

Dr. Cutten

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM



March, 1916.

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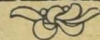
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**Winners for the Month**

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

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

Stories—1st, E. Bessie Lockhart, '16; 2nd, H. L. Porter, '17.

Month—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; 2nd, E. D. MacPhee, '18.

Exchanges—No contribution. Why?

Personals—No contribution. Why?

Athletics—1st, R. B. Smallman, '17; 2nd, H. G. Cushing, '17.

Jokes—1st, H. G. Cushing, '17; 2nd, R. B. Smallman, '17.



# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1916

NO. 5

## The Quitter

WHEN your're lost in the Wild, and you're scared as a child,  
And death looks you bang in the eye,  
And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle  
To cock your revolver—and die.  
But the code of a Man says: "Fight all you can,"  
And self-dissolution is barred.  
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow,  
It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now, that's a shame,  
You're young and you're brave and you're bright.  
"You've had a raw deal!" I know, but don't squeal,  
Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.  
It's the plugging away that will win you the day,  
So don't be a piker, old pard!  
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit:  
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die;  
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;  
But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight—  
Why, that's the best game of them all!  
And though you come out of each gruelling bout,  
All broken and beaten and scarred,  
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die,  
It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

## A Letter from the Front

MONKS HORTON, HYTHE, KENT, ENG.,

January 24, 1916.

*Editor-in-Chief Acadia Athenæum,**Acadia University, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.*

DEAR SIR:—Greetings unto yourself, the ATHENÆUM and its readers. It has fallen to my unhappy lot to write you and the paper you represent a naccount of a recent Acadia re-union, but if these sheets find their way into the time-honored waste basket reserved for the wanderings of would-be authors—no matter—I shall have complied with instructions and you will have rendered a service. In view of the fact that two excellent accounts of similar occasions have already gone forward to you, I hasten with the assurance that this will be brief.

Place, Metropole Hotel, the now well-known Acadia rendez-vous; time. 5.30 P. M. on the 16th inst.; plot to satisfy the desire for good food and Acadian companionship; characters, A. H. Chute, '10; Frank Chute, '13; Frank Higgins, '14; R. M. Millett, '16; H. B. DeWolfe, '16; Max. Saunders, '16; W. H. Chase, '16; C. W. Fitch, Eng., '16; B. W. Chase, Eng., '16; H. T. Creighton (Dal), '17; H. F. Bishop, '17; S. J. Dick, '17; P. R. Tingley, '17; M. F. Gregg, '17; J. B. C. Carson (Dal), '18; J. Lyman Wood, '18; John MacNeill, '18; J. I. Mosher, '18, and L. K. Grady, '19.

The summons unto the feast was issued, by telephone and verbal message, from St. Martin's Plains, the centre of this district. Each received it gladly and proceeded forthwith to govern himself accordingly. On the night in question the Acadians made their way, by bus and train, toward the Metropole Hotel. Here the interior presented a happy contrast to the bleak, darkened, town without. Upon being ushered into the sanctum reserved for us we were surprised to see fellows, many of whom we thought still to be in the Blue Nose province. Besides those who had been present at the previous dinner was Capt. A. H. Chute, who sailed from Canada with the 1st Contingent, and has been in France since last February. Then there was Frank Chute, a former teacher of the Cads by day and Chief Sleuth in the Old Academy residence by night. Also Billy Chase, '16, one of the council, so it is said, that planned that exceedingly cold and unpleasant sleigh-drive in '16's Sophomore



year. Then who should we gaze upon but Stephen Dick, '17, Monitor, but better known, especially to the Sems, by his awe inspiring sermon on the "Whangdoodle" in his Freshman year. Paul Tingley, also of '17, who used to sit next us in French class. (It's good to meet old friends, now isn't it-) Last, but not least, was King Grady of football fame.

After a more or less informal salutation dinner was served. Captain Chute, in his unique position of being the oldest graduate and the senior officer present was unanimously appointed president of the occasion. No second invitation was needed to be seated before the tempting array on the table. All were in the very best of spirits, and as the meal proceeded wit shot back and forth, yarns were spun, and many happenings of past days recalled. These were enjoyed, passed on, but alas, went unrecorded—the secretary was busy. At length occasional long drawn sighs of content heralded the weakening of the attack and soon toasts were in order. The president announced the toast list as follows:

Subject	Proposed by	Responded to by
The King .....	Captain Chute	
The Boys at the Front .....	Sgt. Millett .....	Sgt. Gregg.
Dalhousie .....	Pte. Dick .....	Pte. Creighton, Dal.
Dr. Cutten .....	Pte. MacNeill .....	Lieut. Higgins.
The Sems .....	Pte. Chute .....	Pte. Tingley.
The Pope .....	Pte. Bishop .....	L. Cpl. DeWolfe.
Billy Olliver .....	Pte. Saunders .....	Pte. Mosher.

Some of the speeches are worthy of note here. We had the pleasure of having present two Dalhousie men, thus the third toast. In proposing this toast Pte. Dick said that his life at Dalhousie had been so short that he could not claim to represent the college, in fact, he claimed that nearly all his time there had been spent in registering and paying his fees (this last in a tone of deep sorrow). Pte. Creighton said that if Dick's stay at Dalhousie had been longer it would have been more enjoyable. The best of relations, Creighton said, had always existed between Acadia and Dalhousie, and that he and his friend considered it a great honor to be present on this occasion. In replying to the toast to Dr. Cutten, Lieut. Higgins told of the Doctor's New Year message, which had been read at the previous meeting, and also that he had expressed his regret at not being able to see the boys on their way through from Montreal. The next toast was to the Sems. In calling upon Pte. Chute to propose this toast, Capt. Chute could not refrain from making a

short address himself upon so worthy a subject. His narration of a chase by night around the Sem. and down College Hill with a former Sem principal at his heels was greatly enjoyed. Pte. Chute then rose with dignity amid a storm of applause. Whether it was he or his subject, or the relation of the two, that called it forth we could not tell. It could be seen that he was laboring under great emotion. He began; "The Sems, God bless 'em." In passionate words he expressed his feelings toward those fair and far-off maidens, and then avowed that he was too full for words. He declared that we all owed a great debt to the Sems, perhaps some of us would not be here were it not for them.

Billy Chase then presided at the piano, the old songs were sung and stories were told. As on former occasions the ceiling of the room trembled just a little from the force of the old Acadia yell, and its throat skinning "Rickety Axe" at the end. There always seemed to be a very special and personal emphasis put on the line, "Give 'em the axe." This night the Acadia yell was invariably followed by that of Dalhousie.

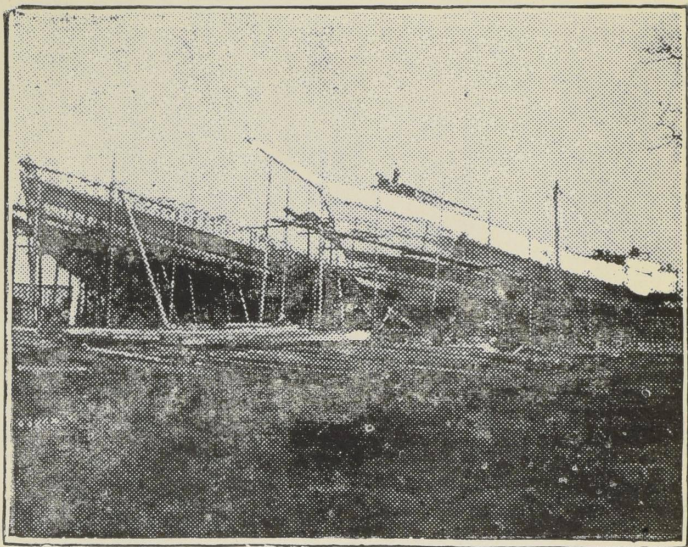
With the singing of the Acadia Doxology and the National Anthem the company broke up while the night was not yet late. The evening, so each declared, had been a most enjoyable one. The often mentioned, but nevertheless very real, Acadia spirit was felt. Each felt as he bade the other good-night that this would be a night worth remembering and that the coming days would be a little bit brighter because of this evening together. In it the thoughts of all had been turned both backward and forward and each instinctively knew as he looked into the other's face that no matter what the future may have in store, when the real test came he would not be found wanting. I was requested to convey to you all, on behalf of the company present, our very best wishes, this I take great pleasure in doing.

I beg to remain, sir,

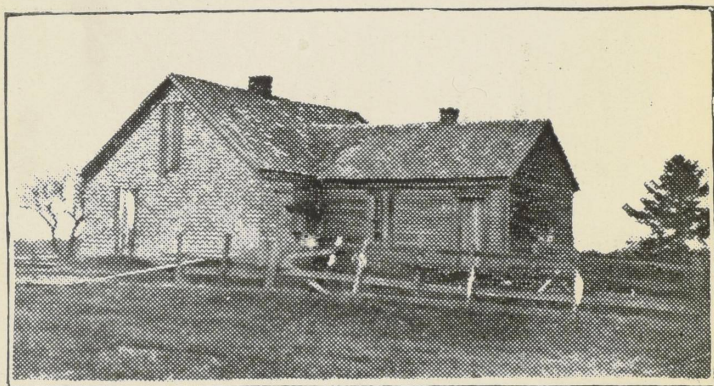
Yours truly,

M. F. GREGG, Sgt. No. 50051.





Ship building scene in Nova Scotia. One of the recent indications is that ship building in the Maritime Provinces may greatly increase as a result of the war. This will place a fresh demand upon forest materials and will add one more incentive to careful protection from fire and careless cutting.



One of the bleak "tombstone houses" scattered through large sections of Ontario. It is typical of the abandoned farm, and the abandoned farm is the result of permitting farmers to locate on non-agricultural land.



**By and By**

By and by I mean to try and mend my boots and socks,  
I mean to sew my buttons on and regulate my clocks;  
I mean to put my desk to rights and burn a lot of rot,  
I should have done it long ago, but somehow I have not.  
I mean to write to all my friends and tell them all the news,  
And when I get the time some day I'll pay my "overdues";  
I'll clean the pictures on the wall, and sweep the cobwebs down,  
I'll make my room the cleanest and the sweetest in the town,  
By and by.

By and by I mean to try and cut the hedge and lawn,  
I mean to mend the broken fence and hammock where its torn,  
I think I'll dig the garden and plant a lot of seed,  
I'm sure it will look nicer than the present crop of weeds;  
I'll pull the grass up on the path, and make the back-yard neat,  
And then I'll wash the windows, and the bedroom carpets beat.  
Oh, yes! I really mean to try and get up with the sun,  
And starting in quite early will get all these duties done,  
By and by.

By and by I mean to try and work myself around,  
And do the thousand little jobs now waiting, I'll be bound;  
I mean to visit some poor soul who's all alone and ill,  
Take them a bunch of flowers and their room with fragrance fill,  
When I get time I mean to try and ease another's need;  
I mean to fill my moments with the noble thought and deed,  
Of course I've not got time just yet,—I've got so much to do—  
But still I mean to do these things, and lots of others, too—  
By and by.

HERBERT J. BLOSSE, A. C. A., '15



## The Neighbor

I SAW her coming through the gate. With one hand she held her long, flapping skirt up from the damp grass, while with the other she held fast to her hat, which, tugged at by the wind, threatened to pull off the high, tight knob of her grey hair. "This," thought I, "must be one of the kind neighbors I have often heard of who help arrivals in the village to set their houses in order. And that paper bag, I wonder if the kind soul has something good to eat in it?"

I started to go to the door to meet her, but, to my surprise, encountered her in the hall. Her narrow, blue eyes had been scanning the packing boxes scattered about. I fancied, when she turned and looked at me, that her face showed decided disapproval of a person who could be in a house a week and make no further headway than this. "I'm Mrs. Spencer," said she, "and I thought, since you'd been here a week, you'd be most fixed up. Anyway, I think it's nice to know your neighbors. And I never mind knocking or ringing the bell. I always feel that it's so much more sociable to walk right in. Don't you?" "Well, I'm sure it's very nice of you to come. But everything is rather upset. Will you come into the sitting room?" My hope of help had vanished as suddenly as it had come. Here was this woman to entertain, while all the work I had planned to do must stand.

Her flow of words lasted until I had led her into the sitting room. I managed to place her with back to the closet, for I felt perfectly certain that if she faced it she would see straight through the door to all the untidiness which I had heaped into it in the few seconds in which I had hurriedly tried to make the room look fit for a caller. "Dear me, now, isn't it too bad you've been so long getting things straightened around? But I heard you had the la grippe, and that certainly does take the gumption out of anybody." As she talked her mouth worked in a most peculiar fashion, with the lips held down together in the front and the corners working back and forth. I learned afterwards that she did this to cover up an extremely homely set of false teeth. One of the village boys who was studying dentistry had been the victim of one of her tales. When he came home at the end of his junior year at Baltimore, Mrs. Spencer had gone to him to make her a set of teeth. "Been's you're a



town boy, and needin' the practice, I know you won't charge me much," she had told him. "Oh, of course not," he had politely replied, and had then bent all his energies to the making of the ugliest teeth he could fashion. "I guess that will make her keep her mouth shut." Well, it may have, in the literal sense, but it certainly did not seem to have had much effect after a metaphorical fashion, as I found out in the next few minutes.

