B. C., '22.

REALISM WANTED.

AN INCIDENT.

CHARLEY had never been famous for promptitude in presenting himself at the breakfast table. Accordingly, on his making his appearance unexpectedly on the morning after his return from college, he was greeted with much wit by the family. Jane thought he looked pale and mother asked if he did not fear that death was approaching.

Waving aside these solicitous questions, Charley seated himself majestically, unfolded his serviette, spread it elegantly upon his lap and began a spirited attack on the grape-fruit so that the effects of the battle were felt within a radius of two yards. Having demolished the grape-fruit by brute force, Charley turned his undivided attention to an egg.

“Charley”, remarked his mother, “Has brought at least one thing back with him from college: a good appetite.

“To say nothing of the burning ambition to surpass Scott and Dickens,” added his sister, Jane, reaching for her fourth hot roll and replenishing her cup from the coffee urn at her elbow, “How are the literary labours coming along, Charley?”

“I’ve an idea that they’ll get quite a boost this morning,” replied that individual, looking about for new worlds to conquer and selecting another egg.

“And that’s why you arose so early, so you could write all morning?”

“Of course, but I wish you’d not corner the butter, Jane; its quite necessary on a roll. For a young lady engaged to be married and supposed to be madly in love, you have a remarkable appetite!”

“Hm! writing novels seems to have stimulated yours, I must say. Did they give you as much to eat at college as you get here?”

“Speaking about college”, remarked father, who had turned his attention to the letters beside his plate, “I do believe that this is the report of Charley’s progress during the

last term, and also the bill. We'll now find out how our brilliant son has succeeded in the realms of knowledge!"

Father opened the missive and Charley was heard to sigh in a most hopeless manner as he drew out his features to an expression of painful expectation of much woe. Moreover, he braced himself.

Father gravely unsealed the envelope in a slow and portentous manner; then he unfolded the single sheet of paper it contained, arranged his eye-glasses and began to read.

A silence crept over the family gathering. Even the satirical Jane said nothing. Mother ceased to rattle the coffee things and Charley looked, if possible, more woe-begone than before.

Father's look, as he proceeded with the letter, became darker and darker. When it was finished he surveyed his son, banged his fist on the table, and shouted, "WELL SIR!" in a tone that made the family jump and Charley looked as though he entertained thoughts of taking refuge under the table.

"What, in heaven's name have you been doing with yourself for the last half-year," he roared. "Do you imagine that I sent you to college so that you might live on the fat of the land, spend your evenings at dances and card parties, your nights, God knows where, your money, or rather, my money, on candy and flowers, your days in bed, your time anywhere but at lectures or at study? This is a fine record! Plucks, plucks, plucks! Not a pass in a single subject!"

"But father—!"

"Don't 'Father' me, I'll be father to no such bundle of uselessness as you are! When I went to college I went there to work, not to star around like a millionaire and indulge in every form of dissipation presented to me! I have medals to show for my college career, and what have you? A report full of plucks and a collection of bills. Damn it, sir—you're a disgrace, a—!"

"Father," interjected his wife in a shocked voice, "No delinquency can excuse your using profanity, especially before your family!"

“Eh, can’t it though? Well if you don’t think such a report as this would make a saint swear, I’LL resign. I’ll never let myself be imposed upon, even by my own son. You sir, go to your room! I’ll see about getting you to work in short order, I’ll assure you.

“But, father—”

“My breakfast,—”

“Damn your breakfast,” shouted the irate gentleman jumping to his feet as though he purposed administering corporal punishment on his erring offspring. But he stopped with his hand upraised and stared open mouthed at Charley. So did all the family, for Charley was shaking with laughter. He rolled about on his chair and absolutely shouted till the tears coursed down his cheeks. The mirth was not the least bit contagious.

It was bad enough to have behaved as he had, but to laugh at his delinquencies, to beard his father at his own breakfast table and laugh at the wrath which his conduct had aroused! They thought he must be mad.

“Do you laugh at what you have done?” bellowed his father; Do you ridicule the just anger of your father? Are you so hardened in iniquity—”

This outburst was drowned in a louder peal of mirth from the offender who was fast becoming speechless. The family were already so.

“Charley”, broke in his mother, “What in the world do you find to laugh at?”

“Perhaps he sees in father the makings of a great tragedian, or comedian,” hazarded Jane, in a tone which showed that she was quite herself again. Father stuttered and choked, but was unable to utter an articulate syllable. Nevertheless his thoughts might have been inferred by the pugnacious waving of his arms.

Charley stretched on this arms to command silence and composed himself in order to speak.

“There’s nothing to get excited about”, he said.

“What?” shouted his father, suddenly recovering his voice.

“I say that there’s nothing to get excited about, and if you will let me speak for a moment, I’ll prove it. The letter, which you have just read, need not occupy your mind for a moment, because I wrote it myself.”

“*You* wrote it!”

“Yes, I wanted a realistic scene for a story I’m writing, so I placed a stenographer in the next room with a note book to take the conversation down in short hand. Don’t be too optimistic, the real letter may be very similar to this. Come, Miss Johnson, we’ll copy that out now, and I rather think that we’ll find the scene quite realistic!”

Charley sauntered from the room, whistling an air. His father sank weakly into a chair exclaiming—

“If that boy is not the death of me, he will one day force me to be proud of him!”

! '22.



TRY IT.

YOU'VE been taught in the schools of convention
 You're venerated, and you're polished to form.
 You bow down to state, on its God you await,
 Lest your fine social feathers be shorn.
 You've been tutored in creeds and commandments
 You've been sheltered, protected from strife;
 So its time you awake. This is all for your sake
 Step out! take a grapple with life.

You have naught of the joys of the battle;
 In your own narrow circle you've trod.
 You've been false to yourself and your Maker.
 For you have their conceptions of God.
 You've lived long in a drawing room realm
 Where curtains are cast in a mold.
 Just try something new, this is written for you
 Lest you find there, much dross in your gold.

Step out and you'll find God's bright sunshine,
 Just filling the earth where you stray
 There'll be hunger and sorrow and madness;
 But these things just show you the way,
 And you'll joy in the heat of the battle
 As you come to death grips with the foe;
 But you'll win in the end. Just listen my friend,
 You'll be glad that you conquered it so.

When you've gleaned of the truth and the victory,
 And you've rubbed off that little veneer,
 And you've mingled with men who have walked into death,
 With never a tremor or fear.
 When you've seen God stride forth in his Glory
 Where the long crimson streams flame high.
 Your soul will awake, come friend let us shake.
 You'll know life, and you'll know how to die.

IMPRESSIONS FROM DR. NORWOOD'S LECTURE.

TO read good poetry is a pleasure to the literary person, to hear good poetry read aloud is a much greater pleasure, but to hear good poetry read aloud and interpreted by its own writer is simply delightful.

It was to such a pleasure that the people of this town and university were treated by the Rev. Dr. Norwood. Not only were we thrilled by the imagination and depth of thought expressed by the poems themselves, but were also profoundly impressed by the silvery voice and charming personality of the man himself. To peer into the soul of this master poet, and to see some glimmerings of the divine spirit which poured forth such noble thoughts expressed in such rhythmical and flowing language, was indeed a revelation. To look upon such a spirit when inspired by the loftiness of its emotion is to catch a glimpse of heaven itself.

Dr. Norwood is of cosmopolite descent. He has the wit and brilliancy of the Irish, the determination of the English, and the sanity of the Scotch. In his early life, he was in close contact with nature, and to this, no doubt, he owes a great deal of the depth of his thought, and his appreciation of the works of Nature. His education was neglected until he was about fifteen years of age. When he had gained access to books, this boy could appreciate his opportunities, and took advantage of them. In his manhood, he attended King's University at Windsor, Nova Scotia, where he became acquainted with the classics. As a student, his sense of the beautiful, which had been developed by close contact with Nature, enabled him to appreciate all literature, but poetry in particular. His understanding of human nature and of human passions was accelerated by contact with the fisher folk of his native village. In childhood, he could discern something of the inner strugglings of right against wrong, which took place in the hearts of the men who went down to the sea in ships.

Dr. Norwood began his lecture proper by explaining to his audience, the meaning of poetry. Many people believe

that poetry is simply a matter of rhyme and rhythm. Rhyme and rhythm are essential to good poetry, but only insofar as good covers are necessary to a well-bound volume. These attributes are useful in expressing the thought and emotion of the poetry in such a manner that it will be pleasing to the reader. The quality of the poem depends upon the thought and emotion itself.

Poetry is the expression of the supreme climax of human emotions. The deepest emotion of mankind is always expressed in this form. In order to have posterity, poetry must radiate its atmosphere. The immortal Milton even believed that in order to write ideal poetry the writer must first become an ideal man. With these two conceptions in mind, we are better able to understand the soul of the man who is able to reproduce, in beautiful language, the passions of Bill Boram.

In England, in France, and in United States there is an erroneous belief that Canada has no great poetry. That this belief is incorrect is proved by an investigation of the of Carmenana, of Roberts, not to mention scores of others not so well known. This belief is also too prevalent in Canada as is shown by the scant attention paid to Canadian poetry. There is only one college in Canada having on its curriculum a course in Canadian Literature. Nova Scotians may be proud of the fact that it is a college in our own province, and no less than our own Acadia, situated in the seat of Longfellow's peerless poem, "Evangeline," that has instituted this course.

Since poetry is the expression of supreme emotion, why should not Canada, inhabited by the dominant race of the world have a poetry? There is a saying that no prophet is without honor except in his own country, Perhaps this proverb contains the reason that the epitaph,

"He asked for bread

But they gave him a stone."

may so often be applied to writers of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Canada has developed a poetry before her people came to

national consciousness. But, with the precepts of the motherland before us, are we going to make the same mistake that she has made in the treatment of her poets? Dr. Norwood sincerely hoped that we would not.

After dealing with Canadian poetry in a general sense, Dr. Norwood gave his audience a few reminiscences of his own boyhood. He explained the circumstances of his youth that we might obtain a glimpse of the background for his first poem. In imagination, he carried us back to the alders and shady brooksides of his youth. In the mind's eye, we could see the brindled cow with her tinkling bell coming out the lane in the warm summer evenings, or the red apples lying on the grass just within reach of the solitary boy, pattering along the dusty road to the brown school-house on the hill. We could even picture the wistful smile on the urchin's face as he gazed at the apples. The imagery of this poem was so real that students of literature forgot their notes to gaze upon this natural scene which is so real to many of us.

The poet next favored his eager audience with a few selections from Bill Boram. As before, he painted the background for the poem. We could picture the land-locked cove, dotted with white coasters, and long, graceful fishing schooners just arrived from the Grand Banks, and loaded to the "gunnels" with the rich sea harvest. Above this scene, he painted a man, dominant over it, and possessing the composite attributes of the fisher folk who dwelt at the cove. To this figure, he gave such realistic touches, that people acquainted with this type of folk, could readily pick out a Bill Boram of their own acquaintance.

The depth of feeling and variety of emotion are the most outstanding characteristics of the poem. In conclusion, Dr. Norwood asked his spell-bound audience what was their opinion of Bill Boram. To this question there could be but one answer in the minds of those present. The soul of Bill Boram was only excelled by that of its Creator, Dr. Norwood, the poet, and the man.

L. M. R., '24.

SPRING FEVER, OR THE CALL OF THE WILD.

THE sun is near the vernal equinox. Snow remains only in shady patches, where it has escaped the direct rays of the sun. An optimist has seen an English sparrow scratching among the dead leaves, and reports the arrival of the first robin. Everybody seems loath to remain indoors. Sweaters have lost their popularity. A broken window here and there is evidence that the baseball fiend is getting his arm into shape. And lastly, we have received our annual warning re keeping to the straight and narrow paths while crossing the University grounds, in order to give the grass a chance to grow—"I know that it is merely necessary for me to mention this matter," etc.

Yes, spring is here again; and as usual it is accompanied by that unnessary feeling, that seasonal ill which we of the flesh are heir to—SPRING FEVER.

Of course we all know that it would break out sooner or later, but it always comes a little before we expect it. Some super-sensitive soul starts getting dreamy-eyed, absent-minded, and restless; slings aside his books, heads for the telephone. "Eight six, please". The telephone operator mechanically announces to her fellow-sufferers, "They're away again, eight six, the call of the wild". (Certified extract from the telephone directory:—Ladies' Residence—86).

Although it must be admitted that we are not at all immune from this academic epidemic it would not be right to allow those who are not in our midst to get the impression that nothing is done to combat it. Not so. Shortly after the outbreak, a counter-attack is staged by the faculty. The usual procedure is to give a series of tests, the results of which are carefully studied (Don't get that wrong. It is the *results* of the tests that are studied). Then, in cases where the patient shows signs of sinking, warnings are prescribed. Also the attention of all is drawn to the fact that exams. will be given as usual at the end of the term. The amount of time left in which to prepare for them is announced in terms

of *only* "x" weeks ("x" has been carefully computed by the math. prof.)

Although the University physician refuses to consider any interference on his part as necessary, he has, however, tendered some explicit professional advice as to what might be done. "From what I have seen, putting two and two together, I should advise isolation!" A trifle ambiguous, but I think you have the right idea, Doc.

Our biology professor placidly maintains that there is absolutely no cause for alarm. "Innate tendencies—natural inherited instincts—quite in agreement with biological laws." He, by-the-way, has recently made an interesting discovery in the change of the habits of the ground-hogs in this part of the country. (Pardon if I appear to digress from the subject). It seems that they departed from the usual method of determining the approach of spring, merely by coming from their burrows on February thirteenth, and depending on the presence or absence of their shadow to decide for them whether they shall stay out or return underground for another nap.

By the higher education method, the up-to-date ground-hog waits until a Sunday afternoon about the middle of March; then he comes out, and if he sees one lonely intruder in his territory, he returns underground. If, however, by careful observation, he is able to discern two intruders, his little hog-heart sings with joy—Spring has come. Wise little fellows, these ground-hogs.

In the meantime, those who a month or two ago were wondering what they would ever find to do when the skating season would be over, are still wondering—wondering how they are going to get their work done before the end of the term. Right now is the proper time for the adoption of the advice recently handed out by the Student Council—"Get all the work done that you can in the daytime for the night cometh when no man can work."

A. K. E. '22.

THE SEVENTEENTH.

“IT’s no use, Kate, something has to be done, and in a hurry at that. We’re losing more in this hotel business every month and another summer like this, will completely ruin us. I tell you we’ve got to get out of it this spring; the summer is no time to get up and move.”

These words from Frank Smith sounded harsh and severe in the ears of his wife.

“I know what you say is true, Frank, but what else can we do? You know the doctor said that the city was no place for you, and unless I could keep you in the country for three years,—well,—you know what the consequences would be.”

“Yes, Kate, that’s so, but we can’t stay here and lose our last cent. I have had an idea in mind for the last week or two that might solve the problem, but I don’t know just how to work it. It would be all right if I was a single man. You see,” Frank continued, “there is a good opening for a general store down at Boker, and with my travelling experience, I believe I could make it a paying proposition, but it’s no place for a woman. The place is not a bit attractive. The little village is scattered along the shore of Boker Bay, and the only things to be seen are the broad Atlantic before you and hills and boulders on all sides. I think it was rightly called ‘the jumping off place.’ You wouldn’t want to associate with the people either. They are not at all like those you have been accustomed to, and you would feel out of place. They are rough and uneducated and have no conception of morality at all, but there is no store there, and the men have to go to Bay-side to get their supplies. The fishermen make lots of money, and I think the proposition is too good a one to let slip.”

