

Mary Chase.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM



February, 1916.

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Winners For The Month.

Poems—1st, Helen P. Starr, '19; 2nd, H. F. Lewis, '17.

Articles—1st, E. D. MacPhee, '18; 2nd, H. F. Lewis, '17.

Stories—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; 2nd, H. L. Porter, '17.

Month—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; 2nd, Charlotte Layton, '16.

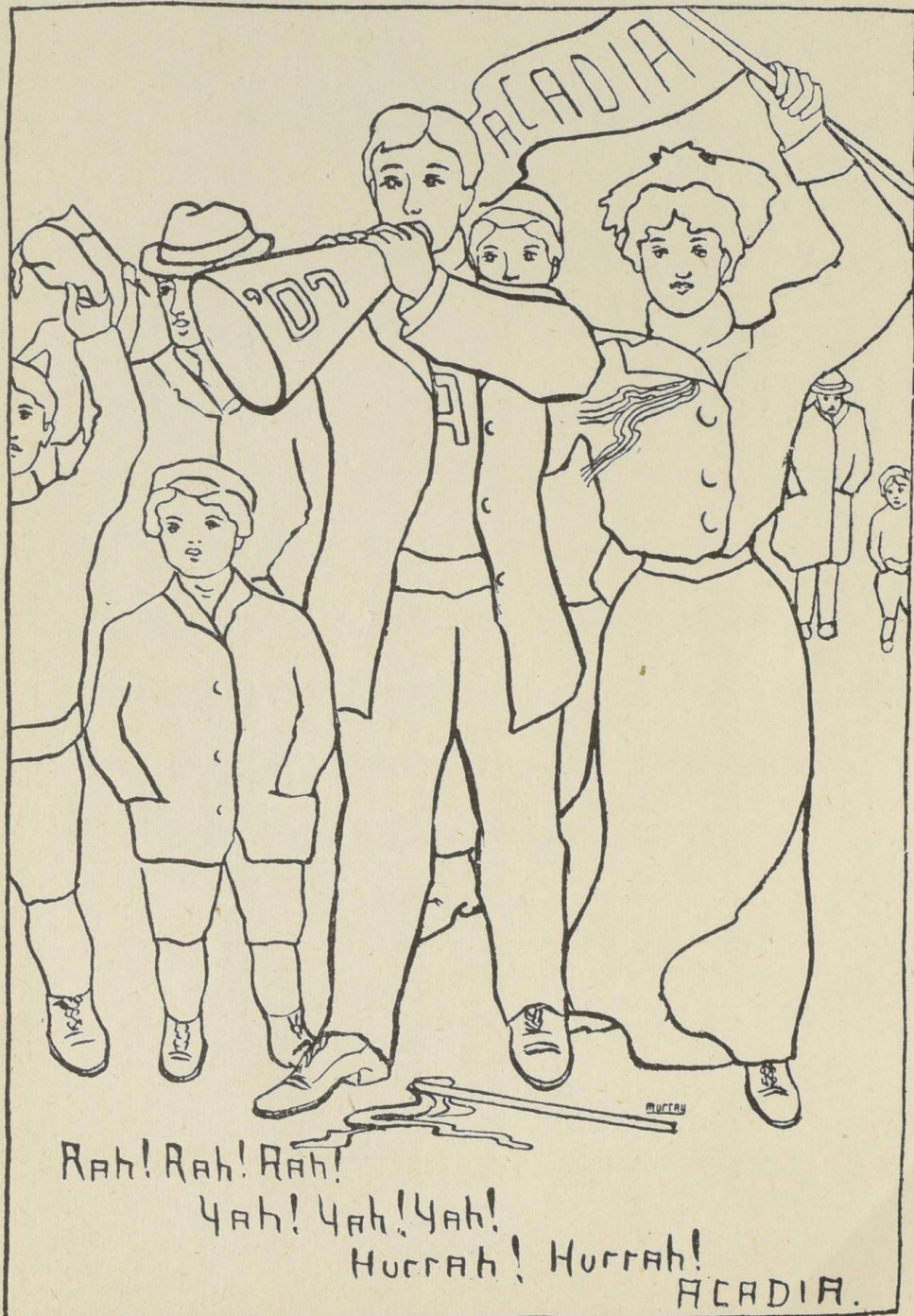
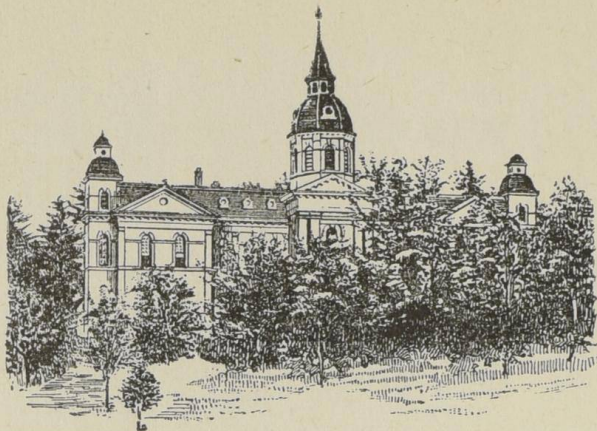
Athletics—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; 2nd, Paige Pineo, '16.

Personals—1st, E. B. Lockhart, '16; 2nd, Lillian Chase, '16.

Exchanges—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; 2nd, E. B. Lockhart, '16.

Jokes—1st, E. B. Lockhart, '16; 2nd, R. R. Dalglish, '19.

H. F. Lewis has won his Literary "A."



The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLII. WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 4

A Latter Day in February.

Where lies the snow there life is still,
And earth seems empty, bleak and gray,
O'er valley, heath and lonely hill,
This latter February day.

Lies thus the heart of nature dead,
Or is it only sleep and rest
That lasts beyond the latest red
Now lingering in the gold-scarred West?

Once more the gladdening song of birds
Sounds tremulous from the pine-clad steep,
While far across the stoney waste
The brook hath roused itself from sleep.

'Tis joy that here flows back once more,
And mellow music seems to creep
Up through the vistas of the world
Where life had lain itself to sleep

And far within a joy I feel
Of life's sure promise on the wing—
God's benison that crowns again
The soul of disengaging spring.

—William Inglis Morse.

A Letter From the Front.

*St. Martin's Plains, Shorncliffe, Kent, England,
January 17th, 1915.*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ACADIA ATHENÆUM,
Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

Dear Editor:—

"Acadia dinners" are quite the order of the day in the Maritime Provinces. Every town of any importance boasts of enough graduates with sufficient of the "old spirit" still left to get together at least once a year to have an Acadia Reunion. The Juniors of recent years remember the pleasant respite (followed by a delightful little test) from Psychology classes, occasioned by the absence of the Professor in New York or Boston when the Alumni there held their annual dinners.

Even war with all its hardships fails to dampen the old time spirit; quite the opposite seems to be its influence. No Acadia soldier is so busy or so wrapped up with all that goes to make life pleasant in England, that he doesn't "fall in" when the order calls Acadia's sons together. The first muster was called for September 1st, 1915, when fifteen answered "All present and correct." We have read of that pleasant function in the November issue of the ATHENÆUM. Soon after the arrival of the 4th University Company P. P. C. L. I., at Shorncliffe, the boys got together again. The "Pats" claim ten Acadians. By some strange working out of fortune, we found, after three weeks' residence here, that Eldon Henshaw was living in the next lines. This started a search for other friends, resulting in the location of about twelve more Acadians. History simply *had* to repeat itself. The discovery of so many chums *had* to be celebrated in some way. After various suggestions were offered, we decided to meet at the Metropole in Folkestone. We couldn't beat the first reunion in the selection of a hotel. They chose the best and so did we. In fact, we had the same private dining room, the same table with twenty plates, and the same Italian waiters. We went one better than they, however, (pardon me, Mr. Editor, but we live in a veritable atmosphere of slang, most of which is good and wholesome) by having our company graced with the presence of two officers.

Pay day, fortunately, was only three days old. Each fellow was rolling in wealth (today, I doubt if we could together show sixpence; one has a hapenny left of a borrowed pound, while another has thr'pence) so that the pleasure of the evening was not marred by anyone's worrying how he would pay for it.

We met at the Metropole at 7 o'clock on January 3rd. The half hour before dinner was spent chiefly in dodging officers. Even though an "Out of Bounds" notice was not posted at the entrance, we felt not a little out of place in the presence of red banded staff officers, majors and colonels. The most secluded place, we found in the lounge. The "Pats" gathered first. Soon two soldiers looked in at us, then passed on to the office. One looked strangely familiar and so I dashed after him and got a genuine surprise when I halted Pug Eveleigh. C. P. Illsley, '14, was with him looking hale and hearty after several months' life in France. Pug has lost considerable hair, but in compensation seems to have regained even more of youth than he had at College. The next arrival was Paul Davidson who came down from Bramshot for the occasion. Hearty greetings and hand shakes were exchanged such as is found only when friend meets friend in war time.

A waiter then entered and announced that dinner had been waiting fully five minutes. We told him the delay was certainly not intentional on our part. Our appetites, sharpened by denial so as to enjoy all the more a real meal, could not wait upon style nor ceremony, so we filed quickly into the dining room where we found Mr. Higgins, Mr. Slack, and Sergt. Morrison waiting for us. Without much ceremony, Mr. Higgins was appointed chairman for the evening. We then sounded "fall in", which, I venture to say, has never seen obeyed with more alacrity and pleasure. He called the roll and the following answered present and correct (the sirs were dropped for the rest of the evening, though we unconsciously persisted to call him Mr. Higgins and he to use Sergeant or Corporal, such is the result of army discipline):

Lieutenant F. C. Higgins, P. P. C. L. I., '14.

Lieut. W. W. Slack, 40th Batt., 3x '14.

Sergt. Geo. Morrison, 6th C. M. R., '15.

Sergt. Milton Gregg, C. A. M. C., '17.

Sergt. R. M. Millett, P. P. C. L. I., '16.

Lance Corporal Burton DeWolfe, P. P. C. L. I., '16.

Lance Corporal D. B. Chase, P. P. C. L. I., Eng. '16 (Reporting absent in London on leave).

Pte. M. G. Saunders, P. P. C. L. I., '16.

Pte. Chas. W. Fitch, P. P. C. L. I., Eng. '16.

Pte. C. P. Illsley, 6th F. C. C. E., Eng. '14.

Pte. Paul Davidson, 40th Batt. ex. -'14.

Pte. E. P. Eveleigh, 7th Cav. Field Amb., '14.

Pte. John I. Mosher, P. P. C. L. I., '18.

Pte. H. F. Bishop, P. P. C. L. I., '17.

Pte. John MacNeil, P. P. C. L. I., '18.

Pte. J. L. Wood, P. P. C. L. I., '18.

Pte. Eldon Henshaw, 12th Reserve Batt., '16 (absent in hospital suffering from appendicitis.)

A telegram was read from Dr. Cutten wishing Acadians in England a Happy New Year and pleasant time at the New Year dinner. Sgt. Maj. Acker, '17, sent a telegram from Ramsgate, where he is stationed at the Granville Special Canadian Hospital, expressing his regrets at not being able to be present.

Each had, by this time, looked over the menu cards decorated a la 'Cadia but quite indecipherable to the average student and Canadian. We knew each course only by its number on the menu and bestowed upon it a suitable English name. One or two examples will illustrate: *Hors d'Œuvres* we naturally translated as Horrified Doves; *Supreme de Barbue Suzanne* must be Supreme Susie's Barbs; while *Bombe Canadienne* were used for Canadian Bombs.

The feast began and for two full hours the flow of good things kept pace with the flow of conversation. The boys fresh from home were deluged with questions from the old soldiers, while our wounded heroes, Gregg, Morrison and Illsley, recounted their experiences across the Channel. Finally we reached the last course—coffee, which had to be specially ordered (Englishmen never end a dinner with tea or coffee). The only tragedy of the evening was now seen in the expression on the face of the waiter, who, after his tour of duty, retired to get for each guest a bottle of ginger ale or Schwepp's Lemonade. The toast list was a long one and our Canadian wine flowed freely. The

King, the Boys at the Front, Acadia, Dr. Cutten, and many others were the recipients of a toast.

It was now within a few minutes of ten and "Morry's" pass had expired at nine. But, being an old soldier, he took the liberty to stay long enough to join in a few of the old songs that have stirred the boys on so many a victory in football and hockey. Then a "Three Cheers for Morry" followed by "Rah! Rah! Rah!" with a rousing "Rickety-axe" echoed through the hotel and "Morry" went out to Bevan Hospital under the hills.

Songs and class yells interspersed with the college yell when some particular event warranted its use kept us until 11.15 p. m., when those whose passes had to be handed in at the guard room at 12 o'clock realized that they were several miles from home. With the Acadia Doxology and the National Anthem, the second Acadia Dinner in England was concluded, each Acadian going home with a feeling of contentment and satisfaction with the evening's programme.

The success of the dinner was due in large measure to Mr. Higgins who not only made all the arrangements but kept things moving throughout the evening. The Acadia "Pats" feel particularly grateful to him for what he has done for them, not only on this occasion but on many others since October, when he took us to Montreal.

