

S. Baxter

ACADIA ATHENÆUM



Seminary Number

February, 1915.

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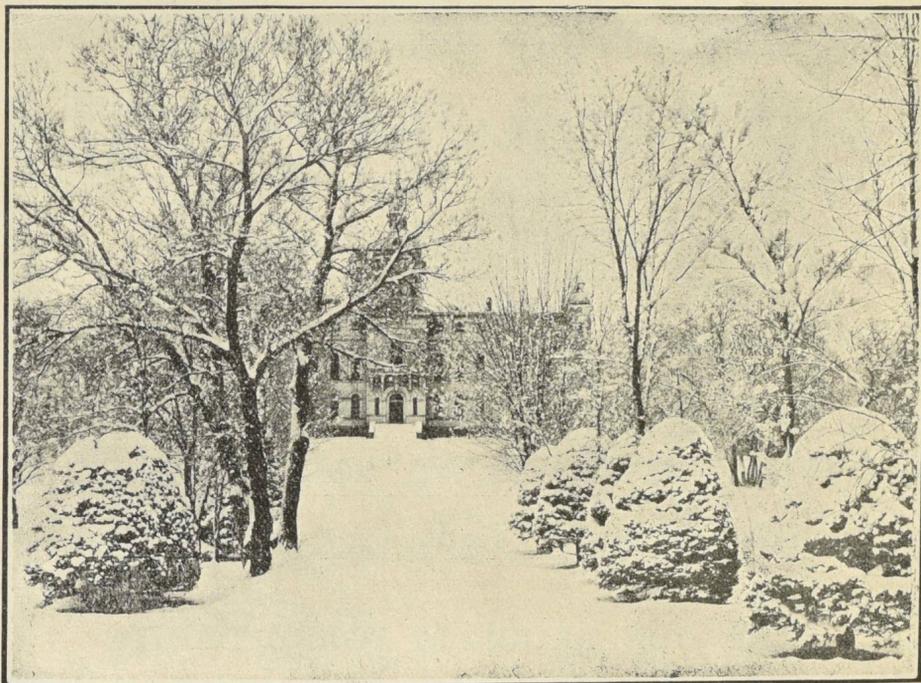
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COLLEGE IN JANUARY

The Acadia Athenaeum

VOL. XLI.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1915

NO. 4

An Etching.

A high cold moon; stars gleaming hard and bright;
Upon the desert looks the mountain height,
Giant cacti, silhouetted 'gainst the sky,
Stand silent guard to lonely passers-by,
And throw grotesque long shadows on the sand
Which lies in drifts not made by human hand.
An old canteen half-buried in the trail —
What tragic story might not this entail?
A coyote lifts his shaggy head on high
And sings his mournful death song to the sky,
He wails it on in weird sad tones until
His brothers answer it from the far hill,
The moon sees naught of waste which 'neath her lies,
With her it lives, with her alone, it dies.

MARGUERITE WOODWORTH, Sem., '16.

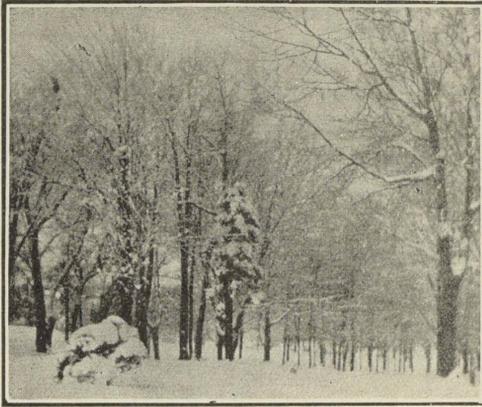


The Volunteer.

The snow was falling heavily when Jack Edwards, a Senior, in _____ College, slowly mounted the steps of the main building. He was due for two hours' "lab" work, and the gong had long since sounded the half hour when he took his place. The professor looked up in

amazement as he quietly began to gather together the materials for his experiment. "Late, Edwards," he said. "Yes, sir," was the curt answer.

"What's matter, Jack? where's your pain?" asked Reddie, standing next to him. "Aw, shut up," was the only answer he got, and shut up he did, from sheer sur-



THE COLLEGE GROUNDS IN JANUARY

prise. "By Jove, fellows—something wrong with Jack—sure I never saw him like this before. Why——"

"Wonder what it is, 'spose he's got into some——"

"There he goes now—looks as if he'd never smile again." These and many more were the comments made by the group of boys after

Edwards' extraordinary behavior in "lab." He was a general favorite



SEMINARY ANNEX

with class-mates and professors, a splendid student and the best natured fellow in College — hence the consternation at his unusual conduct.

As a matter of fact, Jack was, to put it mildly, worried. He was in about as hard a place as a fellow could be. He had fully made up his mind to enlist with the Third Contingent, but when he had broached the matter at home it had met with only discouragement. His mother and father were most emphatic in their disapproval, and his sister Betty, his chum, the one in whom he had placed the greatest trust, had failed him. She "could not bear to have him go," she had written. What had happened to Betty, he couldn't imagine. She had never been like this before; she was never like other boys' sisters; a fellow could always depend on her; why had she flunked now?

He had thought the whole matter over from every side. He was of age, he could go without consent from home. Then he thought of his father and mother. No, he could never do that. But getting their consent seemed impossible, and give up the idea he would not. They had said, "if you were really needed, but you are not." He could not see it, he felt he was needed and that it was his duty as a loyal subject of Great Britain to go and fight for his country in the face of every obstacle.

He was tired, and he was desperate. If he only had someone to turn to and consult. If only Betty would be reasonable. But no — she had failed him and he couldn't get over that. There must be some mistake, she never — but there was her letter. He put his hand up and felt the paper crackle under his coat. Yes, it was no mistake. Thus his tired brain ran on and on, over and over the same ground, and his tired legs moved mechanically — away from the public streets and toward the wood.

How far he wandered he never knew, but suddenly he was pelted with snow-balls. He stopped, surprised, he had made a complete circle and had come out almost where he started. He was in the middle of a trap that he himself had helped lay for unwary passers-by. As he looked up he was greeted by friendly voices, "Hi, Jack, that you, why don't you look where you're going."

"Walked into your own trap, old man," called Reddie, the same he had told to shut up earlier in the day.

"Oh, I say, Jack — a sporty looking girl has been hunting for you all the afternoon — came on the 2.15 I guess." This from Bob, his room-

mate. "What's that?" asked Jack, suddenly taking an interest, "what did she look like?"

"Tall, cock-eyed, and skinny," called the irrepressible Reddie.

"Shut up, Red," growled Bob. "Say, Jack, I guess it must have been Betty, answers your description pretty well."

"Aw, cut it out, Bob, I'm in no mood for fooling — you don't really think it was Betty, do you?" asked Jack eagerly.

"Yes I do, and what's more than that she's over at the hotel waiting for you to come back."

Jack turned on his heel and ran for the hotel. Betty saw him coming and flew to the door of her room to meet him. When he came in she caught him by his coat, and fairly pushed him into a chair.

"Jack Edwards, don't you say one word till I tell you all about that awful letter," she began. "When you wrote I was nearly crazy for the minute, and I wrote that letter and posted it before I had time to think what I was doing. When I began to realize what I had done and what you would think when you got it, I just took the next train and came. I think it is just splendid that you are going, and I am just too proud of you to speak — so there." She finished, and plumped herself down in the nearest chair.

Jack looked at her a moment bewildered, before he grasped the meaning of what she said, and then he jumped up out of his chair and took her by the shoulders. "Betty Edwards, do you mean that you aren't going to fail me after all, that you are going to be the trump you always were?"

"I mean," she said distinctly, "that you are going to do your duty, and I'm glad we won't be separated."

"Won't be separated?"

"No — because, you see, I'm going too."

The rain was falling in sheets, making a screen between the enemy and the long rows of trenches filled with khaki clad soldiers. They had been in action since six o'clock that morning with no rest, and the trenches were half-filled with rain water and the poor unfortunates who had been shot.