Kate gazed blankly at the open fire, resting her troubled head on her right hand. For a moment she uttered not a word in reply to her husband’s suggestion. Question after question presented itself to her mind. “Did Frank want to get rid of her? Had he lost his love for her? Was she unappreciated? Did he wish to live by himself that he might indulge in his old appetites? Did he love another woman, or

was he truly sincere in wanting to make this change? These and many others were the problems that asked for solution in a moment. She spoke calmly and cautiously.

"I'm sorry, Frank, if you find me a burden to you in your work. Such a thing is farthest from my true desire. I have always aimed to be a help, rather than a hindrance to you. You never asked me if I would be willing to go to Boker. Have I ever refused to do anything that would be for your welfare? I didn't want to go into this hotel business, but I did so for your sake."

"Come now, Kate, I don't like to hear you talk that way. You know I love you and all that, but you see the situation. I thought perhaps that you would enjoy living at home for a while, until I saw just how things would go. Your mother would like to have you with her, and I could come up every two or three weeks, for Sunday."

Kate's heart was breaking, though she successfully concealed her emotions. Was he never going to even suggest that he would like to have her go with him? "No, Frank," she said calmly, "I'll not go home. The people of Gaspereaux would certainly have something to talk about, I guess, if I did. I'd go to the city and do housework first, but I'll tell you what I'll do, if you are willing. I'll stay here and run the hotel myself. I believe I could make a success of it, but if I fail, I'll use my own money to pay the bills. I'd rather do that than be the subject of gossip in any neighborhood."

Frank saw that Kate was determined and admired her for it. "It's true what you say, Kate. I suppose they would talk about you. Look how they've talked about me, but I'm quite willing for you to do as you suggest. Perhaps after I get a little acquainted in Boker, and if the business pays, we can build a home down there. That would at least make living there, half bearable for us."

"Very well, Frank. I'll try the very best I can to do my part well."

Within three weeks, the first store in Boker had been erected and over the door hung the sign, "FRANK L. SMITH—General Store." Business was good from the very start, and Frank knew that he had made no mistake. He could

truthfully say that the Boker people were kind to him. They readily gave him assistance in erecting his building, and the little deeds they did for him were many. Their generosity also expressed itself in presenting him with samples of a kind of "home-brew" that they manufactured themselves, and too often Frank allowed his baser impulses to overrule his better self.

Kate had been working hard. There was much to be done that spring before the summer boarders came. To keep down expenses, she did the bulk of the work herself. The middle of May found her tired and unwell, and dreading the summer's work. Following a week's illness, she called in the local doctor.

"I have to tell you, Mrs. Smith, that you are suffering from an aggravated case of appendicitis."

"Oh, doctor," she said, quite unconsciously, "how can I endure more! Must I really surrender to an operation?" This pleading inquiry came from the very depths of her heart.

"Your case will only become more serious with delay, Mrs. Smith. You are now running a temperature and I must insist that you leave for the city this morning. We can catch the noon train from the Junction. I will take you to the station in my limousine and will accompany you to the hospital. In your present condition, you will be able to stand the trip, but if you delay another day, I fear the consequences. You will want to send word to Mr. Smith, but it will not be necessary for him to come with you, unless he wishes."

Kate put her best foot forward and made up her mind to do as the doctor suggested. She tried to get a 'phone message through to Boker, but "central" replied that she was unable to get any response to Mr. Smith's number. A neighbor who lived near the store answered and said that Mr. Smith had not been seen for a couple of days and his store was locked. "People thought he was in the store," she said, "and if she saw him, she would deliver the message."

To satisfy herself that she had done her whole duty, Kate, in a scrawly hand wrote a note to her husband, to go out on the afternoon mail. He could not get the train till tomorrow, anyway.

At five o'clock that afternoon, Kate was on the operating table. At precisely the same hour, Frank Smith received his first mail for three days. With glassy eyes he read Kate's letter. "Was this the truth, or was it only a dream? Surely he must be the object of a joke. It didn't look like Kate's writing," Back in his store again, he tried to reason it out. His head was heavy and ached. "Could it really be that his wife was in the hospital?" He was stunned!

The next morning Dr. Prince called at the hospital to see his patient. "Good morning, Dr. Rogers," was his salutation, "and how is Mrs. Smith this morning?"

"Doing very nicely, Dr. Prince. She is a little weak this morning from the anaesthetic, but we have good hopes for her recovery."

"Fine, Dr. Rogers. Tell her, will you, that I shall call again this evening, for I am not returning to the country till tomorrow."

"Very well, I'll be glad to deliver your message."

A day had now passed since Smith received the note from his wife. He had now come fully to realize the seriousness of the situation. "Oh what a fool I am! What a fool I am! My own Kate! What a wretch I am! This confounded drink! If only she can be spared, I'll show her what I can do! If God will bring her back to me once more, I'll prove to her that never man loved woman as I do her, and I'll prove myself worthy of her love. "Oh God, spare her," he muttered.

* * * * *

"Good evening, Dr. Rogers, and how is my patient tonight? What kind of a day has she spent?"

The sound of Dr. Prince's voice brought a relieved expression to Dr. Rogers' face. "I'm glad you have come, Dr. Prince, for you might be able to give us a little information about this case. During the day she has developed

a high temperature and seems to be under a very nervous strain. We hardly think it is due to the operation, but we believe she is worrying over something. Have you any idea what the cause of it might be? We fear that unless we can in some way alleviate this, the results will be fatal."

"Did her husband not come today?" Dr. Prince asked.

"No! no one has called to see her, and I hesitated to ask her about family affairs, since she did not mention them herself. Does he know of her illness?"

"Yes, she sent him word before she left for here, but he may not have received the message. I expected he would be in on this afternoon's train, and probably she did too. Perhaps if I go and have a talk with her, I can help her some."

"Well, Mrs. Smith," spoke Dr. Prince, "you are doing just splendidly aren't you? Didn't I tell you you would stand it all right? The doctor tells me that you seem to be a little restless this afternoon. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, Dr. Prince, you must have guessed the reason why. Mr. Smith did not come in on today's train, and I was expecting him."

"Ah! I knew that was it, Mrs. Smith, but you just believe me that probably he never got your message on time. You know you can never depend on the Boker mails. The roads are bad, and sometimes the mails are a couple of days late. You may be assured that he will be here as soon as he can, after he receives your message. Now you must stop worrying at once. You know it is the patient who does not worry, that recovers rapidly; worry only aggravates the illness and retards the progress."

Kate smiled as sweetly as she could, in response to his words, but said nothing in reply. Her heart had received many shocks but this was the climax. "Alone and forsaken," she thought, "what could be worse?"

All through the night, the nurse stayed by her bedside. She tossed, turned, and moaned constantly. Towards morning the nurse gave her a mild hypodermic and she fell into a profound sleep. She awoke at seven o'clock somewhat refreshed, but her chart showed her to be in a dangerous con-

dition. The night doctor was still on duty when a man called at his office at 7.30 a. m. "I'm sorry to have to disturb you at this hour of the morning, Doctor, but I just got in on the early morning train. My name is Smith; my wife is a patient here."

"Oh yes, Mr. Smith. I am very glad you have come. Your wife is in a very serious condition. She seems to be worrying over something."

"Heavens!" he said, "it's *me* she's worrying over," and his voice thickened. "Am I too late to see her? Is there any hope? Can she live?"

"We hope so, Mr. Smith; just sit down a moment till I go and see how she is this morning."

The doctor returned shortly and ushered Frank to the bedside of his wife. "I must warn you, Mr. Smith," said the doctor, "not to remain too long, or to say anything that would excite her. I have told her that you were here."

Kate was the first to speak. "Frank, you *did* come, *didn't* you? I was afraid I wasn't going to see you, because I may not recover. I guess mine is quite a bad case, but I feel fine this morning. I always feel better in the morning, don't I nurse?" The nurse gave an assenting smile and followed the doctor from the room, to leave the husband and wife alone.

"Oh dearie!" Frank said, his eyes moistening, as his hand held hers, "you *will* get better won't you?"

"There's just one thing will save me, Frank—it's *you!*"

"There's just one thing will save *me*, Kate, and that's *you!*"

* * * * *

It was nearing the close of a day in May, 1921, and in their cozy little home in Boker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith were chatting over bygone days. "How quickly time passes. Let me see—what date is this, Frank?"

"It's the 17th today, dear."

"Why Frank, it's just ten years today since I went to the hospital."

"So it is, and so I'm just ten years old today. They've been such happy years though, haven't they, Kate?"

“Yes, dear, it’s just like having our honeymoon all over again, isn’t it?”

From upstairs a little voice called, “Good night, Daddy;
good night, Mother.”

E. C. P. '22.

ON THE RANGE.

A light wind rustles the mesquite brush:
The sky in the East is rosy red:
You vault in the saddle, and touch the spurs,
And give your buckskin bronch his head.
He wheels and away o’er the rolling range
You ride e’er the meadow lark has stirred.
You stop on the crest of the Old Home Butte,
And look for the stragging herd.

The sun creeps o’er the eastern rim:
The range is filled with a sudden glow:
A black bird thrills from the willow scrub
Just seen through the mist in the vale below.
The herd has scattered far and wide,
But it’s yours to ride and earn your pay,
And you wave your hat in estacy
As you ride the range of the Lazy J.

Oh, the thrill of the chase when the herd breaks loose,
Or the cut-out after a maverick steer
With a rat-tat-tat of the ponies hoofs,
And a ringing rousing cheer.
An empty space, and a whirling rope:
The loop swings down on the flying heels;
A twist on the pommel, a sudden jerk,
And he’s dragged to earth as the pony wheels.

Oh, the joy of life in the open air,
The range your world, your saddle home,
The sun swings onward to the west,

An the evening breezes moan.
 The rounded herd 'neath the coolie rim,
 A three-mile ride to the ranch house gray,
 And you sing to a single twinkling star
 As you ride the range of the Lazy J.

C. M. S., '24.

BEEG BATEESE.

“**D**AT Pierre ees bad man, ba Cripe. If he don' give de p'leece trouble 'fore dey get heem to Quebec, den ma name ain' Camille Vercheres.”

There were some twenty men, all French-Canadians, of the Quebec Lumber Company, gathered together in the bunk room of the company's camp on the St. Maurice riven some six miles below Mattawin. Supper having just been finished in true lumberman style, the men had slouched down in their bunks, or on the benches at various places in the room, and were having their evening smoke preparatory to going to bed.

Just as the men were going in to their evening meal, a canoe containing two detectives from Quebec city and Pierre Beaulieu, a man who had a whole series of crimes attached to his name, and for whom the law had been after for two years, had passed by the camp bound down river. Camille Vercheres, foreman of the camp, had made the above remark as he sat in a cloud of smoke, with his feet up on the table, and the chair leaning back at a dangerous angle.

“Dat remin me of de time up to camp Moncouche on de Sag'enay 'bout ten year ago, wan Beeg Bateese kill young Johnnie Beaudet”, continued Camille. “Any you men ever hear dat tale?”

It was evident from the looks on the lumbermen that no one had heard about “Beeg Bateese,” so Camille went on.

“It was ma secon' year wid de Companie, an' dey sen' me, 'long wid 'bout twent' five oder chap 'way up to Moncouche, w'ere rey ees just startin' cuttin' de heavy timber. Durin' de col' winter night we ees tryin' for brighten

t'ing up, havin' boxin' match, wras'lin' and' de lak. Dis Bateese, a chopper, was beeg bully, an' ev'ry chance he get he pick on one of us leetle feller. But he ees darn good boxer an' no one dare put on de glov wid heem.

“One night we ees settin' 'roun', wonderin' wat for do, w'en up jomp Bateese an' start telling' us wat fool coward we ees, scairt for box heem, wras'le heem, or do any'ting to heem. He ees keepin' dis up, an' all of us ees gettin' pret' sore, wan up jomp young Johnnie Beaudet an' say he ain' scairt of Bateese even if he ees beeger. Pret' soon dey get on de glove an' go to it, fightin' lake hell: None of us didn' t'ink Johnnie will last long 'gains' Bateese, Johnnie bein' so much leetler, but ba Cripe! how dat boy can scrap. He was givin' Bateese more'n he want, an' Bateese he know it. Wee ees all standin' yellin' our heads off for Johnnie, wan might' sudden Bateese pull off hees right glove, and rushin' in get Johnnie full on the jaw, wid hees bare feest. Dat blow mos' knock Johnnie out, but up he come, swearin' lak mad. He pull off hees glove an' go at Meester Bateese wid de bare feest. He ees cloutin' heem all 'roun' de room, an' in 'bout noder minute will knock Bateese col', wan all of sudden Bateese duck an' reach to hees belt. Der ees flash in de air an' fore we can holler, Bateese has hees knife bury to de heelt in Johnnie's back. We all crowd 'roun' Johnnie for see how bad he ees hurt. De boy don't know wat strike heem, for wan we get to heem he ees dead. Cursin' Bateese, de men all turn 'roun' to w'ere he was standin', but Bateese hees too queeck for dem. De open door show de way he has go.”

For the past minute or so Camille had been backing away with a knife at his plug of rank tobacco. He stopped his tale long enough to roll the weed and fill his pipe,—then he went on.

“'Course de w'ole bunch go after Bateese, but eet ees ver' dark, an' der ees so many feller runnin' 'roun', dat each t'ink de oder ees Bateese. After w'ile dey com' stragglin' in, one after noder, knowin' it ees no use huntin' for Bateese till mornin'.

“After de excitement have die down leetle, de boys get together for see wat ees for to do. Der ees Johnnie Beaudet lyin’ ded in hees bunk, an’ der ees Bateese hees murderer, de Lor’ know w’ere. We know dat Bateese he’s go by de riveer, ’cause one chap has count de canoe an’ fin’ dat one ees mees-in’. De plan ees mak dat eight men in four canoe start de hunt nex’ mornin’ an’ keep on de trail ontill dey fin’ Bateese. Wid dat plan mak de men all go for bed.

“Nex’ mornin’ at firs’ light everyone ees up an waitin’ for go away. ’Course eviry jack he wan for go, so dey draw lot for see who ees de lucky eight, an I happen for be one. A leader ees choose an’ we get prepar for start. Aftr brakfas’ evry one wish us de bes’ of luck an’ way we go.

“’Course Bateese go down de reveer, dat bein’ de only way out de countree, but still we ees pret’ sure he ees hidin’ heemself somew’ere for two, t’ree day. He has live up in dat countree several year an’ know de reveer might’ good, so good dat he probabl’ paddle all night.

“We keep good watch for Bateese all mornin’ hopin’ for fin’ hees trace on de reveer bank, w’ich will show dat he has go ’shore. Noon com but we have fin’ no trace of heem. We stop for deenere in a leetle cove plannin’ for rest an’ ’our an’ den keep on. After dennere two of de men tak’ a walk for ’bout mile down a trail on de bank. Pret’ soon dey com’ rushin’ back lookin’ all excite. Dey have fin’ wat ees lef’ of a fire ’bout t’ree quarter mile down de stream, a fire w’ich have been build dat ver’ mornin’. Dat mean dat Bateese ees ’head of us, prababl’ dat he ees makin’ for de islan’ down reveer ’bout seexty mile. You know der ees ’bout hun’red islan’ down at de fall of St. Mihiel, just small, leetle islan’, but dey mak good place for hide.

“We’en we hear dis, re eight of us sit down for leetle conflag. We decide dat two of de canoe shall go ’head fas’ as de men can paddle, an’ try for catch up wid “Beeg” Bateese. De oder canoe will follow ’long slower in case he ees hidin’ heemself ’long de reveer bank. De firs’ canoe will go ’long an’ if dey don’ fin’ Bateese dey will wait for de oder two at the beeg islan’, which mark de beginnin’ of de hun’red islan’.

