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Winners for the Month.

Poems—1st, I. B. Rouse, '17; 2nd, F. W. Curry, '18.

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

Stories—1st, H. F. Lewis, '17; J. S. Millett, '16.

Month—1st, H. L. Porter, '17; 2nd, Lillian Chase, '16.

Athletics—H. L. Porter, '17; No second.

Personals—1st, Charlotte Layton, '16; 2nd, H. L. Porter, '17.

Exchanges—1st, Charlotte Layton, '16; 2nd, F. W. Curry, '18.

Jokes—1st, Bessie Lockhart, '16; 2nd, Paige Pineo, '16.

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ATHENÆUM STAFF, 1915-16.

L. F. Titus, '18 (Cir. Mgr.),	G. B. Ganong (Academy),	H. F. Lewis, '17, (Bus. Mgr.),	J. S. Millett, '16
Hettie Chute, '16,	Lillian Chase, '16,	S. W. Stackhouse, '16, (Editor-in-Chief),	Myrtle Morse (Seminary), Esther Clarke, '16.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

What of the Day?

A sound of tumult troubles all the air,
Like the low thunders of a sultry sky
Far-rolling ere the downright lightning's glare;
The hills blaze red with warnings; foes draw nigh,
Treading the dark with challenge and reply.
Behold the burden of the prophet's vision,—
The gathering hosts,—the Valley of Decision,
Dusk with the wings of eagles wheeling o'er.
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light!
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar!
Even so, Father! Let thy will be done,—
Turn and o'erturn, end what thou hast begun
In judgment or in mercy: as for me,
If but the least and frailest, let me be
Evermore numbered with the truly free
Who find thy service perfect liberty!
I fain would thank Thee that my mortal life
Has reached the hour (albeit through care and pain)
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain;
And Michael and his angels once again
Drive howling back the Spirits of the Night.
O for the faith to read the signs aright
And, from the angle of thy perfect sight,
See truth's white banner floating on before:
And the Good Cause, despite of venal friends,
And base expedients, move to noble ends;
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends,
And, through its cloud of dust, the threshing-floor,
Flailed by thy thunder, heaped with chaffless grain!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

A Letter from the Front.

(ARTHUR W. ROGERS, '15).

CAESAIR CAMP, Shorncliffe, Eng.

October 3, 1915.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

ACADIA ATHENÆUM,

Acadia University,

Wolfville, N. S., Canada.

Dear Sir,—

This is just a letter to any of you Acadia people who are interested in the doings overseas of boys from the College on the Hill. When my own regiment, the Sixth Canadian Mounted Rifles, reached Shorncliffe, it increased the number of Acadia men in that vicinity by eleven, making a total of about forty in England, with at least ten in France.

At first we had no idea how many Acadia fellows there were over here, but we happened to run across each other now and then, and when it was realized what a lot there were, we planned to hold an Acadia banquet so we could talk over old times together. The evening on September the first was the date set, Falkestone Central Station the rendezvous. Word was spread to the various regiments as well as possible on short notice, and when the day came we of the Sixth who left Acadia last spring left camp with "Cy" D'Almaine in time to reach the station at six.

One by one they gathered. Some were away, out of reach, or even "broke," an ailment as common among wearers of khaki as in college days, but here there is no recourse to paternal pocket-books, and "broke is broke." Eagerly we scanned each passing soldier's face, seeking those familiar in the days gone by. Much to our sorrow "Mike" Fredea, that inexhaustible source of hilarity, could not be reached; it was the same way with Eldon Henshaw and "Bubbles" Haley, two members of the Acadia quartette, who, we had expected, would lead us in some of the old favorite songs. Finally fourteen of us gathered together, and even in that number there were many who had not expected to see others there, so we shook hands heartily, then proceeded to the Hotel Metropole, the largest in Folkestone, where a special room had been reserved for us.

In we strode, ignoring officers of all ranks, none were Acadia men, and so did not merit salutes on this an Acadia night. The room,

with a long table down its centre laid for twenty- was very large, while a piano at one end pleased us almost as much as did the banquet board. Norm began to "tickle the ivories," and soon we were singing the old Acadia songs. "Fighting, Fighting for Acadia," which has spurred so many of her sons to victory on ice and field, took on a new light when sung by men in the King's uniform, in training in training for a sterner game than they had ever played before—that of war. No doubt each one wondered, as he sang, what would be the outcome of that game, and its effect on himself. But this was to be a night of jollification, so no such thoughts were expressed. After many songs we got together on the yell. Never has it been given under such circumstances. Again and again it rang out, each time louder than before, until the great hotel fairly echoed—then the head waiter came on the scene. Rather sternly he inquired the cause of the uproar. Expecting to be stilled, we told him, but learning it was our college yell, "Give it again!" was what fell on our astonished ears, and we *did*, with a vengeance.

By this time the pangs of hunger began to bore their way through our enthusiasm, for we'd not partaken of the camp supper, the better to enjoy the coming feast. Jack Smith, '13, our "oldest graduate," took the chair, or rather his splendid appetite urged him on in launching our attack at the banquet table. We stared at the menu in dumb despair—it was all in French—indecipherable even by Bachelors of Arts. In desperation we ordered the waiters to fetch the courses as they came, then the carnage began. The few implements required to stow away our simple camp fare had not prepared us for the daunting array which confronted us, but the food continued to come and go, our jaws kept moving, and if we misused certain articles of cutlery no one noticed it except the waiters, who smothered a smile or two for the sake of prospective tips. At the second course Lee Ingraham put in a late appearance, with a friend, whom we invited to join us.

Everything was perfectly cooked and served, so our appetites, dulled by camp cookery, seemed to take on a new lease of life. It was marvellous the way the food vanished, and yet there was room. As the wants of our inner men were satisfied so did the ardor of the outer men rise. Soon jokes and tales of bygone days were flying about, Len Eaton, the irrepressible, leading. Then after the last sweet morsels disappeared into the yawning caverns, toasts were drunk to the King, the Empire's success, to Acadia, and others. The piano was started, and once more Acadia songs and yells rang out. Some guests of the hotel watched us through the doorway, but we still made merry: Discovering our waiters to be Spaniards and Italians who

spoke French we tried our limited knowledge on them, seeking to learn something of the country we expected to see so soon. Our success as linguists was not marked, but we had some fun.

Soon the Second Division would cross the Channel to France. One of our number, Milton Gregg, was just recovering from a shrapnel wound in the leg received at Festubert with the 13th Highlanders. His stories of Ypres and Langemarck brought home to us how uncertain was life even in the trenches. The same little band would not probably meet again, so each got the other's signature on his menu card as follows:—

Smith, '13.	Gregg, '17.
D'Almaine, '14.	Acker, '18.
Rogers, '15.	Henshaw, A.C.A.
Morrison, '15.	Black, A.C.A.
Rogers, '16.	Lumsden, A.C.A.
Eaton, '16.	McLean, A.C.A.
Lewis, '16.	Cook, A.C.A.
Ingraham, '16.	

Then in closing we sang Auld Lang Syne, the Acadia Doxology, and the National Anthem. Once more as we passed out beneath the stars we gave the old Acadia yell, and with firm handgrasps said our last farewells, then each went to his own camp. We'd had a jolly evening, never to be forgotten by any of us.

Since then the Second Division has crossed to France, taking with it many of those who sat around the banquet table that night. We have heard of their being in action, and can only hope they are safe. Other Acadia men in France have so far escaped unhurt. Fred Bagnell, of whose death we had heard rumors, was back on a week's leave from the trenches just before our banquet. A corporal in the machine gun section of the 14th Battalion since the 1st Canadian Division had entered the fighting Fred had come off scathless except for a scar where a piece of shrapnel had scared him in its passing. He reported other Acadia men to be safe as far as he knew. As optimistic as ever, he spoke little of the sterner side of what he had undergone, and returned to his duties, ready for whatever might come. Before long our own regiment, the Sixth C. M. R., will go to France, bringing Acadia's quota there well-nigh up to half a hundred. Milton Gregg, despite his honorable scars of battle, hopes to join our regiment, increasing the number of us Acadia chaps to a round dozen.

Any one of us will be glad to receive a letter from you, for news from our old College is ever welcome. I suppose it will be hot work dodging bullets, shrapnel and Jack Johnsons, intended by "friendly

Fritz" for our devoted heads, but one thought in particular will help all of us, wherever we may be, it is that "whether we win, or whether we lose," whether we stand or fall in the fight, more fellows from the College on the Hill will be pressing forward to support us, ready to take up our weapons if we must drop them, imbued with the "Acadia spirit" which has ever inspired her sons to "stick together" through thick and thin.

I wish you all the best of luck with your studies during the coming year, as well as in all other realms of activity. So long till I write again.

Yours sincerely,

SIGNALLER ARTHUR W. ROGERS, ('15),
 No. 111441, 6th C. M. R., 2nd Batt.,
 C. E. F., Army P. O.,
 London, England.

Lordly Island.

 FF the western coast of Nova Scotia, about eight miles from the mainland, lies a rugged, wave-worn mass of black rock known as Lordly Island. Oval in outline, and nowhere rising more than sixty feet above the water, it is perhaps half a mile long from north to south, and a fifth of a mile wide. The surface of the rock is in most places covered to a depth of two or three feet with soil, composed largely of rotted wood, which supports a sparse growth of stunted spruce trees and underbush. Thousands of sea-birds make the island their summer home, and nest there unmolested save by occasional vagrant fisherman. Near the southern end rises the tall, white tower of the lighthouse, while nearby squat the low house of the lightkeeper and an ugly brick building containing the boiler and mechanism of the fog-alarm. Lordly Island lies right in the path of vessels entering or leaving the Bay of Fundy, and the terrible, swift tidal currents, rushing back and forth with scarce a moment's pause, combine with the numerous outlying reefs to make it a place to which all wise mariners give as wide a berth as possible. In spite of their caution, however, and in spite of the warnings placed there by the Government, wrecks occur there nearly every year, and many a proud ship's frame lies in the surrounding waters.