The Germans under cover of the rain had shifted their position, and "our men" had lost range of their lines, whereas the German shells fell thick and fast around the British trenches. Something had to be

done. The German position must be discovered, and under the circumstances there was but one way for it to be done. There was a single high tower about half way between the English and German trenches, and from it was the only chance of discovering the enemy's position. As it stood, it was impossible to reach it without running the gauntlet of the whole German line, which meant certain death if discovered, but valuable information if successful. No officer could command any of his men to undertake such a mission. At last in despair the officer asked for a volunteer, and almost immediately a tall dark-haired boy crept forward, with his head bent below the surface of the earth. "I'm ready, Sir," he said. "Well done, Edwards — but it's no child's job, I warn you." "I know, Sir, but I'm ready for your orders." The orders were short and emphatic, and Edwards saluted and started out on his perilous mission. The rain was holding up and he had to crawl along the ground from one hillock to another for shelter from the bullets over his head. Suddenly they stopped and halted. Now was the time for action. He knew the meaning of those pauses only too well; in a moment the volley would be renewed with redoubled vigor. So he pressed on as rapidly as possible, and without mishap gained the base of the tower.

The Germans, well knowing the value of the view from the tower, had trained their guns on it, in anticipation of some such act on the part of the English, but as yet the shells came seldom and were wide of the mark. Edwards climbed to the top and with the aid of glasses had gained a fairly good idea of the German position, and was about to climb down again, when a huge shell struck the tower fairly in the center and the part in which Edwards stood fell into pieces. He fell among the debris and lay for some time unconscious. The Germans, satisfied that they had destroyed the only means the English had of discovering their position, turned their fire on another portion of the field.

When at last Edwards came to, the rain had stopped, and it was growing dark. He tried to move but fell back with a groan. He was not sure whether he had broken any bones, but he was so sore and stiff that he could not move. He tried again with better success, and after several attempts he managed to crawl a few yards away from the heap of ruins. Here he again had to stop, but when he thought of the rough plans he had of the German position, which he held in his pocket, and of the value they were to his country, he started slowly on again.

It was slow and difficult work, but at last he crept back to the trench where his comrades lay, but here his strength gave out, and he once more lost consciousness. But his officer on bending over him found a soiled and mud-stained paper carefully tucked in his pocket. It was the required plan.

That night, under cover of darkness the British troops crept forward, and with the first grey light of dawn they fell on the enemy and completely routed them.

But to Jack Edwards lying bandaged and lame in the hospital, and the little white-gowned nurse, whom he called Betty, it gave the greatest joy to know that he had been the means of the most decisive battle during the "Great War."

H. S., Sem., '15.

A LATIN ROMANCE.

Boyibus kissibus sweetum girlorum,
 Girlibus likibus wantum summorum,
 Pater puellibus enter parlorum,
 Kickibus boyibus exhibus dorum,
 Nightibus darkibushorum limporum,
 Climibus fencibus, brechibus torum.

— Ex.

HITTING THE MARK.

There came a great poet, who sang a great lay,
 In the course of his lifetime, then passed on his way;
 And people had nothing whatever to say,
 Quite nothing, quite nothing, quite nothing.

But the next came a rhymmer, who wrote in his way
 A hundred and eighty-five poems a day;
 And straightway the multitude shouted "Hooray!
 Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

— John Brown Jewett, in Judge.

An Afternoon on Main Street.

"That was some dope the Professor handed out to us this morning, wasn't it?" "What do you suppose you'll get for it?" "Some Chem., eh?" These were the remarks I heard as I was taking my first walk up Main Street, and as I looked up to see who uttered them I saw a group of young men, who were wearing red and blue sweaters or brown ulsters, swaggering jauntily along discussing their morning examinations.

"Rah! rah! rah!— ray! ray! ray!
Hur-rah! hur-rah! A. C. A."

This was shouted by a younger crowd, but one possessing as much class enthusiasm as they could, if we judge from the sound as they rounded the corner on their way from Wolfville station.

At this time my attention was attracted by, "Oh, my dear! don't do th-at — you'll get on the limits sure." A pretty young girl was starting to enter a drug-store that had the best chocolates temptingly arranged in its windows,—hence the warning. On turning to my companion for an explanation I learned that the girls were "the Sems.," who had the privilege of shopping only once a week and that came on Saturday morning.

Just then came a bevy of older girls clad in bright colored sweaters and caps; skates were hanging carelessly over their shoulders, and from their "Oh! isn't he just the dandiest skater?" "Did you see Helen and Ed. doing that waltz?" "Wasn't it perfectly grand?" I knew at once they were not "Sems." but "Co-eds."

But what was the excitement at the next corner? A crowd was laughing merrily, and so we approached to find out the cause. It was only a group of college boys throwing snowballs at the windows of the ice-cream parlor where they knew the "Sems." were enjoying their ice-cream.

We left this and as I neared the Post Office I glanced at the clock. To my surprise I found it was five o'clock. I had promised to be in at that hour, so, thanking my friend for the amusing afternoon, I separated from her and went to my rooms at the Royal Hotel.

A. W., Sem.

A Picture at Eventide.

It was a day in early autumn, one of those bright clear days when it seems as though one can touch the distant horizon, and the sky is that deep cloudless blue that belongs alone to October. The garden, the flowers and trees were robed in their gaudiest dresses, and the creeper over the shady verandah had left off its dark green for flaming red and orange.

Here sat a quaint old-fashioned couple talking together in low tones. It was their golden-wedding day, and they had left the hurry and scurry in the house, where the children were taking charge of the preparations for the evening, and had come to spend the last hours of the dying day in peaceful quietude together.

The clock in the distant church was striking — one, two, three, four, five. Both raised their heads and listened, and a far-away look came into both pairs of eyes.

Before them rose a picture of an autumn day, fifty years ago, when, like to-day, all nature had waved her gay banners in their honor, and the clear blue sky had smiled upon them. He saw a young girl, beautiful in her simple gown of white, and a soft lace veil, and the picture in her eyes was that of a boy, scarcely out of his teens,— tall, straight and handsome.

He turned his head and gazed at the little woman beside him. The golden hair had turned white to be sure, and the rosy cheek had become wrinkled. A soft black gown took the place of the white one, and the little hands were roughened with toil, but the beauty was still there, in his eyes at least, and the soft grey eyes still sparkled, for all the fifty years.

As her eyes rested on him she still saw the strong true man she had seen fifty years before, although the straight back was bent and the crisp brown curls were soft and white. Thus they sat, living over the many happy years they had spent together, as the sun sank behind the western hills.

H. S., Sem., '15.

Tobogganing.

A battered toboggan once said
As it ruefully nursed its sore head,
"That Sem's steering is punk,
It's worse than I thunk,
It's a wonder I'm not nearly dead!"

Said the "Sem" as she gazed at the tree,
"You got in my way, don't you see?
You bust the Toboggan,
And I'm in that doggone
Old hospital permanently!"

Said the "Sem," "My room's lack of heat
In all this wide world can't be beat;
If I sit on a chair
I'm bound to freeze there,
So I stand all the time on my feet!"

M. W., Sem., '16.



Class of '14.

Hazel Alward is teaching at Moncton.

Dora Baker is attending the Normal School at Truro.

Lois Cross is attending MacDonald College at St. Anne de Belle View.

Winifred Clarke is taking a post-graduate course at the Seminary.

Helen DeWolfe is teaching in the Junior Department of the Seminary.

Marjorie Eaton is teaching at North River, Col. Co., N. S.

Saidee Graham is teaching outside Saskatoon, Sask.

Estelle Eaton is spending this year at her home in Canard.

Marion Giffin is enjoying the privileges of a Co-ed this year.

Marjorie Harrington also joined the ranks of the Co-eds.

Olive Hartt, now Mrs. Allen McIntyre, is residing in St. John.

Marjorie Haley is now visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Elliott, of Wolfville.

Helena Laws is at her home in Amherst.

Nora Lewis is at home.

Edna Marshall is at home.

Margaret and Kitty Manning are at home in Chester, N. S.

Florence Morse is teaching and studying in Montreal.

Charlotte McGregor is continuing her studies at the University of California.

Laura Robinson is teaching in Manitoba.

Kathleen and Laura Steeves are at home in Hillsboro, N. B.

Evelyn Spidell is at home in Kentville.

Dora Warne is at her home in Digby.

Seminary Notes

In this number of the ATHENÆUM whose pages are so largely given to Acadia Seminary, a brief outline of the work of the year thus far advanced will not be inappropriate. We begin with

Attendance.