Suddenly she took off her gloves and began to unwind a long twine string from the mouth of her large paper bag. "I always knit when I go visiting. I don't approve of wasting time. You go get your knitting and we'll get real friendly, now." In agony and shame I had to make the admission that I could not knit. What would that woman say if she knew I couldn't even sew or work a buttonhole? "Well, now, of all things. Why, the woman that lived here before you was awfully smart—knit all the children's socks and mittens. But, my land, she certainly was a poor housekeeper; things always were at sixes and sevens. Why, she'd let that youngest boy of hers drag his sled right over the kitchen floor. Such goings on those young ones used to have."

By this time the knitting needles were flying apace. Her eyes looked all around, her head bobbed, and her tongue flew still faster than the needles. "My, that's a pretty picture on the wall. That reminds me. When you go to see Mrs. Elden you look up on the parlor wall, she has a whole lot of coffin plates hung up and she has a picture of her baby after he died. I think it's so nice to have something like that for a kind of remembrance, you know. Have you any enlarged pictures. "Most everybody around here has them." "No," said I, "I haven't any at all. I think I've seen Mrs. Elden passing. She looks rather sad." "Oh, I suppose you haven't met *her*. She's so stiff. Now,, I think some of the people should have come to see you. But, really, people around here are so queer. They have to find out just exactly who you are and what you are and all about you before they'll even let you join Division. Of course, though, you'll be joining. Everybody does. Seems as if you're not putting yourself on the side of Temp'rance if you don't. Now, the last school teacher we had she was too stuck up to join—people did say it was because she was scared some fellow'd go home with her after it was over. But, then, my goodness, I wish we had her back this year. Nobody could ever say anything like that about the

teacher we've got now. Seeh actions for a school teacher. And the way she lets them children act! Why, the boys run off at recess and play cards; ain't that somethin' dreadful? And they talk right out in school, too. They say the minister's son is the worst one of the whole crowd. But, dear me, what can you expect, when the minister and his wife don't get along? That is, people say they don't. I guess it's because she won't go to prayer meeting. And her a college graduate! Some men have no sense in picking out a wife. Why," here she dropped her knitting, and, putting her hand half over her mouth, she whispered, "why they say that woman can't sew one stitch and they have only two patchwork quilts in the house. Now, did you ever hear the like? Of course, I don't believe these things myself, and I warn you not to believe everything people around here say." "Thank you," said I, mentally adding a few words of advice to myself. "Why, actually," she went on, "they'll make up 'most anything at all. Now, just because you didn't go to church Sunday they say it's because you're either a Catholic or a Presbyterian, but I knew better and told them either you had the la grippe too bad, or didn't have your good clothes here. People around here do criticise a stranger's clothes so. And then I knew you were a Methodist, because Sam, that's my husband, you know, Sam has an aunt who has a sister married and living where you come from, Mrs. Horne, her that was Mary Pickles, you know, and she told us that you're a great church worker. We're awful glad you're not a Baptist. Such a thing to be! Why, they actually say they haven't any belief to speak of except baptism and close communion. Scandalous, I call it. I don't have no use for the Baptists, 'specially since they tried to get two Baptist trustees in the school here. That was enough for me, and I says to Sam, "That ends the Baptists for me."

Suddenly, she again dropped her knitting and peered out of the window. Her sparse eyebrows were lifted, but almost entirely lost in the queer criss-cross wrinkles of her forehead. "Well, goodness sake! Now, did you ever, if there ain't Clara Carter out drivin' with that wild Ralph Wood. I thought it was all broke up between them! Dear me, I wouldn't want a daughter of mine to go driving with a fellow that ain't a church member and that'll smoke in her face. People say, though, she's just crazy about him, but I don't believe it. Why, there's Sam coming. I can have a drive home.



I'm sorry I can't stay longer, but Sam just hates to wait." She poked her knitting into the paper bag, tucked it under her arm, and started hurriedly for the door. "Now, don't you mind comin' to the door with me. I feel as if I know you real well. Good-bye." But, just as I had closed the door she opened it again. "Oh, I thought I'd give you a little warning. If I was you, I'd get my curtains up soon, for people around here think a place looks so bare from the road without curtains. Of course I don't mind myself, but you don't want anyone to think you're like the woman that lived here before you. And, well, as I said, some people around here are gossips, you know. Good-bye."

E. BESSIE LOCNHART, '16.

---

### Beneath the Tree

Two lovers were sitting  
Beneath a tree;  
And the maiden was shy  
As she could be.

The gentleman, thinking  
The chance was good,  
Gave a kiss to the maiden  
As quick as he could,

And said, as they sat  
Beneath the tree,  
"If you don't like it,  
Give it back to me."

—Ex.

**This Canada of Ours**

Let other tongues in older lands  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And chant in triumph of the past,  
Content to live in story.  
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,  
Nor ivy-crested towers,  
What past can match thy glorious youth,  
Fair Canada of ours?  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours!

We love those far-off ocean Isles  
Where Britain's monarch reigns;  
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
That courses through our veins;  
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,  
And haughty Albion's powers,  
Reflect their matchless lustre on  
This Canada of ours!  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours!

May our Dominion flourish, then,  
A goodly land and free,  
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,  
Hold sway from sea to sea;  
Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes  
When darkest danger lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of ours,  
Fair Canada,  
Dear Canada,  
This Canada of ours,

JAMES DAVID EDGAR.



## The Evolution of the Pianoforte

PROBABLY it is because we are all so accustomed to the piano that we rarely ever stop to consider just how such a wonderful instrument came to be invented. Students of musical history differ as to the exact line of development followed in the evolution of the piano, but it seems probable that we find its earliest beginnings in a small box with strings stretched across it. Away back in the most primitive times there were two kinds of such instruments—the dulcimer and the psaltery—each of which led to separate lines of development but finally united in the pianoforte.

The dulcimer, with its strings stretched over a bridge, was played by means of little hammers, and for a long time this instrument was much used. Naturally, with an improved civilization, came improvements in the dulcimer and as a result we have the clavichord. The earliest clavichord had very few strings, but as half-tones were introduced into the scale, more strings became necessary and there were soon three or four octaves in each instrument. These strings, struck as they were by little tangents attached to keys, produced a weak, thin tone, yet because this tone was sweet and sympathetic, the instrument was popular for a long time.

The psaltery also consisted of a box forming a resonator with strings stretched over a bridge, but these strings were plucked either by the fingers or a plectrum of ivory or quill. This, of course, was no more satisfactory than the dulcimer, and gradual improvements in its mechanism resulted in the harpsichord. The harpsichord, unlike the clavichord, had a brilliant tone, and notwithstanding the fact that no variation could be made in the degree of loudness or softness, it was much used for concerts.

The great difficulty with both of these instruments was the lack of sustained tone and it was probably this lack that resulted in the usurpation of their place by the pianoforte. It was not until 1711 that an Italian named Bartolomeo Christofori exhibited what he called "forte-pianos."

French and German inventors followed with various improvements, and finally in 1737 Gottfried Silbermann produced a piano far enough ahead of its predecessors to insure it a permanent place among musical instruments. Since then there have been various improvements—from the "wing" or "tail" piano to the square, from the square to the cottage piano—until today the pianoforte is one of the necessities of modern life. CHARLOTTE H. LAYTON, '16.

## Canada's Heroes

*(With apologies to Stuart Livingstone.)*

Wide are the Seas to the north and the eastward;  
Drear are the skies to the east and the north—  
Little they cared as they snatched up their rifles,  
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.  
Cold are the seas to the north and the eastward,  
Stretching out far to the gray of the sky—  
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack-room,  
Willing and ready, if need be, to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets;  
Firm and erect was each man in his place;  
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans;  
Smiling and fearless was every face;  
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them;  
Never a fear of war's terrible scenes;  
"Brave as the bravest" was stamped on each face of them,  
Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,  
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed;  
Striving through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,  
Knowing that glimpse might, for aye, be the last.  
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,  
Seeing the lover from whom she must part;  
Trying to smile and be brave for the sake of him,  
Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,  
Beat as it never had beaten before;  
Every voice of us, choked though it may have been,  
Broke from hurrah to a deafening roar.  
Proud! were we proud of them? God! they were part of us  
Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight;  
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,  
Eager to battle for her and the right.



Wide are the seas to the north and the eastward,  
Stretching out far to the gray of the sky—  
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack-room,  
Shoulder to shoulder, if need be to die.  
Was there one flinched? Not a boy, not a boy of them;  
Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt—  
Fill up your glasses and drink to them,  
Canada's call found them all at the front.

—Revised by S. W. S.

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### His Manhood

HE was a hard case. Ignorant, uncouth, brought up in evil surroundings, his ideals were never high. Because he had seen the inside of a jail on more than one occasion, he found it impossible to get work, for no one would trust him. Life was becoming so unbearable that he had decided to end it all.

While going down the street he had heard the sound of music, as a military band was playing in the open park. Up on the band stand, in the midst of a group of soldiers, an earnest appeal was being made when he arrived there, by a hero who had returned from the front. The heart of the man leaped up. "Here is my opportunity to end it all. I'll go to war. I'll get in the front of every battle, in the most dangerous position, so that some bullet will kill me, and I'll be called a hero. That will be a better way to die than the schemes I have been proposing."

Quickly he stepped up, signed his name, and thus enrolled in the King's army; enrolled with the firm resolve to place himself at once in death's pathway. The uniform and the discipline seemed to put new hope and new ambition within him at times. Yet even in the camp he did not become popular, for something of the old life seemed to hang over him. He kept to himself, as he continually nursed the idea throughout all his training that some day he would die, and be called a hero by those at home, those who had formerly called him a rogue.

In the course of time he reached France, and went to the front. In the old days he had been as sly as a fox, as often he prowled

about at midnight, trying to steal from his neighbors. Here at the front he was made a scout, and his old training stood him in good stead. He continually found opportunities to go into great danger, where it seemed impossible to come back alive. When such calls came he would eagerly offer his services. He won a name as a brave soldier, medals were given him, promotion was offered, yet always hidden within his heart was the secret desire that he might fall on the field of battle. But again and again when the guns were booming, the shells bursting, and men were falling on all sides, he could not seem to get struck, but always came out unharmed.

One dark stormy night he was sent to reconnoitre in an empty village near the trenches of the enemy. As he wended his stealthy way, ever on the look out for hiding bands of Germans, he gradually worked to the farther side of the village. No sound had met his ear. He was about to report to his officer that the enemy was not present, when suddenly he heard the sound of marching feet. At the same instant he heard a faint cry for help. With a quick turn, he entered the ruins of an old mansion, and here he found the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had been left behind in the hurried evacuation, and, since this was not her home village, she could not find her way out. She had tried, become lost and wandered here. As he entered, she threw herself into his arms, and in broken English implored his help. It was a new feeling for him. Never in his life had he assisted a pure woman. By them he had always been abhorred, been shunned as one would a rattlesnake. And now this woman voluntarily throws herself into his arms, begging him to save her. He tried to comfort her as best he could, although he knew only a little French, just what he had learned while in France. He felt the desire to aid her. His lost manhood seemed revived, as he slowly determined to get her to a place of safety. The Germans were approaching; what could he do? His heart had never been awakened by love before, but here he realized that life might yet mean something to him, for a strange happiness had come at the moment he had first seen this girl, yet how could he save her? He knew that there was only one way, that he must hold the Germans back while she escaped. He knew that it meant death for him, that he should never see her again. And what a struggle! He had tried for weeks to meet a shell which might kill him; he had gone into hazardous positions, determined to die, only to come out



alive. Now he realized that he had lost forever the desire to fall. His heart burned within him as the new wish grew, the wish that he might always live to love and protect the maiden whom Fortune had given him. He must not die, yet he must save her life, the only thing which had ever entered his life to influence it for good. For this new awakening within his soul he would face death. He knew within him that death *was* near, that this time he would find what he had so long looked for, though he no longer wished to go.

"What is your name?" he whispered.

"Marie," she answered; "and yours?"

"Call me what you will. You will hear no great good spoken of me. I have been good-for-nothing."

"Oh, no, ze Canadians are so good. Bon garçon, je vous aimé."

With one last fond look he told her how she must go in order to reach the Canadian lines in safety.

"Now, run, Marie, and if I die your name will be my passport into the world beyond."

The Germans are there. As he shouted a sharp command to an imaginary body of men, he opened fire so rapidly that the Germans supposed he had a force with him, and so they advanced cautiously. All that time he continued to shout orders, and to fire as swiftly as possible, while all the time Marie was flying to safety within the Canadian lines.

At last he was surrounded. The Germans in their fury at finding themselves held back by only one man, could hardly conceive of a way cruel enough by which to destroy him. With bayonets drawn they rush in and mutilate his body beyond recognition. Yet as the life went out, on his lips they heard the one word, "Marie," his passport to another world.

