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# CONTENTS

---

## PAGE.

Awards of the Month .....	1
A Winter's Morn—E. R. Rafuse, '25.....	2
The Spirit of Greece—E. Blanche Harris, '22.....	3
Thou Art—H. S. Thurston, '22.....	6
The Trial—W. H. Peters, '23 .....	7
Great Men of Acadia II—H. H. Wetmore, '22.....	12
The Airman at War—Horace E. Reade (Acadia '21)....	16
The Little Lady of Glen Marie—H. Grace Beardsley, '25	17
The Arctic—C. M. Spidell, '24.....	20
Our Attitude Toward the Immigrant—M. O. Brinton, '22	21
Some Day—C. M. Spidell, '24 .....	25
Poets of the Future (Vol. 5)—Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer....	26
Monseigneur de Beaupre—D. D. Cameron, '22.....	30
To Atheists, Agnostics and Others—Frank W. Doyle, '23	33
Old Age and Youth—H. S. Thurston, '22 .....	36
Tendencies in Modern Humor—H. H. Wetmore, '22....	37
A Morning in February—T. A. Meister (Acadia, '21)....	43
That Midnight Hour—H. H. Wetmore, '22.....	44
In Ceylon—Basil N. Goodwin, '23.....	51
Edgeworth—C. M. Spidell, '24 .....	55
Immunity—A. E. Warren, '23.....	56
Food Poisoning—H. S. Thurston, '22 .....	61
National and Cultural Value of Biology—W. O. Coates, '24	64
Synthetic Rubber Production—W. B. McKenzie, '23....	67
Editorial .....	71
Seminary Notes—K. McLean and E. A. Whitman, A. L. S.	75
Academy Notes—W. Forgey, A. C. A. ....	81
Thru the Wall .....	83
Month .....	84
Athletics .....	92
Personals .....	101
Exchanges .....	107
Jokes .....	112



# CONTENTS

Page	Topic
1	Awards of the Month
2	A. W. Miller - M. H. Miller
3	The Spirit of the Month
4	From Art - H. H. Miller
5	The Trial - W. H. Miller
6	Great Men of America - H. H. Miller
7	The Future of the Month
8	The Future of the Month
9	The Future of the Month
10	The Future of the Month
11	The Future of the Month
12	The Future of the Month
13	The Future of the Month
14	The Future of the Month
15	The Future of the Month
16	The Future of the Month
17	The Future of the Month
18	The Future of the Month
19	The Future of the Month
20	The Future of the Month
21	The Future of the Month
22	The Future of the Month
23	The Future of the Month
24	The Future of the Month
25	The Future of the Month
26	The Future of the Month
27	The Future of the Month
28	The Future of the Month
29	The Future of the Month
30	The Future of the Month
31	The Future of the Month
32	The Future of the Month
33	The Future of the Month
34	The Future of the Month
35	The Future of the Month
36	The Future of the Month
37	The Future of the Month
38	The Future of the Month
39	The Future of the Month
40	The Future of the Month
41	The Future of the Month
42	The Future of the Month
43	The Future of the Month
44	The Future of the Month
45	The Future of the Month
46	The Future of the Month
47	The Future of the Month
48	The Future of the Month
49	The Future of the Month
50	The Future of the Month
51	The Future of the Month
52	The Future of the Month
53	The Future of the Month
54	The Future of the Month
55	The Future of the Month
56	The Future of the Month
57	The Future of the Month
58	The Future of the Month
59	The Future of the Month
60	The Future of the Month
61	The Future of the Month
62	The Future of the Month
63	The Future of the Month
64	The Future of the Month
65	The Future of the Month
66	The Future of the Month
67	The Future of the Month
68	The Future of the Month
69	The Future of the Month
70	The Future of the Month
71	The Future of the Month
72	The Future of the Month
73	The Future of the Month
74	The Future of the Month
75	The Future of the Month
76	The Future of the Month
77	The Future of the Month
78	The Future of the Month
79	The Future of the Month
80	The Future of the Month
81	The Future of the Month
82	The Future of the Month
83	The Future of the Month
84	The Future of the Month
85	The Future of the Month
86	The Future of the Month
87	The Future of the Month
88	The Future of the Month
89	The Future of the Month
90	The Future of the Month
91	The Future of the Month
92	The Future of the Month
93	The Future of the Month
94	The Future of the Month
95	The Future of the Month
96	The Future of the Month
97	The Future of the Month
98	The Future of the Month
99	The Future of the Month
100	The Future of the Month
101	The Future of the Month
102	The Future of the Month
103	The Future of the Month
104	The Future of the Month
105	The Future of the Month
106	The Future of the Month
107	The Future of the Month
108	The Future of the Month
109	The Future of the Month
110	The Future of the Month
111	The Future of the Month
112	The Future of the Month



# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1922

No. 4

## AWARDS OF THE MONTH

(Science Number)

Poems—1st, H. S. Thurston, '22 (2 units); 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24, and E. R. Rafuse, '25 (1 unit each).

Articles—1st, E. Blanche Harris, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Stories—1st, Donald D. Cameron, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Humor—Basil N. Goodwin, '23 (one award, 2 units).

Science—1st, A. E. Warren, '23; 2nd, W. B. McKenzie, '23; 3rd, H. S. Thurston, '22.

Athletics—1st, A. K. Eaton, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Month—1st, Mary Read, '23; No second.

Exchanges—No Awards.

Personals—1st, M. O. Brinton, '22; 2nd, Helen Crockett, '23.

Cartoon—Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23. (One award, 2 units).

Jokes—Margaret Sylvester, '23. (One award, 1 unit.)

Seniors—14 units.

Juniors—13 units.

Sophomores—1 unit.

Freshmen—1 unit.

Pennant to Seniors.



## A WINTER'S MORN

The early morn is grey, and keen, and still;  
The ground lies buried under frosty snow;  
Naught breaks the silence, save the calling shrill  
Of a lone cock that, roused, begins to crow  
As though he would dispel the dark and cold,  
And bring the day with brilliancies untold.

The stars from out the brightening sky have gone;  
The darkness slowly fades towards the light;  
The fields with pistol volleys greet the dawn,  
And loom with chilly whiteness into sight.  
The tardy sun fortells his coming by  
A yellow glow upon the eastern sky.

The sun in splendor ushers in the day;  
With sparkling gems his radiance fills the morn;  
With lucent luster, reeling 'round they play;  
Bright glistening frosts, fir, beech, and birch adorn.  
The snow a million dazzling diamonds gleams  
In brilliant, blazing, scintillating beams.

From earth the wreaths of downy smoke arise;  
Their lazy rolls, faint tinged with rainbow hues,  
Curl upward straight toward the pinking skies,  
Fade into clouds, and leisurely diffuse.  
All Nature seems intent but to adorn  
And add new splendors to the Winter's Morn.

—E. R. R. '25.

## THE SPIRIT OF GREECE

EUROPE has nearly four million square miles, Attica has only seven hundred. Yet this tiny country has given us an art which we, with it and all that the world has done since for our models, have equalled perhaps, but not surpassed. It has given us the staple of our vocabulary in every domain of thought and knowledge. Such an art is surely deserving of study. Let us consider for a few moments one of their greatest poets—Homer.

This great poet's name covers the whole of the first period of Greek literature. It is from the Homeric poems alone that we can picture in imagination the state of society in prehistoric Hellas. The poet professes to sing to us of heroes who were of the seed of the gods, whose strength exceeded tenfold the strength of actual men, and who filled the world with valiant deeds surpassing all that their posterity achieved. Yet, in spite of this, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* may be taken as faithful mirrors of a certain phase of Greek society, just as the *Nibelungenlied*, the *Romances of Charlemagne*, and the *Tales of the Round Table* reflect three stages in the history of Feudalism.

The epic poet merges his personality in his poems, the words of which he ascribes to the inspiration of the muse. The individual is nowhere, is forgotten in the subject and suppressed, while the luminous forms of gods and heroes move serenely across the stage. In no other period of Greek literature do we find the same unconsciousness of self.

The *Iliad* is, for us, the first articulate utterance of the Hellenic race, and the oldest picture of Hellenic life. The Hellenes stand forth as exempt from the forms of despotism which have benumbed or paralyzed human progress in the past. They wear the yoke neither of priests nor of kings. They had a fearless desire for knowledge. The pages of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are full of the sunshine of a natural life. The human faculties have free play in word and deed. All the movement, beauty, and joy of the outward world are observed with a spontaneous freshness of interest and delight. Here



is the charm of truth to nature united with an artistic sense of what is beautiful and pathetic in human life.

The central subject which gives the unity of a true work of art to the *Iliad* is the person and character of Achilles. It is not fanciful to say, with the old grammarians of Alexandria, that the first line of the poem sets forth the whole of its action.

"Sing goddess, the wrath of Achilles." The wrath of Achilles and the consequences of that wrath in the misery of the Greeks, left alone to fight without their fated hero; the death of Patroclus, caused by his sullen anger; the energy of Achilles re-awakened by his remorse for his friend's death; and the subsequent slaughter of Hector; these form the whole of the simple structure of the *Iliad*. The *Iliad* therefore has for its whole subject the passion of Achilles, that ardent energy of the hero which displayed itself first as anger against Agememmon and afterwards as love for the lost Patroclus. The truth of this was perceived by one of the greatest and profoundest critics of the modern world. Dante. When Dante, in the *Inferno* wished to describe Achilles, he wrote with characteristic brevity—

"Achilles

Who last was brot to fight by love"

It is in Homer that we find mention of the immortal Helen of Troy. Helen of Troy is one of those ideal creatures of fancy over which time, space and circumstances, and moral probability exert no sway. It would be impossible to conceive of her except as inviolably beautiful and young in spite of all her wanderings and all she suffered at the hands of Aphrodite and of men. She moves thru Greek heroic legend as the desired of all men and possessed of many. Thru all her adventures Helen maintains an ideal freshness, a mysterious virginity of soul. She is not touched by the passion she inspires or by the wreck of empires ruined in her course. Fate deflowers her not, nor do years impair the magic of her charm. Like beauty she belongs alike to all and to none. She is not judged as wives and mothers are, though she is both;

to her belong soul-wounding blossoms of inexorable love, as well as pain healing poppy heads of oblivion; all eyes are blinded by the adorable, incomparable grace which Aphrodite sheds around her form. We find her in the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, in "The Agamemnon of Oeschylus," in "Euripides" "Troades," "Orestes" and in "The Electra". Theocritus writes of her in his exquisite marriage song. Then we see her shining forth in the myth of Faustus. To the beauty of Greek art the mediæval spirit stretched forth with yearning hands and begot the modern world, and we have Marlowe making his Faust exclaim:—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships  
And burst the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!  
Her lips seek forth my soul! see where it flies!  
Come, Helen, give me my soul again  
Here will I dwell, for Heaven is in these lips  
And all is dross that is not Helena.  
I will be Paris, and for the love of thee  
Instead of Troy will Wertenburg be sacked  
And I will combat with weak  
And wear thy colors on my plumed crest;  
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel  
And then return to Helen for a kiss.  
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,  
Brighter art thou than flaming Juppiter  
When he appeared to hapless Semele,  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.'

Thus, after living her long life in Hellas as the ideal of beauty unqualified by moral attributes, Helen passed into modern mythology as the ideal of beauty in the Pagan world. True to her old character she arrives to us across the waters of oblivion with the cestus of the goddess round her waist and the divine smile upon her lips. Age has not impaired her charm, nor has she learned the lesson of the



Fall. Ever virginal and ever fair she is still the slave of Aphrodite. In Helen we welcome the indestructible Helenic spirit.

—E. B. H. '22.

---

### THOU ART

ONCE lived a man, regarded as a sage,  
Well versed was he in scientific lore,  
And Nature's wonders like a written page  
He pondered over long, until no more  
Was aught concealed from his progressive mind;  
In wisdom's paths his eager feet had trod  
And left his fellow toilers far behind:  
But in his heart he said, "There is no God."

One night e'er Sleep her shroud had o'er him thrown  
An earnest voice the midnight silence broke;  
It came again with clear insistent tone  
And he could not but listen as it spoke:

"Go forth with me into the whirling storm,  
And as the downy snowflakes settle fast,  
Gaze wondering at each tiny flower-like form;  
Was e'er in man-made mould such beauty cast?  
Each one a star or flower of rare device,  
Symmetrically formed in every line,  
Or scintillating gem beyond all price:  
And was this fashioned by no hand Divine?