In the early summer of the second year of the great War the inhabitants consisted of Captain Amos Grey, the keeper of the light; his wife; their daughter, Rose Gray; and the keeper's assistant, Leslie Crowell. Rose was a lovely girl of some twenty summers; the others were middle-aged. The light was cared for by the two men, who stood watch and watch during the night. There was generally little to be done, but some one must remain awake to see that the mechanism which caused the light to revolve did not run down, and to attend to the steam whistle in case of fog.

On the second day of June Mrs. Grey was taken to the mainland in the captain's power-boat by the assistant to make a long-promised visit to some relatives. After returning to the island, Crowell made the boat fast to her mooring, rowed ashore, and started to cross the piles of huge boulders that covered the beach. Striding with the carelessness of one long accustomed to such exercise, suddenly he slipped and fell heavily. When Captain Grey, who had been watching him, ran down to him, he found that the man's left leg was badly broken. He and Rose assisted him to the house and made him as comfortable as possible, while a hurry call was telephoned to young Dr. Barr, on the adjacent mainland. The doctor promised to be there in two hours at the latest.

Two, three hours passed by; darkness came, and the great light began to flash its regular warning over the waters, but still the doctor did not appear. His wife said over the telephone, in response to Captain Grey's anxious query, that he had started long before, and that she would try to find out what had delayed him. At nine o'clock Rose said to her father: "Father, this is Crowell's watch till midnight. You go to bed and rest and I will watch. If the fog comes in, I will call you to start the whistle." The Captain grumbled at first, but finally yielded, and retired to his room, leaving Rose and the injured man the only waking persons on the island.

Rose sat reading by the dining-room window, within easy call of Crowell in case he needed anything. Outside was almost absolute darkness, except for the bright flashes from the lighthouse. Heavy clouds covered the sky, but the east wind was very light, and there was no fog or haze. Time passed slowly. Suddenly there came a rap at the door. Expecting to see the doctor, Rose hastened to open it, but staggered back in surprise when a tall, masked man thrust the muzzle of an automatic at her and said tersely, "Put up your hands!" She put them up, but called loudly, "Father, father!" With an oath the man sprang forward and seized her tightly, while two or three others rushed in past them, and made for the bed-rooms. Rose heard

her father spring from his bed and engage in a short, fierce struggle, which ended abruptly in complete silence. Crowell made no resistance.

The man who had seized her let go his hold. "Sit down," said he, and she dropped into the nearest chair. He watched her constantly, until the men who had gone upstairs returned. They held a brief consultation with the man who had the automatic, then went out-doors. Rose could not understand what they said, but there was no difficulty in recognizing the language. It was German! What could the enemy want on that lonely island, and where could they have come from? Her thoughts ran swiftly.

"Remain quiet, Miss Grey," said her captor, in an attempt to be pleasant. "There is nothing to fear. Your father is not hurt,—merely bound and gagged. In due time he will be released. If you give no trouble, no harm shall come to you. And there is nothing you can do. The island is ours. We have cut the telephone wire and shall put out the light. We have waited long and endured much among our enemies, and at last the chance has come to work for the Fatherland." He sat down opposite her, and continued to watch her keenly, incessantly.

There was a sound of crashing glass, and the regular, bright flashes ceased to strike the windows. The light was out. Rose's brain worked with feminine swiftness and accuracy. Why had these men chosen this night to destroy Lordly Island light? What was their plan? The absence of the light might, in those swift tides, cause the wreck of some motor-boat, some vessel, but what help would that be to Germany? Why should men risk their lives for that? Some steamer perhaps,—ah! Like a flash it came to her. She saw vividly the headline of the paper she had just been reading: "Eighty-ninth nearly ready to leave St. John; More sons of New Brunswick to cross the sea for King and Country." *This* must be the night when the troopship would come down the bay; and these worse than criminals planned to wreck her on the ledges, to delay, at least, the arrival of the brave boys at the point where they were needed, and perhaps to send most of them to death in the rushing waters! It must not be! It *must* not! But she was alone, a captive. What could she do?

Suddenly, as she gazed over her captor's shoulder, her features froze in a look of horror. She stared and stared, motionless, apparently spellbound. The man cast a hurried glance behind him, and, in an instant, her arm shot out and a heavy paper-weight struck him just behind the ear with a dull thud. He simply relaxed and lay still. Immediately she seized his pistol and darted into the obscurity of her bedroom across the hall, where she paused to listen, uncertain whether or not her act had been seen or heard by the men outside. There

was no sound. Lightly she dropped to the ground from the still of the open window. As she peered around the corner of the house she could make out the glow of a pipe by the kitchen door, and could hear an occasional remark in a low tone from the direction of the lighthouse. She drew back, and, keeping the house between herself and the Germans, fled down a narrow road leading through the woods to a little cove on the far side of the island. She dared not try to take any of the dories on the beach below the house, for fear she would be heard, even if there was not a guard stationed there, but she knew where a small dory, with oars aboard, lay drawn up in the bushes near the cove, and to it she hastened.

In the intense darkness that prevailed, she stumbled often and twice fell headlong as she hurried through the short road, but she knew the way well, and soon reached the boat. It was light and quickly launched. Pulling with frantic effort, Rose rowed out of the cove and in a few minutes rounded the northern end of the island and headed up the bay. It was just high water and there was no current to impede or aid her progress. Almost immediately the island disappeared, but, keeping her course approximately by the aid of the light east wind, she toiled on. At times she paused and scanned the sea north of her for signs of the approaching transport, which she hoped to warn, she scarce knew how, but all was wrapped in inky darkness. She rowed on. Sometimes she thought she had mistaken the real motive of the Germans, and had better go to the mainland to spread the alarm, but the thought of the brave soldier-lads who might even then be swiftly approaching their doom nerved her to keep on as she had begun.

After she had rowed thus through what seemed a very eternity, she felt something gently bump the stern of her boat. Startled, she reached overboard and felt—a rock! She sprang to her feet, and gazed tensely into the black veil about her. Where could she be? She knew of no exposed rocks for many miles north of Lordly Island! Then, in a moment, she realized it all. She was back once more at the north end of the island. The tide had begun to ebb, and its strong current had carried her backward, in spite of her rowing, to the very spot she had left long before.

With redoubled efforts she tried now to stem the tide and continue to the northward. She must get some distance away from the island if she was to warn the steamer effectually. Her breath became short and labored, her side pained her, her hands were bleeding, it seemed as though her arms and back could not make another stroke, yet she forced them to do it. It was useless. She could barely maintain her position a hundred yards from the shore. Suddenly she

became conscious of the regular beat of a gasoline engine, which had approached quite close to her unnoticed, so absorbed had she been in her struggle. She listened, and recognized the sound as the exhaust of a well-known motor-boat belonging to one of the fishermen from the nearby mainland. A friend! Filled with renewed hope, she sent a low cry over the waters, then another and another. A shout answered her, and in a few minutes a pair of strong arms lifted her out of her dory into the commodious fishing-boat.

The first person whom she recognized was Dr. Barr. He had started from the shore with two men almost immediately after receiving Captain Grey's message, but his motor had broken down when but half the distance to the island had been covered, and he had drifted about for hours. He had seen the light on Lordly Island go out, and had wondered what the trouble was. When at last the engine was repaired, he had tried to find the island in the dark, and had nearly reached it when he heard Rose's hail.

Rose soon gasped out her story, and the rest was comparatively simple. The motor-boat was turned northward and in half an hour was alongside the troopship, while an anxious captain wanted to know why he had been stopped, and what had become of Lordly Island light. As soon as he was informed on these points, the steamer's wireless began to crackle, and she began again to plow her way toward the battle-fields of Europe, but steering such a course as to give Lordly Island and its reef a wide berth.

When the Eighty-ninth was safely in England, and the account of its voyage could be published, all honor was given to the brave Canadian maid who had saved the battalion from disaster.

H. F. LEWIS, '17.



A Day with the Divers.

THE bottom of the ocean today is receiving many a wreck into its bosom. Scores of steamers and schooners have found a watery grave since the beginning of the present war. Without doubt many of these will be salvaged after the war is over. Here is a mighty opportunity for the wrecker, and one which will interest the world in days to come. It may interest readers of the *ATHENÆUM* to know how the divers work.

I spent a day last summer with a wrecking crew who were attempting to save the boilers of a coal barge wrecked off the southern coast of Nova Scotia in 1905. As the exact position of the wreck was unknown the divers' first task was to locate it. For over a week they searched the ocean bottom in that vicinity. At last the bow was found. Several hundred yards away they found the boilers, which had been moved about during its ten years under the water. Guyropes were attached, and day after day the divers went down to cut away the wreckage. The crew had all been lost in this wreck, and many a gruesome sight met the eye of the diver.

My visit was at the interesting period when they were prepared to raise the boilers. Since I was intimately acquainted with the captain, he allowed me to make a plunge into the deep. It is an interesting process to get into a diving suit. The suit, which is water-tight, fits snugly from head to foot. The boots are made of lead, and weigh about 75 pounds each. A large steel helmet, with glass windows, is tightly fastened upon the shoulders. A rubber hose leads from the helmet to the machine which pumps air to the diver. It is a curious sensation as you step over the side of the boat and feel yourself sinking. The compressed air also bothers one for a time. We were just beginning to get used to the sensation when a large halibut swam a bit too close, evidently much terrified at the sight of this new sea-monster. It was with difficulty that we stood upon bottom. One has to learn how to manipulate his heavy shoes. We walked about for a few moments, then signalled to the lineman, who drew us back to daylight. Then we watched a real diver descend. As he stepped over the side of the boat, two men began to turn the air compressor. Every second this must be turned with a perfect regularity, that the diver may always receive the air. A lineman stands in position ready to hoist the diver at the very moment when the signal comes. On this day, the diver took down a large chain, which he fastened about a portion of the boiler. Then he signalled and was drawn up to the

boat. A diver never stays below when wreckage is being hoisted, as a slip might mean his life.

Over and over throughout the day the diver went down, fastened his chain, and came up again. This copper, steel, and iron thus obtained is placed in the steamer's hold, and later taken to the foundries, where it is made over into products which can again be of use to the world.