HERMAN L. PORTER, '17.

**The D. A. R.**

Two trees, a drift of snow,—  
 We move, indeed, yet all agree  
 A snail could faster go.  
 We move, we move, we pass a tree,

We bump, we slide, we shake and jerk,  
 We're dizzy, bruised, and sore!  
 Are we at sea, or off the track?  
 When will this trip be o'er?

Open the door, let's have fresh air!  
 Shut in like this we'll choke!  
 We snuff the outer air with joy  
 And find it solid smoke!

Where shall we sit? Sure that's a joke!  
 No room in aisle or seat!  
 Hang on the car-step if you can,  
 Behind you drag your feet.

Year after year, trip after trip,  
 'Tis thus we come and go;  
 None but the hardy can survive,  
 Shall it be ever so?

—H. F. LEWIS, '17.

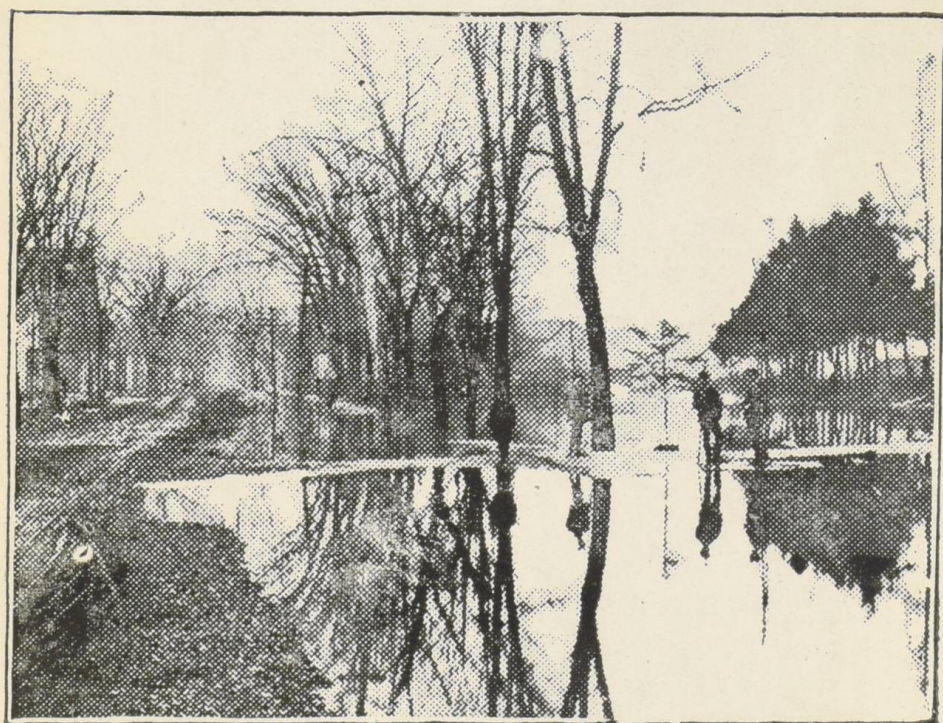
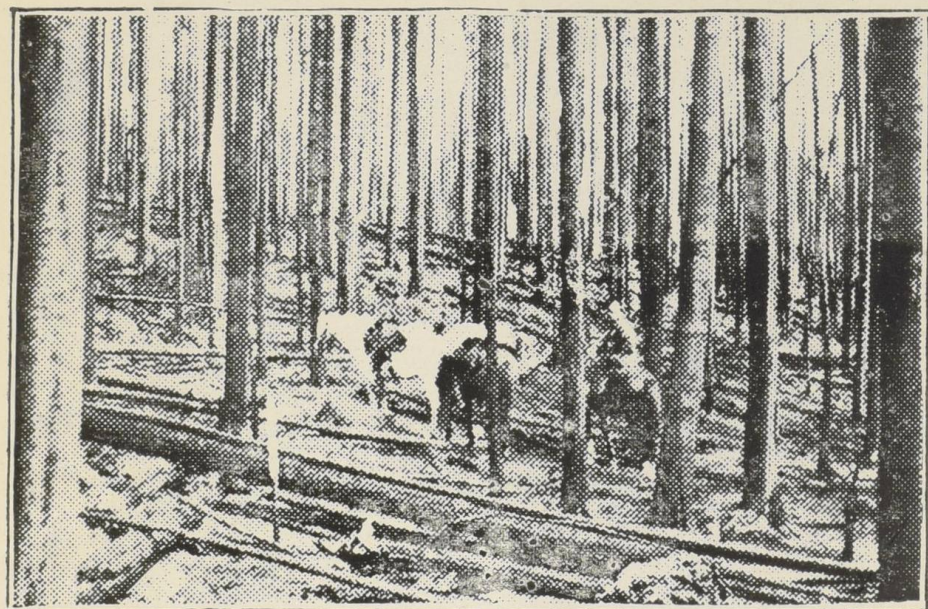
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**Always to be Found in Company**

A burned forest, from which the spongy soil has been stripped by fire and—

A flooded town a few miles away. Nearly all the floods in Canadian towns are due to destruction of trees on the protective watersheds. The living forest holds back the surplus waters. The burned and hacked forest releases them to do what mischief they will.







## Robert Burns

TO be familiar with Robert Burns, Scotland's famous poet, one should make a careful study of his life, and a coincident examination of his writings, for as of no other poet of his period did the events of time crush out the sparks of budding life and song. This article is not intended for a biography, but for an expression of some ideas formed after a study of the chief poems, songs, ballads and letters of this man, and of the biography of Burns, written by Carlyle.

The writings of Burns reveal a gentle, loving, courageous heart; his bearing lacked affectation, his soul was that of the true poet. Yet he was uneducated as men count education, and the rude farm life on Scotland's bleak hills could hardly familiarize one of its sons with rules of rhetoric or laws of metre. He placed himself in competition with those master minds, which were arsenals of formulae and criteria of rhetoric, and storehouses of the literature of all ages. Burns was not only required to search for his munitions; he must also learn to use his weapons; yet he drew his bow with a hand no less firm, and a heart no less keen, than his contemporaries.

I do not attempt to defend the gross and sensuous practices of Burns. Every sane man is given sufficient moral vigor to enable him to control his baser passions. From his childhood he yielded to his powerful passions and to the temptations offered by his fellow men. His weak body seemed to demand something to enervate it, and when the ploughman-poet was petted, feasted, honored, praised, in the stately, but vicious homes of Edinburgh, that strength of mind and soul which might have saved him in the vigorous Highlands was insufficient to safeguard him in the effeminate Lowlands.

His writings are characterized by sincerity, patriotic fervor and love of nature and nature's creatures. He was sincere in that he expressed ideas of things as these objects were presented to his mind; he did not choose to attract by fabulous woes and joys, and hollow sentimentalities; he wrote with the glowing passion of an intensely human heart. This quality is due to his choice of subjects, as he wrote from sight and experience of the scenes in which he lived and labored, however rude and humble they might be.

Burns was born in an age more cosmopolitan than any the world has ever seen, unless it be the present. The works of the



poets, the lyrists, the artists bore the marks of neither time nor place. Burns was distinctly Scottish, and deploring the lack of national spirit in the literature of his country, he set himself to write "for dear auld Scotia's sake, a song at least." In him, as he said, was "a tide of Scottish prejudice which would boil until the flood gates shut in eternal rest."

He was Nature's poet; Carlyle characterized him as "an Eoleon harp tuned to every wind of Heaven." Nothing was mean or insignificant to Burns; man and all that environs man are lovely in his sight. As Byron, he was prone to paint the original pagan life of man as Utopia, but this was largely due to his love of things of God's creation.

"The ragged daisy starring all the fields" comes in the path of his ploughshare as he worked on his father's farm. As he sees the weak rootlets turned up to the scorching sun, he exclaims:

"Wee modest crimson tipp'd flower  
Thou's met me in an evil hour,  
For I maun crush among the stour  
Thy slender stem;  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
Thou bonnie gem."

He disturbs a field mouse and finds in it "a timorous beastie, with such a panic in its breastie." The storm impresses him with its grandeur and force, but suggests to him danger for only the "silly sheep," "the helpless birds," the "ourie cattle." In painting the beauties of his native sky and sea, forest and heather, hill and dell he rejoiced, and found therein the only peace in his fragment of a life.

Of the poetry written during his life on the farm, "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is the most widely known. The scene described is one on memory's page in which he pictures the father's fireside, the evening meal, the family worship, and finally the cheerful good nights. Well might he say:

"From scenes like these auld Scotia's grandeur springs,  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

Well might he regret:

Compared with this how poor religious pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
When men display to congregations wide  
Devotions every grace, except the heart."

Burns was a passionate lover, although he stooped to vilest depths in some of his songs, yet his love songs ascribed to Jean Armour are full of lofty sentiment. "To Mary in Heaven," which voices the grief of a lonely heart, and "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," with every line a memory and every thought a tear, show that he could rise to thoughts almost unspeakably pure and sweet.

Carlyle says of Burns' songs: "We reckon them by far the best Britain has yet produced." They were not merely rhymed speeches, but were musical in word and metre; their gracefulness came not in glingling sounds, but in the strength of the author's conception, and in the originality of his expression. We have already referred to his love songs. When roused by feelings of patriotic fervor he burst forth into such songs as "Scots Wha Hae" with its "fire-eyed fury" breathing defiance and challenging struggle.

Burns became disgraced. Deserted by his former friends and driven to his poetry for relief he composed some of the most touching lines ever penned. As he wandered by the river Ayr, he watched the sun slowly sink to rest; and as the pale moon rose over the distant hills, he exclaimed:

"The sun is setting beyond the white wave,  
And time is setting with me, oh!"

The poem "Farewell to Ayr," is an expression of his grief at leaving his childhood home in disgrace:

"Farewell my friends, farewell my foes,  
My place with these, my love with those;  
The bursting tears my heart declare,  
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr."

The poet now felt that he was losing his grip on life. He must either reform or go insane—the former would have allowed a continuation of his writing, but the physical body was concerned and wasted by disease and he passed into the great beyond. His last days were sad and in his loneliness he wrote that prayer, claiming:



"Thou knowest thou hast formed me  
 With passion wild and strong,  
 And listening to their witching voice  
 Has often led me wrong."

Burns failed as a man, but as a poet he lives in an ever-increasing circle, embodying all from hovel to palace, from hut to hall. He passed away in darkness, but as long as there is a love of verbal melody, as long as the poor man feels the need of a poor man's poet and friend, as long as Scotland and Scottish traditions remain,—so long will the works of Burns endure:—Burns, "Scotland's greatest poet and the greatest poet of his time."

—E. D. MACPHEE, '18.

### The Secret

It was such a little thing,  
 Really not worth mentioning.  
 But it brought me joy all day,  
 Just a little thing you say?

Strange how just a little thing  
 To the memory will cling;  
 After great things pass away,  
 This, perhaps, will always stay.

And the thing I like the best,  
 That you were not out on quest  
 To do something good for me;  
 That would have spoiled all, you see.

All the pleasure that life brings  
 Is made up of little things.  
 And the sorrow? Yes. And yet  
 This is just what we forget.

Sorrow, pleasure, joy, or pain,  
 Count it up. Now, count again.  
 Was it then a little thing,  
 Really not worth mentioning?

—E. B. LOCKHART, '16.

## The Joy Ride

IT was Thanksgiving morning, and since a holiday had been granted for that day, Paul and I had planned for a bicycle trip and day's shooting at Black Lake.

We left our homes at daybreak, mounted on our bicycles and carrying our guns and lunches. The sun was just rising and all gave promise of a fine day. We passed along the ridge and then, in a long, flying coast, we quickly were at the bottom of the Gas-pereaux valley. Soon our work began, for we had to push our wheels up the steep slope of the mountain. We shoved and sweated till our arms and legs ached. Soon, however, we passed the hardest slope and were quietly pedalling again, when—whirr!—there was our friend the partridge. We immediately pursued, in order to become better friends; but to no avail. He had no desire to become acquainted with people who carried guns.

We arrived at the lake in time for dinner when Paul led me to a spring that he claimed was the best thirst slackener in the district. I soon proved the truth of his statements, and found the water truly refreshing. After washing our dishes, we again started our quest for birds, but this time no whirr gladdened our ears; nevertheless I felt repaid for I found a fine sheath knife and belt that some moose hunter had lost.

We rode on for perhaps half an hour when, suddenly, we heard what we took for a large flock of partridges. To our dismay it proved to be a Ford climbing a distant grade on low gear. Twice stung!