“Me an’ Jacques Baticscamp, ma canoemate, ’long wid anoder canoe go ’head, an’ ba dam I tell you, I don’ wan’ for paddle again lak we go dat afternoon. Sacré! but we don’ let up once in dose seex hour eet take us for mak’ de islan’. W’en we get der we mak’ nice place for spend de night, get supper an’ go for bed, might’ tired I tell you too.

“Nex’ day der ees not’in for do but wait for de oder canoe, but we keep sharp lookout all mornin’ for Bateese. ’Long ’bout t’ree ’clock in de afternoon de oder men arrive havin’ foun no more trace of Bateese, so we t’ink sure he ees ’head of us in de islan’ somew’ere. It ees gettin’ pret’ late by de time we stop talkin’, so we decide for stay w’ere we ess for de night. ’Bout nine o’clock we all turn in, plannin’ for get good sleep, for nex day will be hard one.

“Sometim’ in de night I wake up all of sudden t’inkin’ I hear soun’ of paddlin’ comin’ up de reveer. I lie still an’ leesten for mebbe ten minute w’en all of sudden I hear scrapin’ soun comin’ from w’ere our canoe ees. Wid a yell, I have wake de oder men an’ have start runnin’ lak hell for de cove. All I can hear ees swif’ paddlin’ goin’ down de reveer again. W’en we get to de cove only two canoe ees der. Dat Bateese he have come an’ try tak’ all our canoe, an’ ba dam he mos’ do it too. Wid two canoe less it mean dat only four can go after Bateese. It ees no good for hunt for de conoe, for ver’ lak’ dey ees anyw’ere ’mong’ de islan’ ’roun’ us.

“At sun up four of us start out again, an’ dis tim’ we mak’ up our min’ for get dat Bateese or die in attemp’. We hunt all mornin’ ’roun’ de islan’ nex’ de one we was on but no trace do we fin’. Den we decide for go to de “T’ree Branch”, dat ess w’ere de reveer go in t’ree channel an’ come out at de beeg fall, w’ere de water drop ’bount eighty feet.

“’Long bout four ’clock in de afternoon, as we ees goin’ ’roun’ an islan’ at de mout’ of de lef’ channel, we see a canoe ’head of us jus’ roundin’ de corner of de nex’ islan’. De feller paddlin’ turn hees head an’ sure ’nuff, it ees “Beeg” Bateese. W’en he see us you want to look at hees face. He ees pret’ scairt an’ de way he ees paddlin’, you t’ink de ol’ man heemself ees after heem.

“W’en we roun’ de corner we expec’ for see Bateese doublin’ back up de stream but, ba dam, dat man mus’ go crazy, for he ees paddlin’ right down de lef’ channel as fas’ he can, an’ not quarter mile below ees de beeg fall. We follow after not seein’ how he can get ’way, t’inkin’ dat Bateese will lan’ on de bank an’ strik for de wood. He com’ at de landin’ place, an’ ba dam, now wat you t’ink? ’Steard of heem landin’, he’s turn hees canoe at de mout’ de channel an’ point ’cross de head of de fall. Yes sir, he try for to cross de reveer, an’ head up de right branch, wid de beeg fall not hun’red an’ feefty yard below heem. De four of us, we lan’ oursel an’ watch wat Bateese goin’ to do. I tol you Bateese might’ strong paddler an’ he sure show it now. He point de canoe ha’f up stream an’ paddle lak hell eetself. Sacré! I nevaire see man work lak dat Bateese, an’ wid every stroke he ees gettin’ nearer to oder bank, ant’o he ees only ’bout seventy yard from de edge of de fall.

“Bateese he ees standin’ up paddlin’ an’ keepin’ right to hees work, Pret’ soon we see dat Bateese goin’ for mak’ de shore. Ba dam, he has go ’cross dat place w’ere no one else ever dare try. If we have t’ink, we can shoot heem, but no one t’ink of dat, all bein’ so much excite. At las’ Bateese see he ees goin’ for mak’ de shore, an’ wat you t’ink dat fool man do? He turn ha’f ’roun’ in hees canoe an’ laf at us, but dat laf fix Meester Bateese, for de canoe sheeft lettle bit, an’ ’fore he can stop her, she run right ’gains’ sharp rock, an’ spin ’roun’ so dat de bow hed right out in de stream. ’Fore Bateese can turn her ’roun’ she ees only ’bount twent’ yard from de fall. We can see de sweat stan’ out on hees head in beeg beads, he ees so scairt. He keep on dat way, paddlin’ hard as he can for ’bout t’ree minute, but not gainin’ a bit on de water. Den Bateese he’s grow weaker an’ begin’ for lose. Nearer an’ nearer he go to de brink, den all of sudden he t’row up hees han’ wid a wil’ yell, an’ canoe and heem go over de fall.

“Dat Pierre ees bad man ba Cripe, but not’ink lak Bateese.”

H. G. G., '22.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF COLLEGE STANDING.

DISTINCTIONS of various kinds are emanating from the college office throught the land. These distinctions fall into three general classes, high averages, fair averages, and plucks. The extremes of merit and demerit are marked by high averages and plucks respectively.

Now there are distinguishing characteristics appertaining to the students who have been successful in obtaining any of these distinctions. At least it is so believed in well-informed circles. A man does not have to be a prophet nor the son thereof to fortell accurately the vicinity in which the high averages and the plucks will descend.

There is always a dual nature in the behavior of the recipients of these distinctions. The student who will receive high averages is seldom seen at places of amusement. When he does venture forth he is seen to be of adamantine appearance. On gazing upon him one suffers a revulsion of feeling, and is led to quote Shakespeare's famous saying,

“Let me play the fool;
With mirth and lauhgter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart break with mortifying groans.”

Even after he has received his distinction, his moments of greatest relaxation and hilarity are marked only by wan, pious smiles.

There is, however, another seemingly sanctimonious type which might easily deceive the most wary. These use solemnity as a cloak for their real characters, and if closely watched during the midnight hours might be seen to indulge in nefarious games, or to partake of foaming portions of ale. Of such an one beware, as he will in due season struggle verbosely with the exam, and then be fortunate if he, in the cloud of obscurity which his words have created, escapes with a scant second class.

The recipients of plucks are generally of two types, those who are intellectually dull and those who have excellent

ability but who do not apply this ability along conventional lines. The former type is familiar to all, and requires no special comment. The latter is often gay, erratic, and care-free—except at the close of each term. Its members are similar to Dicken's Micawber in the fact that they are hoping for something to turn up. In due course something does turn up—their plucks. They further resemble Mr. Micawber in that they often make motions at themselves with razors.

But the serious phase of this matter lies in the fact that a great many people attach importance to the averages obtained by students in their various studies. They erroneously suppose that these averages can be taken as reliable indices to the intellectual ability of the students. Governed by this fallacious theory many students from year to year are led to deaden their creative powers by hours of constant study in the seclusion of their rooms.

If we could conceive of a student so blind regarding values as to devote his whole time to study, we should have pictured a very unwise student indeed,—foolish in his seeming wisdom. True, he might attain riches and fame, but he would be so desolate and could not enjoy it, solitary and could not impart it.

Man is basically a social animal. So general is this social tendency that those who have withdrawn from their kind are regarded as objects of pity if not of loathing. The Biblical writers, in endeavouring to devise a fitting punishment for Cain, said that he was banished from human fellowship. Yet many misguided students take upon themselves voluntarily a penalty almost as severe as was placed upon Cain for gross iniquity.

There is no question that some students who graduate from College with honors have as the result of their education a devitalized constitution and a distorted view of life.

The chief error that many zealous students make is to mistake one of the means of attaining culture for culture itself. We learn to appreciate poetry, not by forcing ourselves to read it, but by first gaining experience, and then finding in poetry pleasant echoes of experience. The description of a beautiful landscape or sunset would awaken but

slight response in a person who had never seen either. Learned works were intended to supplement experience, but never to supplant it.

Now, if by study we mean the process by which we improve our minds and acquire knowledge, then the term has come to have a very narrow application in popular usage. For some inadequate reason it has been restricted to mean the process in which the student sits with lack-lustre-stare coming over the printed page. True, that is one method of acquiring knowledge—some of which may be useful. But this is in no wise the chief means.

After all few of us remember anything for any great length of time, no matter how thoroly we may have learned it. Today we may be able to recite fluently all the families of the animal kingdom. But in a year's time the memory of them is but a hazy impression. It therefore appears that the benefit that we have received is not the aquisition of the facts themselves, but the ability to find these facts when necessary, and the broadened views which familiarity with these facts occasioned. In short, *the impresions remain; the facts do not.*

It is extremely questionable whether the student who has spent his time memorizing minute details in any course will retain an impression more lasting, or even as lasting as the student who neglected detail, and depended for his standing upon a knowledge of the basic principles and tendencies. high standingmrrf martm rahtm rahtm fartm rartm ramtr
It is still more questionable whether or not the professors should lay so much stress upon the desirability of high standing.

What would be the probable consequence if no standing were announced higher than second class? V. L. P. '23.

THE USE OF SLANG.

ONE thing that is the subject of much criticism today among all lovers of correct speaking, is the growing use of slang in our modern speech. The fact that it is growing cannot be questioned, and in whose hands is vested the power of arresting progress, is problematical. Its use is not only prevalent in popular speech, but it is finding its way into the works of the present day writers to a very large degree. Newspapers write editorials on the subject; magazines publish scores of articles—some for and some against it; teachers of English everywhere, condemn it mercilessly. Addison, Steele, and Swift complained of the popular and fashionable corruption of the language in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, yet if they could read some of today's literature, their criticisms would probably be much more severe.

Someone has defined slang as "the language of a highly colloquial type considered as below the level of standard educated speech, and consisting of either new words or of current words employed in some special sense". Slang has also been called the illegitimate sister of poetry, because their common ground is the use of the metaphor. It is the opposite of poetry, however, in that it consciously seeks to be in bad taste. The difference is in the nature of the emotion it seeks to arouse.

Our use of slang is perhaps due to the fact that we are too lazy to think up the correct word, and at other times we employ it because the terms are expressive rather than elegant, and convey the meaning to everybody, high and low. Probably it is the latter reason that has more largely influenced its use. It may be said, too, that many of the expressions that are so common today are not a product of the twentieth century. We find that Shakespeare used "good night" and Chaucer, "come off" and "go sit down". Sheridan is credited with "cut it out."

The career of slang as such, is short. A new expression either perishes by its over use, or is slain by the Purists, so

if a word or phrase survives both treatments, it is likely to be worthy the place it has won in the face of earnest criticism. It is only by chance, then, that we can coin a word; no one can say that this word or that, from henceforth will be a perfectly good word. It is largely both a principle of decay and growth in language. Slang is language in the making; it is the sign of life; it is imagination at work in words, and some writers go so far as to say that our mother tongue would become a stagnant river, if slang did not pour into it fresh streams. Many of the words in our language today were slang in their origin.

The sources of slang words are many. It is true that every trade or profession has a real slang of its own; indeed, there are few family circles that have not certain peculiar expressions used only within the household. Wars have always had the effect of enriching language. Although the crop of new words from the recent war has naturally not yet been fully garnered, yet the English sallies during the war, spoke of the charm of the native slang of the soldiers from this side of the water. "Camouflage", "whiz bangs," "can the Kaizer", and many other words and phrases were common during the war. "Khaki" was a product of the Boer War.

College slang is full of abbreviations which seem useful to the users. "Prof" is common for Professor, "exam" for examination; "track" for track athletics, and who in college hasn't used expressions like these: "bluff", "crib", "flunk", "hot air", "eats", "on the rocks", "broke, and many others. Sometimes at a ball game we have even been guilty of saying, "he's up in the air", or at the restaurant we have asked for "two sinkers and a glass of Adam's ale"; some of us have even had the "flu." Slang metaphors such as "put it over", "make a hit" (meaning success), may survive when they are expressive, provided that the innate vulgarity of the word is not so strong that we cannot forget it. Many phrases such as "deliver the goods", "get away with it", "call down", "turn down," now strike the fastidious ear with varying degrees of offense, but it is by no means

impossible that they may some day find themselves in the best of company.

Two principal characteristics may serve to distinguish what is properly called slang, from certain other varieties of diction that in some respects resemble it. A mere vulgarism is not slang except when it is purposely adopted, and acquires an artificial currency among some class of persons to whom it is not native. The other distinctive feature is that it is neither a part of the ordinary language nor an attempt to supply its deficiencies. The slang word is a deliberate substitute for a word of the vernacular, just as a nickname is a substitute for a personal name.

Our duty toward slang is not to be neutral. In so far as we have convictions, feelings, beliefs about it, we should act on them. Another duty is to act as intelligently as possible; intelligence, rather than imagination, should be the guiding principle. The prejudice against it has its victories, but it has its defeats also, and the exact point at which the struggle may be considered ended, is still in the realm of the unknown.

H. H. W., '22.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

“They also serve who only sit and wait.”

These words a message bring to those whose lot

It is to warm the bench as spares, but not

To mingle in the fray,—all those whom Fate

Has held in check and fashioned second-rate.

What really matters it who makes the team

If from the contest we return supreme?

For spares and stars the welcome's just as great.

But yet it matters much, because its hard

To be so near the game and yet so far,

To stand prepared but held in leash, to catch

The thrill but take no hand and play no card,

To feel twixt thou and them that mighty bar—

They made the grade—we failed; they play—we watch.

H. H. W., '22.

"INTACTA AVIS"

MUCH has been said during the past few months regarding the wonderful game of "Tra-la-la". To be perfectly frank, we regard the game with the *utmost disfavor*—in fact, we are ready to denounce it as vehemently as any Baptist minister, past or present, has condemned dancing.

To begin with—look at the name—foolish in extreme, yet second only in foolishness to the game for which it stands. The fact that there are many modifications to the game does not signify anything. Though "Tra-la-la à la Bill", or "à la Ken," or à la anybody else in the world may sound euphonious enough to merit a place in the Standard Dictionary of Facts, turn to the more modern history of the game. A few years ago this same game was being played under the mysterious name of "G. S. U.," and after running rampart for a time, was banned as a menace to society by the vote of the male members of the student body. Is it because we are degenerating that we are permitting this pernicious practice to be continued under an *alias*? It would appear so.

Moreover, think of the division it causes in the ranks of the male members of the species. What chance have we, we who lack even the elementary facial characteristics of an "eligible" human being, to contend with those more remotely removed from the *Pithecanthropus erectus*?

We find another reason for endemning the game in that it is conducive to perversity. Think of the scores of promising young men who weekly, daily, yes, hourly, tax their imaginations for an excuse to explain where the last cheque from poor old Dad went to. We're not keen on the sob stuff, so we'll go no further on this line.

We feel it our duty to say a few words regarding the time spent in playing the game, and in becoming an adept at it. According to good authority (we'll call him Jack for short), the number of hours wasted per year on Tra-la-la is *enormous*, tremendous, in fact almost beyond inhuman comprehension.

[NOTE:—According to our informant in investigations made by Annie Lytics, it has been found that the number of hours spent per year in Tra-la-la exceeds *cosec x*, a number which becomes almost infinitely large as the angle between the individual pairs of players becomes smaller].

Much to our regret we feel that we can do nothing to bring the adepts back to the straight and narrow path. We would, however, discourage a beginner from attempting to learn the game. Think of the number of hours wasted in agreeing that the ice is excellent, that the show is good, that it is a nice day today, and that it probably won't rain tomorrow. Yet all this comes in what may be called the probation period.....

