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Acadia College

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# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. LI.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1924.

No. 1.

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, T. E. Roy, '25; 2nd, Margaret Hutchins, '26.

Articles:—1st, R. A. Thorne, '25; 2nd, Meredith White, '27.

Stories:—C. R. Gould, '26; G. Doane Hatfield, '27; Chas. F. Allaby, '28. (1 unit each).

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

Humor:—O. T. Rumsey, '26; (one award, one unit).

Month:—1st, Alce McLeod, '25; 2nd, H. Grace Beardsley, '25.

Athletics:—1st, H. P. Moffatt, '25; 2nd, A. Harris, '25.

Personals:—1st, H. Grace Beardsley, '25; 2nd, Grace Perry, '27.

Exchanges:—1st, H. Grace Beardsley, '25; 2nd, R. A. Thorne, '25.

Jokes:—G. Douglas Anderson, Eng. (one unit).

Cartoon:—S. Seaman, '25; (one unit).

Snap:—(no award).

Seniors:—17 units.

Juniors:—4 units.

Sophomores:—3 units.

Freshmen:—1 unit.

Engineers:—1 unit.

Pennant to Seniors.

## VISION

WHEN in the splendour of a new-born day  
God's tears are glistening on the fringed fern;  
When crimsoned by the blushing sun's return  
The fleecy clouds around the hill-peaks play;  
When in the softness of the meadow hay  
The baby bobolinks their love-songs learn;  
When perfume fills the wakening rose-bud's urn  
" 'Tis wonderful", we say, and wend our way.  
Our human vision dimmed by mists of grief  
Can ne'er perceive the glories of His might;  
Our souls ne'er rise beyond our mortal ties,  
Until through parting clouds of unbelief  
We glimpse the blue of clear and purer skies  
Refulgent in His flood of hopeful light.

T. E. R. '25.

## THE METAMORPHOSIS OF AUGUSTUS MEAKE

WITH red-rimmed eyes, thru horn-edged lenses, past thin brass bars, he gazed placidly on his daily world. Rather Augustus Meake was placid until he began to think.

During the hurried hours he was a mechanical something, manipulating long fingers thru huge piles of green paper. As a counter he worked: his mind registered and added figures as they turned up to those weak eyes. Fives, tens, twenties, hundreds, thousands, counted themselves thru his mind. To Augustus Meake, those possible automobiles and mansions were but Roman numerals. Those aids to ease and comfort were to him no more than figures or work for his monthly cheque. That small piece of paper moved him more than all the amounts that he accurately passed out and wrote down. The mind of Augustus Meake, during business, registered in figures. He imagined: a chair, an inverted four; a depositor's sharp nose, a seven upside down; another's blunt one, an ill-formed six. Figures overwhelmed him. After a particularly busy day, he dreamed of them all night.

One o'clock brought with it a lull. The massive doors, with their air-springs, gaped less often between their great columns. "Dear Augustus", as Helen fondly petted him, now could think. The automatic in him became more human. His thoughts strayed from the green and white piles. The past forced itself into his mind.

After graduating from High-school in 1906, and three years of conscientious choosing, he had pushed open the inhospitable doors of the Bank of Commerce as junior clerk. The salary was meagre, but spurred by ambition, he managed somehow. Again he lived those days when, not contented with seeing himself installed in the manager's office, he would be resplendent in evening dress, presiding at a meeting of the directors and shareholders of the Bank of Commerce. He saw his dreams fade after a last bright glow, as a Roman candle on the Fourth of July. The war had come. Well he recalled its beginning.

"I'd like to withdraw five dollars from my account, if you please." A poor, shawl-clad woman interrupted his reverie.

"Sign her. Thank you, madam. Good-day." Augustus resumed his dreaming.

The World's Massacre, he remembered, had called for victims. Weak eyes, Nature's punishment for much study and ledger persuing, prevented his answering. Tom Randall, the striving, stuttering ledger clerk had gone. Dick Billycox, the happy, care-for-nothing cashier, khaki-clad, had hurried off. Augustus remained. Following a five weeks' stay on the stool, where Tom had stuttered many times over two totals which refused to be the same, Augustus was promoted to the careless Billy's former place in the "cage." The stool was given to a pop-eyed, efficient female. His cheque after that read "pay to Augustus Meake, or order, the sum of one hundred dollars." This was progress, indeed.

He had been "engaged", so he said, for two years to one of his classmates, plain but loyal, Helen Rookes. Upon another increase, he, in a flush of courage such as inspires lovers occasionally, was married. He still had those rosy hallucinations in which he depicted himself pressing the buzzer in the office with the door marked "Augustus Meake, Manager," in the lower, right-hand corner.

Scarcely had the war ended when, as the turning on of the lights in a movie palace blurs the picture, this poor figure-scanner's vision of realized ambition became less clear. Sergeant Dick Billycox, more serious and superior, returned; a hero, to be thrust over his laboring successor's head into the accountant's chair. With the vigilance with which he had commanded a platoon, he now supervised Augustus. Worse than that, Tom Randall, the incompetent stutterer, came back too. Dick, Mr. Billycox, now was advanced by the powers that ordain such things, into that inner room of authority which had been the object of Meake's unswerving ambition. In due time, a letterer was engaged to erase the name of his predecessor from the lower, right-hand corner of the opaque door-panel. For this, in larger black letters was substituted "Mr. Billycox, Manager,"

Simultaneously, the word "hope" once written so largely on the plodding heart of Augustus Meake was erased, and a great black, dumb despair took its place. To deepen this, Randall, the stammering, incomprehensible, was made accountant. To be fair, war had improved his carriage and made him more capable—

"Hey, Mister", a newsboy roused him, "Gimme five coppers fer this nickel, will yuh?"

"Sure, son," complied the cashier, after glancing to see that the five-cent piece was not smooth and had no gum artfully concealing a valueless hole.

Meake looked at the clock—one hour before closing. So sure had he become of himself that he no longer took a trial balance. In three hours, if all went as usual, Dorothy and James Armstrong would run shouting with laughful greeting to crawl all over him. To the father, they meant added struggle to keep his personal books balanced. He was forced to do without his straw hat in order to get Dorothy a new dress. The weather was warm now too: thru his felt hat the sun seemed to blister his tell-tale head, which confessed he was on the bald side of thirty. This did not help. If only, but "ifs" were never worth-while he thought—Messrs. Randall and Billycox remained. If only they would die; if only something would happen. Augustus threw this agreeable thought from him. Certainly these were not ideas that an Elder should harbor. The "last-minute" men, hot and flustered, hurried in now. To Augustus, as he received their deposits and checked them, their procrastination was disgusting. This sentiment failed to show itself on his face, which was as unruffled as the water in his bath. One minute before the closing hour, two harried souls rushed in. They had barely succeeded in borrowing enough to meet their notes, due that day.

Augustus, less mechanically, more discontentedly, adds savings, clearings, collections, ledger, cash: debit and credit. The sloth of the savings clerk forces a pause in the assortment of the numberless figures: the others have balanced. The cash, however, fails to balance. It is forty-five dollars short. Another shortage meant another lecture from the

militaristic Dick-er Mr. Billycox. The savings balance but he feels that his shortage is there. He thinks——“Ha! What did he give that woman? Was it? Yes it was. Good Heavens! Wait a minute, Augustus Meake. Be calm!” He was quite certain he had given her a fifty insteal of a five dollar bill. This would mean a big cut in his monthly cheque or perhaps——“No, God, no, not that after fifteen years. The half yearly payment on the house is due this month, too. I I can’t—but I must have. What was her name? That five dollars closed her account? Lucky woman! God pity me! Helen, Dot, Jim need all sorts of things. If Billycox should discharge me! I must tell him now, and get it all over. Yes, I must.”

Augustus Meake’s legs almost refused their natural duty, as he crossed his Rubicon.

“Mr. Billycox,” always “Mister”, “I’m afraid I’m short forty-five doillars today.”

“Well, Meake,” once it had been “Gus”, “Shortages are becoming your best trick.” Billycox grandly paraded. “You’d better find that forty-five, Meake. Can’t put any more in the ‘Over and Short.’ Trouble is, Meake, there’s too many ‘Shorts’. You’re slipping; you’re too old; you’re all gone.”

Meake was only one year older than Billycox: five years under this braggart “non-co” had embittered and aged him.

“You must balance tonight, Meake, and hurry; I want to set the time-lock.”

“But, Sir,” Augustus’ voice almost quavered, “I think I know. I think I passed out a fifty instead of a five.”

“What, Meake!” Billycox had sprung from his chair. He stood over his cashier in an attitude of outraged finance. “You know what that means——”

“But, Dick,” Augustus attempted to return to the old friendly basis.

“Mr. Billycox to you, Sir, and forty-five dollars discounted from your salary this month. Good afternoon, Meake.”

“Please, Sir, not this month,” protested Augustus, thinking of Helen and the payment due.

“Good afternoon, Meake,” adamantly.

Something from the primal rose uncontrollably in the breast of Augustus Meake.

“Billycox, this is the last, I’m thru—now.”

Why had his mouth formed those words? Why had his throat not withheld them? Irrevocable they were, as far as Billycox was concerned.

“Very well, Meake, hand your resignation to Mr. Randall. You will of course, give us the thirty days’ notice.”

Billycox well knew that the rebellious Meake would not, nor did he. Transformed, he restrained an intense and primitive desire to punch his former manager’s nose.

It was a different Meake who approached his home that night; his shoulders had thrown themselves back with a new-born desire to fight the world; a determined smile transformed his ordinarily stolid, drudgeful face. The spirit of indignation and rebellion which had buoyed him up had not yet ebbed.

“Oh Dorothy! Jimmie! Where are you? Dad’s at the gate!” Helen’s voice sounded far away.

Two healthy youngsters ran out tackling him, but that night they could not better him. Toused all and breathless, they came in.

Augustus could not meet Helen’s eyes as she gave him that glance which held all of a woman’s intuition. His temporary intoxication had fled: he was left spiritless.

“How did you make out at the office today, dear?”

The customary question, this was, that she had asked him for almost ten years. It held a new significance now.

Could he tell her he had lost his position, with all these years wasted in the vain hope that he would rise; that he had been too good a cashier and with the end of the month he could not meet the payment on the house; that they would be homeless? He could not answer her question with his usual smile and word of assurance. Later, he would tell her, not now—before the children. He would—he would—he must tell her tonight; but he could not. Never had Augustus Meake deceived his wife before.



“Dear Augustus,” she went on—dear, loyal little soul she was; he thought—“do you know what I did today?”

Upon hearing his customary negative, she chattered happily on.

“I made over that old brown dress and what do you think, I dyed it black—and, with just some little pieces of edging, anyone won’t know but it’s brand new. Isn’t that great? And I made a cake for Dorothy’s birthday party Saturday; she thinks it’s just gorgeous.”

In this tenor, as she busied herself getting supper, Helen’s words flowed on. She tried vainly to dispel the gloom which her woman’s eyes had seen shrouding, for some unknown reason, her husband’s soul.

Next day and for several days, coward-like, he went out and came home as usual.

One night, even with his unseeing eyes, he could notice something unusual had happened. His first fear was that Helen had found out his secret, his horrible secret, which by that time had grown to be Colossus-like.

At length, Helen burst out “Augustus—” in her haste she forgot the endearment, “do you know what came today?”

The soul of Augustus Meake shrank and would have hidden itself. Why had he not told her? Dear adorable, little Helen. Now the bank had written. Oh, fool, he! Why had he said those words that had severed his connection with his bread and butter and home?

Helen went on, “Aunt Hannah, you know the one that lived on that farm up in Vermont, where we went one summer when Jim was a baby, has died and what do you think, dear Augustus, she has left it to us. Yes, she has really, you needn’t look like that. I got a letter from the lawyer today. It has cows, pigs, fruits, and everything. What will we do with that now? I’ve been thinking it over, dear, and I thought we could sell it to finish paying for the house. Wouldn’t that be lovely? Dear Augustus, what makes you look so pale?” Breaking off, Helen looked hard at him.

Augustus flushed guiltily, "I haven't been feeling very well, lately, Helen dear, I think perhaps work in the office is getting too close."

He removed his glasses and with a tired movement rubbed his hand over his eyes. It strayed back over his forehead and thinning hair.

"I wish I could take a long holiday. Let's all pack up and go to the farm."

Jim and Dorothy were aglow with expectation.