The day had gone all too quickly, it was now 4 p. m. and time to return; for we had gone a considerable distance towards central Nova Scotia. All went well until we reached the slope of the mountain when Paul's brake refused to hold. Away we went down the mountain as fast as gravity could bear us. John Gilpin couldn't hold a candle to the speed we hit up. A mighty wind appeared to rush past us, the road, none too smooth, seemed but a flying dark grey streak, bounded by dark walls, which we knew were of free-stone—one of the hardest rocks known. Still I had no time to think of this for I had quite enough to keep the front tire pointed somewhere near the middle of that jumping grey strip and to keep my teeth from being rattled out. Suddenly, after about three-quarters



of a mile at this speed, I felt a bump, experienced a short aviation trip, hit something not quite as soft as a feather bed and took a short nap. Upon waking up I found Paul bending over me. We had seen or rather heard me fall and had taken the chance of running into some bushes at the roadside, which effectually stopped his progress. He then went back, thinking, no doubt, to pick up my scattered remains. Happily for me my gun and hunting bag, on my back, broke my fall, so that I suffered nothing worse than some lovely plum-colored bruises.

I said above, that my gun broke my fall, but it is also true that my fall broke my gun, for it's stock was severed into two separate and distinct parts.

I next looked at my bicycle. Eheu! My trusty means of conveyance was in sore straits, as its rear wheel was now but twisted wire and kindling wood.

"Well, Paul, my boy!" I said, "you jump on your bike and bring back our horse and carriage. I shall be waiting for you somewhere on the road." He rode off and I was left to drag the wrecked wheel homewards. Proceeding this way I soon saw that my mishap had probably saved both of us from certain death, for only a quarter mile below was a bridge, at right angles to the road, spanning a brook. Never in the world could we have turned this corner, but we would have gone headlong to the bed of the stream. I thought to myself: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

It was becoming dark when I came to the crossroads, but I plodded on, ever following the telephone wires. Time dragged on, and so did I, until I came to a small house where I received a drink of water. They told me that I was on the Gaspereaux road and had taken the wrong turn at the cross-roads. They also told me that the nearest telephone was a mile and a half farther along. I now saw that I would miss Paul and that I must telephone home to let them know I was all right. I was becoming weak, for it was nearly seven-thirty, and I had had only a light lunch at noon, which my fall had seemed to settle.

At last I telephoned home, only find that Paul had left with the horse and carriage out the other road. They advised me to walk back to meet him as he might be worried at not finding me.

I left what was now remaining of my bicycle in care of the farmer and retraced my way to the cross-roads, only to find that no

one had inquired for me. I waited, and waited, until it seemed that Paul would have time to return to the cross-roads if he had gone past them up the mountain. It next occurred to me that something must have happened to either horse or carriage so that he had to stop. Therefore, it would save time to walk down the home road to meet him. I walked and walked; not a star was to be seen; I was alone on the road and alone I stayed for I met not a soul until I arrived home dead beat and hungry.

Of all good meals that I remember, that supper was the most enjoyable. I had just reached my capacity when Paul drove into the yard. It seems that he had driven up the mountain, had expected to find me there, but on returning to the cross-roads he was told that I had taken the Gaspereaux road. He drove along until he came to the house from which I had telephoned, had taken my bike on board and returned.

Paul and I, since then, have had many good times together, but never again shall he get me to go wheeling on the South Mountain.

R. B. S., '17.

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### Feminine Frolic

"HEY, there, you guys, what's all the hurry?"

"Come on. Rush between the Co-Eds and Sems up by the Tavern."

"What's the idea, anyway?"

"'Votes for Wimmen'" I guess. "The Sems and Co-Eds seem to be following the example of the younger brethren, namely, Sophs and Freshies, and are having a rush. Some class, eh? When we arrived back of the Sem, we noticed a scene of great confusion, like unto that which prevails in the New York Stock Exchange when wheat has advanced a point. Figures darting here and there, the Sems were forming in battle array, while from the Tavern came the tramp, tramp of many larger feet, and at the same time high-pitched voices could be heard saying:

"Wait a minute, until I fix my hair,"

"Is there any powder on my nose?"

"Oh! girls, I lost a hair pin."



Finally the opposing parties met, the stone wall formation of the Sems broke, and all was in confusion, great was the display of disordered hair, and Semites and Co-Eds all looked alike. The judges, consisting of G. D. Hudson and John Bunny Strothard, pronounced a victory for the Co-Eds.

"It wasn't fair," said one Sem.

"I just know we can push them; anyway, some of our girls slipped."

Again the fair sex formed for battle, and the gym-clad Sems pounced upon the inmates of Tully Tavern with the vehemency of the "Hosts of Gideon."

"Excuse me."

"Really, I didn't mean to."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Did I muss your hair?"

"Please get off my foot."

Such expressions could be heard above the noise of battle, Finally the ranks of the Co-Eds wavered and immediately Judge Hudson pronounced a victory for the Sems, while Judge Strothard thought that the battle should have been prolonged. However, there must be a deciding contest.

"But, Mr. Strothard, I'm so tired."

However upon the urging of the rabble standing by, a deciding contest was decided upon.

The wavering ranks of both parties came together and stopped.

"Oh! girls, let's stop and go to the domestic science room and make fudge. I know a dandy receipt."

"Oh, yes! and I want to show you my new hat."

"Now wouldn't that drive a man to drink?" said Hudson. "I declare no decision."

ENG., '16

The above scrap is supposed to have taken place since Feb- 7th, so would in no way be an explanation why the Co-Eds went to Nickel on the night the ATHENÆUM staff were having their skating party to raise money on their debt.—Ed.

**Doggerel**

My room was close and needed air  
And I was worn with toil;  
Thinking, perhaps, of some one fair,  
All my thoughts in a grand turmoil.

Books were piled high on the table,  
Latin, French, Math and Greek;  
Yet was I surely not able  
Within their old covers to seek.

My thoughts continued to wander  
Far off from this old place;  
While upon new things I pondered,  
I thought I was running a race.

I knew not how we arrived there  
Nor why we ran so fast,  
But still we seemed to run somewhere,  
And I tried not to be the last.

Quickly we ran down the roadway,  
Then into another street;  
And lo, in the light of midday,  
A college was built at our feet.

It had the true Acadia look,  
The Profs and students all;  
Even the paint had all forsook,  
Just like that on old College Hall.

I hardly think we were in Heaven,  
I saw no angel ladies;  
Nor yet would I bet dollars seven  
That we were down in Hades.

In every place we found lessons,  
And soon I was in a class-room;  
And to pay for my transgressions,  
Was handed French books to consume.

As trembling there I stood in fear,  
Unconscious of my sin,  
My name from the Prof did I hear,  
"Will you please begin to contin?"



## ACADIA ATHENÆUM

To Soph'more bible next we went,  
 And there's that kind old man  
 Who's loved and honored by the gent,  
 And all those gay young girls who Cann.

Righ up in front goes young Titus,  
 As swift as any dart;  
 The Prof doth have a young lassie  
 Whom Titus loveth from his heart.

The prophets he learns all right caddy,  
 To make a first-class mark;  
 Hoping to win at last the daddy  
 That soon to his plea he may hark.

Across the wide Hall sat some others,  
 Mid angles, cubes and squares,  
 And for their future salvation  
 The tall, wise young doc' never swears.

"See the picture," said he to 'Son',  
 "I want to prove you do;  
 This work is not the best of fun,  
 Be sure you have the proper view."

Below and far over yonder  
 Another man with class,  
 D. D. doth follow his nomen,  
 A man the great friend of the lass.

Boldly he calls up those Freshmen,  
 "Slippery Slim," so tall,  
 "You may tell me at once, young sir,  
 Just what do you know about Paul?"

But Slip tells all about Peter,  
 Nix was his study, you see;  
 "You err, not knowing the Scriptures,"  
 Quoth the wise and profound D. D.

And next we come to old Room Three,  
 A place we cannot pass,  
 A Latin Prof esteemed by thee,  
 In spite of work to all so crass.

But, oh those Sophs, how hard they squirm,  
 No Horace nor Caesar;  
 The book they study in this term  
 Is surely one great big teaser.



A "crib" was hid in every nook,  
A fact the Prof knew well,  
So he imported a new book;  
Those poor Sophs got a dreadful sell.

A new man sits in English chair,  
Though small, yet wise is he;  
Above his lip is found some hair,  
After his name is Ph. D.

While yonder stands a man so wise—  
Knows just what he's about,  
He always says at time to rise:  
"This is just how the thing works out."

In a class of theology  
With Heaven for a goal,  
"Precisely so," the good Prof. says,  
"How does that settle on your soul?"

But down the hall, below the steps,  
The forlorn Freshmen sat,  
While from the Prof. the plucks they get,  
'Tis Latin A they all are at.

Last fall their numbers were quite great,  
But now they are so few;  
The weary Prof. wiped off the slate,  
That he might not have much to do.

I looked at all the things prolific,  
A dream it must have been;  
I went to see things scientific,  
And stranger sights I've never seen.

Tall Coldwell and young Rogers, too,  
A score of girls so fair;  
With microscopes they sought to do  
Their best to see all that was there.

While 'cross the way was chemistry,  
A man so full of life,  
Since fall he's always looked so bright,  
For unto him he took a wife.

Now when the Co-Eds break test tubes  
And scream and squeal with fright,  
He just smiles on those gay young rubes,  
For now women are his delight.



At last I came to the doorway,  
 My trip is almost o'er,  
 Yet see one more professor gay,  
 Busy in sweeping up the floor.

For many years he has held sway,  
 Now he's honored by all;  
 While he can boast of no B. A.,  
 Much has he learned in that old hall.

So as he labored in each year  
 His work done just his best;  
 "Jest shorely now then I'll tol' yo',  
 Dats jest the best way fer a test."

I thought I'd giv'n my last long look,  
 But when I ope'd my eyes,  
 I saw right there the self-same books;  
 Do you thing I've been telling you lies?

—THE DOPER.

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### The Ex-Sergeant

I HAD been travelling since five o'clock in the afternoon. The first seven miles of my journey was over the cold country hills. Thirty minutes' ride on the south bound train took me to Sussex. There I enjoyed a short visit with my brother of the 104th Regiment, stationed there. At one o'clock I got on board the east bound train to come to Wolfville. The night was cold and dreary; too uncomfortable to read, and almost impossible to sleep. Just as one got settled to have a nap, the trainman's cry sounded "Petitcodiac," another doze, then "River Glade" rang out. Bye and bye we hear "Moncton, Moncton." Here we are roused up by the yells of Acadia students, and grumblings because they had to travel at such a time. When the necessary questions had been asked and answered, we heard from them that a man had had his legs cut off only a few minutes before by a morning train in the Moncton station; that the Limited had been derailed in Northern New Brunswick, and that a rear-end collision had taken place near Oxford Junction. It seemed to be a night of misfortune and this wreck was directly in our way.

Soon we left Moncton, and were on our way toward the scene of the wreck. In our car there were a number of soldiers; one of these was a man who seemed to be about sixty years old. He, sad to say, with two or three of his companions, was drunk.

Our attention was attracted toward these members of His Majesty's army by a dispute between the old sergeant and one of his comrades. The point of seemingly undecided law was: "Who is in charge of the company?" The old man valiantly upheld his claim that he was hic—a—the sergeant, and that the other fellow was—hic—responsible for their arrest for disobedience on the day before.

"You're a liar, I'm hic—er, in charge. I'm hic—er sergeant. You'll see, I'll make hic—it hot for you when we hic—get to headquarters. I've hic—three stripes; you've lost yours."

In the early morning we arrived at Oxford Junction. We had evidently had instructions to wait there, for what seemed to us several hours passed, before the signal was given to continue our way. In a few minutes we came to the scene of the wreck. The wrecking crew had run a car some distance down the track to prevent our train running too close. As soon as the train stopped, we jumped out and ran ahead. For a hundred yards on either side the track there was a mass of wreckage, overturned cars, some still intact, others chiefly splinters and twisted iron. The engine that had smashed into the caboose of the other was broken in and filled with countless pieces of broken boards and pieces of iron. The trainmen's papers were scattered about. The track was twisted and broken by the mighty force of the impact.

For a little while we watched the wrecking crew working the two powerful cranes. A crane was attached to each end of the engine and slowly they lifted the ponderous weight back to the track.

Then we went round to the other side of the wreck. There we were amazed to find that a car of dynamite had been overturned, but fortunately had not exploded. The general opinion seemed to be that, had this exploded, the only thing left of the wreck would have been a hole in the ground.

But there was something that interested our old friend the sergeant far more than the car of explosives. His attraction was a car of beer that had also been overturned. It was very fortunate, ac-



cording to his idea of the happening, that this car broke and poured forth its contents, cases and barrels of beer by the score.

In less time than it takes to tell it the sergeant had beheaded several bottles and imbibed their contents. He had a goodly number of pockets, but these were far too inadequate to carry away enough of the treasure to satisfy his desire. It seemed too bad to have it wasted. He called his comrades around and said: "Gentlemen, it's against the law for the hic—railway to hic—carry beer, it hic—ought to be seized—er hic—we'll seize it, and suiting the action to the word the contents of another bottle went the way of many others.

