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December, 1924

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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. LI.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1924.

No. 2.

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

- Poems—1st, O. H. Rumsey, '26; 2nd, T. E. Roy, '25.
- Articles—1st, R. A. Thorne, '25, and Margaret Hutchins, '26;
2nd, C. R. Gould, '26 and A. A. Harris, '25.
- Stories—1st, J. Walter Graham, '27; 2nd, C. R. Gould, '26.
- Humor—1st, E. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25; 2nd, Ethyl
Osborne, '27.
- Special Literary Award—Grace Perry, '27.
- Science—1st, W. P. Warren, '25; 2nd, Margaret Belyea, '27.
- Athletics—1st, H. P. Moffatt, '25; 2nd, H. Grace Beardsley,
'25.
- Exchanges—1st, R. A. Thorne, '25; 2nd, H. Grace Beards-
ley, '25.
- Month—1st, Alice H. McLeod, '25; 2nd, Ethel Schurman,
'27.
- Personals—1st, H. G. Beardsley, '25; 2nd, No award.
- Jokes—1st, W. P. Warren, '25; 2nd, G. Doug. Anderson,
Eng. '25.
- Cartoon—H. L. Copland, '25.

Seniors	19 Units.
Juniors	6 Units.
Engineers	3 Units.
Sophomores	7 Units.
Freshmen	0 Units.

Pennant to the Seniors.

GRAY AND GOLD

IN gray and gold the moments fly;
Like desert sands they pass us by
Simooms of time sweep to and fro
The gold of dawn and sunset glow,
The gray of dusk and sodden sky.

And we who ask our tragic "Why"?
Now cast too low, now raised too high,
Are part of Fate's queer puppet show
In gray and gold.

When dreams of love charm mind and eye,
When days of old give love the lie.
When trusted friend turns sudden foe,
When moons of mirth rout clouds of woe.
The looms of Heaven our patterns ply
In gray and gold.

O. T. R.

CANADA AND THE KLU KLUX KLAN

THE rumors of recent activities of the Ku Klux Klan in connection with Provincial politics in Ontario presents a problem that is not only of interest to Ontario, but is of the most vital significance to Canada as a whole.

During the past six months, the great Republic to the south of us has been passing thru one of those periodical times of stress which leads up to the Presidential election. That it is a time of uncertainty and political excitement is of importance not only to American citizens but also to Canadians, for every economic, political, or social tremor in our sister nation causes a sympathetic response in Canada.

But in this last campaign, there was a comparatively new element in American politics, which, as never before, aroused the most bitter class and racial feeling. The Democratic Convention held last June will probably go down in history as the longest and bitterest political rally ever held on the North American continent, and a great deal of the excitement and bitter feeling at that convention was caused by this new element—that much-talked-of organization known as the Ku Klux Klan.

We in Canada have been wont to look upon the Ku Klux Klan as belonging solely to the United States. We read with interest of its many activities, surrounded as it is by all the glamour of secrecy. The stories of the hooded "Knights of the Fiery Cross", clad in white, carry us back in thought to mediaeval times when lawless bands terrorized the countryside in many sections of Europe. But to many of us, the real significance of the Ku Klux Klan has never been revealed, nor has it ever occurred to us that agents of this order have been attempting to spread its propaganda and teachings in Canada.

Just when the present Ku Klux Klan originated, it is difficult to say. The original Klan was an outgrowth of the Civil War, and conditions seem to indicate that at first its existence may have been warranted, though it quickly deteriorated and died out. Many other secret organizations of a

similar though less reputable nature have flourished in the United States, but all perished as quickly as they grew. Circumstances seem to show that the present Ku Klux Klan is an outgrowth of some of the elements of these earlier societies, for it has some characteristics of them all.

In order to get a clear conception of the activities and purpose of the Klan, it will be well to outline a few of the salient points of its creed and teachings.

Until this last Summer, the most noticeable feature about the Klan was its secrecy. Who or where were its leaders, none but influential members of the order knew. But last Summer, for the first time in its history, it came out in the open, boldly stating its aim and purpose, and appealing to the public for moral support. This was the object of the Klonoconvocation held at Kansas City. Its purpose in thus disclosing itself was to attempt to draw into its ranks many who had hitherto held aloof or actually opposed it—folks who wanted reasons instead of prejudices to back their actions. Here, the Imperial Wizard, Dr. Hiram Evans, launched his appeal to the public and attempted to justify the existence of the organization.

To a vast assembly of people, he announced the Klan's platform to the "native, white, gentile, Protestant supremacy". This official statement confirms the general conception of the Klan's policy, that is, that their propaganda and influence is exerted equally against Negroes, Jews, and Catholics.

With such a platform, appealing to racial and religious prejudice, and backed by such a widespread powerful organization, its influence can scarcely be calculated.

Hitherto, we have been accustomed to think of the Klan in connection with the Southern States where there is a racial problem, but that is no longer the case. A wave of Klan-ism has swept northward thru the New England and Western States to the Canadian border. These northern States had no racial problem like those in the South, hence their greatest drawing-card in the North was the Anti-Catholic plank. Among the laboring and middle classes of the industrial towns of New England, religious prejudices and ignorance

combined to make a strong foundation on which the Klan could build. Thus, the Ku Klux Klan has flourished, and its influence has extended to the very threshold of Canada.

Nor did it stop there. Two years ago, the Klan made its first organized attempt to gain a foothold in Canada. Working in their own characteristic way, the Klan agents began their work in Toronto, but fortunately found little fertile soil there for the seed of Klanism. They were promptly reported to the police, and forthwith ordered out of the country.

Officially that was the end of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada, the germs of religious and racial prejudice still exist and have since become a thousand times more active, and the stronger the Klan becomes in the States, and the nearer its pernicious influence approaches the Canadian border, the greater the danger of the movement gaining a permanent foothold here and thus working against the unity of Canada as a nation.

That it does still exist and is increasing in strength in Canada is no dream, as is evidenced by the recent attempts of Klan supporters and sympathizers to identify themselves with—in other words to become a factor in—Provincial politics in Ontario, where, of all places, it would be most dangerous, because of the feeling existing between Ontario and Quebec.

In Canada there have always been racial problems. Canada is essentially a bi-lingual nation, but by constitutional as well as by moral right, the two great races are equal in every respect. There is no factor as essential to the peace and prosperity of a young and virile nation—no factor as essential to its growth and development—as Unity. Canadian statesmen since before Confederation have labored consistently to attain this all-powerful factor in Nation building, and hence racial and religious conditions in Canada have given rise to some problems in statesmanship, but there were advantages as well as difficulties in the situation. Political leaders have received a certain unique training in toleration and good-will as essential to National Unity, and Canadian people have been educated along the same lines.

To a people having such traditions, so crude a device as the Ku Klux Klan would be like inserting a toothpick in the delicate mechanism of a watch. It would be false modesty to assume that we have anything to learn from our neighboring republic in that respect. Our wealth of experience with such problems and our skill in handling them would make us teachers rather than pupils of the Americans.

In British Columbia the foreign element has been a serious problem at times, but no need of such an organization as the Ku Klux Klan has ever been felt. The Canadian system has been to assimilate the foreigners by means of education and sympathy rather than by terror and ostracism.

It may be said, and perhaps rightly so, that the Klan was the outgrowth of a legitimate desire to benefit America. But what has been the result? Its phenomenal growth has not been due entirely to its ideals and principles. The elements of selfishness, graft, love of power, prejudice, and ignorance have all contributed to raise the Klan to the position it holds today. The organization has outgrown itself and is now a dangerous, almost uncontrollable, tool in the hands of its leaders.

It is dangerous and undemocratic because its founders and leaders have based their reasoning upon a false assumption. They fail to see that the government in the United States or in Canada is inevitably based upon the separation of Church and State. In their efforts to destroy the influence of one church, "they are trying to turn the government into a theocracy controlled by a factional element within another." They fail to realize that the rights of a minority are just as much a part of good government as the rule of a majority. In other words, their battle against one group interest is "creating another group interest as dangerous as the one they are seeking to destroy."

This one-sided method of reasoning on the part of the Klan is not so surprising when we consider who its leaders and organizers are. At the nation-wide Klonvocation of the Klan at Kansas City, not one of the delegates was a man of outstanding ability or prominence. The delegates came largely from the ranks of tradesmen and merchants of the

middle class, while one delegate in every four was a Doctor of Divinity. Throughout the session, there was constant reference to the "spiritual vision" and "religious purpose" of the Klan.

Such is the Ku Klux Klan,—its aim, its purpose, and its field of activity. If such an organization obtained a foothold in Canada, the harm it could do would be incalculable. Canadians want nothing to do with any organization that has as one of its objects the spreading of propaganda and teachings likely to cause a cleavage in the religious sentiment of the people. The chief object of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada and the United States is to arouse religious discord between classes of people who have always lived in peace and harmony. In Canada, we must not tolerate those who cater to bigotry and religious prejudice while pretending to be public benefactors.

"Canadianism stands for full political and religious rights, free from terrorism and ostracism". Hence, there is no place here for an organization fed by ignorance, prejudice, and bigotry, such as the Ku Klux Klan.

R. A. T., '25.

A G E

"**I** fear thee not—thou monster fierce and cold.
 "My heart its warmth shall keep; my verdant cloak
 "Shall shelter me", thus spake in accents bold
 The haughty, weather-beaten, gnarled, old oak.
 Challenge Boreas, with his biting breath
 Chilled by the frosts of northern lands of snow,
 Drear fields of desolation and of death,
 Was roused from on his throne in caverns low;
 In vain the old oak with the wind did strive;
 Its cloak was borne on high in cruel glee.
 Tender and soothing Spring shall ne'er revive
 The youthful spirit of the time-worn tree.
 Thus is it ever when Old Age, in pride
 Of lingering strength, Life's trials has defied.

T. E. R., '25.

OH, MOTHER

IT was Mother's voice that called, shortly after seven, "Come Jerry, time to get up. Ruth are you awake yet? Get up everybody." Mother had been up since half-past six. In their dreams the children had heard her scurrying around the kitchen, sweeping down the stairs, mopping and dusting the living-room, watering the plants, and doing one hundred other things so that she would get "ahead of herself," as she termed it.

"Mother—where's my stockings?" It was little Tommy yelling from the top of the stairs.

"I don't know. Where did you put them when you took them off last night? Did you undress in your room or in Jerry's?"

There was silence for a few moments, then wild yells were heard from Jerry's room. "Get out will you! You've no business waking me up." At the last two words Jerry's voice croaked. It was changing.

"Mum, make Jerry quit hurting me!"

"I don't care, you started it. Git it, will you or I'll —". And with that there was a heavy thud on the floor as Jerry bounced out of bed and sent Tommy out the door flying.

"Mum, My garters are in Jerry's room an I can't get in. Oh—oo—oo." Sobs came from the top of the stairs now.

"Jerry, now don't act funny. Let Tommy get his garters and dress quickly all of you. Breakfast will be ready in a few minutes."

Then they heard Mother's light, quick step going from pantry to kitchen, and kitchen to dining-room.

"Mum!"—but the kitchen door was shut and mum didn't hear.

"Mother!" A pause, then, "Mother!"

"Well, the kitchen door had opened and the smell of frying bacon was wafted up, "what do you want, Ruth."

"What dress'll I wear?"

“Aren’t you dressed yet? Better hurry. What one did you wear yesterday, your blue gingham, wear that.” And the door shut with a bang.

“Mother, *Mother*”—door opens again—I can’t wear that. I spilt strawberries all over it yesterday.”

Silence a moment. “Let me see then. Put on your yellow and black check.”

Somewhere the telephone rang, insistently. Mother ran to answer it. “Hello—Mr. Reynolds—you say its very important—yes I’ll call him.”

“Jimmy,” she called upstairs, “You’re wanted at the phone. Very important.”

No answer.

“Where’s Dad, Tommy, tell him to come to the phone.”

“He’s in the bathroom—*shaving*,” Tommy screamed at the top of his lungs.

Dad came downstairs in a minute and went to the phone. “Hello—yes—who is it?—Just wait a minute—I can’t hear very well.” Then with his hand over the mouthpiece, “Clara, make those youngsters be still, won’t you!”