"I'm sure, dear Augustus, I've noticed you haven't looked very well for a long time. All right, dear, I'll get all the old clothes together that we need and pack first thing in the morning. Do you think you can fix it at the office?" queried Helen.

"Oh yes, dear, there'll be no trouble about that."

C. F. A., '28.

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## CANADA'S SECOND CHAMBER

WHEN, just before Parliament prorogued last Spring, the Hon. MacKenzie King threw down the gauntlet to the second chamber—the Senate, he thereby fired the opening gun in what promises to be a keen and bitter constitutional battle over the position of the Senate as a legislative body in the parliamentary system of Canada.

On that day, at the last minute, the Senate had amended and thereby retarded the passing of two or three bills passed by the House of Commons, and the Premier in righteous indignation thereupon declared that at the next session of Parliament he would endeavor to enact legislation that would prevent the Senate from thwarting and retarding bills passed by the elected representatives of the people—the House of Commons.

This threat of the Prime Minister was not made on the spur of the moment in a fit of anger, but has been "hanging fire," so to speak, for a number of years. It has always been a source of irritation to the House of Commons to have bill after bill delayed, rejected or amended, as the case may be,

by this second chamber, and the Premier merely stated openly on the floor of the House of Commons what many former premiers of both parties had often longed to do.

The question of the rights and privileges of the Senate and the relative positions of that House and the House of Commons is indeed a constitutional one, and before the ire of the Commons at the alleged presumption of the Senate is appeased, there promises to be a keen and bitter fight before this "constitutional nut" is cracked.

But we may ask, what has led up to the present state of affairs which threatens to destroy the even tenor of parliamentary procedure? Who or what is to blame, and why has it broken out at this late period in Canadian constitutional development?

The answer to these questions carries us back to the very beginning of Canadian self-government—the British North America Act. When the statesmen, long since dead and gone, who drafted the British North America Act were working out Canada's parliamentary system, they left more than one detail for the young, self-governing Dominion to experiment on for herself. In other words, the Mother of Parliaments, with that sagacity and shrewdness which has made Great Britain the greatest of colonizing nations, did not dogmatically lay down a hard and fast constitution whereby self-expression, self confidence, and self-determination would have been stunted in the young colony, but, instead, "not only reflected but conceded to Canada the quint-essence of self-government."

One of these details which the Dominion had to work out for herself, according to her own peculiar needs, was that one pertaining to the two houses of Parliament—the Senate and the House of Commons.

To make the issue clear it will be well to repeat the article in question—Section 18 of the British North America Act:

"The privileges, immunities, and powers to be held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Senate and House of Commons and by the members thereof, respectively shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of Parliament of

Canada, but so that the same shall never exceed those at the passing of this Act held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and by the members thereof."

It is clearly seen by the above that the Senate is made thereby a constituent of Parliament, but is given no power. There is nothing in this clause to warrant the assumption by the Senate of a status equivalent to that of the House of Lords in England. Thus, we may add that the British North America Act has made the Senate a constituent of Parliament, but as such it has neither history, usage, nor custom to claim as a precedent for legislative purposes.

Notice also that Section 18 definitely invests Parliament with power by its own enactments to define the relative positions of the Senate and the House of Commons.

Then, if the matter was set forth thus clearly, why have things drifted to their present condition? Simply because the Anti-Senate people point out, Parliament has never availed itself of this power, and having no check in this respect, the Senate has assumed that it occupies the same place in the Constitution of Canada as the House of Lords in the British Constitution. In other words, matters have been allowed to drift, and as the Senate continued on its uninterrupted course of action, it has made history for itself, and by virtue of that history, usage, and custom thus laid down, it has grown stronger, more self-assertive, and, incidentally, more and more irritating to the House of Commons.

For a long time, the Senate has been held more or less in contempt by the members of the House of Commons at Ottawa, it being designated as "The Home for Incurables", "The Old Men's Home", and similar derogatory appellations. In some ways, perhaps, this contempt is not entirely unwarranted, although it is equally true that many able statesmen have been and are now active members of that body.

Indeed, for many years past, reform of the Senate has been promised by first one party and then the other, but like many other political promises, it has been laid aside and forgotten. Sir Wilfred Laurier neatly turned aside the question

of his failure to preform the Senate by "squelching" an opponent with the calm remark that he had appointed enough Liberal Senators to turn a Conservative majority in that House into a substantial Liberal majority, and smilingly added that that ought to be reform enough for anyone. And thus the political game continued.

Yet this is not the first time that the power of the Senate has been openly challenged. One of the judicial powers assumed by the Senate was that pertaining to divorce, but, a few years ago, Anti-Senate agitation resulted in a test-case from Western Canada being taken to the Privy Council. The Senate lost, and since that time the Senate has never attempted to exercise any jurisdiction over Western Canada in that respect. Nor can the Senate claim that it is merely assuming the same function as the House of Lords in dealing with divorce, for the House of Lords has long since given up all judicial powers in this matter.

On the other hand, many eminent writers contend that the Senate has performed a worthy work in checking too lavish an expenditure of public money by the House of Commons. Whether or not this is so has been widely discussed, but here again it is certain that it can find no excuse at present for exercising this prerogative by referring to the House of Lords. As far back as 1911, the Imperial Parliament passed an Act by which the House of Commons can pass into Law money and other bills without the consent of and despite the opposition of the House of Lords. It was indeed an important precedent that Great Britain thus set, and it has had profound influence on other governments the world over.

But whichever way we may choose to argue the question, whether for or against the Senate, the task of depriving it of the powers it has long enjoyed will not be an easy one. Constitutional authorities will have their ingenuity taxed to the utmost to unravel the skein that has been so firmly interwoven with sentiment, custom and usage through the years that have passed since Canada first began to work out her own destiny as a self-governing Dominion.

What will be the outcome of the Prime Minister's challenge to the stately and historic Senate is a question for the future to answer, and when that question is finally settled, another milestone in Canadian constitutional development will have been passed.

R. A. T., '25.

## PAINT—AND POWDER

**"I** tell you," Micholvitch had said to her, "that if you are ever to have any kind of a career as an artist, you must never marry. Look at me," the ego in the Russian cropping out. "See what a painter I am. 'And why'? you ask. Why, because I am not hampered and hobbled by a wife. Nor must you be kept down and confined by a husband."

"But—"

"But nothing! You cannot devote the time to your husband and children that they would naturally expect, and to the work necessary if you are to become the great artist of which you now give such brilliant promise."

Consequently, Margaret Byrne, alias "Peggy," had never married. Ten years had passed since her master had told her that, and now she was thirty. Oh, still very attractive, still pursued by men, but she was—thirty, and, due only to her constant refusals, she would try to assure herself, she regretfully saw her suitors and male friends growing fewer and fewer as the years passed.

Had it been worth while, these ten long years of solitude and hard work? Yes, certainly she had succeeded, if wealth and position meant success. Her works were to be found in every art gallery of the country, and she was considered the foremost critic of the day. Nevertheless, she was often lonely and tired; tired of the hours of hard work, of the monotonous press write-ups, and of the monotonous people who came to her studio daily, "Her friends" they called themselves, but really, she reflected sadly, they were mere acquaintances. People who, if she should lose those two things that seem to count for everything in the world today, her

wealth and position, would drop her as quickly and flatly as they would an apple in which half a worm is suddenly discovered. For fear of this, she continued to work and slave towards the top, refusing all their invitations with, "But my work——" Not that she could not do without these shallow, gushing "friends," but because her career could not.

Moreover, she still had far to go. She had yet to be recognized in the Old World, for here, Micholvitch had assured her before returning there himself seven years ago, here would she gain her greatest glory, glory that would far eclipse anything America might try to do for her.

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Of all her suitors, the most favored was Johnnie Powder, a little, insignificant chap whose chief characteristic and sole wealth was his tongue. He was very generous and spent his riches freely upon anybody and everybody that had a few moments to waste and would listen. His acquaintances never bothered to have radios installed while they had him. Most of this great wealth, however, he spent on Peggy, and she, though often bored, because she felt sorry for him and knew that she was the only one in all the world who did, liked him best of all, and thought she could even love him—if she would. Kindred spirits they were, both lonely and friendless. Genius and those electrical phonographs that never run down always are.

Every day, therefore, saw him in Peggy's studio paying fluent but futile respects and addresses to his idol. All she ever had to say was, "Good morning—Yes—No—Good-bye." He didn't disturb her at all. She could work with the noise of his voice in her ears in the daytime just as she could sleep with the noise of the elevated at night. Take away either and she would have missed it.

One day she failed to greet him with the usual cherry "Good morning." Nevertheless, he plunged right into a new and long-winded proposal that he had sat up half the night composing, but right in the midst of it as he was approaching the climax, she exclaimed, "Oh, do shut up, Johnnie! You're horribly boring." She was discouraged and irritable. She had made a botch of what was to have been a masterpiece to

be sent to Europe, but it had turned out a mess. She must begin again.

Johnnie was so dumbfounded at her irritation that he hurried right on to get to the soothing climax. But "ere he could arrive the point proposed," Peggy cried, "Listen Johnnie, if you'll keep your mouth shut and not say a single word to me or anyone for a month, I'll—I'll—I will marry you."

"Oh, but Peggy, is there no other way. Under no other consideration, ever?"

"Under no other consideration; ever. You have until twelve o'clock noon to call up your friends and tell them that you won't be on speaking terms with them for a month. After that, you're not to say a word until twelve o'clock, November the seventh. These are big stakes, but you're a man of your word so I'll not hire any detective agency to shadow you and see that you don't talk, but you're not to leave the city during this time. Are you on?"

Johnnie gulped and smiled faintly. "Sure I'm on, and you'd better order your trousseau," and took his departure at once.

Left alone, Peggy burst into tears. "Oh, what did I ever do that for? He won't be able to keep still and now I can never marry him.....Never. 'Under no other consideration ever.' And.....yes I do.....I may as well face it. I *do* love him. OH-H-H!"

When he appeared the next day, she gave him the usual "Good morning," to which there was not the customary flow of words of greeting and endearment.

"I said, " 'Good morning.' "

No response.

"Oh, well, of course if you don't want to speak, I'm sure you don't have to." And she swung around in a great huff, raising her shoulder and eyebrows, all of which distressed him so much that she laughed right out at his facial contortions thus showing that she had been only acting and relieving him immensely.

He tried to pour into her eyes what before he had poured into her ears, but she claimed that it was in the bargain that he wasn't to write her either, and as he couldn't argue back,



his daily letters had to cease. So he came every day just to sit and look at her—and her work, sometimes.

“What do you think of it?” What a graceful curve her figure had when she turned to him. He wished that he could paint and have her for a model.

“I said, What do you think of it?” He hadn’t been even watching the picture.

“This is the masterpiece that is to go to Paris as a letter of introduction for me. I expect I’ll miss you folks when I go. I don’t imagine I’ll ever come back, for you see, my career—”

“Say, Johnnie, you look half-starved! What’s the matter?” He *was* half-starved, eating at those little, cheap restaurants on the East Side. He’d given up the more fashionable ones. He met too many people he knew there who would try to make him talk. Besides, the waiters would laugh so when he had to point out what he wanted on their old French menus, thinking he couldn’t read them. His friends teased him unmercifully, and tried every possible means to get him to say just even a word. They called him on the telephone, they invited him to dances and dinners; they even told him one day when he was ill and couldn’t go to her studio, that Peggy had left for Europe asking them to say good-bye to him for her. He started to exclaim, as he always did then, remembering, closed up like a trap.

One day during this period of agony and suspense. Micholvitch dropped into Peggy’s studio. She was surprised to see him back on this side of the water and told him so.

“Yes,” he said, “I just arrived. Over on a little business. I’ll be returning soon.” He complimented her highly on her work, but said nothing further on the subject of artists with careers before them marrying.

“He knows I’m thirty now,” Peggy mentally commented with a sigh, “and safe.” Then a few days later, she read in the headlines of the morning paper:

**WORLD FAMOUS PAINTER WEDS BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN**—The palatial residence of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Dering-Dering, Fifth Avenue, was the scene of a very pretty and interesting event

when their only daughter, Grace Jerome, became the bride of Peter Micholvitch, R. A., world famous painter.

*November The Seventh!* Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Eleven o'clock. Peggy had never talked so vivaciously before. "Leading me on," Johnnie thought. Five minutes before the appointed hour, he took something from his pocket and slipped it into his mouth.