On, what on earth's the use of all this talk?
 Today I passed a Co-ed on the street,
 And somehow I just couldn't meet her eye
 I just kept gazing at MY shapely feet.
 And somehow I just couldn't understand
 The feeling that kept creeping over me.

And so I'm going, going to arise.
 This very night, and take my place and learn
 This old new game, and all it signifies.

A fool you say—maybe you're right,
 But I've no peace by day or night—
 I've ceased to think, I only know,
 I've got to go, boys, got to go.

“With apologies”

G. C. H., '22.

J. L. B., '22.

SIMON'S OVERCOAT.

MRS. and Mrs. Simon Stubbs were engaged in their usual after-supper pastime. Mrs. S. was complaining bitterly about many things, while Mr. S. tried to soothe her wrath without drawing her stream of invectives upon himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs had been playing this game together for over twenty years, and had become very expert at it. Mrs. S. could air her views on her husband's miserable salary of forty dollars a week, on their cramped four-room apartment, her neighbors, the noisy street, her struggles with the gas range, and so on, for over an hour, without repeating a single sentence. At last Mr. S. managed to force himself into the conversation.

"Maria, you know we have been saving two dollars a week to buy clothes—"

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, I looked at the bankbook today, and we have forty-two dollars. I think I really ought to have a new overcoat. Mine is all frayed at the bottom and worn around the buttons. You know yourself that the tailor said last fall he couldn't patch it, and its worse now".

"Simon Stubbs, I am surprised at your suggestion, I am indeed. You know perfectly well that we agreed last fall you would wait for your coat till I got that ermine cape you admired so much. It was just like a man to suggest taking that money and spending it on yourself. You're always talking about your overcoat. Pity about your overcoat! You will have to wear your old one this winter".

Simon had one avenue of escape left. "Sorry, m'dear," he remarked apologetically, "but I must go down to the office. Its the end of the month, and the bookkeeper will want my invoices all filed for the morning".

"Seems a funny thing to me that you are always doing extra work in that office and never getting extra pay. If you had the backbone of a worm you would insist on a larger salary. Oh if I were only a man."

“Yes, m'dear, it would have been better for us,” Simon replied soothingly, as he wrapped his dilapidated ruin about his body and departed.

Outside Jackson and Mayers wholesale hardware establishment, where he filed invoices six days a week, Stubbs paused in astonishment. There was a light in the inner office.

“Funny for the boss to leave his club to come here and work nights”, he reflected as he entered. Walking silently, a habit learned at home Simon went upstairs, crossed the outer office, and gazed horrorstruck into the inner sanctum.

Harvey, the night watchman, was standing against the wall, with his hands held above his head. Opposite him stood a short, tough, shabby stranger, whose face was hidden by a visor, and whose hands toyed with a small automatic. A second stranger, similar to the first in appearance was twirling the combination-knob of the vault.

Stubbs drew back into the shadow of the outer office and hesitated. He knew that there was always a lot of ready currency on hand at the end of the month, probably five or six thousand dollars. Should he charge in and try to turn the tide of battle, or attempt to secure outside help?

He thought of the telephone, but knew he was powerless to use it. Probably the men would secure their booty and escape before he could get to the street, find assistance, and return.

On the other hand, the thieves were flourishing revolvers, while Simon was unarmed, short and fifty-two. Twice he tiptoed up to the door to charge, and twice he retreated. He stood just outside the lighted area of the doorway, his heart beating wildly and his breath coming in short gasps.

In the awful silence it seemed impossible that the burglars would not hear his wild heart-beats. The moments dragged by like eons, and every minute seemed an eternity. Occasional thoughts of his wife and home came to him, but it seemed years and years since he had set out for the office.

Suddenly a familiar sound reached his ears—he heard the vault open slowly.

“Is the roll there?” asked a coarse voice.

"See in a jiff," came the excited answer.

"Now or never", Stubbs thought to himself, "while they're thinking of the money."

He crept cautiously to the door again, but the man with the drawn gun was still on guard.—Simon slowly returned to his former place. His knees were aching with the strain of standing motionless, but he could think of no remedy.

Next moment he was thrown into a real panic by a remark from the man at the vault:

"Just a moment, Bill, while I see if the coast's clear, and then I'll help you tie up your little friend".

Footsteps were approaching the door. Stubbs glanced fearfully around, but there was not even a desk near for him to hide under. He was trapped!

Suddenly the peril of his situation galvanized him into activity. Even as he leaped toward the burglar he realized that he was fighting for his life. He seized his opponent around the waist, pinning his arms to his sides, so that the latter was unable to draw a weapon. Locked in each other's embrace, the two men rocked and rolled across the room.

Meanwhile the watchman had been quick to seize the opportunity when his guard looked away for a moment and had grappled with him. Little by little, Harvey's superior strength gave him the upper hand, till he managed to pin his opponent under himself on the floor. Then, holding the rogue with one hand, he drew his gun with the other and fired at Stubbs's adversary. The burglar fell wounded and Stubbs staggered back from the struggle almost fainting with exhaustion.

The next afternoon Simon came home with an unusual air of importance.

"Oh, Maria", he exclaimed as he entered the house, "if you could only have heard what Mr. Jackson said about me today".

"Nothing about a raise, I'll bet".

"No, my dear, but he called me up before the whole staff and called me a hero. Just think of it".

"All foolishness, I think it, to risk your life for a bunch of tightwads like Jackson and Mayer. What difference

would it make to you if they lost ten or twenty thousand dollars?"

"But, my dear, you don't let me finish. Then Mr. Jackson presented me with a little token of appreciation".

"How much was it? Fifty dollars?"

"No, my dear, one hundred dollars. Just think of it."

"One hundred dollars? That makes one hundred and forty-two we have. I was reading an advertisement just today of a beautiful ermine muff to match the fur. I can get them both for, one hundred and thirty-five. I'll get them tomorrow".

"I'm sorry, my dear, but you can't have all of this money".

"Can't have it? Why not, I'd like to know? Haven't I handled all our money since our marriage?"

"But you see, my dear. I've spent some of it—on an overcoat. I simply had to have it. Everyone is laughing at my old one."

"Simon Stubbs. how much money did you waste on an overcoat?"

"Twenty-eight dollars, but it isn't wasted, Maria. I needed the coat".

"Did you have to get it altered to fit you?"

"No, my dear, it fitted fine as it was. They are sending it up to night".

"Oh, they are, are they? Well when it comes you can send it back. If it hasn't been altered they can't refuse to take it back again".

"But Maria, I need——"

"Not a word from you, Simon Stubbs. After the way you promised to use your old coat until I got my fur, I am surprised and disgusted, yes disgusted, at your selfish act——."R—R—R—R—R——.

There's the doorbell now. I'll answer it myself".

* * * * *

Simon could hear her voice coming from the porch.

"And I tell you he has changed his mind about taking the coat, so you might as well take it back to the store. I'll be in in the morning to get the twenty-eight dollars back".

Simon shrugged his shoulders sadly.

“Women”, he murmured *sotte voce*, “are the most obstinate creatures in the world”.

As Mrs. Stubbs returned she announced in stentorian tones: “I do think that men are the most selfish beings that were ever created”.

H. H. W., '22.

A SACRED GROVE.

HERE silence is the queen of time; her hand
 Is raised—and the tide trembles to a pause.
 Beauty, too awful to be loved, awakes
 And spell-binds Man’s repose. The sunken sun,
 Whose mantle’s gold is melted in the tint
 Of evening’s purple sadness, near the west
 Lingers awhile, as loth to quit the scene,
 Yet ’tis not sadness all; for tho’ the trees,
 Heavy with cumbrous melancholy, sweep
 Their somber foliaged boughs close to the grass,
 And solemn twilight peers between the trunks,
 Tinging the dome of yonder vacant hall—
 O’er all a spirit of subdued emotion
 Breathes in pathetic sweetness, deep diffused.

In this dim palace of gray Solitude,
 Where not a sigh wafts o’er the lily’s urn,
 And nought, save marble forms of tenderest grace,
 With pensive attitude stand in lone bowers—
 The heart, upheaving into the fresh air,
 Itself abandons to the scene, and claims
 Kindred with placid Death, and those lost hopes
 That lived around the loved ones, now no more.
 Their tombs smile pale beneath these cypress boughs,
 Heavy with memory of all the past.

Moveless I stand before these moveless trees—
 Breathless as those broad boughs; and gazing thus,
 At the dark foliage imaged in the pools,

Which deepen, as the brooding mind surveys
Their trance and awful beauty; 'twas a scene
That lures us backward to an elder time,
Thru ages dim—and thence, into a realm
Whose secret influence fills us with its soul—
Shadows of things which are not of the world,
And hopes that burn, yet find no vent save tears.

AN ALUMNUS.

GIRL'S INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

ON Thursday evening, Mar. 16, the debate between the girls between the girls of Mount Allison and Acadia took place in the Baptist Church here. This was of special interest, since it was the first debate of the Girls' League formed this year.

The subject for debate was: "Resolved that the newspaper is more influential in molding public opinion than any other one medium—public opinion being defined as the prevailing beliefs and sentiments of the people of Canada". Mt. Allison upheld the negative, arguing that the platform was the more influential medium. Their speakers were Miss Taylor, Miss Curtis, and Miss Howse. The girls representing Acadia on the affirmative side were Miss Warren, Miss Colpitts and Miss M. Fitzpatrick. The debate proved very interesting and very close, all the speeches being well delivered. The decision was awarded to Mount Allison.

The judges were Rev. Mr. Layton of Kentville, Judge Richie, St. John, and Prof. Kingston, of Kings University.

After the debate those who had taken part, the judges, and a few other guests enjoyed a delightful banquet at the Tea Rooms which was brought to an end with toasts and speeches.



THE PROBLEM OF SELF.

THERE are few problems in the universe that come closer to the heart of the thinking man and few that are more difficult of solution than the problem of individuality or the problem of self. We find ourselves in the universe, we feel ourselves passing through, and we know that time will see us passing out. Whence, then, did we come? How is it that this individual self is distinguished from all other individuals? What are the factors that have contributed to individuality?

Historic man has always had his theories on this subject. Democritus thought that everything arose as the result of the chance union of atoms. Empedocles believed that the race as well as the individual was the result of Nature working by the crudest method of trial and error. Much of the thought of the middle ages was to the effect that man is born with practically his whole individuality already cast in a definite mould. Kings were thought to be born to be kings. Man's conscience was considered wholly intuitional. John Locke, on the other hand, taught that the child is born with a mind perfectly blank to be shaped altogether by the events of his life.

None of these positions are held today, although each probably has a fraction of truth. While at the present time the scientist feels that he can see the real boundaries of the problem and what are the elements of its solution, yet he does not pretend to be able to state what particular factors or what proportion of each are the explanation of any individual case. The purpose of this article is simply to state

this problem as it is seen today. Its solution is not for such an article as this.

The scientist can present his data to prove that man brings many things into the world with him. This whole equipment of the individual with which he starts life is the result of what is termed *heredity*. But just as surely is there data for proof that a man's individuality contains elements which have come from his contact with the experiences of his life. This is termed the result of *environment*. The problem is concerned with the relative influence of heredity and environment.

Many of the facts and influences of heredity are very evident. Ordinarily plants breed true to type. Species of animals remain distinct and retain their characteristics generation after generation. The same is true of the different races of the human family.

The descendants of a particular tribe or family will show the same physical features and mental traits as their forefathers. The children of albino parents have their characteristic white hair. Tendencies toward many diseases, as diabetes and cataract, are clearly the result of hereditary transmission. Both mental weakness and mental capacity are within the scope of heredity. Richard Edwards and his wife Elizabeth Tuttle were both of keen intellect and good education. Among their near descendants were at least fifteen of the leading scholars of the time. On the other hand, in one case reported by Dr. Godard, among the children and grandchildren of one feeble-minded woman were counted not less than eighteen feeble-minded descendants. The fact that we receive through heredity important contribution toward our individuality, is undeniable.

Study of heredity has brought out also some of the *laws* of its operation. Even though a trait present in the parent does not appear in the children, it is not necessarily lost. It may appear again in the grandchildren or even farther removed. It was simply latent in the meantime. Thus a person receives elements of his inheritance not only from his parents but also from ancestors of previous generations.

The results which may in general be expected from crossing individuals with different characteristics may be determined by application of Mendel's law. Mendel worked this out by experiments with garden peas. According to this law, one-half of the descendants of a hybrid will represent the hybrid and one-quarter will represent each of the pure strains. This simply illustrates how carefully the proofs of hereditary influence have been worked out.

But the influence of heredity is not the whole explanation of the factors contributing to the formation of the self. Environment contributes its share.

Within historic times many plants have been developed by careful cultivation so that those which once produced the simplest wild fruits now yield the most delicious varieties. Great changes have been made in animals by domestication. And man has changed and is changing by meeting and adapting himself to new experiences and conditions.

When the Teuton first invaded the Roman empire he brought his own laws with him. According to these laws an accused man was judged innocent or guilty by means of the ordeal. He was executed or fined according to his rank of serf or noble. This was justice as they saw it at that time. But as a result of contact with Roman law, they adopted the jury system and penalty according to the crime, and *this* became justice to them. Environment changed their moral code.

Of two children of the same family who are thrown into different surroundings one may become a criminal and the other an exemplary citizen. A new environment can change a fully settled standard in a man. Until S. H. Hadley met Jerry M'Auley he was one of the lowest drunkards in New York. But M'Auley aided him to a new standard so that he became a bitter enemy of drink. The environment of college life may reveal some intellectual trait which was almost dormant before. Environment then, plays a large part in the development of the self.

These are the two factors which modern science believes to be contributing to the development of the self. And yet the result of the interaction of these two factors is an individ-

uality which is not the mere copy of something which has already existed; *it is unique*. Exactly the same combination has never before existed. And so with the unsolved problem of the relative importance of heredity and environment no one can claim that the intricacies of the self are fully explained. This is the problem. W. H. E., '22.

PUBLIC HEALTH WORK AS AN INSTITUTION.

THE records of public health work are as old as history. In olden times some of them were intentional, some otherwise, but both served a useful purpose for mankind. The Egyptians had various practices which tended towards sanitation—filtering the water of the Nile, mumifying the dead,—and had rules governing personal hygiene. Recent excavations show that large reservoirs were common in those countries where the rain fall and water supply were none too plentiful. The natives of ancient India realized the benefit of having pure water as evidenced by the maxim, “It is good to keep water in copper vessels, to expose it to sunlight, and to filter it through charcoal”.

During the Middle Ages, wars, petty struggles, and the general demoralization of society caused badly ventilated towns and cities and led to the grossest immorality. All garbage was swept out onto the street while dogs and paupers acted as scavengers. In the East theological controversies engaged the attention of people more than did the pestilences themselves which were generally regarded as “visitations” from God. Consequently little of scientific effort was expended to arrest the spread of disease.

The first attempt at public health control came when Venice established a board to consider public health in the midst of a plague epidemic. The idea of quarantine initiated by them has become the basis of the modern method and has been perfected through later developments in the field of scientific research. This latter has taken place in a comparatively short space of time. The first active measures on this

side of the Atlantic were taken by Massachusetts a little over half a century ago. Since then very rapid strides forward have been taken in this field of human endeavour.

The great purpose of public health work is to preserve the health of the people in the community, to make conditions such that everywhere people may live in some degree of comfort and safety, and thereby control sickness and decrease the death rate. The means taken to produce the desired results are many and varied. In any case any public health work deals, and can only deal, in the present state of public sentiment and enlightenment, with environmental matters. It cannot deal with matters of private choice.