He came into the kitchen in a moment or two. “Got to leave right off, dear”, he said to his wife, “Mrs. Black’s worse, the nurse says. May I have my breakfast right off?” While Mother ran to get his coat and hat he hastily put on his collar and tie, gulped down a cup of coffee, and made a toast and bacon sandwich, kissed his wife, and ran out to the garage. “Be sure to tell Ruth to wear a coat. She’s got a bad cold, and if there are any calls for me, say I’ll be back in an hour,” was his parting salute.

Mother ran back into the house. The children were coming downstairs. Ruth’s nose was red from a cold. She sat down in the kitchen with an aggrieved air.

“Mother, I don’t see why I have to go to school to-day. I don’t know my spelling or anything and our gogery’s *arful* hard and that Miss Gates’ll keep me in half an hour if I don’t know it. She said she would. Anyway I got too bad a cold.”

Mother had been putting the last things on the breakfast table, and so didn’t hear half that Ruth said. “Never mind,

I'll help you after breakfast. Come on, let's sit down. Where's Jerry?"

"Combing his hair," Tommy piped up, and he's putting pink stuff on it what he calls Hair Broom!" Giggles from Tommy and Ruth.

Mother sighed. "Well, I wish you would comb your hair, Tommy. Better go and do it now. Tommy rose reluctantly and re-entered two seconds later, his hair shining wet in front, with a part that, starting in the centre, ran gaily to one side, and a rooster-tail out behind.

"Tommy, ask the blessing please." With head lowered, Tommy, reddening, mumbled, all in one breath, "Bless this food to our good for Christ's sake Amen—stop kickin' me, Ruth, will you!"

"I don't like porridge, mother." This from Ruth. "Well eat it, it's good for you. Where is Jerry? He won't have time to eat his breakfast—jer-ry!" There was a rising inflection on the last syllable.

"Just a minute, mum," came from upstairs, "Hold your shirt on", (this last said under his breath).

Down the stairs he came, and Solomon in all his glory—had not such shinning locks as his. Jerry had just entered high school and his hair was his supreme pride.

Jerry, you really must be on time for meals. Things all go wrong if all of you aren't around on time. Then the telephone clanged, and Mother jumped up to answer it.

Oh, Jerry's got on Hair Broom, Jerry's got on Hair Broom," chanted Tommy, taking advantage of Mother's absence.

"Hair Groom, you simp, and quit talking about things you don't know anything about", growled Jerry.

By the time Mother had come back Ruth had spilled a glass of water all over the tablecloth, and Tommy choked so hard laughing at her that he had to leave the table.

After breakfast Mother said: "Now Ruth, let me give out your spellings. Where's your book? All right now—deceive."

"Deceive—d-e-c-i-e, no e-i—no i-e, oh I forget, mum, I told you I didn't know them and I'll get kept in." Ruth was sobbing now.

But Mother persevered until Ruth knew her spellings and then she said: "Tommy come here and let me wash your face while I hear Ruth's geography. Name the counties of Nova Scotia?"

"Kings, Annapolis, Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne, Queens," Ruth droned.

"Goodness, what dirty ears you have, Tommy, go on Ruth."

"Queens—Queens. I forget the next."

"Lunen—."

"Oh yes. Lunenburg, Halifax, Guysborough.

"Mother, seen my Latin anywhere?"

"Yes, it's on the couch," came the answer to Jerry. "I noticed it there this morning. Go on, Ruth, what's after Guysborough?"

"Mother, I can't find my cap. I'm going to be late if I don't get it. Gee, mum, help me find it."

"Oh you funny boy. It's right here under Ruth's coat. Now kiss Mother good-bye. Did you clean your teeth. Have you all your books? Goodbye, Ruth. Get ne hundred on your spellings like a good girl. Be sure your coat's buttoned up. Have you got a hankie? Well run upstairs and get one in my room then." And in a few minutes Mother had kissed Ruth good-bye also.

"I've found my Latin but I'll be darned if I know where my French is," came in muffled tones from underneath the library couch. Soon, however, Jerry emerged triumphant, bearing the French grammar, but with his shinning locks very much mussed.

"Oh gee, ten to nine, and I gotta comb my hair again."

When Jerry finally left, Mother sat weakly down in a chair and took a breath. A fliver buzzed up the road and came in the driveway and out jumped Dad.

"Well, Jimmy, I haven't accomplished a thing the last two hours but get the kids off to school. They are cases."

Oh yes, but they are dears, Clara," he said to his wife as he kissed her.

But Mother smiled knowingly as Dad continued, "Been any telephone calls?"

G. P., '27.

THE FARE

I WONDER what is hid out there,—
 Where the sun goes down:
 —A beautiful gilded city, I think,
 Or else a lake of sheerest pink,—
 But it's very far from here to there
 Where the sun goes down.

And sometimes there are hid out there
 —Where the sun goes down.
 Just fields and fields of violets,
 And bright birds loosed from silvery nets,
 —But I am here, and all that is there—
 Where the sun goes down.

I don't know why I can't go there,
 —Where the sun goes down.
 Unless, if in that land I'd be,
 And solve for myself the mystery:
 I must pay to go the supremest fare—
 Where the sun goes down.

M. C. S., '27.

GREEN EYES

IT was late in the afternoon when I came in sight of Philip Darton's home, to which he had invited me for the holidays. I had ridden on horseback through miles of rough and dreary country, and I longed for a cheerful reception at my journey's end. But as I viewed the gloomy-looking buildings at the foot of the hill opposite me, a vague feeling of uneasiness stole over me, and dampened my spirits.

It was certainly not an alluring prospect. The last rays of the setting sun were illuminating the gray crags that rose above the ivy-covered towers, but the mansion itself was in complete shadow. No light shone in the windows and indeed the old stone walls offered so little contrast to the background, that they were scarcely visible.

Of Philip's family I knew little. I had heard, however, that his ancestors had lived there for centuries, and had originally been very wealthy, but continued intermarriage sapped their vitality; the race dwindled, and eccentricity and even insanity cropt out from time to time. Philip was now the sole survivor of his family.

As I continued my way down the narrow trail, I remembered that his last letter had seemed strangely depressed in tone, but I had given little thought to it, for I had become accustomed to his fits of silence and gloominess. Our dispositions were in fact so different that I do not know how we ever became such fast friends. He was high-strung and abnormally superstitious, whereas I was noted for my lack of imagination and obstinate common sense, qualities which I was soon to be in need of.

Consequently you may easily imagine that when I at length arrived, his apperaance start'ed me. Less than a month ago I had seen him start for home in perfect health and apparently in good spirits, but in that short space of time a great change had come over him. His face was thin and pale, his eyes were dull, and his features were wearied and drawn. I at first thought that he must be ill, but when I asked him, he declared he was perfectly well.

At supper he tried to appear as if nothing were wrong, but he left the room as soon as we had finished. I took the opportunity to go up to his room to unpack my grip. While I was engaged in this task, I happened to pick up a book which was lying open on the table. It purported to be "a true and authentic account of divers well-known ghosts and apparitions", and on the first page was—Andrew Darton, 1787.

Ordinarily I took no interest in these wierd tales that my friend was so fond of, but when I glanced at the title of the chapter at which it was open, I received a great surprise. It gave particulars concerning an apparition which it said, had haunted the mansion of the Darton family for centuries. On the night on which the head of the family was destined to die, there had unfailingly appeared, shining palefully from the darkness, two green and gleaming eyes which remained with fixed and staring gaze till death claimed its victim. I became so absorbed in the account indeed, that I did not notice Philip's entrance.

"Oh, he exclaimed, when he saw what I was reading, 'you know my secret now. I thought I had put the hateful book away. Oh how I wish I had never found and read the accursed story. 'His eyes, lustreless before, were suddenly filled with the mad light of approaching insanity.

"Ever since then", he went on. "the story has haunted me. When I am away from home, I strive to banish it from my mind, but as soon as I return here, it oppresses me worse than before. I hesitated to tell you because I knew you would laugh at me and think that my fears were foolish. I hoped that when you came I could overcome my imagination, but tonight I am filled with vague fears, and unseen eyes seem to be watching my every movement."

I tried to make light of his dread, but somehow my voice sounded holow and I could not even banish my own uneasiness. Perhaps it was because I was tired, but perhaps the surroundings were chiefly to blame, for the wind was whistling dismal'y about the old mansion, making it creak and groan like a thing alive.

Philip seemed to dread the thought of darkness, so that we sat till nearly one o'clock, pretending to read. As I was

tired, I must have dropt off to sleep immediately upon going to bed; but I do not think that Philip could have closed his eyes.

I must have been asleep for some time before I awoke to feel my companion slipping out of bed. It was still dark, but thunder was rumbling and fitful flashes of lightning lit up the room. By one flash I saw Philip groping towards the open window; then all was dark again, and as I looked in the direction in which he was going, my heart almost stopped and a cold shudder passed through me.—There out of the darkness, gleaming like coals and motionless, stared two green eyes.

For an instant I watched them fascinated. Then as they were momentarily blotted out by Philip climbing out the window, I regained control of my limbs.

The lightning having temporarily ceased, all was inky blackness beneath me as I clambered out after my comrade, but I knew we must be at least fifty feet above the stone courtyard and the wind blowing a gale. Clinging to the thick ivy, however, we managed to ascend to the roof and then made our way along it to the building opposite, from which those two green orbs were still glaring.

As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I was able to see my companion's face. It was deadly pale and set; his eyes, glittering with a wilder light than I had seen in them before, were fixed intently on those other fiery eyes, which now seemed to be rising gradually higher.

As he reached the end of the level roof, I saw him still pursuing the ascending eyes up a tower which stood at the entrance left of the building and which was raised to a dizzy height above the ground. I was sure then that he did not know what he was doing, for the ivy offered but little hold in such a raging wind. Not daring to add my weight to it, I yelled at him to come back, but he continued to move upwards.

Suddenly, without warning, a blinding flash of lightning enveloped the tower, illuminating every detail. For an instant I saw Philip rigid with fear, clinging to the tottering wall, while on the very top, silhouetted against the light,

crouched a great black cat.—Then with a crash that shook the earth, drowning the thunder, the whole structure fell, bearing with it the last mad descendant of the Dartons.

J. W. G., '27.

LIBRARY ETIQUETTE

HAVE you ever felt the need of knowledge of the rules of etiquette? Do you ever feel doubtful concerning the correct customs to be used in the most select College Circles? Have you ever envied the seniors their winning ways, their easy manners, their free graciousness?

Probably many members of the Freshman Class have seriously considered these problems, and in so doing have reached the profound conclusion that the manners learned at their mother's knee are sufficient for every place but the Library. The Library, however, presents to their inexperienced minds a deep and dark enigma. It is counted correct in the best circles to occupy a chair at one of the stackroom tables when the opposite chair is already occupied by a young lady? And then, everyone has had experience with refractory lights in the reading room. When a young freshette, ignorant of all things electrical, is seen under the table vainly endeavouring to fix the connection cord, is one supposed to get under the table to assist her, or does one wait until she emerges, flushed and panting, before respectfully offering aid.?" ?

The correct procedure in these and the many other perplexing cases that arise may be learned from observation, but observation at best is a slow teacher, and meanwhile many golden opportunities may be lost. Besides, how is one to observe the correct attitude of a gentleman alone with a lady? And this is one of the problems most frequently arising, especially in the stacks. Even the seniors, usually so willing to impart instruction, would scarcely be glad to demonstrate this.

Remembering, then, our own early struggles, we respectfully submit this short treatise; in which we have endeavour-

ed to set before our readers in a concise manner the most important rules expected of frequenters of the Library. For purposes of convenience these rules are divided in two sets; the first is for use in the reading room, and is perhaps not so important; the second set deals exclusively with the stacks, and should be highly stressed. Students wishing to specialize are advised to have a proficient knowledge of both.