After the sergeant had consumed several bottles of the seized goods he became quite genial. A few hours before he had been sergeant; now he was sergeant major. "I'm sergeant of this hic—squad; I'm taking them hic—to Truro to—er headquarters. I'm sergeant; no, I'm sergeant hic—major, sergeant major, sir. Hey! where's the telephone hic—connections—hic—hain't they got telephone hic—connections here. Hic there's the wireless," pointing to the wires above his head, "shay I'm the hic—best wireless operator in North America; yes shir, and sergeant, sergeant major hic—of this squad. Shay, here's to Kaiser Bill hic—when we hic—get to Berlin.

I. B. ROUSE, '17.

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## The Country Church Problem

"**I**T ought to be in the church," the old man sighed heavily as he spoke. "What is the matter with our churches today that people avoid entering even to attend a recruiting meeting?"

Yes, reader, what is the matter with our churches today? Do I hear the city parson say, "Such a condition does not exist in our church—we have recruiting meetings there!" Then listen, my friend, and hear of your sister church in the rural district.

In one village in Nova Scotia, in which there are about four hundred and fifty people, four churches are represented—Roman Catholic, Methodist, Anglican and Baptist. The Methodists are the strongest body, their pastor lives in their midst, in a barren, bleak parsonage, and has four other places on his circuit, ranging about

eighteen miles apart. There are about fifteen Methodist families in the community. They have a beautiful little church and its external and internal appearance would do credit to a much larger body. The village contains two Roman Catholic families, consequently, their church has been closed and they drive twelve miles to the nearest town for service. The Baptists keep up a splendid little church and are very jealous of its appearance, keeping it well repaired and clean. They also contribute to the salary of a pastor, shared with five other places. There are four Baptist families in the place. The Anglicans have a building which was originally a fine, decent structure, but which has had few repairs in recent years. They have a clergyman who preaches in three places; about seven families support this church.

When there is a Methodist church service, about fifteen of the thirty or thirty-five people constituting the congregation are of other denominations. The same is true of the twenty-five or so who attend Baptist and Anglican services. Thus we see that in this village of four hundred and fifty people, not one hundred are regular church-goers. What, then, is the crying need of these churches?—a good pastor? Union? Spirit of brotherly love? True, the latter is undoubtedly lacking, but other causes are at the root of the trouble. The people of all denominations aid in supporting each church. Why should they not be united under one pastor, who would confine his duties to one community? The pastors are mediocre, it is true, but what can be expected. Conferences, Boards of Control and Presbyteries will not send their best men to such small places, which abound throughout our land.

Everything in the church is non-attractive, and a bright and interesting lecture or entertainment there draws a sparse twenty-five, while a cheap concert in the "Hall," a dance, a group on the corner, the country store or the blacksmith shop draws a big crowd and the benches are filled to overflowing.

Deplorable, indeed, is the situation and it must be faced and remedied. The call is as urgent as that of the foreign field. Shall we say that the church is failing? The problem is still unsolved.

—G. PAIGE PINNEO, '16



## The Temptation

THE Bristol Bank, in the course of a year's transactions, became indebted to the Bank of Commerce in Southampton to the extent of 100,000 pounds. It was in the year 1842. Transportation facilities being poor, Mr. Morey, manager of the Bristol Bank, scarcely knew how to transfer the specie necessary for settling the debt. When he thought of the railroad that had been built the previous year and that had suffered so many accidents, he shook his head. He thought of getting some trustworthy person to take the gold by wagon, and again of the excellent opportunities for plundering along the Bristol-Southampton road. Finally he decided to entrust the consignment to John Ray, a former friend, who was captain of a sailing vessel, and then in the city. Accordingly, one evening, he called on the captain.

After a few preliminary remarks, he told Mr. Ray of his motive in coming to him, and asked him if he could deliver the gold.

"Certainly," Mr. Ray heartily replied, "it happens that I am to sail directly to Southampton on my next trip. I shall start tomorrow at two o'clock. To safeguard it I can keep the gold in my cabin. Nobody enters there except the mate, and although I have known him but eight months I can vouch for his honesty."

Thus it was that on the next day, about half-past one, a truckman came to the wharf with eight small boxes containing the coin. Mr. Ray was on the watch for them, and as soon as they arrived ordered them to be placed in his cabin.

The mate was standing by at the time, watching the proceedings. "Why," he wondered, "is the captain so careful to have the boxes placed in his own cabin. They," continued he in thought, "seem to be very heavy for their size. Ah! I know what they are."

The fact was he had noticed Mr. Morey when the latter was leaving the captain on the previous night, and had heard him say: "I am very much obliged to you for taking this, as I have been worried about the matter."

The mate, having reached this conclusion, for the time thought no more about it. He did not meddle usually with other peoples affairs. He had always tried to do his duty and had in a measure been rewarded, but having an ambitious nature, he found his rise extremely slow. He had speculated in various ways, but, except in

one or two unimportant cases, he had lost, so that now he had practically no money left.

Sometime between eleven and twelve that night, as they were about to pass by Land's End, the mate sat down near the railing, and it being a warm night, fell into a light sleep. Soon it seemed to him that he was in the captain's cabin, and on looking around he saw the boxes containing the gold. Suddenly a scheme for satisfying his ambition presented itself. Here was the one chance of his lifetime. He was about to bend down to examine the boxes when he heard Mr. Ray coming. This so startled him that he awoke, but he did not forget his dream. It appealed to him more and more strongly, and every now and then he caught himself planning how to carry out what was suggested in the dream. At first, if anyone had told him what he was about to do he would have laughed at the idea. But, finally, he was planning in earnest—the suggestion became a reality.

Now that he had arrived at a decision, he lost no time in carrying out his plans, because he knew that within twelve hours they would be in Southampton. His scheme was to overpower the captain in his cabin, tie him securely, and report to the crew that Mr. Ray was slightly sick. Then, when they landed, he could easily put the gold in some secure hiding place until all was safe.

He strolled over to the other side of the ship, where the captain was standing, and, after a few minutes conversation, suggested to him that whereas he had spent a hard day he would do well to take a rest.

"Yes," Mr. Ray said, "I have had a long and busy day and I believe I shall take your advice." So saying he immediately went to his cabin.

This was what the mate desired. He did not wish to use violent means to overcome the captain, and he thought if he could find Mr. Ray asleep, the task would be comparatively easy. Then, as the captain was of a sturdy build, it was well to take no chances.

He waited for some time and then, after procuring a small rope, went to the captain's cabin. He listened for a minute or so at the door, and when he had assured himself that Mr. Ray was asleep, he stealthily opened the door and crept in.

From the light hanging just outside the door he could see the captain lying on his berth. Having purposed taking but a short nap,



the captain had taken off his shoes only and was sleeping without any spread over him.

"That makes it all the easier for me," thought the mate, "yet how I hate to do it, for he has treated me as a gentleman, and this is the way I am repaying him. However this is my only chance."

He crept up to the foot of the berth. Then taking his cord he carefully passed one end under Mr. Ray's feet and succeeded in tying them together without waking him. Next the hands—they would not be tied so easily. Happening to glance up, however, he saw hanging near the door a pair of handcuffs which the captain had to use occasionally. "Oh!" he said to himself, "I can slip those on before he wakes up." He got these, put the key in his pocket and then carefully, but quickly, put them on the captain's wrists. Just at this minute Mr. Ray awoke and attempted to rise. It was in vain. In a short time the mate had not only bound him more securely, but had also gagged him, so that he could not cry out to any of the crew.

The mate could not bear the questioning look of the captain's face, so when he had locked the door he went up on deck. He felt his guilt in the part he was playing, but thought it was too late to retract now.

Towards morning a wind rose and the sea became rough. The mate had paced the deck for the rest of the night and now that they were within three or four hours of Southampton he grew still more restless. One of the crew asked him when the captain would be up and he answered that it would be quite a while, as he was not feeling very well; but, so that the fellow would not investigate, he told him that it was nothing serious.

In the meantime the captain was in his cabin. He was greatly surprised at the actions of the mate, but easily understood his motive. He thought of the confidence Mr. Morey had in him and then wondered how he could free himself. It must be done in some way. He saw it was of no avail to think of freeing his hands, so he gave his attention to his feet. After twisting and pulling for what seemed to him an age he succeeded in freeing these. The next thing was to get out so that some of the crew could see him. The door was locked, but he knew of a key in his desk. With great difficulty, as his hands were bound close to him, he managed to get this. It was then comparatively easy to open the door.

At about ten o'clock the mate happened to glance toward the gangway and was astonished to see the captain. He made sure that none of the crew saw him and then started to run toward Mr. Ray. The captain saw him, and, knowing that he stood no chance with his hands bound, ran in the opposite direction. But just at that minute he slipped, staggered against the railing, lost his balance and fell overboard.

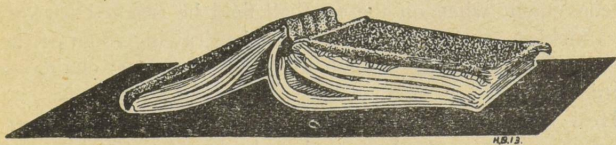
The mate was stunned for an instant. Then, after he had shouted to the men that a man was overboard and ordered them to lower a boat, he sprang after Mr. Ray. It did not take him long to reach the captain, who, by kicking, was just able to keep afloat. The mate took his knife and cut the rope that bound Mr. Ray's hands. Then telling him to raise his hands he, with great difficulty, succeeded in getting the key from his pocket and unlocking the handcuffs which bound the captain's wrists.

Both were good swimmers and they swam side by side toward the boat which was now coming for them.

Mr. Ray noticed that the mate did not seem in the least dejected. In the last five minutes he had been struggling to save a human life, and in that time he had seen his act with great abhorrence, he had seen himself branded as a felon. Hence he was glad for two reasons, one that he had saved the life of the captain, and the other that he had been saved from complete degradation.

The mate expected that he would be discharged, but the captain, who was a good judge of character, and at times eccentric, treated him as though nothing had happened. Nor did the mate ask the captain how he had succeeded in getting his feet free and in getting out of his cabin.

—JOHN A. DRAPER, '17.





## The Skeleton

THE skeleton of the university has been placed in the club room of Tully Tavern. I wonder why? Do the Sophettes put the Freshettes down there on dark nights by way of punishment? Or is it there to act as a solemn warning when some intellectual (noisy?) Senior is inclined to be a bit too knowing?

Where did it come from? Do you suppose it is the last mortal remains of some college professor—some president, perhaps—who wished to leave something to the old college, and so left his bones? Or did it once bear up some friendly janitor who had labored long after the spirit had flown? Perhaps it was once a criminal, who, for some offense, had had the capital punishment meted out, while his body was sent to some laboratory. One thing we know, a set of bones doth adorn the walls of the club room in that fair hall, while those who view it are often heard to moralize.

Tall and slim, with such a well knit frame, what a man he must have been! That large head must have contained a brain worthy of much. The square jaw denotes a most determined person. It is still now, but we picture it as different in other days, when all must have felt that his word was law.

Where did he lose those side teeth. Did he ever go to college? In some hockey game, as he was looking too intently at the fair Co-Eds, who lined the sideboards, did he suddenly come into contact with the puck? A similar result has been common in our day. Or was he a boxer, and in some bout with a Freshman, who was getting too obstreperous, find that he had met his match? Or did he board in old Chip Hall and break his teeth as he tried one morning to bite through the steak?

What use did he make of those long arms? They must have been convenient when on the football field he reached forward to make a tackle. Were they as useful in the drawing room of the old Annex? They are long enough to reach about two chairs—quite convenient (?)

How those long, graceful fingers must have slipped over the keys of the piano as the boys gathered around to sing the college songs. I am inclined to believe that he must have been a college student. Such a build could never have belonged to a criminal.

A rib or two is missing. Probably in some football game he got mixed up in a scrim, and cracked a rib, so that later in life he found it necessary to have it removed. Perhaps he is the remains of Adam, if so, then woman is responsible for that vacant spot.

The poor fellow is minus a leg. How could that have come about? Again, it may have happened in some big game. Or perhaps he went to war many years ago, and while there had his limb shot from under him. Or it may have been lost in some more peaceful adventure. While skating one night he may have had the misfortune, common even today, to fall; here he may have sustained some compound fracture, as, in his frantic efforts to save his lady love from humiliation, he struck the ice with great force, resulting, after much pain, in the amputation of the appendage. He may have lost it in some Freshman-Sophomore rush behind the Sem, if they had a Sem in those days. Imagine the screams of terror which must have issued from those upper windows when, after a horrible thud, he picked up his former support, and hopped off the field of battle.

And so the skeleton hangs there now. Not entire, but how suggestive, a grim reminder of our own future destinies.

H. L. PORTER, '17.

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### What Acadia Has Done For Me

ON Thursday evening, January 11th, 1912, an "Acadia Night" was held in College Hall. A member from each class was asked to deliver a three minute speech on the topic, "What Acadia Has Done for Me." This item was omitted, however, because of the length of the program. The following was to have been the speech of a Freshman:

It's hard to write in eighty lines,  
Or tell in minutes three,  
The many, many, many things  
Acadia's done for me.  
The other speeches frightened me  
And made me feel so small,  
For such experience as theirs  
I never had at all.