Since writing this, a bigger and even more enjoyable Reunion was held about which Sergeant Gregg will write you. These are events long to be remembered by Acadia's soldiers. Life in England, or at least at Shorncliffe, even in this, the most disagreeable season of the year, is not all work and training with vigorous military discipline. There is much in our training that is very interesting work, this being especially true of the musketry course. Folkestone offers many attractions and is so near that we often spend an evening in town or Saturday afternoon on the Leas. Most of us have had five days in London. It's some city, believe me, Mr. Editor! A fellow feels proud to be a Britisher after he has seen not only London but its beautiful and historic buildings. Soldiers are privileged to visit everywhere, even the Abbey, the Tower, and the Houses of Parliament.

Another bright spot in a soldier's life, which I must not forget to mention is the arrival of the daily mails. If you realised how letters from the "old country" are welcomed, we would get more of them. Don't be too impatient for an answer. The mail system is extremely conservative these days. We are celebrating Christmas in mid-January with the arrival of our Christmas parcels.

I have written this, Mr. Editor, at the long table in the hut. There have been countless interruptions, the last being "Last Post" which has just sounded outside. In the fifteen minutes before "Lights Out" I must shave, shine and go to bed.

With every good wish for yourself and all at Acadia,

Yours sincerely,

SERGT. R. M. MILLETT, No. 475482,

No. 4 Co'y, P. P. C. L. I., 11th Res. Batt.,
St. Martin's Plains, Shorncliffe, Kent,
England.

Te=wah=-bok=tim.

THERE'S a good breakfast." James Cooke was alone, but he had a habit of speaking aloud when no others were by. His remark on this occasion, as he stood on the shore of the Moose River, in the heart of the Nova Scotia wilderness, referred to a fine two-pound trout which he had just landed. Quickly he dressed it and broiled it over a small fire, and in half an hour, refreshed in mind and body by his night's rest and his meal, he was paddling his canoe up the river again with strong vigorous strokes.

The day before he had left the little town on the south shore of Nova Scotia where he had practiced law during the two years which had passed since his admission to the bar. He was on his way to visit his betrothed, Margaret Poole, who lived almost directly across the province from him, in one of the prosperous towns of the Annapolis Valley. Being fond of the life of the woods, he had determined to make the journey by canoe, rather than on a prosaic railway car, and was allowing two days for the trip.

Steadily he paddled on. The Moose was a typical Nova Scotia river, here enlarging into a small lake, there narrowing to a long "dead water" or a short rapid, with enchanting vistas between the trees which, in the full beauty of fresh June foliage, lined either bank. Much of the country, a little up from the river, was a "barren," where white rocks were scattered thickly among the green underbrush, and lean, black trunks, the victims of former fires rose jaggedly against the sky. In other places a heavy forest, partly spruce and hemlock, partly maple and birch, covered the hills. In the cool of the early morning, with the golden shafts of the sun on leaf and trunk and water, forest and barren were alike beautiful, and the young man, beholding it all, rejoiced in it and in his freedom.

He had hardly gone more than two miles from his camping place when he came to a very sharp bend in the river where the stream almost turned back on itself. As he swang around this, he caught sight of a duck on the water just ahead and close to the western shore. It seemed to be injured, for it tried to fly but could not, and fluttered in a smother of foam right in under the bushes that fringed the bank. Cooke pushed his canoe into the bushes after it, and, to his surprise, the bow met almost no resistance, but seemed to cut right through where he thought the bank was, while the overhanging bushes scratched him and knocked his hat off before he realized their nearness.

When he had stopped his canoe, recovered his hat, and turned to look about him, the duck had disappeared, and he found himself floating on a narrow lane of quiet water which stretched ahead for some distance, then bent to the right. Behind him, through a thin screen of bushes, he could see the river which he had just left, while a heavy tangle of vegetation shut him in on either side. Slowly he realized the situation. He was on a tributary stream, evidently of fair size, whose presence he had never before suspected, so completely was its mouth hidden by its bushy curtain, though, in the course of former hunting and pleasure trips, he must often have passed it. Where did it come from, and why had he never heard of it? He felt sure that its course was not marked on any map in his possession. Seized with an ungovernable curiosity, he urged his canoe forward again, up the new-found branch.

For nearly three miles he travelled thus, meeting no obstructions but two small rapids, which were easily surmounted. The stream wound considerably, but preserved a general north-westerly direction, until suddenly the shores trended apart, and his canoe shot out into a small circular lake, perhaps a quarter of a mile in diameter, which nestled in a hollow of the hills. Near the center, a single great granite boulder rose above the surface; there were no other islands.

After paddling slowly around close to the shore, and discovering that the only stream entering the lake was a very small brook, Cooke turned his canoe toward the big granite rock. As he glided near he was struck with the peculiar shape of this glacial fragment. It was oblong and flat-topped, about twenty feet long by fourteen wide, and rose sheer from the water to the height of some three feet. What was his surprise to find, on reaching it, that a row or border of carved figures, a foot or more high, adorned its side and extended completely around it! For the most part the workmanship was of the crudest, but two or three of the figures were evidently meant to represent human beings, others as clearly were intended to look like trees, while one, Cook thought to be the figure of a moose.

With interest now thoroughly aroused by this strange find, he landed on the rock to examine its upper surface. This was quite level, and was unmarked by figures or characters of any sort, but around the center was a peculiar large circular path, about twelve feet in diameter, worn smooth and glossy, as though by continued rubbing. Having completed a hasty survey of the boulder, Cooke, anxious to reach his goal on the far side of the South Mountain, determined to leave a more careful examination to some later journey, and turned to enter his canoe. It was gone! A hurried glance showed where it reposed peacefully on the water against the bushes on the lee side of the lake. In his haste and curiosity to examine this strange rock, he, seasoned woodman though he was, had neglected to fasten his craft, and it had drifted off before the breeze.

What was to be done? Swimming, unfortunately, was not one of Cooke's accomplishments; and the sight of the dark, brown depths below him ended instantly his first unthinking hope of wading. The bare rock furnished nothing which would help to float him to shore, not even a leaf. Apparently he must

wait until outside help came, but, although he had plenty of water, he had no food, and he was far in the wilds, where it might be no one would come for years. Indeed, he had never heard of the lake where he was, and it was to be feared that very few ever visited it. What was to be done?

All that day he remained a prisoner on the great boulder. At times he shouted with all his strength, but the echoes alone made answer and he finally became so hoarse that he was obliged to be quiet. A school of little fish approached the rock and played about it and he spent hours in trying to catch one of them with his bare hands, but without success. At length, faint and weary from his efforts and the heat and ever-growing hunger, he lay prone upon the rock. The landscape, which had been so beautiful in the morning seemed now to jeer and mock at his helplessness. Hours of torture passed slowly by and the merciful coolness of evening came. Finally he fell asleep.

Visions of Margaret, in all her loveliness, came to him. He seemed to be walking with her through a garden of enchanting beauty, the freshness and sweetness of which formed a harmonious setting for her innate glory. He leaned to kiss her, when suddenly a huge serpent coiled around him from behind and dragged him away from her. With shouts and blows he struggled vainly to escape the confining, crushing coils, until at last he awoke, to find himself on the rock, tightly held in the arms of a man, while others were binding his hands and feet. Surprise and wonder held him silent for a moment, then he found his voice.

"Halloa, you fellows," said he, "I'm mighty glad you came along. I was in a bad fix here. Let go of me, I'm not too weak to stand up alone alright."

The strangers made no reply, but finished binding him, and stood about him looking at him as he lay helpless on the rock.

"Say," he said, "who are you, anyway? I'm James Cooke, the lawyer, from Freetown. I got caught on this stone this morning when my canoe drifted away, and I haven't had anything to eat all day. Let me up, and help me out of this, will you?"

Again there was no answer. Startled and angry, Cooke hurled questions, entreaties, threats at his captors as fast as he could talk. They merely drew a little aside and held a long whispered consultation together, at the close of which they approached him again. He counted six of them. Two picked him up easily and placed him in a large canoe beside the rock, where he lay in silence, determined to observe all that he could.

There was considerable fumbling and muttering, then a match was struck, and a torch lighted. As the blaze flared up, Cooke uttered an involuntary ejaculation, for all the men were *Indians*. Torch after torch was ignited, until eight of them, placed about the edges of the rock, illumined the scene. Then the men stripped themselves naked, except for breech-clouts, and a few feathers which adorned their hair. Their bodies shone with oil or grease, and their faces were painted in strange designs, rendering them individually unrecognizable. One, who seemed the oldest, commenced a droning incantation, and all began to sway and to move slowly about the worn circle on the boulder in a sort of dance. Long hours they leaped and danced there, sometimes in silence, sometimes murmuring in an undertone, sometimes rending the night air with blood-curdling yells and shouts. Cooke watched in fascinated silence, forgetful of his own position, wondering if he could really be living in Nova Scotia in the twentieth century. The Indians paid no attention to him.

At length the blackness in the east became a gray. Dawn was approaching. The dancers ceased their antics, resumed their patched "store clothes," and lifted Cooke once more on to the rock. Then the old man spole slowly to him in English.

"Young man," said he, "you are of the race that has driven the Mic-Macs into the barren and waste parts of Nova Scotia. Now our squaws beg in your houses, and our men earn a little in the few ways left to them, only to be cheated and robbed when they enter your villages. This rock in the wilderness we have kept to ourselves alone, and here we have been free to worship as our fathers worshipped. This is Le-wah-hok-tim, the rock of our God. You have desecrated it; you must be punished."

Quickly the braves extinguished the torches and made every preparation for departure. Then all embarked but

one, who ran to where the white man lay, cut his thongs, turned, and joined his comrades. With limbs numb from their long confinement, Cooke could not move, but watched in silence as the canoe, his only hope of rescue, crossed the lake and disappeared down the outlet.

Day came rapidly, and, as the circulation was restored in his legs and arms, Cooke, despairing, moved feebly about the rock. Suddenly he stopped in amazement. A small bundle lay before him. Opening it with trembling eagerness, he found four large biscuits! The sight of a nugget never gladdened a penniless miner more than the sight of those biscuits gladdened the famished lawyer. Washed down with lake water, they gave him fresh strength and renewed hope. Perhaps if one of the band had taken the risk of leaving food the same one might try to rescue him! All that day he waited, but only the pitiless wilderness stared him in the face.

Night came again and Cooke almost succumbed to despair. Only the thought of the girl he loved, waiting for him a few miles away, kept him from a suicidal plunge into the lake. Surely he *must* see Her again! In spite of his weariness, there was no sleep for him that night, and he lay tossing on the granite block, torn by conflicting emotions. Abruptly he jerked himself upright. Was that the sound of a paddle? Yes, there was a canoe, with several figures in it, rapidly approaching. Warned by his experiences of the night before, Cooke uttered no hail, but watched in silence. He could hardly believe his senses when he heard his own name uttered in tones he loved, and the sound was repeated before, with a hoarse cry of "Margaret!" he began to dance wildly about the rock, beside himself with joy. A few moments later the lovers met.

When he had time to think of such things, Cooke turned to Margaret's companions. One was her brother, Ralph, who greeted him heartily; but the other held strangely aloof, and was merely referred to by Ralph as "our guide." Bodily refreshment followed the mental and emotional stimulation which the young lawyer had received, and then the party left rock and lake, taking Cooke's canoe in tow as they passed it.

After they had reached the Moose River once more, Cooke, turning to his sweetheart, began, "Now tell me——," but she answered at once, "Ask Ralph." That individual, not waiting

to be asked, soon made things clear. The "guide" had been one of the party of the night before. He knew Ralph personally, and was also aware of Cooke's infatuation for Ralph's siser. Some memories of a brief Sunday School training helped to make the murder of Cooke by starvation distasteful to him, and it was he who had left the biscuits on the rock. A few hours after he left the lake, he was at the Poole's residence, where he soon told Ralph the story and offered to lead the relief expedition himself. "So," said Ralph, "here we are. But the fellow says that he will not be safe if his share in this is known, and he wants to leave us a mile or so further on. And he requests that none of us will ever mention this incident to any one, that we will not try to discover the identity of any of his companions of last night, and that we will keep strictly away, and help to keep others away, from that lake and its neighborhood. Margaret and I have promised that, for our part, we will do all this. What do you say?"

"I guess we will," said Cooke.

H. F. LEWIS, '17.

A Government Radio Station in War Times.

WAR has brought its changes, even in our own midst. "Somewhere in Canada," (I cannot say where for fear of being censored) before the war began, there was a large radio station which picked up messages far out at sea and transmitted them to a waiting people. The station was situated on an island off the Canadian coast, and was considered to be in an excellent position until war was declared. Then it was feared that if ever a German warship should reach our coast, this station would be destroyed. Since this would be a great loss to the Dominion, the government ordered the station to be demolished, and a new one to be erected in a safer position.

Back upon the mainland, about fifteen miles from the former location of the station, the ground rises to an elevation of about two hundred feet. Here, surrounded by woods on a beautiful hardwood ridge, it was decided to place the new station.

I visited the station in August last, and as I knew all the officers, was privileged to enter the camp and see how such a station was guarded in times of war. I shall give for the readers of the Athenæum as clear an account as I think would pass the censor.

As you leave the main highway, you enter a road which the soldiers have built since the station was established. After a four mile drive through a beautiful wooded road, as you turn a bend, you come suddenly within sight of two immense towers of steel, standing three hundred feet high, with wires between them. To one who has never before seen a wireless station, there comes a feeling of awe as you hear the wires crackle, and realize that perhaps some war order is being sent forth in code, which may mean much to the nation.