*Twelve O'Clock!* And she was his! Both tingled with excitement while the clock slowly dragged out the chimes, then on the last stroke they flew into each other's arms, upsetting the masterpiece and then a palette of paints all over it, but what did that matter? He had won and she could marry him after all!

"But how did you ever do it?" was her first query when they had quieted down a bit.

"Do you really want to know? Will you marry me just the same, no matter how I did it?"

"Of course."

"Well, I never intended for you to know this—at least not until we were safely married, because I knew that you would never marry me if you found it out before, but I have false teeth! So for the month I just simply removed them. Then I was so afraid that you or some of our acquaintances would find out that I didn't have any teeth, that I never dared to open my mouth."

G. D. H. H., '27.

## WHISPERS

CALLING, calling, calling,  
From the depths of the boundless sea,—  
A voice that is half a fancy,  
And half a reality.

In the restless swell of the ocean  
It utters its passionate plea,  
Echoing, and ever re-echoing  
In a tumult of ecstasy.

In the rolling voice of the tempest,  
In the lightning's flash and the rain  
It speaks, and the heart bows in wonder,  
And stirs with a nameless pain.

In the quiet and hush of the twilight,  
When the night-wind sobs in the trees,  
It calls with an infinite longing,  
And plaintively sighs with the breeze.

In the awe and splendor of mid-night,  
'Neath the majesty of the sky,  
It speaks in the solemn stillness  
Of the stars that shine on high.

Calling, yes, ever calling,  
Though we know not what it may be,  
Oh, is it the whisper of fancy,  
Or is it reality?

M. E. H., '26.

## SHOULD UNITS BE GIVEN FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION?

**B**ODY education is quite as important as mind education, inasmuch as it is adjustment to environment. We need physical education in this age as never before, because the inventions of modern science have made it possible for one to accomplish a great deal with very little effort. We ride to the office building; we are taken to the office in an elevator. From the office we send all our messages by means of telephone or telegraph. Modern Science, by its inventions, has made us lazy, and we are deteriorating both mentally and physically through lack of exercise. To-day, doctors agree that many of the ills of man are caused by lack of proper exercise, a proper amount of which is essential to anyone who wishes to keep "physically fit."

The ideals of physical education, according to Hartwell, may be characterized as Greek or aesthetic, monkish or ascetic, and knightly or military.

The Greeks promoted physical education because they recognized the unity or symmetry of body and mind, as expressed by Plato, "Everything that is good is fair, and the fair is not without measure. Now, we perceive lesser symmetries and comprehend them, but about the highest and greatest we have no understanding for there is not symmetry greater than that of the soul and body. This however, we do not perceive, nor do we allow ourselves to reflect that, when a weaker or lesser frame is the vehicle of a great and mighty soul, or conversely when a little soul is increased in a large, then the whole animal is not fair, but is defective in the most important of all symmetries; but the fair mind in the fair body will be the most beautiful of all sights to him who has the seeing eye." Gymnastics were accorded a large part in the educational programme of the Greek youths. The teaching of gymnastics afforded positions of honor to distinguished and ambitious men. In the breadth and sanity of its aims, in the completeness of its development as a national institution and in its abiding influence upon succeeding generations, Greek physical education has no parallel.

The monkish or ascetic ideals, after the first few centuries of the Christian era, exercised a profound influence upon European thought and life. This conception was responsible for their complete abandonment of physical education. They believed that all flesh was the creation of Satan, and that spiritual health was best perceived by self-torture and body weakness. The influence of the monks continued to antagonize and retard bodily training in education, until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The military ideal of human excellence existed side by side with the ascetic ideal of the monks. It played a conspicuous and important part in the education of the nobility. The young knight was trained to ride, to draw the bow, to use weapons, and to hunt; some attention was given to manners, but very little to letters. The aim was the development of efficient soldiers and gentlemen. This form of education was popular in England and on the continent until the seventeenth century. Since that time physical education has been exalted, tolerated, neglected or denounced according to the prevailing conceptions of its value.

It is especially desirable that academic credit should be given for physical education, because the very fact that the faculty does not recognize its value, gives the student a lessened sense of appreciation of it. They neglect their physical culture, and this leads to ill-health. Through lack of exercise, the muscles lose their tone; the heart and lungs, which are of tremendous importance in ordering the health of the individual, become weakened and will not function properly.

If the physical condition of a student is below par, he cannot do his best work. To arrive at the highest mental development, physical culture is essential.

Besides being a detriment to the physical, and the mental well-being of the student, the non-credit system tends to lower his morale. The Freshman upon coming to college, is given the impression that one never goes to "gym" if by any chance, he can avoid doing so. The result is that the clever boy gets off, while his less fortunate classmate must go to the class. You can imagine the attitude of the latter to his

“gym.” It is certainly not such as will enable him to derive great benefit from the class. He performs the exercises with one eye on his watch; the other eye on the instructor, and his mind thinking about anything but what he is *supposed* to be doing. In consequence, the student dislikes physical training, and after a few such classes, he resolves never to go again to a “gym” class. Then we find him resorting to all kinds of underhand methods of escaping the hated classes. Who knows what this deceit, practised even in this small way, may lead to in the future? Now, it leads to loss of honor, and such a loss is destruction of fine character.

Besides this the non-credit system is unfair to the instructors, and to the director of the Department of Physical Education. The latter must have an education equally as good as that of the head of the English Department, the Chemistry Department, or any other department in college, and yet, in spite of this he receives less consideration than any other member of the faculty. Since our instructors in physical education are thoroughly trained, both culturally and intellectually, and since they teach according to the best methods of pedagogy, there is very little reason why “units” should not be given for this work which is of utmost importance to the student.

But through lack of appreciation, cooperation, and interest on the part of the faculty and board of governors, the poor physical instructor, with high ideals and ambitions for his work, is usually unable to find the proper place for it on the curriculum. Latin, Greek and Mathematics are all in their places, but physical culture is neglected. People forget that education is not entirely of the mind, but is of the body as well.

The great difficulty of the whole matter is that the director of physical education has not been given an opportunity to prove the value of his course. How can he do his best work with a class of uninterested students, who are present only because they could find no way “to get out of it.”

And lack of interest, on the part of the students, is not the greatest hindrance to the work of the physical education

instructor, lack of time prevents him from getting the best results. No other professor in college would be expected to accomplish very much in a course for which he was allowed only two half hour periods a week.

Physical training is a very important part of the education of any individual, and is one which should not be neglected, yet, the time allowed for it is inadequate. In order to obtain the best results, students should be required to take at least five hours a week of supervised work in physical training, and for such work academic credit should be given. If this were done students would assume the proper attitude toward physical education. As a rule, college men and women do not object to the proper kind of "gym". They do object to superimposed work. If credit were given, students would have no desire to "skip gym," for they would be anxious to receive the credits. With the full attendance and the increased interest, the instructor could obtain splendid results.

M. A. W., '27.



## FINANCIALLY SPEAKING

SUCCESS is as simple as simple can be,  
All the fellows who get there admit it;  
But none of the lot ever seem to agree  
On the rules we should follow to hit it.  
My wants are as modest as modest can be,  
Just a million or two is sufficient  
Yet fortune refuses to smile upon me;  
All my efforts have proved inefficient.

I'm willing to shoulder the burden of wealth,  
And assume all its worry and trouble;  
In fact I am blest with the best of good health,  
And believe I could well carry double  
I'd never object to the size of my pile,  
And my cheerfulness never would vary  
I'd wear a complacent, self-satisfied smile,  
Like the cat that devoured the canary.

The schemes I have tried always failed to pan out,  
The results have been far from substantial;  
At last I'm beginning to have a grave doubt  
Of my talents in matters financial  
But should opportunity come to my door—  
And the thought of his coming is cheering—  
He won't have to knock till his knuckles are sore,  
He will find I am not hard of hearing.

O. T. R., '26.



## THE KILLER PAYS

WHILE the last star was dimming into obscurity, the killer crawled from the shelter of the woods. All night he had slept fitfully, uncomfortable, haunted by remembrances called up by the mere snapping of a twig or the prowling of a night creature. God, how easily he had eluded the cops of the last town thru which he had come. And yet, he thot, one could never be too cautious—for a time, at least.

He straightened up and brushed his clothes free of clinging grass. He faced the sun and muttered in a half-tone: "They can never catch me, now. And who is there to care whether I killed the o'd man or not? No one liked him—a hard, old task-master. I have the money and, as for anyone else, they've nothing to gain." Then he went down to the lake to wash. It was well to have the appearance of cleanliness for it helped one to get by.

It was evident that the man had not been of a very low social order—a gardner, groom, or chauffeur in the employ of some well-to-do family. He got up from the rock on which he had been sitting, stood silent and listened. No sound except the whistle of wild fowl and the chirping of chipmunks marred the stillness of the Ontario landscape. On and on it stretched; occasionally broken by mirroring lakes and upheaved masses of boulders. The murderer turned around and sought the west.

Before noon he came to a prosperous looking farmhouse. It was surrounded by apple laden orchards and a small acreage of ripened wheat. A woman out feeding chickens went to meet the man.

"Good morning," she said in a friendly voice. "Are you looking for a job. Apple picking, perhaps?"

"No, I don't want work. I have no need of it. All I want is dinner. I have money."

The woman took a keen look at the newcomer. He surprised her. She could not imagine anyone so situated as not wanting work. She had been used to manual labor all her life, no doubt.

“Dinner—oh—we will be pleased to give you some. We are alone here, my daughter and I. Will you wait for the men? They’ll be in from the fields in half an hour.”

The murderer had not believed it to be so late. He looked furtively around the farmyard.

“I cannot wait,” he answered. “I must be away to the next town. How far is it?” He put the question casually tho he took the answer eagerly.

“It’s about fifteen miles by the road. A long and tiresome trip it is too. Must you go right off? My husband—”

“Ah; yes, your husband,” the man abruptly said. “No, I cannot stay. I will have some dinner if it is ready. As I said before, I will pay.”

The woman started for the house. “Dinner, this way,” she called back, “and there is a shorter route you can take. I’ll tell you later.”

In the kitchen the man ate his meal from a rough table covered with plain, white oilcloth. The woman and her daughter, a mediocre young person, tended to their famished visitor. Near the stove slept two hounds. The killer noticed them and spoke about them.

“Do you have any more?”

The girl answered. “Five. They are great hunters. Father and the boys use them in the woods in winter. They caught a man once, too. He was terribly hurt before we got them off. It’s their nature—they’re not all *hound*.”

The man shivered and got up. He took out a bill of large denomination and handed it to the older woman.

“No, it’s not too much. I always pay. I must be on my way. There’s a short cut, you say?”

She designated the way and he left the house at once. When he came to the gap in the woods he looked back. The woman was watching him. As he stood there a telephone rang and she went inside. The killer did not delay any longer. But he had not noticed before, the wires leading to the dwelling.

The fugitive found the trail heavy and steep. Doubtlessly it was a shorter way than the road but it was overgrown with bushes and led up a hard slope. He climbed for

two hours before he came to the summit. From there he had a splendid view of the surrounding country. His eye caught sight of the farmhouse far below and then it followed the dusty brown line of road which skirted the base of the mountain. All at once his glance was directed to a sight which struck terror to his heart. On the road, between the trees, he could make out a patched streak of black and white. A faint "Ow, ow" was borne from the valley to the ridge. There they were, the six or seven hunting hounds, headed by a rider on a black horse. The killer clenched his fists and muttered to the dark, swaying trees.

"They think they have me now, curse them: but there's still a fight ahead! I understand the phone call now and the woman—she's played me false. I'll get back at her if—" Then he thought a moment "I wonder why she didn't start before. Probably that she could catch me easily. She's wrong—but I must push on and reach town before she does."

He took one more look where a cloud of dust was breaking over the countryside, then started down the other slope. It was a rough descent, even worse than the climb. Once a misstep on a loose rock sent him headlong for twenty feet; at another time the limb of a tree swept thru his ruffled hair. But after each misfortune he was up and ready to go. The now almost imperceptible "Ow, ow" gave him fresh impetus. It was frightful—the dark, breeze-swept trees; the hurrying, muttering man; the weak cries with their appalling note coming over the ridge.

At length the fugitive came upon a better path. The sounds behind him were increasing in volume. The murderer looked ahead in desperation. A tall spire pointing to the heavens informed him that he was near a town. And then a daring thought came into his mind. He aired it to the winds as he raced along. "Why not hide in the church? They would never think of looking for me there. I'll stay there until night and then make a get-away."