*ACADIA ATHENÆUM*

I came for education and  
I never count the cost;  
Some things I realize I've learned  
And other things I've lost.  
My troubles all I'll not recount,  
Lest I should burden you,  
But if you listen patiently,  
I'll tell you of a few.

I came with youthful hope so high  
That fate could never vex,  
I loved the best of everything,  
I loved the fairer sex.  
But lo, a stern unwritten law,  
Seemed pointed straight at me,  
And warning me to quit the girls  
Or bear the penalty.

And after months of loneliness,  
Condemned to walk alone,  
I find my heart has grown so cold—  
Appreciation gone.  
I've danced upon the table top  
To please the Sophomores,  
I've been most useful as a sponge  
To dry the Chiphall floors.

The chap who boards at Chipman Hall  
Should be excused from gym,  
The exercise the fare provides  
Is quite enough for him.  
Oh! yes, I've learned another thing,  
A good thing, too, I vow,  
I've learned to spell Acadia,  
The Sophomores taught me how.

I find myself improving some  
In English and in Greek,  
But ah, my friends, to pass in Math  
Will be my closest squeak.  
In making angles on the rink  
I find myself adroit,  
And yet my gait is far too slow  
To follow Dr. Coit.



My Latin was improving, but  
Alas I am undone,  
I laughed when Dr. Tom was sick  
And thus my chance is gone.  
Now physics is my chief delight,  
For in it I can see  
How I may entertain my friends  
With Haley's jugglery.

I came here with a lonely heart,  
Now, loneliness has gone,  
I'm quite a friend of Dr. C.,  
As well as Doc. Cohoon.  
They ask me to their offices  
Most every second day,  
And there present me with a pluck  
Or some new bill to pay.

And yet of all the faculty  
The noblest one, I think,  
Is Dr. D., the Principal,  
Who gives us open rink.  
My thanks to him while ages roll,  
Through him I learned to skate  
And made acquaintance with some folk  
Whose names I'll not relate.

Why, then, should not Acadia  
Be ever dear to me;  
Why should I not be happy here,  
With such a faculty.  
Each new day brings a brighter hope  
Of better things in store;  
My heart is with Acadia,  
Both now and evermore.





### El Nova Scotia Mountain College

WHILE the writer was travelling as a salesman, during the past summer, among the Cobequid Mountains, whose majestic forms bound Wolfville's northern horizon, he heard strange rumors of a college not far away. At first he felt sure, in his ignorance, that the rumors were without foundation in fact, and gave little heed to them, but in a day or two his beliefs were rudely shocked and somewhat altered by a visit to the institution itself.

In a broad mountain valley, on a rise of ground overlooking the course of the East Branch of the River Philip, is the plain but practical white Main Building of the "College," while near at hand stand an annex and the college barns and outbuildings. Broad, tilled fields surround the buildings, which are at some distance from the highway, and to north and south rise the steep slopes of the mountains, shutting out all the noise and hurry of the outside world. The whole forms a scene full of beauty and peace, and the site is indeed a splendid one, though rather difficult of access.

The kindly and polite young principal had just left his labors in the turnip field to visit his office for a moment, but he cheerfully took time to show the visiting salesman through the buildings of the institution, whose correct title is "Williamsdale Academy," and furnished him, before his departure, with a copy of the Academy Calendar. The Main Building contains the chapel and recitation rooms, the offices, and the rooms for students. Everything is very neat and nice, and the many modern teaching devices seem at first strangely out of place among the wild mountains. About forty students, of both sexes, are boarded in the Main Building and the Annex during the school year, and live in fairly large and well-furnished rooms, though the standard of comfort is hardly as high as in the residences at Acadia. The Annex contains, in addition to student's rooms, the kitchen, dining room, and work rooms.

The Calendar proved very interesting. The institution is a denominational one, under the control of the Seventh Day Adventists. The faculty consists of four members, who lead their charges, whether docile or otherwise, along the paths of knowledge as far as the end of the work of Grade X, in the subjects of Bible, History, English, Mathematics, Physiology and Music. Not a particularly varied course, you see, and one leaving much to be desired, but

doubtless good as far as it goes. Students are given an opportunity of earning, on the farm connectd with the Academy, or in the laundry or kitchen, part of the cost of their board, and this reduces the necessary cash expenditure of an industrious student to a minimum. Some of the regulations governing the conduct of students are, to say the least, unusual. For instance, "card playing and all unprofitable games such as chess, checkers, etc," are strictly forbidden. Imagine having to shove a checker board hurriedly under the bedclothes when you hear that well-known faculty footstep on the stair! It is also distinctly stated that "students shall refrain entirely from reading harmful literature, including books and magazines of fiction, such books will not be allowed in the Home." What excitement and profit there must be in smuggling in copies of such debasing works as "Mother Goose" and the "Century Magazine," and what terrible punishment must be meted out to him in whose trunk is found a copy of "The Merchant of Venice"!

The general impression made by Williamsdale Academy is good, yet one cannot help feeling that the time for such narrowness has passed, and that the institution which, while true to its denomination, nevertheless offers courses and living conditions sufficiently progressive, practical, and liberal to be attractive to true students of all creeds can do a far greater work in the world than can one which emphasizes sectarianism so heavily.

—H. F. LEWIS, '17.

### Soul Of My Soul

Soul of my soul that meets me in the throng,  
Here where the human billows surge and roll!  
A passing touch, a thrill and thou art gone!  
I dare not follow, though I know thee near.  
Thou knowest not the deeply-burning sear  
Of that slight touch upon my naked soul!  
Mine is the pain that I should be like thee,—  
So much like thee, and thou shouldst never know  
One like thyself in life's quick ebb and flow  
Had passed so near once in eternity.

—Ex.





# The Month

DRAWN BY HORACE BISHOPFIT

THE past weeks have indeed been filled with extra-curriculum activities among the students. Midyears, that dreaded period, has been safely passed and some time has rightly been given to improvement (?), pleasure and sport.

**Town Elections** February opened with the town elections for Mayor and Councillors. Mr. Charlie Fitch, former Mayor, and Dr. I. B. Oakes were the candidates for Mayor. As no great excitement prevailed in town, the College boys held a short parade, headed by their band, in favor of Dr. Oakes. They, however, were late in starting the parade, the votes had been cast, and the mayoralship went, for the second time, to Mr. Charlie Fitch.

**Junior Party** On February 3rd, the Junior Class, 1917, held a class party in the club room of Tully Tavern. Mr. L. Slocomb, a former classmate, now in khaki, was the guest of honor. The young ladies of the class, in accordance with Leap Year, started the games, and in every way made the evening enjoyable. The party was brought to a close by Acadia and patriotic songs.

**Orchestra  
Concert**

A concert of high order was given on February 4 by the Acadia Orchestral Club, assisted by Miss Dura E. Gilbert, contralto, and Miss Maydell Camblin, reader. The programme, although short, was listened to with pleasure by the rather small audience. It was as follows:

1. Overture der Marionettes.....Gurlitt  
Orchestra
2. Lithuanian Song.....Chopin  
Miss Gilbert
3. Highwayman .....Noyes  
Miss Camblin
4. (a) Song without words.....Tschaikowsky  
(b) Barcarolle from Tales of Hofmann.....Offenbach  
(c) Pizzicati from the Ballet Sylvia.....Delibes  
Orchestra
5. "I said to the Wind of the South".....Chadwick  
Miss Gilbert
6. (a) Between Two Loves  
(b) The Lonely Honeymoon.....Thomas Daly  
(c) All's Well That Ends Well  
Miss Camblin
7. (a) Rendez-vous Gavotte.....Aletter  
(b) March from "The Prophet".....Meyerbeer  
Orchestra

## GOD SAVE THE KING

**Athenaeum  
Skate**

On Monday night, February 7th, the Athenaeum held an Acadia Night at the rink, in order to raise money to pay off their indebtedness. A large number of Sems and Acadia boys were present, and in spite of poor ice enjoyed the skating and band. The Co-Eds seemed to have taken the time to study, since very few of them appeared at rink. We think they should have helped the Skate by their presence and contributions. Some \$21.00 was received. After the Skate there was a reunion of the '15 girls at Vesta Pick's home.

**Sophomore  
Party**

The Sophomore class spent a very enjoyable evening on February 12th, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Chute's. Games were played and the time for leaving came too soon; not, however, before dainty refreshments had been served. The Sophomore class appreciate very much the kind hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Chute.

**Senior Party**

This month seemed to be the time when class socials were numerous. The Seniors, on January 31st, spent a social evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bleakneys. The programme was amusing in parts and was



apparently enjoyed by all. The guests of honor at this time were C. W. Cook and J. S. Millett, who have been members of the Senior class, but have now joined the 112th Battalion at Windsor. After refreshments were served, the company broke up with the singing of songs and giving the class yell.

Y. M. C. A.      There has been quite a bit of activity in the Y. M. C. A. this month. The meetings have been fairly well attended. Mr. Kochely, B. A., of Persia, has been with us and we have heard two or three of his lectures which were very much enjoyed. We hope to be able to hear him again at a later date. Mr. Harkness has also been kind enough to give us a very helpful talk.

Mr. Clarke, Student Secretary of the Dominion Y. M. C. A. Council has been with us for a couple of days, February 17th and 19th. He met our advisory board and the different committees of Y. M. C. A. work. We derived a great deal of benefit from his visit and know we will profit by his suggestions.

We expect Capt. Cameron, of Toronto, to give us some religious lectures on February 29th, March 1st and 2nd. We are hoping and praying that these meetings may be well attended and may be of great help to all the students.

Sunday, February 27th, was Students' Day or a time when special prayer should be made for students the world over. Dr. Cutten addressed a mass meeting at 9.45 A. M. in College Hall and Mr. Harkness gave an address along the same lines at the Church. Both addresses were very much appreciated by the religious societies and all who attended.

Trial Debate      The trial debate on the inter-collegiate subject took place on Saturday night, February 12th. The subject of this debate of which Acadia must take the affirmative against U. N. B. is: "Resolved that public ownership and operation of all capital goods except such as are used in agriculture, if adopted by the people of Canada, would be more advantageous than the present system of private ownership." The affirmative was upheld by R. S. Gregg (leader), J. H. McNeil and H. H. Titus. The negative was supported by H. F. Lewis (leader), L. F.

Titus and S. W. Stackhouse. No account of the argument can be given here, but it must be said that both presentation and argument were of the highest order. The debating team later chosen to debate U. N. B. consists of: R. S. Gregg (leader), S. W. Stackhouse and H. F. Lewis.

**Sleigh Drive** On February 14th, some 25 Acadia boys and girls held a sleigh drive to Kentville to attend "Private Night" in the new rink. The drive to Kentville took about two hours, due to the heavy snow. It was bitterly cold, but being well wrapped no discomfort was felt. The skating to the Kentville band was indeed a pleasure, and those present enjoyed the ample lunch which the Kentville ladies provided. When returning, the thermometer at 12 below zero somewhat cooled our ardor, but in spite of the cold it was declared a truly delightful trip.

**Science Skating Party** A new departure was made by the Science Club on February 15th, when they gave a skating party, which took the place of the formal reception. The Seminary girls unfortunately were unable to attend, but the College and Academy students present enjoyed the perfect ice and the ten selections given by the band. We hope that in years to come the Science Club may follow this year's example and give a skating party.

**Engineers' Theatre Party** On the evening of February 18th, the Engineer class took advantage of the presentation of "Kick In," by W. S. Harkins Co., for a theatre party. Following the play a banquet was held at Acadia Villa. The evening closed with toasts to King, Allies, The Ladies, and numerous others.

**Officers Training Corps** The Officers' Training Corps resumed work on February 12th, after a lapse of several weeks. About sixty students have enrolled from the University and the Academy, and are taking regular section and company drill. More fellows should turn out, "England expects that every man shall be prepared to do his duty." The officers and members of the Faculty have tried to arrange with the authorities at Ottawa for a drill sergeant who might give the lectures required for examinations



for certificates, but so far, no man has been appointed. The officers for the term are: Capt., F. C. Manning, '16; Adjutant, H. F. Lewis, '17; Sergt-Major, C. G. Copeland, '19; Lieutenants, J. A. Draper, '17; I. B. Rouse, '17; L. H. Coldwell, '17; H. F. Vaughan, '16 (Eng).

**The Game  
of War**

Lieut-Col. Borden, who has been in command of the 85th Nova Scotia Highlanders, stationed at Halifax, has been given permission to raise a brigade of Highlanders, to consist of the 85th, 185th, 193rd and 219th Battalions. Col. Borden spoke to a body of students on Saturday, February 19th, and addressed about two hundred University and Academy men on Monday, February 21st.