We drove to the guard house, where we were stopped by a soldier and told that we could not proceed. However, when the lieutenant recognized an old schoolmate, we were allowed to enter the camp together with a friend who was with me. This particular camp is guarded by sixty soldiers, and makes one of the prettiest sights in Canada, as the station is situated in the midst of immense oaks, under which a parade ground has been leveled off, tents erected, a large wireless building constructed, and stables and stores placed in different positions. No one is allowed within the wireless building save the operators, of which there are four, with some one on duty at all times.

The great towers are of most interest. These are built upon huge blocks of cement, and each is guarded day and night, because if a German spy should be able to place a stick of dynamite beneath them, the whole station would soon be in ruins. The tents of the men and officers are placed around the parade ground. A better spot could hardly have been chosen, since it is always dry. There is abundant shade from the overhanging oaks, while the white tents and uniformed soldiers make the picture complete. They have their own store, which supplies the men with necessities and a few luxuries.

Twenty men form a guard and are on duty for twelve hours. Four men guard the wireless building, two being placed at each tower. A guard passes at each end of the road to the station in order to stop all travellers, while others remain in the guard house for duty there.

We spent some time with the men in the tents, got our supper at the officers' mess, watched them change guard, and then left for home before dark.

The men are a jolly bunch, ready for whatever comes, and are continually sending out trained soldiers for overseas service, while new recruits take their places. Of the sixty men there last August, sixty-eight are now in overseas service. Thus it is a training camp as well as a protecting station. It will remain there until the close of the war, when it will probably be removed to its former location.

H. L. PORTER, '17.

A German Zeppelin? Or What?

TWO o'clock in the morning may seem to the average city man an early hour for rising, but to these two young fisherman, just stepping into their gasoline boat, it is only an hour earlier than usual. The stars are still shining in the summer sky. The glassy surface of the Passamaquoddy reflects the image of every islet that dots it, and even the white flaky clouds have their counterpart in the unruffled sea.

The two fellows silently cast off their boat from the wharf and, taking out their muffled oars, they quietly row out across the tide. Neither speaks. The sea, rippled by the boat's prow and by the stealthy dip of the oars, shows that wonderful phosphorescence that is so common in the Arctic Ocean but rare in temperate latitudes. The quiet beauty of the night, however, and the marvelously beautiful golden sheen of the sea are lost on these men. They are intent on other things.

A quarter of an hour goes by. Still they row steadily on. Then the steersman speaks in a low tone: "Start the engine, Tom; the other men can't recognize whose engine it is at this distance."

Tom lays in his oar, bends down over the engine, turns on the switch and gives the fly-wheel a quick turn. Immediately the quiet of the night is broken by the pounding of the engine and the echoes, awakened as the sound strikes the rocky cliffs and woods of the islets on every side.



ACADIA IN WINTER.

Lloyd George.

(The winning speech of the Oratorical Contest).

WE may judge Lloyd George by his faults—his liability to speak without adequate knowledge of all that relates to his subject, his intellectual limitations his failure to yield to the logic of facts when the time for yielding has come. Or we may judge him by his excellencies—his gift of oratory and of strategy, his power of endurance, his genius for imparting and restoring courage, his resourcefulness, and his determination to keep himself in evidence, and to compel the recognition of his powers. I shall leave the former judgement to his enemies and endeavor to present to you an appreciation of Lloyd George as the popular statesman of England.

Alfred G. Gardiner has said, "If Mr. Asquith is the brains of the Cabinet, and Sir Edward Grey its character, Mr. Lloyd George is its inspiration. No matter what the wave that rolls in, he is always on its crest. He is light as a cork, swift as a swallow, prompt as a tax-collector."

This man, with no advantage of wealth, lineage or connections, left when a boy to support a widowed mother, has, step by step, fought his way to a foremost place in English politics. Poverty, hardship, unpopularity, has been his lot, but with it all a stubborn determination to attain his goal in spite of the petty bitter attacks of his enemies.

For ten years, the fiercest battles in modern political annals have raged around his head. All the forces of wealth, influence, society, and privilege, have been mobilized for his suppression. But at the end of the breathless struggle when the Empire is fighting for its very existence, his fiercest foes are thanking heaven for Lloyd George, and the bankers of England are suggesting for him a Dukedom.

All his thoughts and actions come from his direct experience with life. If he wishes to introduce a shipping bill, he takes a voyage to study the life of a sailor; if he desires to get at the heart of a labor problem, he mingles among the men; he sees with his own eyes, hears with his own ears, and draws his own conclusions. With all his successes and association with those in

high places, his heart is still with the people, and in his soul is a real passion for men.

On every subject that arises, he gathers around him the best expert minds available. No task is too difficult for him in his search for truth and justice. It is this practice that has made him the power he is, and has won a cheer from even his bitterest enemies. The nation was confronted with the menace of an incalculable financial disaster. A timid man hedged around with academic restraints would have brought the country to ruin. Mr. Lloyd George seized the situation with the imaginative courage of a creative mind. The old foundations had gone; he had to extemporize new ones on the spot, and with that instinct which is so conspicuous a feature of his genius, he converted what might have been a disaster into a splendid triumph.

From the position of solicitor, in a small country town in North Wales, he came to the British Parliament. For ten years he labored patiently and unknown. Then came the Boer War, against which he protested in the House and out of it. To him the war seemed unnecessary, unjust, criminal. He became unpopular but clung to his principles with all the tenacity of a Welshman. At one time he was felled like an ox on a street in Bangor. Many attempts were made upon his life, and once he escaped death only by assuming the disguise of a policeman. In 1902, his opposition to the Education Bill again brought him into national prominence, and after that fortune played freely into his hands. In 1903, he found another opportunity when Mr. Chamberlain launched his program of Protection.

Lloyd George was later appointed to the Presidency of the Board of Trade. England looked aghast, a shout of astonishment went up, but before twenty months had gone by, there was nobody in Great Britain to whatever party he belonged who did not recognize in the appointment one of the happiest and most successful that any Government had ever made. He put a new vitality into his office and raised it to the front rank of public beneficence; the strong probability of a railroad strike was averted through his power, and further he disentangled problems that his predecessors had found insoluble.

From the Presidency of the Board of Trade, he passed to the high and important office of Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

His very first Budget was a paralyzing shock to his Conservative contemporaries. He encountered the fiercest opposition in the House and outside, but at the General Election which followed, a considerable majority approved his financial onslaught on the royalty-owning, landed and licensed interests. Then he waged his campaign with sure demagogic insight, on the cry of the poor against the rich, the many against the few, the masses against the classes.

Later followed the Insurance Bill which stirred up all England. It was a gigantic scheme. Germany spent many years in working out a feasible method and employed the keenest minds in every sphere of life. Lloyd George worked like a man of steel. A careful study of the question reveals the largeness of the problem and the stupendous amount of work it involved, but with that iron determination which characterizes all his efforts, he fought the bill through the House. Although amendments were made by the hundreds, the credit for a scheme that will be of untold benefit to the poor families of England, is due Lloyd George.

Sydney Brooks says, "This bill marks, by far, the longest step that has yet been taken by the British State to protect the national health, and to insure the workers of the country, men and women, boys and girls, to the number of nearly fifteen million, against the effects of sickness and unemployment. Among all the experiments in social well-being that have been brought forward by the Liberal party, none equal in magnitude or daring, Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill. Whether one looks to the ideas and principles behind it, or to the number and intricacy of its provisions, or to the vast machinery it sets in motion to war against misery and despair, it must be pronounced one of the greatest measures ever submitted to the British Parliament."

Time will not permit dwelling upon the many measures introduced and supported by this man for the relief of the poor and downtrodden of England. A glance at the Ireland of today as compared with the Ireland before Lloyd George entered the British Parliament, will give ample support to the statement that he has ever been the champion of the poor and the defender of the rights of the laboring man.

Like many other English Statesmen, Mr. Lloyd George has fought his way through unpopularity to a foremost place in the English political arena. Just as Disraeli was hated and despised in his first efforts, so Lloyd George passed through the fiery furnace of unpopularity, and like Disraeli, he is having his later years soothed by the almost extravagant adulation of enemies as well as friends. He, by far, outshines every other politician in England today; being the possessor of a charming personality he is one of the most approachable members of the British House. He has a great gift in the choice of words; and when he cannot prove a point, he is usually able to show that the other fellow has nothing better. He is eloquent, lucid, piquant, vivid, convincing, judiciously humorous when occasion permits. "The scintillating rapier of repartee, the whip of virulent sarcasm, the flour bag of ridicule—all these weapons are at his skilful command," and more, the man seems able to create whatever emotional atmosphere he pleases. This is the secret of his undoubted gift of oratory, humor, irony, satire, invective; all these qualities combined make him a man of gigantic power.

After the outbreak of the present conflict, great difficulty was felt in producing munitions. England was facing a crisis that must be met successfully. The eyes of the British Parliament turned not to the Premier, nor to the Opposition, but to that man of ceaseless energy and iron will—the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As instinctively as a child turns to the mother in the hour of sickness, England turned to Lloyd George for relief in the hour of national distress.

To meet this need, Mr. Asquith created the new post of Minister of Munitions for Mr. Lloyd George. It is his aim to unlock the reserve of England's patriotism and of her industrial resources, to stimulate industrial England to do her share in the war; to persuade those to enlist who are better qualified to fight than to manufacture, and to guarantee that those who stay to manufacture do so with as much patriotism and efficiency as those who fight.

The recruiting difficulty, the labor troubles in the shape of strikes and drunkenness, have called for drastic methods. Mr. Lloyd George approached the liquor question not from the standpoint of a temperance zealot, though he has all his life been a

temperance reformer, but as a statesman concerned before all things with the need of hastening the production of munitions of war. Germany had an overwhelming superiority over the French and British forces in the supply of field guns and shells. All through the winter months, Great Britain was busily trying to remedy her deficiencies by speeding up the manufacture of field guns and ammunition, but the output was not equal to the need. It became increasingly clear, as the war progressed, that a vast and uninterrupted flow of shells and other ammunition was absolutely essential to success.

At this crucial period it became known that in many shipyards, engineering works, and ammunition factories, the output was suffering from the large amount of lost time caused by the excessive drinking of alcoholic liquors among the men. Figures submitted by the employers of ammunition factories showed that the workmen did less than a normal week's work. With these and other facts before him, Lloyd George, who has always enjoyed great popularity among the laboring classes, spoke out fearlessly on the drink evil and addressed to the men words of reproof and entreaty. After studying the problem from every angle of vision, and consulting with brewers, distillers, temperance reformers, financiers, scientists, and employers, Lloyd George arrived at the conclusion that the best solution was to nationalize the drink traffic. He won over the brewers but failed to carry with him his Ministerial colleagues, and his gigantic scheme was turned down without ever being submitted to Parliament. Again, he failed in his effort to stop the sale of whiskey during the war and to close the distilleries.

After his failure to carry these larger policies he tried for sweeping powers from Parliament in handling the liquor evil in munition and transport areas; also for sweeping new duties on beer, spirits, and wine. The latter was refused but the former granted. The House of Commons said, "You shall have all the power you ask for to deal with the drink evil in areas where war work is done." He immediately established a Board of Control which is able in these areas to close public-houses, or manage them in the interest of the State, or transform them into decent refreshment houses. Not a gill of spirits or a glass of beer is purchaseable by clubs, railroad bars, hotels public-houses, or private persons in these areas, except from the

State owner. The Board of Control is empowered also to establish canteens within the factories or outside of them for the provision of wholesome food and drink. Already marvelous results have been seen, and to Lloyd George goes the credit of meeting another crisis with his usual foresight and keenness.

Lloyd George is a modern man, active in the political life of today, and occupying such a position, it is difficult at the present to rightly estimate the value of his services. Before him is the Premiership of Great Britain, when he will take his place among the great men of the world, and years, hence the name of David Lloyd George will ring through the political annals of our country as one of the greatest statesmen the British Empire has ever known. I thank you.

S. W. S.,-THEOLOGUE.

Pollywogs.

ONE Sunday morning in May, my sister and I decided that we would study the beauties of Nature as shown forth in the frog-pond back of the house. We left the verandah, crossed the yard, pushed open the gate, walked down a short winding path, and came to the fence that shut off the pond from the rest of the pasture. We easily climbed over, pushed aside the alders, trampled down the long reeds, and at last reached the pond.

Everything was very quiet, but both of us noticed a faint sound as of dropping rain. "Why, it can't be raining," said my little sister, "but where are those rain-drops in the water coming from?" She made a spring to a small rock near the margin and, leaning over, looked intently at the water. Suddenly she turned to me, her face alive with the joy of discovery. "Oh, it's pollywogs! Just look at them! I didn't know they were like that! Look at the bubbles where they come up to breathe." She thrust down her hand into the water, but, much to her disappointment, when she brought it up again, there was nothing but water filled with water-fleas. I went back to the house for a bottle, and soon returned. I very carefully put the bottle

down into the water, and my first trial was rewarded by the capture of a pollywog. My next attempt was not successful but, with the help of a neighboring small boy who had followed me in hot haste, I contrived to catch one more. That was all, although for the next half hour I stood perched on one small rock in the midst of oozy mud, trying to charm pollywogs. Would those knowing creatures come near one of us? Not they. They kept popping up all around us, winking their saucy eyes, and wagging their mischievous tails, but all more than arm's length away from us. The small boy had been called home by his mother who was afraid it was part of the "New Theology" to go fishing pollywogs on Sunday, while neither my sister nor I cared to venture far forth into the waters of a frog-pond. Accordingly, at dinner time, we went home with our two pets, which were received with much laughter and some disdain by the grown-up and sedate members of the family. We had interrupted their discussion of the sermon, and they pointed to us as living examples of original sin.