Recognizing this fundamental trait of human nature, laws have been enacted by many countries and Board of Health have been established which deal with environmental conditions. By the Common Law of England the only remedy for any act or omission dangerous to health was an action for damages or an indictment for nuisance. The indictment still lies for many offences which are now punishable in a summary manner under powers of modern legislation. The tendency of this legislation has been to place local sanitary regulations in the hands of the local authorities, subject to general supervision by a government department. The jurisdiction of this local authority is both preventive and remedial. The system in force in the United States is much the same except that public health is under the control of the local authorities to a greater extent than in England while the national board is for the most part advisory.

Were it not for private organizations, however, little would have been done in comparison with what has already been accomplished. The efforts of those engaged in this necessary work have been directed along various lines, each of which in itself affords a task of no mean dimensions as indicated by the reports received from organizations throughout the country. Their sphere of influence has extended to such lines of endeavour as sanitation, isolation, maternal and child welfare, rural health work, industrial hygiene, medical inspection of schools, disease extermination, and the promotion of public health.

There was a theory at one time that all filth was a direct cause of disease with the result that public works extended merely along lines of removing filth and dirt. The experiments whereby bacteria were discovered showed the relationship which exists between microorganisms and disease, and gave scientists more exact knowledge and data on which to base their efforts in the extermination and control of disease. It is coming to be realized that there exists a difference between the unsightly rubbish heap, incapable of spreading disease, and filth which is contaminated with disease and disease carriers. Consequently stagnant pools have been filled and swamps have been drained to prevent the multiplying of nefarious insects.

Isolation to prevent the spreading of communicable diseases is receiving considerable attention. Careful observation has revealed the fact that complete eradication by this means is not possible. It can do no more than at present until the cause of certain diseases has been ascertained. Symptoms of measles, smallpox, and scarlet fever are not easily distinguishable until the malady has taken a firm grip on the patient. The trouble lies in the fact that it has been impossible in the past to isolate promptly since it has not yet been discovered at what period the disease becomes contagious and at what time, after the patient is apparently well, it ceases to be infectious.

Maternal and child welfare have received the attention of numerous organizations and through their efforts the work is gaining considerable publicity. Maternity hospitals are being established by the state where mother and child are taken care of and given treatment that in many instances would be impossible for them to receive owing to the financial state of the family. It is stated that in homes where the salary of the father exceeds \$1800, the possibility of the infant surviving is four times as great as when the father is receiving \$500 or less, thus showing the rate of infant mortality is higher among the poorer classes than in the case of those of moderate means. It is conditions such as these that health organizations and the state are now attempting to eradicate.

While improvements are taking place in urban centers, the rural population must not be neglected. The only solution to this problem is to educate the individual to appreciate the importance of disease and to adopt methods necessary to prevent it. In connection with this it is necessary to instruct the community in the essentials of sanitation and hygiene. In connection with this it is necessary to instruct the community in the essentials of sanitation and hygiene. In contrast to this general, almost hypothetical scheme, modern industrialism demands a system where concrete results are observable. Employers, in response, have established welfare departments where their employees may receive advice and help. They have established lunch rooms and recreation centers. They have introduced a system of physical and mental tests to ascertain the employee's fitness for his special job. This minimizes the tendency towards poor workmanship and discontent of the worker, thus securing efficiency and satisfaction in their place.

Although all public health work is beneficial, there is none so far-reaching in its ultimate consequences, as medical examination and instruction in schools. A better understanding of the principals of hygiene, sanitation, etc., on the part of the younger generation will inevitably tend toward better conditions in the future. Medical examination and medical history cards are means whereby, through intimate knowledge thus obtained, it is possible to act in such a way as to diminish the epidemic danger of contagious diseases resulting in a lowered death rate among children.

Lately there has been a movement on foot concerning birth control. Medical science in cooperation with various reform movements, sociologists, and social workers are advocating the beginning of such a control. Thus far attempts at control of germ plasm of a people by eugenic legislation have not been conspicuously successful. On the other hand, if we could *rightly* direct the attitude of the public toward birth control, there is the matter of history with which to reckon. Had birth control been established a few hundred years ago, with all due deference to the people of those times, their conception of an ideal race of human beings would be vastly dif-

ferent to what we should regard as the ideal today. Standards change. On the other hand, later generations will not feel kindly disposed towards us, if with the knowledge and power that we have, we allow imbeciles, criminals, and the mentally deficient to reproduce their kind thus allowing the stock of the race to deteriorate.

Reports show how inadequate are the present means of combating the many ills which are pervading society but there is a ray of hope amidst it all. Ever present propagan-da is urging that these needs be attended to and society is beginning to respond.

A. B. C., '22.

A SENSATION IN SCIENCE

AS far as the history of science is concerned, the year 1919 is likely to be known not as the year of the German defeat but as that of the overthrow of some of the premises of Newton's "Theory of Gravitation" in its broadest sense.

The British Astronomers who went to Africa to observe the eclipse of the sun, May 29, 1919, returned with proof that a beam of light passing close by the sun is deflected or bent out of its straight course. The photographs of the Heavens in the sun's neighborhood at the time of the eclipse, taken during the six minutes when the sun's disk was shadowed, showed the surrounding stars in positions different from those maintained when the sun's disk is not in their midst. The amount of deviation observed is a deflection of 1.75 seconds of an arc from the straight line, that is, the new direction makes with the straight course an angle of $175/360000^\circ$ which is the same as that predicted by Einstein in 1911, and considerably more than the deviation of .83 seconds of arc to be expected if Newton's law of gravitation applied to light.

This is not the first time nor the last that Einstein "has put one over" on prominent physicists of by gone days. The first occasion was in the case to the orbit of the planet Mercury. If the sun and mercury were alone in the universe, the planet, according to Newton's law, would revolve forever

around the sun in the same elliptical orbit. But the existence of other planets makes Mercury deviate from the regular route so that the eclipse it describes never maintains itself, or is quite in the same position, but they vary so that they are slowly shifting around in such a way that in the course of centuries the longer diameter of the orbit will be in a different direction compared to that of the present. Calculation based on Newton's theories show that the shift caused by other planets should equal 532 seconds of arc in a century. But investigation has shown beyond a doubt that the amount of shift in a century is not 532 seconds but 574 seconds, an error which is thirty times greater than that covered by instrumental errors.

But according to Einstein's theory, if the Sun and Mercury were alone in space with no other planets interfering, the orbit of Mercury would not remain the same but would shift 43 seconds in a century due to the deviating effect of the sun. This, as the reader observes is in substantial agreement with the discrepancy which has for two centuries puzzled astronomers since it can not be explained by Newton's theory.

The electro-magnetic theory of light, brought forth by Clark Maxwell forty-five years ago, has proved to be an excellent guide to research, and has led to many practical applications of electro-magnetic waves. According to Maxwell, Marconi's waves of two or three miles length, the infinitesimal waves of heat and light, and the still more minute X-rays are movements of the same sort, which, though differing in length, travel with the same velocity. It was one of the implications of Maxwell's theory that light and all such waves must exercise a certain pressure upon a body against which they strike, just as a jet of water from a hose exerts a pressure on the side of a house.

The pressure of light is so exceedingly small that it has never been noticed by the senses but it has actually been detected by Professor E. F. Nichols of Yale and G. F. Hull, of Dartmouth. Their method was to exhaust a glass bulb, similar to a light bulb, to an extremely perfect vacuum, substituting a very light paddle wheel suspended by a fine elas-

tic thread, in place of the light filament, and to allow ordinary sunlight to fall on the paddle-wheel, meanwhile balancing any torque or twist it produces by turning the fibre from without until the paddle-wheel was brot to its position of rest. The force with which the elastic thread was twisted was measured and in this way the force or pressure of light was measured. By this method it was found that the pressure of light on the earth's surface is 160 tons.

Thus we see that both theory and experiment have proved a beam of light to have inertia or mass,—that is to say, a beam of light exerts a pressure even as a water-jet exerts pressure, and since it is shown above that the pull of gravity deflects light as it does a water-jet, we may conclude that a beam of light has weight and is on that account attracted by gravity.

This deflection caused by gravity is extremely small, but photographs taken during the last total eclipse of the sun show that the star beams that passed near the sun are bent out of their path thus appearing to give the stars a different position while they are optically nearer the sun.

This conclusion is rather disconcerting to astronomers, for all their calculations for the last three centuries have been based on the assumption that light travels in straight lines thru space or ether. If light is pulled aside by gravitation as it goes by a planet, the rays coming from a *distant* planet, having to pass thru the tangled throng in the milky way, may travel a very devious route so that the star would appear to us in a very different place from where it is really located. In fact it is possible that a star which we see double may actually be single but that the rays starting out from it may be bent in different directions so that when they reach us they appear to come from twin points in space. Then, too, there may be dark stars on the way whose existence we cannot discern and allow for.

Now those who are not astronomers or who are not interested in astronomy are not much concerned over a slight error of a few hundredths of a second in a telescope. Also we do not care where Mercury will be a hundred years hence for in terms of absolute measure we don't know where it is

now since we only know its position relative to another planet which is in motion also—its motion being relative to something else and so on. And finally let us remind you that the above are *facts* and, that in addition to this Einstein has mathematically shown that mass is not constant.

What the future will bring us through further investigation we can scarcely imagine. Einstein has “started the ball rolling”, and it is likely to roll along.

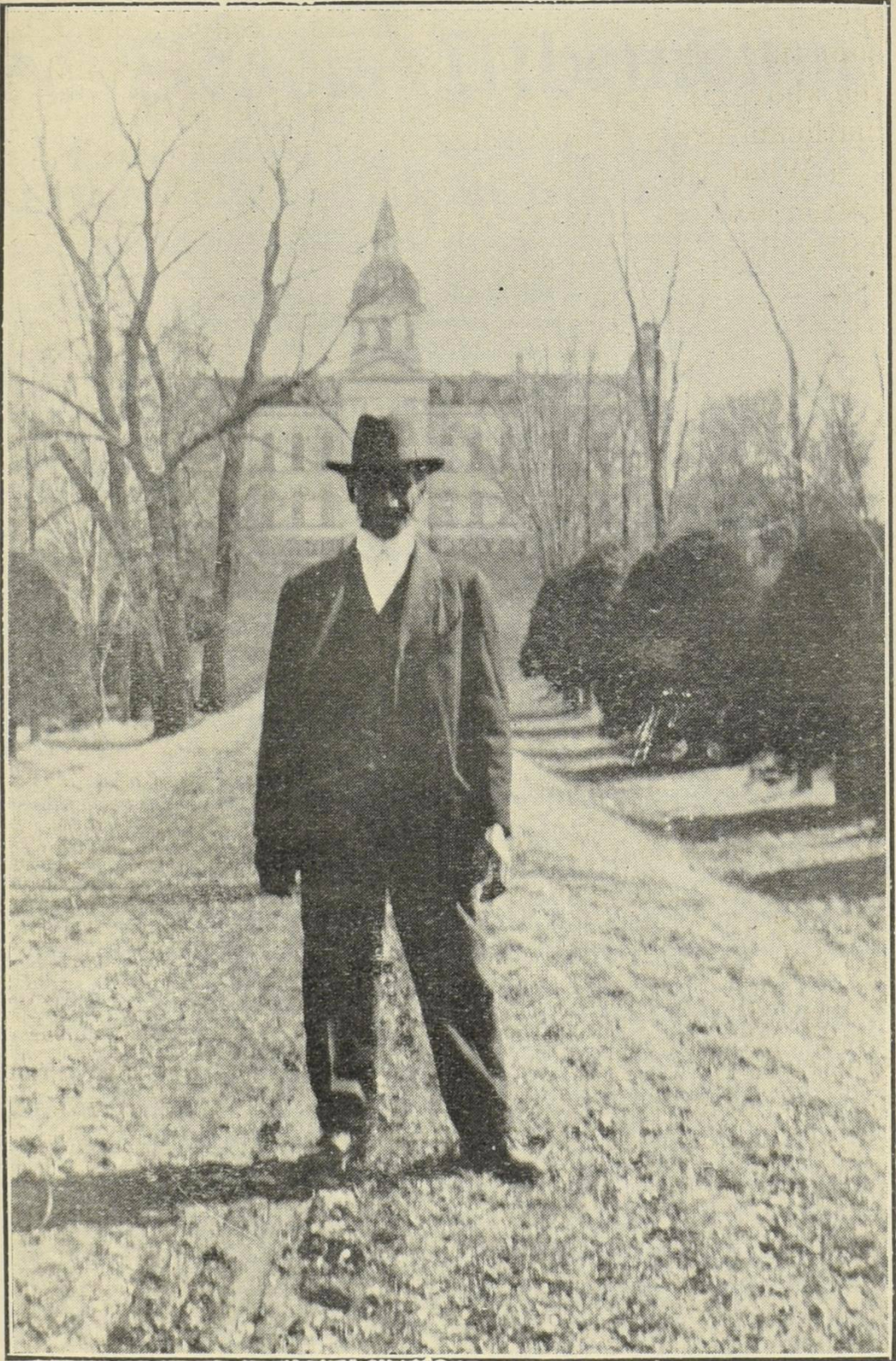
W. B. McK., '23.

MR. WILLIAM OLIVER.

THE whole student body of Acadia unite in extending the best of wishes to Mr. Oliver who is at the present writing recovering from a long and severe illness.

Mr. Oliver has long been with us at Acadia, and those who enjoyed the privileges of the old College Hall will unhesitatingly assert that he was always ‘on the job’. The buildings under his oversight were always warm and as pleasant as he could make them. Since College Hall is gone, he has this past year turned his attention to other buildings of the University, although it is easy to see that he was more at home in the old building of the Hill.

We have missed his cheery “Good-morning” and pleasant raillery for some time. We are sincerely glad to record his convalescence, and trust that we may see his kindly, jovial face again in the very near future.



Landmarks of Acadia

The Acadia Athenæum

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Editorial



WE hear a good deal these days concerning the question, "Is the world growing better?" Some fanaticists claim that the world is daily growing worse and that we are all heading for perdition and universal ruin. Others as stoically maintain that the world is growing better, that we are now on the way to greater, and more complete progressive perfection than ever before. A worthy friend of ours, recently, in discussing this question, rather humorously maintains most emphatically that the world *is* improving. For, says he, hark back to the time of Adam. Adam, at the time of Abel's untimely decease, had two sons. Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel constituted the whole human population of the world. Cain murdered his brother Abel. Just think, *one quarter* of the whole of mankind—*murderers!*

Apart from the levity of the situation, however, are there not opportunities even in the life of a college student wherein he may so improve himself, so elevate his ideals

and attitude toward his fellow man, as to emanate such a feeling of comradeship that his influence cannot but be of uplifting force in the environment in which he may later find himself?

To illustrate, let us take the case of personal contests, interclass or intercollegiate activities. The motivating force of all such should be the hope of honestly won victory. In general this is true. But concomitant with this hope of winning there should also be a spirit of true sportsmanship, since, perchance, defeat may come our way. It has often been said that it is easy to be a good winner, but infinitely harder to be a good loser. To be a good loser, one must have a true appreciation of values and a broad-minded outlook upon what is really worth while. He must recognize a better thing when he encounters it, and further, he should be free to apply the evidences of superiority to his own deficiencies.

Some are, fortunately, so endowed, many are not. A man despised among his fellows, is the direct antithesis of a good loser,—he is the Chronic Kicker. “He would kick if he were in swimming.” He thinks any decision that goes against him is unfair, that the other fellow is always “trying to put one over on him”. He has no trust in his fellow men, those associates with whom, side by side, he must pass through this mortal life. He loses, he does not profit by his loss, he bewails the unkind decisions of Fate, and soon forms the habit of “kicking” as the *sole* reaction to his defeat.