"Or come with me where waterlilies shed  
Their perfume, o'er the river gliding slow,  
As stretching upward from their muddy bed  
Their perfect whiteness rivals purest snow.  
A hundred pearly petals circled round,  
Enclose within their midst a golden heart:  
Has yet a mortal e'er the secret found  
To form such matchless beauty by *his* art?

“Stand out with me beneath the star-lit sky  
And meditate upon the things that be,  
And with your puny intellection try  
To gauge the vastness of eternity.  
Behold those million worlds flung out in space,  
A million solar systems scattered far:  
Could man propel them on their endless race?  
Could man create the planet or the star?”

The voice then ceased, and in that midnight hour,  
The worldly-wise man pondered in his heart  
The mystery of the snowflake, star, and flower,  
And cried at last: “In these, O God, Thou art!”

H. S. T. 22.

---

## THE TRIAL

THE moon shone faintly from behind the clouds. The town clock boomed out the hour of eleven. All was silent as the grave.

Shaftesbury, Hazard, and myself, clad in costumes somewhat similar to those worn by the Klu Klux Klan, must have seemed a wierd trio, as we waited in silence behind a stone wall.

My thoughts suddenly reverted to the verse,

“This is the dark and dreary hour  
When injured ghosts complain,”

and it was only with the greatest of will-power that I refrained from turning to see if there were other spectres prowling near.

“He’s coming,” whispered Hazard, and peering over the top of the wall, I perceived a figure which was coming in our direction.

We waited until the figure was in front of us and with a bound leaped the wall, and attacked the common enemy.



Hazard received a blow with a walking stick, but grasping the figure around the middle, threw him cleanly. Shaftesbury and myself quickly bound and gagged him, and taking him in our arms, proceeded in the direction of an old house which stood well back from the road, where we knew we would be free from any disturbance.

We crawled in thru one of the back windows and, pulling our prisoner along with us, placed him on the floor and lit a candle. Then placing him on a chair, we unbound him and removed the gag from his mouth. As the flickering candle struck his face we saw that he looked ill at ease. His eyes looked at us searchingly in the endeavour to recognize us, but the garments concealed our forms as well as our faces, and upon that point we had little fear.

"Gentlemen", said Hazard in a strange voice. "We are here this evening to place sentence upon a man who is accused of informing the Freshmen of the plans of his classmates."

He paused, dramatically, and looked at the prisoner.

We were all Sophomores, at one of the larger universities of Canada, and although we had a good class, we suffered considerably when it came to matching brains with the Freshmen. We had thought a great deal upon the subject and could only arrive at one conclusion, namely,— that we had a sneak in the class. There was no other conclusion at which we could arrive, for though we had brilliant strategists, the enemy were always prepared when we endeavoured to break up any of their class functions. Now, I will admit that it was quite logical for them to expect us, but when we brought our well-worked plans into execution we always met with such resistance that we were obliged to withdraw with the Freshmen yell ringing in our ears.

It was a hard thing to make ourselves believe that we had a sneak in the class, but when the report was brought to me that a suspect had been found, we immediately leaped at it as a drowning man does for a straw.

In consequence of the above, I had called Shaftesbury and Hazard to my room to see what could be done concerning the matter. I related my story. They sat silent until I had fin-

ished. Then both wanted to talk at once. Shaftesbury finally gained the floor.

"I'm for taking him and giving him such a ragging as he will never forget."

"But," expostulated Hazard, "you know that hazing is forbidden and furthermore the consequences if you are caught. Am I not right, Hastings?"

"Yes", I answered, "you are right. But don't you see that the class will be held together better than it has been. Don't you see that sneaking will be done away with, and last of all, it may make a man of Clayton. I agree with Shaftesbury."

Hazard remained firm, but we finally persuaded him to join us. But a weightier question now presented itself. How were we to lay hands upon the suspect without causing undue excitement? Many and varied were the plans which were submitted, but we were obliged to give them up in despair owing to the fact that some of them were too public, and others, drawn out in a fashion such as would have taken the whole class to carry out.

We had almost given it up in despair when Hazard suddenly saved the situation by announcing that Clayton was in the habit of taking a walk before retiring. We laid our plans, and so far they had met with great success.

"Has the prisoner anything to say?" continued Hazard.

"Its a lie," shouted Clayton.

"There is no use denying it," I broke in and related to him the source of my information concerning his perfidy. As I completed my story his face turned a pasty white, and he threw himself on the floor grovelling at Hazard's feet.

"Yes, I did it," he moaned. "Be merciful to me". With a bound Shaftesbury sprang forward lifted the prisoner to his feet, and threw him into his seat,

"What is the verdict, gentlemen," asked Hazard.

"We will leave it to your discretion", I replied.

"Then I commend that he be branded on the face with a knife!" was the startling rejoinder.



I confess that this nearly took my breath away, and was about to expostulate when Clayton settled the whole matter as far as I was concerned.

With a cry of anguish, he slipped out of his chair and grasped his Judge by the knees.

"Oh not that," he moaned.

This sight disgusted me absolutely. If he had only stood up to it, until the time had come for the act to be committed, Shaftesbury and myself would have interfered, but to see him there in front of Hazard, his cowardly face upturned, was more than I could endure, and beckoning to Shaftesbury we grasped his arms, pulled him upright for the second time, and placed him against the wall with his right cheek turned toward us.

Hazard then approached and fastened a handkerchief over his eyes.

"Your knife," he solemnly said to Shaftesbury and in the silence the opening of the knife could be plainly heard.

"You are a sneak, Clayton," he continued, and we don't appreciate it. This mark will point you out to all your classmates," and as he spoke he took a pencil from his pocket, and, exerting a little pressure, drew it down the prisoner's cheek.

Clayton's nerves had been strung to the highest pitch, and as he felt the supposed knife on his face, such blood-curdling shrieks issued from his lips that our hair fairly stood on end, and we were compelled to gag him again.

But the harm had been done. There came on the door a dull thud, which was succeeded by another. Then the truth came to us. Somebody was invading our domain! One thought alone took possession of us, and that was to escape. We forgot the prisoner, and dashed to the window. At this moment, Clayton sprang forward seized my cap and pulled it from my head.

"Hastings", he sneered as my features were revealed to him. "The President shall hear of this in the morning."

I was mad clean through as a result of his words. I dropped him with a straight left, and bounded to the window just as the front door gave and some person or persons en-

tered the room. I struck out over the fields towards the College, but my heart was heavy within me, for I knew Clayton would keep his word. To-morrow looked black and foreboding, for I did not see one hope to which I could cling to alleviate the grimness of that one word—*expulsion*.

I awoke next morning, fully realizing that this would be my last day at College. To leave your “Alma Mater” is hard enough, but to be expelled for endeavouring to reform a sneak is much worse.

Towards noon I was informed that the President wished to see me, so accompanied by my two chums, I entered College Hall and we made our way to the President’s office. My chums left me, promising to wait for me outside. I knocked on the door and received a gruff summons to enter.

The President was seated at his desk and on my entrance motioned me to a chair. He was perhaps fifty years of age and of stern front. His eyes were grey, but despite their apparent coldness, there was something deeper which made me hope for perhaps a little leniency.

“Mr. Hastings,” he began, “There has been a serious charge laid against you, namely, that of hazing.”

I did not reply and he continued.

“You know the rules against it.”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered.

He slowly nodded and said.

“The informant also says that there were two other class mates with you, and that he recognized you by pulling the cap from your head. Now, Mr. Hastings, if you will divulge the names of these men so that they may likewise be punished I shall commute the sentence to suspension.”

I shook my head and replied, “Sir, you have been within these walls for many years, I have been here two. Yet without intending any disrespect I feel sure that the honour of the University would be lowered, and am therefore quite willing to bear the punishment myself.”

The President was taken aback by my answer, and I believe that there was a tear in his eye as he replied in a trembling voice:



“Mr. Hastings, men like you are an addition to any University. Your conduct will not be held against you.”

He shook me by the hand, and I passed out of his office as one in a dream. I met my friends at the door, and great was the celebration which was held in the evening.

I might add that, although Clayton remained here, there was no more sneaking during my College Life.

W. H. P. '23.

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## GREAT MEN OF ACADIA

*No. 2—Albert Keating, the designer of the Tra-la-la Trolley.*

AS the mortal bard remarked in accents wild, “The good men do lives after them.” A good example of this is the life of Albert Keating, whose entire career might be summed up in the one clause,—he designed the Tra-la-la Trolley.

There are men whose work even outshines their character. Keating was one of them. Out of respect for the man, I will dwell but briefly on his private life, and devote most of my space to that wonder of wonders which he designed the Tra-la-la Trolley.

It might interest some readers to know that this Keating was a man of high rank among his classmates, a man with a great fund of humor, and one who spent such time as he could, Reading. These things, however, pale into insignificance beside his masterpiece, the Tra-la-la Trolley.

I well remember that spring morning when in the crowded meeting after chapel Keating proposed his scheme. There was silence in the room as he depicted the need of some such contrivance. There was a breathless hush as he described his new creation. There was a tremendous ovation when he called for supporters in the Corporation to build the Tra-la-la Trolley.

The work was rushed with such speed that everything was ready by the third day of April. The Trolley was an ordinary trolley system, except that the cars ran smoothly

and on time. They were divided into compartments like an English railway coach, and the conductor always coughed discreetly before entering. There was a main junction at Tully Tavern, with a half-hour stopover on transfers. A double track belt line connected the junction with Willett Hall and the Sem, while one single line ran past the Opera House to the wharf, and a second led to the Ridge. The two single lines were only operated in the evenings, but the belt line maintained a twenty minute service all day, and a two minute service at mealtimes and from seven to ten at night.

As may be imagined, the effect this Trolley had on the student body was marvelous. As Sems were safe from kidnapers and Black-hand gentry while in the Trolley, they were allowed down town after supper. Private parties often hired a car for the evening, and rode back and forth in it. Many individual results were secured by its aid.

One talkative young man was just then wavering between three young charmers. His system of avoiding mistakes was decidedly clever, and involved *noms de guerre*. He let one think that he was called Charles, he told the second his name was Edward, he deceived the third into believing he was christened Arthur. Gradually the one who called him Edward was eliminated, but the other two ran a close race. When our friend was with either one of them, he loved that one the more; the few times he was alone he was undecided; when he was with them both he was rather embarrassed. He was ready to ask either of them, and either would have said yes, but always the memory of the one kept him from proposing to the other.

One night he took both of them to the show, and they rode around in the Trolley with a few chocolates for half an hour later, to avoid the expense of the Tea-room. One of the girls asked him to describe the sort of girl he would marry. The poor fellow was struck for a moment, as it was a delicate situation, but he rallied nobly. He named the color of hair that one girl was *wearing* at the time, then the color of eyes the other possessed, the height of the first and the weight of the second, and so on, trying, as other fools have tried, to please two women at once.



Next morning the poor fellow received two notes in the mail. (These names are fictitious, of course). The first note said:

Darling,

I realized last night that you were telling me tactfully that Agnes is the one you want. I had hoped *such* hopes, but they are shattered. I am praying for your future happiness,

Sincerely, Helen.

The second note was as follows:

Dearest,

You described Helen so well last night that I understood your message. You have chosen her, and want me to keep out of your way.

Good-luck, Agnes.

When the Tra-la-la Trolley cures so insatiable a Romeo in such a drastic manner it has done a great work. And so, in turn, we realize the greatness of Albert Keating, who designed it.

One other incident which occurred this spring might be worth recording. Toward the close of the hockey season there was a great deal of "flu" around the college. One boy had a far worse attack than the others. For many weeks there seemed little chance of his recovery. The barbed darts of the flu sank daily deeper into his system, until it seemed only a question of waiting for the end.

I might mention that the boy had found a soulmate, who had grown up the same as he, beside the beautiful Kennebecasis. One evening recently they took the trolley over the hill. Seated in congruent adjacent positions, (two hearts which beat etc.) they had spent a delightful evening at the Ridge. On their return they secured a compartment to themselves. Suddenly a female voice exclaimed: "Isn't this Heaven!"

"No, miss," replied the conductor, who overheard the remark, "this is Gormley's Corner."

Next morning our young man had practically recovered from the flu.

When the Tra-la-la Trolley can effect cures like this, it exhibits a wonderful strength, and so, in turn, it shows the power of Albert Keating, who designed it.