The next week, we made frequent visits to the pond, and at length succeeded in ensnaring two more unwary victims. The pond was full of water-fleas and we thought it best to keep pond water on the pollywogs all the time. Every morning we looked at them. They were growing very rapidly, and we wanted to observe each change. One, larger than the rest, had already developed his fore-feet, or, if you like better, his front pentadactyl extremities. The other pollywogs were very small, not more than a quarter of an inch long, with fishlike tails much longer than their bodies. At the end of a week, the three smaller ones had developed fore-feet, and the largest one was growing to look like a small frog, for he now had signs of hind feet, and his head and eyes were growing large.

At length, the water fleas in the pond died, and now the problem was to get something for the pollywogs to eat. My little sister said that her teacher told her to call her pets "tadpoles," but I objected on the ground that there was no need of putting on airs; our realm was science, not elegant English. If her teacher would tell us what to feed them, that information would be of some value. However, since no one seemed to know, we decided to experiment. Accordingly, one night after school, we hard hearted scientists dug a worm, cut it into several pieces

and dropped the wriggling sections into the jar where the pollywogs were passing their days. In three days, the worm was gone. After such success, we thought that the experiment might be pushed further. We were anxious to discover whether a small pollywog three-quarters of an inch long, with a tail a quarter of an inch longer than its body, could eat a worm four inches longer than the whole animal. On Friday we dropped a whole worm into the bottle. On Sunday, the worm was just as much alive as ever, but on Monday it was gone. Now, we had proved before that a worm could not crawl on a perfectly smooth surface, and so we were forced to believe that our pollywogs had eaten it.

It was now late in June. Strawberries had begun to be every day occurrences, so that we thought we could spare the pollywogs one or two. We wanted to give pleasure to them, and we also wanted to find out if there was anything that they would not eat, since they devoured everything that came to them—flies, spiders, worms, pieces of bread, cheese, and even rose-leaves. We watched them as they approached the strawberries, and were rewarded by seeing them put their round, sucking mouths against the berries. After several days, they had eaten five or six strawberries.

One morning, I noticed that the little creatures did not seem as lively as usual. On investigation I found that this was due to the fact that there were not as many of them to be lively. Where could that other pollywog have gone? Three days after that, another mysteriously disappeared. We came to the conclusion that the others had eaten their companions. By the end of August, all except one had disappeared. By this time he was a fully formed little frog. His tail had disappeared in less than two days; we had watched it eagerly and noticed the change from morning to afternoon, from afternoon to evening until it was entirely gone. Thus we could prove conclusively, to the dismay of our opponents at school, that pollywogs do not bite off their tails.

However, there is one question which is still hotly debated, and to this day the problem is unsolved: Did the last pollywog eat all three others, or did any of the others but the last eat the first, or did the last eat any but the last but one? All that we are sure of is that, as pets, pollywogs are interesting, even excit-

ing, and that the only way of finding out a thing is to go to Nature, not to books. If anyone should doubt this narrative, let him try keeping pollywogs as a summer's pastime.

E. BESSIE LOCKHART, '16.

All in a Vacation.

WHEN Frank and Phil were leaving college to take up work during the summer recess, they made definite plans to meet late in September for a two weeks vacation, which was to be spent on an island in a good fishing district.

Two weeks before college was to begin for another year, they left their work, packed their trunks and embarked on a small steamer for the islands. They secured a shack, and prepared to camp out, since they had brought ample provisions from home. An old fisherman, Hazen by name, who was a friend of Phil's was with them, together with his dog, Rover, who played an important part in the story of those two weeks.

They went on deep-sea fishing trips for several days, thus not only enjoying themselves, but helping to supply their pantry as well. Lobsters were very plentiful and, altogether, they lived like kings. Every day they had a clam bake on the shore. It was while procuring some clams that they had the experience of which I shall write in this story. About a mile from the island there was a bed of clam flats which was always covered with water with the exception of about two hours at each low tide. Here the clams were very large as only seldom did any one venture out to such a place. Since the boys were sometimes a bit reckless, they decided to dig for some of the large clams which they had been told were to be found there.

Running up to the house, Phil said, "Come on, Hazen, let's row over to those famous clam flats."

"You'll have to hurry, boys," said Hazen, as he pulled out his watch, "it's nearly low tide now."

Rover was growling. "Come on, Rover," said Phil.

"No, leave him here. He will only be in the way," was Hazen's answer.

But after some urging on Phil's part, he finally persuaded Hazen to allow Rover to go, and well was it for them that he did take Rover along.

Fifteen minutes row against the tide took them to the flats. They hauled the boat up, but did not tie it, as they knew the tide was ebbing. Soon they were hard at work digging clams. These were not as plentiful as the boys had expected, although what they did find were very large, so that soon they had wandered some distance from the boat. After about an hour of such work they suddenly noticed that Rover was becoming greatly disturbed about something, and, looking in the direction of the barking, they were horrified to see that the tide had turned and had floated the boat, gradually drawing it out into the current. They raced across the soft mud, and tried to grab the rope which had been left hanging over the bow. But just before they reached, it a puff of wind took the boat beyond their reach and out into the current.

Frightened, they stood dazed for an instant, although they realized that every minute was precious if they hoped to save their lives.

Hazen had hurt his arm on the previous day, so that he did not dare to try what might be a long swim. The water was quite cold, too, for this time of the year, since there had been several days of extremely fallish weather. Phil could only swim a few rods at best. But Frank was a powerful swimmer and, kicking off his shoes, he dropped into the cold water and began his swim, upon which depended three lives.

By this time the boat was out in the strong tide, and had a gain upon Frank of about twenty-five yards. This would have been an easy swim in calm weather, but the wind had roughened the water, which was continually getting colder and the little waves hitting Frank in the face made it difficult for him to continue. But it was a matter of life and death so he struggled on. Slowly the distance was shortened. The others, watching him from the flats, knew that if he did not make it, they were doomed. Already the tide had covered the flats, and was about their ankles. Rover was becoming excited, as he seemed to realize the danger. Suddenly Phil noticed a coil of rope floating by the place where they stood. Thinking that this might

be valuable to them, they sent Rover after it. This same rope, by the aid of Rover, later stood them in great stead.

All the while Frank had been swimming, and now he was near the boat. Yet time and again, as he reached up to grasp it, a stronger puff of wind would send it ahead, and he would have to settle down to hard swimming again. At last he was able to grasp the stern. Yet the battle was not won for, in his exhausted condition, he found it impossible to crawl over into the boat. He managed to get his arms over but had not strength enough to pull himself in.

Phil and Hazen had rushed along the clam flats which extended for about a thousand yards, until they were opposite him, and only about forty yards away, since the boat had been floating parallel to the flats. The water was now up to their knees. Hazen shouted to him to crawl to the centre of the boat and try to swing in on the next wave. But he had too little strength to succeed in the attempt, while all the time the boat was drifting out into deeper water.

"Make a big effort, boy," cried Hazen. "You *must* win." But all was of no avail.

Then they thought of the rope. If they could only somehow throw it over the boat, they might yet be saved. They had no heavy weight, but Hazen, quickly pulled off one of his heavy rubber boots and, fastening it to the rope, threw it in the direction of the boat. But, alas, it fell short, though by only a few feet. He hauled it in, and wading out almost to his armpits, made another frantic throw. Again it fell short while the boat drifted on with Frank still clinging to the side.

Rover, by this time, had found it necessary to swim, as the water had risen so rapidly. He seemed to realize the danger and barked as if he wanted to help. This gave Hazen a new idea, and giving an end of the rope to Rover, he told the dog to swim to Frank. Soon he was alongside the boat. Frank was able to tie one end of the rope to the bow, and then he gave the other end to Rover, telling him to swim back to Hazen. Bravely did Rover struggle and got within ten yards of Hazen before the rope tightened, when he found it impossible to gain any headway. But this was near enough for Phil, who struck out to swim and soon reached the rope. Hand over hand he hauled himself to the boat. Quickly he crawled in and pulled the

almost exhausted Frank in after him. Then he rowed for Hazen. Almost reverently they lifted Rover over the side, for, without him, another half hour would have ended life for them all.

The row to shore warmed them up, and soon they were on land where the kind fisherfolk were not slow in getting them into dry clothes and near a roaring fire.

The next morning they seemed little the worse for their experience, although Frank was still somewhat weak from the strenuous efforts which he had put forth.

The vacation was over, so the boys reluctantly said goodbye to the hearty fisherman who had befriended them, and turned their face in the direction of the college for another year of study. They tried to buy Rover, since he had saved their lives, but Hazen refused to part with him. They satisfied themselves by purchasing for him a good collar with the following inscription: "Rover, Oct. 3rd, 1915. From Phil and Frank."

Hazen writes that he always reads our letters to Rover, who barks as if he understood, and we have no doubt but that he does, for never was there a braver or more intelligent dog.

HERMAN L. PORTER, '17.

The Modern Development of Japan.

FOR East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." With such words an eminent writer has declared the futility of all attempts to understand the Japanese mind—that master workman which has challenged all the history and evolution of other civilized nations, which has challenged the principles of that history and the laws of that evolution. Yet Japan fascinates and invites study, because of the wonderful transformation, social and political, industrial and economical.

The Kingdom of Japan comprises about 3,800 islands, with a total extent of 150,000 square miles. The natives call their country "Dai Nippon,"—Great Japan—which name suggests that Japanese characteristic of a patriotic faith in the reality of the greatness of their country. The inhabitants are classified under the Mongolian Race, though they are probably the result of a mixture of Malay and Mongolian blood. The physiography

is not unique, but is interesting. "Here are lakes as beautiful as Loch Lomond; here is a coast line, irregular with bays and harbors; here is a land of tidal waves, of floods, of earthquakes and eruptions annually disastrous to many thousands of inhabitants. Here is a land of cherry groves transplanted from Paradise, of gardens of the Hesperides, of skies and sunsets, dawns and high noons painted by the Peris out of their memories of Heaven, a Japan of light, which could almost be a half way house to the lands of the blest."

But Japan with its antique chivalry, its stately etiquette, its codes of honor, its measured courtesies and formal politeness, with its enslaving traditions, and ignorant patriotism is passing away, and we see a Japan of transition. A new polity and a new state are in the process of erection; the country is the stage for an experiment of a kind, and of a magnitude, and of an importance of which no previous age has record.

We find no explanation of this marvel in Japanese history. The earliest authentic records date to 600 B. C., at which time the Emperor was a divinity before whom all peoples prostrated themselves. He continued in supreme control until the twelfth century when, wearied with the dignified and restrained life requisite as a descendant of the Gods, he placed control in the hands of a subordinate, who was given the title of Shogun. Iyeyasee Tokugawa founded a famous dynasty of Shoguns who organized feudalism, banished Christianity, and insulated Japan for two and a half centuries. In the 19th century the successors of Iyeyasee allowed his schemes to degenerate into a social and political formalism, "which stifled national genius and crippled national spirit."

On July 14th, 1863, Commodore Perry and his suite landed at Yedo Bay, in contravention of Japanese law, and carried an official communication to the Shogun from United States. This was the beginning of the end of old Japan. Perry and Harris from United States, Curtins from Holland, and Lord Elgin from England negotiated treaties first of friendship and amity, and later of trade and commerce. This intercourse with foreigners caused years of commotion and strife, even to bloodshed, between Japanese factions, and with foreigners. The Shogun became unpopular and, recognizing the need for a centralized

administration, he resigned all power into the hands of the Emperor.

Japan has adopted two policies: to maintain national integrity and independence, and to make Japan the equal of any civilized nation. To accomplish this, the feudal system was abolished, and a constitutional government was established; the army and navy were reorganized; the caste system was abolished; the government fostered commerce and manufactures; agriculture was encouraged; and a system of universal was introduced.

The Constitution promulgated in 1869 provides for a government to consist of the Emperor, an unofficial body known as the "Elder Statesmen," a Privy Council, a Cabinet, and a Diet. The Emperor has been "a living embodiment of the past tradition and future aspirations of the Japanese people," and an object of worship, but western civilization and democracy has lowered the prestige of the kingly state. The Privy Council is a deliberative body with no executive power. The Elder Statesmen are the chief advisers. The Cabinet is executive and is responsible to the Crown. The Diet consists of two bodies, the House of Peers and the House of Representatives. The Peers are appointees of the Crown, the Representatives are elected by the people. The power of the latter body is limited, which is viewed as an apparent weakness by us, tho think that the principle of authority should not be the basis of state life, even though that authority be exercised with great wisdom and justice. The government, so constituted, has led all important reforms such as the adoption of the Gregorian calendar, establishment of National Bank, and the holding of a national exhibition. The government is singularly free from jealousies and political corruption.

The earliest warriors of Japan, who were called the Samurai, made war a profession and transmitted thier functions to their sons. In 1873, an Imperial decree substituted universal conscription for the system of hereditary militarism. A man is liable for service until forty years of age. The navy is loyal, brave, efficient, and ranks fifth among those of the world.