A wrecking crew is always a careful lot of men, as they realize how near they often come to death. Yet this work of reclamation must go on, and our brave men will continue to save to the world much which would otherwise be lost; and in all probability much that now lies in the bed of the ocean as a result of the war, will some day be brought to daylight, as an interesting relic of these destructive days.

—H. L. PORTER.

Acadia.

We have prized thee, dear Acadia,
 For thy name so good and true,
 We have fought for thee, Acadia,
 For the garnet and the blue.
 Thou art judged in all, Acadia,
 By the merits of thy sons;
 Thou hast ever stood, Acadia,
 On the work which they have done.
 Life has called to thee, Acadia,
 For the product of thy hand.
 Thou hast answered, too, Acadia,
 By the gift of thy best men.
 Across the sea to thee, Acadia,
 Comes the cry "A nation's wronged!"
 What's the answer now, Acadia,
 To the cry e'en now prolonged?
 Thou art giving, O Acadia!
 Best and noblest of thy band,
 To uphold our Alma Mater,
 And the honor of our land.
 Now to thee, beloved Acadia,
 We would true and faithful be;
 Just so true as thou, Acadia,
 Art to truth and liberty.

—I. B. ROUSE.

Libraries and Readers—a plea on behalf of Both.

(Address delivered at the dedication of Emerson Memorial Library, Wednesday, May 26th, 1915, by Mr. Chas. H. Gould, B. A., Librarian of McGill University).

THOMAS DE QUINCY'S Essay on Alexander Pope has been enjoyed by many thousands of people, as a brilliant piece of literary criticism. But it has been a godsend to all those who have to deal with books and literature, on account of the passage which contains his famous distinction between the two chief functions which literature fulfills. Familiar as the passage is, I quote it, because, if we keep it in mind, we shall be saved several explanations later on: "In that great social organ, which collectively we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices that may blend, and often *do* so, but capable severally of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and, secondly, the literature of *power*. The function of the first is—to *teach*; the function of the second is—to *move*; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy."

This twofold division of literature into the literature of power and the literature of knowledge, is of the utmost practical convenience to librarians, because—while it does not cover all literature, inasmuch as many books partake, to some extent, of the qualities of both classes, and one cannot, therefore, draw the line sharply between the two—it does, nevertheless, supply a *working* distinction between them. And the distinction is of importance, because of the vitally different methods to be employed by readers, according as they are using one or the other of these classes of literature: and if by readers, by those also who are using books in the service of readers. Moreover, the distinction is convenient when the question is one merely of the mechanical separation of books from books. Everyone knows, for instance, that, in bulk, the literature of power is a mere trifle, when opposed to the literature of knowledge: just as everyone knows that, quite apart from other considerations, this question of relative bulk must necessarily affect both one's attitude of mind and one's practice, as one uses various classes of books.

I trust that what has just been said, if not immediately evident, will become evident in the course of what is to follow. It bears con-

tinually upon every phase of library work, and especially of that work as related to readers.

Now, what is a true library? Is it a mass of books behind a desk, over which an attendant passes volumes on call? Just as truly so, as a pile of bricks, from which a passerby may cull a few, constitutes a house. A truly library is an organism. It is organized literature: an army, shall we say, as opposed to a mob of literature. Its books must be grouped, marshalled and directed: otherwise, their use will be merely desultory. Each individual volume; each group of volumes, and as many groups as are desired, must be available whenever the call for them comes. Each group, or class, should be adequate in itself, but should be supported by ample reserves in the related classes; while the whole must be marshalled by trained and experienced officers. These officers—the librarians—(mere pigmies though they be in contrast with the intellects enshrined in many of the “book-privates,” let us call them, who constitute the rank and file), nevertheless, bring about, and are responsible for, the organization upon which depends the full effectiveness of the library: for books are such strangely human things, that, with them, as with men, union is strength. Not, of course, that mere system—still less, deadening routine, which is the very antithesis of living organization—can transform empty shelves into full ones, or make an inherently weak collection, strong. Organization, such as I have in mind, means the *dedicatio* of all the resources of the library, from its mechanical processes to its best human ability, *working in a reasoned order, to the service of the reader.* Such organization, though, as has been said, it cannot make a weak collection strong, will, nevertheless, in a measure, compensate for light stocks of literature; because it will utilize, to the utmost, all its own resources.

Now, this, it seems to me, this organizing and dedicating of all its resources to the reader's service, is what a true library is, and does. There is no particular need to enlarge upon this definition; because, fortunately, we all have in mind examples of such libraries. But can we not go a step farther than this? Can we not discover some means of curing the isolation in which our libraries are now very generally working: a means of introducing something of the system and methods which already prevail *within* a good library, *among* a group of libraries; so that the libraries of a group, and ultimately, of the country, may stand, not as independent and often struggling units, but as interdependent partners, each with the added strength which comes from systematic co-operation? It is to such a problem that I would like, very briefly, to suggest an answer.

We will all admit, I think, that, partly because our country is still comparatively young, it does not, as yet, possess a single very large and notable collection of books; although it does possess several good-sized and valuable libraries; naturally, also, a much greater number of smaller libraries of varying degrees of excellence. The lack of a great collection makes it inevitable that the country, as a whole, should lack many works which are essential to research. It is possible that our libraries, taken in the aggregate, may possess (though in insufficient quantities) most of the works of power, of the supreme works in the department of belles-lettres, as well as in certain other department of literature. But, when it is a question of research—of employing the literature of knowledge, with its tens and hundreds of titles, and its tiers upon tiers of periodicals and journals which form such an indispensable part of this literature—we, and especially our scholars, are often sadly at a loss for material. (I am not considering, and cannot, within the limits of the present address, consider popular libraries: if I were, we should also have to deal with the question of the supply of popular books).

Now, there are many works which we all need *sometimes*, but which none of us needs *all the time*, nor even very often. If, as a beginning, such books could be collected at a few judiciously chosen centres throughout the country, in libraries which could make liberal arrangements for lending to other libraries—for such purposes, they would not lend to individuals—and if all other libraries within a given radius from these centres, would bear in mind the central collection, and also give some consideration to the collections of their neighbours when building up their own, we would soon be surprised at the growth of our joint resources.

Still further: Canada, with its vast area and sparse population, will be unable, for years, to maintain great libraries in any considerable number; nor will she need many great libraries, because, owing to her small population, she will not, for some time, require many duplicates of any one title. Let her, then, devise and adopt a library system suited to her peculiar conditions. Let her establish, either *de novo*, or better, in certain libraries already existent and suitably placed, a few central reservoirs or regional libraries; following, with suitable modifications, the plan which has been adopted by her banks. This plan, as you know, enables some 26 banks, operating through more than 3,000 branches and agencies, to minister to the pecuniary needs of the whole country. By virtue of it, every branch, even the smallest, has behind it the entire resources of the parent institution; yet money need not lie idle, here and there, waiting for a prospective demand—it keeps flowing from place to place, as it is wanted. And

all this is practicable because the head office acts as a reservoir, into which streams are steadily flowing, to compensate for those which are leaving it.

To be sure, money and books are two different things. If you, or I, want a dollar, any genuine dollar will serve our turn as well as any other. But, we are much more specific when we ask for a book. Nevertheless, the general principle holds good.

Let us have, then, a few reservoir libraries, which, in the matter of lending and borrowing, shall act the part *mutatis mutandis* of the head office of a bank. Here, however, the resemblance ceases: for, in the case of the bank, the head office not only supplies and withdraws the material which is circulated (money); but it controls the initiative of its branches. Whereas, the reservoir library, far from interfering with the freedom of the libraries with which it co-operates, will stand toward them, very much as a university stands in relation to the group of schools and academies which surround it, and act as its feeders. The central institution possesses no powers of controlling such a group. Indeed, its own policy is greatly affected by such subsidiaries: while, in its turn, it exerts very real influence upon them.

I ought to add that, although this is, I believe, the first time the suggestion of book reservoirs has been laid immediately before a Canadian audience, it was publicly made, some years ago, in the United States. Variants of the plan are already in operation in the library system of Denmark, and in the County library- and State library-systems, in several parts of the Union. And now, I leave this matter for your consideration.

Having put in a plea for libraries—or for enlarging the supply of reading matter at their disposal—I must now, if I am to keep faith with my title, put in a plea for readers—a plea for aiding them to become more efficient in their use of books.

How many of our Canadian population deserve to be called readers? Just about six years ago, a leading librarian of the United States read a paper, in the course of which he said: "Only a small part of our population learns to read well. A few thousand read books of wisdom; a few hundred thousand read books and journals of learning; a few millions out of our 85,000,000, read books and journals of minor information and of meagre imagination; and of the remaining millions, only a few read even the headlines of the most trifling journals."

That this statement, startling as it appears at first, is, unfortunately, true, a little reflection will convince anyone. And equally brief consideration will lead us to the conclusion that, in the case of Canada,

the ratios would certainly be no more flattering than those given for our neighbors to the South.

But, at first thought, the thing seems almost absurd. "Why, the one thing our elementary schools do, whatever their difference in other respects, is, teach children to read and write! Having learned as children, *a fortiori*, they must be able to read as adults." But, Mr. Dana, for it is he whom I have been quoting, said, "Read well." George Otto Trevelyan, in his *Life of Macaulay*, said that his uncle used to read so fast that he seemed, frequently, to be merely turning over leaf after leaf. Yet, in the brief interval between the flutterings of two leaves, the reader had seized and assimilated the contents of as many pages. Was this reading well? Surely; well and skilfully; and, moreover, what the famous historian is said to have done, every reader must do, in at least a moderate degree, who can be said to read well. Now, the capacity to do this cannot be gained without much practice: not many of our schools give the opportunity for such practice, and only a small proportion of the children of Canada remain at school long enough to avail themselves of the opportunity, even when it is offered. Yet, we assume—if we give the matter any thought at all—that children who have acquired in school nothing more than the bare rudiments of reading, will, later on, and without further practice, or effort, spontaneously develop into good readers. Is it any wonder that our assumption fails; and that few, even of our adults, read well? I am not blaming the schools, nor, indeed, anybody in particular. I am only telling what I think you will all admit to be a fact.