What an attitude with which to start out into the wide wide world, where one is in contact with the cold, harsh realities of life, and the inexorable law of Nature,—*the survival of the fittest!* The Kicker has not learned the most elementary lesson in the Development of Fitness.

Man is innately a social creature. It is inherent in his make up to associate with his fellows, to live peacefully and harmoniously with them, the whole society forming a symbiotic unit. It is to be remembered, however, that there is an element of selfishness entering into such an attitude, From experience he has learned that it is for his personal good that he live socially with his kind. And he has learned that other men are not unlike him. Therefore, he trusts

them, hoping that the *common* experiences of all will react to the *individual*, as well as to the common good.

One of the greatest aids towards a harmonious society is an attitude of trust, and respect for the other man's position. If our colleges turn out men free from the idea that every man is trying "to do him", men who are broad-minded enough to recognize every man's right to his own opinion, man who can receive and *appreciate* a trust,—then they will have contributed in no small way to the ultimate advancement and progress of thought,—toward making the world really better.

The *Athenaeum* wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "Modernism and the Christian Faith" by John Albert Faulkner, Professor of Church History in Drew Theological Seminary.

Another work which we received and read with interest and pleasure was "The Poets of the Future", Dr. Schnittkind. This book was reviewed in the *Athenaeum* of March. Our thanks are extended to the Stratford Company for this volume.

Our congratulations are tendered to Messrs. Thurston, Goucher, Corey and Prime, who have recently been awarded Literary A's. Mr. Thurston in March, Messrs. Goucher, Corey and Prime in April. We feel sure that the *Athenaeum* standard has been aided by their good and consistent work, and equally sure that these awards represent hard work and ability which will add to the value attached to these A's,—as fitting tokens of recognition from their *alma Mater* magazine.

SEMINARY NOTES.

WITH the swift passing of the gray March days and the near approach of May-time and closing, the activities of Acadia Seminary increase two-fold.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

The music department this month has given several pleasing programs and ably demonstrated its progress under the efficient leadership of the director, Mr. Marsh.

On Thursday evening, February the twenty-third, the second of a series of recitals was given in the Baptist Church under the auspices of the Acadia Conservatory, when the Zedeler Symphonic Quintette rendered the following artistic programme:

Festival March, "Opera Tanhauser.....*Wagner*
Midsummer Night's Dream, Overture..*Mendelssohn*

Trio for two Violins and Cello.

Vocal Solo, Aria "Louise".....*Charpentier*
Violin Solo, Russian Airs*Wieniawski*
Sleeping Beauty Waltz.....*Tschaikowski*
Piano Solo, Prelude F sharp minor ..*Rachmaninoff*
Excerpts from "Il Trovatore".....*Verdi*
Violoncello Solo, Hungarian Rhapsody.....*Popper*
William Tell Overture*Rossini*

On Thursday evening, March the ninth, the Acadia Seminary Orchestra, under the efficient leadership of Miss Beatrice Janet Langley gave the following excellent programme which ably justified Acadia's pride in our Orchestra of this year:

(The Orchestra of 37 pieces was assisted by Mr. B. C. Silver, Baritone. Mr. Wm. Miller, Reader and Miss Frances DeWolfe, Contralto.)

1. (a) War March of the Priests....*Mendelssohn*
 (b) Allegro from Symphony in D.....*Haydn*
 Orchestra.
2. Baritone Soli
 (a) The Wreck of the Julie Plante.....*O'Hara*
 (French Canadian Habitant Song)
 (b) I Fear no Foe*Pinsuti*
 Mr. B. Courtney Silver.
3. (a) Moment Musical*Schubert*
 (b) Marche Militaire*Schubert*
 Orchestra.
4. Reading
 The Call of the Carburetor*Stephen Leacock*
 Mr. Wm. J. Miller.
5. Minute & Finale from Symphony in D...*Hadyn*
 Orchestra.
6. Contralto Soli
 (a) His Lullaby*Carrie Jacobs Bond*
 (b) A Bowl of Roses*Clarke*
 Miss Frances E. DeWolfe.
7. (a) At the Wedding.....*Charles A. Young*
 (b) The Battle Royal*Thomas S. Allen*
 Orchestra.

God Save the King.

On Saturday evening, February eighteenth, a pupils recital in the chapel showed in a very able manner the excellent progress of the pupils. The following programme was given:

Along the Way*D'Arnal*
 Greta Rose (Wolfville, N. S.)

- Song Without Words *Tschackowski*
Mary Moir (Halifax, N. S.)
- Rondo *Green*
Ethel Ingraham (Wolfville, N. S.)
- S'Avalanche *Heller*
Warrior's Song *Heller*
Minnie Giffin (Halifax, N. S.)
- Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm *Kate Douglas Wiggin*
Adelaide Haley (St. John, N. B.)
- Columbine Minuet *Delahage*
Margaret Cochrane (Sydney, B. C.)
- Sonatina *Dvorak*
Myra Alcorn (New Horton, N. B.)
- Danny *Anon*
Helen Starr (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Vanya's Song *Stutzman*
Elsie Smiley (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Wedding Day at Froldhaugen *Greig*
Miriam Coit (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Neber No Mo' *Anon*
Minnie McLean (Hopewell, N. S.)
- Liebesfreud *Kreisler*
Mary Lusby (Amherst, N. S.)
- Marche Militaire Op. 51, No. 1.... *Schubert-Lausig*
Eileen Wilson (Fredericton, N. B.)

God Save The King.

PERIAN SOCIETY.

During the last month the Perian Society has well justified its place among the most important activities of the Seminary.

On Saturday evening, February the twenty fifth, those who attended the Perian Society in the chapel of Acadia Ladies Seminary, were treated to a rare glimpse into the life of Charles Dickens' famous character, David Copperfield; when twenty-three members of the First-year English class presented graphic scenes from his life. The following girls took part in the entertainment and all acquitted themselves well: The Misses Wiletta Larkin, Elizabeth Belfield, Mary Brady, Sadie Chase, Olga Clarke, Irene Cox, Carrie Coweteen, Lois Flower, Orville Gilmore, Helen Harris, Evelyn Hayes, Marion Hamilton, Evadna James, Ireta Kennedy, Helen Morrisey, Margaret Morash, Blanche Palmeto, Esther Power, Ruby Slipp, Erma Taylor, Marion Wallace, Muriel Whitman, Ruth Wooster. During the programme Master Gerald Eaton gave a very pleasing violin solo.

On Saturday evening, March eleven, the Perian programme consisted of the reading of the Perian paper by Miss Jean Murray, editor for the month.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. of Acadia Seminary grows in interest as the months pass. During the last four weeks, we have had very profitable and enjoyable meetings.

On Sunday evening, February twenty-sixth, Dr. DeWolfe gave a very interesting lecture on "Tennyson and the Bible".

On Sunday night, March the fifth, the Y. W. C. A. took the form of a profitable missionary discussion led by the Misses Jean and May Glendenning who gave short talks from their own knowledge of India and its life.

One of the most interesting programmes of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the Seminary chapel, Sunday night, March twelfth when Miss White, Dean of College Women, spoke to

an appreciative audience on the subject of Y. W. C. A. work in the city.

ALUMNAE RECEPTION.

On Friday night, March tenth, the chapel of Acadia Ladies Seminary was the scene of a very pleasant occasion, when all the old graduates of the Seminary, met with the Senior Class of this year and held a delightful reception. The evening passed pleasantly with games, contests and conversation. At the close of the evening, dainty refreshments were served.

THE FIRST VISIT.

A new teacher had been obtained for the little country school house. Anyone could tell by her style that she was from the city. She wore her hair waved, in a fan design. Her dresses were tailored, one piece, navy blue serge, and on her dainty feet she wore silk stockings and French heeled pumps.

The local school board, honest men and true though casual in some things, made a visit at the school to see the progress of this new teacher with her class. The teacher was very proud and was making out very well indeed in this new district.

She asked the question, "Who wrote Hamlet?"

There was only silence and no one made a sign of answering. She asked again, this time very emphatically and looking at one of the small boys, named John.

He grew very nervous under the strain, and cried out, "No ma'am I didn't."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed one of the older boys, "I bet he did, the little rascal".

ACADEMY NOTES.

ON February 16, Bridgewater defeated A. C. A. on Bridgewater ice by a score of 6 to 5. It was a very fast game of hockey and well contested as indicated by the score. The game was clean throughout, the first two periods not having a penalty. A. C. A. had a little better combination but lost in their shooting. The line-ups were as follows:—

Bridgewater		Academy
	<i>Goal</i>	
Kelly		Higgins
	<i>Defense.</i>	
Simmons		Mellish
Jackson		McLean
	<i>Forwards.</i>	
Mailman		Morrison
Begin		Tupper
Baker		Rand
	<i>Subs.</i>	
Snyder, Bell		Pritchard

While still in Bridgewater, on February 17, A. C. A. met and defeated Mahone Bay in a game of hockey by a score of 8 to 6. Both teams displayed good combination and stick handling, while checking was hard, though clean throughout. The first period closed with a score of 3 to 2 in favor of Mahone Bay. The second period closed with a score of 5 to 4, and the Academy still in the background. During the final period, however, A. C. A. came back strong and finished with a score of 8 to 6 in her favor. Our line-up was the same as for the Bridgewater game. The Mahone Bay line-up was as follows.

Goal—E. Ernst.

Defence—Millet and T. Ernst.

Forwards—Fancy, Spidel and Freeman.

At the Opera House, March 13, the Academy Dramatic, under the direction of Miss Smallman and Miss Whidden, presented two one-act plays "Sham" and "Playgoers". Music was furnished by the Seminary Orchestra, directed by Miss Langley. Between the acts, "specialties" were given by Miss Myra Alcorn, Miss Evelyn Duncanson, Mr. D. Cameron, Mr. Webber and Mr. MacLachlan. "Sham", a social satire, showed how people may deceive their friends, how people may lie to move in a certain circle of society, but when the real test comes, all is false all is *sham*. The characters in this play were as follows:—

Clara	Miss Helen Starr
The Thief	Raymond Johnson
Charles	Charles Allaby
The Reporter	George Mitchell

"Playgoers" a dramatic episode, was a scream from beginning to end. The master and mistress decided to keep their new servants, and in order to do so planned to give them a treat in the form of a theatre party. Much discussion followed, much to the joy of the audience, as to what place of amusement they would attend. The result was all the servants resigned at the end of the month. (Some one has suggested that Mr. Bonney, who played the part of the Useful Maid go to some Eastern country as a paid mourner. He would make a fortune). The characters were as follows:—

The Master	Herman Spinney
The Parlourmaid	Harold MacLauchlan
The Cook	Fred Crossman
The Useful Maid	Stanley Bonney
The Housemaid	Arthur Neal
The Odd Man	Wallace Forgey

We were given a real treat on Wednesday morning, March 15th, when in place of our regular chapel service, Rev. M. L. Orchard spoke to us. He spoke on India, telling of its size, religious gods, population and morals. He led up to the work of the general missionary.

On Thursday evening, March 16, at 6.30 p. m., he continued his talk. He brought out the fact that there is a job for every man to fill, no matter where, and it is every man's obligation before God to find that job.

W. F. F., A. C. A., '22.

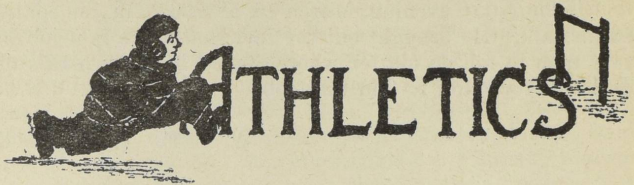
EPISTLE TO POOLE THE APOSTLE TO
THE MIDLERS.

Tho I speak with the tongue of a college professor
Or break up the tables like "Billy" down South
I still should be worse than the blackest trangressor
If the words of pure English were not in my mouth.

Verbosity makes you a good politician,
Redundancy deals with deckslips—not too small
Then greater than both is a vain Repetition,
But Brevity, Brethren, is greater than all.

Then take these sly digs from me—Poole the Apostle,
Lest any shouud boast of his knowledge and skill;
Yet if to my teaching should any be hostile.
You'll find the same in the King's English Drill.

A. D. F., A. C. A.



THE hockey season, as far as Acadia was concerned, ended with the game at Sackville, when Mount Allison defeated us by a score of 6-1. The season, although not as satisfactory from our viewpoint as we would like to have seen it, was farly successful. We defeated the University of New Brunswick team at Wolfville by a score of 4-3, and the U. N. B. team defeated Mount Allison at Fredericton by a score of 4-1. After these games, chances for the Championship looked very good for Acadia, but our hopes sank after the Mt. A. game. However, as a result of this game the league ended in a three cornered tie, each team having won its home game. Owing to a slight misunderstanding as to the Play-off, and the expenses which would be incurred if the Play-off should take place, the Acadia management decided to give up the idea of taking part in the final series which would determine the Championship of the League.

Although we had to develop an entrelly new team this year, the boys made a fine showing. Both Mt. A. and U.N.B. were able to begin practicing before we were, and both colleges had very good teams. In consideration of these facts the Acadia team did remarkably well to tie for the Championships of the Western section of the League. Too much credit cannot be given the boys for the showing they made in turning out such a fast team, and the whole Student Body appreciates the work they did in upholding the honor and the glory of the College.

BOY'S BASKETBALL.

DALHOUSIE VS ACADIA.

To help get into good form for the Intercollegiate League games, Acadia played an exhibition game of basketball with

Dalhousie in Halifax on the night of the opening of their new gymnasium. The two teams took the floor after the girl's game which had been staged earlier in the evening, and thrilled the spectators with a clean, snappy game, featured by some spectacular shooting on the part of the visitors.

The game started with a rush, Acadia forcing the play with a heavier team. Dal's light forwards got in some clever combination and soon netted a few, but Acadia's guards kept the shooting down to a minimum. The Red and Blue now started finding the basket. Time after time they scored, from long distances and difficult angles; often without trying to penetrate Dal's guard they would get in some beautiful shot from outside. By the end of the first period they had tallied up a score of 23 against the home-team's 14.

In the final session, Dal. came on the floor to score at all costs. Their guards came forward and made the game fast and furious. Acadia took advantage of this, and scored several on some long shots to their forwards who kept close to Dal's basket. The Yellow and Black now steadied down and staged a strong come-back, scoring repeatedly after clever team-work. It almost looked for a time that they might even the score, but Acadia tightened up on their guard and succeeded in getting another score. The game ended 35-27 in favor of Acadia.

It was a splendid game to watch. Dalhousie's combination worked smother, and they were faster than the Acadia boys who, nevertheless, played a steady game thruout and showed a marked superiority in shooting.

Line-ups.

Dalhousie	Acadia
	<i>Guards.</i>
Coster, McNeil	Corey, Chipman
	<i>Centres.</i>
Grant	Wigmore
	<i>Forwards.</i>
Mader, Wilson	Brown, Robinson

ACADIA 40—YARMOUTH 20.

On Feb. 25th, Acadia took the Yarmouth basketball team into camp by a score of 40 to 20. The game dragged a little at times, but contained many brilliant plays. The fastest part was the last six minutes, during which Acadia rolled up twelve points.

The visitors were slow in getting warmed up, so the first period was all in Acadia's favor. Only poor shooting held the score down. In the second period Yarmouth woke up and gradually brought the score up to 28-20, with eight minutes to play. For two minutes neither side scored, but then Acadia spurted, and sank a basket a minute till the close of the game.