The standards of conduct for the reading room will here be listed:

I. Knowledge and Observance of University Library Code.

When these have been mastered the student is well on the highway to social prominence. The article of this code which is most important is the one regarding absolute silence. The student who is desirous of giving an impression of correct breeding will obey this most scrupulously, and will endeavour tactfully to impress it on others. Should he observe a couple at an adjoining table, whispering loudly or laughing, he would desist from his own conversation (after politely excusing himself) and rap three times on the desk. If this gentle hint has no effect, he may walk quietly over and expostulate with them. This will doubtless make so much noise that the Librarian will appear, and then all difficulties will be solved.

II. Couples are not supposed to sit at reading room tables.

Surely no gentleman would betray his utter ignorance by continuing at a reading room table with the lady on whom his attentions are fixed at the time. The proper thing is to suggest that a more studious atmosphere reigns in the stacks. She, if she is not too bourgeoisie, will promptly take the hint. Fifteen minutes later you may saunter in the same direction.

III. Less formality required in the evening.

At this time the stacks are closed, and a lady and gentleman may feel free to occupy the same table and to talk

on any subject, as long as they do not annoy the gentleman in conversation with the librarian.

IV. Concerning lighting aparatus.

As to this question as stated above, much discussion is rife, and at present there is no accepted authority. We venture to suggest that the kindest and therefore most polite thing to do would be to offer immediate assistance.

Acting upon these rules and the common sense with which he was born, a student may hope to conduct himself creditably in the reading rooms. But once in the stacks the situation becomes difficult, complications increase, and regulations become more complex. They cannot be listed in definite order, but must be stated more generally.

Is it or is it not permissible for a gentleman to join a lady when he unexpectedly finds seated at one of the tables? Certainly it is! Probably the only reason she is there is because she hopes you will happen along. The correct thing is to ask her permission in an off-hand way, as if sure of consent. Do not let her see that you have any doubts, and rest assured that she won't have any.

Now, in case this should be read by any gentleman who does not know the correct stack room method of study, we will endeavour to give a few pointers. The same book should be used by both: it is so much more companionable. Avoid leaving both chairs on the same side of the table, as it might cause a scandal, especially if it is the smaller side. It is considered exceedingly bad form to talk, laugh, or make any demonstration loud enough to be heard at the other end of the building.

There is another aspect of the case to be considered. Imagine the student looking for a vacant table. If he hears low voices or any indication of habitation, he should silently withdraw. If, intent on his own affairs, he already stands in ther presence, he should apo'ogize and hastily depart.

These, then, are the most important social customs of the Library. Learn and observe them, and you will move in the highest circles and rush the best girls. Neglect them, and

you will leave these halls a nameless wanderer, unwept, un-
honed, and unsung.

E. O., 27'

DREAM

I dreamed that I dwelt on a sea of cracked ice,
 In the midst of a lake of champagne,
 Where bloomed the mint juleps in meadows of green,
 Amid showers of lithia rain.
 I reclined on a dinan of lager beer foam
 With a pillow of froth for my head.
 While the spray from a fountain of sparkling gin fizz
 Descended like dew on my bed.
 From the far away mountains of crystalline ice.
 A zephyr refreshing and cool
 Came wafting the incense of sweet muscate
 That sparkled in many a pool.
 My senses were soothed by the soft purling song,
 Of a brooklet of poussé café
 That ripples along over pebbles of snow
 To an ocean of absinthe frappé.
 Then lulled by the music of tinkling glass,
 From the schooners that danced on the deep,
 I dreamily sipped a high-ball or two,
 And languidly floated to sleep.
 But when I awoke on a bed of soft rocks
 With a bolster as hard as a brick,
 A wrench in my neck, a rake in my head,
 In my stomach a working-man's pick,
 With sand in my eyes, and grit in my throat,
 Where a taste of last evening still clung,
 And felt a bath towel stuffed into my mouth,
 Which I afterwards found was my tongue!
 I groped for the thread of the evening before
 In the mystified maze of my brain,
 Until a great light burst upon me at last—
 I'm off the Wagon Again.

E. D. A., Eng. '25.

THE UMBRELLA OF SUA LING

KENNEDY of the Vancouver secret police was precipitously turning the corner of Hastings and Granville Streets when he ran into his newly appointed colleague and fellow sleuth, Sua Ling of the Chinese quarter.

"Blast that infernal umbrella of yours," Kennedy cried when he had extricated himself from its voluminous folds, "Why do you always carry it, fine weather or ill?"

Sut Ling beamed complacently. "Merely whim, Mr. Kennedy," he said. "We of the East must enhance ourselves in the eyes of you of the West."

"You may fool some people, Sua Ling but—see here—Suppose you've heard what went on at Shaughnessey Height last night—At General Robert's wedding?"

The Oriental raised a pair of narrow eyebrows. "I haven't heard, Mr. Kennedy. I was present as you know, of course, in my official capacity, but left a little earlier than you. No, I have not heard. I trust none of those magnificent gifts have been spirited away." And a smile crept over his good-natured face.

"That's just what has happened," Kennedy replied. "It was that priceless bit of tapestry, that which you and I were keeping tabs on."

The Chinese detective threw out his fat hands in astonishment. "Don't tell me that! Not that exquisite bit of craftsmanship of the T'Sing dynasty. Why, it is marvellous! Have you any clews?"

"No, but I'm going to dig around a little this morning. We must have that embroidery by tonight, for General Roberts has invited a party of connoisseurs in to examine it. So we must hurry! You go up to Headquarters and await me there. We will have to have an investigation."

Kennedy watched Sua Ling move away. He chuckled as he went towards Chinatown. What an absurd figure Sua was in his mixture of good Chinese and bad English taste! And he persisted in carrying his o'd umbrella wherever he went. He had taken it to the Heights last night—an old, dirty, immense umbrella. It seemed a part of him.

Toward noon Kennedy walked into Headquarters with a small parcel under his arm. The regular plaincloth force was gathered around, including the suave Sua Ling with his umbrella. Kennedy was beaming with goodwill.

“Well, we are all here?” he asked.

“All except our friend Toba Wing,” Sut Ling remarked.

“Ah, well, we will have to get along without him.”

Chief Royne got up from his desk and came over to Kennedy. “What success have you had? Did you hear any rumor concerning the missing article?”

Kennedy in a noncommittal manner handed the parcel he had brought to him. “Open it,” he said.

Royne broke the cord and from the wrappings drew the stolen tapestry. It was a delicate thing, fragile and antique.

Sua Ling waddled over to the desk and softly touched it, “Why it is the very same piece, I would know it anywhere. I did not expect you to get it so soon, Kennedy.”

The detective smiled in an enigmatic way. “It was simply good fortune on my part, Sua Ling. I went to a friend of mine. You know him—a countryman of yours. And we went to the most unlikely place to look for missing goods, unlikely because it would seem too obvious a place to look—that was the pawn shop on Pender. And there was the tapestry among a multitude of things. They said it had been brought in by a yellow boy to be kept until it was called for.”

Sua Ling put out a pudgy hand. “Let me congratulate you, Kennedy. I am glad we have it back. We will have to be more vigilant tonight. I’m glad it’s over, Kennedy.”

“Ah, that’s where you’re going wrong, my friend. It is not all over. We must find the culprit, Royne, and have an investigation. And,” Kennedy thundered forth, “that man is on this force!”

Everyone was stunned into silence. Royne looked at Kennedy unbelievably, the others incredulously glanced at each other, the perpetual grin left Sua Ling’s face, and he clutched his treasured umbrella.

Royne jumped up and faced Kennedy. “Your assertion seems absurd, man! On what do you base it?”

"Well, look here," Kennedy sat upon the desk and bit out the words. "We were all at Roberts's last night, that is, everyone but you, Royne. Sua Ling, Parsons, and Williams were in the room where the gifts were. I was by the door closely watching those who went in. The other men were around about the house. Now, to my knowledge, during the ceremony while the door was unlocked, only seven people entered the room. They were General Roberts's two sisters, Mrs. Roberts's mother, Grant, the archæologist who presented the tapestry, and two ladies and a man. The first four are above suspicion. As for the other three, I personally watched them. The man was not interested; the women wore evening gowns and could not have carried it off. So you see what remains."

"You were the last ones to leave?" Royne asked.

"Yes, we were the last. And I let them all go before I left. Before going, however, I took a careful survey of the tables. The tapestry was gone, so it was one of us."

"Have you your suspicions, Mr. Kennedy?" Sua Ling anxiously questioned.

"One of my position must never have suspicions, Sua Ling. But what do you think?"

"Well, I myself think," the Oriental closed his slant eyes. "that it is one who is not here now."

Kennedy ran his fingers through his hair. "Who can that be. Isn't everyone here?"

"How about Toba Wing? Why didn't he come?"

"Why he wasn't——" Kennedy explained then stopped and eyed Sua Ling. He slapped his knee. "Perhaps you're correct, Sua Ling. Why hadn't I thought of that before?"

The old complacent smile came back to the face of the Chinese. He grabbed his umbrella, tipped his hat and rolled away.

In the evening when Kennedy arrived at Shaughnessey Heights he found the others there before him. The house was brilliantly lighted, the guests were gathered in the library. They were a select group of collectors, interested in the various things, which made up Mrs. Roberts's list of

gifts, the choice things, the old things, of which the tapestry was paramount.

Kennedy called Roberts aside. "You haven't shown them yet?" he asked.

Roberts shook his head. "No, I obeyed your instruction. But we are ready any time."

"Then let us go into the room and see what will happen."

The guests were soon together in the adjoining chamber admiring the bride's presents. Sut Ling and his co-workers were carefully distributed amongst the people. Sua Ling was the same as ever, wearing his old smile and carrying his umbrella.

General Roberts raised his hand for silence. The attention of everyone was for a moment diverted from the table. All listened to the words of the host.

"I hope you are interested in this beautiful piece of Eastern embroidered tapestry which our friend, Mr. Grant has presented to us. It is marvellous I am told. I would like you to examine it——"

A little shriek broke through his words. It was Mrs. Roberts. She pointed to the table "Look!" she cried, "It has gone again. Look, George, where could it have disappeared?"

All was Chaos in a few minutes. Roberts ran over to Kennedy. "Can you explain this, sir? I'm afraid it is due to you that this has vanished. You must get it back."

Kennedy sprang to a chair and waved his arm. "Will you be quiet for a few minutes, please!" he shouted. "You must be quiet!" A silence came upon his listeners. "Now," he continued, "I must have all the gentlemen searched first. I shall do so, and General Gordon will later search me. What are you doing, Sua Ling?"

The attention of all became focussed upon the Chinaman. He was leaning his umbrella against the wall. "I was just relieving myself of this for a moment. I am to be searched, I suppose" and he smiled upon the assembly.

The voice of the detective shot through the room "Parsons, Williams; bring me that umbrella!"

Sua Ling made a thrust for his property and started for the door.

“Get him!” cried Kennedy.

Parsons wrenched the umbrella from the grasp of Sua Ling, while Williams pinioned him. Kennedy took the umbrella from the bewildered Parsons and opened it. Out flew the missing tapestry.

Sua Ling’s face was blanched with fury and his narrow pig eyes blazed. “How do you know?” he squealed.

“Yes, how did you know?” Roberts asked.

Kennedy handed the tapestry to the bride. “Well, it’s this way. I became suspicious when this worthy gentleman,” indicating the stolid Sua Ling, “tried to implicate Toba Wing. For you see it was Wing who helped me recover the embroidery from the pawn shop. Moreover, Toba Wing was not on duty last night. That was where Sua Ling made his mistake. Besides it seemed so absurd for him to carry an umbrella around all the time, fine weather or stormy weather. He was very agreeable too, too much so. It set me pondering. That was all there was to it.”

C. G. R., '26.

MARIONETTES

THE leaf-bare trees on yonder hill,
 Are marionettes in gray;
 Grotesquely peering down the street;
 Their pointed arms and rigid feet
 A part of the leaden day.

A far blank sweep of silent snow,
 The first drop surtain falls;
 A marionette all nervous stands;
 Wind-prompted, claps her jointed hands,
 Stiffly a-tune on the white-wind walls!

E. A. W., '26.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF STUDENTS

IN a recent issue of the *Journal of Religion* there is an article of more than usual interest to all who devote any thought to the religious life of students. The article consists of two reports on two student volunteer conventions. The first is written by Dr. G. B. Coe, a fact which is in itself a guarantee of a first-class piece of work. Dr. Coe was one of the pioneers in the new field of religious education, and, as a result of the many years of thought and effort which he has devoted to this subject, he is eminently fitted for the task which his report involves.