The sound of beating hoofs drove him on. The endurance of the man was superb. But he knew that he could not hold out much longer. He was making his strength last until he could reach the Church. Finally he broke thru a

line of bushes and came out upon the main road. Down it he darted like a rabbit fleeing for its life. As he touched the door that spelled safety, he let out a shrill scream of fear. Down the road the flash of black and white was coming. The dogs were nosing the ground—the woman on the black horse had seen him.

The killer pushed open the door, leaped inside, and tried to bolt it. There wasn't any lock; he wasted no time in delay. He ran into the main auditorium, looking for a place to hide. In that instant he took note of the fixtures of the building. Over the empty row of seats was suspended the bell. It was a large one and seemed in a position dangerous for anyone beneath it. To prevent it from hanging loose the sexton had tied the tongue of the bell to a beam high in the dome of the church.

The quarry saw but one means of safety. As the hoof beast stopped outside the door he made a nervous spring for the ladder which went up to the dome. With clumsy fingers he untied the short rope. As a footstep fell in the vestibule he took a swift appraisal of the bell. He decided to risk it. One kick against the wall and he was hurled thru space. He had timed to perfection for he succeeded in obtaining standing room on a beam opposite the one from which he had set out. He was safe!

A voice among the empty seats brought him to his senses. The woman was standing below him and trying to make him hear..

“What have you done?” she cried. “Did you think I was chasing you?”

“Why did you follow me, woman?”

“To tell you that they are after you. I got a message from the east to cut you off. It has gone thru to this place.”

“Why should you concern yourself over me. There's some trickery in this.”

“No, believe me, please. I waited until the men went back to the fields before I left.”

The killer was not satisfied. “Why did you bring the dogs?” he asked.

"I didn't know where you would be. I thot I would find you before I came this far."

"You had no reason to do all this."

"Except I could not bear to think of you being caught. You don't look as if you would commit such a crime. Besides, there was the money. You gave me so much."

The woman was gazing up at the man. While they had been talking she had taken in the situation. Evidently, he had not, for his next question showed that he was unconscious of his immediate plight.

"What am I to do now?" he nervously asked. "I can't stay here."

The woman sadly shook her head. "I guess you'll have to."


"Why?" he questioned in an alarmed tone.

She pointed to the pendulous tongue with its short rope. The murderer followed her finger and became horrified at what he saw. The tongue was gently swinging to and fro. The man had no means of getting it back. He looked down from the beam on which he was standing. What he saw made him sick—only a perpendiculra wal with no crevices or footholds. The woman started for the door.

"Wait! Where are you going?" the killer shrilled in a piercing voice.

She turned around. "I must get someone to help you down. Of course they will know—"

As she went out of the church the taut nerves of the man gave way. His fingers refused to steady him. Another terrible scream broke thru the church as with a seraping of feet and hands the killer fell to the floor.



# SCIENCE

## CANADA AND HYDRO-ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT

**I**N these days of "hydro" with its attendant heavy investment, the efficient development of Canada's potential water-power is a question of vital economic—and hence national—importance.

It is not only a question of interest to the idle rich, the industrial magnates, and the directors of huge corporations, but is one that affects, in a practical way, the daily life of us ordinary mortals who go to make up the masses. The laboring man, the merchant, the farmer, the tradesman, the professional man, and all those who constitute that great mass of people who carry on the every-day work of a nation, are vitally interested in this work of harnessing the tremendous energy which Nature has so bountifully placed at our disposal.

How strange and unreal it would seem to throw aside electric lights and go back to a more primitive form of lighting!

The marvellous results of Scientific research, the rapid advances made in converting the great forces of Nature to man's use, must seem almost bewildering to the "old-timer" in rural communities, who was wont to take his grain weekly or fortnightly to the little old-fashioned grist-mill picturesquely situated by the old mill-pond. How ancient and cumbersome and inefficient the old-fashioned "over-shot" water-wheel of that little mill seems now when compared with the powerful, scientifically built turbines of the great hydro-electric plants! When we hear an old lumberman describe

the crude "up-and-down" saw-mill of his youth, driven by an equally crude water-wheel, it seems almost like turning back the pages of Time to the Age of fairy-tales.

Yet these picturesque, moss-covered water-wheels of a day now past were fore-runners, the pioneers of a new era in which millions of horse-power are developed from the wonderful opportunities presented by Nature in our rivers, lakes, and tides. Truly, it has been a wonderful achievement!

Today, nearly every little town or village and many a rural community has its electric lights. But the small local plants are gradually passing before the more economical large-scale production afforded by the great hydro-electric plants in which horse-power is reckoned not by hundreds but by thousands. Distance ceased to be an insurmountable factor when "hydro" came upon the scene, one central plant being able to extend its wires like a huge cobweb over miles and miles of rural and urban districts.

It is to this large-scale development that Canada is peculiarly adapted. Naturally a well-watered country, the advantageous position of her rivers, water-falls and tidal currents, with unrivalled possibilities in them all, gives Canada the opportunity of becoming one of the greatest "hydro" countries in the world. It is estimated that the St. Lawrence river alone can furnish more horse-power, if properly harnessed, than all the rivers of Europe put together.

It is claimed by those who are in a position to know, that Canada can develop at least 18,000,000 continuous horse-power at the minimum flow, while for six months of the year over 30,000,000 horse-power can easily be produced. If our industries were developed to such an extent as to tax this huge amount, it could be increased to upwards of 40,000,000 horse-power by means of storage during the wet seasons. Whether or not this vast amount of power will ever be needed remains in the realm of speculation, only three and one-quarter million horse-power having been developed up to the present.

Though the amount developed at present is not starting, yet if expansion continues at the rate it has for the last ten or twelve years the future is bright indeed. Statistics show that \$121,000,000 was invested in water-power development

in 1910 and by 1923 the total investment had reached the sum of \$6,888,000,000. Of this investment, it is of interest to note that 68% is Canadian capital, the remaining 32% coming principally from Great Britain and the United States. This alone shows that Canadian investors have confidence in the future of "hydro" in Canada.

In spite of this, the critic may ask: Is hydro development such a good investment after all? The answer is a decided affirmative. No better proof of this fact is needed than a glance over the stock market during the last ten or fifteen years. All through the war (as well as before) hydro-electric stock remained stable, but the critical test came during those post-war years when the whole industrial situation the world over was in a state of unrest. But thru those trying years which proved so disastrous to many undertakings, hydro-electric stock remained as steady as before. Nothing more need be said on that point.

Again, you may ask,—why use water for power? Is it so much more economical and efficient that it warrants the investment of such prodigious sums of money? A few figures will answer that question: The amount of coal necessary to produce the 3,250,000 horse-power already developed would be approximately 29,000,000 tons per annum, or, speaking in terms of dollars and cents, about \$290,000,000. That in itself is sufficient, but to strengthen that we may point out that 80% of the available water-power lies in three Provinces: Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba—the three provinces which have practically no coal-supply of their own and hence must freight it in from the United States, Great Britain, Western Canada or Nova Scotia—an expensive process to say the least.

Thus we see that hydro development is one of the great economic factors in the growth of Canada as a Nation, and that the potential water-power is practically unlimited as far as Canada's needs are concerned.

It is true that further expansion means heavy investment, but if we have any faith in the economic future of Canada, we can readily see that the use of the power thus developed means an ever increasing industrial output, and



with the vast natural resources of all description that have barely been tapped, the Canada of the future holds a promise of progress truly becoming to a young and virile nation.

R. A. T., '25.

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## SYNTHETIC PERFUMES AND FLAVORS

FROM the dawn of civilization man has made use of perfumes. The first of these perfumes was undoubtedly incense which was used in connection with religious worship and at the present time incense is the most popular form of perfume in China. The ancient Egyptians used perfumes in the form of incense, oils and ointments, as toilet accessories, part of the religious ceremonies, and in the preservation of dead bodies. All these perfumes were obtained from the fragrant flowers, herbs and trees of the Orient. The earliest method for extracting the perfume was the maceration of the flowers, herbs or resins in oil or fat which take up the perfume. But in this method great bulk had to be used in order to obtain any quantity of perfume, and the next step forward was the discovery of steam distillation.

In modern factories steam is generated and passed under pressure through a mass of ground flowers, herbs or woods. The oil passes over with the steam, and can be collected from the water on condensation; being lighter, it floats on the surface of the water. On account of the variation in the boiling point of the oils, however, some do not pass over with the steam and others are decomposed. Hence, steam distilled oils do not have the exact odor of the plant material. Consequently, steam distillation has its limitations, and the chemical analysis of various perfumes has led to another process for the manufacture of flavors and perfumes.

Within recent years, thousands of chemists the world over have collaborated in the study of the complex nature of various odorous materials. It was found that almost without exception every odorous material in nature is a compound, and it is to the combination of different chemical elements that flowers and plants owe their delicate odors. Certain

chemical groups or chains produce the various odors of fruits and flowers, and by the odor a chemist can make a fairly good guess at the chemical constitution. For instance, the odors of fruit belong to what the chemist calls the fatty or aliphatic series, and the esters of the fatty acids give to fruits their characteristic flavor. The flowery odours belong to the aromatic or benzene series. But there is really no strict correlation of odor and chemical constitution. As a general rule homologues have similar odors but many exceptions are known.

The methods used in producing perfumes by synthesis on a commercial scale involve many complex chemical processes. The synthetic perfumes and flavors are made in the same way as the synthetic dyes by starting with some coal-tar product or other crude material, and building up the molecule to the desired complexity. For instance, when phenol, the poisonous carbolic acid is treated with soda-water it is transformed into salicylic acid, a white, odorless powder, used as a preservative and as a remedy for rheumatism. If the acid is then heated with methyl alcohol, they will unite to give methyl salicylate, commonly known as oil of winter-green, a flavor which is used extensively. But if phenol is heated with caustic alkali and chloroform it produces two compounds of the same constitution but differing in atomic arrangement,—a white odorless solid and a fragrant oil. When the solid is treated with methyl alcohol it gives audepine, the perfume of hawthorn blossoms, and when the fragrant oil is treated with dry acetic acid it gives cumarin, the odor of new-mown hay. It smells sufficiently like vanilla to be used as a substitute for it in cheap extracts. In almost every case, the substances chemically produced for commercial purposes have to be built up gradually and the intermediate products purified so that it often requires weeks and months of work to perfect the material to which a particular flower owes its odor.

Purification is an essential process in the manufacture of perfume for it is that which insures the quality of the perfume. A minute trace of a foreign substance will often seriously interfere with the odor and flavoring value. There

are many methods by which products may be purified by either physical or chemical means. One of the most valuable of these is vacuum distillation. Modern engineering makes it possible to reduce the ordinary air pressure to an absolute pressure of from one to four millimeters at which point many of the most sensitive constituents of plants may be distilled unchanged whereas they would be decomposed at a higher pressure. By repeating the process of vacuum distillation several times, the products are rendered almost absolutely pure.

Some of the by-products given off in the manufacture of perfume are very valuable to the industry. One important class of odorless by-products is known as fixatives. The pure, concentrated perfume as it is produced is very volatile and hence may quickly evaporate and lose its odor. Moreover, the odor is too intense and is not so flowery. But when the fixatives are used with the perfume it becomes less volatile and is given off in only small quantities. The fixatives also tend to sweeten the odor, and by this means the conditions existing in nature are duplicated.

Many perfumes, though they possess the true odor of the plant, are of no commercial value because they are unstable. They are often decomposed on exposure to heat or light and become odorless. But it was recently discovered that if a small proportion of these unstable perfumes is added to the flower oils it will produce a natural freshness and will preserve its odor. Hence, though their instability makes these substances useless in the concentrated form, combined with the flower oils the commercial value of each is increased.

It is ridiculous to object to artificial perfumes for in every case of a pure perfume the substances are the same whether the manufacturer combines many chemical substances or whether he uses the flower oils. Very probably, few of us detect the difference. Another fact to be taken into consideration is that many flower odors have been chemically produced which have never been produced in any quantity from the flowers themselves. Also many new odors have been produced making possible new perfume effects which

are always welcome to a public forever calling for something new.

The production of the individual perfumes and flavors from such strange substances is very interesting and forms many a striking contrast as the various poisonous, evil-smelling substances are changed into delicate perfumes. These perfumes and flavors are innumerable and it is impossible to estimate the time and worth that has been spent and is yet to be found by chemists in the analysis of the original plant odors.