At the beginning of August many fears were expressed that the war would, if long continued, affect the attendance at the Seminary. In fact within two or three weeks of the opening of the school several cancellations of room reservations were received by Principal DeWolfe. These fears were, however, not well founded. The registration for the Fall Term of 1915, with that of the preceding year, may be thus compared:

	1913	1914
Resident Pupils.....	112	108
Non-resident Pupils.....	112	115
Public School Pupils (in attendance in Household Science Classes).....	44	39
Total.....	268	262

Thus aside from the Public School Pupils there was a slight decrease. This decrease has been changed into an increase, by the registration of **twelve** new pupils coming into residence, and of more than forty non-resident pupils, who took no work last term. Thus the total registration will probably exceed that of last year. Acadia Seminary is not a luxury, but a necessity.

A New Departure.

For some years the necessity for a Junior School to receive pupils of the ages from eight to fourteen has been seriously felt. This year with the completion of the new Residence for College Women, the residence formally occupied by the College Women became available for the purposes of a Junior School. Two teachers were secured, and the school was organized, and a good beginning has been made. The pupils in the Junior School have nothing in common with

the life of the Senior School, except at meal time. The course of study approximates very closely that of the Public Schools of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, up to grade nine. The classes of the Seminary in Music, Art, Household Science and Modern Languages are open to the Junior pupils. Study hours and play hours are supervised and gratifying results are being achieved.

Added Equipment.

The Household Science Department grows apace. The reduction in the number of pupils from the public schools is due to the fact that the advanced High School Pupils cannot be received on account of the increased complexity of the schedule. To facilitate the work of the Department a new room has been added to the Household Science kitchen and dining room. This room, about fourteen by fourteen feet, will be used for the sewing and dress making department. If more growth result, what shall be done?

Improvements have also been introduced into the typewriting room. Other minor but necessary changes call for no comment.

During the Christmas vacation, all of the doors of exit from the Seminary were changed, so as to swing outward. Two specially constructed fire escapes have been added to the east and west wings. Fire extinguishers have been distributed in all the corridors. These precautions added to the presence of a standpipe and hose in each corridor and to the fact that there are no fewer than **eight** exits from the building, reduce danger from fire and panic to a very low minimum. This is as it should be and will be appreciated by the patrons of the school.

Conservatory of Music.

The teachers of the Conservatory Staff now number *nine*. They are distributed thus:

Mr. C. C. McKee, Director of the Conservatory, Piano, Organ and Ear Training.

Mr. David Maneely, Piano, Organ and Theoretical Branches of Music.

Miss Ethola Frost, Piano.

Miss H. Margaret Norcross, Piano.

Miss Katrina MacKenzie, Piano.

Mrs. Cora P. Richmond, Voice and Glee Club.
Miss Eleanor P. Sands, Voice.
Miss Beatrice Langley, Violin, Orchestra.
Miss Florence Brown, Accompanist.

We regret to have to chronicle in this connection the retirement of Miss Theresa Frantz and Miss Gilbert, both of whom were compelled to relinquish work, on account of protracted ill health. The good wishes of their pupils and fellow teachers go with them. The work carried by those two in pianoforte and voice, together with the increase incidental to the new pupils, is now shared by Miss Norcross, Miss Sands and Miss MacKenzie. These teachers, who have been most cordially welcomed by the school, have already won a large place for themselves by the thoroughness of their work evincing their careful training, their teaching tact and ability.

A new Kranich and Bach Grand Pianoforte has been purchased and placed in Alumnae Hall. It is a fine instrument and has won universal commendation both on account of its artistic appearance and beautiful tone. Three Grand Pianos are now available for the pupils in the Conservatory.

The number of pupils in the Conservatory thus far registered this term is about 170, with some on the waiting list. The total registration for the year will approximate 200, not including the members of the Orchestra.

A Music Festival.

The Acadia Glee Club, sixty-five members, boys and girls, is at work preparing for the presentation of Cowan's beautiful cantata, "The Rose Maiden." This will be ready late in March. Two soloists have already been engaged, Mr. Edward Rasely, Tenor, whose work was so altogether delightful last year, and Mrs. Maud Allen, Soprano, whose recital last fall was so enthusiastically received. The selection of a Baritone will be made in the near future. It is hoped that arrangements will be concluded by which the Acadia Orchestra will be associated with the Chorus. In this case two evenings and one afternoon will be given up to musical work, which will surely be worth while.

Gifts.

It is our privilege to acknowledge the gift of a fine artistically framed sepia portrait of Mrs. Bidwell, formerly Miss Townsend, the

second Lady-Principal of the old Grand Pré Seminary, located where the Royal Hotel now stands. This portrait, the gift of her former pupils, has been placed in the Main Corridor. We acknowledge also the gift of some valuable books from the library of Mrs. Donald Grant. Mrs. Grant's interest in this direction as in everything that has to do with the intellectual and spiritual uplift of the school is much appreciated. We are also glad to acknowledge the receipt of some interesting photo postal cards from Dr. M. C. Smith of Lynn, Mass. Dr. Smith's interest in the Art Department is of long standing and may it long continue.

General.

The work of all departments of the school is finely sustained. Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Noticeable is the enlarged interest in the Departments of Oratory and Art. Here the work of Miss Gaines in the former and Miss Bailey in the latter department is meeting with appreciation, which spells success and demands enlargement, both in teaching staff and equipment.

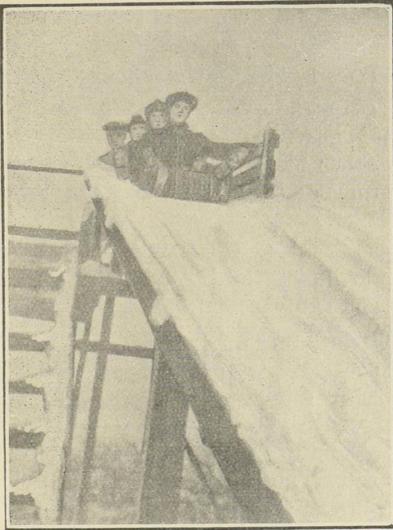
Why not have a Literary "A" in the Seminary?

DR. H. T. DEWOLFE,
Principal.



The Vision.

Jimmy Green, Jr., was a toboggan enthusiast: morning, noon and night he could be found upon the slide; this passion was his weak point. When the weather would not permit he would stand and gaze lovingly



THE START

at the long slide stretching from the Ridge out over the marsh, for the slide of 1940 was a magnificent one, the gift of W. P. Calhoun, who left twenty thousand dollars to build a toboggan slide in memory of the girl he met while tobogganing in 1915. Many changes had taken place at Acadia during this period. Under the efficient management of President C. W. Robbins, D. D., many new buildings had been erected, among which was the Chase Dancing Hall. F. L. Swim, principal of the Seminary, had objected strenuously to its erection, but was defeated by the vote of Burton DeWolfe, principal of

the Academy, who came in just in time to defeat the motion. The slide contained six sections and was a mile and a half in length with an automatic raiser at the foot and an elevator to take up the coasters.

It is Mid-years, and Jimmy has an exam. in Ethics on the morrow, he must stay in and study. With his notes before him and his eyes glued to the page, he sees — the toboggan slide, and hears the shouts of his friends. Four times he has read the same page without knowing what he has read, his head falls forward on his arms and he groans aloud in anguish. He must study. Suddenly he leaps to his feet, the notes are pushed aside, and, snatching his hat from the floor and his sweater

from under the bed, he rushes out of the new Junior building and across the campus toward the slide. Then he hears a female voice calling — "Hurry Jimmy, and steer us down," but at this instant he feels an iron grip on his arm and turning angrily he sees — no one, but still he feels the restraining hand. His anger turns to amazement, and then to fear when he hears a voice say — "I am the devil." "What do you want with me?" he cries. "I have a vision to reveal to you," said the voice, "Come!" Then Jimmy feels a queer sensation over all his body and finds he is being led through the air which feels solid under his feet. "You are now transparent," said the devil, and Jimmy attempting to wipe the perspiration from his forehead finds that it is indeed true, for his hand passes through his head as though it were air, and he no longer feels the grip upon his arm, but a mysterious magnetic force draws him onward. Suddenly he feels a hot blast and the smell of brimstone and he begins to discern objects. Turning to his right he sees the devil for the first time and in amazement he cries out — "Why you look like the picture of my room-mate's father!" "I am indeed Laurie Harlow," said the devil. "In 1923 the old devil died and I was chosen to succeed him, and now, my boy, I am to reveal to you sights that no human eye has ever beheld. Take heed and profit thereby." Emerging into a large field, Jimmy sees sights that pen cannot describe, nor imagination picture — men and women laboring at impossible tasks, with agony, hopelessness and despair written upon their faces. "This," said the devil, "is the field of Mathematics," and truly it was. One man was trying to make two parallel lines meet. The devil informed him that he had been extending those lines for fifteen years. Another was endeavoring to show that $8^\circ = 1$, while still a third was busy with a chart, making out a new table of logarithms that would be simple for Freshmen. This he was informed would take longer than any of the rest. "Here," said the devil, "is the grandfather of your friend, Stanley Millett (he was named after his uncle); his task is to compose a sermon according to the rules of solid geometry."