This first report deals with the student volunteer convention held in Des Moines in 1919. As a social psychologist, Dr. Coe first of all calls attention to the skill and thoroughness with which the convention was organized. "Seven thousand persons in their places on time, seven thousand voices singing in almost perfect rhythm, seven thousand heads bowed in prayer, seven thousands pairs of eyes turned expectantly to more than thirty speakers as they successfully endeavoured to present one or another phase of the missionary appeal,—a military organization could hardly do better than this."

The main purpose of the convention, as of all student volunteer conventions, was to present the central ideas of evangelism in such a way as to lead to decisions for service in the foreign missionary field. But from the opening of the first session a general dissatisfaction was evident among the delegates, and it became increasingly clear that the student mind had undergone a change which rendered it incapable of responding to the old form of appeal. It is impossible to state in a word the cause of this unrest, for various opinions contributed to it, and many attitudes were made manifest. Some students declared that the appeals presented were not valid, and that much of the theological terminology was meaningless to them. Others expressed a desire for proofs of the efficiency of the Christian religion in dealing with present day social, political, and missionary problems, while still others were eager for immediate action in righting the social wrongs of the

world. This divergence of interest made it impossible for the original purpose of the convention to be accomplished in any great measure, but it was not without good results in that it pointed the way to a method by which the looked-for results might be obtained.

Three main conclusions may be drawn from the study of this convention. First of all, there is an interest shown in religious matters which manifests itself chiefly in the asking of questions concerning the true nature and value of the Christian religion. This spirit is in itself a hopeful sign, but it must be met and satisfied. Secondly, it was shown decisively that henceforth the social aspect of the missionary problem must be presented, and that the whole plan of the missionary appeal must be changed if it is to accomplish its task. A third aspect was the awakening of interest and a desire for initiative and self-expression on the part of the students which cannot fail to have a marked effect on the future of foreign missions.

The second report deals with another convention held at Indianapolis in 1923. The place of organization of this convention was built upon the results of the Des Moines convention, and was distinctly different in its point of view from the latter. The addresses, dealing as they did with social, economic, international, and inter-racial problems, were an evidence of this new point of view. Opportunity was provided for student expression in the discussion groups into which the convention was divided, and which were conducted by able leaders. In these groups the students evidenced an interest in world problems, and a willingness to enter into every aspect of these problems which could not but result in a great broadening of outlook, and in the forming of firm convictions.

Previous student volunteer conventions were chiefly occupied with foreign missions, and, although at this convention strong effort was made to keep this subject ever before the minds of the delegates, sufficient emphasis was not laid upon the vital relationship which exists between the various issues discussed and the problems of foreign missions. The missionary speakers were largely men of other lands, and

were too polite to voice their real opinion to the many un-Christian aspects of so-called Christian America. Hence the students failed to grasp the significant fact that only as we solve the problems of our own land can we hope to make any progress in foreign countries.

The religious message also seemed detached from the other messages of the convention. Although emphasis was laid on this matter by various speakers, it was evident that the students as a whole were not participating in the religious aspects of the convention.

The Indianapolis convention was an event of much significance in the life of students, and indicates a new spirit of student initiative in all student movements. This new interest and enthusiasm must of necessity lead to a further development of Christian ideals, and to their effective application to the life of the world. Taken as a whole the convention was decidedly encouraging to those who realize that it is the students who must carry on the work of the world.

A thorough study of the results of the convention makes it evident that henceforth student gatherings of this kind must be conducted under a different program from that which existed in the past. Students are no longer satisfied with a straight program of platform addresses, but call for some opportunity for self-expression and discussion. This desire is met by the system of gatherings in groups. Then, too, a fuller opportunity must be provided for student leadership. In the third place, there must be a new and more socialistic presentation of the missionary problem with emphasis laid on the recognition of the oneness of the world, and on an increased appreciation of the capacities and attainments of other peoples and cultures. Finally, we must secure some kind of closer integration of the various student organizations in this country.

The note which the reports unitedly sound is the note of hope. Sometimes the question is asked,—“Are the students of today as religious as the students of former days?” Frequently the questions answered in the negative, and to some, undoubtedly, the convention at Des Moines seemed to justify and even demand a negative answer. But such an

answer misinterprets that convention. For the failure of that convention was due, not to the religious indifference of the assembled students, but to the blunders of the leaders. Human life forever changes. Religion is a life, and, therefore, religion changes with life. Along with the permanent elements there are incidental and temporary factors which are ever giving place to new and better and more adequate expressions of the essential features. All religious endeavor therefore calls for adjustment and adaptation,—new methods and new appeals. While the message may be as old as the eternal hills, the terms in which it finds expression must be as fresh as the sun rise of each new day.

New occasions teach new duties,
 Time makes ancient good uncouth;
 They must upward still and onward,
 Who would keep abreast of truth.

M. E. H., '26.

INVOCATION TO SOMNUS

TWIN brother of that demon Death!
 O Somnus! Hear me as I pray,
 And, lest I hope to breathe that breath
 Which bears me strength to fly on high,
 Wave o'er me, as thou didst of old
 O'er him who was a sailor bold,
 A branch seeped in Lethean dew,
 A branch which deep in Hades grew.

Flee not in apprehensive dread
 As satyrs of satanic mold
 Dance on till dawn on floors o'erhead,
 Accompanied by that Pan of old
 Whose piping pipes wail through the wall
 Which sections off this spacious Hall,
 While saxaphones tthe cornets court,
 And ukes strum forth in last resort.

But lo—from yonder southern dell
Loud paeans rise from quavering choirs,
'Bout heroes and their trips to fell
The songful Sirens ant their lyres.
And midst all this discordant noise,
And shouts, nay songs, of bouyant boys
There comes the clank of many a coal
Which deep in Vulcan's forge does roll.

O Somnus! Son of silent Night,
Thou god in whom I place my trust,
Thou fain must come in my dire plight,
And satiate my human lust.
Bring not that branch from dark domains;
T'will ne'er inflict a vengeful pain.
But with a club thou smitest best.
And may they slumber with the blest.

T. E. R., '25.





NATIONAL PROSPERITY

IN the sphere of National Economics, nothing is so thoroughly misconceived as the actual determinant of a Nation's prosperity. In popular terms, the economic state of the nation is measured by the excess of its exports over its imports. But, in point of fact, a condition of excess either in exports or imports is a temporary one, regardless of how prosperous the country may be. In instances in which there is a marked difference between the two, there must be a flow of gold from the country having more imports than exports into the country exporting more than it imports. The inevitable result of this is a contraction of credit within the nation shipping the gold, which is followed necessarily by a lower range of prices. In the country receiving the gold, on the other hand, there is a constant extension of credit, resulting in a higher level of prices. This means that the people of the country with higher prices find it advantageous to import more commodities from the other nation. Accordingly, its exports increase, and international trade tends to be in equilibrium.

There are also other factors tending to cause this equilibrium. As a matter of fact, exports and imports are the payments for each other, and trade relationships can take place only to the extent that is possible for these to balance within definite periods of time. This system of payment must be effected because there is no interchange of currencies, and the exporter must be paid in the currency of his land. This is brought about thru a system in which the payments in currency made by the importer are passed over to the exporter

as payment for the goods which he has shipped. In this way, almost the whole process of payment is carried out separately and independently within each of the trading nations. For facilitating this transference of currency, the banks of the nation issue *Bills of Exchange* to be sold by the exporter to the bank and purchased by the importer from the bank. These *Bills* represent the actual value of shipped commodities, and, in this way, there is a very definite balancing of international trade.

The tendency toward a stable equilibrium is still further strengthened by two other factors. First, the bank sells *Bills of Exchange* at a discount when there is a temporary excess of exports, thus, again, making it more profitable for the people to import more commodities. Or, if there is an excess of imports, the bank sells Exchange above par, thereby causing a natural decrease in the amount of imports.

In the second place, should there be a more marked discrepancy between the quantities of exports and imports, the breach is further bridged by *Bankers' Bills*. These pass between the banks of the trading nations and cover the difference in trade until the time when it is expected that there will be a proper readjustment in the flow of commodities. This means that the shipment of gold is only occasional and in such small quantities that it is almost negligible. Consequently, it is evident that exports and imports must balance in long-run periods of international business.

It is, therefore, clear that the measure of a nation's prosperity cannot be determined by the excess of its exports over its imports. Yet, it would be radically wrong to omit the import trade from the evidences of prosperity. The prosperity of the nation, like that of the individual, must be determined on the basis of satisfied desires, and a large export trade signifies a great excess of goods over the amount required for the desires within the nation which its products can satisfy. Export trade also signifies a greater variety of satisfactions because it represents a quantity of imports of value equal to the exports, and these satisfy desires which otherwise would be unsatisfied. Further, it is undoubtedly true that there is a psychic satisfaction in export-

ing commodities, just as there is a psychic satisfaction in making any sale. However, that is undeniably linked up with the thought of payment, and payment in international trade means imports. It follows, then, in determining national prosperity, that exports in their entirety must be considered, and in addition the amount and variety of imports which actually give value to the exports must be taken as the greater index of prosperity, since these cause the satisfactions to be more numerous and varied.

International trade is undoubtedly a very significant factor in promoting prosperity and should receive the greatest possible furtherance. For this purpose, the nation should employ experts to locate best markets for its produce. Its rightful markets are those in which its goods can be sold most advantageously, yet the demands of these markets do not come to the attention of the exporting nation thru mere chance, but as the result of specialized study and effective effort at salesmanship. Moreover, international trade cannot be adequately developed thru the location of export markets alone. Exports are impossible without import trade, and imports inevitably pave the way for export trade. The trade relationship is necessarily reciprocal. Hence, it is quite apparent that the first essential step involves the fullest cultivation of import trade, and then, the development of export trade can take place on the basis warranted by the prospects for imports. This is unquestionably the scientific approach to the problem. Yet, it is the approach which is seldom, if ever, made in actual effort.

The task of developing international trade is not a simple one. For, in the complexity of modern business, trade does not appear in its simple two-sided form. The majority of trade relationships are, at least, three sided, and, consequently, payments are decidedly indirect. Yet, this does not alter the fact that there must be a balance in the total of the nation's exports and imports. The only difference which it actually makes is to provide opportunities for intensive specialization in produce and thereby to make possible a much greater volume of shipped commodities. But, before international trade can be developed to the full extent of its possi-

bilities, there must be a real spirit of internationalism everywhere. This tends toward a thorough reliance upon other nations for the commodities which they can produce at lower cost and, thereby, causes a rearrangement of industry on a more specialized basis. This, in turn, results in the application of labor in the most productive spheres and, thus, furnishes the widest range of satisfactions.

It is, however, radically wrong to think of international trade as the primary cause of national prosperity. It is, in fact, the means thru which the primary cause is able to express itself most fully. The basic factor determining the extent of prosperity is the degree of productivity within the nation itself. To secure the highest degree of productivity, the nation's total energies must be utilized and intelligently directed. The primary motivation for its powers must be the desires for which it is peculiarly fitted to produce. These furnish the most natural channels of production, and energies which are not employed within these channels are, in part, at least, wasted. Moreover, the amount of production is greatly affected by the changing quantity of energy. Energy is not a comparatively static factor, like the raw material with which it works, but is created daily thru the consumption of commodities. Varying habits of consumption produce varying totals of energy, and it is extremely important to the economic process for the most beneficial habits of consumption to be formed. Then, with the sum total of energies most advantageously utilized, the greatest degree of productivity will result, and the nation will be in a position to effect the most satisfactory trade relationships. Then, it will secure for itself satisfactions which indicate a true prosperity.

W. P. W., '25.

THE SPIDER

THE poor, despised spider which, for some unknown reason, is feared and disliked by almost everybody, is really an interesting creature, a most skilful and industrious worker, and she carries her tools inside her body, where they are always ready for use.