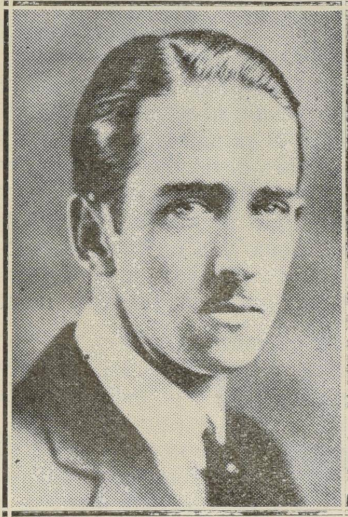
M. E. H., '26.



## FACULTY WRITE-UPS

PAUL ROGERS, M. A.

ACADIA is fortunate to secure Mr. Rogers to fill the chair of Romance Languages. Professor Rogers is a graduate of the University of Nebraska. During his undergraduate career he was much interested in literary work.



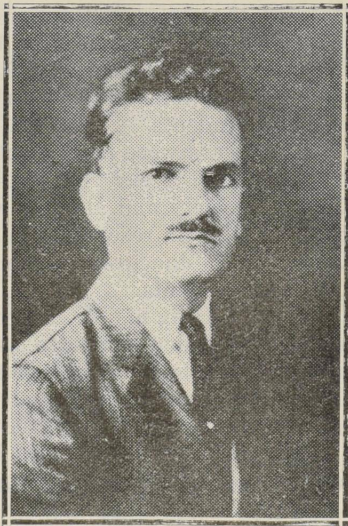
Later he has done graduate work in the Universities of Colorado, Nebraska, and Chicago, in the first two of which he was instructor of Romance Languages. Since then he had held the position of head of the Department of Spanish in the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Rogers is highly proficient in both the literary and conversational phases of his subjects.

His articles have appeared in "Hispania" and "Romantic Review", while a Spanish textbook "El Tranador" is soon to be published. He also has a volume entitled: "Contemporary Spanish Drama" in preparation.

Professor Rogers work here has already shown his keenness of mind and originality, as well as thorough training. We venture to prophesy for him a successful career at Acadia.

## PAUL C. YOUNG, M. A., PH. D.

Dr. Young, who succeeds Dr. C. E. Kellogg as professor of Psychology and Education, comes to us with a rich and varied experience. After graduating from the North State Teachers College in Texas, he taught a year in a preparatory school in San Antonio of the same state. He next absorbed all that a Tennessee Junior College could give, and after a full year at the University of Louisville, Kentucky, went to the historic Bowdoin, the college of Hawthorne and Longfellow. Here he was captain of the tennis team and a member of the college wrestling and debating teams. After capturing various prizes in debating and public speaking he graduated with distinction in the B.A. course in 1918.



Several years of successful teaching followed. Then two and one half years were spent at Harvard, where he secured the M. A. and finally the Ph. D. degree in 1923.

We welcome Dr. Young in our midst. His thorough training, experience, and high record ensure his value as a teacher. At pep meetings he has already shown a readiness to enter into the spirit of old Acadia that has won its way to our hearts. We hope he may long be with us.

## RALPH LENT JEFFERY.

Acadia adds another of her graduates to the teaching staff in the person of Mr. Jeffery, who takes Mr. Jonah's place as Professor of mathematics.

Mr. Jeffery was born in Yarmouth and there received his early training. He came to Acadia in 1917, and after four years of successful college work and teaching in the Collegiate Academy, graduated in 1921. We can well remember the praises of his teaching ability and efficient work as house-master which remained as part of the tradition to meet the incoming students.

Two years were next spent in Cornell University, where in his second year he was elected to the "Phi Beta Kappa" Society and also to the "Sigma Xi", the latter for marked ability in research. Later he was elected to the "Phi Kappa Phi"—the greatest honor of its kind granted to American students.

Since getting his M. A. degree he has been interested in analysis on which subject one of his papers will shortly be published in a leading American magazine. During 1923 and 1924 he has been instructor at Harvard University, and taking work leading to the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Mr. Jeffery's record and interest in Acadia ensure for him success and a large place in our college life.

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Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



## Editorial



ONCE again the "circling year" has brought us back to old Acadia. A goodly number of last year's girls and boys are here again to take up the joys and burdens of student life. There are many old friends missing, but in their places new faces appear. A large number of freshmen and first-year engineers are registered this year, while the gay sophomore class rejoices in many additions. We welcome both new and old. The freshmen, on the whole, have met with a fair reception. One new rule was imposed on them, but on the other hand they have been spared the terrors of "stunt day"—abolished for this year at least. To the sophomore class largely belongs the credit for this move. On the whole, we think it a good one. A well-regulated stunt day may bring much fun. If not carefully safeguarded, however, it is a potent breeder of bad feeling.



In regard to the new year, the first striking fact is the change in the constitution. Since the time that the faculty handed over certain rights of government to the students, the authority has been vested in a "Students' Council," elected from the various classes. Last year some of the bolder spirits on the Council and elsewhere felt that this could be improved. A new constitution was drafted and approved after amendments by the faculty and student body.

There are three main principles in the new system:—democratic government, the separation of the law-making and judicial bodies, and the centralizing and systematizing of student funds. In regard to the first, it is well to remember that its success depends upon the individual members of the student body. All laws must go to the Students' Union for approval. And that body can only be efficient if all students think and speak frankly on college problems. We must, also, expect some friction in putting the new system into practice. Defects will doubtless appear. Let us not grumble, but go to work and adjust to meet the needs of Acadia student life.

It is a pleasant sight to see the new College Hall taking more and more its final shape and finish. Mr. Rockefeller's gift has put us within sight of the million and one half dollars which is our financial goal, and the work will soon be pushed to completion. All are looking forward eagerly to occupying the finished building.

In the realm of sport, last year was a banner year. Our representatives were successful in practically all intercollegiate contests, except football. This year opens with a rather disheartening defeat from the fifteen of the University of New Brunswick. Now, Acadia was defeated, yet in one feature the game stands as a victory for both teams. It was one of the cleanest games ever played on a Maritime campus. And the spirit of old Acadia was never more in evidence than in the large crowd who met the returning team. Let all fainting ones (if there be any) take courage. We have been rudely humbled, yet this may, by hard work and good support, still be a successful year.

The Athenæum begins this year a new half century of work. Could there be a better time for a little extra effort to make this year the "best ever" in the history of the magazine? The members of the staff are mostly new to their positions. They will do their best, but they are utterly dependent upon the student body for aid. The material this month is of fair quality, but there is not nearly enough of it. In some departments there was no competition except those for which units were awarded. The lower classes in particular, should compete more in the general departments. Let us make a big improvement in this next month.

The officers of the Athenæum wish to thank the retiring staff, and particularly the Literary Editor, for courtesy and kindness which is and has been a valuable aid in getting adjusted to our new tasks.

We are pleased to announce that a prize of ten dollars is to be awarded for the best poem, in free verse or other modern poetic form, submitted to the Athenæum this year. The aim of this gift is to encourage originality and initiative among our coming poets. The poem will be judged on its general merit, but preference will be given to the so-called "modernist, futurist, or impressionists work. The donor does not wish his name to be published at present.

May we recommend this heartily to all who have poetic aspirations? The amount of the prize, while highly acceptable, is not the significant thing. Much more to be coveted is the distinction of producing the best poem of this class during the academic year.

## SEMINARY NOTES

**A**FTER a long and restful vacation the Seminary has re-opened with many old girls present, but more new ones. The resident attendance is slightly smaller than last year, but we hope this year's work will prove the truth of the old saying that "It is quality and not quantity that counts." The registration of non-resident pupils greatly exceeds that of last year.

There are very few changes in the teaching staff. Miss Frances MacIntyre is in charge of the Domestic Science Department, Miss Chapman has filled the vacancy in the Violin Department caused by the departure of Miss Ruth White. Miss Allen is head of the Business Class. Miss Hope Ives is Librarian, in addition to teaching preparatory subjects, while Miss Olah Teabeaut is in charge of the Expression Department.

### THE OLD GIRLS' PARTY.

The first event of the Season was the annual Old Girls' Party to the New Girls. It was held in the Seminary Gymnasium on Saturday evening, 13th September. A very pleasant evening was spent and the attempt to make the new girls feel at home and become a part of Acadia Seminary succeeded admirably.

The two sketches put on by the Old Girls, "The Male Vamp," and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" featuring Cora Miles and Jessie Amos as bride and groom caused a great deal of mirth, especially when the boat capsized with the bridal party. Following this was a succession of games and contests. Ice cream and wafers furnished the refreshments. The party closed with a sing song. The evening slipped away all too rapidly and was voted by everyone a decided success.

The Y. M. C. A. is proving an important factor in the life of the school. The meetings, held every Sunday evening at 5.30 o'clock, are very well attended. Miss Good, Mr. Ted-

ford, and Miss Bessie Lockhart, all well known missionaries, have given splendid addresses, and we are looking forward to many more in the future. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Florence MacDonald.  
 Vice President—Doris Leard.  
 Secretary—Dorothy Cochrance.  
 Treasurer—Georgie Whitman.

At a special meeting called for the purpose of organizing the classes the following officers were elected:

*Senior Class*

President—Lena Price.  
 Christine Cavanaugh.  
 Secretary—Florence MacDonald.  
 Treasurer—Dorothea Mullin.

*Junior Class*

President—Jewel Henderson.  
 Vice President—Beulah Wry.  
 Secretary-Treasurer—Georgie Whitman.

Student Government has again been established in the Seminary. The constitution remains practically the same as last year. We hope it will soon prove to be a necessity and not an experiment. The members of the Council are:

Christine Cavanagh, (President); Cora Miles, (Secretary); Vera Olts, Hazel Belding, Ruth Harris, Drena MacMillan and Cathleen Jones.

In addition to Table and Street Committees, there is an Advisory Committee, consisting of the Vice Principal, Miss Palmer, Presidents of the Senior and Junior Classes, Lena Price and Jewel Henderson; and one member from the Senior Class, Olive Holmes.

Pierian Society meets every second Saturday evening. The first meeting was held on 20, September. The following program was greatly enjoyed by all.

Vocal Solo .....	Beulah Wry
Reading .....	Ena Roop
Address .....	Miss Palmer
Reading .....	Mona Parsons
Vocal Solo .....	Minnie Poole

#### Acadia Doxology.

The officers for the ensuing term are as follows:

President—	Jean Stewart.
Vice President—	Cecilia Bradshaw.
Secretary-Treasurer—	Frances Whitman.

The Seminary acknowledges with thanks, the generous donation of twenty dollars from Miss Helen Good, missionary to India. This money will be used to buy books for the Domestic Science Department.

#### SENIOR CORN BOIL.

The Senior Class, carrying out the time-worn custom, held their annual Corn Boil at Kingsport Beach, on 17, September. After the corn had disappeared, songs, readings, and toasted marshmallows all added to the enjoyment of the evening. Except for a slight drizzle and an obliging puncture, the ride home was ideal.

#### JUNIOR HIKE.

The Junior Class hiked to Grand Pre on 27, September. After an inspection of the Memorial Park, "hot dogs" were cooked and served. The hike home in the moonlight ended a happy outing.

## VANNINI SYMPHONY ENSEMBLE.

The most interesting musical concert of the year, was given in the Baptist Church, 24, September, by the Vannini Symphony Ensemble, under the direction of Augusto Vannini. The following program was rendered with skill and facility:

1. Overture, "Maritana" .....Wallace
2. L'Invitation a la Valse .....Weber
3. The "Berceuse" .....Semon-Langendoen
4. Rhapsody Espagnole .....Albeniz  
Intermission.
5. Suite de Concert .....Coleridge-Taylor
  - (a) La Caprice de Nannette
  - (b) Demande et Reponse
  - (c) Tarantelle Fretillante
6. Reverie du Soir .....Saint-Saens
7. Excerpts form Wagner's Opera .....Wagner

At the conclusion of the program through the courtesy of Mr. Vannini, the talented young pianist, J. M. Sanroma, delighted the audience with the following selections.

Two movements from Concerto Saint-Saens for Piano-forte; Chopin Etude, Op. 10, No. 12; and 2nd Arabesque by Debussy.

## PERSONALS.

## A. L. S.

'24. Minnie Poole is taking Post Graduate work at Acadia Conservatory.

'24. Beth Morton is taking a Dietician's Course at Providence, Rhode Island.

'24. Aileen Freeman is continuing her Expression course at Margaret Eaton School, Toronto.