From this field he was lead through a dark valley into a huge cavern from which came the most fearful of noises. "Where are we going now?" inquired Jimmy. "Into the cavern of Languages," he replied. "Here you will find the parents and grandparents of many of your college men." It was truly so, Jimmy recognized them from their pictures as he had seen them upon the walls of old "Butt Inn," "Willett Hall," "Frat House," "Tully Tavern," Seminary, "The Crow's Nest,"

"the Retreat," and many other of the new residences. Among these was the father of John Rouse, condemned forever to recite aloud the Greek alphabet backwards. Slocum, whose three sons and two daughters had just entered the Freshmen class, was trying to teach a group of Cads the perfect French accent, "This is your uncle, 'Storky Bishop,'" said the devil, pointing to a dwarf; he is studying English literature now at the height of four feet instead of seven, and that man with the black band over his eyes is Leslie. The latter went blind trying to see without looking, he is translating Greek into Latin, then into French,



TOBOGGANERS

English and Italian, without the aid of a crib. Just at this moment an imp rushed up, whom Jimmy recognized as the father of Moody Paris, and informed them that A.W. Rogers had gone crazy again. "Cure him, then!" said the devil. Then he told Green that this man while at college had tried to grow a moustache, but because a girl laughed at him he had shaved it off; for this he was condemned never to grow one, and now he is surrounded by a crowd of girls, who make fun of him because of his failure. His mind had given away several times under the strain.

One more class they visited and this was Psychology. Here the only man Jimmy recognized was John MacKay, who was vainly trying to hypnotize his mother-in-law. "Now," said the devil, "Prepare yourself for a great shock," whereupon he took Jimmy to the top of a hill, and, giving him a telescope, told him to look at a man standing alone in the middle of a dry river-bed. He looked, but suddenly dropped the glass, crying out—"My father! my father!" "Yes!" was the reply, "that is your father." "But," said Jimmy, "what is that big thing he is holding in his arms." "That," said the devil, "is a heavy look.

The next visit was to the Ice Regions. Here Jimmy had revealed to him those who neglected their work to attend rink. The largest number were women, but a few men with skates on were confined to one section, while around them circled beautiful girls urging them to come and skate, but they were prevented by chains. In this crowd were the fathers of Willie Peck, George Chute and Sam Elliott. In another part were women prevented from taking part in this delightful exercise by tight hobble-skirts made of fine steel. In the distance he saw men trying to play hockey with iron rods and a cotton puck. These men he was informed were the first and second hockey teams of the year 1915. The devil led him on to a warmer region. Here he saw men with broken noses and legs out of joint trying to play football. These men were bound by new rules which counted points by the seriousness of injuries inflicted on their opponents, they could not stop playing but were forced night and day to keep up the conflict. Next he was taken into a large building where he saw men working at desks. The heat was suffocating and they all seemed in the greatest agony. The devil informed him that this was the editorial and managing staff and contributors to the ACADIA ATHENÆUM for the year 1915,—each one was working at an endless task. "Now," said the devil, "I will show you the hottest room in the house," and he led him to a room across the door of which was marked—"Jokes." "This," he said, "deserves the greatest punishment, for never in that whole year did this column produce a joke, and the editor is condemned to perpetual gloom and pessimism." "I have one more revelation," said the devil, "come to the toboggan slide," and he led Green to a slide, the exact counterpart of the Acadia slide. Here he saw the father of Arthur Saunders, striving to haul a toboggan up a hill; at the top was a crowd of girls urging him to hurry but he could make no progress. The devil informed him that Saunders who had been an enthusiast while at college, was sentenced to haul a toboggan forever.

Another man was Stephen Phinney's grandfather, who was upset out of a toboggan and stood directly upon his head. This position he had kept for five years, vainly trying to right himself. Two other men were trying to pull a girl from under a toboggan, from opposite sides; these men were uncles of his college chums, Delplaine and Roscoe. Three more men whom he was informed were Boyer, Day and "Skook" were engulfed in a snowbank, and although nearly frozen were unable to extricate themselves. Then he saw three men whom he recognized as the fathers of Carter, Moore and MacNeill, hanging on the ledge of a precipice, over which their toboggan had fallen. When he approached, they cried out as one man, "Warn our children never to toboggan."

"Now," said the devil, "will you ever want to toboggan again?" "Never," replied Jimmy, "I have learned my lesson and I will profit by the things I have seen this day." "Then," replied the devil, "I will put you in a deep sleep and when you awake you will be in your own room." Suddenly Jimmy regained consciousness. His Ethics notes were before him. Springing to his feet he looked around. His hat was still on the floor and his sweater under the bed. "Was it a dream or a vision?" His friend said it was a dream, but Jimmy declares it was a vision and he has never coasted on a toboggan since.

STERLING W. STACKHOUSE, '16.

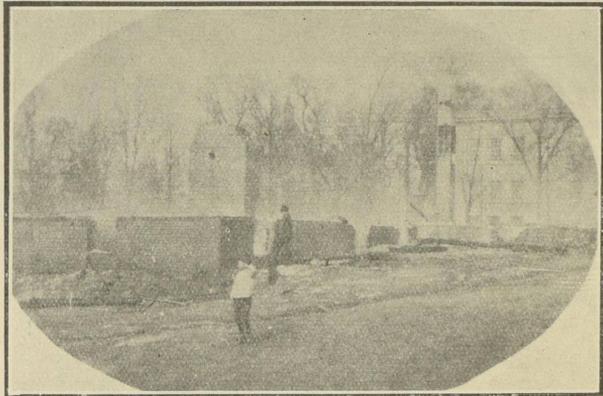


Chipman Hall.

(With apologies to Ingersoll's "Napoleon.")

A little while ago I stood by the grave of old "Chip Hall," a pitiful ruin of bricks and mortar, unfit evermore for human habitation, and gazed upon the sargophagus of charred and blackened cinders where rest at last the ashes of that restless place. I leaned over a broken wall and thought about the career of that ancient residence of Acadia's students.

I saw it rising majestically from its foundations, contemplating the



"CHIP HALL" IN RUINS.

future. I saw it receive its first inmates within its sheltering walls. I saw it when its inhabitants took turn at the pump in the morning and at the tap years later. I saw it at noon as the hungry hordes fell like ravening wolves upon the hash. I saw it at eventide as the smoke spirals floated to the stars from the fires within, and while the students *faithfully* applied themselves to their books in preparation for the classes of the morrow. I saw it at midnight, when wild Sophomore orgies shook its uttermost depths with their clamor, while the weird wails of weeping Freshmen rent the air. I saw it in summer — vacant, deserted,

silent as death herself. I saw it in autumn, when the shouting students returned for their year's labor to combine study and sport that they might secure that which few achieve, *mens sanus in corpore sano*. I saw it a few months after when winter's freezing blasts and roaring blizzards chilled to the very marrow its shivering inmates. I saw it in springtime amid the gorgeous pink-and-white of the apple blossoms, bidding *au revoir* to some and adieu to others who were leaving its peaceful portals for the more strenuous life of the great world outside. I saw it at one closing in danger imminent to its existence as tongues of flames sought to destroy it—scorched to its very vitals—bereft of its splendor. I saw it escape, to emerge anew, as it were, like the phoenix, from its ashes. I saw it in the spring of 1914, in the dreadful grasp of the Fire Fiend, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the future of their former dwelling-place. And I saw it when the flames had completed their work, a lone fire-scarred chimney gazing, methinks, wistfully from its ruins over a sad and solemn sea towards Blomidon.

I thought of the generations of students which it had sheltered, of the rushes that had been held for its glory, and of those who had so dearly loved it, thrust from its heart by the hot hand of the Fire Fiend. And I said, "I would rather it had been Carnegie Science Hall. I would rather it had been that costly edifice, with its name writ large over the door posts and flaunting its superior beauty before the older buildings about it. I would rather it had been that home of science, not so dear to the hearts of Acadia students, which had vanished in smoke as the day dies out of the sky. I would rather it had been that structure, which had gone down into the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than that homely home of Acadia's traditions, known as "Old Chip Hall."