While the trolley was being constructed, one boy pleaded hard to have a branch run to the rink. He was not very fond of skating himself, it is true, but that branch would have been very convenient for him. When the Corporation turned down his request, they numbered one car 99 as a sort of consolation to the young fellow. The little chap always called 99 *his* car, and would sometimes wait half an hour for it on fine nights, refusing to return from the wharf on any other.

It is the fate of all great men to be misunderstood. Even Keating, noble philanthropist that he was, had his enemies. I well remember one terrible argument I overheard between two theologues as to whether or not it was a sin to ride on the trolley. One of them defended the trolley with great emphasis, although he was an athletic fellow, and well shaped for walking. He classed the trolley among such blessings to mankind as standardised sermons, electric toasters, and the abridged marriage ceremony.

The second theologue denounced the trolley just as severely. To him it was the embodiment of laziness, a terrible sin to some Nova Scotians. It is fortunate that they did not come to blows, as this man was very shifty on his feet and loose in his movements. "Besides the fact that it encourages laziness," he declared, "if a man can't win a girl without the aid of a piece of machinery he doesn't deserve her! Trolley cars may be O. K. in some places, but I don't approve of them at Acadia."

I might add that the office boy of the Tra-la-la Trolley Co., Incapacitated, was instructed to write a poem on the Trolley. Instead of doing so, he composed this mess:

"Tra-la-la Trolley, invention sublime,  
Everyone takes it when bound for a time;  
Five cents a passenger, go where you will,  
Perfectly safe,—unless there's a spill.



Skeptics are heartily welcomed to try her—

This new-fangled way  
For young folk to play  
At Tra-la-la gay,—

Blueprints and brainwork by Keating, Esquire.

—H. H. W. '22.

### THE AIRMAN AT WAR

CERULEAN spaces stretch before.  
Above, the circling swallows soar.  
Within me thrills a fierce delight  
As, rushing in to join the fight,  
I soar.

Below, Mar's reeking field of gore  
Lies hid for twenty leagues or more,  
Or Enyo, dread torch alight,  
Lays bare the awful, gruesome sight  
Of War.

Unheard the angry cannons roar,  
Fierce dogs unleashed by raging Thor.  
The Iron Cross! A Gothic flyer!  
Aflame! Consumed in Hellish fire  
He falls.

'Tis done! The hideous deed is o'er,  
The killing that grim Duty bore.  
The cruel voice of Death and Blight  
Awaits the passing of a night  
Its call.

H. E. R. (Acadia '21).

## THE LITTLE LADY OF GLEN MARIE

ALL alone in the very prettiest part of Glen Marie lived Auntie Jims. She was always called Miss James by the new people on their first call, but they always met with the gentle reproof:

"I am Auntie Jims to everyone here, and as you are now to be one of us. I will be Auntie Jims to you, too."

Everybody loved Auntie Jims and everything that belonged to her. She lived in the dearest, quaintest little bungalow, which was crammed with trinkets and treasures from all parts of the world. Her father and mother had been travellers, and had brought home souvenirs from every country.

One evening in mid-winter, Auntie Jims sat by the fireplace silently watching the flame pictures. Each flame that curled up from the wood presented a new picture to her mind. The little blue flames which stayed close by the wood were mean, treacherous things. They were cowards, fearing to leave the place where they knew they were safe.

She gazed scornfully at them, and then turned to the large yellow flames. Oh, what pictures they presented to her! There flashed across her vision a man, young and good-looking. He was standing by the rose-arbor in the garden of the home of her youth. He was waiting — waiting until *she* came to meet him.

As she came down the path, a small and frail thing among the large trees which surrounded her on every side—he advanced towards her expectantly.

"Have you nothing more to say, Jimmie?"

And she, with her eyes cast upon the ground, had slowly shaken her head. When she dared to raise her eyes, he was gone.

What right had she to dictate to him? All these years had she lived alone because of the pride of youth. If only she had those few moments to live again, how much different her life would have been. When she had sought to recall him, he was gone—gone, no one knew where. Gone, she sup-



posed, to the war, because she had chided him for showing the white feather. And a life of loneliness and forced cheerfulness was the result.

She was started from her reverie before the fireplace by a knock. As she opened the door, young Bruce Kennedy the doctor's son, came in out of the snow and sleet.

"Auntie Jims, there's a sick man at our house that Dad found on the way home. He keeps asking for Miss Jimmie, and Dad thinks it might be you that he means. You'd better hurry, for he may not live long."

But he needn't have encouraged her to hurry. As they drove through the blinding snow-storm, she wondered what she would say to him. She knew who it was, for no one else had ever called her Jimmie. She had been Jims to everybody except him, but he had said, back in those far-a-way years, that Jims didn't fit her. It was too boyish and she was the ideal of womanliness. And now, after all these years, she, was to see him.

If the doctor and his wife stayed in the room, she would have to be rather distant, and inquire who he was. Oh, the irony of conventionalities! Why couldn't she go at once to him, and tell him all that was in her heart?

At last that long mile was over. She and the Doctor went into the room. Alas! She was doomed to disappointment. His eyes had been a merry laughing brown, and this man's eyes were blue. She paused a moment to recover her self-control, for she had been very sure.

"I am Miss Jimmie. You wished to see me?"

It wasn't at all what she had intended to say but—the disappointment was great.

He looked at her a moment, then:

"Yes, you are Miss Jimmie, I would know you anywhere. You are just the same as the picture."

He paused for breath, then motioned for the Doctor to leave the room.

"You remember Cyril Harding?" Remember? As if she could ever forget him! She nodded.

"You bring news from him?" she asked quietly.

It was difficult for him to speak now, but he continued:

"I was with him when he died, at Vimy. Before he went out he told me to tell Miss Jimmie that she was right. He was afraid to go in that war, but he went in the Great War. He said he knew he was—a coward—but he was afraid—of war—and killing, and death. For three years, I have been trying to find you—for he was gone—before I thought—to ask him where you lived. His box—was to go—to you.'

He pointed feebly to a box on the dresser.

"Was there anything more?" she asked crying softly to herself.

"He loved—you—more than—life."

In the morning after the dead man had been taken away, she opened the box. On the top was a silver cross upon which was inscribed.

### LIEUTENANT CYRIL HARDING

*For Distinguished Bravery In the Face  
of Great Danger.*

H. G. B. '25.



## THE ARCTIC

HAVE you ever felt the mystery of the vast and empty  
spaces,  
Where the land lies white and silent 'neath the glimmer of  
the stars?  
Have you ever felt a longing just to wander in its vastness  
Underneath the limpid North Star and Aurora's glinting  
bars?

Where the earth is gaunt and lonely and the Dog Star needles  
brightly,  
Where shimmering snow reflects the splendor gleaming from  
on high,  
Million stars are pointing downward; points of light that  
sear the vision,  
And the scintillating Dipper wheels in glory through the  
sky.

Where Aurora flares and flashes hissing streamers from the  
ice world;  
Shining fangs that rend the silence and the splendor of the  
night,  
Amber banners flaunt to heaven from the womb of desolation,  
And the Arctic sun is shattered by a sudden lucid light.

There beyond the Arctic circle, in the land that knows no  
master  
Where the beauty and the mystery is the price for any soul.  
Where you stand and watch the swordplay of the demons  
'cross the heavens,  
And the snow-gods of the Arctic shoot sky-rockets from the  
pole.

C. M. S. '24.

## OUR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE IMMIGRANT

ONE of the most serious problems confronting the national life of Canada is the assimilation of the immigrant. When we consider that over one-third of our present population is foreign born, and has come to us during the past twenty years, and that nearly two-thirds of these foreigners have come during the past decade, we can appreciate somewhat the nature and magnitude of the problem. These people have come from every quarter of the globe and are representative of nearly every race in the civilized world. Surely the problem of maintaining national solidarity is immeasurably complicated by this great variety of ethnic constituents with which we have to deal. But they have come, are here, and are coming. How are they going to be assimilated.

Let us first consider the meaning of this term as thus used. To use W. G. Smith's definition:

"Assimilation is that union of the minds and wills of races which enables them to think and act together." Again, let us quote from Prof. Fairchild: "His attitude toward life, his reaction toward his environment, his mental habits, his position in regard to political and moral questions must be in conformity with ours, and he must not possess peculiarities, traceable to his foreign origin. In short, complete assimilation, as the name implies, involves identity."

Consideration of the above statements gives us some idea of the vastness of the task. A foreigner can be truly said to be assimilated only when the natives around him are conscious of no feeling of alienation on account of his origin, and when he himself feels no degree of separateness.

Some argue that it is not necessary to have complete assimilation in such a sense, but it is certainly true that a certain degree of assimilation is essential to the welfare of our nation, and the nearer the approach to complete assimilation the better.

Of the three great barriers to assimilation generally cited, namely, indifference, love of wealth, and race prejudice, there is little doubt that the last-named is the greatest. The



barrier of race is almost an impassable one. The great mischief maker in race relationship is the extremely vulgar ignorance of one race concerning another. Think of two nations as far advanced in civilization as England and France living century after century hard by each other, and until recently having only contempt and hatred for each other, the average Englishman honestly thinking that a Frenchman was some sort of monkey with clothes on and the average Frenchman having a similar idea with regard to an Englishman. And sad to say, such a condition of affairs is not entirely absent in Canada today, as we can readily see by considering the French-Canadian problem. And as long as interested parties, such as politicians, are permitted to exploit these superficial differences for personal ends, it would seem as if the situation will be relieved only with difficulty.

The first step in bringing about a right relation is *Tolerance*. If we wish to be tolerant towards these immigrants we must understand that they have a very different background from ours. They represent races who for centuries have had a very different environment from ours. Our ways of living seem as strange to them as theirs do to us. Most modern anthropologists consider race traits to be due not so much to racial differences as to geographic situation. Immigration has further attested this fact. If any person should be disposed to doubt this, let him go among those who have had for the past twenty years the full advantage of our environment, of our standard of living, of education and of an enlightening religion, and he will find race differences almost obliterated from the faces of even the last generation.

If we will study the background of these races, we shall be able to interpret their customs, and we shall see that these superficial differences are not inherent in the race but simply unlikenesses due to different environments. We shall see that what we often regard as essential differences are largely superficial, and when we have penetrated through these shallow differences and investigated the real inner life we shall quickly reach the essentially alike. We must close our eyes to these external differences which unlike social, economic, and climatic conditions have produced, and look to the inner

qualities. Then we shall see that in every human being there is a kinsman, and that those outwardly unlike may yet be brothers in soul. Here we have a basis for unity and harmony. By knowing them we shall learn to respect them and appreciate the good qualities of their race, and help them to overcome tendencies which hinder their full development and assimilation.

We must also give them a chance to know the best in us for they usually know the worst. We cannot expect them to desire to become like us so long as we address them at "Dagoes", "Chinks", "Sheenies", "Bohunks", and so on, and maintain the attitude toward them that such repellant terms imply. Such feelings would thwart the sincerest efforts toward a better understanding between races. We must treat them as we want to be treated and give them a fair chance to show their quality.

One of the greatest reasons why immigrants are a problem is our attitude toward them. No matter how cultured or broad minded they may be, they are still regarded as inferior and are treated accordingly. As long as we maintain this feeling of superiority and hold aloof from them, regarding them as only arrivals to do our dirty work, we cannot expect them to have any feeling of loyalty to our nation. Their assimilation therefore depends largely on us.

We may make laws for the betterment of their economic and social condition, but that alone will not solve the problem. Night schools, social entertainments, the religious missions, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A's, Boys Clubs, and so on, when wisely directed can accomplish much, but *they cannot get at the root of the problem as long as the attitude of the Canadian people as a whole is so adverse.* There must be a material change in the conditions of life of the immigrant so that assimilation will naturally result.

Fairechild says, "It is vain to hope for assimilation as a result of conscious and beneficent effort. The only possibility of accomplishing such assimilation is through such a change in the conditions of life of the immigrant that assimilation will inevitably and naturally result from the uncon-



scious and normal influences which surround him in the daily routine of his existence."

Poets are born and not made, so also is it hard to "make" a truly Canadian citizen of the immigrant. We must surround him with influences and better living conditions so that he will inevitably become truly Canadian. The best and surest influence in this regard will make him feel that he is one of us by showing that we do not consider him a mere slave to perform our menial tasks, but that we have a friendly interest in him. We must cultivate in him a feeling of loyalty and devotion. And to do this we must cast off any temper of superiority, any attitude of indifference, and begin by assistance, good will, friendship, education, and an eagerness to accept the best the alien can give to set in action those subtle forces which will ultimately make us one.