And yet, we, in our day, are not so much stronger, or wiser, than our fathers; or, indeed, than our fore-fathers. If we would climb until we can mount from the level of their shoulders; or advance till we can start from the limit of their progress, our sole ladder, our only vehicle is the printed page: and the pages in our day are falling from the press so fast that, if the new books, together with the old, are to *serve* us, and not to *smother* us, we should possess a power and a skill in reading greater than has ever before been demanded. Now, will you accept what I have just said, as one plea for training in reading?

But there is a second assertion in the passage I have quoted from Mr. Dana, viz.: that, in proportion as the quality of books rises, the number of those who read them declines. This state of things is disclosed, and fully proved, by library statistics, although we could have inferred as much without them. For good books—books of wisdom, books of knowledge; yes, even those concerned with what Plato calls "the base mechanic arts and handicrafts,"—demand effort and thought on the part of the reader who would profit by them; whereas, in execution, or bad in contents, are usually ignored by literary people.

most people in this world like "to live at ease, and not be bound to think," as Dryden puts it. Hence, we should expect what we find to be the case—that the masses, in so far as there are masses who read, would shrink from the exertion of reading even for information, and would gravitate toward that worthless literature which may be absorbed almost without conscious effort: and, by the way, the effect of gravity in this case, is dangerously heightened by the persistent "pushing" and advertising which seems to be a perquisite of vapid and vicious literature. Great books are seldom "pushed." Then, too, warnings against such mischievous literature are not often uttered. Good books are discussed and extolled: bad ones, whether bad merely. They are left to the sociologist to deal with. In a way, this is logical. Such books are not true literature at all. But, though not *literature*, they are *books*; and they resemble books at the opposite literary pole, in one vital point: they are still as "active as that soul whose progeny they are." If that soul be base and evil, so is its progeny. This is why base books are a menace to those who read them. It is also why one of the functions of the library—its capacity for substituting the "lure" of good literature, for that of bad books—is of service when viewed from the social, as well as from the educational standpoint.

All this is still by the way; but it serves to confront us afresh with the need for guidance and training in the use of books, and to make us wonder why it is that, while every student of every subject is compelled to make a more or less extensive use of books, books are the only tools he is not taught to use, and the only tools, presumably, he never succeeds in learning how to use. Can anything be done to change this? This ends my second plea.

And, finally, training or no training, was there ever a time when the successful use of books (and to be successful, the use must be skillful and rapid) seemed a more vital necessity than the present? Was there ever a time when our bruised and weary souls stood in greater need of the healing touch of "the precious life blood of a master spirit"; of laying hold of the books which are, as Carlyle says, themselves ascending; and, therefore, inevitably, carry their readers skywards along with them; of apprehending the lessons which are at the service of the student of the past: of applying, for the benefit of our own Empire, the results of scientific research, which, hitherto, we have supinely consented to accept at the hands of the nation which is now aiming at our destruction? Now is the rare opportunity, afforded by the present crisis, for employing even technical literature, not for personal ends, but to promote the commerce, prosperity and strength of our Empire. This assuredly is not the day to dally with books of minor information and meagre imagination. If ever we were in

need of sound knowledge; if ever in need of the inspiration of the wise and good, that we might attain unto some measure of greatness of soul, surely, it is *now*—now, and from now onward. “An intelligent man,” says Plato, as Englished by Matthew Arnold, “will prize those studies which result in his soul getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom.” And, I need hardly remind this audience that, for such studies, it is to the greatest books, those which Milton calls “the precious life-blood of a master spirit,” that we must betake ourselves: since to these alone it is given to fire our imagination and sway our feelings,—the feelings which incite to action, and, through action, build up character. Here, however, I must guard against misunderstanding. I spoke, a few moments ago, of the rapidity with which Macaulay used to read; and I may have seemed to imply that speed is an unfailling characteristic of all good reading. Macaulay is, of course, a superlative example of a proficient reader; and he might appropriately be cited as an expert in the use of any, and all, books, of any nature whatever. But, lest I should appear unduly to value mere speed, let me explain that, when I referred to Macaulay, I had in mind, in connection with him, a single class of literature: De Quincy’s literature of knowledge. Now, in this field, the aim of the practised reader is, pre-eminently, swift selection and apprehension of particular facts. Speed in this case is essential, if for no other reason than because of the mass of material to be coped with. But, it is far otherwise with the literature of power. Here, too, readiness of comprehension is required, but speed is not necessarily demanded; may, indeed, be positively detrimental. The reader’s mind is no longer in the attitude of the investiator; it is working now in conjunction with the affections; it assumes a listening and a meditative posture. It ponders, suspends judgment, accepts, and, if its operation is to be fruitful, receives, and makes part of itself, the substance of the book. The action may be rapid; it may be slow. But the time consumed is, in this case, of no importance.

I like to think that the whole process I have tried to indicate, is typified by an intelligent child listening to a story. Mark him, his complete absorption, his questions, his occasional objections as to the possibility of this or that incident, his final sigh of contentment, and his half-whispered “tell it again” as the tale ends, and you have the very spirit and attitude of the reader of works of power.

And now, in conclusion, let me express the hope (and I be you to accept it as the crowning wish of many for the successful and ever-broadening career of this Library and University) that in this new and beautiful building, may be trained many skillful readers—men, and women too—who will have learned, like Macaulay, to read with the

fingers when they are dealing with the great masses of the literature of knowledge and science; and will also have acquired the fixed habit of pondering over, reading and re-reading, until what has been read becomes a part of the reader's self, so that it can be lived out in the life,—reading and re-reading in this manner, those deathless books, which, though small in number, and in mere bulk, “do,” nevertheless, “preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred men.”

And, fortunately for us, while the library is the true—usually the only—practicable place in which to make full use of books of knowledge, and ought to be, at least, *one* of the best places in which to learn how to well use all books; we are not dependent even on libraries, for communion with the mightiest spirits. For such purpose, nothing surpasses our own closet. In its seclusion, perhaps better than anywhere else, we can learn from, and enjoy to the ful, the “still monitors that instruct our youth, that direct our manhood and comfort our old age.”

Jack's Choice.

WELL, Jack, we have finished at last,” said Paul Markham to his twin brother as they strolled down the slope which led from the college to the men's residence.

They had just come from the graduation exercises of the college at which both had received the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

“Yes,” replied Jack, “it has been a long, hard grind. These four years have been the most eventful, the most profitable of my whole life. How I should like to spend one more year at the dear old college! But, Paul, I want to tell you about your oration. It was grand!”

“Do you really think it was good?” asked Paul. “I am glad. I put my whole soul into it because I wanted to find out how much I was capable of. Jack, I want to congratulate you for winning the medal for highest aggregate. It represents hard and faithful work.”

This conversation brings out a distinct difference in temperament between the two young men. Paul was a shrewd, logical, thinker who already gave promise of becoming a great orator. He had chosen law as his profession. Jack, on the other hand, was slow of speech, one who excelled in deed and not in word. He, by faithful and systematic study, had proved himself the scholar of his class. He was intending to be a surgeon. Both were planning to enter college for post-graduate work in the fall. They had come down four

years before from a little mountain village to enter the college as Freshmen, leaving their father and mother in the care of their younger brother William, who thought that school and education were nothing and that hard work in the open air was everything. Owing to their quiet life in the mountains, they found it difficult to adjust themselves to their new environment. Their peculiarities of speech and dress were often the occasion for taunt. Gradually the other boys discovered, that after all, beneath the rough exterior of these mountain lads, there were two true and honest hearts. This confidence grew as the weeks went by, until now, at the close of their course, they were the first men of their college.

As they entered the residence a telegraph boy stepped forward and said:—"Mr. Markham, here is a telegram for you."

Paul opened the envelope and read the words:—

"William met with a terrible accident. Bring doctor and come home at once."

The next evening three weary travellers entered the mountain village and stopped at a little cottage. In a corner of the room sat an old white-haired man with his head bowed forward on his walking stick. Immediately he raised himself feebly from his chair and advanced toward the travellers.

"Hello, father!" said the two young men in the same breath.

The old man held out his quivering hand and grasped the hands of his sons.

"Where is mother," asked Phil.

"She is in the next room with William," replied the old man sorrowfully. "He had a terrible accident the other night. He was hunting the sheep and fell over a cliff."

"Is there any hope of saving his life, doctor?" asked Mrs. Markham as the doctor prepared to leave.

"Well," replied the doctor, "I must tell you the truth. His case is very serious. His strong constitution may bring him through, but he will never be anything more than a cripple. If he gets any worse, I want you to send for me."

The summer passed drearily in the little mountain home. Several times William was at the very door of death. Several times the doctor had to climb the long mountain trail. But when the autumn finally came, he had grown strong enough to sit up.

One evening as the twins were coming in from the harvest field after a hard day's work, Jack turned to Paul and said:—

"I am not going to college this year. Father is old and mother cannot do very much. William is still unable to walk. You must go next week to begin your course in law."

"No, Jack," replied Paul, "you are the one to go. Let me stay at home and take care of the family."

"No, Paul," returned Jack, "the world needs you. I know that some day you are going to be a great lawyer. It will be a great pleasure to me, just to give you a chance. You know I am rather shy and even after four years at college am more at home in the quiet of the mountains than in the busy world."

"Well," said Paul at last, "I appreciate your noble sacrifice. I see that you are determined to stay. I shall strive harder than ever, because of your kindness, to make my life a successful one."

* * * * *

Five years later a tall, broad-shouldered mountaineer stopped at a little back-woods post office to get his mail. As he alighted from his horse, a band of men advanced and greeted him heartily.

"Hello, doctor!" said the post master, "I have a letter from your brother. I know you are always glad to get one from him. He must be a great man by this time."

"Yes," replied the other, "I am proud of him. Some day he is going to be one of the great men of the country. He was always such a clever fellow."

"He won't be the greatest man, doctor. There is one man in the county greater than he will ever be," returned the postmaster.

"Who might that be?" asked the man addressed as "doctor."

"That man is Doctor Jack Markham, the bravest and best man in the mountains!" exclaimed the postmaster.