'24. Reta Freeman is taking a Dietician's Course at Hartford, Connecticut.

'24. Marion Banks is teaching Domestic Science at Maritime Home, Truro.

'24. Marie Sexton is studying Expression at Curry School, Boston.

'24. Elaine Rice is taking a Dietician's Course at the Royal Victoria, Montreal.

'24. Annie Palmer is taking a Business Course at Business College, Moncton.

'24. Dorothy Hunt is taking a Dietician's Course at the Toronto General Hospital, Toronto.

'24. Inez MacCallum is teaching Domestic Science at her home in Campbellton, New Brunswick.

'24. Margaret Cochrane is studying Music at New England Conservatory, Boston.

'23. Alice Lamont is taking a Public School Course in Music at Boston University.

'22. Miriam Bancroft, who was on the teaching staff last year, is taking Post Graduate work at The Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

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## ACADEMY NOTES

### FOOTBALL.

Kings' Collegiate, 5—Academy Juniors, 0.

The Academy Juniors Rugby season opened October 8th with a game on the K. C. S. campus. The game was played on a very slippery field, making the ball difficult to handle.

Good kicking featured the first period. Hamilton and Parker showed their ability in this respect.

The second period was very loose. Both sides dribbled and fumbled much. K. C. S. scored their touchdown in the first two minutes of this period. This was converted.

Academy, 6,—Freshmen, 0.

The Academy Senior Football Team made their initial appearance on October 10th against the Freshmen.

At the beginning of the game it seemed that the Freshmen would surely win, as they had much the heavier team. But the Academy speed and team work more than offset this, and Smith soon crossed the line for a touchdown.

During the second period the game was close, both sides fighting hard. However, "Hammie" starred with a sensational kick from the twenty-five yard line. The game ended 6-0.

A. C. A. Juniors, 3,—Kings' Collegiate, 0.

K. C. S. played a return game with the Academy Junior team on Saturday, October 11th. The teams were evenly matched, and at times Kings came very close to scoring. Parker, however, made some splendid saves by kicking the ball out of bounds.

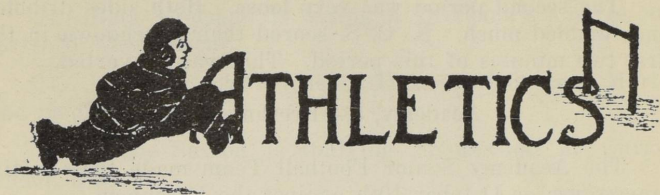
During the first period neither side scored, but near the middle of the second period "Hammie" dropped a penalty kick neatly over the bar and won the game.

Mr. Curry, in Senior English: "Who knows what "tripe" is?"

Dwar: A kind of fish, sir.

It's a good think that Lafurgy doesn't go very far in his somnambulistic walks.





ONCE again, as College opens, football, with its historic associations and the intensity of feeling exhibited in "pep" meetings and in excited conversations around the campus, becomes the chief topic of those interested in athletics.

Profiting by the mistakes of former years i. e. lack of practice and efficient working, Capt. Noble, with members of last years' squad, arrived on the campus two weeks before the opening of college, and under the caustic coaching of Dr. Fluke, began the tedious task of getting into shape. The arrival of the Freshmen brought some promising material and despite the fact that we have lost over half of last years team, the squad this year bids fair to be of championship calibre. The forward line is heavy and aggressive, and Capt. Noble, the Elderkins, and Davidson steady the new-comers in the backfield. The practice games showed weakness which must be overcome, but we are confident that under the direction of Dr. Fluck and the ever faithful Dr. DeWolfe, our team whether victorious or otherwise, will make a creditable showing in the intercollegiate league.

#### THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CONFERENCE.

Delegates from the Maritime colleges met at Truro as usual, to draw up schedules for the intercollegiate leagues, and to discuss matters under dispute. It was decided at the conference that U. N. B. should stay in the Western Section, after they had accepted the eligibility rules as already adopted by the other colleges. Hubert Davidson '26, and Professor Ross represented Acadia at the meeting. The schedule for the Western League is as follows:

Oct. 23—Acadia vs U. N. B. at Fredericton.

Oct. 30—Acadia vs Mt. A. at Wolfville.

Nov. 6—Mt. A. vs U. N. B. at Sackville.

Several days after the conference, owing to a disagreement over referees, the colleges decided to adopt the official rules of the English Rugby Union, the most importance change from the former intercollegiate rulings being that no substitution be allowed in Intercollegiate games.

#### ACADIA VS. DALHOUSIE—0-3.

The football season at Acadia was opened on Oct 13th, with a hard game with the Dalhousie City League team, under weather conditions far from ideal. A high wind was blowing across the campus, but this did not deter a large crowd, drawn by the reputations of the two colleges, from attending.

Estey kicked off for Acadia against the wind. The smoothly working Dal half-line received the ball and rushed it into Acadia territory, but O. Noble relieved the situation with a touch for safety. After the "drop-out" the ball was carried to centre field, and by superior scrim work by the Acadia forwards it was carried into Dal territory. The game sea-sawed around centre field for some time, with the Acadia team doggedly holding on, and Dal trying to force the play with the wind. The break came when after a successful scrimmage, the Dal half-line received the ball, and Capt. Haslam made a pretty run thru the whole Acadia backfield for the only try of the game. The attempt to convert failed, however, and half time was called with the ball in centre field.

With the wind in their favor the second period was all Acadia's. The ball was held at the Dal ten yard line for what seemed to the excited spectators an interminable length of time, but the stubborn defensive game of the Dal team kept the garnet and blue from scoring. Davidson missed a try for goal by inches, and six times during the period Dal was forced to touch for safety. Toward the end

of the game Dal tried hard to "stage" an offensive, but the game ended with the ball still in Acadia control.

For Acadia, J. Elderkin, Davidson and McLatchy played in great form, and Haslam, Bates and Beardsley were the pick of the visitors.

Dr. DeWolfe refereed in his usual satisfactory manner.

The line-up:

Dalhousie—McLean, McCurdy, Earnest, Hogan, Tupper, Sutherland, Langstroth, Elliott, and D. Sutherland, forwards; McCoy, Beardsley, Bates, Miller, quarters; Haslam, Gushue, McInnes, McOdrum, McDonald, halves; Dunlop and Moore, fullbacks.

Acadia—Estey, Anderson, Schaffner, Cleveland, A. Noble Warren, Taylor, forwards; Davidson, McLatchy, J. Elderkin, quarters; McWha, B. Elderkin, Barteaux, Fetterly, halves; O. Noble (Capt.) fullback.

#### ACADIA VS. KINGS—14-0.

Acadia's football squad met the King's College "pig-skin artists" on Oct. 15th, for their annual game. The weather was perfect for football, and a large crowd saw the Kings men go down to defeat by a 14-0 score, in a rather loosely played game.

From the first kick-off the outcome of the game was never in doubt. The heavy Acadia forward line rushed the ball into Kings territory, and, within fifteen minutes after the whistle, a try was scored from a mix up after a scrimmage. Davidson attempted to convert from a difficult angle, but was not successful. Shortly before the period ended J. Elderkin went over for the second try after a nice piece of combination work in which the whole team took part. Davidson converted easily this try.

The second period opened with the Kings men obviously exhausted and after hammering at the Kings line for several minutes, the half line, which until then had appeared nervous and unsteady, began to work smoothly, and B. Elder-

kin went over for the third try, which was not converted. Before the whistle blew, McLatchey, who had been playing a hard game, went over for the last try, which was not converted.

The game throughout was loosely played, and miniature fistic battles marred somewhat the good feeling between the teams. B. Elderkin, McLatchey and J. Elderkin worked well for Acadia, and Wickwire, Jakeman, and Moore stood out from among the losers.

Dr. DeWolfe again handled the whistle.

The line up:—

Kings:—Walsh, Coleman, Nickle, G. Moore, Keble, Nelson, Woolover, Bliss, forwards; Rockingham, Thompson, Wickwire, quarters; R. Moore, Jackson, Coster, DeWhite, halves; Jakeman, fullback.

Acadia:—Estey, Taylor, Anderson, Cleveland, A. Noble, Warren, Shaffner, Hevenor, forwards; Davidson, McLatchey, J. Elderkin, quarters; Barteaux, McWha, B. Elderkin, Cox, Brady, halves; O. Noble (Capt.), fullback.

## TENNIS.

Although football monopolizes the interest of the college, the tennis enthusiasts have also been given a chance to see their favorite sport brought into prominence. Last year our tennis team journeyed to Sackville, and under the dark cloud of examinations, together with highly unfavorable weather conditions, were defeated by the Mt. A. team. This year a return game was proposed and Puddington '25, was selected as captain and manager of this year's Acadia team. After a series of games the following men were selected to represent Acadia. H. M. Puddington '25, (Capt.), Wright, McPherson, and Eaton. The Mount Allison team consisting of R. Smith (Capt.) Trueman, Black, and Thomas, arrived here on Oct. 17th, and on the morning of the 18th, the tournament was played.

Acadia made a clean sweep of the events, both singles and doubles, but the games were well contested, and in some matches three sets were played before the Acadia men won out. In the feature match of the tournament, between Wright and Puddington of Acadia, and Trueman and Smith, of Mt. A., the latter pair took the first set 6-1, lost the second after a hard battle 4-6, and in the third set had the score 5-2 in their favor. With the score 40-15 for Mt. A., and only one point needed for the set and match, the Acadia pair tightened up, winning the next five games and the match.

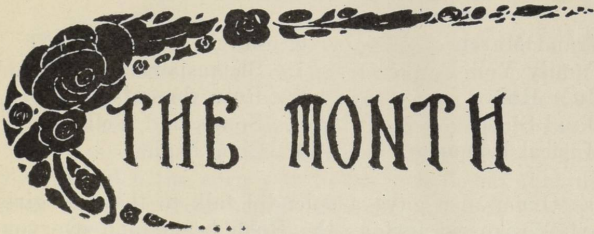
The scores:—

DOUBLES

Mount Allison		Acadia
Trueman & Smith	vs	Wright & Puddington
Black & Thomas	vs	Eaton & McPherson
		6-1; 4-6; 5--7.
		2-6; 6-1; 5--7.

SINGLES

Mount A.		Acadia
Trueman	vs	Wright
		1-6; 3-6.
Smith	vs	Pudington
		3-6; 4-6.
Thomas	vs	McPherson
		2-6; 6-8.
Black	vs	Eaton
		2-6; 5-7.



# THE MONTH

THE opening of the college doors leads us as usual into a world of varied happenings and varied emotions. To all the students there seems to come a feeling of responsibility, a desire to get the best out of the year that is before them.

With this there comes the joyous experience of seeing old friends and meeting new ones. Both of these things become very real and true in our social activities. These activities form a vital part of our college life and as such we treasure them up on our "keeping-account" shelf.

## Senior Party.

Eager to set a good example and to celebrate their first meeting, the Seniors held the first party of the season on Thursday evening, October second.

Were they grave? No! they laid aside their recently acquired dignity, and marching gaily to the music of ukeleles, they departed to Fitch's Hill. Here they held a "Bacon Bat" with marshmallows for dessert. The evening was spent in singing college songs and entertainment was provided by the various members of the class. All too soon the evening passed and the party broke up with hearty cheering for the chaperones, especially the brides. The chaperones were Prof. and Mrs. Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

## PARTY FOR NEW GIRLS.

Eager to make the new girls feel at home and to welcome them, the old girls held a party in their honor in Tully dining-room on Friday evening, October the third.

The program was as follows:—

- |                    |                          |
|--------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Grand March     | 6. Movie                 |
| 2. Family Yell     | 7. Shakesperian Contest. |
| 3. Hula Hula       | 8. Refreshments          |
| 4. Hand Shake      | 9. Songs and Yells       |
| 5. Musical Romance | 10. Good Night           |

Miss Oxner also gave a splendid talk to the new girls. The party broke up just as the Rush began and everyone rushed to the windows in order to secure a favorable position to witness the initiation of the Freshmen, who proved to be budding green orators and soloists.

#### GRAVENSTEIN RECEPTION AND RUSH.

While the feminine portion of the college population was making merry at Tully, the male portion sojourned to the Gym, where the annual Gravenstein Reception under the auspices of the S. C. A. was held. Stunts were the feature of the evening, each class entering a team in the competition. After much fun and revelry, they repaired to the rear of the Sem, where the youths in all their verdure entertained the fair gazers above. Class '27 triumphed and gave the '28 yell before the Freshmen.