M. O. B., '22.



## SOME DAY

SOME day this thread of life will snap,  
And I'll go out into the great unknown.  
I only ask that when that time arrives,  
That I may neither murmur, shrink, or moan;  
But may I meet the issue as a man,  
Without a tremor or a quivering eye,  
Receive the just reward of all my deeds,  
For as I've lived, so I expect to die.

To die. My life has been no shining mark,  
And I ask none to follow in my faith;  
But as for me, I still will live it out, and die,  
And then go forth to meet the wrath,—  
Of my Creator, who will be my Judge;  
For with few virtues, buried 'neath much sin,  
I know, the record of my life will show,  
If I stay out, or if I enter in.

To enter in. It may be aye! or nay!  
Who knows the sequence of the judgement throne?  
Some of you pious folks who read the lines  
My mourn for me and beg me to atone.  
But as I've staked my claim, I'll work it out  
And find new colors as I pan it through.  
Then when I meet the universal Judge, who knows?  
Perhaps I'll gain a seat right next to you.

C. M. S., '24.



## POETS OF THE FUTURE

IT is becoming a tradition for Acadia students to receive honorable mention in "the Poets of the Future" (The Stratford Company, Boston). In Volume IV, reviewed in the *Acadia Athenæum* for January, 1921, Acadia University was represented by one poem printed and five other poems listed as being of distinction. In Volume V, notwithstanding the fact that so many of the mature students who came to us after the war have completed their college work and passed out into the great world, Acadia is represented by a list of four poems of distinction: "High on the Hill", by A. W. Boulter; "Grandfather Sun", by Miss E. R. Fash; "Spring", by H. D. Fritz; "The End of the Rainbow", by H. S. Thurston.

Friends of the *Athenæum* and of Acadia will have a natural and healthy curiosity to know something of the quality of work done by the student poets among whom are counted some of Acadia's daughters and sons. The best method of satisfying this curiosity is to read the poems. Every reader will be highly pleased, and many will undoubtedly be surprised. The range of subject matter, from the infinitesimal to the infinite, from the mud puddle to the star Betelgeuse; the fertility of fancy and idea; the felicity of phrase; the mastery of technique;—these and other poetic merits fill the mind of the reader with delighted wonder.

Among the most pleasing are the poems of nature. Any time of day or night, any month or season of the year, any aspect of the weather, may be reflected in genuine poetry. With these young poets we may follow the footprints of morn, "Marked by the dew in the grass"; live again the high noon of hot midsummer days; experience the "wide inkv wave" of wind-swept skies on March evenings, or the "glow of the evening west" in summer sunset; share with Keats and Endymion the fascination of the midnight moon, and with all mankind the mystery of the stars, "the emblems of eternity", shivering "in the vast, dark blue." These

young poets make us see the "grey grass, brown leaves, and sunlit snow" of February, and make us feel "The mad wind's raging over the hills" of winter; they revivify us with the joys of spring,—of April with its birds and flowers, of May throbbing with newness of life; they flash before our admiring eyes pictures of midsummer meadows richly pied with August flowers and "touched by the glistening sun's celestial fire"; they recall to us autumn's golden glow by describing sunbeam and shadow at play. The wind and the cloud and the dew, the rain and the snow and the mud,—all these are represented in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Of the objects usually associated with certain periods of the day or seasons of the year, those most frequently introduced by the poets of the future—as by the poets of the past and present—are the birds and the flowers. Of the former, not only songsters such as whitethroats and other warblers, sparrows, robins, and mocking birds, but also jangling jays, awkward ducklings, and brilliant-colored parrots and peacocks are represented. Of the flowers, there are many to delight the eye: dandelions and daffodils; phlox, azaleas, poppies and hollyhocks; pansies, succory, and bluegrass. Many other blossoms not only please by their color but charm by their odor. There is "the scent of cowslips, violets white and blue"; the rich fragrance of lilac and lavender, of rose, jasmine, and clover.

The poetry dealing with the works of man is as varied in theme as that dealing with nature. There are poems representing the more unpleasant aspects of man's activity: the ravages on forest and mine, which nature will one day avenge; the beef slugging, pig sticking, and slitting of lamb's throats in packing houses, which produce a "leaden conscience" in the slaughterers; the making of industrial puppets by the man who in the process becomes the greatest puppet of all. From poems like these, which are valuable because they warn against the sordidness that may creep into the pursuit of the practical arts, one gladly turns to poems on the fine arts, which express the aspiration and idealism of man. Even the movements of the dancer breathe "a sym-

phony of silenced cries." Even the music of the Organ-grinder conveys a message of brotherhood. The brass band brings the throng into closer fellowship. The harp is only a medium to reveal the soul of the musician to the heart of the listeners. Keat's poems and Marlowe's "mighty line" are still potent to please and to stimulate to poetic composition.

Of poetry dealing directly with human life there is a rich profusion. Naturally these poems reflect the joy and the dream of youth, touched here and there by the more sombre tints of reality. Youth should make the most of the joys and the dream of the present, for the joy, like power, is as transient as life, and the reality does not always correspond to the dream. Happiness is associated with the simple life. Why ride in electric or steam cars when one may enjoy instead a walk in the great world out of doors? What more pleasant than to go to the river bank

"An' jest lay an' think an' listen  
Or maybe  
Jest lay an' listen?"

"Youth is the time to love". The quotation, as well as Tennyson's dictum that the young man is most susceptible in the spring, receives some support from the volume under discussion. But the love that buds in the spring blooms throughout the year, and the love that warms the heart of youth, burns in the "Gray Ghost" that after death keeps eternal vigil at the appointed trysting place to which the deceitful sweetheart failed to come. The blighting effect of an unworthy lover upon the soul of a woman is poignantly expressed in a poem appropriately entitled "Frost". Such of the poems on unrequited love strike a genuinely tragic note; others express pain at which the initiated may indulgently smile, knowing that the suffering will not be fatal. In one case the poet recognizes that

"The flower is sweeter which we cannot yet  
With trembling fingers press."



Where there is no lack of reciprocation, the poetry may express the inexplicable mystery or the startling intensity of love, or it may tell the story of an elopement in a manner distinctly reminiscent of Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes."

Of love other than that between man and maid the poets of the future write with charm. The influence of a baby's smile, of a living mother's eyes, of a departed mother's character, is pleasingly represented. The mystery of sorrow caused by the death of child or parent that is all in all to the sorrowing one, is expressed in verse of emotional power. The winter fireside recalls to memory the faces of those "loved long since but lost awhile."

Another theme naturally associated with youth is education. On this subject we have poems reflecting the interaction of character at a girls' boarding school, the intimacy of contact between faculty and students in college, the feeling that the scholar may be drinking "a diluted cup of life" from books rather than experiencing life itself, and the ease with which all academic pursuits are forgotten with the advent of vacation.

Various other aspects of human life are skilfully touched. Here are the discomforts, the fragmentary conversation, and the irresistible lure of travel. Here also is a sympathetic interpretation of the life of the prospector with no companion but his beast. And here is forcefully expressed the tremendous contrast that the soldier finds between war and life at home.

Among the most appealing of the poems of human life are those concerned with self realization and service. "If only we might find ourselves!" Only thus can we "make immortal our immortality". Only thus can we know "the flame-sweet joy of living". Only thus can we glimpse

"The measure of the greater span  
To which mankind shall grow".

And it is for mankind that we need to realize ourselves. Our ideal should be service;—

“In some great movement or some petty plan  
I’ll find the place where I can best serve man.”

Life animated by the ideal of service to mankind is full of optimism and faith because “God lives in man and nature”. Sometimes His presence in man is obscured by evil, but if, at such times, we turn to nature,

“The flowers will whisper of God,  
And in the sunset we “shall see his fingers move!”

This brief survey of the contents of the volume under discussion gives a slight indication of the wide range of subject matter and of the catholicity of taste displayed by the authors. Their skill in expression can be realized only by a perusal of the poems. The diction is always successful, often felicitous. The form seems to be exactly adapted to the content, whether the medium be mere poetic prose or one of the strictest of the conventional meters. The lovers of poetry may well enjoy the present volume and look forward to future volumes with pleasant expectations. V. B. R.

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## MONSEIGNEUR DE BEAUPRE

IT was the hour of the morning mass. The melodious clang of the deep-toned bell of the little church of Beauprè echoed and re-echoed along the lofty slopes of Bonsecours. The river Seine rushed by the foot of this mountainous slope with impatient haste. A few hours previously this self-same water had streamed through the French capital and was still saturated with the gay hilarity of the city. But here was a scene of peaceful simplicity. The peasants were slowly ascending the circuitous pathway leading to the half-hidden church which snuggled cozily against the mountain side. Pausing for a moment on the threshold of the Gothic portal in order to regain their composure, and reducing the modulated tones of their conversation to a reverent whis-

per, the peasants received the welcoming hand of Father Felician and solemnly passed in to the morning mass.

"The tyrant is late again," whispered Annette to her husband Pierre, looking towards the pew which was reserved for Monseigneur Auguste.

"Bah!" he ejaculated emphatically; then checking his voice, he murmured, "Would to God that the young Jules had lived to be Monseigneur instead of this rogue!"

"It was strange that old Monseigneur Jules should have left his young son to the care of this vile wretch, was it not?" questioned the thoughtful Annette.

"But no," replied Pierre, "Auguste was the best friend that old Monseigneur Jules had before he died. Long before our marriage day, I remember Auguste, a gallant and vivacious monsieur from Paris, came here to live. But ah! how changed he is now!"

"Indeed, it was a sorry day for Beauprè when he took the young Jules to the city, was it not?"

"The young Jules wishes to study music', was all that Auguste told Father Felician before driving away to Paris in the coach".....

"And the poor boy was killed by a runaway horse, unfortunately', was all the explanation that Father Felician received from Auguste when he returned to Beauprè without Jules."

"Ah! how we mourned his death, because we had lost the successor of the kindly Monseigneur Jules. But hush, Annette, behold Monseigneur Auguste, the imposter, enters now."

A hushed silence fell upon the group of worshippers as Monsigneur Auguste clumsily shuffled to his accustomed seat. Father Felician advanced with dignity towards the altar, crossed himself, and turned towards the congregation. His face betrayed anxiety and soon his thin, quivering voice broke the silence:

"Monsieur the organist is ill. Will someone play in his stead?"

Then, from an obscure seat among the dim, religious shadows of the little church, there arose a man, indeed a



young man, whose ragged clothes and unkempt hair had stamped upon him a false touch of vanishing youth.

A rustle of curious whispers accompanied the volunteer organist as he proceeded towards the door which led to the organ.

"I do not know him; indeed, a stranger," whispered the peasants among themselves.

Again there was silence as the unknown musician commenced the prelude to the morning mass. Alone and unseen, the stranger laid bare the secret of his heart in those strains of exquisite music. The worshippers were calmed, elevated, inspired. Their troubled hearts were soothed and they seemed to regain a long-lost feeling of humble happiness and complete contentment.

Alone, hopelessly aloof, sat the Monseigneur in his private pew, his head buried in his hands. The peasant folk had ill-concealed their displeasure when he entered the church a few minutes ago, and now his uneasiness attracted further attention.

"He's been drinking heavily again," remarked the observant Annette to Pierre, as she regarded the flushed face and quivering lips of Monseigneur as he again buried his bowed head in his hands.

"The vile beast needs sleep, eternal sleep," was Pierre's laconic reply.

When the mass ended there was a murmuring of righteous indignation among the peasants as they filed out into the narrow pathway.

The old priest still stood motionless before the crucifix. He turned just in time to call back the unknown organist who was hurrying along the aisle.

"Your name?" asked the priest, as he stretched forth his hands in fatherly greeting. For a moment the youth hesitated, his eyes downcast.

"Henri Canterel," he stammered at last.

The shoulders of Monsigneur Auguste swayed with emotion. As the priest and the young man approached him, he lifted up his face, seared and tear-stained, and cried out with passionate bitterness:

“No, not Henri Canterel, my boy. You are Monseigneur Jules of Beauprè, whom I have shamefully dispossessed.... May God forgive me!”  
D. D. C. '22.

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## TO ATHEISTS, AGNOSTICS AND OTHERS

THIS article might be made quite sensational by adhering either to the principles set forth and rigidly believed by the atheists or those exemplified by the lives of the most conservative and narrow-minded theologians. But such an article could only come from one who was utterly indifferent to the merits of the beliefs presented by both classes. That such indifference could be shown is utterly inexcusable.