"Let us see what Paul has to say," replied Jack quietly, meanwhile trying to put an end to the postmaster's words of praise. "Listen! He has been elected to a seat in the Parliament and is coming home on Saturday. Isn't that good news?"

The following Saturday evening Jack sat down at the fork of the trail two miles below his home to await the arrival of his brother. As he gazed down the narrow path, he saw a dusky figure approaching which he soon recognized as a man on horse back. Yes it, was Paul. He was coming home at last—a great man.

"Glad to see you back, Paul!" exclaimed Jack. "I was so glad to hear of your election."

"I have something to tell you, Jack," returned Paul. "You remember the day we came home from the harvest field, when you made up your mind to stay at home. I promised you that for your sake I would make a man of myself. Well, I have failed. I told you that I won my election. Well, that was not all. I saw that I was in danger of losing and stooped to bribery. I borrowed money to pay

the voters when I had used all my own. I was found out and had to resign my seat. Now I am disgraced and three thousand dollars in debt."

"Come, Paul, let us go home," replied Jack. "You are only young yet and must try again. Don't let one failure blight your whole future."

Arm and arm the two walked up the trail leading their horses, and talking all the way. At last they stopped before the door of the little cottage.

"What shall I tell mother?" asked Paul. "I am going to confess everything. If I am ever to make another start, I am going to do it now."

Paul was as good as his word. He poured forth his troubles to his kind-hearted mother, who patted him on the head and said kindly: "Never mind, Paul, brace up and be a man."

At that moment some one knocked at the door and a moment later a man armed with a revolver entered and pointed it at Paul's head.

"Paul Markham, you are my prisoner," exclaimed the newcomer. "You are wanted for debt."

Then Jack stepped between the constable and his brother.

"Look here," said he, seizing the man's wrist, "you put that gun away."

The man flinching under the iron grip of the mountaineer, did as he was told.

"Now," said Jack, "what is the amount of the debt?"

"Three thousand dollars," replied the constable. "The man who is after the money is outside the door. I will call him in."

"Paul, is this your creditor?" asked Jack.

"Yes," replied Paul quietly.

"Here is the money," said Jack reaching down a safe from a shelf overhead and handing the full amount of the money to his creditor. "Hand me a receipt."

"Now get out of this," said Jack to the two men, "and don't let me see you around here again."

A moment later a young man entered the cottage door.

"Why, William, what does this mean? I thought you were still a cripple!" exclaimed Paul in astonishment.

"I would be a cripple today if it wasn't for Jack there," replied William. "He doctored me every day for four years. A year ago he told me I was strong enough to work. He wouldn't let me write and tell you. He wanted to surprise you. He goes all over the moun-

tains and tends the sick people and doesn't take a cent from the poor. They all call him "doctor" and they would die for him."

"How did you learn your work?" asked Paul in surprise.

"I studied in my spare time. I have read hundreds of books on medical subjects and have performed all the experiments I could possibly arrange for. I am going back to college to finish my education in the fall," returned Jack.

"Well, Jack," replied Paul, "I have seen the world. I have won fame and honor. But after all I have miserably failed. In your ministering to the sufferings of these people, in bringing William back to health, even in the quiet of these mountains, you have proved that you have been the successful man and I have been the failure. I am tired of honor. I am sick of the empty world. I am coming back to the mountains to work with you as best I can, that we together might be the means of bringing these mountain people into the enjoyment of the civilization and the advantages of the outside world. In a year or two you will return from college. Then we will live all over again the good old days when we were together, but we shall have even brighter days than those, brighter because of the joy we shall have in serving others."

—J. S. MILLETT, '16.

The Universal Fee.

THE universal fee at Acadia was instituted to secure sufficient and proper support for the various normal extra-curricular activities. Before its introduction some of the most beneficial forms of these activities were very poorly supported and could not be properly continued. If all students who supported any one of them were obliged to support them all, it was believed that both institutions and students would be greatly benefited. In consequence, the universal fee system received the approval of each class.

The difficulties which have arisen in the carrying out of this plan are chiefly due to a strong and misdirected spirit of individualism in some of the students. These men (for all the ladies pay their fees) hold that they should be free to join or refrain from joining any society, just as they please. They assume a right to join the societies. In this they are wrong. A society, or company of persons, united for any purpose, may make such regulations as they wish concerning the admission of new members to their organization. To join them is no one's right, but rather privilege extended on compliance with certain

conditions. By voting for the universal fee, the various associations at Acadia, except the Y. M. C. A., have now made its payment a condition to be complied with by those seeking membership. They are quite within their rights in doing so.

It is also to be noted that those who seek to avoid paying this fee are working in direct opposition to some of the best things that college life should stand for. A willingness to subordinate personal interests to the general good, to work with the other fellow, and give all possible aid to every worthy cause should distinguish the college man at all times above his less fortunate brethren. Knowledge is a good thing, the spirit of work is a good thing, composure in public is a good thing, yet the college graduate who has all these but lacks the ability to harmonize his efforts with the worthy efforts of others is very seriously deficient. Active participation in the work of all the college societies cannot help but impart such ability to a student.

Let us then have a little more team work, and, remembering that the majority of the students favor the universal fee, let us all pay it cheerfully, if we cannot gladly, and then do our best to aid each form of extra-curricular activity. Only thus can life at Acadia reach its full development.

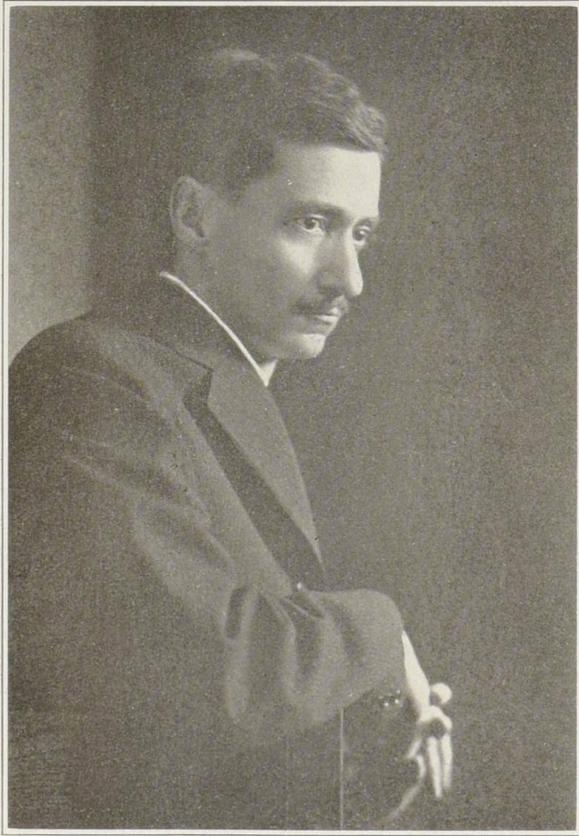
—H. F. LEWIS, '17.

Professor Houston.

PROFESSOR HOUSTON is a graduate of Williams College, where he later took his M. A. degree. He has taken his M. A. and Ph. D. degree from Harvard. Mr. Houston spent two years abroad, having been awarded the Parker Fellowship from Harvard. This fellowship permits of foreign travel and study. Returning to his native country, the United States, Mr. Houston taught first in the University of Illinois and then in the University of Texas. From this institution he comes to Acadia.

The September issue of the *Acadia Bulletin*, in speaking of Mr. Houston's work says: "The title of his Doctor's dissertation was 'Dr. Johnson as a literary critic,' some chapters of which have been published. He has also published other articles, and was managing editor of the *Texas Review* while at the University of Texas."

From what we have seen of Professor Houston we would say that Acadia has been fortunate in her selection of an English Professor. The ATHENÆUM, and we feel sure the whole student body, extend to Prof. Houston a hearty welcome.



MR. PERCY H. HOUSTON,
Professor of English, Acadia University.



The Month

DRAWN BY MORALE BISHOP, '11.

COLLEGE opened for another year on Wednesday, October 6th. As we gathered in chapel that first afternoon we missed many familiar faces, but were surprised and pleased to see such a large Freshman class. The Freshman class numbers over 60. The other classes are smaller than usual, as so many of the boys have gone to the front.

All the professors are back again, with the exception of Professor Hannay. We shall miss his strong, melodious voice in the class room and chapel, yet we feel that the new English Professor, Mr. Houston, will ably fill the position. We welcome him.

Y. M. C. A. Reception.

The first social event of this year was the Y. M. C. A. reception to new students, held on Friday evening, October 8th, in College Hall, where a pleasant hour was spent in becoming acquainted with the new students. The customary games were played, and the time-honored Gravensteins passed around. Mr. A. H. G. Mitchell, President of the Y. M. C. A., presided over the meeting, and called for speeches from the presidents of the various societies as well as the football captain. Dr. Cutten gave a short speech, followed by a humorous address from Prof. Houston. As usual, the evening closed with college songs and the giving of the various class yells. One part of the evening's program that is always interesting is the Freshman yell, and this year they succeeded in keeping it from the Sophs. However, in the customary rushes which took place behind the "Sem," the Sophs were victorious (?). Now the scales evenly balance.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. is starting its work this year under brighter prospects than it has had for a number of years. Mr. Mitchell is getting things well in hand, and we look for great things under his able leadership. The various committees are all at work, and should accomplish results. The

Student Volunteer Mission Band is now a part of the Y. M. C. A. This band is "alive" this year, and should give an account of itself throughout the year. The Sunday morning services at 9.30 are being carried on as usual, and are a source of great strength to all who attend.

The joint meetings of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are held on Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock. Much interest is shown in these meetings this year. The leaders for the month were, Mitchell, '16, Reid, '19, Stackhouse, '16, and the delegates to the Northfield Convention.

**Senior
Party**

The Seniors were given a party on Monday night, October 11th, at the home of Mr. William Bleakney. Various games furnished much enjoyment throughout the evening, and after refreshments were served the jolly party wended its way homeward, all expressing themselves as having spent a very pleasant evening.