He presented the Empire's need and call as only a military man of Col. Borden's experience and training could have done. After having referred to Germany's treatment of Austria in 1865, of France in 1870, he said: "English military men have expected this war, though politicians wrangled and argued about financial hindrances and international barriers. Two courses were open to Britain, to maintain an army of sufficient numbers to resist any force Germany could place in the field, or to rely on good sense and honor, and the standards of civilization of nations of the world, and to develop her industries and her commerce, since it was hardly conceivable that any nation would commit the crime and bear the stigma of beginning a world conflict. England adopted the latter course. This is the only course feasible in a country like Canada or even England, for the "man on the street" cannot foresee danger. When England awoke to find that her leaders had decided that she was duty bound to declare war, she called for her sons to protect her integrity and to show a common brotherhood to violated Belgium.

"Now is the time," said Colonel Borden, "for if you wait until you see the Allied armies losing and you can plainly see that you are needed you will be too late to be of use. Every young man, between the ages of 18 and 45 years of age, who is physically fit, is needed. If he never uses the rifle on the fields of France, yet the fact that he stands ready to fight will by so much strengthen the voice of England's representative at the council board of the nations of the world when peace shall be discussed."

In answer to Col. Borlen's request for recruits, Messrs. F. C. Manning, '16; H. F. Lewis, '17; John A. Draper, '17; Ralph Moore, '18; E. D. MacPhee, '18; C. M. B. Wright, '19; A. Corey, '19; Philip Manning (Acad), O. L. Lantz (Acad), H. C. Scott (Acad), came forward. At the time of writing over twenty-five Acadia men have enlisted, and there is no doubt that Acadia men will raise at least one platoon of "kilties." The Faculty has given permission to these men to attend classes in the morning, and the Government allows them to remain at their boarding houses, drilling in the afternoon, and taking lectures in military science in the evenings.

**Mr. Clark's  
Visit**

Mr. Clark, Dominion Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, spent several days in Wolfville in connection with that work in Acadia. On Thursday evening, December 17th, he met with the Cabinet and discussed plans for the work during the remaining months of the college year. On Friday morning he addressed the student body at Chapel on "The World's Work." His appeal was to the students to consider the claims of the world on college men and women. "There are three things which I expect Canadian Universities to do at this time," said Mr. Clark, in closing, "I expect them to continue to send men across the water until even more than 15 per cent. of college men have gone to defend the principle at stake in this Armageddon: I expect them to lift Canadian national life, making our politics pure, our religion vital, and our social fabric a firm structure. I expect them, above all, to consider the world's claims—those of India, of China, of Japan, of Russia, of South America, yea of the whole world."

Mr. Clark's hearty optimism and confidence in his fellow men have enabled him to achieve great things for and through Canadian college men.

**Miss  
Newcomb's  
Visit**

Miss Newcomb, a returned missionary from India, was at Acadia February 20th. She has been in India almost twenty years, and has done a great work. She gave two inspiring and interesting addresses during her stay. The first one at 9.45 A. M. was to college students only and was taken up with reasons why I am glad I am a missionary. The afternoon meeting at 4 o'clock gave us some idea of the Christian work in India and the joy that comes to the mis-



sionaries after they see men and women brought into the Kingdom. Miss Newcomb plans to go back to her old field some time in September. We wish her success in all her work.

**Concert  
Y. W. C. A.**

On February 25th the College Y. W. C. A. presented a concert in College Hall in order to raise money for their society. The curtain opened on Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." There, in a charming setting of an evergreen forest, were presented history's famous women. Following this scene were given, first a solo by Miss Helen Knowles, and secondly, a selection by the Male Quartette; both of which were of high order and were called for a second time.

The last part of the programme was a farce called "Local and Long Distance." George Davis, the leading character, was presented by Claude Moore, who seemed perfectly at ease on the stage, and who brought about many comical situations. The concert throughout was pleasingly presented and much credit must be given to the girls who promoted it. About \$70 was realized.

**PROGRAMME**

1. Dream of Fair Women.....**Tennyson**  
     Reader ..... Bessie Lockhart  
     Helen of Troy ..... Ruth Woodworth  
     Iphigenia ..... Muriel Roscoe  
     Cleopatra ..... Paige Pinneo  
     Jephthah's daughter ..... Charlotte Layton  
     Rosamond ..... Jean Goucher
2. Solo—Ce Seran Rose ..... **Arditi**  
     Helen Knowles
3. Male Quartette ..... Selected
4. Local and Long Distance ..... A Farce

**Cast of Characters**

George Davis, home from College with a broken leg.. Claude Moore  
 Miss Brown ..... Myra Barnes  
 Mary Jones ..... Marie Danielson  
     Neighbors of the Davises

Mrs. Davis, George's Mother ..... Marion Reid  
 Mrs. White ..... Gertrude Eaton  
 Miss Slade ..... Kathleen Knickle  
 Kitty Parsons ..... Villa Alward

More Neighbors

Setting—Wolfville

**GOD SAVE THE KING**



# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1916

No. 5

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

B. G. WOOD, '16, Month.

LILLIAN CHASE, '16, Exchanges.

ESTHER CLARKE, '16, Personals.

HETTIE CHUTE, '16, Jokes.

G. PAIGE PINNEO, '16, Athletics

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

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

A. WILLARD TAYLOR, Academy.

MYRTLE MORSE, Seminary.

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



## Editorial



### Professors and Students

THE attitude of the student toward the professor, and that of the professor toward the student, is a thing we think deserves some comment.

When the student comes to college for the first time he is often making his initial debut into the larger world. The first few months witnesses the one and only thing which the college gives free of charge to the Arts and Science men, namely, a generous distribution of plucks, and consequent notices to appear at the College Office and explain why marks are below forty-five. Like fleecy snowflakes they flutter in every direction, yea, they search out even the High School prize winners, and leaders of country town wisdom. Proud is the Freshman who escapes that well-known envelope, bearing the stamp of the College Office; fain would he wiggle his thumbs in his armpits and stick out his chest, were it not



for his guardians, the Sophs, so he contents himself with sticking his tongue in his cheek and wagging his head.

Why are there more failures at the first of the year and especially among the new men? No doubt it is largely due to a change of environment on the part of the student, an absence of parental care, an uncongenial room-mate, or an insufficient High School preparation, etc., etc.

We think that right here the professor has a splendid opportunity for practical work. A word of encouragement and cheer from the professor is worth more to us than an hour lecture in the office, and accomplishes more than three notices. Encouragement and commendation are worth more than reproof and condemnation to any of us.

Whether the student be a new man or an upper-classman, if he is the right sort, there are times when he gets discouraged and feels the need of talking to someone, older than himself, and who has had greater and more varied experiences. The professor should be a kind of father or elder brother to us students. There was a time when this was so at Acadia, but during the last decade there has been a growing separation between the faculty and the student body. With one or two exceptions the professors do not enter into the individual lives of the students, or seem to care what they do outside of the class-room. We have in mind, however, one professor, whom we all love. Wherever he meets a man, there is the extended hand, the word of encouragement, an inquiry about work and sport, in fact anything of student interest. He has entered our life, touched our affection, and we love him. His kindly face and manner is to us a benediction, and in him we feel we have a friend.

We feel the need of closer relationship between the faculty and student body. Doubtless the professors know nearly as much about us as individuals as we know ourselves, and our progress or failure is no secret to them. We are discussed (or otherwise) more than, perhaps, we realize, but there seems to be a conspiracy of silence among the professors regarding that knowledge, so that we are not surprised to hear a professor innocently ask if we are a Senior Arts or a Second Year Engineer.

Outside the class-room there seems to be no means of getting acquainted with a professor. There are fellows going out of the Senior class this year who have never met some of the faculty. This

would not be a startling thing in a large college, but Acadia is too small for such a condition to exist. At our formal receptions there is usually no opportunity to get more than an introduction to a professor, if by any lucky chance he happened to be there, and you could get up courage to seek the introduction.

From outside sources we learn that many of our professors are really good sports. With the exception of one or two who have gone with us on a drive we have never had an opportunity to find out whether they are really flesh and blood men, or only professors.

We want to know our professors, know them for what they really are, not what they seem to be. We believe that what the professor really is, would almost invariably be more attractive than what he tries to make us think he is. Something should be done to strengthen the social life of the college and bring all parts of the faculty and student body into closer and more friendly relations.

The College Office might easily be made a place where differences could be adjusted and tangles straightened out by different means than the third degree methods. Very often the policy of the Office is to hold a man up on some technicality, on the assumption that he is trying to put one over on somebody.

Paul said that the "letter killeth," but the "spirit giveth life." If the "spirit" was allowed to predominate a little more and the "letter" a little less, there would be a more friendly relation all around.

We trust that some method may be devised to bring the professors and students into closer union.

The skating party held by the Science Society, on **Science Society** February 15th, was a great success, by far the best event of the year. There was a spirit of good-natured fellowship, and an absence of the usual formality which is so much in evidence at the college receptions.

We sincerely regret that ever since the organization of the Engineer's Class there has been a breach between the Science and Arts men. Not as wide today as formerly, but still evident; it is to be hoped that this feeling will continue to lessen. The Engineers are not alone responsible for this condition. We think that the blame can be largely attributed to lack of consideration on both sides. We sincerely hope that it may be entirely eliminated so that



we can feel that we are not Science, Theology or Arts, but simply Acadia men.

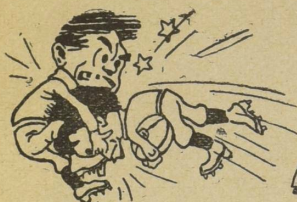
It will be well for us to remember that we are members of one society as much as another. We have, perhaps, over-emphasized the Athenæum Society in the past, and neglected the Science. Let us unite in giving this society a boost. It should occupy an important place. Let us cement the bond of friendship with stronger ties, and unite for the common good of Acadia.

#### **Song Book**

We hope by the next issue to be able to announce the publication of our new Song Book. It has been an endless task securing rights to print songs and use music. We have experienced great difficulty in securing addresses of the proper authorities. Many private individuals as well as publishers hold the copyrights, and this has necessitated the writing of scores of letters, many of which have failed to evoke an answer. We have received requests from many of our outside subscribers for a copy when it is published. Have patience and we shall deliver the goods at the earliest possible date. If those who desire a book and have not yet notified us, will do so at once it will greatly help us, and facilitate matters when the books arrive.

#### **Our Forests**

Through the courtesy of the Canadian Forest Association in supplying us with cuts, we are able to illustrate the great need of preserving our forests from fire. The editor's desk is piled high with books on debate and he dares not enter into a discussion of this most important question, at this time, but as soon as public ownership has taken the place of the present system he will enter into a somewhat lengthy review of the problem of our forests.



# ATHLETICS

Our athletic interests of the past month have been centered in hockey. Both the college girls and the men have put their best material forward and have practiced faithfully, and accordingly several good games have followed.

## ACADIA 8—KENTVILLE. O

On the evening of February 2 a special train from Wolfville bore about one hundred and thirty-five supporters to Kentville to witness a hockey game between Acadia and the Kentville team. The game was highly interesting to watch for the ice was good and the play fast. The Acadia team showed itself to be in good form, and closed the game with a score of 8—0 in our favor. The game was conspicuous for its cleanness and the absence of off-side playing. The Acadia line-up was as follows. Goal, Steeves; point, Sharp; cover, Walker, rover, Eagles; center, Peck; right wing, Prescott; left wing, Moore (Capt.). At the end of the second period, McPhee replaced Walker, and Rogers replaced Peck.

## Co-Eds 0—WOLFVILLE GIRLS 2.

On February 8th the Co-Eds met the Wolfville Girls in Wolfville Rink for a friendly game of hockey. The ice was good and both teams showed good material. Mr. Brenton Eagles refereed. The teams lined up as follows:

Wolfville		Acadia
	Goal	
C. Chisholm	Point	P. Pineo, '16
G. Elderkin	Cover Point	E. Starratt, '17
F. Stackhouse	Right wing	A. Kinney, '19
M. Wilson	Left wing	E. Pickels, '19
G. Shaw	Centre	M. Schurman (Capt.), '16
M. Coldwell	Rover	H. Cushing, '17
M. Godfrey		V. Thorpe, '16



## ACADIA 3—KINGS 5.

The Acadia hockey team met the King's Warriors in Wolfville rink, on February 11th. The game was exciting and punctuated with end to end rushes. There was too much off-side playing to make a continuous game, and the referee was not entirely satisfactory, but taken as a whole the game was interesting. The following men constituted the Acadia team: Goal, Steeves; point, Sharp; cover, McPhee; rover, Eagles; centre, Peck; right wing, Rogers; left wing, Moore (Capt.)

## CO-EDS 2—SEMINARY, 0.

The Co-Eds closed their hockey season by a game with the Sems on February 19th. The game was fast, considering the poor ice, and the Co-Eds showed great improvement since their last game. The Sems put up a good fight, but were at a disadvantage as most of their players were new at the game. The line-up was as follows:

Seminary	Goal	Co-Eds
D. Freeman .....		P. Pineo, '16
	Point	
E. Cogswell .....		E. Starratt, '17
	Cover	
G. Reid .....		A. Kinney, '19
	Right wing	
F. Peck .....		E. Pickels, '19
	Left wing	
E. Mutter .....		M. Schurman (Capt.) '16.....
	Centre	
G. Slack .....		D. Crosby, '16
	Rover	
M. Woodworth .....		M. Harrington

Mr. Dick Sharpe referred to the satisfaction of both sides.