Her form is familiar, but unless we have examined her we hardly know how she is made. Her abdomen is large, her head and shoulders, welded together, are sturdy and strong, and over her mouth are two short fangs that carry the poison with which she slays her victim. To her head and shoulders are attached eight jointed and horny legs; under the abdomen and near the top are six spinneretts. Under these and inside her body are special glands that secrete a kind of gum that hardens when exposed to the air. This gum, when drawn out, forms the thread with which the spider builds her web. These spinneretts are pierced with many holes, and from these holes a hundred or more separate threads are drawn, and she uses her feet and legs to twist them into one strand. Her feet have each three claws, the middle one longer and bent so as to clasp the thread as she runs; the other two have teeth like a comb, and with these and the spines and hairs upon her legs she manipulates the thread as it comes from her body.

When a web is to be made, she selects a spot to start from, and leaves there a sticky lump of gum. Standing quite still, she throws out a long, floating thread that catches on a bush or shrub. When she feels the pull, she joins the thread that is coming from her body to this sticky lump, makes it fast, and runs along to the end of it. Again and again she throws out these floating threads until she has formed a frame in which to work. In a similar way, she makes the cross lines and spokes of the wheel. Then, she walks carefully around and lays down a winding thread and fastens it to each spoke with a minute drop of gum. In the center the thread is hard and dry, but a little way out she changes the materials and gives out a beautiful fine thread spangled at every point with minute drops of gum which do

not harden in the air; so by the time she has reached the end of the spokes she has left behind her a glorious spangled web, closely woven, so elastic that it sways in the breeze without breaking, and yet so sticky that an insect or fly running against it cannot get away. She generally hangs head down from the hard scaffold in the centre, and there awaits her prey. A good sized fly comes buzzing along and gives the web a shake, the spider rushes from her hiding place, pounces upon the unfortunate victim, and, with one dart of her fangs, ends its life. While she is spinning her web or quietly resting, these fangs are shut into a case as a knife is shut into its handle, but directly she seizes her prey, they open, and the sharp point enters the fly and quickly puts an end to its existence. Sometimes a large creature such as a wasp or a beetle invades her web. This wasp she does not like, so she quietly and as quickly as possible liberates him, but the beetle is a dainty morsel. He is too big to be managed easily like the fly, so to prevent his escape, she weaves round him a covering of silken gum until he is entirely enveloped and leaves him to be devoured at her leisure.

Cecil Warburton, M. A., of Cambridge tells us that the reason the spider avoids getting caught in its own web is not because she never touches the adhesive portion of the web with her legs and body but that it has been shown by experimenting with a glass rod that only substances covered with oil can keep from sticking so the spider must have some oily exudation to protect it from adhering to its own lines.

Let us consider the mental powers of this spider—if it has any. The power to spin such a complicated snare as we have just described predisposes us to attribute a high order of intelligence to a creature capable of such an achievement, and when it “shams death” on being disturbed we pronounce it “cunning.” Warburton arrives at no satisfactory conclusion as to her powers of sense so we must leave her mental powers and proceed.

The garden spider that we have been talking about and have called “she” because she is the whole show, has rather a hard time of it. Her lazy spouse, who is much smaller than herself, is really of no consequence, for he depends entirely

upon his wife for food and shelter. When she is tired providing for him and has had enough of his company, she quietly eats him, and so puts him out of her way. In the autumn this spider spins a strong cocoon of yellow silk, which for safety she puts under a stone or in a crack in the wall. Into this cocoon, that measures scarcely half an inch across, she packs from six to eight hundred eggs. In the spring the young spiders wiggle out, hang together in a ball for about a month, and then begin to spin webs for themselves. They change their skin several times as they grow, and clothe themselves each time in a bright new coat.

The house spider that torments our tidy housekeepers, works differently. She spins her web in some out of the way corner. It is not sticky like the web of the garden spider, but in it the feet of the flies become so entangled that they cannot escape. For a hiding-place in which to await her prey, she builds a wee tube like a thimble, from which she rushes upon these helpless insects. Her webs may be a nuisance but she rids the house of many flies and other troublesome insects.

We have all seen webs on the grass, glistening like glass in the sun. Look at the centre of each web as you pass, and in many cases you will find a hole leading into a tunnel in the ground where the spider crouches awaiting her prey. A spider, living in the hot countries, gets his food in a different way. He makes a circular tunnel in the ground about a foot deep and from an inch to an inch and a half wide. He covers this tunnel with a trap door, made of layers of silk, dead leaves and earth, so that it looks exactly like the ground around it. The hinge of the door is of soft silk, and can be easily opened and closed from above or below. A naturalist named Eber, tells how he discovered this trap. As he sat watching one bright moonlight night and two spiders came up, pushed open the doors, fastened them back to blades of grass, spun a web over the opening and went back to wait. Soon two night beetles came along and were caught—one on each web. The spiders darted out, pierced their victims with poisoned fangs, sucked them dry, and carried the empty carcass some distance away. When he came back in the morning

everything was as usual, and the spiders shut down snugly in their homes.

These little creatures overrun the world, they seem to live everywhere, in the air, on and under the earth, and now in the water. There she builds a home of silk, shaped like a thimble, and attaches it to a water-plant with the opening down. She cannot breathe without air, for which she must go to the surface, but she must have air in her thimble-like house also, and in some mysterious way she entangles it in the fur upon her legs and body and liberates it when she reaches her home. She can carry a fairly big air-bubble between her hind legs, which helps. The air displaces the water and she has a comfortable, dry chamber in which to live, spin her cocoon, and lay her eggs.

These water spiders are very tiny, but there are spiders as big as rats that when their legs are spread out they cover almost a foot of ground. Children make pets of them. They tie a thread round their waist and lead them round as we in this country do a dog.



The Acadia Athenæum

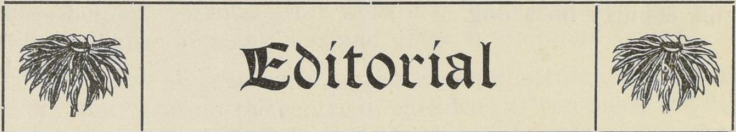
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WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1924.

No. 2.

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THE students at Acadia and all who have attended our University in the last three years, will no doubt be interested in the following letter from C. M. Spidell, who was our Cheer-leader during both his junior and senior years. The epistle reached us just too late for our last pep meeting and the November number of *Athenaeum*. The letter is so full of *Spy* and *Pep* that we think it is quite worthy of the publicity and permanence that the pages of our magazine assures it.

Yorton, Saskatchewan,

October 28, 1924.

Mr. President of the Students Union; Cheer Leader; Students of The University; The Seminary; The Academy;

Ladies and Gentleman; and all whom it may concern:—
Hallo Folks:—

I just can't resist the temptation to ask you once more, "What are we goin' to give 'em?"

It is with many misgivings that I write to such an august and yet modest assembly as the Student Body of Acadia University. Never in all my hectic and checkered career have I confronted a more brilliant and unassuming audience than your honored selves. Without a doubt the Student Body of Acadia is Second to None, and thereby hangs the tale.

Once an Acadiaite always an Acadiaite, and as the swallows homeward fly so the mind turns back to Acadia. Parodying on the words of the famous Andrew Gump, I would say, "Whenever the angels in heaven see a person up there who looks homesick they know right away he's from Acadia." If I could have my choice of where to spend the evening it would be back with you to "tear the roof off" once again. I know that you cuss while you're there, but when you're gone you'll wish you were back. And as that's that, let's get down to business.

What I want to know is, how is the football team, and above all how are all you Rooters? Are you full of PEP? If not, you better get full, and get so full that you'll either have to yell or *bust*; that's the idea.

No matter how good your team is they can't win alone; they need your support, and the way to support them is to get out and YELL. And when I say YELL, you of classes '25, '26 and '27 know what I mean; I mean, YELL like—*Blazes*.

You know the Acadia Spirit. It's the spirit that wins wars and football games. It's the spirit that never says die even though you are dead. It's the spirit that can turn a seeming defeat into a glorious victory. That's the spirit of Acadia.

Look you, the first man I met in this town was an Acadia man of the Class of '95, and he immediately began to talk Acadia, and is still talking it. His wife had been a fair "SEM" in those days, and there again is the Spirit of Acadia; it cannot be killed.

But the thing is, are you full of PEP and can you YELL? If you can, let's hear you. The day you play an intercollegiate game on the home grounds, I want to feel the air tremble and the earth quiver out here in Yorkton. I'm just 1535.8 miles from you as the crow flies so that should be easy.

And what about the old songs, "We'll Yell For Old Acadia," "O'er The Field," "My Gal's a Hula," and the rest of them, can you sing 'em? If not, get busy!

Don't forget that you're out to *win*, but don't forget this also, "You'd rather lose honestly than win dishonestly."

Here's the first commandment of your ex cheer-leader. Do unto your opponents as they would like to do to you, and make it snappy. The second is, yell for your Team whether winning or losing. The third is, get full of PEP.

Remember this, the Students of Acadia don't live by Tully Hash alone, but by every work that proceedeth from the mouths of your Professors, and above all by PEP. There's just one thing greater than PEP, and that's MORE PEP. What is PEP? Here's what PEP is.

Vigor, vitality, vim, and veracity, that's Pep.
 The courage to tackle a thing with audacity, that's Pep.
 Though your task be hard, and day be long,
 And oftimes everything goes dead wrong
 Yet push ahead with a laugh and a song, that's Pep.

The spirit that helps when another is down, that's Pep.
 The nerve to smile in the face of a frown, that's Pep.
 To come right back with a knock-out clout
 When the whole world thinks you have lost the bout,
 And give Three Cheers for the "Down and Out," that's
 Pep.

There it is, and get full of it. Get so full that you'll have to yell to keep from getting brain fever. Get your yells so charged with vim and fire that that every time you yell the sparks will fly from Blomidon.

You know what I mean, don't you? Well let's go! You all set? All right, follow your leader, slow and easy, 1, 2, 3, RAH, RAH, RAH———(YELL). You're there alright. The same old stuff, in the same old way. You were good last year, but you can be better this year. Remember Acadia Wins.

And say boys, once more, "What are we goin' to give 'em?"

So long, let's hear from some of you.

Your old cheer leader and pal,
SPY.

SEMINARY NOTES

THE teachers of Acadia Seminary were at home to their friends on Friday evening, 24th of October, in the Reception Room. Refreshments were prepared and served by the Senior Household Science Class, under the direction of Miss MacIntyre.

On the 25th of October, the Business Class held a theatre party. They assembled in the Seminary Reception Room, whence they proceeded to the Orpheum, where they all were held spellbound by the picture. After this part of the entertainment, they betook themselves to the Seminary gymnasium, where music and refreshments added to the enjoyment of the evening. Miss Allen and Mr. Pace were the chaperones.

On Friday evening, 30th of October, the New Girls, under the capable direction of Miss Gascard, provided an excellent entertainment. The Seminary Gymnasium was tastefully decorated to suit the occasion, and the following program proved a source of great interest to all:

- I. Destitute Russian nobles playing on the streets of Lenin-grad. A study from life. Characters: Noble Counts and Princesses, descendants of Rurik. Starving women from the Proletariat following the players.

II. "Fashion."

A Seminary play needs no explanation.
Interlude — Refreshments.

- III. (a) Spirits preparing to receive Mortals in their realm.
(b) Spirits dancing—a study in black.
(c) Darkness gives way to light. The genius of light welcomes to her realm, spirits of grace and beauty.
Copied from a Greek Bas-Relief.
(d) Spirits inviting Mortals to Witches' grotto.

On Monday, 20th of October, Miss Bane, Executive Secretary representing Home Economics, of Washington, visited the Seminary, where she was entertained by the Senior Class in Household Science. In addition to members of the Faculty the following were present as guests: Mrs. (Dr.) DeWolfe, Miss Oxner from the University, Miss Ellis, visiting nurse in connection with Public Health in Halifax, Miss Susan Archibald, Head of the Domestic Science Department in Cunard Street School, Halifax, and her assistant, Miss MacLean, Miss Jean Fraser, Head Dietitian at the Victoria General, and Miss Isobel Cavanagh, Dietitian at Camphill Hospital, Halifax, Miss Swim, Teacher of Home Economics at Bloomfield School, Halifax, Miss Ellen MacDougall from the Training School in Truro, and Miss Helen MacDougall of Truro, who is Director of Women's Institute Work of Nova Scotia, and Miss Helen Blair, Head of the Domestic Science Department in Kentville. In the evening, Miss Bane spoke to the Domestic Science girls on the subject, "Field of Home Economics."