**Willett
Hall.**

The Hall is well filled this year with boys who seem, on the whole, to be there for work. An able house committee has been appointed, with Stackhouse, '16, as chairman. The upper classmen are fortunate in having their meals provided at "Tully Tavern," and all appreciate the many kindnesses extended to them by Mrs. Raymond. The lower classmen have their meals provided at the new "Academy Residence."

**The
Academy
Residence**

A beautiful stone building is now nearing completion, and will soon become the permanent home of the Academy students. This is a modern, fireproof building, erected near the site of old "Chip Hall," and is a most valuable addition to our fine equipment of up-to-date buildings.

**Annual
Reception for
New Girls**

On Saturday, October 9th, the Y. W. C. A. gave their annual reception to the new girls. The reception was held, for the first time, in the new Residence. Miss Layton, President, and Miss Alward, Vice-President, received the guests, among whom were a number of the "facultesses." Informal games were played, and the passing of refreshments closed an enjoyable evening.

Y. W. C. A. Conference Cabinet On Saturday, October 9th, the Y. W. C. A. held a Cabinet Conference in order to talk over the plans for the coming year. The program was:—

- 2.00 Our Aim.—Charlotte Layton.
- 2.15 The Meaning of Prayer.—Bessie Lockhart.
- 2.30 United Prayer.
- 2.45 Discussion of Elgin House Students.
Committee Recommendations.
- 3.00 The Place of Missions in College Life.—Lillian Chase.
Discussion.
- 3.30 Bible Study as a Power.—Ora Elliott.
- 4.00 Social Service.
Address.—Mrs. Cavicchia.
Outline Plans for 1915-16.
Discussion led by Mildred Brown.
Closing Prayer.

The address given by Mrs. Cavicchia on Social Service was especially interesting, because she told many incidents of her experience as a social worker in the United States.

At Home

Mrs. Malcolm Elliott was "At Home" to the members of the Propylæum Society on Saturday, October 9th, and Monday, October 11th. Mrs. Elliott's hospitality to the "Props" is well known, and the girls appreciate it more than they can express.

The Baptist Church Social

On the evening of October 19th a social was given by the Baptist Church to the Senior students of the Seminary and the new students of the College.

This opportunity of meeting each other was gladly accepted by all, and by eight o'clock the room was filled. Each person who entered the room was given a slip of paper, bearing part of the title of some well known song, and was told to find the person who had the other part of the title. When this was done each couple was asked to sing their song. As there was no response, all the couples were asked to sing at the same time. This was done, and the noise can be better imagined than described.

The remainder of the evening passed only too quickly, one of the important features being a reading which was enjoyed by all. Shortly after this the only interruption of the evening occurred, when the lights mysteriously (?) went black for a few moments. After refreshments were served, the meeting broke up with the singing of the National Anthem.

**Recruiting
Meeting**

Lieutenant Frank Higgins spent several days amongst the boys, trying to persuade them that they should join the Princess Patricias of Montreal. His efforts culminated in a public meeting being held in the United Baptist Church on Sunday evening, October 10th. The students were addressed by Revs. Harkness and Armitage, and by Lieutenant Higgins. At the close of the meeting a number of boys volunteered for service.

**Dr. Ambler
Serenade**

Dr. Ambler, our popular Professor of Chemistry, recently attained one of life's ambitions when he "took unto himself a wife." The college boys, soon after their return to college, went *en masse* one night to his home. Although the hour was late, the Professor and his nappy bride proved to be "good sports" by appearing at the door, bearing plates heavily laden with wedding cake. It goes without saying that the boys appreciated this, and "what's the matter with Dr. Ambler" followed by "what's the matter with Mrs. Dr. Ambler" was given with much enthusiasm.

**Volunteers'
Reception**

On Friday evening, October 15th, a reception was tendered the boys who had recently volunteered for overseas service. A pleasant evening was spent in College Hall, although a feeling of sorrow seemed to pervade, when we thought of the noble boys who were soon to leave us. Mr. Gregg, '16, who has a brother at the front, addressed the volunteers on behalf of the student body, wishing them "godspeed and a safe return."

**Red Cross
Tea**

Mrs. M. Schurman entertained the Propylæum Society at a Red Cross tea at her home on Thursday, October 28th.

**Hallowe'en
Party**

On Saturday evening, October 29th, the girls on the second corridor of the College Women's Residence entertained the other college girls at a Hallowe'en party in the Club Room. The place, which was decorated with witches, black cats and pumpkin "grinners," looked extraordinarily spooky and weird. Much credit is to be given to Miss Elinor Johnston for her effective decorations, and to Miss Marie Danielson for her cleverly planned entertainments.

National
Secretary

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Saunders, the National Y. W. C. A. Secretary, spent October 30—November 2 at our University.

She spoke on Sunday morning to the College Y. W.

C. A. On Sunday afternoon she met the College Y. W.

C. A. Cabinet. She gave an address entitled, "Students of Other Lands" on Sunday evening in the Baptist Church, met the Seminary Cabinet on Monday afternoon, and spoke to the Seminary girls and the Student Volunteers on Monday evening. We enjoyed Miss Saunders' visit immensely. Her wide experience in foreign countries and her bright, genial personality made her particularly interesting.



ATHLETICS

THE OUTLOOK FOR ATHLETICS.

As only a short time has elapsed since our return to college, we are unable to report anything definite in athletics. We can only give the present situation. Mount Allison wrote us a short time ago that they would not play football under any consideration. This was but the beginning of our troubles. We soon learned that the new regulations applicable to the players would debar some of the best men of both Acadia and U. N. B. from playing football. Although we tried to have these rules suspended, we were not very successful. It looks as if there will be no competition this year for the Clark trophy. Despite these discouragements, Captain Harlow got busy at once. After several weeks of faithful practice, we arranged for two home-and-home games with Kings. Owing to the rain the first, scheduled for October 30th at Windsor, had to be postponed.

The Freshmen and Cads have already turned out a number of candidates for the Bulmer team. To all appearances, this races promises to be as keenly contested as ever. The class of 1916 won the cup last year. Who is going to win it this year?

The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

S. W. STACKHOUSE, 1915, 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. M. TITUS, '18, Mgr. of Circulation.

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

G. B. GANONG, Academy.

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

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



Editorial



PRECEDENT would command me to make many preliminary apologies in this first issue; kindly consider them offered, and it will save our space and your patience.

We find it necessary this year to use a cheaper grade of paper because of the debt hanging over us from last year. This deficiency of over three hundred dollars means that the staff is crippled at the outset: the blame lies not with last year's management, but with those subscribers who have not paid for the last year's paper—*does that hit you?* If so get busy and send us a cheque. We cannot run our paper on public opinion alone. While we value your good wishes we must have also something more substantial, in order to pay up our back bills. Further, we need a larger circulation,—last year we were putting out over eight hundred copies, this year we are down to five hundred; that means that the publication of our paper is costing more because of the decreased circulation. We would urge the friends of Acadia not to discontinue their ATHENÆUM but to pay up their subscription and *do more*, get a few more subscriptions to send along with yours. Be an ATHENÆUM home or foreign missionary.

**Our New
Song Book**

A committee has been appointed by the Athenæum Society to compile and publish a new song-book.

There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction felt in regard to the old book, which was classic and good to look upon, but was not calculated to stimulate the song spirit, the chief fault lay in the music which was written too high for the average man, and the stiff cover made it difficult to carry the book to games or debates.

It is the aim of the committee to get out a book of popular songs of all the colleges embracing Acadia's special game and debate songs. The committee are anxious to know the approximate number of books to order and to facilitate their work are enclosing an order sheet in this ATHENÆUM, which you are asked to fill out and return to the chairman of the committee, S. W. Stackhouse, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S. Every friend of Acadia should have a copy of the song-book on the piano. Order it today. Do it *now* while the order blank is handy and you have the matter in mind.

**Changes
in the
Staff**

The war has claimed a great many of our college men this year, the upper classes, and particularly the Senior class, have suffered, as a result several of our Senior and Junior editors are not here this year,

which has necessitated the electing of an almost entirely new staff. Mr. B. G. Wood, '16, takes the place of F. C. Leslie as Month editor; Mr. J. S. Millett, '16, takes the place of M. C. Saunders as athletic editor; Miss Lillian Chase, '16, succeeds M. S. Hirtle in the exchange department, and Miss Esther Clarke, '16, takes the place of J. S. Millett as editor of the personals.

We are publishing the picture of the editorial and managing staff in the first issue this year.

**Acadia Men
at the
Front**

The Y. M. C. A., conscious of the large number of Acadia men at the front, and feeling that they are interested in Acadia news, have asked different men to write them. A great difficulty seems to be felt in getting correct or full addresses. It will help greatly if those knowing the same will kindly hand them over to the President of the Y. M. C. A.

The Deputy Postmaster General has asked that the following notice be given as wide publicity as possible in order to insure the safe delivery of letters:—

ADDRESSING THE MAIL.

In order to facilitate the handling of mail at the front and to insure prompt delivery it is requested that all mail be addressed as follows:—

- (a) Regimental Number
- (b) Rank
- (c) Name
- (d) Squadron, Battery or Company.....
- (e) Battalion, Regiment, (or other unit) Staff appointment
or Department.....
- (f) CANADIAN CONTINGENT
- (g) British Expeditionary Force.....
- (h) Army Post Office, LONDON, England.....

Unnecessary mention of higher formations, such as brigades, divisions, is strictly forbidden, and causes delay.

**On
Contribution**

We would like to say to the undergraduates that this is your paper and you are responsible for it. We cannot send out a creditable number unless *you* put your shoulder to the wheel. Will you force us to say that with all the high standing of Acadia we cannot get an article worthy of publication? Is it inability, plain laziness, or lack of interest? Surely we can produce a paper worthy of our high ideals and achievements of the past! Upon the platform and the field we have more than held our own,—must we go down in defeat when we compare our paper with that of other colleges? Get to work and turn in copy to the ATHENÆUM. Write stories, articles, poems, Month columns, exchange columns, personals, jokes, and in that way win units which mean editorships for next year, also a literary "A" when you get twenty-one units, of which ten have been won in the literary department. Do not be afraid to turn in material; make the effort and you will surprise yourself. Make your copy interesting and readable, and remember that the length is not the most important thing,—a short article or story is always looked upon with favor. Do not be afraid to use a little humor if you have any, but don't be artificial; make your work alive and snappy so that everyone will read it.