A. W. ROGERS, '15.



The Problem of Hamlet.

Hamlet is a character of such perennial interest, that a discussion of his nature and characteristics is always welcome.

He displayed much resolution at critical moments. He could read accurately the hearts of those by whom he was surrounded and guard himself adroitly from their tricks and snares. He had, moreover, a poetic and philosophic mind, so that taking all these qualities of thought and heart into consideration, we wonder at the pusillanimity and vacillation he displayed at the great crisis of his life.

Although Hamlet was of a phlegmatic temperament as seen in his introspective soliloquies and moralizing moods, yet he had a quick and fiery temper. When he was administering to his mother a richly deserved curtain-lecture, an eavesdropper interfered. Hamlet, thinking it to be the king, promptly killed the meddler. At the grave of Ophelia, not to be outdone in grief by her brother Laertes, he, her lover, leaps with him into the grave, and there bravely repels the brother's attack. He showed courage at a later date in offering, in spite of foreboding of disaster, to fight with Laertes the duel planned by the King. What, then, was the secret of his indecision?

It may be instructive at this point to call to mind characters in biography and history, who, while having, like Hamlet, great talents and abilities, did not also like him take that high position in the world to which they seemed to be entitled.

Take the poet Coleridge. That such a brilliant literary critic, poet and philosopher, should have accomplished so little is a marvel. About all that we have from his pen of real permanent value are some critical and philosophic essays, and a couple of short poems, *Christabel* and *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, pieces of wonderful beauty, it is true. The failure of Coleridge seems to have been due to a moral weakness, his fondness for opium.

Or, let us cite Edmund Burke. That such a parliamentary orator, perhaps only equalled by Demosthenes and Cicero, should continue in public life so long without holding a position in the Cabinet of the British Government, is very strange. He failed to apply practically to his own time his philosophical ideas. Nevertheless, his writings are assured of a durable place in literature.

Or, coming to our own time and country, take Edward Blake. One of the best and most erudite lawyers in the British Empire, a man of unquestioned integrity, and in political life the greater part of his career, he yet was only in office for about four years, part of that time being minister without portfolio. This was during the Mackenzie Administration and in the early part of his career. Perhaps his failure was due to want of tact in dealing with men; perhaps, too, he had in some degree the fault of Burke in not adapting his ideas to the age in which he lived.

To return to Hamlet. He seems to have had a fatal habit of morbid introspection, that was kept up to such an extent, that it paralyzed his will and rendered him incapable of action in critical moments. He was so fond of watching the creatures of his fancy and described them in such eloquent language, that when the time for action came, he had expended all his energy and was helpless. Thus we are told that writers sometimes visit the British Museum, wishing to obtain materials for historical or other works. They become fascinated with the interest of the old tomes they ransack, and keep putting off from day to day, from month to month, even from year to year, the actual writing of their books. Finally they settle down to hopeless diletantism. We see the same thing all around us in the confirmed novel reader, the pronounced frequenter of moving-picture shows or theatres, or in the students who have imbibed a craze for sports and who finally become the victim of a weak heart and a yet weaker intellect.

Hamlet, on account of his indecision, was obliged to maintain a defensive warfare. It is a well-known axiom in war that offensive operations are the best defense. He showed, it is true, wonderful skill in extricating himself from his difficulties. When Rosenkranz and Guildenstern take Hamlet to England and carry his death-warrant with them, he manages to free himself from their grasp, and they are killed, "hoist with their own petard." He kills Laertes in the duel, and when he finds the king had given Laertes a poisoned dagger, he kills the king. But it is too late, as he himself has received a fatal wound. He should have done this, when he knew that the king was guilty of the murder of his father.

"Wings for the angels, feet for the men,
We may borrow the wings to show us the way,
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray
But our feet must rise or we fall again."

Whenever aspiration and resolve are not carried into action, we have cases of arrested development. More than that the very resolves may hinder the development they were designed to promote. Eucken was not long since hailed as a new and signal exponent of ethics and Christianity. But when through national prejudice a great temptation came, he failed to put his noble theories into practice and thus lost very much of his honor as a world leader.

We have made this slight attempt to analyze the character of Hamlet, but we have tried not to be dogmatic and we would hesitate to write him down even as a brilliant failure. We may take to heart Hamlet's words to Guildenstern: "You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery."

M. RICHEY TUTTLE, '78.



A Tale of Mexico.

The sun was just setting beyond the distant hills, as a man halted at the edge of the deep forest. The man known as Jose Garcia was tall and swarthy; a little above the average class of natives, as could be seen by his silver-initialled sombrero, and the embroidered leathern coat and trousers.

Directly in front of him was a clearing, in which stood the little cave chapel, and not far away lay the Mexican village of Tlaxtapan. As Jose stood there, two men entered the little building; one, the reverend Padre, the other a stranger; and at sight of the latter Jose's face darkened with bitterness, and with reason, as the sequel will show.

For many years the Padre had acted faithfully as a spiritual guide to this secluded tribe of Mexican natives; and, as the custom often was, he had married among them (for some of the priests in the secluded districts do marry, in spite of the church regulations). In a few years his wife had died, leaving to his care a daughter, slim and graceful, and the image of her mother. As Teresa grew up, she aided her father in his work, administered medicinal herbs to the sick, and otherwise helped those in need.

Always had Jose loved her; even from the first time they went to mass together, in the little cave chapel, and heard the people devoutly sing:

“O, ojos de gato
O, pies de marfil.”

His love was apparently reciprocated, and this belief had encouraged him in the discharge of his duties, as acting-chief of the village. His father, stricken with paralysis, was helpless as a child, and thus laid a double responsibility on his son's shoulders. Both men were proud of their ancestry, for were they not descendants of Guatemozin, the nephew of the great emperor, Montezuma?

But now all was changed; for, a few weeks previously, an Englishman calling himself Henry Fitzroy, a naturalist, had come to the Padre, bearing a letter from the Bishop, asking that kindness be shown to the stranger. This had been faithfully carried out; but under the pretence of obtaining guidance for future trips on his motor-cycle, he and the

fair daughter of the Padre took long journeys among the hills. She had become fascinated with the stories and manners of the Englishman, and thus brought greater anxiety to the mind of Jose.

Such was the state of affairs, as Jose watched the Padre and his guest enter the house of worship.

Angry at himself for giving way to emotions he hurled his machete at a wild turkey, and, with his usual skill, neatly severed its head from its body. Throwing the bird over his shoulders, he rapidly strode away to his own hut, assuming once more a carefree expression, before the keen eyes of his father.

Days passed, and as Jose's renewed offers of marriage to Teresa were ignored, he at last decided to go on a long visit to his cousin, who lived afar off in Jalapilla. Soon he was on his way, trying to forget his troubles by observing nature's works on every hand. After a long walk he arrived at a deep canyon, where once a legendary river flowed; now only a trickle could be seen at the bottom winding its way among the boulders. Even as he looked down the steep banks, he heard a strange, low humming sound. As the noise increased, Jose recognized it as that of the despised Englishman's motor-cycle; but even to his unaccustomed ear, it was apparent that something was wrong. This proved true for Fitzroy had in some way lost control of his machine, and was now tearing down the narrow path at break-neck speed, scarcely able to balance himself.

With exultation the Mexican stepped back, the thought uppermost that, perhaps it would be impossible for the Englishman to turn the curve which led dangerously near the edge of the canyon's bank. His surmise was likely to be fulfilled. But as the man on the cycle drew nearer, and the paleness of his face showed knowledge of his danger, something perhaps of the inherited Aztec bravery awoke in the Mexican's heart, and, quickly jumping forward, Jose checked the mad career of the machine.

The Englishman fell off, but safe and sound; Jose was thrown down — down over that terrible bank.

When he regained consciousness it was to find himself lying in a soft bed, swathed in bandages, and stranger than all, Teresa was bending over him. "How is your friend, the Ingles?" he whispered. "Hush," answered the girl, as she hid her burning face on his pillow, "he has gone, the coward;" then she softly told him how Fitzroy had rushed to the village, and, as he packed his belongings, told an incoherent story

of a man having stopped him as he was about to fall into the canyon; and, after telling it, had at once hurried away. Softer yet was the story of the rescue of Jose, and the long, anxious hours spent in watching his recovery.

Then, with his uninjured arm, Jose drew the sweet face down near his own and retold the old story — ever new — that has been told in every country and in all languages.