From early childhood most of us have had miracles and texts, proverbs and commandments literally hurled at our heads without rhyme or reason. Generally the greater part remains, and from the resultant hodge-podge we must evolve what we are pleased to call our religious beliefs. Moreover these beliefs must be moulded to fit those models which are placed before us. If we fail to make them thus conformable, we are doomed to be cast into outer darkness, or so it is said. So, having an innate dislike for fire and brimstone we usually do as we are bidden.

With a college career comes the first serious contact with the sciences. Immediately we begin to tear down and destroy the old beliefs that, we are wont to say, have been foisted upon us by our “ignorant” or at least “out-of-date” elders. The destruction continues with some of us until in the course of events the whole religious fabric of our lives is rent asunder. We become cynical with regard to this, that and the other thing. If we delve deeply into science we are in danger of becoming agnostics. If we merely skim the surface we run the risk of becoming atheistic. All this unless something is done to restore—But we will return to that later.

In 1919-20 Acadia had a remarkably successful year. The spirit of co-operation and good-fellowship was everywhere manifested in athletics, in our social doings and last-

ly in our spiritual affairs. We dodge, most of us, at that word *spiritual*, because of some of its associations. If we use it here in a broader sense so as to include the term, principle. That year, the outstanding principle of the students was one of fairness and squareness in all their dealings with one another and the people round about. The actions of the student body as a whole reflected this, as a matter of course. In September we had a fall camp for the first time, and it is contended that it was the influence of that camp which led to the remarkable unity among the men.

A year later we again had an outing at Evangeline Beach and conditions much the same resulted, as far as student affairs were concerned. Last fall we failed to carry on and the results are everywhere be coming more and more evident. It is being shown not only in the lack of support given to our athletic teams by the lower classes but in the lack of interest being shown in the various societies. There is an undercurrent of unrest, of friction and misunderstanding. No concern for the "other fellow" is being displayed. What the ultimate results will be if such a state continues we dread anticipating, unless—

There is an organization among us to which Acadia and Acadia Students give much. To it, we owe the fall camp idea and its successful consummation. Above all it has kept alive the principles of justice and sincerity among the students. This organization is slowly dying. It has not been receiving the support that it deserves and something must be done if it is to carry on in the future.

Admittedly many mistakes have been made in the past in getting in touch with and dealing with the men. But a determined effort is being made at present to reorganize it on a firmer footing. With this end in view, the old Y. M. C. A. has been superseded by the Students Christian Association—a new and truly student movement which has taken over the college work formerly done by the Y. M. However, organized or re-organized, such an Association must have the whole-hearted support of everyone at Acadia. It is for this reason that those in charge are appealing to those who are pleased to call themselves by any name other than Christian.



A promise was made to refer again to the question of "atheists and others". A few are always too fixed in their beliefs or lack of beliefs to be swerved from their course. For the first class the Y. M. is here to reason, to mitigate the harshness of intolerance and for the second to replace that lost faith, to destroy that cynicism, to build up new convictions which will conflict neither with science nor theology. It cannot be said in truth by anyone that the principles of Christ's all-inclusive teachings are not the most sane, practical and necessary for individual and social welfare. The Y. M. C. A. or S. C. A. is endeavouring to propagate these doctrines for the benefit of individuals, for the welfare of the college as a whole and the uplift of the community. Do you not feel called upon to assist such an organization in every possible way?

In the near future it is the intention to put on a drive for funds, such funds to be augmented by the proceeds of a college play. The money will be used for the work among the Acadia students, for the carrying on of the fall camp and for the innumerable other things that are essential to the carrying on of College S. C. A. work.

Atheists, Agnostics and others, those who are merely indifferent, you lack beliefs or you are at least doubtful. A man to be educated must have the highest principles that he can formulate for himself or gather from the experience of others. The S. C. A. presents those to you. Come to its meetings. Support it financially if you feel that you are able but attend its meetings in any case. Only in this way can the restlessness, the discord and the lack of fellowship be replaced by a sense of security, Co-operation and spirit of good-fellowship at Acadia.

—F. W. D. '23.

## OLD AGE AND YOUTH

I fear thee, Winter, says the gray-haired man;  
No longer can I face thy icy breath;  
My youthful vigor gone, I fain would flee  
And seek to hide myself at thy approach.  
I liken thee to that grim spectre Death,  
Who bides relentlessly upon my track,  
A gaunt, gray, blood-hound, running me to earth.  
I fear a secret pact 'twixt him and thee:  
Methinks I feel myself within thy power,  
And as thy fingers seize upon my limbs  
My watery blood congeals within my viens,  
While Death, with shrouded countenance stands by.

I love thee, Winter, says the merry child,  
No terrors has thy stinging breath for me;  
As one awaits the coming of a friend,  
So eagerly I wait for they return.  
I find in thee the attributes of Life,  
Activity and vigor such as mark  
The man who *lives*, while others but *exist*.  
I laugh at all they boisterous, frantic moods,  
And when I feel myself within thy grasp  
I match my youthful strength against thy own  
As 'gainst a sturdy comrade of my play.

H. S. T. '22

## TENDENCIES IN MODERN HUMOR

THE word "Humor", in its literary use, has two meanings. It is taken in a broad way to mean funny or ludicrous acts and incidents, and it is taken in a restricted sense to define a certain sort of funniness. Let us first consider the word in its broad sense.

here is humor in nearly every occurrence of life, whether we see it or not. To attempt to discuss all of it would be an endless task. I shall limit the subject by dividing it, according to its source, into humor as it happens and humor as it is reproduced in print. The second sort is a fair representation of the first, and it is more available for study. Let us then consider the humor of the reproduced variety only.

The general sources of humor have been the same since prehistoric times. That phrase often seen over pages of jokes: "Adam may have laughed at these", is capable of a more literal meaning than many of us realize. Mark Twain once said that there were eleven prehistoric jokes in the world, and that we have added those about the cannibal eating the missionary and St. Peter at the gate, making thirteen in use today. Whether or not his count is strictly correct, it is certain that the number of them is limited, as anyone who has looked for original ones to print can testify. We have been laughing at plays on words, at the unexpected, at evident exaggerations, at seeing someone in a false position, and at a definite *few* other things, ever since man acquired the gift of speech.

These sources of humor may be divided into two main groups, according to whether the humor is derived from the form of the material, or from the characters and plot. The humor of the first class includes puns, double meanings, parodies, and anticlimax. The second group takes in humor based on absurdities and physical and mental deficiencies.

As an example of the first group, I might quote a remark by a certain judge:



"Prisoner, not only have you committed murder, but you have also run a bayonet through the breeches of one of his Majesty's uniforms."

One of Whistler's clients, none too handsome, seemed dissatisfied with his portrait.

"Don't you like it?" asked the artist.

"No, I can't say I do. You must admit that it is a bad work of art."

"Yes,—and you must admit that you are a bad work of nature."

As example of the second group, we have the well-known sight of a fat man slipping on the ice, or an elderly man chasing his hat on a windy day. This group also includes such incidents as the picture of Tom Sawyer lying under his aunt's bed hearing all about how he had been drowned three days before, or William Baxter, in "Seventeen", carrying the second-hand boiler through the street and meeting the girl with whom he has just fallen in love.

When we compare the humor of the present century with that of the preceding one, we notice a great similarity. Many of the jokes of 1822 would cause a laugh today, and none of our new jokes, originated since then, are one bit different except in the words used. They are of the same stock form, and based on the same principle.

Our standards of humorous predicament are practically the same now as they were then. The day the Pickwick Club took a trip into the country, Mr. Winkle got down off his horse and was unable to get on again, so he was compelled to lead the animal for several miles. Nowadays the hero runs out of gas, twenty miles from nowhere, about ten minutes to reach an important engagement.. The same similarity holds in other branches of humorous writing,—Leacock is very similar to Jerome K. Jerome parts of Mark Twain resemble Dickens.

We see, then, that for humor in the broad sense, there has been practically no change in the past century. The appreciation of the ludicrous, which gives us the experience of humor, is a deep-rooted tendency in our mental life, and it cannot change rapidly. We may safely conclude from this

that for some years to come, our humor will remain much the same in its general character as it has done for the preceding century.

In our first paragraph we said that humor had two meanings, a broad and a narrow. So far, we have considered the word in the general sense, let us now consider it in its restricted meaning.

Among modern authorities on literature, we find a distinction drawn between Burlesque and Farce on the one hand and Wit and Humor on the other. The first group is based on an absurdity, Burlesque being a parody in which some well known type is exaggerated beyond possibility, and Farce being a funny incident or situation in which possibility is sacrificed to intensify the comic value. Wit and Humor, on the other hand, are always possible. The difference between them is caused by the purpose of the author,—a witty man tries to make the bystanders laugh, a humorist tries to make the person he addresses laugh. A humorous reply leaves the recipient disposed to enjoy the joke, a witty reply makes the victim meditate a terrible revenge. In short, Humor is concerned not only with the ludicrous, but with the ludicrous in some sympathetic or kindly light.

It is in Humor, in its technical sense, that we find the most noticeable development during the last few years. In the twentieth century we have acquired two new mediums for the setting forth of narrative, and these have assisted greatly in the cultivation of Humor. The comic supplement of many of our daily papers, and the movies, are the two new means of depicting fiction, and their influence is just beginning to be felt.

It is true that we have been drawing cartoons and caricatures for many years, but it is only in the present century that we have tried to tell a continued story by pictures. Many of these comics are in rather low taste, but several of them contain much real Humor, both of situation and character. The "Bringing up Father" series, for example, or "Mr. and Mrs." can be read and enjoyed by the hour.

The humor in our movies, like that of our comics or even some of our literature, is sometimes lowered to burlesque or

farce by the addition of impossible stunts or by the lack of sympathetic treatment. The commonest type of a picture weakened in this way is the "Larry Semon" comedy, a medley of comical (?) absurdities and impossible stunts, with a bevy of bathing girls to add spice to it. The following is an example I saw recently:

A celebrated high-diver had been engaged by the proprietor of a summer resort to plunge from a tower about two hundred feet high into an artificial tank. He failed to appear, so the heroine volunteered to take his place. As she was poising and posing on the tower, the hero hastened along in an aeroplane to prevent her from taking the risky plunge. He swooped over the tower, reached out of the machine, and seized her. Unfortunately he only caught her bathing suit, which tore off, leaving her on the top of the tower undressed. She made the plunge safely, but failed to come up. At last her hand appeared, holding a note addressed to her father explaining her predicament. He read it, borrowed a rain-coat from a lady in the audience and passed it down into the water. The heroine put it on and appeared.

This plot contains two very humorous situations, first the young lady's position on the tower, and second, her position in the tank, which was surrounded by a large mixed audience. Unfortunately it also contains two impossibilities, the loss of the suit and the writing of the note under water without materials. If the same results could have been obtained in some more plausible way, this picture would have been a fine example of humor.

On the other hand, there are some pictures with equally good situations, which are not marred in this way. Parts of "Form Four" or "The Kid", by Charlie Chaplin, are splendid examples. "The Life of the Party", by Arbuckle, is of this type from start to finish. There is one situation in the latter to which I would like to refer:

One candidate for the mayoralty of a large city frames up a calumny about his rival, which the latter is unable to refute for lack of evidence. The evening before the calumny is to appear in the papers, the crooked candidate also sends a notorious adventuress to his rival's apartments to be



found there in a police raid. Meanwhile the intended victim has been robbed of his coat, in midwinter, and is wandering the streets in a child's romper which he wore to a fancy ball.

While waiting for him, the adventuress learns that her victim's friends have decided to withdraw him on account of the impending calumny. She hurries to her employer and gets him out of bed to hear the good news. The rival is now being pursued by the police as a suspicious character, and runs blindly toward the crooked man's rooms, followed by about fifteen policemen and reporters.

He gives his pursuers the slip at the door, and they enter the crook's room and find him in pajamas and dressing gown with the adventuress. The crook has just persuaded them that he was only talking to her about the election, when the hunted man looks in the door, takes in the situation, and enters. The dramatic moment that follows, and the haste with which the crook agrees to withdraw his name from the contest and stop the calumny, as the price of his rival's silence, is humorous to the utmost degree.

Here we have a long story, which loses none of its story value by being humorous from start to finish, and which leaves its audience screaming with laughter. This is about as high a form of humor as we have reached at present.