**Universal
Fee**

A large number of college men have failed to pay this tax: with some it has been neglect, and with others a decision to stand out against the payment of the universal fee. The Engineer's class seem to be the largest body of kickers. Last year they objected to the tax because it involved membership with the College Y. M. C. A. This year that Society withdrew from the universal fee, removing the only legitimate objection, and still the Engineers kick. We wonder why

when they are still willing to accept their portion of the fee for the Science Society, and that amount paid practically by the Arts men.

Under the present rules, a student must pay his universal fee in order to become a member of any of the college societies, take part in any of the college games or debates, have a voice in the selection of a team or the business of the societies.

If a man has the Acadia spirit he will be glad to support the societies and pay the universal fee. It seems a shame that some second and third year men will permit a few mutineers to lead them into a position opposed to the college sentiment, and one calculated to have a detrimental influence on the new students, for a student who comes to Acadia and fails to join the societies and take his part in their work is losing something. The training you get from the college societies is of a nature such as you will get nowhere else.

Acadia men! Don't be quitters! Pay the universal fee and take your share of the work with the rest of us.

**Student
Committee**

It will be remembered that at the close of last year the Students' Council was abolished, and in its place was elected a Student Committee. The following now hold office:—R. S. Gregg, '16, (chairman); Miss Hettie Chute, '16; S. W. Stackhouse, '16; Claud Moore, '17; F. W. Curry, '18.

The Committee has in mind the general welfare of the student body, the collecting of the universal fee, the making of cash allotments to the various societies, ordering college pins, etc.

**The
War**

The war seems no nearer the end than it did twelve months ago. There are many of us at home who would like to go but for physical reasons are detained. It seems a shame that many fellows who have been turned down from no fault of their own must be numbered among those who won't go.

Some plan should be adopted to allow those who have tried to enlist to wear a band of khaki on their arm to distinguish them from others. In this time of warfare there are many cowards, or at least indifferent men who refuse to consider the question of enlisting; then there are those who because of certain peculiar family ties feel their duty at home to be stronger than that abroad, and although they long

to go yet they stifle that longing and stay at home; still others are detained because of physical deficiency. These are none the less heroes, and should not be counted among the indifferent and cowardly ones. It was these the poet had in mind when he said:—

The man who heeds the nation's call
 And marches on with those who fight
 Is not alone the hero strong
 When marshal spirit here is strife,
 But he who feels the call and yet
 Will stay at home and fight.

Sometimes the call is felt right here,
 A duty loud, insistent, strong;
 No laurels bright or fame to win
 No praise from man or maid or friend,
 Alone by him a duty done
 Who stays at home and fights.

Some men would go where others lead,
 In battle line or low cut trench,
 After the flag through blood or death
 And long to go to aid the right,
 Yet shut their eyes on strong desire
 And stay at home and fight.

These are the heroes, who today
 Are known at most, to none but few
 They life their life and fight their fight,
 Respect their country serve the right,
 These men who now in midst of strife
 Are staying home to fight.

True there are some who dare not go;
 A coward's heart we give no praise,
 But to the man whom duty calls
 To toil 'mid strife, and care, and sin,
 This is the man who calls for praise
 Who stays at home and fights.

Academy Notes.

THE work of the school was resumed September 8th with a full teaching staff and a fair attendance of students. The opening exercises took place in the Academy Chapel at eleven o'clock. President Cutten of the University addressed the boys on "The Disciplinary Value of an Education." Other speakers were Dr. J. F. Tufts, an ex-Principal of the school, and Rev. Mr. Armitage, pastor of the local Methodist Church. Mr. E. D. McPhee, successor to Mr. E. C. Leslie as Latin instructor, and Mr. M. C. Foster, B. Sc., who

replaces his brother, Mr. J. S. Foster, B. Sc., as teacher of Mathematics, were introduced. On the invitation of Dr. Archibald, each of the members of the teaching staff gave a short address.

The Academy residence is rapidly approaching completion, the dining room is now in use, and it is expected that the building will be occupied by the students within a few weeks.

All the school societies are in a prosperous state. This is due mainly to the fact that the school has adopted the universal tax.

The Y. M. C. A. of the Academy opened again September 8th, when committees were appointed to carry on the work of the year. Already there have been some encouraging results. There is a movement on foot now to furnish a regular correspondence with the boys who have gone from among us, and are now either fighting in France or training to go there.

We have enjoyed some special addresses from Dr. Archibald, Mr. McPhee, Mr. Rouse and the Rev. Mr. Harkness. All of these were very inspiring and uplifting.

The regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are held on Wednesday evening at 6.30 p. m.

THE LYCEUM A. C. A.

On September 21st the students held a meeting for the reorganization of the Lyceum. The following officers were elected:—

President—H. C. PARKS.

Vice-President—T. M. WEBB.

Secretary-Treasurer—M. M. HAY.

Pianist—E. C. DAVIS.

Owing to the loss of the Lyceum constitution and by-laws in the A. C. A. fire, it has been necessary for the society to draw up new ones.

Since the beginning of the year regular meetings have been held, several interesting programs have been given, and some minor debates held. The Lyceum this season has excited keen interest, and the prospects are bright for a profitable as well as an enjoyable year.

A. C. A. ATHLETICS.

Notwithstanding a low attendance at the Academy its athletic society is in a healthy condition. Thus far this season two football games, both against Kings, have been played.

On October 15th the football team, accompanied by over thirty rooters, drove to Windsor, where they met defeat on a wet and slippery field; score 6—3. J. Walker made the Academy's only touch-down.

On October 23rd Kings came to Acadia for a return match. The day was fine and the campus ideal; the teams were evenly matched and both fought hard for victory. In the first period Scott made the only score for the Academy. In the second period Kings had the kick-off and almost immediately secured their first and only touch-down. With the score a tie the teams battled incessantly with little advantage on either side, until within five minutes of time. Then the Academy rallied and rushed Kings down the field again, carrying the ball across Kings' touch-line. This time the honors went to Capt. Richardson and the game to the H. C. A.





'89—We congratulate Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, D. D., on his appointment as President of the Maritime United Baptist Convention for the coming year.

'91—Rev. Z. L. Fash of Charlottetown has accepted a call to the Parrsboro church.

'95—Rev. Ralph E. Gullison is home from India on furlough. He and his family are spending the winter in Wolfville.

'98—On Sept. 1, 1915, at the home of Rev. C. W. Rose, Amherst, N. S., Miss Bessie Churchill of the class of '98 was united in marriage to the Rev. Mr. Stillwell, principal of the Cocanada High School, Cocanada, India.

'00—Rev. J. A. Huntley, formerly pastor of the Lee Ave. and Keap St. Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is now installed in the First Baptist Church, Calgary.

'01—Fred R. Faulkner has been appointed to a professorship at the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax.

'09—Fred S. Goucher is instructor of Physics at Columbia University. He is also studying for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

'10—Married—At Bedford, N. S., by Rev. Geo. B. Cutten, D. D., Clifford Wilson, '10, to Henrietta Crandall, '10.

'10—On August 25, 1915, at the home of the bride's parents, Queen St., Truro, Elsie C. Porter, '10, and Guilford Reed, ex '12, were united in marriage. They are now residing at 150 Frontenac St., Kingston, Ont.

Ex '12—Guilford Reed of Berwick, N. S., who obtained his Ph. D. at Harvard last spring, and also the Bowdoin prize of \$200, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Botany at Queens University.

'12—Married—At Berwick, Sept. 4, 1915, J. Lewis Pattillo, ex '12, and Mary Rebecca Marsters, '12.

'13—Roy Kinsman is the junior partner in the law firm of Graham, Bigelow and Kinsman, Regina, Sask.

'13—On June 22, 1915, Rev. E. M. A. Bleakney, pastor of the Baptist Church at Stoneham, Conn., was united in marriage to Lila V. Corbett—both of the class of 1913.

'13—Born—On Sept. 18, 1915, at Port Elgin, N. B., to Mr. and Mrs. W. Carey Robinson, a son.

'13—At New Minas, June 28, 1915, by Rev. Clyde W. Robbins, Harry P. Lockhart, '13, was married to Miss Charlotte Dargy.

'13—Gwendolyn Shand of Windsor is teaching at the School for the Deaf and Dumb, Halifax, N. S.

'14—Mary Raymond, Ethel Wigmore and Ada Johnson are studying Library Science at Simmons.

Flora Reid, who got her B. A. in 1914 and her M. A. last year, has entered Boston University to continue her work in English.

Blanche Thomas obtained her Superior First Rank License at the Provincial Normal College last spring and is now teaching at Centre Burlington, N. S.

Elizabeth Eaton is teaching preparatory studies at Acadia Seminary, and at the same time working on her M. A.

Letha S. Allen is at her home in Salem studying for the degree of Master of Arts.

'15—Married—On Aug. 18, 1915, Rev. W. S. Ryder, '15, to Miss Alice Storey of Moncton, N. B.

Deborah Constance Hopkins Crowell is Vice-Principal of the Annapolis School.

Grace Blenkhorn is spending the winter with her uncle at Stoneham, Conn.

Marguerite Elderkin is attending the Provincial Normal College, Truro.

Mrs. Ingraham and Susie Baxter have returned to Acadia to take their M. A.

Irene Ganter and Rae Wilson are at their homes in St. John.

Alwilda Outhouse and Hazel Smith were in Wolfville for a few days this month. All their old friends were glad to see them again.

Vesta Pick is the Assistant Librarian at Acadia University.

Evelyn Smallman is studying music at her home in Wolfville.

J. G. McKay, J. A. Green and A. B. Dawson are studying at Harvard.

Whyllie Brown is pastor of the Baptist Church at Brookfield, N. S., Clyde Robbins at Digby, W. S. Ryder at Havelock, N. B., and Earle Kinley at Bathurst, N. B.

John Meissner and C. D. Piper are studying at Newton.

Mary Jenkins is teaching at Cromer, Manitoba.

Rev. Alexander Gibson is pastor of the Baptist Church at Sydney Mines, C. B.