This was repeated in front of Tully, and the meeting broke up with the college yell.

#### JUNIOR PARTY.

The Junors decided that their first class function would be a corn boil and not at the Ridge either. No, they would outshine the Sophs and go to Evangeline Beach. The trucks landing them there safely, they boiled corn, toasted marsh-mellows, and ate apples. But the law of diminishing returns applies to eats as well as to anything else, and so the rest of the evening was spent with the usual merry songs and stories. The chaperones, Dr. and Mrs. Hill, were strongly pronounced "all right."

## THE SOPHOMORE PARTY.

The Sophomores, greatly rejoicing over the numerous addition of freshie-sophs, and not having as much ambition as the Juniors, decided they would have a corn boil on the ridge. No one can say, however, that their ambitions were not "higher". It was rumoured that they had some trouble about the boiler in which the corn was to be cooked, but that did not hinder the corn from being delicious. Of course they had songs. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne wer the chaperones and a good time was reported by all.

## NEW GIRLS' FEED.

The Senor girls entertained the new girls at a feed in Tully Club-room, Oct. 6. After the refreshments were served the girls had a social hour gathered around an open fire and spent the time in getting acquainted and singing songs.

## PEP MEETING—OCTOBER 13.

The first pep meeting of the season was held on the evening before the Dal-Acadia game. Led by the new cheerleader, Charles Fillmore, the student-body was instilled with inspiration, pep and vigor by the hearty singing of the college Songs and the rendering of the yells. Professor Young addressed the students, while the business manager and captain of the teams orated from the platform, each in his own peculiar way. The Eternal Sophomore, Mr. Nowlan, also gave words of wisdom and encouragement in his characteristic manner.

## ENGINEER'S PARTY.

The outdoor parties this month would not have been complete if the engineers had not had one. We do not know if their plans were the cause of all the rainy weather, but even if they did cause that, they also picked a beautiful moonlight night for their "weenie roast" which translated in plain language means "hot dog" roast. After S. C. A. on October 15,



a long line of engineers, each accompanied by an "enginette" were seen marching to the ridge. A bon-fire was built underneath the trees and they sat around it in regular Indian style. The music was very enchanting and the "eats" were very satisfying. Peanuts and "pop" served as preliminaries to sharpen the appetite for the "hot dogs."

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders were the chaperones. The party ended with a delightful moonlight walk back to Tully.

### FRESHMAN PARTY.

Ever mindful of the "watchful eyes of the Sophs." the Freshmen deemed it wiser to hold their party within strong walls instead of in the open. Therefore, on Friday, October 10, they gathered in the gymnasium and almost filled the room to overflowing.

They played many games and had a general good time. Due to their wisdom they were able to enjoy their pie and ice-cream. It appears that some pugilistic stunts were performed, but this was due to outside interferences. Miss Oxner and Dr. and Mrs. Thompson were the chaperones. Many of the gentlemen who accompanied their fair companions home received a "wet reception" and those who had formerly been lamenting over the fact that there were not enough girls to go round had a laugh at the expense of the others.

### STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

The Student Volunteer Band held their first meeting on Sunday afternoon, October 5. They certainly were able to begin the new term in the best possible way, for they were able to have Miss Lockhart, our own Acadia missionary, to speak. She spoke clearly and forcefully of those things of which she knows so well and gave each one the inspiration to do his or her bit during the coming year.

On the following Sunday, Miss Bishop, also a returned missionary from India, gave an inspiring talk.

The program of this class for the year on Social problems should be very interesting.

## S. C. A.

The first joint meeting of the S. C. A., which was held in the Gym on Wednesday evening, October 8, was very impressive. Solos by Carl Chipman and Harry Mollins—added much to the meeting. Mr. Guiou, spoke on this clause taken from the constitution, "The object of the association shall be to promote the full allegiance of this University to the person and program of Jesus Christ". He closed his inspiring address with "Let us live so that the white flag of Christian chivalry may be emblazoned on the garnet and blue."

The meeting on October 15, proved to be of equal merit. Rev. Mr. Hudson, from Canard, gave an address which showed that he understood young people and what they most needed in life. All who heard could not but feel that all he had said had been a help. The special music, which consisted of two selections from the male quartette and a solo by Helen Simms, was much appreciated.

## S. C. A. RECEPTION.

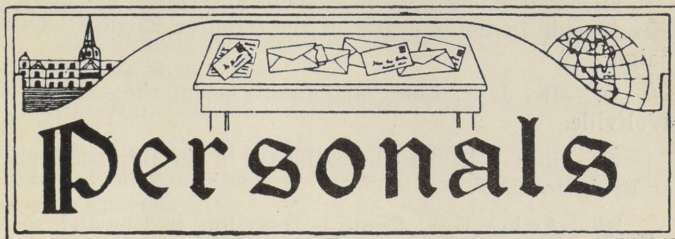
The Student Christian Association of the University was at home to the students of the College, Seminary, and Academy on October 18th. The gymnasium was very prettily decorated and a pleasing program was carried out. Professor Rogers, Mr. Perry and Miss Murray gave interesting addresses. Solos by Helen Simms and Harry Mollins, together with a reading by Doane Hatfield and a selection by Prof. McKenzie's Quintet, consisting of Misses Vogler and Thethewey, and Messrs Gowdy, McKenzie and Gullison, were very entertaining and much enjoyed. The first year rules were removed for the evening and full advantage seemed to be taken. Some of the brightness was removed with the green bows but this loss was more than made up for by seeing the gentlemen "clothed (with neckties) and in their right mind."

The final meeting of the girls' unit was held in Tully Club-room, October 5. Miss Cutten, the president, for the

benefit of the new girls, spoke on the meaning and plan of the S. C. A. The rest of the program consisted of interesting reports of the conference held at Acadia in the spring. These reports were given by Inga Vogler, Beryl DeWolfe, Helen Simms and Margaret Freeman.

On the following Sunday Miss Oxner gave a very helpful talk to the girls. She took as a key note the verse "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free". All the girls who heard her could not help but be stirred to higher impulses and ambitions. Helen Simms sang a solo.





'59.—Dr. A. deW. Barss died at his home in Wolfville in August. We extend our sympathy to his son, Dr. J. E. Barss, '91.

'75.—Dr. J. Howard Barss went to Am. Arbor, Michigan, to attend the graduation exercises of his son, Dr. Ernest Barss.

'80.—A memorial service was recently held at Vancouver, B. C., for Everett W. Sawyer. Several Acadia people were present.

'90.—Walter W. Chipman, M. D. C. M., attended the Medical Clinic held in Halifax in September, and delivered several lectures.

'91.—Dr. L. R. Morse has returned from Europe, where he was studying medical conditions.

'95.—Rev. W. R. Foote, missionary to Korea, is at his home in Halifax.

'95.—Rev. R. E. Gullison is at home from India on furlough, residing in Wolfville.

'02.—H. Judson Perry was recently appointed professor of Psychology and Education at Meredith College, North Carolina.

'03.—Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Tedford returned to India in September.

'04.—Rosamond Archibald spent a very successful summer touring in the interests of the "Better English" Campaign.

'07.—Dr. J. A. Estey and family spent the summer in Wolfville.

'08.—Rev. P. R. Hayden is pastor of the Baptist Church at Bridgetown, N. S.

'10.—Arthur Hunt Chute is travelling in England, seeking material for a new novel.

'12.—J. Ernest Barss, M. D. C. M., who recently graduated from Ann Arbor, is taking post-graduate work in Surgery.

'12.—Austin Chute and wife (née Hilda Kinsman, A.L.S. '21) spent the summer in Wolfville.

'14.—Ada Johnson, librarian in New York City, spent the summer at her home in Wolfville.

'15.—The Athenæum extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rogers, upon the birth of a daughter.

'15.—Evelyn Enid Smallman was married in June to Ross Cameron Goodwin, of Moncton, N. B.

'16.—W. H. Chase, M. D. C. M., is taking post-graduate work at McGill.

'16.—Mildred Schurman spent the summer studying at Grenoble, France, and at the Sorbonne in Paris.

'16.—R. Murray Millett is principal of Tower Road School, Halifax, N. S.

'16.—We extend our best wishes to Miss Ester J. Clark on her marriage to Mr. Conrad Wright. Mr. Wright is an Oxford graduate. Mr. and Mrs. Wright will reside in California during the coming year.

'18.—Lalia B. Chase, M. D. C. M., is spending the winter at her home in Wolfville.

'18.—Esther Lee Gou'd is full professor of Romance Languages at Wheaton College, Norton, Mass.

'19.—Francis Archibald is chemist for the Imperial Oil Company at Sarnia, Ont.

'19.—Ruth Elderkin is teaching in Hamilton, Ont.

'19.—Prof. Norman MacLeod Rogers was married in June to Frances Kierstead, of Toronto. They spent the summer in Europe.

'20.—Angus Elderkin is at his home in Wolfville.

'20.—Geo. Estabrooks is taking post-graduate work at Harvard University.

'20.—Rev. L. B. Gray recently graduated from Newton Theological Seminary.

'20.—Chas. B. Huggins, M. D. C. M., is in a hospital in New York City.

'20.—Paul Tingley received his M. D. from Edinburgh University this spring. He now has a position in a hospital in that city.

'20.—Mrs. Stenner Phillips (née Minta Hatfield) spent her vacation in Wolfville.

'20.—Dean Rogers and Isabel MacPhail '22 were recently married.

'20.—H. H. Titus has been granted a scholarship which enables him to study at any desired University. He is at present at the University of Chicago, and will probably go to Oxford next year.

'21.—Horace Read is taking post-graduate work in Law at Harvard.

'21.—J. Murray Beardsley is studying Medicine at Dalhousie.

'21.—Rev. C. B. Lumsden and Ruth Wilson were recently married at Truro,

'21.—F. R. Cole is teaching in Montreal High School.

'21.—D. H. MacPherson is teaching at Brooklyn Technical College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'21.—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Walker, (née Myrtle Morse), upon the birth of a son.

'21.—Grace Porter is teaching in Wolfville.

'21.—Fred Russell is in business in New York City.

'21.—Reg. Salier is studying medicine at McGill.

'21.—Ralph H. Wetmore received his Ph. D. in Botany from Harvard this spring. At present he is doing special research work there.

'22.—Myron O. Brinton and Elaine Simpson were recently married at Montague, P. E. I.

'22.—Albert Corey is taking his Ph. D. in History at Toronto.

'22.—W. H. Elgee was recently married to Lucile Nevers of Fredericton. He is pastor of the Baptist Church at Oxford, N. S.

'22.—Isabel MacPhail and Dean R. Rogers were married at Perth, N. B. on September 4. They will reside at Grand Mère, P. Q.

'22.—Gordon Groucher, who recently graduated from McGill in Commerce, is in business in Middleton.

'22.—Irene Haley is assistant librarian at Simmons.

'22.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hoyt (née Mabel Brown) a daughter.

'22.—Isabel Murray is training at Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

'22.—Mabel Nichols is teaching in Kentville, N. S.

'22.—H. S. Thurston is assistant professor of Mathematics and Physics at Brown.

'22.—Gordon Vincent is pastor of the Baptist Church at North Sydney.

'22.—Ella Warren is teaching in Wolfville, N. S.

'22.—Margaret Ford, who was teaching in Essex Fells, N. J. for the past year, spent the summer at her home in Wolfville. This year she is teaching in Boston.

'23.—Fred Fitch is taking post graduate work at Toronto University.

'23.—Peter Judge is studying Law at Dalhousie.

'23.—Reginald Lingley is studying Medicine at Harvard.

'23.—Clarence MacCready is teaching in Vermont.

'23.—Rutherford Murray is teaching at New Glasgow.

'23.—Vivian Vaughan is teaching Science in the Harts-horn Memorial College, Richmond, Virginia.

'23.—Norma Webster is teaching French and German in Colby Academy, New Hampshire.

'24.—Helen Archibald is teaching in Halland, N. Y.

'24.—Winnifred Armstrong is teaching at Caledonia, N. S.

'24.—Flo Bagnall is at her home in St. John, N. B.

'24.—Gwen Belyea is teaching in Nexter, Mass.

'24.—Catherine Black is teaching in New Hampshire.

'24.—C. E. A. Brown is in Y. M. C. A. work in Toronto.

'24.—Mary Brown is teaching in Sydney Mines, C. B.

'24.—Helen Chase is teaching at Stetson Village, Maine.