It might seem at first glance that these comics and movies are encouraging both Humor and Burlesque, as they give us examples of both styles. A closer study, however, shows that they are really encouraging the higher type, which is Humor, among the better classes of society. Before the present century, the distinction between the two types of comic material was not clearly appreciated by the average person. Now, the difference between the "Katzenjammer Kids" and "Bringing up Father," or between "The Life of the Party", and a Sennett comedy is clarified in the popular mind. As we would hope, public approval is gradually being extended to the Humor type. This preference reaches through all forms of literature, but the movie had a large share in establishing it.

When we consider the field of literature we find here, too, a definite choice toward Humor rather than Farce or Burles-

que. This preference was appearing during the last century, as is shown by the popularity that Dickens humorous works achieved as soon as they appeared. From his time, the number of writers who sought to produce humor has steadily increased. Three authors, Dickens, Jerome, and Mark Twain appeared, in the last century, six, Leacock, Tarkington, Cobb, Jacobs, O. Henry and Ford have already come forward in the first of the present century.

Among these writers just named we find humor reduced to a fine art, to a degree not even thought of before their time. Older writers were funny, certainly, they were humorous, in the broad sense of that word, but they lacked Humor, in the restricted meaning of the term.

As an example of true Humor, there is a picture in Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches" that will seldom be surpassed. I refer to the classical, conscientious, elderly clergyman looking in his biblical and classical lexicons for the word "mugwump". The act in itself is a small affair, but the way it is handled shows the work of a master.

Another good example is the way Tarkington handles "Seventeen". There is no rough-stuff, no exaggeration to impossibility, no supernatural hero or heroine. Instead of these things, we have the different humorous situations carefully developed so as to keep us sympathising with William, always just the least bit above him, and always living his troubles with him. This combination gives us Humor of the highest type.

It is not necessary to discuss the subject at any greater length. This cursory glance is sufficient to show us that we are watching the evolution of a definite literary form, sympathetic Humor. This type has already reached a prominent place. It will be interesting to notice what further changes occur in our literature, and how much more important it will become, during the period of our lives.

H. H. W., '22.

## A MORNING IN FEBRUARY

'TIS February by the season's course,—

The last of April by the balmy air.  
The buds and boughs, that quiver with the force  
Of pent-up life and leaves and blossoms fair,  
Are shimmering in the silent morning sun.  
The pale remains of winter's windy glees,  
Once high by hedge and fence, now darkly shun  
The traffic lines and all the peeking trees.

The laughter of the children at their play  
Breaks gayly from the hillside and the ponds.  
On every side the vocal life responds,  
Till scarce we note there are no birds to sing.  
The very air abounds on such a day  
With music and the spirit of the spring.

T. A. MEISTER, (Acadia '21).



## THAT MIDNIGHT HOUR

"PRISONER at the bar, are you guilty or not guilty?"  
"Not guilty."

This formality over, the court settled itself to try the case. The docket read: "The King vs. Robert Hastings", and the charge was first degree murder.

The prisoner seemed somewhat pale, but bore himself resolutely enough. His bright open face somehow did not suggest criminality. His twenty-four years spent in a good home should not have led to the criminal prisoner's dock, but here he was. A stray bit of sunshine lit up his curly auburn hair for a moment, and seemed to transport him to the great outdoors and freedom. Then a cloud cut off the light, and he was back in the dock, an interested spectator watching the mills of Justice grind out his fate.

In short notice the prosecution showed that the murdered man, Jerry Thomas, of uncertain reputation, had been found about four o'clock one Wednesday on the sidewalk of Grafton Street, Halifax. There were two revolver bullets in his head, and a third had struck his watch and glanced out through his vest. Death had been instantaneous.

Patrolman O'Hara testified that he found the body lying in the middle of the sidewalk, and that he had not allowed anyone within twenty feet of it until the detectives arrived.

Detective Kennedy said he had examined the body and neighborhood carefully. Someone presumably the murderer, had searched the body carefully, as all the pockets had been turned out. Money was not the main motive, as a number of small bills and some change had been abandoned. Lying among this money, about six feet from the body, was a piece of paper about six inches by four.

At this point the presenting attorney took a small paper from the table and handed it to the witness.

"Is this the paper you found?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Your Honor, I wish to offer this paper in evidence. It reads as follows:

I. O. U, \$50  
Robert Hastings."

While the jury were examining the paper, the eyes of all the spectators were turned on the prisoner. He sat motionless and did not appear to notice their attention.

The prosecuting attorney then picked up a small object and offered it to the witness.

"Do you recognize this?"

"It is the watch I found on the murdered man."

"To what time are the hands pointing?"

"To eleven forty-three."

"Were they pointing to that time when you first saw the watch?"

"Yes."

The next witness was a policeman stationed at the depot. He had seen Thomas just before eleven o'clock the night he was shot. The man had asked him some question about trains, and had taken out his watch and compared it with the station clock and wound it.

Three young men testified, rather against their will, that Hastings had left them about eleven o'clock that night to go to his boarding house, a block away. His landlady then swore that he had not reached home until ten minutes to twelve. She was sure of the time, as she had stayed up to close the house. She swore that Hastings had had a black eye, and was all out of breath as if he had been running. He had seemed quite nervous, and had hurried up to his room without even saying goodnight to her.

At this point the court adjourned for lunch. As the spectators filed out, conjecture was rife among them as to the prisoner's conduct during the hour in question.

"Funny thing to me," one wise head declared, "why the young fellow won't say where he was that hour. The coroner's jury couldn't jar anything out of him on that subject at all. His only chance is to prove an alibi for that hour, but I hear he is still keeping mum about it. I'm afraid he

must be guilty after all, or he would speak."

The prosecuting attorney remained in his chair a few minutes after the others had left the room, checking up his notes and reviewing the evidence. He nodded slightly as he finished his review.

"It's going very well", he smiled to himself. "Thomas was a money-lender, and Hastings has bumped him off because he couldn't meet a note. He searched him for all documents about their business affairs, and dropped that I. O. U. in his nervousness, being a greenhorn at the game. That gives us a clear motive.

"Then Thomas's watch was right at eleven o'clock at the station, and he wound it then, so it must have been going when he was shot. Its lucky for us that that bird bullet hit it and stopped it, recording the time of the crime exactly.

"Lastly, Hastings left his friends at eleven, and did NOT go home. He spent an hour somewhere. Finally he reached his house all out of breath and nervous, just seven minutes after the man was shot. Not if he will only go on refusing to tell where he was in that hour, supposing he could have been anywhere else, I've got him just where I want him. It will be quite a feather in my cap to secure so absolute a conviction in such a short time".

In an anteroom of the courthouse, the prisoner and his lawyer were discussing the case. Judging by their raised voices and quick interruptions they were arguing strenuously.

"Listen, Hastings, for the last time will you quit beating around the bush and tell me where you were that hour?"

"And I tell you once more that I can't say where I was."

"But how on earth can I hope to get you off if you refuse to assist?"

"Please, can't you stop asking that question? I tell you I can't say where I was."

"Do you realize that its the price of your life? Even if it concerns other people, your good name and your freedom are just as important as theirs. Come, its nearly time for the court to open again, where were you?"



"I told you I can't say."

"Come, Hastings, its your one chance of avoiding the gallows. Do you want to be hanged? Then tell me where you were that hour. . . . ?"

"Damm your obstinacy! Are you going to keep this a secret for ever?"

"Yes, or until the real murderer is found, anyway."

The court reopened.

Hastings took the stand in his own defence and swore that he had never seen the murdered man alive, and had never borrowed money from him. Then the prosecuting attorney began to cross-examine him.

"What was your I. O. U. doing at the scene of the tragedy?"

"I don't know."

"Who had had this I. O. U.?"

Hastings remained silent, and the attorney let the questions rest.

"Where were you from eleven o'clock till ten minutes to twelve the night this murder took place?"

Again Hastings remained silent, and the attorney turned triumphantly to the jury. At this point the judge offered a bit of well-meant advice.

"Prisoner, if you are innocent, I would advise you to answer these questions. Your silence will count against you."

Hastings looked up for a moment with a resigned look on his face. "I can't answer them", he almost whispered.

The rest of the evidence was soon taken, and then the crown lawyer rose to address the jury. His argument followed much the same line as his reflections during the noon recess. He showed the probable motive for the crime, discounting Hastings' statement that he did not know Thomas as an obvious invention. He combined the prisoner's suspicious conduct to the motive he had, and drove the case home and clinched it by Hastings' unnatural silence.

There was an expressive silence for a moment as the lawyer finished, as if to the audience the verdict was already announced against the prisoner.

The lawyer for the defence was rising slowly to his feet. He knew, none better, the desperate position of his client. The few arguments he could urge were weak, to say the least. He could show at least, that all the evidence was circumstantial, and not conclusive. Anyone might have had that I.O.U. and dropped it there any time during the evening. Any one of a number of causes might explain his client's conduct that night. On the other hand, he knew that Hastings' silence had set up a powerful rebuttal to these pleas. The jury's mind was made up then, and nothing short of a miracle would alter it. With a heavy heart he began his speech.

"Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of my client....."

Suddenly a rough voice interrupted him from the rear of the court.

"Hey Judge, here's a woman that knows something about this case. "

In a moment every eye was turned in that direction, and every ear heard the indignant reply:

"Oh John, why couldn't you keep quiet. I told you I couldn't speak of it."

"Sheriff, bring that woman down to the bar", commanded the judge. The woman protested and pleaded to be allowed to go, but the command was obeyed.

"Do you know anything about this case?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, sir," was the hesitating reply.

"Why didn't you come forward with your information before?"

"Honest, your honor, I wanted to tell about it, God knows I did, but I didn't dare to. I'm a respectable woman that works hard for a living, now that my man here is laid up from work, and it would hurt my business to get mixed up in a matter like this.

"And then, judge, I didn't want anyone to know that I knew that bloodsucker, Jerry Thomas. Honest, judge, all I had to do with him was to borrow some money the night he was murdered. Terrible hard he was in his terms, too. I'd

never of gone to him at all, but I couldn't raise what I needed from anyone else."

"Well, it will certainly pay you better to go on and tell us all you know, now that you have started."

"I'm coming to that, judge. I hunted him up the night he was shot, a little after eleven, and borrowed thirty dollars. When I was leaving I asked him what was the time, and he said ten after ten. I said that it must be after eleven by then, and he said, oh yes, its ten after eleven your time. He told me he had just come up from the States, and was going back the next morning, and his watch was set to Yankee time. Don't you see, judge, his watch was an hour slower than our time, so that shooting came off at half past twelve, instead of half past eleven, and this young fellow was home when it happened."

As the full significance of her words was realized through the court room, a storm of applause arose. At last order was secured, and the woman was placed on the stand and examined in the regular way. The prosecuting attorney tried his best to break down her testimony, but failed.

The lawyer for the defence rose to start his address again, but this time there was relief in his heart. His new argument was brief but unanswerable. This new testimony created an alibi for his client, and the lawyer contented himself with establishing it.

The jury went through the formality of a deliberation, and then brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

For three months the "Thomas Murder" remained a mystery. No one was able to discover the least clue to the murder. Then, just as the problem was slipping out of public attention, a last confession by a man dying in the Public Hospital solved the puzzle.

The day after the man's statement appeared in the papers, Hastings dropped in at his lawyer's office. After a few minutes of general conversation, he spoke of the subject that had brought him there.

"I saw by yesterday's papers that the man who murdered Jerry Thomas has confessed at last," he remarked. "I was beginning to be afraid that he **would** never be found.



But there was one thing I wanted to explain about that trial, so you wouldn't think I was completely out of my head at the way I acted.

"There's just one man in the world for whom I would gladly go through hell, literally speaking. You don't know him, but his name isn't important anyway. He left unexpectedly for San Francisco the morning of the murder. He was the man who had that I. O. U. of mine, and I happened to know that he had been in trouble with some loan-shark recently. I hated to suspect him, but I couldn't help feeling that he was guilty. You can imagine how thankful I was to learn yesterday that he was innocent. Anyway, that man saved me once from something worse than death, and if I could have taken his punishment for that murder I would have been glad to do it. I didn't dare answer those questions at the trial for fear I would drag his name into it."

The lawyer seized his companion's hand in a firm grasp, and there were tears in his eyes as he answered:

"It was breaking the law to do it, but it was a man's act just the same, and I'm proud of you for it."

Meanwhile, a young man in San Francisco was wondering how he could have dropped an I. O. U. out of his pocket while going to call on a young lady the last evening he was in Halifax.