Pierian Society has met regularly every two weeks. The Pierian Papers were edited and read by Lena Price and Helen Yeamans. On the 1st of October, the program consisted of the following:

Piano Solo....."Concert Etude" by MacDowell
Minnie Poole.
Reading "Ticki-Ticki-Tembo"

	Meredith White.
Vocal Solo.....	“I Wish I Were a Tiny Bird” Helen Simms.
Reading.....	“A Bit of College Lore” Vera MacEachern.
Vocal Solo	“Parla” Melba Roop. Acadia Doxology.

The Y. W. C. A. during the past month, has in addition to its regular meetings held sing songs and discussion groups. On the 16th of November we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Ernest Clark, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement of Canada. On the following Wednesday, Mr. Williams, a student from India, met with the discussion group, and gave a very interesting talk on “India.”

JEWEL HENDERSON.

ACADEMY NOTES

The boxing bout which was held in the Gym on Friday, November 22nd, was considered quite a success by the promoters.

The heavyweight fighters were “Moose” Harrison and “Tiny” Titus. The decision was awarded to Titus.

The middleweight fighters were “Battleship” Hamilton and “Bob” Furgeson. The decision of this bout was awarded to Hamilton.

The promoters were “Freddie” Smith and “Annie” MacLauchlan.

We have started two debating teams and the first debate will take place on Saturday evening, November 30th.

The subject to be debated is: “Resolved, that the Motor Car is a Benefit to Society.”

For—Roberts, (Capt.), Linton, Smith.

Against—Raymond, (Capt.), Hamilton, MacLauchlan.

Judges:—Dr. Archibald, Mr. Curry, Mr. Troop.

There seems to be quite a lot of competition here at the Academy since the "Eavesdropper," and the "Little Damners Gazette" have started weekly publications. Below you will find an extract from both of these lively little papers, if they may be called papers:

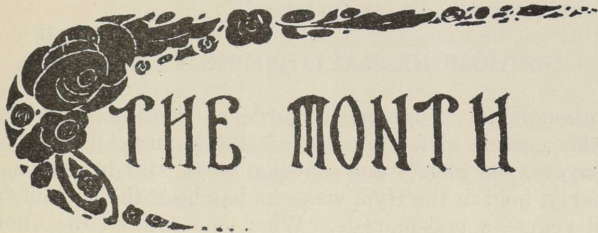
Mr. Troop: I don't mind if a student looks at his watch once in a while, but what gets me is to see him take it out, shake it, wind it up, shake it again, then put it up to his ear, and look at me.

Voice: Well classes are supposed to get out at the first bell, aren't they, sir?—*Little Damners Gazette*.

We notice not only the students of the Cad, but some of the "officials" attend the shows with friends of the fair sex.—*The Eavesdropper*.

Academy students who wish to subscribe to the *Athenaeum*, call at Room 23, Middle Section, for particulars.



A decorative floral border on the left side of the page, featuring a large rose and various leaves and smaller flowers, extending horizontally across the top of the page.

THE MONTH

ANOTHER month has passed swiftly over Acadia and now has come the exciting realization that the Christmas holidays are almost upon us. The small number of parties in this month show us that the students have settled down to hard work, but the month has not been without jolly good times. The football season has come and gone, bringing forth even more than usual Acadia spirits. Now the interclass debates are occupying the foreground, while basketball promises to hold our attention in the near future.

FIRST YEAR ENTERTAINMENT.

“That was the best First Year Entertainment that I ever saw” many people remarked as they went home from the theatre on Wednesday evening, November 5th. Indeed from the beginning until the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A every performance was greeted with much applause. Perhaps the greatest amusement was caused by “The Long and the Short of it” in other words, Mr. Herman and Miss Porter. Messrs. Finlay and Goudey as the “Dixie Hounds” were encored many times, also the soloist, Mr. Green. Besides this, it is hard to pick out the best thing; for it was all good. The Freshment orchestra added a great deal to the performance. We wonder that some of the first years did not shrink into nothing when some of the opera? glasses of the soppette belles were turned upon them, but they stood their ground well. The behaviour of the students was very creditable, the calm only broken now and then by yells from the “noisy

south section boys" or the song "Who, Oh Who, is the Girl With—well, say Rhody for Instance?"

SOPHOMORE HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

Although the Sophomores ordered Hallowe'en a day early this year in order to entertain the Mount Allison football players, the ghosts and spooks were still in evidence. This party, held in the Gym was—as has been the custom for several years—a masquerade. When one entered the dimly lighted room he found himself in a queer company, everything from a crow to the queen of hearts being present. There were many clever and many pretty costumes. The prizes for the best costumes were won by Elma Crockett who was dressed as a Highland lassie and Leicester Coit, an Indian—from the wild and wholly west, no doubt. The entertainment provided by the Sophomores was greatly enjoyed. Dr. and Mrs. Hill and Prof. and Mrs. Osborne were chaperones. A note of joy ran through everything, for the glory of the football game was still in everybody's blood. Can it be said that the evening passed happily for all? Alas, there was much entanglement and dismay caused by the numbering on the cards. There were some wise ones, however, who spoke for both the first and last topics.

PROPYLAEUM.

The first Propylaeum meeting was held in Tully club-room on Tuesday evening, October 21st. The entertainment was given by the New Girls, and showed the rest that much new talent had entered college.

The program was as follows:

1. Synopsis—Cora Davis.
2. Violin Duet—
Margaret Creighton and Zelma Thretheway.
3. Vocal Duet—Janet Murray and Marion Read.
4. Pantomime.

5. Piano Solo—Eleanor Harris.

Marion Smith gave the critic's report and the entertainment closed by the singing of "Acadia" and the co-ed yell for the New Girls.

The Sophettes held their Propylaeum on Tuesday, Nov. 4th. Although they had been rushed with getting ready for the Hallowe'en party, they showed clever work throughout the program which was:

1. Synopsis—Eloise Miles.
2. Solo—Nita Tretheway.
3. Reading—Meredith White.
4. Reflections.

It was all good but the last clause requires special mention. Many of the freshettes were surprised "to see themselves as others saw them" and in many cases it is to be wondered if they were not puzzled to know if they were themselves or some gay sophette in disguise.

Winnifred Gates was critic.

The Senior-Junior debate, the first debate of the year, was held in Physics Lecture Room, November 17th. The subject was "Resolved, that the classics should be excluded from the requirements of a B. A. degree." The Senior team, consisting of Claire Cutten, Alev McLeod and Pauline Colbath upheld the affirmative and the Juniors, Serena True, Ella McMahon and Margaret Hutchins the negative. The decision was given to the negative. "Ye hard toiling Latin students, toil on, there is no rest for you yet."

Ethelyn Osborne gave a very witty critic's report.

ATHENÆUM SOCIETY

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

The first boy's debate was held in the Physics Lecture Room, November 15th. A large crowd came to hear it because it was something in which all students had some con-

cern—for the subject was “Resolved, that student government is preferable to faculty control.” The Seniors were supported by Ren Thorne, Ted Roy, and Elwood Rafuse and the Sophomores by Marvin, Gordon, and Harry Jenkins. The debate was won by the Seniors, who upheld the negative.

The excellent critic’s report was given by Byrns Curry.

JUNIOR-ENGINEER’S DEBATE.

The debate held on Saturday evening, November 22nd, marked a very significant feature—the entrance of the Engineers into the debating league. This, their first debate was against the Juniors on the subject: “Resolved, that a commercial and political union with the United States would be beneficial to the Maritime Provinces. Fritz, Woodworth and Swim were on the Junior team and Mackenzie, Parks and Goudey represented the Engineers who upheld the negative side of the argument.

The Engineers always do seem to know how to celebrate an important event, and they celebrated their entry into the league in great style by winning the debate. Ted Roy’s critic report was a masterpiece in that line.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

A new society has been born at Acadia, it is called “Le Cercle Francais.” This is a French club formed by those students who are particularly interested in French, under the advice and aid of Professor Paul Rogers. The first regular meeting that was held after the drawing up of the constitution in Tully Club Room, November 22nd. The following officers were elected:

President—Beatrice Smith.
 Vice-President—Ted Roy.
 Sec.-Treasurer—Virginia Dixon.

It is felt that this “Cercle Francais,” the business of which shall be carried on in French, will be a great help to the students and we wish it every success.

POSTURE CAMPAIGN.

“Think of posture night and day
Stand erect, it is the way.”

A new campaign has been started at Acadia, by Mr. Osborne, who is assisted by some of his “gym” pupils. On Friday morning, November 21st, imposing posters caught everyone’s eye. Many remarkable things about posture they told you and the psychology of advertising seemed to have an effect. Each of the professors spent a few minutes at the beginning of his lecture speaking on posture, and by the end of the day everyone certainly felt like standing erect.

At ten o’clock in Tully club room the girls staged a little program which was well worth hearing and seeing. After seeing “Skin Anne Bones” and “Ima Sport” and learning their fates the girls felt that they had learned a lesson, which it is to be hoped they will not forget.

SOPHOMORE HIKE.

The class activities this month are certainly at a minimum. It might be expected that everyone is studying unusually hard. The Sophomores saved the day by having a class hike to Port Williams on Friday, October 31st. This hike was not for pleasure purposes alone. A benefit concert was being held at Port Williams for Harold Chipman, a former member of the class of '27 and they wished to aid in this worthy cause. The concert was greatly enjoyed, not to mention the “refreshments” which were served afterwards.

Some of these gay young Sophomores took to a new kind of hiking—in automobiles, we would like to ask them how they enjoyed the concert?

DINING ROOM.

Twelve of the girls of Tully appeared at breakfast on November 21st clad mostly in sweaters. This created quite a sensation in spite of the fact that this is a common occur-

ance among the boys. We noticed, furthermore, that their table manners were conspicuous by their absence.

We wonder if this was sarcasm on their part, or was it a trait worth adopting. We fear it was the former. The fact is the girls of Tully are worried about sweaters. This may seem an unnecessary source of worry, but when they consider that each boy finds it necessary to don at least four sweaters in November, they are afraid that by January if the number of sweaters increases in proportion to the lowering of the temperature, that they will actually be crowded out of the dining room.

ADDRESS BY DR. ROSS.

On Wednesday afternoon, October 29th at 3.30, a very interesting address was given by Dr. Ross in the Memorial gymnasium. The timely subject was "A Means of Preventing Wars and Strikes." All classes were excused for the hour and quite a number of students were present and listened to the address with much interest. At its close a vote of thanks was moved by Professor Balcom and seconded by Professor Rogers.

DR. MARSH'S LECTURE.

On Wednesday October 20th, Dr. Marsh of Bermuda gave a lecture on astrology in the Physics lecture room. Dr. Marsh illustrated his lecture with lantern slides, showing us the romantic as well as the interesting side of astrology. "The works of God's hands are truly worthy of attention."

PEP MEETINGS.

Two pep meetings were held this month, one of October 20th before the football boys went to U. N. B., and one on October 29th, before they played Mount Allison on the campus here. At the first one addresses were given by Dr. DeWolfe, Emerson Curry, George Nowlan and Dr. Young.

The Sems and Cads were present at the meeting held October 29th, and that of course made things more "peppy." Freddie Wright was appointed assistant cheer leader. Professors Rogers, Saunders, and Young spoke and the enthusiasm of this meeting went with the students to the football game next day.

S. C. A.

Indeed, this has been a gala month for the Student Christian Association. Great inspiration has come to us through such men as Dr. Clarke and Mr. Williams.

At the S. C. A. meeting on October 19th, Elizabeth Murray spoke on the "National Aspect of the S. C. A." Elizabeth was at Elgin House this summer and she brought a true message to the girls.

The meeting on October 26th., took the form of a discussion on "International Relations," held by Professor Balcom. Professor Balcom said that the very fact that girls desired to discuss such a subject showed that times have changed. The girls certainly enjoyed discussing that subject. Inga and Margaret sang a duet.