Japan can hardly be called a manufacturing country. There are no labor unions, and the few factory operatives live under conditions that breed disease and encourage immorality. Foreigners find a low standard of business morality among the

merchants. Farming is the chief industry and the government encourages the exportation of farm products such as silk, fruits, and nuts.

The educational system is quite elaborate. It is based upon the elementary school, and ascends through the Middle and Normal school to Foreign Language schools and colleges. Attendance is compulsory for all children for at least six years, and precedence is given to civil service employees according to education. Fees are nominal and education is strictly secular.

Religion in Japan was primarily only loyalty, conceived and practiced as a virtual religion with the Emperor at the head. Shinto, Buddhism, Confusianism, and Christianity now claim followers, though Shinto has been proclaimed the national religion. The Christians number about 200,000 men and women who have elevated morals, disseminates education, and have emancipated the individual.

When such vast reforms are considered, and to them are added modernized methods of transportation at home, and very successful control of Korea, we wonder that the people can follow it all. An army was reorganized by France and Germany; a navy was founded by an Englishman; railroads, docks, telegraph and telephone systems were imported and erected by foreigners. But in less than fifty years, the Japanese have learned to control almost all departments of their service. Japan is learning the value of individual efficiency, of equity, of moral strength, of trained womanhood, and of personal effectiveness.

In conclusion, I would quote the following passage from the pen of Miss Bird, to show the dangers to the Japanese state which, though so old, is yet young:

"Of the shadows which hang upon the horizon of Japan, the darkest arises from the fact that she wishes to reap the fruits of Christianity without transplanting the tree from which they spring. The nation is sunk in immorality, the millstone of Orientalism is about her neck. Her progress is political and intellectual rather than moral. The great hope is that she may grasp the truth and purity of primitive Christianity, as resolutely as she has grasped arts and sciences, and that in the reception

of Christianity, with its true principles of manliness and national greatness, she may become in the highest sense the 'Land of the Rising Sun' and the light of Eastern Asia."

E. D. MACPHEE, '18.

A Fishing Trip on the Bay of Fundy.

(*Dear Mr. Editor:*—I have read, with interest, the articles in your last issue, written for the Mark B. Shaw Essay Prize, and I have felt that it might be well if some who are debarred from the Contest, should write along the same line. I am, therefore, sending you a "leaf from my own experience" with the hope that it may stimulate others to do the same.)

While stationed at Lower Aylesford, it was our privilege to spend most of our vacation seasons at Black Rock, on the Bay of Fundy shore. As I am especially fond of deep water fishing, I availed myself of many an opportunity of going out with the men of that place on their fishing trips. Most of these experiences proved very pleasant and exhilarating but there was at least one exception, as the following lines will show.

It was in August, 1912, that a pleasure party of eight set sail one beautiful afternoon to try our luck on the high water Slack. We steered our course for what is known as "The Three-Cornered Field," nearly across the Bay from Black Rock. The wind was blowing a good breeze so we quickly reached the grounds, cast our anchor, and made ready for afternoon's "catch." The tide was running strongly up the Bay, and our lines were soon carried to their full length to the Eastward; our eyes, as well as our minds were fixed upon these lines, so that we were paying but slight heed to what might be transpiring to the West of us. We had not been fishing long, however, before I chanced to look over my shoulder and espied a fyll rigged schooner gliding swiftly up the Bay, and with wind and tide, as I thought, bearing her in our direction. Not being an experienced seaman I took particular notice of this last mentioned fact and remarked to my companions that it looked to me as though that schooner were coming pretty close across

our track. But they simply laughed at the idea, and said that it was her place to look out for us, and that, as she had the whole Bay before her, there was not much danger of her running us down. This, for some reason, did not satisfy me, and in a few moments I looked again, and, behold, just a few rods from us and travelling at the rate of about ten knots an hour, came the vessel wearing directly down upon us. I gave the alarm as quickly as I could, but not in time to save a contact; for, in spite of all the man at the wheel could do, we were struck full force in the bow of our boat, breaking the bow-sprit, and turning us along side the larger craft. It looked for a moment, as though our danger was now over, and that we would be left without any further injury, to resume our suddenly interrupted pleasure. But we were soon undeceived, for, as the vessel took a slight turn, her jib-boom caught our mast and pulled our boat over on its side. The water began to rush in at a rapid rate and we saw at once that it was merely a matter of seconds before we would be swamped. The question was: How were we to extricate ourselves from such a perilous position? Some of us called for a life boat, but this was of no avail for the only boat which the schooner carried was directly over our heads, and to lower that, even had there been time, would have meant the forcing of our own boat the more quickly to the bottom. Others of our party thought to grasp the jib-boom and so draw themselves to safety in that way; but here again we were foiled, for the distance was too great to allow of their getting a firm hold. To all of us, except one, there appeared to be no alternative but a watery grave. In other words, were were, as we thought, face to face with death! If any think that this is a pleasant experience, I can only say that in my case, at least, it was not so. My concern was not so much for myself as for those whom I would be leaving behind.

But there was one of our number who was more self possessed than the others, and it is, no doubt, to his calmness and presence of mind, that the rest of us owe our lives. While we were resigning ourselves as best we could to what seemed to be the inevitable outcome of our plight, he grabbed an open knife which lay upon our box of bait, and touched the rope which held the anchor. This, to our great joy and relief, removed the strain and allowed our boat to gradually "right" itself, but not until

it was nearly half filled with water and had reached a point where a second or two would probably have decided our fate. It is needless to say that we had lost our relish for fishing that day and for many days to come. We soon got under way for home with mingled feelings of joy sorrow, to tell our story with trembling voices to those who were waiting to congratulate us on the good time which they supposed we had enjoyed.

N. A. WHITMAN, '15.

Our Lives.

SOMEONE has said that literature is the reflection of life. I should say that it is a reflection of the interesting parts of life. Why should the dull routine of the average person's life be reflected. It is bad enough to be compelled to experience it without having to live it over in our reading. Consequently, our novelists select the most tellable parts of someone's life and write them down. We read them and grow envious. "Why do I live in this dull town where nobody makes bright remarks, or has a striking appearance, or is of a sympathetic mind, or has exciting experiences. Now if I lived among unusual people or had interesting experiences such as this writer describes, I should be perfectly happy.

We forget that we ourselves probably hear about one bright remark a week. That amounts to fifty-two in a year, and if they were written down in a book, they would give the reader an impression that we lived in a world of bright speeches. We may see a person of a really striking appearance about four times a year. The hundreds of ordinary looking people that we meet so fill our thoughts that we forget all about the ones that make us look twice.

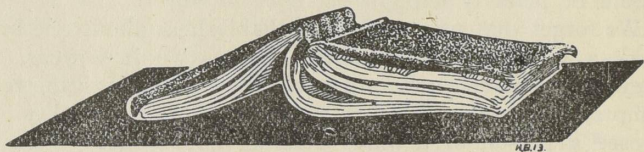
Among the dozens of people who do not understand, who cannot appreciate the ridiculous, or who do not see that our line of argument must be right, or who do not respond to the subtle beauties of the day, there are surely one or two whom we know that understand our viewpoint. Those are the few that are worth depicting as heroes.

As for our experiences, there are weeks of days when the usual things happen. We get up in the morning, eat three meals a day and go to bed again; but on one of these days something happens—a disappointment, an inspiration, or an adventure comes to us. That is the day that the novelist would seize upon to write about, and can you blame him?

The only reason that we think our lives are uninteresting is because we compare every day of our lives with the unusual days of another's life that are shown to us in a book. If we look at our lives as a whole, we shall see that we have heard just as many witty sayings, found ourselves in just as interesting situations, or known just as forceful, amusing or entertaining people as any character in a novel.

The trouble with us is that we lack that keenness of observation, of penetration, and of sympathy; we have not the ability to write down our experiences in an ordered, motivated, plotted, and polished account. That is why the novelist gets more out of life than we do.

LILLIAN A. CHASE, '16.



The Spirit o' the Mist.

Did you ever see the Spirit o' the Mist?
He's long and lank and unconfined,
He's soft and gray and of cunning mind,
And his hair with corpses is intertwined;
The eerie Spirit o' the Mist.

Did you ever see the Spirit o' the Mist?
He travels abroad on the wings of the wind,
In a noiseless chariot, chilly-lined;
And never a mark he leaves behind;
The silent Spirit o' the Mist.

Did you ever see the Spirit o' the Mist?
He spreads oppressive o'er land and sea,
Conceals the wave, conceals the lea;
His life-blood drips from every tree;
The brooding Spirit o' the Mist.

Did you ever see the Spirit o' the Mist?
He covers and hides the ocean track;
He blinds the ships and holds them back
With a wierd, damp darkness, blacker than black.
The grewsome Spirit o' the Mist.

Did you ever see the Spirit o' the Mist?
He shrouds the berg, the hulk, the rock,
Till the proud ship strikes and reels at the shock,
And sinks to find her eternal dock.
The merciless Spirit o' the Mist.

Did you ever see the Spirit o' the Mist?
He muffles the shrieks of the drowning men,
The women and children he shuts from ken,
And mocks their groans and laughs again;
The frightful Spirit o' the Mist.

H. F. LEWIS, '17.

Hoots.

(Copied from the ATHENÆUM of February, 1913, by request.)

PHYSICIANS say that college boys who smoke have weaker lungs than those who don't. Won't someone kindly endow a chair of smoking and make the course obligatory?" —*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

No, dearie, you cannot measure a man's grey matter by his lung power; there is even a tradition that the most unfailing symptom of brain atrophy is hypertrophy of the voice.

Nature usually evens up amounts even if proportions are jumbled, and it is not unusual to see a hundred mule-power windmill attached to a quarter man-power thinking machine. Then you hear loose wheels buzzing.

Voice culture is excellent, providing, of course, that your crop is quality rather than quantity. When you hear a girl who can tra-la-la with a voice as sweet and clear as melted sugar candy, or a man who can sing so as to make you think you are soaring heavenward every time you hear him, then you wish a traction plow and a harvester could be added to the cultivating machinery.

I don't remember who first said that language was the art of concealing thought, but I can tell you to a hair's breadth with what kind of animals he associated. Bless you! he judged all of us by his friends, and thought humanity brayed.

Voice is the expression of the soul, and the soul should be the expression of God. If the voice is eighteen carat fine, you don't need to test the soul. Some men who say "ain't" and know nothing about the cases following the verb "to be," show by the modulation of their voices, souls that have been started in a hotbed and raised in favored spots. They are gentlemen.

Yes, of course. I know young roosters who crow most lustily during sleep hours and think that, if they cock-a-doodle-doo every time they cluck the rest of the flock will run to them. But, dearie, cockrels of that kind cannot tell whether a pullet is laughing with them or at them.

Emptiness is a condition of noisiness. The rumble of an empty waggon is eternal quietness compared with the booming of an empty head. What you thought was lung power was the

resonance of brain cavity. The vacant mind is betrayed by the voice.

No, the case is not hopeless, for the resounding chamber may become filled with brain muscle under proper cultivation; the growth, however, must be from within. Donkeys have had their ears trimmed, and their manes and tails have been allowed to sprout so that they took good pictures; but the first time they opened their mouths they revealed the deception. They hadn't developed horse-sense.

The animals that scared their enemies by the reverberating growth have long since been overcome by the animals that think. Thought is power and order, noise is weakness and confusion; and to conclude that the one is related to the other, is to attribute the works of the Almighty to Beelzebub.

It also shows, dearie, that your own process of discernment needs oiling.

K. R. I. X., '16.

Acadia '16.

SAY girls, don't you think our class is the limit for having discussions? The Juniors don't get together and talk like we do, neither do the Sophettes or Freshettes."

"Oh, but they get together more or less and carry on."

A bunch of us Seniors had gathered in Room 18 and were grouped lazily and comfortably about in all kinds of inelegant positions.

"But those other girls," continued Bertha, "Don't discuss things from an ethical standpoint like we do."

"We didn't always discuss things from an ethical standpoint," said Nellie. "Don't you remember, in our freshman year, how we used to congregate on the top floor of the Old Residence and talk about the boys?"

"I should say we did."

"Do you remember that we all used to think Merrill, that engineer, was good looking?"

"He was good looking when he was dressed up," declared Joyce, "but will you ever forget that old purple sweater he used to wear!"

"And didn't we used to have great fun playing 'Truth'," said Georgie, reminiscently, "finding out who the girls had their latest crushes on."

"I never told the truth at those games," said Nellie, "but all the girls used to think I did."

"I didn't tell the truth either."

"Neither did I."

"Nor I."

"But don't you remember the awful crush you had on Horace Bentford?"

"I might have considered him nice once," said Nellie, "but I don't see how I could ever have thought that. He seems so disagreeable now."

"Isn't it funny to think of the time we used to spend trying to settle such questions as, 'Should you let the fellows in your own class call you by your first name?' "

"Yes. And wasn't it Edith Crowley, of fifteen, who used to say that your first name should be kept sacred for the use of your own family, and that if you let a fellow use your first name, you would get your name up in Chip Hall."

"That was the worst thing that could happen to us," Georgie said, "getting our names up in Chip Hall."

"Our freshman year seems ages ago, doesn't it, when we think of what silly things took up our attention then?"

"Even in our Sophomore year, we began to be intellectual," I remarked.

"Yes, didn't we used to get excited about evolution?"

"Some of us used to know so much more about it than others. Nellie, for instance, used to read up in the Library on it and she would bring up in her arguments those then unfamiliar terms 'pineal gland,' 'vermiform appendix,' and 'Javanees man'."