H. H. W., '22.

## IN CEYLON

CEYLON, according to the Buddhist scriptures, was the true and original Garden of Eden.

Certainly, if any country of the globe has a right to the name, the lavish gifts of Nature to this little island fit it for the honor. It is one series of picturesque and tropical surprises, from the coral shore to the cloud-capped mountain peaks.

I had ascended by elephant from Kandy thru the vast avalanches of verdure clinging to the mountainside, over bridges that span vast torrents, skirting the edges of bottomless canyons infested with cheetars and huge reptiles, till I burst suddenly upon the magnificent plateau of Newer Ellia, which looked like a vast bouquet of wild-bowers, with the cloud-mantled peaks rising on both sides.

It was here that I was the guest of a yeoman Baron who had given up his life to the study of the *fauna* and *flora* of the island, and who was a very peculiar man. I liked him immensely, but it was necessary to maintain a sort of distance; for one never knew when he might draw forth a four-foot snake from his coa-tails, or a nest of scorpions from his cork helmet, and tell you about them;—such friends are interesting to talk to—over a telephone or a stone-wall.

One morning the Baron said he would take me to the top of old Pdaratalagala—a very high mountain, as you may judge by standing the name on end.

We started in good season, reaching the pinnacle an hour earlier than we expected. The Baron always took three hours for an hour's work, the two extra hours were used in filling his helmet, bags, and pockets with beetles, tarantulas, lizards, snakes, and all the rest of the things people are supposed to see only about midnight after a mince-pie supper—or a drink of "highland moonshine."

The Baron went to work with his barometers, thermometers, aerometers, hexameters, and gas-meters, while I took in the glory of the scene which was thrilling beyond description. Word-painting, however, is too much like canned strawberries; so I will confine myself to events.

Having feasted my eyes upon the wonderful panorama, I fell asleep, only to be awakened some hours later by the Baron's cries. "Ho!, a little more and we would have been locked in here for the night. Don't you see the mists gathering yonder?"

"But it is early," said I, glancing at my watch.

"We don't tell time by the watch here, man," he replied, gathering up his packs. "When the mists rise it is night if it is but two in the afternoon, for it becomes extremely dark. Come; I fear we are caught as it is!"

The thot of being made a prisoner upon a tropic mountain pinnacle for a night, inclined my steps downward in haste.

I struggled on over the difficult way in silence, now losing sight of my leader, now at his heels again. Suddenly we came upon a little dak bungalow—a miserable enough sort of bivouac, thatched with palms, floored with baked mud, and here and there a cocoanut mat. A couple of swarthy natives inhabited the place.

There were two rooms in the bungalow, upon the rush couches of which one could lie awake and watch the stars thru the rents in the thatching, if it were fine, or catch the rain drops in wet weather.

We were served with nice clean curry and rice, fried plantins and steaks from the "tic polonga" (that's what the Baron called it), which resembled frog's legs in taste, tho it is a creature without wings, feet, or fins. Green cocoanut milk and arrack refreshed us.

The natives were servilely polite, probably venerating the man who would allow a tarantula and a scorpion to fight out an old-time grudge upon a shining bald spot under his cork helmet.

As we sat smoking after supper I noticed the two cadaverous-looking natives cnversing stealthily in the doorway. I hinted as much to the Baron, who glanced up quickly.



"I dink maybe dey want your bants!" he said, while his eyes twinkled.

Again and again those natives returned, always with the same gestures, and the same mysterious movements soon to disappear in the mists which shrouded us like a funeral pall.

At last we retired, the Baron taking the right, myself the left, wing of the bungalow. I pounded a grove in the rush pillow to fit my head, placed my pistol beside me, and lay down rather thankful that we had not been marooned some thousand feet above.

The one window of the room was low and curtainless. Looking out of it from where I lay, I soon could see the moon light up the dense mist with an effect strangely weird and ghost-like, and the moan of the chetars, and the cries of the night birds added to the impression of loneliness.

When I had almost succeeded in dropping to sleep, the little window was opened by an unseen hand.

For a moment a fear possessed me, as the damp chill of the mountain mist swept in like ghouls from the underworld. Suddenly I was stunned by the sight of a head rising slowly from behind the sill, turning from right to left, surveying all points of the room. I reached for my pistols and waited. Then I raised myself up, only to have my horror increased when I saw that the head had no shoulders beneath it! This was a little too much. I had hit a dime at twenty paces many a time, but certainly now I could not have hit a whale at ten. The head was bodyless; I could see the thin gray line of light beneath it. I had to confess to myself that I was afraid.

Suddenly the head disappeared, and I was able to breathe easily again.

An instant later, however, another head appeared, turning from left to right, surveying the room exactly as the first had done.

I rose higher.

Ah, *that* head had a pair of shoulders beneath it. Then came a pair of black hands on the sill, then arms, then a big, broad, naked bosom, then a pair of swarthy legs, and before I could realize it, the villian was actually in the room, noiseless as a phantom.

I clutched my weapon.

Had he approached the bed, I should have fired; but he slid off to the right, and crept like a serpent up to the rush chair upon which hung my raw silk pantaloons.

I leaped down from my couch, and made a dash for him. With a gasp of fright the fellow grabbed the prize just as I struck him on the back of the neck with the fiat of my hand; but as the scoundrel was greased from head to foot, my hand slid the full length of his back, and I fell head over heels in the corner.

Enraged at being thus foiled, I lighted a taper and made an exploration.

Slipping thru the wondow into the thick mist, I found the contents of my pockets strewn along so that I could have traced the thief for half a mile. I could not see the ground, but felt around coutiously. Suddenly my hand clutched a head of hair, and I held on. To my surprise it did not struggle, and I lifted it to the light. It was a common skull re-furnished with hair, with cotton eyes, and mounted on a wire!

I went back to my couch with the resignation of a martyr. What should I do now? To be houseless and homeless in a strange land is bad enough, but to be knifeless, corkscrewless, purseless, and worse than all, trouserless, was really too much.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did they work the dummy-head on you?" asked the Baron the next morning on entering my room.

"Yes", said I, "and here it is", holding up the grotesque thing by the hair.

"Ah, well thats an old one, my friend; they will work several others on you later!"

"No, they won't. I'll shoot next time:" I replied. Then, after a light breakfast, we started down the mountain-side, my limbs encased in a 'cambay'—a native sort of Mother Hubbard.

Suddenly the Baron halted in the path.

"Look"; he said. I looked, then drew my automatic and made the air ring with shots after the villains, who separated and disappeared.

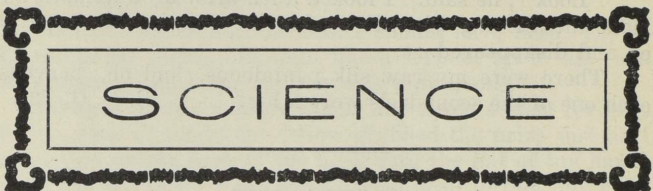
There were my raw silk pantaloons, and oh, heavens! each one of the scoundrels wore a leg! B. N. G., '23.

### EDGEWORTH

I sit by the fire with pipe alight,  
While the flickering shadows play on the wall,  
And dream as I gaze at the mystic blaze  
Through the smoke wreath, rising again to fall.  
The sweet perfume of the friendly weed,  
Savored with sunshine of the south,  
The silvery light of the southern moon,  
The sparkling water, the banjo's tune,  
As I roll the curls from my mouth.  
The flickering light, from the cheery grate,  
The smoke screen hovering thus between,  
Each little curl brings a lovely girl,  
Who dances a moment in the scene;  
With fairy tread and sparkling eyes,  
In a gossamer shroud she passes by.  
I strive to speak to this vision fair,  
But the next cloud brings one still more rare  
While she in her turn must die.  
Alas! ye critics of the weed,  
Who set yourselves in mournful state,  
And rail against a smoker's joy,  
And prophesy his fate.  
Life holds enough of bitterness,  
Despite the sweetness that we find.  
So give to me a Morris Chair,  
A cherry blaze, a pipe so rare,  
And a world of joy is mine.

C. M. S., '24.



A decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints, enclosing a rectangular frame. Inside the frame, the word "SCIENCE" is written in a serif, all-caps font.

# SCIENCE

## IMMUNITY

IT has been said that the day of miracles is past, and yet what is more miraculous than the triumph of modern scientific medicine? What has wrought the complete change from the olden days when diseases such as smallpox, diphtheria, cholera, influenza, tuberculosis, and numerous other plagues held sway? Wars and pestilence were always followed by some virulent epidemic. The tried and tested uses of vaccine, and the employment of antiseptic serum-therapy have opened a new era in the treatment of disease. I will not deal with the historical facts in relation to modern medical methods, but only endeavor to explain how such methods work, and to show why the formerly dreaded epidemic is now looked upon with a lesser degree of anxiety.

We have been naturally curious as to why common diseases such as those in childhood,—mumps, measles, whooping cough, and others—occur but once in our lives, while many others as pneumonia and typhoid, occur as often as exposure and suitable conditions permit. By the way, let us diverge here, to note a fallacy especially common in rural districts. It has been a prevailing idea in many sections that persons should subject themselves to exposure to the common childhood diseases, and “get them over”, with the purpose of becoming immune from all future attacks. Every disease is followed generally by organic derangements and weaknesses, so that it is a regrettable mistake, and one contrary to the laws of public health, that such persons should ever expose themselves to those diseases.

Man is susceptible to infection from a great variety of micro-organisms, many of which possess little or no pathogenic power for any other animals. Immunity implies such a condition of the body that pathogenic organisms, after they have been introduced, are incapable of causing disease. There are two kinds of immunity—*natural and acquired*. Many individuals are immune to common disease because of inherited qualities, or because of having had the diseases at some period in their life, and as a result have become naturally immune, a condition which will perhaps endure for a life-time. This accounts for the fact that childhood diseases are not recurring. Other instance may be cited where certain individuals are naturally immune to a disease, and yet are carriers of the bacillus which may create great havoc among others. A notable instance of a few years ago is that of "Typhoid Mary" in New York City. Although immune to the disease herself, she caused great trouble wherever she went. Carriers of diseases, however, are now dealt with by public legislation, because they are not considered desirable members of society, and hence we may have little fear in this regard.

Acquired immunity is of two kinds—active and passive. The former is due to the introduction of the products of a particular organism, while the latter is due to the introduction of the blood serum of an actively immunized animal. The term "active" is used because the body cells of the individual immunized, perform the real work of bringing about the immunity. In the case of vaccination with killed (the toxin secretions are contained within the capsule of the organism) or attenuated bacterial bodies, an active immunity is set up in the person vaccinated, his own body cells reacting in such a way to the bacteria introduced that actively immune substances, antagonistic to the bacteria injected, are produced within his body, and exist in considerable quantities in the blood serum. In passive immunity the blood serum of an actively immunized animal is introduced into the blood serum of the person, who thereupon becomes passively immune, although his cells are not concerned with the process. The degree of immunity de-

pendes wholly upon the concentration of immunizing substances, "antibodies", in the serum injected. Passive immunity is of a very temporary nature, and in certain cases, may last only two weeks. It can be maintained only by repeated injections of the serum. It is utilized as a preventative measure, where there is a possibility of infection, as in tetanus or as a curative agent in an acute disease like diphtheria.

Immunizing sera for therapeutic use are of two kinds, and are usually produced in horses. They may be produced by the bacterial bodies themselves, and are called antibacterial sera; or they may be produced by sterile filtrates containing the soluble toxic products of the bacteria, and are known as antitoxins. The former serum acts directly upon the invading micro-organisms, and prepares it for destruction by the body cells, while the latter serum by neutralizing the toxin produced by the bacteria during growth, checks their development, and prevents their multiplication, thus enabling the body cells to destroy the bacteria at their first opportunity. A common example of effective antibacterial serum is that used in the treatment of cerebro-spinal meningitis. The meningococcus does not secrete, in cultures, a true toxin, but there can be prepared in horses by the inoculation of the bacterial bodies, a potent serum, which has proved to be extremely valuable in the treatment of this disease. An example of antitoxin serum is that prepared against diphtheria. Such a serum is produced in horses by the injection of the sterile filtrates from the broth cultures of the diphtheria bacillus. This organism secretes a true soluble toxin, which may be filtered through the finest filter, and retain all its toxic qualities after all microorganisms have been removed. The most important bacterial toxins in practical use, are those of diphtheria and tetanus, and these are the *only true antoxins* in general use.