Miller was easily the best player on the Yarmouth team, and Brown and Robinson starred for Acadia.

Line-ups.

Acadia		Yarmouth
Brown	Forward	W. Eldridge
Robinson	Forward	Boyd
Wigmore	Center	Miller
Corey	Guard	Hopkins
Chipman	Guard	C. Eldridge

GIRLS' INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL.

The Dalhousie Girls succeeded in getting the first win on the new Intercollegiate Basketball Trophy recently presented by Mr. W. H. Chase of Wolfville. The Acadia Girls didn't release their claim on it until the last minute of play in the final game, when Dalhousie scored the basket that gave them the game and championship. The Kings Girls came in third place, but played the plucky game thruout, so characteristic of their University in sport.

KINGS VS. ACADIA.

On February 18th our girls went to Windsor and played their first basketball game with Kings, which resulted in a win for the visiting team by a score of 37-12. Although the play in the first period was characterized by some unnecessary fumbling on both sides, the second period saw the play speeding up, with better team work and more accurate shooting. The Acadia girls controlled the ball most of the time, and held a lead thruout the game but the Kings' girls saw to it that they had to work for it.

After the game, the visitors were the guests of the home-team at a delightful banquet, returning to Wolfville on the evening train after a very enjoyable time.

Line-up.

Kings	Acadia
Miss Horsfall	Miss Hennigar
“ Hatfield	“ Freeman
“ Marshall	“ Brown
“ Jennison	“ McPhail
“ Lavers	“ Murray
“ Magee	“ Archibald
“ Perry	“ Proctor
	“ Sanford

ACADIA, 35—KINGS, 6.

The second basketball game with Kings took place in the Acadia Memorial Gymnasium on Saturday afternoon, March 4. Although the Acadia girls had the better of the play thruout, the game was interesting to watch, and was characterized by the excellent shooting of the home team. Miss Murray played a fine game and scored most of the points for Acadia. In the first period the Acadia girls began well, and scored a number of baskets while they held the visitors to a comparatively low score for the period. The home team surpassed the visitors in all departments of the game and at no point

were they in danger of losing. The Kings team were weak in combination plays and lacked scoring ability. They were good losers and took their defeat in a sportsmanlike manner. The final score was 35-6 in favor of Acadia. Mr. Russell referred to the satisfaction of all.

Line up.

Miss Murray	Miss Lavers
“ Archibald	“ Magee
“ Brown	“ Marshall
“ McPhail	“ Jennison
“ Hennigar	“ Hatfield
“ Freeman	“ Horsfall
“ Sanford	“ Stevens
“ MacCurdy	“ Perry
“ Proctor	

DALHOUSIE VS. ACADIA.

The final game of the league was staged in Halifax on March 10th, the Acadia girls meeting Dalhousie for the deciding play. The gymnasium was well filled with supporters of both teams, and they enjoyed a game which was fast and exciting thruout, it being anybody's right up to the finish.

Both teams worked hard from the start. The slippery floor bothered our girls for a time and frequent penalties were handing out on them for over-stepping. By the end of the first period the Dal. girls had gained a slight lead, the score being 12-9.

The excitement came in the second period. Our girls, with some neat combination scored two baskets in quick succession, thereby gaining the lead. Dal soon scored another, only to have Acadia again repeat the trick. Up to the end of the game, each team alternately held the lead. With only a minute to go, Acadia was leading by one point, but the Dal girls got their chance and scored the winning basket just before the whistle blew for the finish. The game ended 18-17 in their favor, thus giving them the first win of the coveted Cup.

The Acadia girls were guests at "Tarry Inn" for lunch-con, and were served with hot chocolate after the game, returning to Wolfville on the following morning. You did splendidly Girls, we are proud of you. Our Acadia friends in Halifax turned out strong in support of the Red and Blue. They wished to be remembered to all at Acadia.

Line up.

Dalhousie

Acadia

Guards.

Misses E. Mader, Linton

Misses Brown, McPhail

Centres.

Misses Clark, Rundell

Misses Hennigar, Freeman

Forwards.

Misses M. Mader, Archibald

Misses Murray, Archibald

COEDS 28—SEMS 16.

On Feb. 25th the Annual playoff game between the Coeds and Sems for the Pierian trophy was staged. Both teams were out for a win, and a fast game resulted.

The Sems got a four-point lead at the start, but the Coeds soon evened matters up. Up till almost the end of the first period the odds alternately freely as first the one then the other scored. The Coeds spurted toward the close of the period, and were leading 16-12 when the whistle blew.

The second period became more one-sided. The Coed combination tightened while the Sem shooting became flurried and erratic. The final score was 28-16 in favor of the Coeds. "Bob" Murray was easily the star of the Coed team, and Miss Radford of the Sem lineup.

Coeds	Line up.	Sems
Miss J. Murray		Miss Radford
“ H. Archibald		“ L. MacEachern
“ M. Proctor		
“ M. Brown		“ P. Colbath
“ E. Sanford		
“ J. McPhail		“ Botfield
“ H. Freeman		“ Radford
“ M. McCurdy		
“ R. Hennigar		“ Worton
		“ Morrison

INTER-CLASS HOCKEY.

Inter-class hockey doesn't appear to thrive very well at Acadia. As usual, the schedule was drawn up, and a few games were played, but there always seemed to be difficulty in getting the over-worked ice when wanted; else basketball, social functions, etc., and etc., interfered when the ice was available—"always something to keep the rabbits tail short". As it now stands, the Juniors have the lead. The results of the games played so far are as follows:—

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.....	2—1.
Seniors vs. Juniors.....	2—4.
Engineers vs. Sophomores.....	3—2.
Seniors vs. Freshmen.....	3—1.
Juniors vs. Engineers.....	10—5.

The Interclass teams lined up as follows:—

SENIORS—Goal, Corey; Defense, Goucher, Brown; Forwards, Weeks, Eaton, Mason.

JUNIORS—Goal, Wigmore; Defense, Murray, Dobson; Forwards, Anthony, Hirtle, Johnson.

SOPHS.—Goal, Howatt; Defense, Clarke, McLeod; Forwards, McPherson, Collins, McLean.

FRESHMEN—Goal, Elderkin; Defense, Martin, Peck; Forwards, Barteaux, McKay, Cain.

ENGINEERS—Goal, Crowell; Defense, Crowdis, Pentz; Forwards, Morrison, Reid, Conrad.

BASEBALL.

With the coming of Spring the boys are beginning to think of baseball and are commencing to get into shape for the inter-class game. Although it is early yet to think of baseball, interest is being shown on all sides: Last year we had our first game with a town team on March 12, and if the Weather keeps warm an early game may be expected again this year. We have abundant material for a College team, and although there has been no Inter-collegiate Baseball League during the last few years, we have played games with other outside teams. However, this year there are rumors that Dalhousie would like to have a game with us and it is hoped that the Acadia boys can accommodate them.

TRACK SPORTS.

While it is a little early to start practicing track sports out of doors, an attempt is being made to fill in the part of the gymnasium formerly intended for bowling alleys, and start practicing field sports there.

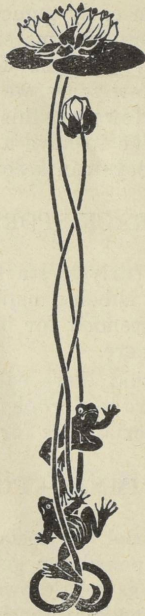
It is to be hoped that there will be an inter-collegiate meet this spring, as there is a trophy up for competition, and we should have the material here for a strong team.

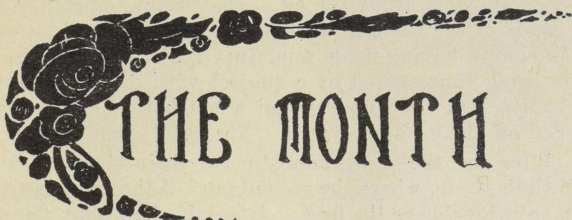
SWIMMING POOL.

On March 6th, the pool was declared safe from a sanitary stand point and was opened for general use. It is almost needless to say that it has been crowded ever since. It is believed that the repairs made on the filtering plant will be satisfactory, and that the pool will not have to be closed again for some time.

SPECIAL APPARATUS CLASS.

The special class which was organized in February to take advanced apparatus work is meeting regularly and making good progress. There is some very promising material turning out, and the class should give a very creditable account of itself if a gymnasium exhibition is held this spring.



A decorative floral border featuring a large rose on the left, with smaller flowers and leaves trailing to the right, framing the title.

THE MONTH

THE last week (Mch. 10), has seen the almost total disappearance of the snowy carpet which has covered the "Hill" ever since Christmas. In its place we have the less welcome yet necessary "spring mud". In almost a day we have jumped from skating to "moonlight" strolling, from hockey to baseball. It looks like real spring, but we never yet got thru March without cold weather, so the ever-present pessimist will still probably have a chance to verify his prediction.

Now that hockey is over for another year basketball comes on. Our team leaves this week to do battle with U. N. B., and from all appearances they should give an excellent account of themselves.

Our annual Inter-Collegiate debate takes place with Mount Allison at Sackville, the last of the month. The team has been chosen with Mr. Lank of the Senior class as leader, and Messrs. Atkinson '22, Robinson '24 the other members.

One often wonders with so much going on to command our attention, how we ever keep up in our studies. We answer, "Where there's a will there's a way, and so we do mangae it, even tho it be at the expense of much loss of sleep.

CLASS ACTIVITIES.

SENIOR-JUNIOR SKATE.

The annual Senior-Junior skate took place on the evening of Feb. 24th., and was pronounced a "howling" success by all,—at least there was a bit of howling afterwards. With the Acadia band furnishing the music, and undoubtedly the

best sheet of ice of the year, the first part of the evening was a very enjoyable affair for all. The "topic, or rather, skating cards of the evening were somewhat unique, the committee in charge having made miniature registration cards, each skate being represented by a subject with the corresponding units attached. We understand a number of those present worked off their full course in "Tra-la-la" that evening.

After the skate everyone turned their steps to Willett Hall Club Room, where the second part of the evening proved even as enjoyable as the first. A sociable half hour was spent in talking and "Tuckering", after which the eats came along. After more music and singing the party broke up. Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt were chaperones.

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN SKATE.

Not to be outdone by their more dignified and serious (?) college mates, the Sophs. and Freshies combined and had a skating party on Tuesday evening, March 7th. While skating conditions were none too propitious, there being an inch or so of water on the ice, a small matter like that could not *dampen* the ardor of the joy-getters altho it might dampen The college band again was in attendance, and with such music, for who will deny it isn't good, the more timid of the timid sex soon forgot the presence of the water, and everyone had a good time. The Willett Hall Club Room once more proved the rendezvous of the party, and after sumptuous eats and a general good time the affair broke up. Dr. and Mrs. Archibald were the chaperones of the party.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The meeting of Feb. 28th., was turned into a social affair, when the members of this flourishing club invited the "fair ones" from across the field to a party in the club room. During the course of the evening, spent in playing various games, a scientific paper was read on "The Love Machine and its Practical Applications". The writer, Mr. Cleveland, has evidently had considerable experience in determin-

ing the rate of oscillations of the heart. "Ceci" being the caterer for the evening, everyone enjoyed the bountiful mid-night lunch served them. Professor and Mrs. Conant chaperoned the party.

At the meeting of March 7th, Mr. L. P. Steeves, '22, gave a well thought out talk on the "Human Conservation" in which he emphasized that fact that "natural selection is non-functional as a factor in human evolution; eugenic control supplemented by euthenic developmmts, supplies, to some extent, this lack of natural methods. Hence in a people adhering to eugenic control, a *natural* aristocracy is inevitable, that is, *in fine*, a result quite comparable with that attained in natural selection,—*a survival of the fittest*".

ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

No debates have been held during the past three weeks. There is therefore nothing to report in this line. However, from the frequent clacking of typewriters in the rooms of Messrs. Lank, Atkinson and Robinson we feel sure that our debaters are hard at their task, and we predict in the forthcoming debate,—well, you know what we predict.

At a short meeting of the Society held after chapel service, March 9th., the question of outside debates was brought up. The members of the debating team have been in touch with several of the American Universities, and if they can obtain the sanction of the Society, they will probably engage in a series of debates with our friends across the border. This is something that has never taken place before, and if carried out, should prove a great boost for Acadia.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society met in the Club Room of the Ladies' Residence on Feb. 21st. After a short business meeting the Society was entertained by a reading, given by Miss Alice MacLeod, and a violin solo by Miss Myra Alcorn, both of the Seminary, after which Dr. MacDonald, pastor of the Baptist church, gave a short and intreesting talk on the re-

lation of dramatics in general, to everyday life. The college play, "A Bachelor's Romance", is now in rehearsal and will be given its initial production in April for the benefit of the "Y" and S. C. A. The play will be repeated on "Athletic Night" during Convocation.

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

At the joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and S. C. A. on Feb. 21st, Mrs. Clark of Fredericton, gave a very interesting talk on "The Relation of the Student to the Home Church Life".

The following Wednesday Mr. Allaby of the Academy was the leader and spoke on the "Voyage of Life".

The meeting on March 7th, was well attended, when Dr. Cutten spoke on "The Test of Christianity".

Beginning with March 13th, a series of evening meetings are to be held, lasting in all, probably two weeks. Under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Orchard, returned Missionary from India, the first two days, and Rev. Herbert Johnson of Boston, for the remaining time, these meetings should prove an inspiration to all. Rev. Mr. Orchard chose for his text on March 13th, "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. "He gave a vivid picture of conditions in India and emphasized the need of workers, if our work there is to be carried out. The following evening he told of the work done by Canada in India. He also illustrated the life of a general missionary.

S. C. A. (Y. W. C. A.).

In addition to the regular Sunday evening meetings the girls have been holding short Prayer Groups, for a week, beginning on Monday, March 6, at half past ten in the evening. There were held as a preparation for the services of the following week.

At the regular meeting on Feb. 19, Miss Jean Walker, '24 gave an interesting address on "Service as found in the four gospels of the Life of Christ".

Feb. 26th, being the day of Prayer no meeting was held.

On March 5th, Miss Chute '22, lead a discussion concerning our annual conferences in order to arouse an interest in them, as we hope for a good representation from Acadia at the conference to be held at Pine Hill after college closes.

There was no meeting on March 12th, as Rev. Mr. Orchard conducted the services in the church and the daily services began on Monday.

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS.

A few of the students have been taking the lead in an endeavour to reorganize the O. T. C. at Acadia. Since the beginning of the War this branch of the service has remained dormant here, and consequently it has been rather a difficult matter to raise enough interest to get it going again. On March 2nd, Colonel Anderson of Halifax, talked to the men for an hour after chapel, explaining the course as it is to be conducted.

As it is getting late in the term, there will be no Corps this college year, but we hope to have things in readiness so that the course may start in full swing next fall.

PROPYLAEUM.

The regular Propylaeum meeting of Feb. 27th, took the form of a debate, Seniors vs. Freshettes. The subject was that of the Girls Inter-Collegiate: "Resolved that the newspaper is more influential than any other one medium in moulding public opinion". The Misses Lawson (Leader) MacLeod and Allen upheld the Affirmative for the Freshettes, and the Misses Wyman (Leader) Chute, and Mabel Brown argued the Negative for the Seniors. Both teams had their arguments well in hand and a lively debate ensued. The judges, Professors Ross, Hill, and Rhodenizer gave the decision to the Seniors. Edith Davison gave a very interesting and humorous critic's report.

Freshette Propylaeum was the program for Saturday evening, March 11th. After the regular business had been transacted, the meeting was passed over to the Freshettes.