"Our discussion of the question was at its height during rink season," Bertha said, "for I remember I was skating with Arthur Danly once and we nearly came to blows about it there. I wouldn't skate with him any longer because he wouldn't accept the theory."

"And, girls, don't you remember," said Joyce, "how, last year when we were Juniors, we began to be troubled over economic problems?"

"Yes, everything had to be considered from an economic viewpoint and we took up such vital questions as 'Should a man marry on a thousand dollars a year?'"

"I never thought he should," Joyce declared firmly.

"I always thought he should." Georgie was equally firm

"That's where we differ."

"I see it is, but more men marry on a thousands dollars a year, than not."

"Lots marry under," Edna asserted.

"Bank clerks are not allowed to marry until they get twelve hundred a year."

"We aren't all going to marry bank clerks."

"Who said anything about marrying a bank clerk?"

"Well, I'd rather marry a bank clerk than a farmer," Bertha said.

"I think it's all right to marry a farmer. I've lived on a farm all my life," said Nellie.

"Not for mine, farmer's wives have to work too hard."

"They don't have to work any harder than anybody's else's wife, and it takes less money to live in the country, and you can get more to eat there any day," chimed in Georgie. "No reflection on what we get here, of course."

"I'd rather marry a farmer than a minister. I'd hate to marry a minister," said Edna.

"So would I."

"And I."

"And I."

"Talk about work," said Bertha, "the minister's wife is expected to teach a Sunday School class, be President of the Missionary Society, benefit all the church services by her presence, be always hospitable and continually calling on the congregation and then the people are always picking flaws in her. I think a missionary's life is a cinch compared to that of a minister's wife."

"Well, I'd sooner marry a minister than a professor," said Nellie.

"What's the matter with a professor?"

"Oh, they are so unpractical; they are all right in their places, that is in the class room; but take them out of that

and they are so queer about the common things of life! Their wives must need all kinds of patience."

"Let's not go on any more about such foolishness," I said. "Our usual Senior discussions do not sink to these depths."

"Don't you think the most exciting discussion we have had this year has been on the subject of predestination?"

"I think that all kinds of theological discussions have been pretty well threshed out," said Bertha.

"But we never get anywhere with then," objected Edna.

"Well, we get each other worked up at times, and look up Bible references to verify our statements."

"It seems to me," said Bertha, "that the problem of the poor was rather a live issue before Christmas, when we were trying to decide whether to give those poor families back near the reservoir Christmas stockings or not."

"I think that giving them those stockings was just encouraging their laziness," said Georgie. "We had in Sociology the other day that when you begin to help a person you take away his self-respect."

"Likely they wasted the things we gave them," put in Nellie.

"We look after a lot of poor families at home," said Edna, "and I did not feel at all called upon to help the poor in Wolfville. Why don't the town people look after them?"

"There is no excuse for a person's being poor in this fertile country," said Nellie.

"All we did for them wouldn't make much difference one way or another," I said. "It may make them a little happier, that's all."

"Didn't we learn in Philosophy that happiness is not the true end of life?" asked Edna meditatively.

Bertha was truly indignant on hearing all these excuses. "What is the good of all you people studying 'The Social Teachings of Jesus' every Sunday evening and not be willing to apply these same teachings when the chance comes. I don't see any sense in it."

Nellie felt that it was her duty to rebuke her enthusiastic roommate. "Now let me tell you, Bertha, that if you go after the heathen that way, when you get out to India, you won't get many converts."

"Oh, girls, let's not scrap," I said. "I wonder where we'll all be this time next year."

ANON.

Birds and Bird Study.

Most people are aware, in a more or less hazy way, that there are many kinds of birds in our towns, our woods, our fields; but, until recently, very few had any idea of the great number and variety of these kinds, or could recognize more than half a dozen of the most common. Now, however, conditions are rapidly changing. In many parts of the United States and Europe, all persons possessed of a liberal education are acquainted with at least thirty or forty common or conspicuous species and this state of affairs is fast spreading. We, in Canada, have not given this important and interesting matter the attention it really deserves, and now we must make strenuous efforts that we may not lag in an advance which will include the whole civilized world.

But perhaps it is asked why a general education should include a knowledge of birds more than of rocks, or of the stars, or the fishes, or any other branch of natural history. I shall try to make that clear. Birds are living beings of a relatively high type, and it is but natural that we should be more interested in them than in lifeless matter or in organisms lower in the scale of life. Again, of the higher wild animals, birds are, as a class, the most common, the most readily accessible to the ordinary observer, and, above all, the most attractive. Where else in nature do we find forms possessing at once such beauty in shape and color, such melody in song, such willingness to live on friendly terms with man if given the slightest encouragement?

For these reasons birds have always had a considerable share of man's attention. Among the ancients they were carefully observed, and the idea became prevalent that their movements and cries revealed to man the will of the gods. Literature of all ages and peoples abounds in references to them.

But in recent years, scientific investigation has shown that there is another very important reason for a general knowledge of birds, and it is this that is largely responsible for the increase in interest which is taking place. It has been proven beyond all doubt that the majority of birds are "useful" to man; that is, their activities, considered as a whole, are favorable to the activities of our race. Indeed, if all the birds should become extinct, life on this earth would, so far as human foresight can

see, very soon become impossible for mankind. The proofs of this rest entirely on observations by competent men, and very largely on the careful examination of the contents of the stomachs of different birds, killed under various conditions and at different seasons. By such means also it has been shown that many other species, while not economically useful, are not harmful in any degree. Only a very few species, of which the common "English" Sparrow is one, do more harm than good to us.

It is evident that it is to our interest to protect those birds which are of use to us and to discourage those which are harmful. To do this intelligently and effectually requires, on the part of all the people, the power to distinguish the different species, and a thorough knowledge of their habits. In consequence, organized efforts are being made to spread such information as is necessary, and these efforts have met with remarkable success.

Any one who wishes to take up bird-study as a profession or as a pastime should first purchase some handbook. Reid's "Bird Guide" is easily procured, and, with its colored representations, is very useful to the beginner. Soon, however, one feels the need of a more complete work, when F. M. Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America" is strongly to be recommended. A pair of field- or opera-glasses is a virtual necessity for field-work. Do not get too costly a pair, at least at first. When looking for birds, go alone, and, when examining a particular bird, keep the sun at your back. You will soon learn by experience where to look for birds of the different species. Collecting birds, or their nests and eggs, is to be discouraged to-day, though it was necessary forty years ago. The hand-book has brought about the change.

One will seek long before finding a more delightful pursuit than bird-study. Ardently engaged in, it furnished plenty of exercise and out-of-door life. All the joys of hunting with the gun may be obtained in hunting with the opera-glass or the camera, and without the necessity of taking life. To pit one's wits against those of a wary mother duck, for instance, in an endeavor to photograph her on her nest, contains quite as much zest, and, if successful, brings quite as satisfying a reward, as an attempt to shoot the same bird later in the year. Those who are unfamiliar with any project are often skeptical about the pleasure and benefit to be derived from it, but without excep-

tion those who once begin to dabble in bird study become ardent devotees. Why not be one?

To recapitulate: Birds are among the most interesting objects in the world of nature. They are also very important economic factors. Therefore all citizens should possess some knowledge of their habits and be able to distinguish at least the more common species. This end is best reached by study of the live birds in the field, which is certain to become, to all who try it, a source of never-ending delight.

H. F. LEWIS, '17.

The Hurt.

HOW many times a wound is given
By friends we love the best,
Our happy hearts asunder torn
Through heedlessness of jest.
And we wander through the shadows
See'ng not the sun's bright ray,
For the one who thrust the arrow
Brought darkness to our day.
All the past of gloom and sorrow
Are marshalled to the fore,
And the darkness settles 'round us;
Joy whispers "nevermore!"
Then sleep with gentle finger comes,
And soothes our hurt away
In the brightness of God's sunshine
At the dawning of the day.

S. W. S.,—THEOLOGUE


Magazine Reading.

WE all agree with Newman that "the end of a Liberal Education is not mere knowledge." In fact, to-day we are much more apt to go to the other extreme and count knowledge as the smallest part of our education. What we learn from sports, from social intercourse in the form of little "gossips" and from committee work is frequently considered a more valuable training than what we learn from books. However wrong or right this view may be, there is one phase of book education that is entirely neglected by a great majority of students, and that is magazine reading.

Did you ever notice that when you go home from college you are asked all sorts of questions on the war and the different problems of the day? A college student and yet you know no more than what is found in the "Halifax Chronicle" or the "St. John Telegraph?" Yes, you are forced to admit that because you allowed yourself to be overcrowded with outside things you couldn't find time to read anything else. And yet in the Library Reading Room are all the up-to-date Magazines containing articles on the most important questions of the day. Just read the article on "Apology for the Ancona; Torpedo for the Persia" in the Literary Digest for Jan. 15th, 1916, or the series of articles in the Outlook on "The Nations at War." Do you know where the world's greatest irrigation canal is? Do you know the next step in Electric Lighting? Do you know that there are 5,000,000 more Mohammedan subjects in the British Empire than Christian? All this and more may be found in the Library.

Surely a more general knowledge of up-to-date questions would lead to that broad world outlook which most students lack.

CHARLOTTE LAYTON, '16.



The Month

DRAWN BY HOWARD BISHOP '13.

Acadia Men Enlisting

The number of Acadia's sons in khaki grows steadily larger. A number enlisted at Christmas time, and shortly after college had reopened a particularly heavy loss was sustained by the entire institution in the departure of A. H. G. Mitchell, of the class of 1916. The loss fell heaviest on the Y. M. C. A., of which Mr. Mitchell was the esteemed president. B. G. Wood was elected to succeed him in that capacity, and is showing the fitness for the position which was expected of him. Before his departure, Mr. Mitchell (was the guest of honor at a farewell party held by the Senior Class. He is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in connection with the Canadian troops at West St. John.

THE regular Y. W. C. A. meetings are held and a good interest is shown by the girls. Owing to the natural desire for rest on Sunday mornings it seems rather hard for the girls to get to these meetings on time and as a result a special feature of the services is the singing of numerous hymns at the beginning.

The Devotional Committee has spent much time and thought in choosing suitable subjects for the Sunday meetings and we feel that they have indeed something to show for their work.

"Are you or O?" We found out at the first meeting after the holidays. What is "The challenge of to-day?" Esther Clark '16 told us, Sunday Jan. 16th, and this meeting was especially interesting, because all the "old-stand-bys" (we have such people even in the Y. W. C. A.) kept quiet and we heard some new voices. —

At our last meeting A. B. Balcolm, Prof. of Economics, spoke to us in "Christ's Teachings regarding Wealth." To say the least, Prof. Balcolm made us think, and one girl was heard to

remark, "It's a pity we couldn't have something like that every Y. W. meeting."

A prayer group meets for a few minutes prayer before each of the separate and union meetings.

Rink

The rink season has opened with good ice (except when the weather does not permit) and once a week our splendid college band, with Rex Harlow as leader is in attendance. The Acadia Band is noted for its strict time it keeps and on this account it is particularly easy to skate to its music. It is rather amusing sometimes to see the boards on one side lined with boys, and the benches on the other side crowded with girls, but on the whole, everybody avails himself or herself of the opportunity to skate while it lasts.

Propylaeum

On Jan. 15th, the Freshettes had charge of the program in the Propylaeum Society. They gave a very interesting entertainment. Especially interesting were the synopsis by Frances Smith, and the clause entitled "Watch Us" which consisted of a pretty playette.

Exams

Mid-Year's Examinations have bulked very large in college life this month. The two weeks of examinations may be a vacation for the professors but for practically all of the students they mean harder work than does the regular round of classes. College activities are in consequence restricted almost altogether to "plugging" and "cramming," and more "midnight oil" is consumed than during all the fall. Fortunate is the student who finishes his examinations the first week!

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings this month have been well attended. On the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 12, the leader was Mr. J. S. Millett, who gave an able address on the subject of "Drifting." A week later Dr. Cutten led with a most interesting address. On the evening of Jan 26th Dr. Spidle delivered a careful and helpful address on "The Blessedness of Giving." The leaders at the Sunday morning meetings were H. L. Porter, H. F. Lewis and B. F. Haley.

**Siege
Battery**

A movement is on foot to form a siege battery of men from the colleges of the Maritime Provinces and to offer it to the Militia Department as a unit. About thirty-five men are needed from Acadia as her share of the unit. At a meeting held on Jan 20 F. C. Manning, '16 was elected to look after the matter here and to act as Acadia's representative at a conference of representatives from the institutions concerned. It was decided to hold another meeting immediately after the resumption of classes.

Academy Notes.

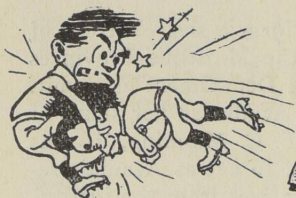
ACADIA ACADEMY opened on Jan 5th. Although classes were not resumed until the 6th, the attendance is much larger than it was last term.

The attendance at the meetings last term was good all through, and the boys showed interest in this part of our school life by supplying entertainments each meeting. Thus far the new president reports good attendance and a bright outlook for the new term. At the meeting held on the 15th the following officers were elected:—

Pres., J. A. Pyne; Vice-Pres., F. R. Keefe; Secretary, V. H. Macneill; Pianist, E. C. Davis.