Ralph Carter is taking his M. A. at Acadia.

Rev. F. H. Bone is preaching at Canning and finishing his course for a B. A.

W. E. Scott is studying at Colgate.

F. L. Swim is employed in the Public Works Department at Chatham.

Hazel Clark has been appointed Provincial Treasurer for N. B. of the N. B. W. M. U.

Arthur W. Rogers and George Morrison are in France with the 6th Mounted Rifles.

I. C. Doty is taking up law in Yarmouth. We understand that in one line he is doing a rushing business.

We regret to state that C. A. S. Howe is suffering from a nervous breakdown and is now in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Rev. N. A. Whitman is preaching at Freeport, Digby Co.

Arthur Harris is in the Y. M. C. A. camp at Sussex.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Leon H. Curry, '05, Captain in the 40th Battalion. He was killed in action early in October. This is the first of Acadia's sons to die on the field of honor. We extend our sympathies to the bereaved family.

Persons wishing the use of the Freeman scholarship can have the same by applying to Mrs. Annie Freeman, Bridgetown, N. S.





All of the exchanges are dominated by the same note, the war. Social happenings are cut down, interest in athletics has diminished and a more serious tone prevails everywhere on account of the European conflict.

The graduation number of the *Argosy* is an excellent one. "The year at Mount Allison" is written in a live, stimulating way. Of special interest is the part that describes the excitement which prevailed at Sackville when Acadia and Mount A. were playing hockey in New Glasgow.

We must extend our heartiest congratulations to St. John's College, Winnipeg. It has succeeded in having the universal fee collected by the Bursar at the time of registration.

In an editorial in the *McGill Daily*, there appears this question, "What are you going to do when you get out?" The editor sums up the answer thus: "Every student by the time he has reached the end of his Sophomore year should have his mind fully settled in regard to his future in order that he may so choose his course in the following years as to be most benefitted in future life." A person sometimes wakes up with a start when he realizes that life isn't all classes and good times.

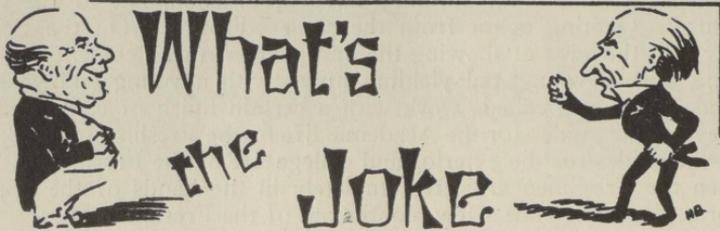
The Freshie Edition of the *McGill Daily*, printed entirely in green ink, has an excellent editorial entitled, "Concerning Freshman." "There are," the article states, "three types of Freshmen. First there is the pushing type whose whole energy is expended in imitating the upper classmen and in trying to pass for Seniors. The second

type is represented by the humble, meek freshman who becomes the bully of the Sophomore class. A type not so numerous as either the first or second is the third. It is composed of a body of men who realize the traditions of the college and bow to those who have graduated from the ranks of Freshman to Senior years. They do not hold the older men in awe, but they have the wisdom not to ape their rights." Quoting again from the same editorial, "On the Senior year falls the onus of showing the first year men who come, or should come, with a young and yielding mind, with a young and yielding mind, how to do college work with a certain finish of completeness. They are the guides for the Academic life of the Freshmen; the Sophs are the guides for the exterior and college life of the Freshies." Too often the Freshmen are left completely in the hands of the Sophomores, themselves but a few months out of the Freshman class.

The Queen's Journal gives a glimpse of college life as it is at Queens. The "Foreword" published in the issue of October 8 might well be adopted by all our colleges. "Only by sharing the same spirit of service and self-sacrifice can we be fit to take rank with those who are fighting for us. That spirit should find expression somehow by those who are daily in the class room as well as by those who are trenches. Can we not by that spirit make our season's work tell for the honor and progress of the University, so that alike by the conduct of her sons abroad and by the equal devotion to duty of those at home shall this be a notable year for Queens."

Universal Fee Paid.

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

Miss Ganter, '19—With Boyer.

English Prof.—What did I say we'd do today?

Miss Chase, '16—You said you would come with some ideas.

Miss Giffen, '17—I was so surprised Sunday night after the sing.
Some one said "Miss Giffen" and I expected to hear "Marian."

Intellectual Freshman (at the reception)—What a pity it is that
the humanities are so neglected at this college.

Miss Clark, '16—Oh, do you think they are? Why, everyone
takes Sociology, and there's a lot about humanity in that.

Psychology Professor—What is the chief value of a college
education?

Miss Woodworth, '17 (quoting from James—"To know a good
man when you see him.")

In Sociology class, the question is asked, "In primitive times
when women worked in the fields, what did primitive man do?"

Stage whisper from Miss Chase, '16—"The dishes."

Miss Cushing, '17 (in the Library)—What are you looking for?

Miss Starratt, '17—Oh! I want "Everyman."

Miss Hatfield, '19—Who is that fellow we met?

Miss Morse, '18—Cooke of the Senior class.

Miss Hatfield—Gracious! Do they have one all their own?

Miss Weston, '18 (looking for a book)—I can't find the children of Israel anywhere.

Dr. Cohoon (entering a room in Willett Hall where several fellows are smoking)—“Mr. Evans, are you trying to smoke fish?”

Clarke, '19 (reading his invitation to the Sem. Hallowe'en Party)—“R.S.V.P. I don't know any girl with those initials.”

Day, '18 (to Mitch who has just returned, covered with lime, from marking out the tennis courts)—“What's the matter with your clothes? Did you sneeze?”

Mitton, '19 (accidentally swallowing his only collar button)—“There, I swallowed my only collar button.”

Haley, '19—“Well, you know where it is for once anyway.”

Gregg (morning after his arrival)—“Dear me, I am awfully sleepy. I haven't slept a bit for three nights.”

Wood—“Did it take you three days to get here from Tracey?”

Bleakney (in Latin class)—“Dr. Thompson, I can't find any book by Daniel in the Library.”

Dr. Thompson—“Look in the Bible, Mr. Bleakney.”

Dalgleish (writing home)—“College is a snap. All we have to do is go to classes and the professors do all the work.”

Cal.—“Trout must be always seasick.”

Carter—“Why?”

Cal.—“He is always feeding the fish.”

Dock Messenger (after Economics class)—“Say, Ralph! What is the difference between capital and labor?”

Smallman—“Well, for me to lend you ten cents is capital, but for me to get it back would be labor.”

Deacon Tightfist—“Well, Mr. Millett, what shall we sing for a collection piece?”

— Stan. (meditating on accumulating coppers)—“Hymn 36, Hear the pennies dropping, listen as they fall.”

We understand that Cook has invested in a bathing suit.

Mitch. (after speaking fifty minutes)—“ Pardon me! We will now take up the second point,—Whither shall we go?”

Seven Deacons (in unison)—“ Home.”

Mitch.—“ Excuse me.”

Visiting Professor (after seeing Freshman on the street dressed in cap and gown)—“ Do the professors all wear their caps and gowns upon the street? I just saw one down town.”

Prof.—“ Your answer is as clear as mud, Mr. Titus.”

Titus.—“ Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?”

Initiation and Consequences.

On the night of October 16th the New Girls were solemnly assembled in the darkened waiting room, where blindfolded, amid fear, and gruesome silence, they awaited that feared unknown initiation. When they had properly appreciated the great degree of the freshness, they were led forth to their dreaded test. On their knees, as becometh their rank, they entered the presence of the tribunal. At the close of the session they received written injunctions which they had done well to follow.

RULES.

ATTENTION!

October 16, 1915.

Attend and hear us, O ye frivolous new girls, ye green leaves. These commands we give unto you:

YE SHALL NOT

wear upon your unworthy persons any unnecessary decoration, whether ring or brooch, pendant or bracelet.

NOR

shall ye be seen outside Tully Tavern after the ungodly hour of 9.30 p.m.

NOR

be found outside your own rooms after 10.15 p.m.

YE SHALL NOT

waste your precious time in primping before the waiting-room mirror. Not even a passing glance shall ye take therein.

NOR

be seen in ANY public place regaling yourselves on ice-cream.

YE SHALL NOT

make use of the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, vulgarly known as the reception room, for the practice of holding converse with persons of the male persuasion.

YE SHALL

give up your cake at supper to your superiors, the old girls.

ALSO

ye shall give a military salute to the old girls, when ye shall have the good fortune to meet them on the street.

FINALLY! REMEMBER!

ye shall ALWAYS, under ALL circumstances, on EVERY occasion, give precedence to the girls of the most high and exalted, the over-ruling, the all-powerful relentless class of

1918

As days went on it became apparent that not all of these green leaves were duly impressed with the seriousness of these commands, therefore the wrongdoers were duly sentenced to provide a feed fitting in quality and quantity for those who had expended much labor and ability in giving them wholesome advice. Hurrah for the new girls! They are good sports after all.

INITIATION COMMITTEE.

Harvard Canadian Club Reception.

AN the evening of October 23rd, the Harvard Canadian Club gave an informal reception to Canadian students and their friends at the Club House, 12 Oxford St. Acadia was represented by Dr. B. Rand, '75, Librarian of Philosophy, Harvard; Mr. Trotter, ex '09, a son of ex-President Trotter of Acadia; Misses F. Reid, M. Raymond, A. Johnston, E. Wigmore, and Mr. O. W. Graves, '14; Miss G. Blenkhorn, Messrs. A. B. Dawson, J. A. Green and J. G. McKay, '15. This constituted the largest group from any single college. As naturally as in the homeland, the more recent graduates gravitated to the piano where an Acadia song book was in evidence, and soon, to Miss Blenkhorn's accompaniment, "O'er the Fields of Blue and Garnet," and "It's a great place this Old Acadia," found new, and not uninterested listeners. The "old" yell with its corollary "Rickety-ax," in which a U. N. B. man joined, was greeted with applause. The "Acadia spirit" does not seem to lose its vigor in a strange climate. The evenings was much enjoyed by all, and by the Acadians in particular.

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