THE PROGRAMME.

- Clause I—Synopsis Clair Cutten
 Clause II—Reading (Not Given)
 Clause III—One Act Play..“The Squiggles Family

The Synopsis of curent events delivered by Miss Cutten is especially worthy of comment, it being both humorous and well-written. Miss Kathleen King was the critic of the evening.

ZEDELER SYMPHONIC QUINTET.

The second recital presented by the Acadia Conservatory of Music and Fine Arts, was that given by the Zedeler Symphonic Quntet, in the Baptist church, Feb .23rd.

The music as represented by this talented quintet of artists can only be described as wonderful. Especially the playing of Mr. Clark, a noted violinist, will long remain impressed on the minds of those present.

ACADIA ORCHESTRAL CLUB CONCERT.

Those who attended the concert given by the Acadia Orchestral Club in the Baptist church on the evening of March 9th, were acorded one of the rarest treats along musical lines that has been their privilege for some time. The Orchestra, conducted by Miss Langley of the Seminary staff, presented, in all, seven pieces. It was ably assisted by Miss Frances DeWolfe, Mr. Courtney Silver, soloists, and Mr. William Miller, reader, who supplemented the instrumental numbers, to the gratification of all. The following evening, the concert was repeated at Port Williams, with the same degree of success. The Women's Institute, of that place, served the Party, (forty in all,) a delicious luncheon.

THEOLOGICAL CLUB NOTES.

THE club has changed its place of meeting from the Baptist Church to an "upper room" in Rhodes Hall. The room is a large and well lighted one, and contains a piano which is a distinct asset to the musical part of the service. Recent speakers have been Mr. W. A. Ferris, Mr. S. M. Hirtle, and Mr. G. S. Vincent. A splendid spirit has been manifested in the meetings, preparatory to the special campaign which is in progress at the present time of writing. We have in our midst at this time, Rev. M. L. Orchard and Dr. Herbert Johnson of Boston, a report of whose work will be found elsewhere in this issue. It is the earnest wish of all that their coming may be the means of a great spiritual blessing to Acadia.

We are indebted to Mr. F. K. Neary, the President of the Theological Club for the following article:

THE MINISTER A SUPERMAN.

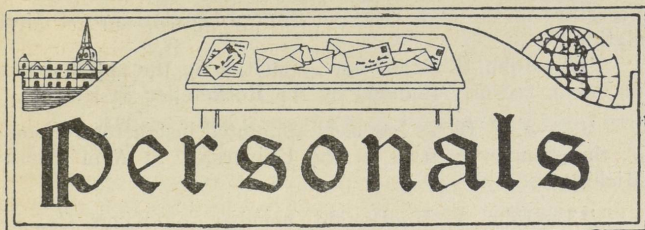
Without doubt, the rank and file of people today set a higher moral standard for ministers than for other man. Is this justifiable? On first thought it would seem not, for a minister is only a man and subject to all the imperfections and limitations of his race. Viewed from other angles, however, the subject takes a different aspect.

No people can rise higher than their gods, and since these are made known to them, largely through their religious teachers, they are dependent upon these teachers for their religious standards. The Christian minister must then be prepared to say with the great apostle of old, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ," for preaching which is not backed up by a consistent life, is a house built upon the sand. This is placing a tremendous load upon the shoulders of the minister, but not a greater one than he should be willing to assume.

Human souls are the most valuable things in the world; the man who becomes their guardian, assumes the highest

position of trust. A doctor assumes a high position of trust when he is placed as the guardian of human life, but his natural capacity, training, and experience, have fitted him for the task. So the spiritual capacity, training, and experience of the Christian minister, should fit him for the task of caring for the spiritual life of men. If he feels that such is not the case; if he feels that with the help of God, he is not able to live a life fit to be an example to others, then it should recognize the fact that God has not called him to the highest position of trust—the work of the Christian ministry.





'75.—W. G. Parsons was recently appointed Mayor of Middleton, N. S.

'88.—Dr. L. J. Levett, M. P., of Bear River, left on Mar. 2nd to attend the present session of the Dominion Parliament.

'91.—Rev. and Mrs. H. Y. Corey are leaving India the last of March on furlough.

'92.—O. P. Goucher of Middleton, recently spent a few weeks in Florida.

'92.—Rev. O. N. Chipman, member of the Foreign Mission Board was recently in Wolfville, looking at some of the houses, to purchase a home for missionaries on furlough.

'95.—Miss Mabel Archibald is leaving for America on furlough the last of March.

'96.—The work of Dr. A. H. Morse, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Denver, is receiving high commendation.

Ex. '96.—J. Howe Cox of Cambridge, attended the Fruit Growers' Assoc., which was held at Ottawa recently.

'97.—Dr. Simeon Spidle spoke at both services of the Immanuel Baptist Church, Truro, on Mar. 5, the occasion being the thirty-second anniversary.

'06.—Dr. David H. Webster of Manhattan is the new president of the New York Alumni Association.

'10.—Rev. Ivan S. Nowlan has been appointed General Secretary of the New England Baptist Sunday School Association.

'12.—John B. Grant has a position in the new hospital in Pekin, recently founded by the Rockefeller Institution.

'12.—J. E. Barss has been appointed instructor for some of the summer courses in the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

'13.—John A. MacDonald, member for Kings Co., seconded the reply to the speech in the House of Assembly, March 2.

Eng. '13.—Errol Shand read a paper at the Annual Convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, which met in New York, recently.

'14.—Rev. H. E. DeWolfe of Hantsport, has completed a most successful year there.

'15.—Miss Hazel A. Clarke of West St. John has been visiting her former class-mate at Acadia—Mrs. P. S. Illsley.

'16.—Miss Gertrude Eaton has been engaged as assistant to Rev. A. J. Prosser of the First Cornwallis Baptist Church.

'19.—Evalena Hill is spending a months' vacation in Yarmouth with Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Marshall.

'20.—We are glad to hear that Donald Foster won the Loomis Fellowship in Physics at Yale, again this year.

'20.—We extend sympathy to Dorothy Schurman in the death of her mother, which took place at Truro, recently.

'20.—Dean Rogers is attending the two weeks' military course now being given at Halifax.

'21.—Aida Bayer, Georgia Spicer, and Edna Peck, recently spent some time at Tully Tavern.

'21.—We sympathize with Claude Richardson in the recent death of his father.

Eng. '21.—Aubrey Clarke has a position on the staff of "The Globe", St. John, N. B.

Ex. '22.—Marjorie Leslie spent a few days recently visiting friends at Acadia.

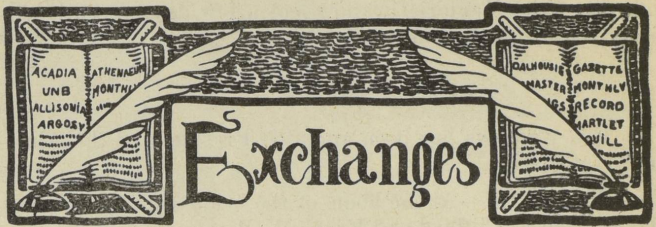
A. L. S.

Eva Andrews has been appointed President of the Alumnae Association.

A. L. S. '15.—At the home of the bride, St. John, recently, Mildred E. Clifford and Frank W. Blaney were married.

A. L. S. '20.—Sara Prescott is spending the winter with her mother in Florida.





“Neither praise nor blame, is the object of true criticism,—justly to discriminate, firmly to establish, wisely to prescribe, and honestly to award,—these are the true aims and duties of criticism”—Simms.

ON looking over our exchanges we feel that we are not justified in criticising such a splendid collection of magazines as find their way to our shelves. We are all prone to find fault with our neighbor and perhaps we criticise too much, yet we feel that since a little criticism from time to time has aided us in the production of our own college monthly the same may perhaps aid someone else.

In reviewing the most recent numbers of our exchanges, we find in many cases the same old faults, an evident lack of interest on the part of the students in their own magazine. Of course it takes time and it is more or less of an effort to write, but is not a good college paper worthy of “getting up and going to it”? We think it is. What is needed is stimulus, something to start competition. We find proof of this in our method, for, since we have inaugurated our system of awards, we honestly believe that our magazine has improved.

THE ARGOSY.

The March issue of the Argosy is very good, with perhaps a trifle too much of the Shakespearian material. Dr. Tweedie’s article “A Fortnight in Stratford—on Avon” is both interesting and instructive. “Tubby—Crime—Tobasco shows

that the writer has not in the least forgotten his "kidhood" days. Your competition is evidently keen as revealed in your awards of the month.

McMASTER MONTHLY.

The McMaster Monthly for February comes to us replete with some splendid articles, but we find scarcely a thing from the attending students. Can you not overcome this seeming lack of interest? How about some humor here and there?

XAVIERIAN.

The February Xavierian contains its usual high class of material commendably arranged. We would like to compliment to writer of "The Inn" on the literary ability he displays in this most interesting story. "The Human Catalyst" is a good title for a good humorous story. Your magazine is well written and well balanced.

PATCHES.

We wish to welcome to our shelves this exchange published by the undergraduates of the University of Toronto. It ranks high among the exchanges on our shelves this month, being well planned and well balanced. Many of the college papers have allowed the humorous element to dominate. This exchange has not that fault, but has enough humor to make it interesting. The articles in general are good, that entitled "Selp Help" being of special interest, and well worth reading. Your ideas of criticism are good, and we well recognize the prevailing tendency to destructive rather than constructive criticism.

MANAGRA.

This magazine from the Manitoba Agricultural College seems to be a live one. We notice a lack of short stories, but perhaps you deem it wise to have your literary department of a technical. A table of contents would improve your magazine.

X-RAY.

Good as always with its mixture of sense and nonsense, the articles "Nerves and Nervousness" and "War on Tuberculosis" present facts on subjects interesting to all. The former deals with a subject with which many are unfamiliar. "Taking the Cure in Hades" is a clever imaginative article, while "The Prevention of Influenza" contains timely suggestions.

MINNESOTA TECHNOLOG.

The Technologist is of particular interest to engineers. This issue contains many interesting articles on important matters. Among these, "Direct Radiation in Residence Heating" is perhaps the best.

"Einstein's Theory of Relativity" is a good technical article. The Athletic department shows the existence of a keen interest in sport. The paper might be improved by a few short stories or humorous articles.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The recent Library number of the Dalhousie Gazette surely should stimulate interest among her alumni and friends. The college paper is the medium whereby they are kept in touch with the progress of the University and we feel that the lack of a regular college monthly is partially obviated by an occasional issue for the purpose above stated.

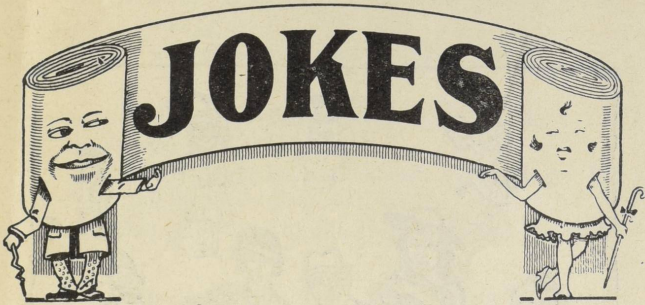
THE UBYSSSEY.

Another weekly publication, the Ubysssey comes to us, but not for the first time. Your portrayal of your college activities very vividly. Another valuable feature we have noticed in your paper is your "Correspondence Column".

THE SHEAF.

Like all weekly publications, the Sheaf ranks high as a newspaper. We would suggest, however, that more prompt reports of your college activities would add to the prestige of your college paper.

THE WESTERN U GAZETTE and THE GATEWAY are both good weekly papers. Nothing new can be said about them for they are very similar to the other weeklies on our shelf.



V-nc-nt, '22—(Tail-end of Sem Line).—May I go home with a Sem?

Teacher—No, certainly not.

V-nc-nt—(Persistently).—Well then, may I go home with a teacher?

Teacher—Well, you see, that all depends on the teacher.

Barber—(To Fr-tz, '22, seated in chair).—Would you like it “bobbed” or merely evened up.

Atk-ns-n, '22—What do you think of the Rev. Mr. Orchard?

J-hn L-nk, '22—I would say that he is rather “fruity”.

Dr. Sp-dle.—(In philosophy)—If anyone should ask you what John Locke did for philosophy, you can say “Blast the doctrine of innate ideas”.

Ne-ry, Theolog, '23—(Wakened from his usual nap by this outburst).—Here! Here! () ? ? (Hear! Hear) ? ?

R-h M-rray, '23.—(At wicket of movies).—I'll take *one* please.

B-ff H-watt, '24.—One for me please.

Ald-n Cl-rke, '24.—Gimme a cut.



HARRY HAS A NIGHT OUT.

(At Artie's. Four orders of beans on the table with only three forks).

Smith, '24.—Another order of fork, please.

Dr. Rh-d-nizer.—(English II)—Do you think the girl was implicated in the plot?

Fr-tz, '22.—Logically, she shouldn't have been; but you can never tell what a woman will do.

Dr. Rh-d-eizer.—We'll allow you to know, Mr. Fr-tz.

H-rry Gr-mm-r, '13.—(In Tully reception room).—I wish May would hurry up and come.

Bl-neh- H-rr-s, '22.—So do I, then "June" would soon be here.

Dr. D-W-lf.—(In Bible Class).—Can anybody tell me the name of Moses' wife?

C-rkum, '25.—I am not certain, but I think it was Osmosis.

Br-wn -ll, '23.—Study my Ethics for me will you Morrison?

M-rr-s-n, Eng. '23.—Sure, if *they* are not too hard.

Dr. Sp-d-l.—(In Ethics).—Speaking about good and bad acts, if you should give a fellow ten cents for a meal, and he should buy beer with it instead, and get drunk, would your act be a good one?

Count P-t-rs, '23.—I would say it was good beer.

Miss Stevens, '25.—(In biology lab. in a mournful voice)—I just told Prof. Perry *mitosis* cold and he wasn't at *synthetic* a bit.

J-ck Cr-ck-tt, Eng., '22.—(Athletic Meeting, discussion on wearing "A's" on sweaters).—I have succeeded in working off my German A. Am I entitled to wear an "A"?

Ed-th D-v-s-n, 23.—Did you ever see an old maid who didn't think she were perfect.

Ad-l-ne MacK--n-n, '24.—Well I guess none of us will be old maids then.

Dr. Rhodenizer.—(in English 5, growing enthusiastic)—June is the month——

W-tm-r-, '22.—(aroused from sound slumber)—Sir?

In Eng. 5,—What is meant by the figure of "day having hair" in this poem?

Olmstead,—Is that figurative sir? I thot it was literal, the same as Friday having fish.

Heard before test,—How much sociology do you know, Bill?

Interrupting voice.—He ought to know a lot, he's out practising nearly every night.

Illustration from a recent sermon,—

"Let us suppose [!] that one of the professors up here at the college felt himself called to a particularly Godly life."

Pete '23—(looking at Science Club picture)—Well, Claude, you want to tell Maggie not to go stealing kisses when the lights are out.

Claude '22.—That's some kid, boy, she's willing to take a chance.

We would like to know where Frog Robinson, '24 gets the modern overcoats for the men who deface his topic cards.

REMARKABLE REMARKS.

Sk-p Re-d, '22—I'm so lucky that if I bet on a horse, it would turn around and run the other way.

G-ucher, '22—Did I ever tell you this one?

Fr-day McPh-rs-n, '24—(At breakfast table)—I want a good egg and I want it bad.

J-ck Cr-ck-tt—I think the hen that laid this egg had shell-shock.

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