The girls were fortunate to have Miss Trotter, the secretary of the Maritime Work for Girls, to speak to them on November 2nd and she as usual brought a worthwhile message.

The joint S. C. A. meeting met in the gym on October 22nd. Mr. Ross, pastor of the Baptist Church, Kentville, addressed the meeting, his subject was "Religion's Fundamental Fact," he showed us that this fact was a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. Ethel Hudson sang a solo.

On Wednesday, November 12th, the meeting was held in the Physics Lecture Room. Dr. Earnest Clarke, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement in Canada, was the speaker for the evening. He said that he felt that many did not really know what the S. C. A. meant, and in simple, forcible language he explained the nature of the movement.

The S. C. A. met in the gymnasium on November 19th, and the Seminary and Academy students were invited in order to hear Mr. Williams, of Ceylon. Mr. Williams has

spent several years at study in Edinburgh and is travelling in the interests of the Student Christian Movement. He spoke on the university life in India, and as he talked one seemed to feel very strongly that the white man and the Indian are indeed brothers. His personality won the hearts of the students from the first.

Dr. Ernest Clarke spent five days among the students at Acadia University, days filled with helpful activity. The girls have established Bible Study groups which meet every Sunday morning under different student leaders. They are studying "Jesus and the Records" by Dr. Sharman. An hour each day while he was here Dr. Clarke spent with these leaders and other interested ones, boys included, and studied this book and talked over this book with them.

He mixed among the boys as if he were a student himself.

On Saturday, November 15th, the S. C. A. cabinets, joined by delegates of the spring and fall conference went with Mr. Clarke for a hike to the ridge. The outdoor supper was much enjoyed and also what followed after, songs, and a discussion on the work of the local movement, led by Dr. Clarke.

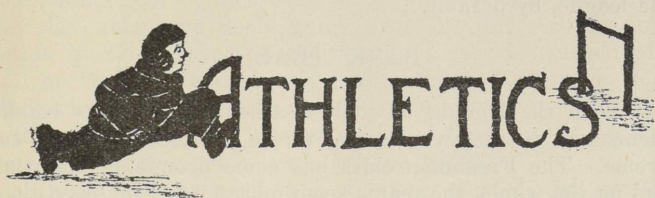
On Sunday a sing was held in Tully club room. Duets and solos gave an added touch to the music. This was followed by a prayer service.

Another great man came to us this week, Mr. Williams of Ceylon, who spoke on S. C. A. on Wednesday evening. After this meeting the S. C. A. cabinet had a meeting with him and then the Student Volunteers. He brought us in vital touch with India, his homeland. It was with regret that Acadia saw him leave so soon. Yes, the S. C. A. has indeed been fortunate, the whole college has been fortunate in the coming of these two men—so different in race, and yet so alike as far as their love of service is concerned.

MISSION STUDY CLASS.

On November 9th, Dr. MacDonald gave an address on "Paul."

Professor Rogers was the leader on November 16th. The class has commenced the study of an interesting and helpful book entitled "Christianizing the Community."



FOOTBALL.

The call of "time" at the close of the Mt. A.-Acadia game marked the end of our football season for the year. It has not been as successful a season as we might have wished for, perhaps, but Acadia has no cause to feel discouraged over the outcome. Of the three games played on our own campus we have won two, and in all of them the team showed that fighting spirit which has always characterized the work of Acadia teams on their own campus. We must admit, however, that the U. N. B. game was a disappointment. During the last four years Acadia has failed to win an intercollegiate football game away from home, and as one observer has remarked, it seems that the same fighting spirit is lacking. It would be positively unfair to accuse the players of glory-seeking, but altogether too much emphasis has been placed on winning the home game, and if we are to win a championship we must be consistent in our endeavors to "play the game," through the whole season. To the casual observer it appears that the "pep," which was at its height two years ago, is waning, in part evidenced by the lack of any celebration of our victory over Mount A. If such is the case, it is to be deplored, and let us see to it that there shall be no lowering of that which has justly become far-famed—The "Acadia spirit."

As a result of our win over Mt. A. the league ended in a three-cornered tie and although Acadia was in favor of giving the league to U. N. B. on the basis of total points scored, Mt. A. refused, and thus the Maritime Intercollegiate

title goes to St. F. X., the winners of the Eastern Section of the league, by default.

BASKETBALL

With the coming of cold weather the athletes betake themselves to the gymnasium, where basketball reigns supreme. The Freshman class has some promising material, and on the whole, the teams seem more evenly matched than in previous years. The different class teams are working hard, and we hope to see some fast, hard games during the interclass basketball league, which starts December 1st.

THE BULMER RACE.

This annual feature, which is usually held in the fall, has, on recommendation of the captains of the various class teams, been postponed until spring. It appears that the students are in better condition at that time, and it will also afford an opportunity to judge the material for the Inter-collegiate track team. For the last two years this race has been run under very inclement weather conditions, and the action taken by the A. A. A. A. seems to be justified from the point of view of both participants and spectators.

U. N. B. vs. Acadia.

19 — 3

Acadia hopes for a championship received a rude shock on Oct. 23, when they were overcome by the U. N. B. squad to the tune of 19-3. The game was played in ideal football weather before a large crowd of spectators. The winners half line was superior to Acadia's in running and passing, but the heavy Acadia forward line had the edge over their lighter and faster rivals.

U. N. B. drove hard from the start and after twelve minutes of playing on Acadia's twenty-five yard line the ball came out clean from the U. N. B. scrim and was passed to McCaffrey, who, by a fast end run, went over for the first

try. With Acadia still on the defensive U. N. B. pushed hard for another score, which came a few minutes later on a similar play, this time Seely going over the line. Stung into action by these reverses, the Acadia forwards rushed the ball up the field, and shortly before the end of the period, McLatchy emerged from a scrimmage, and went over the line with several U. N. B. players on top. This try, as well as the others in this period, was not converted.

In the second period U. N. B. again started with a rush, but the tenacious defensive playing of the whole Acadia team kept them from scoring. The break came about ten minutes before the end of the game, when Keene, picking up a loose ball, dodged his way thru the whole Acadia team for U. N. B's. third try. The now demoralized Acadians would not hold the New Brunswickers, and before the whistle blew U. N. B. had added two more tries to their total, both of which were converted by Fraser.

Altho the Acadia team was outclassed by their opponents, they played a hard, clean game, the forwards especially deserving commendation. For U. N. B. Paul Fraser was the outstanding star, his kicking and running being the feature of the game.

James W. Allen, of Halifax, refereed satisfactorily.

The line up:—

U. N. B.—Fullback, J. B. Jones; Halves, Seeley, Keene, Donohue, McCaffrey; Quarters, Sterling, Currie, Fraser; Forwards, Woods, Wrightman, Odell, W. G. Jones (Capt.), Scovel, MacAulay, McPhail.

Acadia.—Fullback, O. Noble; Halves, B. Elderkin, Crossman, Barteaux, McWha; Quarters, Davison, McLatchy, I. Elderkin; Forwards, Anderson, R. Schaffner, Estey, Noble, Warren, Taylor, Cleveland.

ACADIA vs. Mt. A.

12 8

In one of the greatest comebacks ever seen on the local campus, on Oct. 30, the Acadia football team defeated their

ancient rivals by a score of 12-8. Displaying that "never-say-die" spirit, the garnet and blue came from behind in the last ten minutes of the game to win a well deserved victory. The teams were very evenly matched, and as in the U.N.B. game, the visitors were superior in the back-field, but the Acadia scrim had a decided superiority. Weather conditions were perfect, and Acadia supporters flocked to Wolfville from all parts of the province to see a game which it is not likely they will forget.

Mount A. kicked off and forced the play into Acadia territory for several minutes, and before the spectators had realized that they were watching a real football game, Chown went over the line after a nice piece of combination work. This try was not converted. Nothing daunted at this reverse, the Acadians forced the ball to the Mount A. ten yard line, but bad passing in the back-field spoiled many chances for easy scores. Toward the end of the period the Mt. A. halves made a nice run up the field, and after a few minutes of scrimmaging, Wyse went over for the second try which was converted by Flood.

The second period was all Acadia's. From the kick-off they rushed the ball into Mt. A. territory, and it was only a matter of time before the inevitable happened. Davidson started the scoring with a beautiful drop squarely between the bars. A few minutes later Woodworth went over for the first try. With the winning point hanging on his kick, Davidson sent the convert directly between the bars from a difficult angle. Still on the aggressive the forwards carried the ball again to Mt. A's. ten yard line, and A. Noble, breaking away from a scrimmage secured the last try shortly before the whistle.

For Mt. A. Chown and Wyse played the best game and Davidson, J. Elderkin and Woodworth were the pick of the home team.

J. W. Allen, of Halifax, handled the whistle.

The line up:—

Acadia:—O. Noble, fullback; B. Elderkin, Barteau, Cox, Woodworth, halves; J. Elderkin Davidson, McLatchey, quar-

ters; Anderson, Schaffner, Estey, A. Noble, Warren, Taylor, Cleveland, forwards.

Mt. A.:—Flood, fullback; Chown, Wyse, Smith Gregg, halves; Rice, McNaughton, quarters; McLean, Smith, Jones, Stuart, McKenzie, Archibald, McLellan, forwards.





AS we look over the array of Exchanges for this month, we are at once impressed with the fact that the monthly literary magazine is slowly but surely giving way before the newsy weekly paper. One by one, we have seen the staid old monthlies drop out, their places being taken by their more versatile "little brothers."

The weekly paper is, undoubtedly, the more popular of the two among college students as a whole, and yet there is something about the old literary publication that the newspaper can never replace. If some satisfactory dual-existence plan could be worked out, we believe the good features of both could be preserved. Some college publications are already assuming this form, and are including a literary supplement along with the News Section.

Our assortment of Exchanges this month is not large, but what they lack in quantity we trust they will make up in quality.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

This is the only monthly publication to reach our Exchange shelf so far this month. We expect good things from McMaster during the coming year after you have once "found your stride."

Our chief criticism this month is the absence of stories and poetry.

WESTERN U. GAZETTE.

This is a bright "peppy" paper, always interesting and always welcome. The space devoted to football shows the college spirit that is behind the team. Pictures and newsy items combine to make a well-balanced weekly.

ARGOSY WEEKLY.

The Argosy is always welcome and is a well-edited paper.

We read with interest of the action taken in regard to the championship of the Western Section. You probably have reasons for your action, tho we favored a different course ourselves.

We are intensely interested in your scheme for literary competition. We feel sure that you can make it a success, and thus revive the literary spirit of the "Argosy" of old.

THE SHEAF.

The Sheaf has been unusually interesting for the past three or four issues.

The comment on the relative merits of the Oxford and Canadian systems of debating is timely, and agrees with our own views on the subject, for we use the Oxford system in our inter-class debates.

We are sorry to hear that you are going to eliminate your Mock Parliament this year, for we feel that it serves a very useful purpose. We notice the interest given to the O. T. C.

Our only regret is that your paper is lacking in literary material.

MCGILL DAILY.

The McGill Daily needs little comment. Always fresh with the latest news, this paper must be the tie which binds the large student body into a single unit.

The sporting department is unusually well handled this month. We are predicting good things in the literary supplement this year.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

The Gazette comes to us full of newsy items about the doings around Dal. Snappy news items with here and there a picture makes the Gazette a trim little sheet.

We notice the editors invitation for correspondence on the subject of hazing. This is a splendid way of getting the interest and co-operation of the student body as a whole.

XAVERIAN WEEKLY.

Again we find a change! This time, the Xaverian, one of the best monthlies on our shelf last year, has fallen in line with the general trend, and has decided to publish a weekly paper.

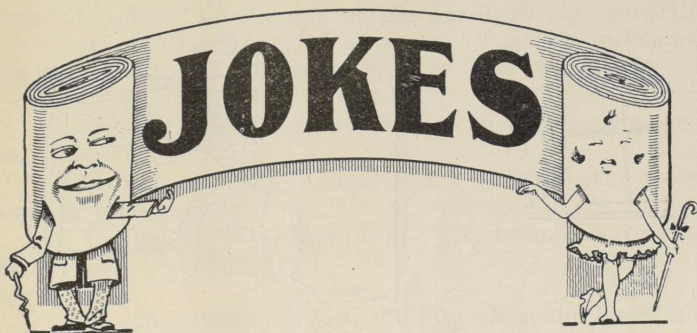
Your new paper is good and we can appreciate your editor's and correspondence's comment on lack of support by the students. A unique feature of the new sheet is the "French Column," which ought to prove beneficial and interesting.