The broken cycle still lies in the boulder-strewn canyon. Still chant the people in the little cave chapel:

“O, ojos de gato,
O, pies de marfil,”*

but Jose no more has the troubled look that for so many weeks was seen on his countenance.

*The literal meaning of this is: “O eyes of a cat, O feet of marble;” and it is a true story that in the mountain district of ———, the people were too poor to buy an image, and they prayed that one be sent them; such was their faith that they erected a small pedestal for the image. One morning early a passerby noticed a large, native cat, called a clacuache, coiled up asleep on the pedestal. Thinking that the hoped-for image had arrived, and knowing that the priest was absent, he quickly aroused the villagers, many of whom gathered to worship. At the sound of the singing the animal made its escape, but nothing ever convinced those people that it was anything else than an answer to their prayers.

C. W. DEL PLAINE, Eng.



The Acadia Athenæum.

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WOLFFVILLE, N. S., February, 1915.

No. 4

W. S. RYDER, Editor-in-Chief

A. H. G. MITCHELL, '16, Month.

A. W. ROGERS, '15, Exchanges.

J. W. MEISNER, '15, Personal.

MISS L. CHASE, '16, Humorettes.

I. C. DOTY, '15, Athletics.

C. A. S. HOWE, '15, Staff Artist.

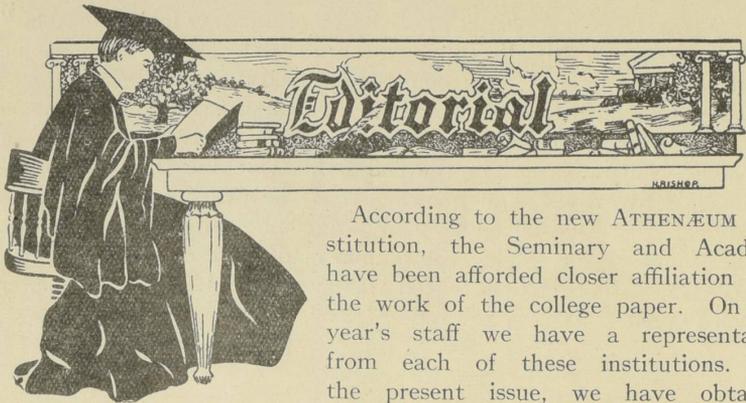
M. G. SAUNDERS, '16, Bus. Mgr.

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

MISS A. ATKINS, Seminary.

C. WHITE, Academy.

A. P. WATSON, '17, and L. F. TITUS, '18, Assistants.



According to the new ATHENÆUM constitution, the Seminary and Academy have been afforded closer affiliation with the work of the college paper. On this year's staff we have a representative from each of these institutions. For the present issue, we have obtained special contributions from the Seminary, and are publishing a "Seminary Number."

There has been a great deal of criticism with reference to two of our editorials of last month. Some of this criticism has been quite favorable; some, quite adverse. The choice of language and the concreteness of expression have caused all sorts of interpretations. As a consequence, the purpose and the issue of the editorials have been practically swallowed up in the maelstrom of our own publicity. Therefore, without at all retreating from the principles involved, in order that our position might be clarified, and, we trust, vindicated, we are making a restatement.

The selection of certain words, made during the rush and worry of work, was admittedly unfortunate. Especially, since the phrase, "baser sort," has conveyed an ambiguous connotation, we beg leave to withdraw it. After we have had a truer perspective, we believe that terms appearing in the second editorial were at least inexpedient. When these acknowledgments have been made, the objectionable, to many minds, has been eliminated. As for those who still think otherwise, we have only to ask that you make an unprejudiced canvass of all the facts.

On this page of the paper we are publishing a short statement made by the Student Council. We must say that while parts of it are most true other parts are altogether unwarranted and beside the point.

KAISERISM.

In the January number of the ACADIA ATHENÆUM there appeared an editorial entitled "Kaiserism," replying to a criticism of the ATHENÆUM which appeared in the Dalhousie Gazette of December. If criticism was merited, we recognize that the responsibility rests upon the student body of Acadia as a whole, rather than upon the editorial staff of the ATHENÆUM.

We can understand the position and the feelings of our Editor-in-Chief. That position entails a great deal of work and worry, a great deal of adverse and sometimes unkind criticism, very little appreciation, and far less co-operation. The responsibility for this condition rests upon us.

Nevertheless, we positively and emphatically repudiate the article "Kaiserism" as being in any sense a true expression of the sentiments of Acadia students, in regard to any criticism directed against the ACADIA ATHENÆUM by contemporary college magazines. In our opinion the article has absolutely nothing to commend it.

The attitude of college magazines toward each other should be one of mutual helpfulness rather than abuse, and because the article "Kaiserism" violates that ideal, the Student Council of Acadia University desire in this way to correct the false impression of Acadia sentiments which this article cannot fail to have created among the readers of the ATHENÆUM.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL.

J. G. MCKAY, *President.*

6. Characteristic Piano Playing

MR. H. COCHRANE

PART II.

7. Banjo Solos — (a) Spider Dance.....Shortis
 (b) March Review.....Shortis
 (c) Scotch Medley.....Shortis
 MR. P. C. SHORTIS

8. Reading — Transfiguration of Miss Philura

MISS MARY JENKINS

9. Soprano Solo — Ave Maria with Violin.....Mascheroni
 MISS HELEN KNOWLES

10. Characteristic Violin Playing —

- (a) Hungarian Egyptian.....Shortis
 (b) Swedish Boat Song Without Words.....Shortis
 (c) Spanish Serenade.....Shortis
 (d) Scotch Bagpipes.....Shortis
 (e) Country Fiddler at a Dance.....Shortis
 (f) Country Violin Solo.....Shortis
 (g) Mocking Bird.....Shortis

MR. P. C. SHORTIS

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Toboggan Slide.— Under the capable and energetic supervision of our Physical Instructor, Mr. L. W. Archibald, the toboggan slide, which has been so much enjoyed by many students during the past two years, has again been made ready for service this winter. This year it is situated somewhat east of where it was last year; the slide now comes down west of "Tully Tavern" and east of the Seminary. It was first opened on Friday, January 21st; on this and the following day, a large number of students enjoyed the excellent tobogganing. It is to be hoped that another fall of snow will soon put the slide into good condition again.

Officers' Training Corps.— As reported in last month's issue, twenty-four young men remained in Wolfville during the Christmas vacation and took the Officers' Training Course, under Sergeant-Major Long, of Gaspereaux. By giving much time to the course during the first few days of classes, these students had the required work with the exception of part of the lectures almost completed on January 9th.

After the return from the vacation, seventy more men, some of whom are from the Academy, enrolled for the course. These men are now drilling six hours a week. Drill periods have been arranged so that they will not conflict with the class work.

As partial compensation for the time spent in drilling, as well as an encouragement to take the course, the faculty will give three units for the work when completed.

Sergeant-Major Long, we are sorry to learn, is about to leave us. As he has volunteered for the front, he has been ordered to join his regiment in Amherst.

We have also just learned that all the volunteers from the Maritime Colleges who join the Mounted Rifles are to be formed into a troop under the command of Mr. Henry H. Pinneo. Mr. Pinneo, who is now a lieutenant, graduated from Acadia in 1912, and from Dalhousie Law School in 1914.

The Academy.—The second of January witnessed the opening of the Winter Term of the Academy. About ten new students have been added to our number.

The Strathcona Shield has been won by Albert Corey. This trophy is awarded on the four-fold basis of scholarship, athletic ability, popularity and character. It is awarded twice during the year, at the opening of the Winter Term to a member of the Senior Class, and at the closing of the same term to a member of the Middle Class. As this is the second time that Mr. Corey has won the shield, he is the warden of it during his entire Senior year.

The Y. M. C. A. of the Academy is fortunate in having Mr. A. D. Williams, '15, as President, and Mr. E. R. Mills, '16, as Vice-President. We are anticipating profitable work in this society during the term.

The Academy appreciated the recent visit of Rev. Mr. Huntley, a graduate of Acadia, to one of our chapel exercises.

The Bible Study Class which formerly met on Sunday mornings now meets each Sunday evening. On January 31st, instead of the usual lesson, a much appreciated address was delivered by Dr. H. T. DeWolfe.