A. C. A. Athletics.

WE anticipate great activity in Hockey this season. Capt. Pattillo is well pleased with the keen interest shown. The first game of the season was contested by the Seniors, vs other classes. The score ended 5 to 4 in favor of the Seniors.



ATHLETICS

THE hockey practices this month have been good and the outlook for a strong team is most promising. At a meeting held in St. John during the Christmas holidays, at which U. N. B., Kings and Acadia were represented, the following schedule for intercollegiate hockey for this season was drawn up.

U. N. B. versus King's—Feb. 10, at Fredericton.

King's versus Acadia—Feb. 18, at Windsor.

U. N. B. versus Acadia—Feb. 25, at St. John.

This does not include any game at Wolfville, but we hope to arrange a second game with King's to be played here. Acadia will also play the Kentville team at Kentville on Feb. 2, and Kentville will play Acadia at Wolfville at a date to be decided on later.

Since the drawing up of the schedule, the trustees of the hockey cup have refused to award it until after the war. This means that it will remain at Mt. A. at least this present winter. However, we hope to see the schedule carried out as far as arrangements are possible.

Inter-class hockey will not begin until intercollegiate hockey is ended for the year. A full schedule will then be played. It is expected that there will be four class teams this year; a Senior Freshman team, a Junior-Sophomore, an Engineers', and an Academy Games will be announced later.

The outlook for college girls hockey is fairly bright this year. The influx of new girls has furnished several good athletes who have made practices much better and promise good material for the next few years. The practice schedule has been drawn up much earlier in the season than last year and enthusiasm runs strong. We are looking forward to two open games, one with the Seminary and the other with the town. Under the able management of Captain Mildred Schurman '16 and coach Moore '17 the hockey team hopes to be able to report a good season.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 4

S. W. STACKHOUSE, Theologue, Editor-in-Chief.

B. G. WOOD, '16, Month.

LILLIAN CHASE, '16, Exchanges.

ESTHER CLARKE, '16, Personals.

HETTIE CHUTE, '16, Jokes.

J. S. MILLETT, '16, Athletics.

L. F. TITUS, '18, Mgr. of Circulation.

H. F. LEWIS, '17, Bus. Mgr.

A. WILLARD TAYLOR, Academy.

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

E. D. MCPHEE, '18, and H. W. WALKER, '19, Assistants.



Editorial



Tangles.

A FISHING line sometimes seems to be in the hands of clever imps who have great fun with the fisherman. You draw off enough line from your reel to make a good cast, and just as you send the line curling through the air, a sudden breeze catches it, tosses it into the low branches of a tree, and there you are.

When that line is in your hands again you hardly know what could have played such pranks with it. Here a twist, and there a tight knot; here a noose, and there the point of the hook caught in one of the rings of your rod. You try to shake out the tangle, and then to pick it out, and then to catch it napping by giving a sudden tug at it, almost anywhere.

A boy pretty clearly shows what he is when he is working over a tangle. Some fellows get angry and nervous over it, and that makes bad knots in the line that never were put there by the breeze or the tree. Other boys cut the line and have done with

any bother over the tangle. Still others stand and stare at the mess in utter helplessness.

But there it is, and there you are, and the fish are biting. What are you going to do about it? There is one best way, and that is to find the place on the line where the tangle ends, and by using eyes, hands, and heaps of patience, very gently and carefully pick apart the loops and knots and unhurriedly draw the hook back through openings you make, until all is clear. That seems easy doesn't it? But it takes a good deal of a boy or man to handle a bad tangle after that fashion. And the fellow who follows that plan faithfully, with a fishing line, is likely to be able to straighten out a difficulty in a great many bigger matters in school and in business. Yanking and tugging at it will seldom do any good, but lots of harm.

Quite often when the line in fishing or one's life at home or in school gets into a snarl, haven't you noticed that the key to setting everything right again may be very simple, and very readily found, if you have patience? Sometimes a single gentle pull on the right part of the line will loosen and clear the looped and knotted strands. Perhaps in our doings with other folks it may be a word of apology from us is needed, or a bit of generosity, or an unexpected lift over a hard place. You know how it is.

The fish are biting, and the line has come clear while we have been talking. So down-stream with you, and if the line gets into a tangle, see that you don't!

The editor read an article on "Tangles" in a magazine, the name of which he cannot remember, but he has tried to give the essence of it in the above, feeling sure that it will appeal to those at least, who are fishermen.

Knockers.

MOSES, or whoever wrote the story of the "Fall of Man," recognized that peculiar "knocker" trait in human nature. Although there were only two people on the earth, one of them at least was a knocker and tried to fix the responsibility of his own guilt on another. "Blame the woman," said Adam, "she

did it." How familiar that sounds to us to-day, we get it in a different version, but the essence is the same. It pervades the sacred precincts of our University in this 20th Century. We hear it after our football team has been defeated; an issue of the Athenaeum has been sent out; or during a poor hockey practise. "The full-back lost the game," "The Athenaeum is punk," "Whoever told those fellows they could play hockey.?" "The whole college is going to the dogs"—*ad infinitum*. They say with the prophet of old. "I, even I only am left."

The spirit of the knocker is the spirit of depression; of failure. Nothing kills the enthusiasm of those who are trying to work, like the eternal knocker.

There are kickers in every department of life, they knock their home town, their country, government, religion, and everything else except themselves. The men at college who find the greatest fault with the football team are the men who never go out to practice, or even cheer the team in their efforts, the men who knock the Athenaeum are the men who never contribute, and those who knock the hockey are usually the fellows who would rather go to the movies than to a hockey game.

There being no Student Council to knock this year, the "Faculty," Profs. Societies, and even private individuals are coming in for an extra amount of criticism.

The Athenaeum staff have come in for their share as usual. As we stated at the beginning of the year, the debt of four hundred dollars (\$400.00) on the Magazine, has compelled us to use a cheaper grade of paper. The thinner paper has naturally made a thinner book, but that does not mean less pages. At the end of the third issue this year, we had produced one page more than last year, and when an account is taken of the larger amount of advertising last year it will be seen that we have printed over thirty pages more of literary material.

If we turn next to the *quantity* of the literary department, we shall find that whereas, last year ten poems were printed, we have this year produced twelve poems; last year there were ten articles, this year eleven articles; last year six stories, this year eleven stories. So we see that as regards quantity, we have produced much larger issues.

When we turn to the *quality* of the material, we find that to be an entirely different matter, which is not in the hands of the

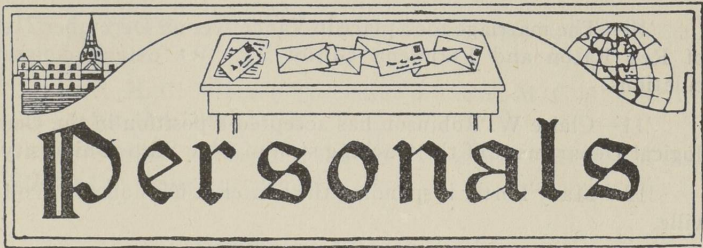
staff, but wholly under the control of the students. If the literary quality of the Athenaeum is below the standing of other years, it is *your* fault, and not the fault of the editors. Under our competitive system, we are here simply to pick out and publish the best material that you hand in to us, and if your material is inferior to other years we cannot help it.

You cannot escape the responsibility by not contributing. If you do not contribute the shame is upon your own heads. With very few exceptions we print all the material given to us and have room for more, so if you refuse to contribute and our paper is smaller because of it, or we are compelled to use material that otherwise we would relegate to the waste basket, and the standard of our paper is lowered, why a large per cent. of the responsibility settles upon those who fail to contribute.

It is true that a few do contribute a great deal, but that is a cause for rejoicing and not for fault-finding. We would say to those knockers who persist in ringing the changes on the Athenaeum, get busy yourself and show your supreme knowledge, and versatility of style, by contributing to the paper.

The Athenaeum is your paper and we are here to use the best that you can give us, make it something worth while.





'86—We regret to hear of the sudden death of Rev. Herbert Binney Smith at Hebron, January 18th. His burial took place at Nictaux, Anna. Co.

'97—Dr. Reginald Morse is on his way home from China for his furlough from the mission field.

'00—The death occurred on January 14th of Rev. Horace G. Colpitts, Principal of the Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, Iowa.

'08—Mildred Daniels, who has been teaching at Fernie, B. C., is visiting her sister Mrs. J. D. Spidell of Kentville. During her stay she has taken up the study of elocution at the Seminary.

'09—Dorothy Manning has entered upon her fifth year of teaching at the Kitsolano Schools, Vancouver, B. C.

'09—Eva Peck of Wolfville is training as a nurse in Proctor Hospital Vermont and expects to be graduated from there in the spring.

'09—Rev. W. S. Smith is now pastor of the Bethel Baptist church at Santa Paula, California.

'10—Julia Sweet of Billtown visited Mrs. M. O. Elliott ('08) in Wolfville, the middle of January.

'10—Mrs. Bennett, (nee Viola Roscoe) of Hall's Harbor is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Roscoe, in Wolfville.

'10—Gordon McIntyre, manager of the Pulp and Paper Mill of the Bathurst Lumber Co., has been appointed to the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick to succeed his father, the late Rev. W. E. McIntyre.

'10—The marriage took place in Vancouver on December 21st of Rex Eaton and Fraudena Gilroy '12. We extend congratulations.

'11—Claire W. Robinson has accepted a position in the Geological Department of the teaching staff of Ohio State University.

'12—Mary Porter is spending the winter at her home in Wolfville.

'12—Mrs. H. P. Everett (nee Evelyn Johnson) visited her parents in Wolfville during the Christmas vacation.

'12—Minnie Schaffner is teaching at South Farmington.

'12—Claire F. Kinney of Yarmouth recently enlisted for overseas service with the Victoria Fusiliers. No. 180890, 88th Batt. No. 3 Company, Willows Camps, Victoria, B. C.

'12—Rev. A. K. Herman has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Hillsboro, N. B.

'13 and Ex. '13—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ross Eaton on the birth of a son, Kenneth Oxner, January 24th.

Ex '13—Lieut. R. R. Murray of Springhill, N. S., sailed for England on the Metagama with the 1st Tunnelling Company of Pembroke, Ont.

Ex Eng. '13—Melvin Kinney of Berwick has enlisted in the new Ammunition Column which is being recruited at Halifax.

'14—Blanche Thomas spent a few days in Wolfville on her way to her school in Hants Co. She attended the Senior Leap Year party held on January 7th.

'14—G. Leoring Andrews is principal of the School at Union Bay, B. C.

'15—Grace Blenkhorn is teaching Grades VII. and VIII in Milton, Vermont.

'15—Bob Godfrey is employed in the Seynn Electrical Works.

'15—We are sorry to hear that J. G. McKay has been sick for several weeks in Bellevue Hospital, Bellevue, Mass. He writes, however, that he has recovered sufficiently to tease the nurses.

Eng. '15—Harold Roscoe has been transferred to Wabana, Newfoundland.

'16—A. H. G. Mitchell has charge of the Y. M. C. A. work in St. John for the 104th.

'16—Stanley Millett and Clarence Cook have enlisted in the 112th for the Ambulance Corps. They will be stationed at Windsor.

'17—Angus Elderkin has enlisted in the Ammunition Column at Halifax.

'17—We are glad to hear that Beth Addison who was forced to leave on account of illness is much improved in health.

'18—W. D. Mills has enlisted with the 145th, Battalion training at Moncton.

'18—J. MacLeod Boyer is taking the Lieutenant's course at Halifax.

An interesting souvenir has been received from England, the menu card of an Acadia banquet held at the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, England on January 3rd, 1916. The names on the back of the card were as follows:

J. F. MacNeill, '18, P. P. C. L. I.

H. F. Bishop, '17, P. P. C. L. I.

M. G. Saunders, '16, P. P. C. L. I.

R. M. Millett, Sergt. '16, P. P. C. L. I.

C. P. Illsley, Eng., '14., 6 F. C. C. E.

L. W. Llach, Ec. '14, Lieut. 40th Batt. C. E. F.

Pte. E. P. Eveleigh, '14, 7th Cavalry Field Amb.

G. M. Morrison, '15, 6th C. R. M., who true to his old class signed '16.

J. L. Wood, '18, P. P. C. L. I.

Chas. M. Fitch, Eng., '16, P. P. C. L. I.

John I. Mosher, '18, P. P. C. L. I.

P. W. Davidson, 40th Batt. C. E. F.

H. B. DeWolfe, '16, 4th Univ. Co., P. P. C. L. I.

Lieut. F. C. Higgins, '14, P. P. C. L. I.

M. F. Gregg, '17, Sergt. C. A. M. C.

We hear also, on good authority that Sergt. Robt. Horne is in charge of night duties in hospital work "somewhere in France."



It has been an unwritten law at Acadia that we must not slam the professors in the Athenaeum. If we did so we might take away some of the prestige and dignity of the one mentioned. That rule has been felt more or less in all our Athenaeum writing. Whatever we do we must not shock the professors if anyone sits down to write an article for the Athenaeum that horrible feeling comes up, "Now is this as proper as the professors would want it to be?" "What will they think when they read it?" Consequently our Athenaeum is far from being a true reflection of college life. What difference does it make if the professors are shocked, they can't do anything more than pluck us and they won't do that until they have to. Acadia is different from some colleges. We know each other better because we are all here together. Then another thing that makes us better acquainted is our daily chapel. Even if many of the Seniors did get plucked in it last term still they would all admit that chapel is a good thing to foster college spirit. Here you see everybody and find out who's who. Now if Acadia does have more college spirit than some universities why can't she show it in her writings? "The Argosy" contains really spontaneous articles and stories. Let us make the Athenaeum more like ourselves and not mind what other people will say or think. We feel safe in making these remarks about professors here for nobody ever reads the exchange column anyway.