'24.—Sidney Chipman is studying medicine at Ednburgh.

'24.—Alden Clark is in business in Fredericton.

'24.—J. H. Dexter is taking post-graduate work in Physics at Yale.

'24.—Muriel Cutten is at her home in Hamilton, N. Y.



'24.—Harold M. Bannerman is studying for his Ph. D. in Geology at Princeton.

'24.—Don Collins is principal of the school at Dominion, C. B.

'24.—Edgar DeWolfe is teaching at Clarke's Harbor, N. S.

'24.—Wilfred Howett is studying medicine at McGill.

'24.—Mary Lawrence is taking a Normal Course at Vancouver.

'24.—K. King is taking a secretarial course at Simmons.

'24.—Don Messenger is studying medicine at Edinburgh.

'24.—Louise Morse is at her home in Bridgetown, N. S.

'24.—J. W. MacKay is studying Chemistry at Yale.

'24.—Adeline McKinnon is teaching in Sydney Mines, C. B.

'24.—J. G. McLeod is teaching in the Quebec High School.

'24.—Ewart C. Longley is Principal of the Paradise High School.

'24.—Raymond Parker is studying Biology at Yale.

'24.—Mabel Pugsley is teaching in Riverport, N. S.

'24.—Leon Rhodenizer is teaching at Barss' Corner, N.S.

'24.—Thomas Robinson is studying Economics at the University of Chicago.

'24.—Harold Troop is teaching at Acadia Academy.

'24.—Jean Walker is studying Biology at Harvard.

'24.—Wm. Wasson is studying Medicine at Edinburg.

'24.—Charles Marshall is teaching at Truro Agricultural College, N. S.

'24.—H. L. Parsons is in business in Middleton, N. S.

'24.—Amy Prescott is at her home in Wolfville.

'24.—Allan Smith is taking his M. A. at Acadia.

'24.—Raymond Thompson is studying Chemistry at Yale.

'24.—Emmerson Curry is housemaster at Acadia Academy.

Eng. '24.—Otto Noble is taking his B. Sc. at Acadia, joining the class of '26.

Eng. '24.—Cecil Thompson is at N. S. Technical College.

Eng. '24.—Jack Welsford is at N. S. Technical College.

Eng. '24.—Wylie Ward is teaching in the Canadian West.

Eng. '24.—Frank Ryan is at N. S. Technical College.

Ex. '25.—Wallace Barteau has joined the class of '26.

Ex. '25.—Margaret Mitchell is clerking in the Electrical Store, Wolfville.

Ex. '25.—Helen Dimock is teaching at Barrington Passage.

Ex. '25.—H. V. Corkum is at his home in East Chester, N. S.

Ex. '25.—H. W. Molins has joined the class of '27 in Theology.

Ex. '25.—C| L. MacMillan is studying Medicine at Dalhousie.

Ex. '25.—G. A. Peck is in a bank in Hillsboro, N. B.

Ex. '25.—B. S. DeLong is at his home in Hampton, N. B.

Ex. '25.—M. O. Bishop is in business in Boston.

Ex. '25.—Everett W. MacLeod is Radio Inspector on the C.N.R. between Montreal and Vancouver.

Ex. '25.—Cecil Langille is studying at Mt. Allison.

Ex. '25.—Tom MacKay is in business in New Glasgow.

Ex. '25.—W. A. Gilbert is studying at Mt. Allison.

Ex. '25.—K. E. Nowlan is at his home in Wolfville.

Ex. '25.—D. Rand is stenographer in Canning.

Ex. '25.—F. W. Cox is at his home in Truro.

Ex. '25.—Jack Chesley is at his home in St. John, N. B.

Ex. '25.—G. R. T. Ayling is pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterville, N. S.

Ex. '25.—Margaret Allen is teaching Art at Dalhousie.

Ex. '26.—L. M. MacNeil is teaching at Morden, N. S.

Ex. '26.—Kathlyn MacLean is studying Elocution at Toronto.

Ex. '26.—Miriam Coit is attending Boston University.

Ex. '26.—Montague Burgess is attending Boston Technical College.

Ex. '26.—Eva Marshall is teaching at her home at Falkland Ridge, N. S.

Ex. '26.—Iva Thomas is teaching in Moncton.

Ex. '26.—Frank MacPherson is in business in Montreal.

Ex. '26.—Ralph Russell is in business in New York City.

Ex. '26.—Clyde Brown is at his home in Lawrencetown.

Ex. '27.—R. F. Delaney is in business in Boston.

Ex. '27.—Nellie Hudson is stenographer at the Provincial Sanitarium, Kentville, N. S.

Ex. '27.—Mary McPhail is at her home in Perth, N. B.

Ex. '27.—Rebe Cook is teaching at Murray River.

Ex. '27.—Harold Chipman, who has been taking treatment in Boston, is considerably improved in health.

Eng. Ex. '25.—Seldon Smith is at his home in Canning, N. S.

Eng. Ex. '25.—James Lawrence is at his home in St. George, N. B.



A small number of college publications greet our library shelves at the beginning of the new year. We have, however, given them careful attention, and are pleased to note that in many cases, at least, quality has made up for quantity. Although, as usual, we find in some of the publications a dearth of literary contribution, we are confident that the new year with its activities and will bring inspiration to poets, essayists and story writers in all the universities. We are looking forward to a year in which the co-operation of our sister colleges will bring good cheer and a lift in this department as well as in others.

#### KINGS COLLEGE RECORD.

We have a splendid number of this magazine on our shelf. The articles are well worth reading and some of the poetry is exceptionally good.

#### MARITIME STUDENT AGRICULTURIST.

The magazine is very good as a technical magazine, containing articles which are useful to the members of this profession. We would suggest the reading of the magazine on your exchange shelf instead of cataloguing them. We like to know what you think of our literary efforts, instead of seeing our name in print.

## McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY. . . .

This is always welcomed at Acadia. Perhaps the best article is that entitled, "The Greatness of the Common-place."

## BISHOP'S COLLEGE RECORD.

We would suggest more literature in your magazine rather than notes and write-ups.

## BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

This also shows a dearth of literature. Many thanks for the "Girl of Today". We love to get it from all sides!

## WILLOW PATH.

The Colgate magazine is always one with a high literary standard. The essays are especially good, but in this month's issue the stories are on a higher level than the poems. The Book Talk is a good feature, seldom advocated in college papers.

## TRINITY UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

A splendid college magazine. The Chaliapin write-up is very timely now that he is in this country. The articles are all well-written. The lighter literature seems to be neglected.

## BRUNSWICKIAN.

The literary material in your magazine is always noticeable by its paucity. The write-ups of athletic competition seems to command more time and space than anything else.

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The material is in a very much lighter vein than that to which we are accustomed, but it is all good reading. The articles show originality of thought.

## OAKWOOD ORACLE.

Evidently humorists are predominant in your college for they seem to excel in your magazine. Real literature seems to be lacking.

## INTERCOLLEGIAN.

This magazine is the instrument of the Students' Christian Movement. Many articles, all of a serious nature, are well worth perusing by the students.

## INTEGRAL.

This is a technical magazine containing many articles of interest to engineers. Jokes of all kinds, and classes, make up a large proportion of the material.

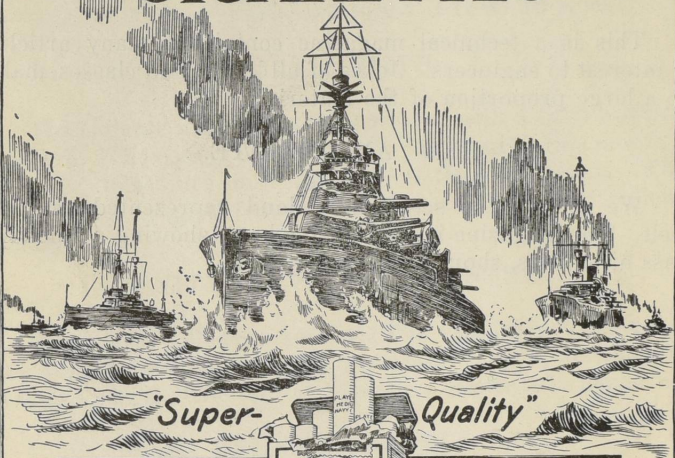
## RED AND WHITE.

We are glad to see Spud Island represented on our shelf. The magazine is good throughout, showing a splendid class of articles, short stories and poems.

# PLAYER'S

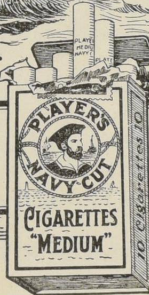
## NAVY CUT

### CIGARETTES

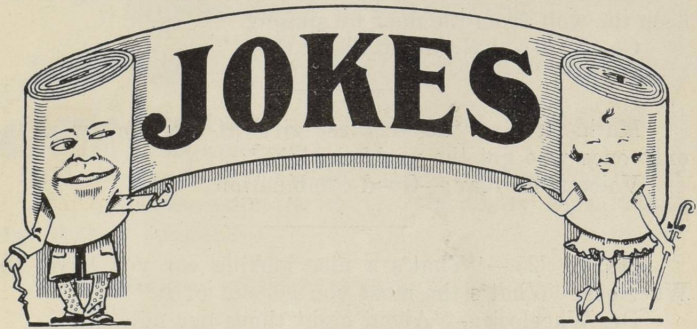


*"Super- Quality"*

10 for 18¢  
 20 " 35¢  
 and in tins of  
 50 and 100



More Sold  
 than all other brands  
 combined



HOW very good it must have been  
 In those wondrous days of yore;  
 For no one said at Adam's jokes;  
 "I've heard that one before."

---

Desperate Student '28:—"I want the life of Ceasar."  
 Librarian:—"I'm very sorry, but Brutus has beaten you  
 to it."

---

Friend:—"What is your son's income?"  
 Father of "Young Hopeful":—"Usually about 1.30."

---

Goudy, Eng. '26:—"When I marry I'm going to get a  
 girl who can take a joke."  
 Soph.:—"Don't worry; that's the only kind you'll ever  
 get."

---

Otto '26:—"My girl is the best in college."  
 Cleve '26:—"Quite likely; mine's in the Sem."



Green '28:—"Well if anything ever goes wrong, I can keep the wolf from the door by singing."

Co-ed '26:—"No doubt about that."

---

Math. Prof.:—"These three girls at the front were the only ones who got the problem right."

Voice from rear:—"Good combination."

---

Martin '25.—"That's a nice looking car you have, Dr. Wheelock. What's the most you get out of it?"

Dr. Wheelock:—"About eight times per mile."

---

Dr. DeWitt:—"How did you get your black eye?"

Fetterly, Eng. '26:—"I cast myself at a maiden's feet—and the damsel was club-footed."

---

Taylor, Eng. '25:—"My foot keeps going to sleep, what shall I do?"

Mackley, Eng. '25:—"Try Israel's new socks."

---

Inga '25:—"What is your favorite walk?"

Bea, '25:—"Oh! The Dug-road appeals to me."

---

Wright '26:—"Does your father give you an allowance?"

Wardrobe, '27:—"No, I use the touch system."

---

Ruth, '27:—"How are you to-night?"

Short, '25:—"A little *petter*, thank you."

---

Dr. MacDonald's new song for the "first year" men is, "Blest be the tie."

## THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

If Dr. Hill has recovered from his recent attack of *Hayfever*?

If the girls of Tully Tavern are lemons, are the boys of Willett Hall lemon-squeezers?

If a river basin is the place where a river washes itself?

If it is the words or the air of "Chemistry Blues" that gives it the "punch?"

---

Why the women still *bare* arms in time of peace?

---

Prof.:—"I am telling you for the last time, you cannot leave this room."

Shaffner, '27:—"Ah! I knew you'd weaken."

---

Senior:—"Well, how did you like Venice?"

Co-ed, '25:—"Great! Had proposals from three Italian Counts."

Senior:—"That's nothing. At the present rate of exchange it is about equivalent to one Acadia freshman."

---

What's the use of remembering  
An ancient history date;  
When I can make a modern one,  
At a quarter after eight.

---

Plucked in Physies, plucked in Math.  
I heard him softly hiss;  
I'd like to catch the fellow  
Who said ignorance is bliss.

## WATSON'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

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

HOT DRINKS, LIGHT LUNCHES and HOME-MADE CANDY  
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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELLERY,  
SILVERWARE, CUT GLASS, FINE CHINA,  
FRENCH IVORY, LEATHER GOODS,  
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