Acadia Collegiate Academy Destroyed by Fire.—At 9:10 o'clock, Wednesday morning, February 3rd, an alarm was sounded that the Academy residence was on fire. This announcement soon stopped the machinery of all collegiate and academic activity, and assembled more than four hundred persons before the burning building. While a cold northeasterly wind blew across the campus and fanned the impetuous

flames, dozens of students and firemen worked strenuously in an endeavor to save the building, furniture and student belongings. It was soon discovered, however, that the fire was conqueror and man conquered, because the fire had quickly penetrated all parts of the structure. As a consequence, with the exception of a few trunks and miscellaneous articles from some of the students' rooms and the dining-room and kitchen, everything was consumed. In three quarters of an hour the main building fell crashingly to the ground, and at the end of an hour and ten minutes the attached dining-room and kitchen (formerly the Edward W. Young Manual Training Hall) also toppled over to unite with the debris.

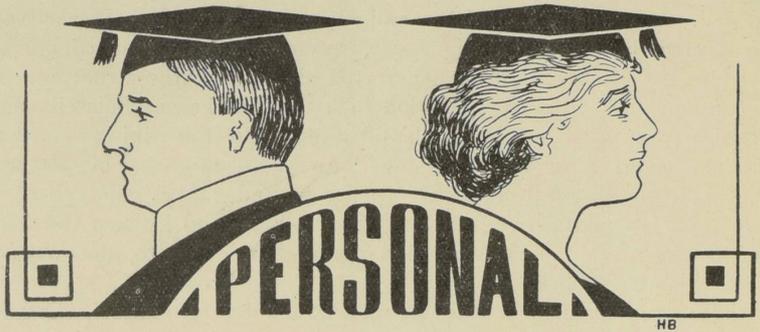
Much sympathy has been expressed for all the inmates, who were personally heavy losers. During this term there have been eighty-two students, monitors, and teachers living in the residence. These have been given accommodation; thirty have been provided for in Willett Hall, twenty in the College residence on Main St., and the remainder in different homes in the town. Although the students and teachers underwent such bitter experiences and lost practically all their books, Academy classes were resumed the following morning.

The Academy residence was built in 1887 by Rhodes, Curry & Co., Amherst, N. S. It measured 115 ft. by 45 ft., contained a basement and three stories, was equipped with hot water heating and electric lighting, and was capable of accommodating eighty-eight students.

The Edward W. Young Manual Training Hall (70 ft. by 36 ft.) was donated by Mr. Charles E. Young, of Falmouth, N. S., in 1892, as a memorial to his son who was a student at the Academy. Last year it was moved from its position fronting Main Street, attached to the north-west corner of the main Academy building and remodeled in such a way that the first floor was used as a kitchen and dining-room, and the second, as a matron's room and a hospital.

The buildings and contents were valued at \$30,000 or \$35,000. They were insured for about \$20,000.

The cause of the fire is still a mystery. No definite plans have yet been made for rebuilding.



'79 — Rev. C. K. Harrington of Tokio, Japan, has recently published a little Christmas booklet entitled, "For the Heart of a Friend." The literary ability which has distinguished Dr. Harrington is portrayed in this volume.— Bulletin.

'86 — Rev. W. B. Hutchinson has resigned the pastorate of the Hutchinson Kansas Church, and accepted a call to Fayetteville, Ark.

'91 — Rev. W. N. Hutchins has published through University of Chicago press a book on "Graded Social Service for the Sunday School." "Can the church establish a training school for the practice of religion? It is certain that religion is not to be learned by an intellectual process. Religion is life. The church now says to her children, 'Go forth and do what you have been taught.' She has not been able to set tasks and supervise the forms of religious activity. Pastors, directors of religious education, and others have been conducting experiments. Graded instruction, now an assured fact, points the way to the next step in the Sunday School graded social service. In this new field Mr. Hutchins' book is a pioneer."

'92 — Rev. W. T. Stackhouse recently spent a week at his home in Wolfville. Dr. Stackhouse is regaining his health which has been impaired through his untiring efforts as Field Secretary for the Laymen's Movement, both in Canada and the United States.

'94 — Rev. M. B. Whitman, of Sable River, has accepted a call to the church at Caledonia, N. S.

'94 — Rev. R. E. Gullison expected to return from India this winter on furlough, but because of the pressing need was unable to do so. He expects to get release in the spring.

'96 — Rev. George B. Cutten recently spent a Sunday at Princeton where he was the University preacher for the day. An article by him on "Moral Influence of the Curriculum" was published in the December number of Religious Education.

'97 — Harry C. Todd, M. A., M. D., Eye, Ear and Throat Specialist, of Oklahoma City, and the Associate Professor of Clinical Atology in the State University College of Medicine, has recently been elected a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons. Dr. Todd is a native of Woodstock, N. B.

'97 — Dr. W. Reg. Morse has been appointed to the Medical Faculty in the Union University of Chengtu, West China.— Bulletin.

Ex. '98 — Norman McLeod has enlisted as lieutenant in the Artillery.

Ex. '98 — Born at Halifax on December 11th to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew R. Cobb, a daughter.

'00 — Rev. J. Austin Huntley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been called to the pastorate of the Wolfville Baptist Church. Mr. Huntley recently spent a Sunday with this church and was very favorably received.

'00 — Rev. Horace G. Colpitts, who has recently received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, from Chicago University, has been appointed principal of Cedar Valley Seminary, Osage, Ohio.

'01 — Rev. R. J. Colpitts has been appointed Associate Editor of the Maritime Baptist, and will take up the work whenever the Second Canadian Expeditionary Force is ordered to sail.

'01 — Rev. A. S. Lewis, of Windsor, preached in the Wolfville Baptist Church January 10th. In the evening he gave an address on "The Problems and Opportunities of the Canadian West." Mr. Lewis is a strong and forceful preacher and his addresses were much appreciated by all.

'06 — Rev. F. S. Porter, pastor of the Germain Street Baptist Church, St. John, has volunteered for foreign service as chaplain. Over twenty young men from his church have enlisted.

'07 — Dr. J. A. Estey, Rhodes Scholar, has recently published a book on "Revolutionary Syndicalism," which has met a very favorable reception at the hands of the reviewers. Dr. Estey's book, which is described by the writer as "An Exposition and a Criticism," is a historical and critical study of the Syndicalist Movement, which is described by Mr. Lowell Price, M. A., leader in Economic History, at Oxford

University, who wrote the introduction, "as more complete and authoritative, more acute, sympathetic and judicial than any which has hitherto been supplied in this country." In the review of Dr. Estey's book in the *Economic Journal*, there is this appreciation: "This book at once expository and critical, and the first comprehensive review of Revolutionary Syndicalism in the English language, fills up a gap in our social science library that has long wanted completion. Dr. Estey has carried out his task well. The Syndicalist position is clearly explained, the argument is lucid, and the criticism though almost entirely destructive, is nevertheless quite free from social and moral bias."

'07 — Rev. Frank H. Eaton, of Freeport, N. S., has been called to the pastorate of the Bridgewater Baptist Church. He will probably accept.

'08 — At Regina, on December 10th, Helen C. Kierstead and Charles G. Boynton, of Coulee, were married.

Ex. '08 — J. W. Margeson, M. P. P. for Lunenburg, and a lieutenant in the 75th Regiment, has been appointed paymaster in the 25th Regiment over-seas forces, and will go to the front with the Nova Scotia men.

'09 — Rev. Fred. F. Foshay has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Aylesford, N. S., Baptist Church.

Ex. '10 — At Gaspereau, on December 22nd, Charles R. Chipman, LL. B., of Bridgetown, and Laura Coldwell, of Gaspereau, were married. Mr. Chipman has been the esteemed football coach at Acadia for some years.

'11 — Born at Chester, on November 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Foster, a daughter.— Bulletin.

'12 — Rev. Wallace R. Walker has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Moser River and accepted a call to Florence, C. B.

'13 — At St. John, N. B., January 19th, Raymond R. Haley, of St. John, and Charlotte Dorothy Burditt, '14, of Middleton, N. S., were married. Mr. Haley has enlisted as a member of the Signal Corps of the Second Contingent of the over-seas forces.

'13 — A. K. Magner is studying at Princeton Theological Seminary.— Bulletin.

Ex. '14 — Harlan Davidson is spending the winter in the Okanagan Valley, B. C., for the benefit of his health.



It is a welcome relief after a fortnight of strenuous endeavour so to prepare ourselves that we could answer to the satisfaction of all concerned the questions set for our mid-year examinations, to con over the large number of Exchanges which have accumulated. Time and space forbid mention of them all, but we hesitate, for

"There's so much good in the worst of us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behooves any of us
To say anything about the rest of us."