### Academy Notes

THE Y. M. C. A. of the Academy is now in a flourishing condition; great difficulty has been experienced in getting this organization started on account of its officers leaving for military duty during the holidays. But through the efforts of Mr. Clark, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Canada, it has been reorganized and is now doing good work. Mr. Clark addressed the students in the Dining Hall on February 16th, on the topic, "The Four-square Man." He also advocated for the Y. M. C. A. an "Inner Circle" which has for its motto, clean speech, clean living and clean athletics. The first meeting was addressed by Dr. Thompson of the College, on February 22, the subject being, "The Best Thing in College Life."

The following officers were elected:

*Honorary President*—E. D. MacPhee.

*President*—V. H. MacNeil.

*Vice-President*—E. Haskell.

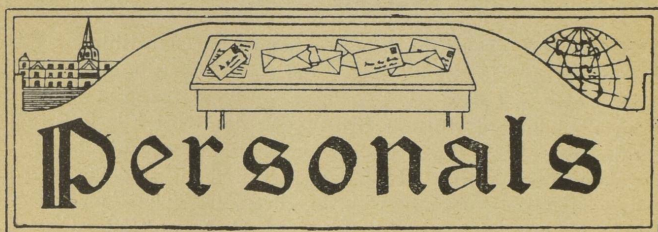
*Secretary*—S. B. Gavel.

*Chairmen of Executive*—H. C. Scott, W. S. Frail.

The Academy is doing her part to fill up the Acadia company which is being recruited at the time of writing; eight students have enlisted, namely: H. C. Parks, '16; W. S. Frail, '16; R. Hennigar, '16; F. H. Goucher, '16; O. L. Lantz, '17; H. C. Scott, '17; M. Haycock, '17; P. W. Manning. Many others will probably enlist before the battalion is formed.







'90 Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton has reconsidered his resignation of the pastorate of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York, and has consented to remain. He has been ministering to this church for seven years. Previous to this he was pastor of Euclid Avenue Church, Cleveland, and of Bloor Street Church, Toronto.

'92—We regret to hear that Rev. J. B. Ganong, Home Mission Superintendent for New Brunswick, is suffering from an attack of muscular rheumatism.

Ex '93—Captain Frank A. Good, of the 71st Regiment, formerly instructor in Botany in the Provincial Normal School at Fredericton, has been promoted to the rank of Major and is in command of C company, 140th Battalion.

'96—Rev. G. B. Cutten, President of Acadia University, has enlisted for military service and has been granted three years' leave of absence by the Board of Governors. Dr. Cutten left Wolfville February 28th, on a recruiting tour in company with Col. Borden.

'97—Our sympathy is extended to Dr. Simeon Spidle in his recent bereavement, the loss of his father. Dr. Spidle has been confined to his home with an attack of grippe and sciatica, but is sufficiently recovered to attend his classes.

'99—Rev. Irad B. Hardy has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Sandford, Maine. His previous pastorate was at Gloucester, Mass.

'00—We are glad to welcome an Acadia graduate again to the vicinity of Wolfville, Mrs. Prosser (Nee Annie S. Clark) wife of Rev. H. A. Prosser, pastor of the Baptist Church at Canard.

'05—Rev. D. J. McPherson is pastor of the new Baptist Church in St. John, the United Central, formed by the union of the Leinster Street and Brussels Street churches.

Ex '11—Capt. G. Holland Lounsbury has been appointed adjutant of the 140th Battalion.

'12—Lieut. C. E. Balcer, of the 62nd Regiment, has been attached to D. Company, of the 140th Battalion, for training and instruction.

'14—E. G. Dakin has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Waterville, Kings County, N. S., and will begin his work there after graduating from Newton.

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### It is Enough

It is enough that in this burdened time  
The soul sees all its purposes aright.  
The rest—what does it matter? Soon the night  
Will come to overwhelm us, then the morning chime.  
What does it matter, if but in the way  
One hand clasps ours, one heart believes us true;  
One understands the work we try to do,  
And strives through love to teach us what to say?  
Between me and the chilly outer air  
Which blows in from the world, there standeth one  
Who draws Love's curtains everywhere,  
As God folds down the banners of the sun.  
Warm is my place about me, and above,  
Where was the raven, I behold the dove.





"Dull" seems to be the word to characterize the exchanges that are on the table this month. Whether it is because examinations were going on when they were being sent to press or because everybody is so taken up with the war that he simply cannot sit down and write interesting, bright articles for the college magazine we cannot say.

"Santa Claus as He Might Have Been," in the *Argosy* is rather good. It is a take-off on the styles of Bernard Shaw, Billy Sunday, Robert Chambers and other noted persons.

In the *Dalhousie Gazette* we find an interesting article on the work of a librarian, entitled, "Books and Cards," and another library article called "Library Notes." We quote from it: "The number of students in each year who have taken out books is not large. In November we find 14 Freshmen, 11 Sophomores, 18 Juniors and 13 Seniors, which may be taken as a fair proportion. There ought to be more." Yes there ought to be. When you get through college you will regret that you did not use the library more. Read along side lines. Go into the stack room and browse about among the books. Look through them and see what is there. You don't need to read the book through. Merely get an idea of what is contained in a few of the twenty-five thousand volumes in our library.

In the *University Monthly* (U. N. B.) we see that part of the editorial space is given up to intercollegiate bickering. If two col-

leges cannot carry on college magazines, athletics and debates without scrapping, how can we ever hope for international peace.?

We copy the following poem from *The Sheaf*. Does the description fit our Acadia men who are with the "Pats"? We think so.

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### The Princess Patricias

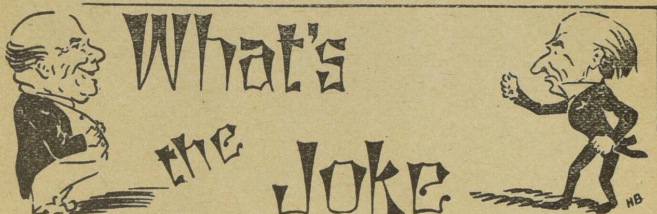
A touch of the plain and the prairie  
A bit of the Motherland, too;  
A strain of the fur trapper wary,  
A blend of the Old and New;  
A bit of the pioneer splendor  
That opened the wilderness flats,  
A touch of the home-lover tender,  
You'll find in the boys they call 'Pats.'

The glory and strength of the maples,  
The courage that's born of the wheat,  
The pride of a stock that is staple,  
The bronze of a mid-summer heat;  
A mixture of wisdom and daring,  
The best of a new land, and that's  
The regiment gallantly bearing  
The neat little title of "Pats."

A bit of the man who has neighbored  
With mountains and forests and streams,  
A touch of the man who has labored  
To model and fashion his dreams.  
The strength of an age of clean-living,  
Of right-minded fatherly chats;  
The best that land could be giving  
Is there in the breast of the "Pats."

—*Detroit Press.*





Miss Giffin (Looking at the picture of a dog)—Oh! If that were only Patsy and I had him here to hug!

Miss Johnstone—Oh! You should have Power here to hug.

Miss Giffin—Oh! in that case, I wouldn't have to do the hugging.

Miss S-rr-tt, '17—In the wood box of your memory preserve for me a chip.

Josh—Say, Dal, did you know that the library has to be closed for three weeks?

Dal, '19—No, why's that?

—Josh—They've found measles in the dictionary.

Seen on Bulletin Board—"Wanted, 'The Profits of Israel.'"  
We all know that the Jews have the greatest Profits in the world

Men may come, and men may go,  
But Bills go on forever.

How can Miss P-h-s possibly live without Eaton?

Ch-p-n, '17 (in psychology class, discussing the brain)—It has five lobes and two small fishes (fissures).

Prof.—Can you name the parts of the brain?

Wright, '17—Cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla.

Prof.—Mr. Smallman, Can you add anything to that?

Smallman, '17—No, sir, that's all I've got.

Miss Giffin, '17—Yes, he sits next me in biology lab. O, girls, I wish I could go to biology lab and stay a long, long time.

Miss W-dw-rth, '17, at play practice—I don't know what to do with my hands.

Director—O, we can drape her (Draper).

The Ford is no such recent and inconsiderable invention as some people would seem to think, for we read that "When Hercules and his wife came to a certain deep and rushing river they looked about in vain for a Ford."

Prof. (lecturing on "Paradise Lost")—You must learn to visualize. Can't you see Satan before you?

Class (in unison)—Yes.

Paradise Lost Says—And thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new Possessor.

Eng Prof (reading same)—And thou, profoundest Hell, receive thy new Professor.

Prof. (in Psychology Class)—Can we do two things at once, both of which require attention?

Miss Ba-nes, '17—You can play the piano and talk at the same time.

Prof.—Don't you thing the playing must be habitual?

Voice from the rear—In that case the talking would be habitual.

Miss G-ch-r, '18 (talking about a certain young lady in biology lab)—To see her hold a razor you'd think she never used one.

Sem to Richardson—"You skate like a Trombone."

Voice—"Dr., you must have been sliding."

Davis—"Some time the other night, eh?"

McCloud—"I should say so. Eaton was 'Pickled.'"



"Skuke" (trying to get into rink)—"I'm going to play the Drum."

Del Maine—"Beat it."

McCutcheon—"I wish the Engineers wouldn't have their banquet at the *Acadia Villa*, I want to take a Co-Ed."

Mitten (orating)—"I want social reform. I want college reform. I want——"

Bold Soph—"Chloroform."

Wood, '16 (when thermometer was—170°)—"How cold it is facing this wind!"

L. F. Titus, '18—"Get behind me, Bernie, I'll shield you."

The English professor had received a very large number of essays one Monday morning—"Well," said he, "I am glad to see you do right (write) on Sunday."

Smallman, '17—"Does that test include the brain?"

Psychology Prof.—"No, those who are lacking will not be called."

The Prof., on the day he enlisted—"999 times out of a hundred—oh, I mean 99 times out of a thousand."

Chemistry Prof.—"This formula can be worked out in two ways. This is one step, now we will take the two-step."

Extract from Freshman essay—"My thoughts wandered aimlessly in the catacombs of reverie!"

Gavel A. C. A.—"How did all this hair get on the floor, Williams?"

Williams A. C. A.—"Why, the seniors had a class meeting and Goucher was hair (less)."

Woods, '16 (to Woodman in the Highlanders one cold day)—"Ain't you cold with the kilts?"

Woodman—"Yes, but I am never kilt with the cold."

Lantz A. C. A.—“Did you hear that Haskel was leaving the ministry?”

Robertson A. C. A.—“Why is that?”

Lantz—“Oh, he is going into the ‘zinc’ business.”

Merrit, A. C. A.—“Come in and have a soda Richards.”

Richards, A. C. A.—“Oh, no! I don’t like sodas.”

Merrit—“What kind of soft drinks do you like?”

Richards—“I like Porter best.”

Biology Prof.—“What is the point of attraction, Miss Cann?”

Miss Cann—“I—I don’t know. They just seem to come around naturally.”

Bernie, ’16—“Say, Ralph, Wood you take a girl to the show?”

Gregg, ’16—“Sure, if I had a Wood.”

Bernice, ’16—“There is Miss Woodworth.”

Gregg, ’16—“I know, but still she is not Worth my Wood.”

Haley, ’19 (on night of trial debate)—“Who is to preside to-night?”

Chippie—“Me and George.”

Prof. (in Eng. Class)—“What do you think of that description of the campus?”

Miss Dorman—“He never mentioned Tully Tavern.”

Sharpe—“He only mentioned the important things.”

Moore, ’17 (after practicing touching scene in Co-Eds’ play)—“Come back, Miss Reid, and let us practice it some more.”

Prof. (in psychology)—“Miss Alward, what is your conception of the seating capacity of a universal chair?”

Miss Alward, ’17—“Space for one at first.”

Matron—“Miss Schurman, you should take something to build you up.”

Miss Schurman, ’19—“It would build me across.”



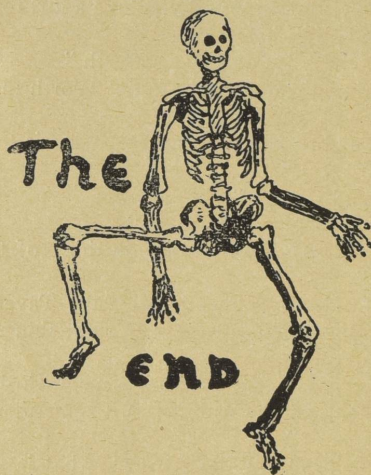
Eng. Prof. (to Reid '17)—“What is your reason for not going to the movies?”

Reid, '19—“There always seems a vacancy.”

Moore, '18 (aside)—“In the chair next to him, for Sems are not allowed to go to the movies.”

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