The patch of purple on our shelf is caused by "The Maritime Students' Agriculturalists." The devil seems to be the patron saint of the future farmers of our land, but it may be due to an oversight that he and his abode happen to be mentioned more than once. Someone suggested to us that a piece like "The Song of the Professors" might add juice to the Athenaeum. We should like to hear the farmers sing it.

"Along came MacKay with a bottle in his hand.
"Along came MacKay with a bottle in his hand.
"Along came MacKay with a bottle in his hand.
But the bottle was a bottle of milk.

Along came Harlow with an acid and a base.
Along came Harlow with an acid and a base.
Along came Harlow with an acid and a base.
But he couldn't get them neutralized.
Here is a piece of advice as old ad college magazines:

"In many ways we might improve
Our issue we'll admit
But let the kickers hold their tongues
And help us out a bit.

"A Christmas Night in King's College" is a well-written article, interesting, wierd, and decidedly spooky. "I was Sick and Ye Visted Me Not" is also written with some spirit, but the plot lacks originality and the theme is perhaps a bit too dismal for a college paper. We quote the following from Part II of "Modernism in the Church of Rome," "The solution of the problem of reconciling the old and the new, religion and science, the creed and criticisms, does not lie along the road sharply dividing between faith and fact, between the truth of theology and the truth of science, for both alike are part of the truth of God and where the statement of truth as seen by theology and criticism disagree truth is not divided, but our view of it is incorrect or incomplete. Now in science and theology we see through a glass dimly. Now at best we know in part."

Kings has a universal fee (\$7.00) collected by the Bursar Congratulations Kings! We hope that you will soon be able to congratulate us on this point.

"Life at Forrest Hall" is a lively account of how the Dalhousie Co-Eds spend their days. They haven't the splendid accomodation that our girls have where forty-five of us live to gether. And then we have the joy of seeing the Willet Hall inhabitants come in for meals. Acadia is, we believe, the only Maritime College where the gentlemen have any opportunity to show their good table-manners to the young women. Does this

remind anyone of the "wing" in "Tully Tavern?" "Occasionally the furnace-man mutinies and drives his victims to sweaters and mufflers. Sometimes the cool conduct of the radiators forces the inhabitants to warmer climes. "The *"Gazette,"* finds it such a difficult matter to obtain material for its columns that it has inaugurated the policy of paying for copy at regular rates.

"The University Monthly" says "A student should always enter into competition wherever he can. whether his chances of success are of the brightest or not. In this way he not only does himself a great deal of good but makes the winner work hard for what he gets" A great college problem is behind those words. Some people, there are, who go in for everything and wear themselves out; others lack confidence or energy and don't try very hard for anything. Just where is the golden mean?

This is a bit of human nature." Dec. 9th in France, "Gee I wish I was back at U. N. B." Dec. 9th, writing Physics in Fredericton, "Gee I wish I was at the Front."

It seems impossible for this magazine to get any good stories.

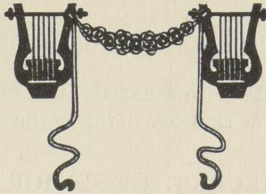
We distinctly approve of the way in which the *"McMaster Monthly"* takes up the activities of the undergraduates. "Around the Hall" is exceedingly interesting with its account of banquets, clubs, debates, and missionary conferences, while the "Womean's Department," rejoices in everything dear to the feminine heart, from engagements, to "co-ed" intercollegiate debates.

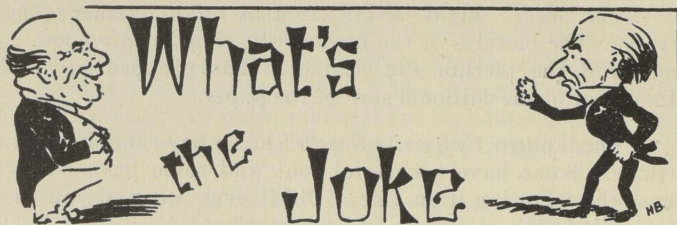
"St. Andrew's College Review" contains a large number of cuts which make it very attractive.

"The Mitre" is chiefly occupied with a number of lengthy articles of a churchly character. While they might appropriately be given space in a church paper, we doubt if even there many would read them. The department headed Exchanges is almost entirely occupied with words of wisdom on prayer-book revision. *"The Mitre"* should reflect undergraduate life more, and take on a livelier tone. A college magazine without a story or a joke is abnormal.

"*The Sheaf*" might be criticized as bright rather than literary. The pictures of the boys in the trenches are good. We wonder if the picture Pte. Cameron has propped up before him is that of the editorial staff of the paper.

"*The Western University Gazette*" has many short interesting articles. Some have a cheerful tone and some have not. We quote the following from Life: "Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of crosses and temptations? He comes into this world without his consent and goes out against his will If he doesn't give to charity he is stingy, and if he does, it's for a show. If he gives affection he is a soft specimen, if he cares for no one he is cold blooded. If he dies young there was a great future before him. If he lives to an old age he has missed his calling."





Miss Og-lv-e '18—"Billie, what kind of wood is this?"

Miss Alw-rd '18.—I'm no authority. When Wood is mentioned, to me it is always a case of pine."

Ch-pm-m '17—(Friday at tea table)—"Fellows if you don't like the prunes, turn around and look at the peaches."

Miss Cu-h-ng '17—(Saturday at tea table)—"Girls, if you don't like the peaches turn around and look at the prunes."

Clerk in the bookstore—"What kind of ink do you want—Waterman's?"

Miss Crosby '16—"Oh no, I care for nothing but Carter's."

Miss P-n-o '16—"Wasn't that a funny story Professor P told us about the bee?"

Miss L-yt-n '16—(in a dazed fashion—"Yes, but I can't see it yet. What was that bee doing in the *flour*?"

THE SECRETS OF SENIOR CORRIDOR.

Ye Tully Tavern haunTERS, hear and hark
 This tale was told me by a learned CLARK
 How once this term there was a mighty CHASE
 Which Latyon (e) night in residence took place.
 And "PIN'E O! "they cried, and "kill the brute."
 Whilst some did shout, "No, throw it down the CHUTE"
 "Or LOCK-IT up inside a trap of WOOD—
 WORTH all the traps they sell that are no good."
 Commotion reigned in Senior Corridor.
 Because a STAR-RAT (t) ran across the floor.

Miss C-s-b-y '16 (Before the English examination)—“Say have any of you girls what I’m looking for? I want a New-man. Someone must have Took (e) mine.

Echoes from Mid-years. “I don’t know a thing about it.” “I hope I get a first.” “I’ll be content if I pass.” “What makes the Junior’s exams so much harder this year than last?” “Was there ever such a long Psychology paper.” “Stop that noise; I want to study.” (“Happy day, happy day!”) “No one ever gets any more than 90 in Philosophy.” “Oh, please don’t hash over that paper.” “Well, I got *altruism* in on that first question in Sociology, anyway.” “Say, what did Newman believe, anyway?” “Please write me down as ‘Deceased from the effects of Latin.’” Exams all over. Let’s do down to Hughie’s and get an ice-cream.

Co-ed of inquiring mind who has been reading the “Maritime Baptist”—“Mr. Oliver, should a minister who beats his wife be allowed to preach?”

Mr. Oliver—“Well, now, it’s all just accordin’, you see. You see, if she’s a *good* wife, he wouldn’t have *need* to beat her—but if dhe’s cranky,—oh, well, o’course, youknow—”

Miss Cl-k '16 (Shopping on Main Street)—“I’d like a thermometer that will keep Room 19 at a temperature of 70 please.”

Miss W-st-n '18—I see Dr. Ambler has stopped wearing bow ties since he is married.

Miss St-ra-tt '17—Gee! I wish Chippie would get married.

10.30 a. m., Geology Prof. to H-d-n '19—“Mr. Hudson, where is Mr. Rust to-day?”

H-d-n '19—“Sick, sir!”

11.30 a. m., Bible Prof. to R-st '19—“Mr. Rust, where is Mr. Hudson to-day?”

R-st '19—“Sick, sir!”

George Theopolus Mitton (who had arisen to speak in class meeting ‘mid roars of laughter)—“Mr. President, what is all this laughing about?”

President—Well, Mr. Mitton a few moments ago you told us that everybody laughed at a farce.

Did you know that Patillo Starrs in Hockey?
If you need any information Call In (Colin) Wright!

Gregg '16—How did "you make out today in your Psychology exam?"

Millett '16—"I made out about half past three."

ECHOES FROM THE KICKER.

Anyone wishing a receipt for making cake without eggs, and vegetable soup without vegetables, apply to the Academy Residence, Tully Tavern, or Acadia Seminary.

Archibald '19—(discussing those deadly phosphorus matches)
—"I wonder how many matches it takes to kill a man?"

Copeland '19—"Well, Henry VIII had six and it didn't kill him."

Miss Thorpe '16—"I wish now I had told him I was coming to rink."

History Prof.—"Mr. McNeil, where did Charlemagne die?"

McNeil '17—"At the end of the third chapter."

Miss Chase '16—(After being left by a young man to struggle thru the crowd of girls at the rink.—"I got an awful *crush*."

A Senior always gets a head in the world—So does a cabbage.
You can always tell a Senior—but you can't tell him much.

Sprachlin '18—"When I do not look at the girls I feel so blue, and when I do, I get red because I am so green."

Coleman '18—Say Haley! who is that girl with the red sweater?"

Haley '19—"I don't know."

Coleman '18—"I think she is a Freshette."

Haley '19—"Oh, no! she is not, or *I* would know her."

Who were the girls that got caught with the goods?
That "record" was not played.

Hudson '16—"My mission is to save men."

Miss MacDougall '16—"For goodness sake save one for me."

Sharp—(with his head on a girl's lap, on a certain occasion)—
"Oh, joy, what rapture thou cans't bestow upon a mortal man!"

Bleakney '16—"I don't know how to take my elocution teacher's compliment."

Maitland—"Why, what did she say?"

Bleakney '16—"Why, she said Mitton had a wonderfully slow voice but mine was better, still."

Peck '17—"Say Wolly lend me you mug to shave."

Mack '17—"Aw, go on and shave your own mug."

Physics Prof.—"Mr. Therrien, when the rain falls does it ever rise again?"

Therrien. Eng.—"Yes, sir."

Prof.—"When?"

Therrien Eng.—"Why, in dew time—exit."

DON'T SWEAR.

When Adam stepped on Eve's best gown,
Did she then toss her head and frown,
And flash her fiery eyes of brown?
Oh, no! She kept her wonted calm,
And said, "I do not care Adam."

—Ex.

Wanted—A cozy-corner behind the piano at Tully Tavern, anyone knowing where the same can be secured kindly communicate with Miss McLean, '17 or Miss Ganter '19.

Boyer and Don Stewart '18 wish everyone to know that they are not paying for the above insertion.

PRO·LEM.

Who are—Kittie Dal Gleish,
Flossie Wright,
Maggie Haley?

Anyone having the above information kindly notify the other Freshetts.

Holmes I. O. A.—“I hear that joke you cracked on Miss Starr in class-meeting is going to be put in the Athenaeum as if it were one on you.”

Mitton '19—“Revenge is sweet, let the poor girl have it.”

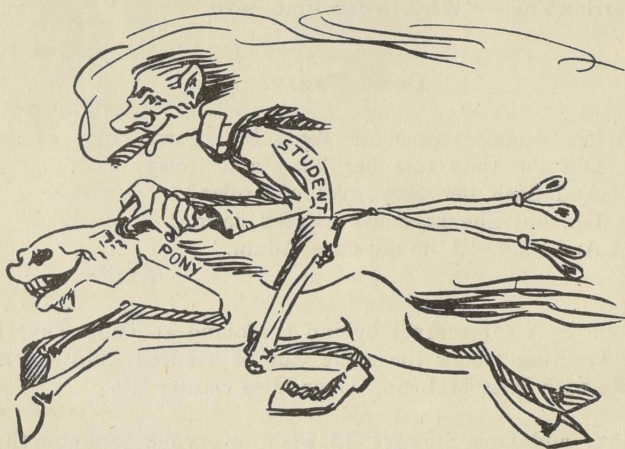
Dal Gleish '19—“I want to join the I. O. A's.”

Harlow, I. O. A. (President)—“Our constitution debarrs Freshetts.”

McLeod '19—“Say: Corey when are you going to move over to the residence?”

Corey '19—“What do you mean?”

McLeod '18—“Nothing, only the calendar says Coeds reside at Tully Tavern.”



A PONY RIDE THROUGH CLASSICS

A REVELATION OF MID-YEARS.

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NEWTON CENTRE, Mass.

Fraser '19—(in class meeting)—“I-I-I- just-just-wa-wa-want to-to say tha-tha-tha-that-that—that—

Wright '19—(with foot on chair, and head resting on hand)—“What do you girls think of that?”

Copeland '19—“Which *that*?”

Josh Wright '19—“Don't you think I am awfully cute?”

Miss Kenny '19—“You seem to think so.”

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