Yet the paths of duty, though not leading us, like those of glory, to the grave, nevertheless guide us to criticism. We hesitate, however, for though we are all far too prone to make false judgments concerning others, we dimly realize that we have faults of our own. Other publications have praised, censured or ignored us, but here a thought strikes us, why not apply the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," to our Exchange column as well as elsewhere. Something must be done at any rate, so here goes.

"The Argosy" is well up to its usual standard this month. The Christmas number contains several interesting stories and articles, among which we especially mention, "Ships That Pass in the Night," a story dealing with the psychic.

There is also a list of Mount Allison men with the army, together with cuts of some of them and short write-ups of each. So throughout our fair Dominion the various Universities and Colleges are sending those of their students who have heard the call to enlist and have been able to answer it to do battle for the Motherland. May they all return safely when the war has ceased to take up active work in the development of our country, whose future existence they are helping to safeguard!

"The Dalhousie Gazette," as regards its literary standing has received much criticism from other college journals. We trust they will improve in this respect. Much dissatisfaction is expressed lately in its pages with the method of selecting the Rhodes Scholars. The Students' Council has taken the matter up with the Senate, so that in the future the Committee of Selection will confer with all the officers of the student societies *before* the choice is made, giving full publicity later to the values assigned to the student opinions. It seems time that some action along this line were taken by the student body of Acadia. In recent years the Faculty has made an arbitrary decision, without consulting student opinion in the matter, further than requiring a ratification of the appointment by the various societies, after the selection has been made and the successful candidate announced.

This method may, or may not, have proved successful in the past — we cannot make any dogmatic assertion as to that — but of a surety there has been much dissatisfaction expressed by the students against their being entirely ignored in the conferring of so great an honor upon one of their number. According to the terms of Cecil Rhodes' will the student opinion should be consulted, particularly in regard to the popularity, athletic ability and capability for leadership of the different candidates. This is but fair, as the students are surely in a better position to judge concerning these qualities than are the members of the Faculty who should of course have the sole dictum in deciding upon literary and scholastic attainments. "A stitch in time saves nine," so that we hope our Council will take some action, for in all fairness the Faculty should at least grant us the privilege given by Dalhousie's Senate of giving our views on the abilities of the candidates *before* the final decision is made.

"The Manitoban," among other items of interest, contains some valuable hints entitled, "On Banqueting." We repeat a few of them:

"Make noise while the soup lasts. If your soup is hot and you wish to inhale it, pick out a large spoon that will hold enough for two inhales. In this way you can keep up with those who gargle it (a much faster method).

Now, get right down to business and show your competitors that you are hard to beat. It is possible that you may have a light feeling in your head about this time. If you see three plates where there should only be one, don't get excited. Calmly dig into the middle one for that will be *it*.

When everthing has been cleaned up you may have a great desire to unbutton your vest. Don't do this, as it is not done in the best society.

It is considered a good idea by some to remember the waiter before you leave. A large copper coin coated with mercury answers this purpose well. Do not linger long after this."

This journal presents an excellent arrangement of literary matter, as stories, poems and articles are pleasingly distributed through its pages. We rather like the idea of the cartoons; they are most expressive, and add tone to any college paper.

"The University Monthly" prints an article "Concerning the Value and the Necessity of Military Training," which will prove valuable to many who express disbelief in the efficacy of an Officers' Training Corps. Beyond this there is an appalling lack of literary material. We suppose that in common with other colleges one per cent of the students contribute, while the remainder stand back and criticise, unfairly, of course, but surely the contents of a literary department should not be confined to a single poem and article.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: "The Argosy," "The Manitoban," "The Sheaf," "St. Dunstan's Red and White," "The Xaverian," "King's College Record," "The Langarian," "The M. A. C. Gazette," "The McMaster University Monthly," "The Olympian," "The Rocket," "Normal College Gazette," "The Collegian," "Dalhousie Gazette," "Queen's Journal," "McGill Daily" and "The University Monthly."

WINNERS FOR FEBRUARY.

POEMS:—S. W. Stackhouse, '16; Esther Gould, '18.

STORIES:—C. W. del Plaine, Eng.; J. S. Millett, '16.

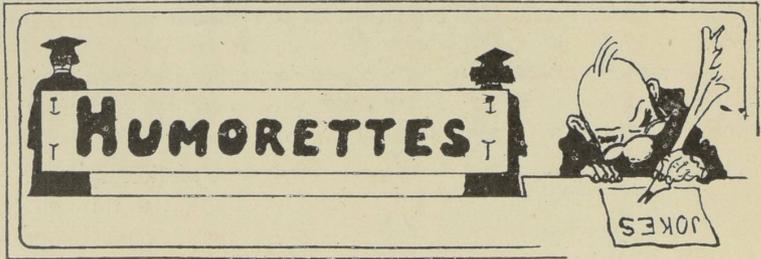
ARTICLES:—S. W. Stackhouse, '16; A. H. G. Mitchell, '16.

MONTH:—E. C. Leslie, '17; no second.

EXCHANGES:—J. S. Millett, '16; no second.

JOKES:—Jessie Bowlby, '18; no second.

THIRD WINNER OF LITERARY "A":—S. W. Stackhouse, '16.



Manzer, '16 (just before Senior Sem. Skating Party): "Say, Norm, what's your idea in shaving off your moustache?"

MacIntosh (Eng.): "I'm clearing the decks for action, old man."

J. S. Millett, '16 (in Sociology): "That would be the welding of the chain of efficiency from the links of possibility."

Prof.: "That's beyond me."

Swim, '15: "I want to get a pair of squeaky slippers."

Stackhouse, '16: "Why?"

Swim: "To present to my father-in-law."

Esther Clark, '16 (touching her right cheek with a finger): "It was so cold in Fredericton on Christmas day that I got touched right there."

Calhoun, '16 (to Piper, on morning after Sem. Skating Party): "Pipe, how is your heart?"

Piper, '15: "My heart is in a very bad condition. I am passing through a queer psychological state."

Miss Morse, '18: "I think I'll call up the Academy and see if there is class meeting."

Miss Daniels, '18: "Never mind, I'll call up the Academy if anything is needed."

Some people say exams. don't make them nervous; but the girl who took over to the Hall what she thought was a bottle of ink only to find when she opened it that it was cold cream must have been a little excited.

Miss Smith, '15 (at rink): "I'll take you in so you can get a girl."

Calhoun, '16: "O, I've got a girl now."

Miss Layton, '16: "Isn't it awful when you have an exam. the next day and people come in your room and stay and stay. What do you do to get rid of them?"

Miss Pinneo, '16: "That's easy. I just ask them if they have ever read Proverbs 25:17. They go home and look it up and I never have to say it again."

Miss Clark, '15: "How does Stack's moustache strike you?"

Miss Peck, '15: "Oh! It tickles me immensely."

Fair Sem: "Does the Academy boast a hockey team this year?"

Cad: "We used to boast of it but we have to apologize for it now."

Miss Lockhart, '16: "It isn't pleasant to think of graduating; you lose your youth then."

Miss Pinneo, '16: "Well, I'm sure I haven't had any youth here."

Miss MacDougall, '16: "I haven't had one evening out since I came back."

Miss Wood, '16: "My, I wish I could have your evenings as well as my own."

Morrison, '16: "Why is Went's moustache like a hockey match?"

Peck, '17: "Because it's rough."

Morrison: "No, because there are seven on each side."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. R. W. Campbell, John G. MacKinnon, A. deW. Foster, Miss Muriel Bishop, J. W. Longley, Roy I. Balcom, Rev. G. A. Lawson, J. A. McDonald, A. R. Goucher, Horace Reid, E. R. Mills, C. H. Corkum, Prof. Sievers, Miss Sophie Shaw, Miss Helena Downey, Miss Mary DeBlois, Miss Constance Day, Miss Ada Tower, Miss Minnie Miller, \$1.00 each; Rev. E. LeRoy Dakin, A. L. Dodge, \$1.30 each; A. F. Newcomb, \$1.15; R. B. Brooks, \$2.00; Mark B. Shaw, \$2.60.

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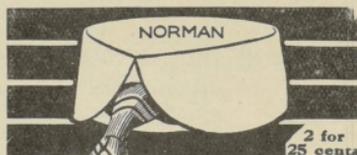
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