We like the poem, "When earth's last sunset has faded..."; it reminds up of the good poetry you used to publish last year.

Good luck in your new publication, St. F. X., but we would humbly suggest that you keep alive the literary spirit of the old "Xaverian" and cultivate that literary talent you have so often revealed in the past.

THE INTEGRAL.

We wish to congratulate the Staff of "The Integral" on the excellence of the first issue of the new Scholastic year. Altho it is an engineering publication, it is not over-scientific and may be read with interest by all. We liked the short story, "Homeward Bound," and hope to see stories featured regularly. The humor department was good also. Altogether, it is a well-balanced magazine—keep it up!



If you meet some ancient joke
 Decked out in some new guise,
 Don't frown, and call the joke—"old Stuff"
 Just laugh—don't be too wise.

Carol:—"How much is the fare to Sydney?"

Annie:—" \$9.75 single."

Carol:—"Oh, I'm not going single."

Henry '27:—"I don't like the thot of separation."

Alice '25:—"Well, if we must part, let's go together."

John Crandall '2:—"I can't study to-night; my eyes are too weak."

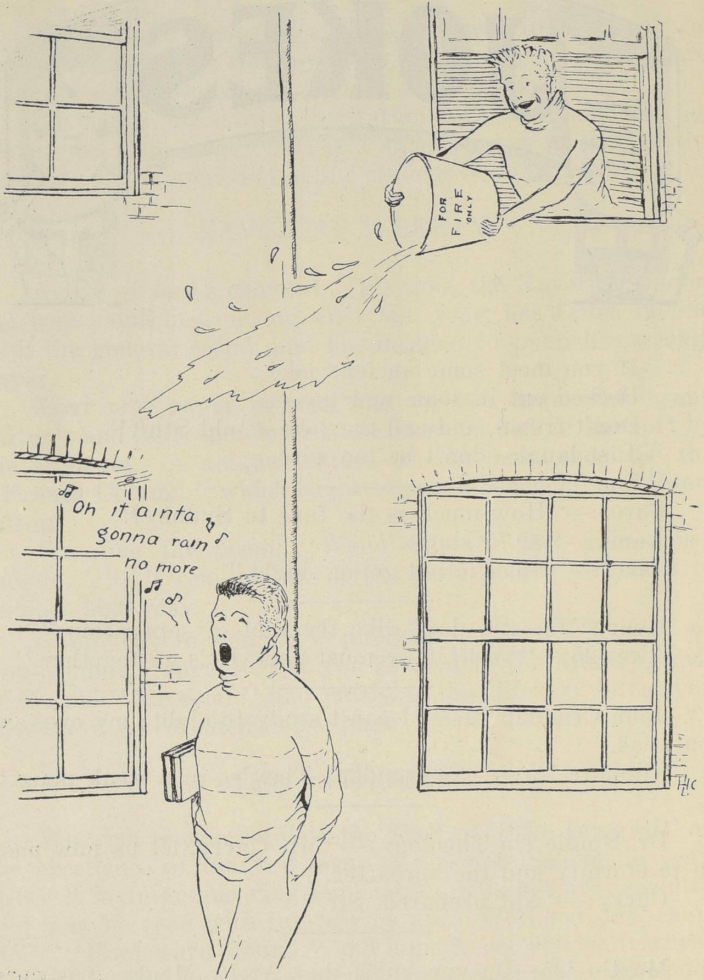
Fillmore '25:—"No wonder—They're in a weak place."

Dr. Spidle (in Theology)—"Mr. Curry, let us now pass on to eternity and the hereafter."

Curry:—"Not prepared, Sir."

Martin '25—Do you know that Archy MacLeod is very illogical?

Perry '25:—I know that he has the fallacy of the indis-tributed middle.



Read '28—"What was there about Evelyn Bentley that looked "Giddie" on the day of the Acadia-Mt. A. game?"

Charlton '28—"Don't be so green. That's a nickname she got thru the law of association."

Chem. Prof. (to student who has accidentally compounded an explosive).

"Only that strange Divinity which watches over fools and children, has saved you."

H. P. Jenk-ns '27 (haughtily)—"Sir, I would have you understand I am no child."

Curry '26:—"Did you hear the joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourist two skulls of Cleopatra, one as a girl and the other as a woman?"

Crosman '26:—"No! tell it to me."

Dr. DeWolfe (at N. T. Greek)—"Continue the translation, Mr. Crossman."

"Crossman—"I'm afraid I'm in deep water."

Dr. DeWolfe—"We have just come out of the water. we are now in the wilderness."

Dr. Hill (to Chemistry Class)—"Are there any questions before we take up today's assignment,"

Freshman—"What causes the lumps in mashed potatoes?"

Chipman '25—"What makes you sure that you love me?"

Noble '26—"I get mad when anyone says you are stupid or homely."

1st Freshman—"How many kinds of *A*'s do they award at Acadia?"

2nd Freshman—"Three: Athletic, Literary and Debating."

1st Freshman—"Which one do they call *Doc A*."?"

Sem—(accosting Woodworth on street)—“Why does Fritz use a long cigarette holder?”

John '26—“He wishes to keep as far away from tobacco as possible.”

Short '25—“I got ten dollars from home today and I've doubled it already.”

Roy '25—“How?”

Short '25—“I folded it when I put it in my pocket.”

Dr. DeWolfe (in Bible Class)—Mr. Perry, what became of swine that ran down into the sea?”

Perry '25—“I guess they became deviled ham.”

Johnson '27—(at Sophomore Masquerade)—“The chairs are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to sit down until the ladies are seated.”

(Alec) Senior girl—(first night at Tully—“Interested in lonely looking Freshette)—Is this your first night to sleep away from home?”

Freshette—“I don't know yet.”

Doane '27—(ambitiously)—“Again, I promise never to love any one but you.”

Unemotional partner—“Do you think you can keep all these campaign promises?”

Anderson, Eng. (at end of football season)—“I feel the call of the irresistible.”

Cox '28—So do I. Let's go into Rands and get some cigarettes.”

MacL—'26 (at phone):—Olive, I've made up my mind to stay in tonight.”

Olive '26:—“Too late, Frank, I've made up my face to go out.”

Wisdom—What is better than a *Wardrobe* after a cold bath (Colbath.)

Epitaph erected in 1935 to J. J. Copeland, '25:—

Here lies the body of Johnny J., ,
 Who died maintaining the right of way;
 He was right, dead right, as he went along,
 But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

Miss Oxner (in Household Economics):—"What kind of cup will hold the most spoons?"

Bea, '25:—"The cup of love."

Charlie '25 (to inpuident Freshman, at Pep Meeting)—
 "Are you Cheer leader, or am I?"

Fresh—"You are."

Charlie—"Then don't act like an idiot."

Woodworth '26—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Fritz '26—"You should wear a cap."

Freshman(to French Prof. on Registration Day)—Are you in charge of the Romance department?

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Why Choose a Hudson?—by Randolph McKinnon.

The Desertion of a Hill—by Alee MacLeod.

Have Faith in Man—by Annie Doherty.

"From My Youth Up"—by Leicester Coit.

The Life of a Nobleman—by Claire Cutten.

In With the Porter—by Morley Taylor.

Experience With B's—by "Dug."

Marshalling Courage—by Clarence Mason.

My Estimate of Co-eds—by Bickerstaff.

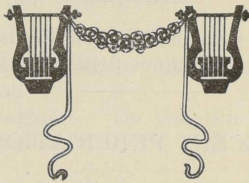
"For the Love of Pete"—by Barbara Walker.

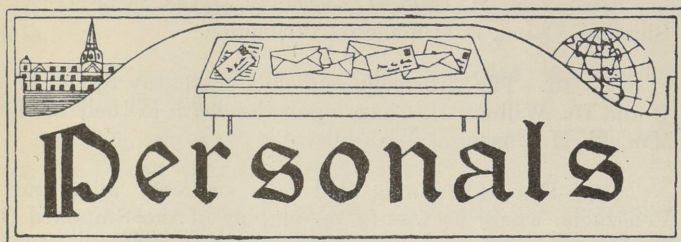
Doug. :—(During football season)—“Dos’t you think my whiskers becoming?”

B—“Yes they be coming alright.”

Cook (judge at Freshman trial) :—Are you tryinig to show contempt of court?”

Finlay—“No, Your Honor, I’m trying to conceal it.”





'86.—F. H. Beals has moved from Hantsport to his home in Wolfville, N. S.

'89.—W. H. Jenkins is studying at Newton Theological Seminary.

'91.—Z. L. Fash took up his duties as pastor of the Hantsport Baptist Church on November 9.

'91.—J. W. Leith, superintendent of the Baptist Home Mission Board in British Columbia, recently visited his father in Annapolis, N. S.

'96.—The Athenæum extends sympathy to Mrs. G. B. Cutten upon the death of her mother.

'03.—V. L. Denton, vice-president of the Victoria Normal College, B. C., has recently published a new book "The Far-West Coast."

'0.—The Athenæum extends sympathy to Dr. C. E. Avery DeWitt upon the death of his father, Dr. George E. DeWitt.

'06.—Prof. W. Harold Coleman, formerly in charge of the department of English in Furman College, South Carolina, has accepted the professorship of the department of English at Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Penn.

'09.—M. F. McCutcheon has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to resume his duties as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Montreal.

'10.—John H. Geldert, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Shanghai, China, is at home on furlough.

'17-'16.—The Athenæum extends sympathy to Dr. Lalia B and Dr. William H. Chase upon the death of their mother, Mrs. W. H. Chase, of Wolfville.

'19.—Harold Manning died very suddenly at Maturin, Venezuela, where he was in the employ of the Standard Oil Company.

'20.—L. B. Gray, who graduated from Newton this year, is pastor at East Milton, N. S.

'20.—C. B. Huggins was recently called to Wolfville upon the serious illness of his brother, Victor.

'21.—Horace Read has been awarded the Pugsley Scholarship of International Law at Harvard.

'21.—R. H. Wetmore has been appointed professor of Biology at Acadia. He will begin his duties in the autumn of 1925.

'22.—Harry Atkinson, upon the retirement of the former pastor, has been made director of all church activities of the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston. While Mr. Atkinson is finishing his course at Newton, Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, who is so well known at Acadia, has been secured as preacher.

'22.—Ludlow Weeks was recently in Wolfville en route to New Haven, where he is a student at Yale.

'23.—The Athenæum extends sympathy to C. W. MacCready upon the death of his mother.

'23.—V. L. Pearson is president of the Law Society at Dalhousie.

'23.—Edith Davison has accepted a position as instructor at Cumberland County Academy, beginning her duties at the Thanksgiving.

'24.—Mansell McLean has accepted a position in Virginia.

'24.—T. H. Robinson has been awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for 1924.

'24.—The Athenæum extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dexter upon the birth of a son.

'24.—The Athenæum extends sympathy to Madeline Flewwelling upon the death of her father. She has resigned her school, and is remaining at home this winter.

'24.—Dean Lusby, is teaching at Bristol, Vermont.

'24.—At the meeting of the Teachers' Institute, Caledonia, N. S., Dora Baker, Rural Science teacher, and Winnifred Armstrong, principal of the Caledonia schools, were present.

'24.—Wylie Ward has returned from the West and is teaching in Digby County.

Eng. '24.—John Crowell is working in a store of electrical appliances in Philadelphia.

'26.—Miriam W. Coll is one of the four of the forty-two entries who are playing in the tennis finals of Boston University.

'28.—V. Huggins, who was recently operated on for appendicitis, at Westwood Hospital, is steadily improving.

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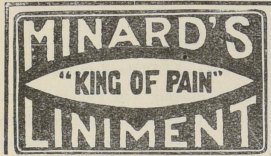
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