It might be well at this point to clear up any confusion that might exist in regard to the differences between "sera" and "vaccines". A vaccine is a suspension of killed or attenuated bacteria in some sterile fluid, as a physiological salt solution. (In the case of a disease like smallpox, where no visible microbic agent can be demonstrated, the vaccine is made from the attenuated "virus" which is the living infec-



tious agent). A serum, on the other hand, is the clear yellow residual fluid remaining after the blood has been allowed to clot, and all the capsules, and fibrin have separated out, hence it contains only those reaction products of the animal to the bacteric or toxin injected, that make it a fit agent for use against the organism that produced it. Vaccines find their greatest usefulness as preventative agents, while antitoxins are of great value as both curative and preventative agents.

Many theories have been advanced in order to give a scientific explanation for immunity, but in reality only two of them stand the test today. The "Phagocytotic Theory" advanced by Mitchnikoff 1883, stated that certain white corpuscles—amoeba-like phagocytes—engulf and destroy bacteria, Ehrlich, in 1906, published his "Chemical or Side-chain Theory," which seeks to explain immunity in the basis, that chemical substances in the body may in part destroy pathologic organisms, or in part neutralize their products. This latter theory is generally accepted today, and explains immunity from many discoveries, while in other the phagocytes play a large part.

The chemical theory rests on three fundamental physiological principles: (1) the response of the cells to stimuli, (2) the presence within the cells of specific chemical groups, called "receptors," which combine with the chemical stimuli, and thus enable them to act in the cell, and (3) the "overproduction" activity of the cells.

It is a fundamental fact that cells respond to stimuli of various types; chemical stimuli are well illustrated by the action of enzymes in the digestion of food materials. A stimulus of proper intensity incites the cell to increased activity, hence increased activity shows itself in increased production, of whatever is called forth by the chemical stimulus. Since chemical action implies the reaction of at least two bodies it is assumed that in every cell affected, and there must be a chemical group to unite with the group of this stimulus. These groups are technically named "receptors". Since the chemical stimuli cause an increased production of the particular substances called forth, the particular product is these

cell receptors, with which the chemical may unite. Cells ordinarily respond by reacting to a particular response more than is actually called forth by that stimulus, and as a result there is always an overproduction of activity. In this case, this means an increased production of the specific chemical substance over and above the amount actually needed. An over-accumulation of such cell products is followed by a normal excretion of these products into the surrounding lymph, by which means they reach the blood stream, and are retained for a time. The receptors produced in excess become "free receptors" in the blood, and these are the *antibodies* which are formed to combat the invading microorganisms—the kind of antibodies, depending upon the nature of the stimulus,—the substance introduced. Thus, as a natural conclusion, we are enabled to understand more readily how enzymes, antitoxins, and antivenom secretions are produced in the bodies of animals.

In taking a retrospective glance at the conditions of public health, we can readily see that we have made great progress, and society has been greatly benefitted. Less than fifty years ago, when an epidemic broke out whole communities were threatened and thousands died. Today with our great knowledge and ability to cope with these combating forces, much valuable life is preserved. What a great economic factor to a nation, or to individuals to have public health maintained, and what greater enjoyment and increased opportunities there are for us all! Truly we may say that the triumph of modern scientific medicine is a miracle.

—A. E. W. '23.

## FOOD POISONING

ALTHOUGH, during the last two or three years, poisoning by wood alcohol has become one of the most popular pastimes of the human race, and has been accorded suitable space in the columns of our newspapers, yet we still find, occasionally, an item inserted on an inside page in small type, telling of deaths or sickness from the eating of infected foods. Invariably, the item bears such headlines as: "Four Deaths from Ptomaine Poisoning" or "Ptomaine Claims Victims in London." During the last century, all the disorders of the human digestive apparatus, the origin of which could not be ascribed to over-eating or other known cause, have been classed as ptomaine poisoning or appendicitis: the latter for those who could afford an expensive operation, the former for those who could not. In fact, so common has the word "ptomaine" become in connection with food poisoning, and such a hideous aspect has it assumed in the minds of most people, that they shudder when they hear it. It is only recently that champions have arisen to wage war on behalf of the ptomaine, and by scientific investigation have shown that these compounds are not as bad as they have been painted.

The ptomaines are poisonous basic compounds formed during the putrefaction of fish, meat and the animal products which contain proteins, and it is to the presence of ptomaines that the poisonous action of such putrid matter is due. However, the poisonous action of ptomaines has been much exaggerated. They *are* poisonous when injected into the veins of animals; scientists in the early part of the 19th century, found that such experiments often caused death. So it was naturally assumed that a similar result would ensue, if the ptomaines were taken into the body through the mouth, and hence, it came about that food poisoning in general was ascribed to ptomaines.

Scientific investigation has shown that such an assumption is unfounded. Ptomaines are not formed until the organic matter is in an advanced stage of putrefaction, under



which conditions the food would be offensive in appearance, taste and odor. In most cases of food poisoning, the food shows no signs of putrefaction at the time of eating. Moreover, many ptomaines can be eaten without producing any ill effects. Feeding experiments have been performed on dogs, using such ptomaines as neurine, methylamine, cadaverine, etc. With cadaverine no ill effects whatever were shown; with neurine, it required ten times as much to produce death by feeding, as by injection into the blood. If in addition to these facts, we consider that the symptoms produced by taking ptomaines into the body through the mouth, are different from those found in ordinary food poisoning, we can easily see that we have not sufficient evidence against Friend Ptomaine to pronounce him "Guilty."

The more modern theory of food poisoning is as follows. Before being eaten, the food is attacked by certain bacteria, by whose action certain poisoning substances known as toxins are formed. Each toxin is produced by its own special bacterium and each has its own physiological effects. In 1888 Gaertner, a German scientist, investigated several cases of food poisoning (one fatal) resulting from eating the flesh of a cow, suffering from enteritis, when it was killed. He was successful in isolating a definite bacillus, both from the victim of the poisoning, and from the organs of the cow. By later investigations, similar bacilli have been isolated in a large number of cases of food poisoning, and there is no longer any question but that the cause of such cases can be ascribed to these minute organisms.

There are various ways in which the food may become contaminated with these bacteria. As in the case cited above, the source may be the meat or milk of a diseased animal. Small animals or insects may act as disease carriers. Mice are subject to a disease known as *mouse typhoid*, the bacilli of which may remain in the animal's intestines long after recovery. The bacillus is productive of disease in man, and no doubt much food infection originates from such a source. It is scarcely necessary to mention the common house-fly as an ideal carrier of disease. Flies have been known to carry the *Bacillus enteritidis* (that isolated by Gaertner) for at least

seven days, and in that time to have ample opportunity to infect foods later consumed by human beings. An eminent doctor, at a conference of State Health Officials of New York, meeting in November, 1920, declared that "ptomaine poisoning as such does not exist, but that food poisoning in the modern sense of the word is due chiefly to infection of foods by disease carriers."

It is interesting to notice the kinds of food most liable to contamination by the bacteria. Out of 112 cases of food poisoning, 90 were caused by eating fish foods, and 16 of the others were from animal products or foods prepared from animal products as milk, cream, ice cream, etc. Prepared meat foods, with large content of jelly, afford a most suitable place for the cultivation of any bacteria with which the meat may have become infected. Thus we see the need of a high standard of cleanliness where meat foods are being prepared.

In view of the above facts, we must discard the old theory of poisoning from putrefying flesh foods, and rather seek to remove from our midst these small pests which act as carriers of bacteria, as well as the larger pests, namely, those manufacturers of prepared foods who do not enforce cleanliness within their plants, or take other necessary precautions to insure the production of a wholesome commodity.—H.S.T. '22.



## NATIONAL AND CULTURAL VALUE OF BIOLOGY

IT seems timely to consider the national and cultural values of Biology since all the sciences are being called upon to render all possible aid in the development of material and intellectual resources. *Biologists* realize the important points of contact between the science of biology and human welfare, but this relation is not *generally* appreciated. *This* is borne out by the fact that an increasing number of a practical turn of mind are being attracted to the physical sciences because such training seems more obviously to be definitely connected with practical activities of various kinds. These sciences are to be congratulated upon having established the connection in such a manner that the general public can appreciate it. This has not been accomplished by slighting the fundamentals but by clearly showing that the fundamentals *must* underlie all rational practise. Failure to establish this connection in the case of biology means that it is in danger of being regarded by the general public, and by students who simply record opinions, as the least practical of the sciences.

The impression has arisen chiefly on account of the fact that two aspects of science are generally known: "pure" and "applied." There is little general appreciation of the vital connection between these two phases of biology. Not only does the distinction exist in the public mind, but it is intensified and supported by published statements from colleges and universities. The distinction seems to indicate *pure* science is of no material value to mankind; and that *applied* science ministers to our needs. The valuation of the public therefore, is based upon apparent material output. In other words, pure science only knows things, which applied science knows how to *do* things. Since the modern community believes chiefly in doing things, pure science appears useless and the reaction of the sentiment upon the cultivation of the pure science is obvious.

Let us for awhile consider some of the contributions of biology to education by taking the biologist as a living ex-



ample of the *cultural* value of biology and indicating his distinctive cultural characteristics.

Enthusiasm and intense concentration characterizes his work. He desires no vacation except for "bug hunting" and collecting. His idea of a good time is to have a day off for work with his microscope. He is a biologist because that tendency within him is irresistible. He feels that he was born for that work and that work alone. In a peculiar sense he has devoted himself to one particular subject which seems to him the great central source from which all others radiate. This very enthusiasm and concentration may be said to have its dangers for it is liable to destroy the sense of perspective and proportion. Intense devotion to work as a fine thing, has cultural value if properly off set by a true sense of proportion, but the effect is otherwise if the concentration creates an indifference toward the rest of the universe. But, after all, concentration and apparent narrowness are by no means characteristic of biologists and can very probably be ascribed to the weakness of human nature rather than to the influence of biology.

A second quality which is more truly distinctive of the biologist is to be found in his powers of observation and imagination. Other sciences also develop both of these faculties; but in a peculiar sense, the *living* world is an eternal challenge to the powers of observation and constructive imagination. Men, women and children will watch without weariness the movements of living things when they could not be induced to study the pictures of them. Many of the higher animals show great curiosity with regard to moving objects, which same objects would remain unnoticed if perfectly still. The popularity of moving pictures is due to the fact that the movements make the pictures live. And even when we are older grown and have learned a little about the "mechanism of life" do we not find our curiosity, admiration, and wonder ever increasing rather than diminishing? Can we not all say that the living world is an intense stimulus to the faculties of observation and imagination?

Biology occupies an unique place among all the sciences in its development of aesthetic appreciation. The student,

even when first introduced to biology, is thrilled by the beauty, the fitness, the mystery of organisms and no scientific explanation of this beauty, fitness, and mystery can destroy the aesthetic appreciation which they bring forth in his nature. With the aesthetic appreciation of nature there is associated a marked sympathy for all living things. We can appreciate the feelings of that student who said that before he studied biology he used to try to crush the earthworms on the walks, but since that he had become familiar with their marvellous structures and habits he carefully avoided injuring them. As Darwin so beautifully says:

“There is a grandeur in this view of life with its several powers having been breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one, and that whilst this planet has gone circling on according to the first law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.”

Biology has rendered no small contribution to culture. A true knowledge of life is a true education, an emancipation in the fullest meaning of the word.

First among all these contributions stands the emancipation of man from various forms of bondage. Biological science has to a large extent freed civilized man from *slavery to environment*; it has practically annihilated time and space, it has taught us how to utilize the great resources of nature and to a large extent it has given into our hands the control of our destiny on this planet.

The contributions of biology to civilization are not generally regarded as equal to those of physics, chemistry or engineering, and yet they are many and great and are constantly increasing in importance. Indeed, the debt of civilization to biology is absolutely incalculable, as may be appreciated when one merely mentions some of the biological sciences, as for example, agriculture, animal breeding, bacteriology, experimental medicine, pathology, parasitology, sanitation, and so on.

Perhaps the highest service of biology to culture has been in the emancipation of the mind: in freeing men from the

bondage of superstition and ignorance, helping man to *know himself*. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

The greatest contribution to intellectual emancipation has been the doctrine of evolution, that great theory which has revolutionized all our thinking with regard to man and his relations to nature. And evolution is the distinctive contribution of biology to civilization, for it was in respect to the living world and especially the human realm that the doctrine of evolution came as the great emancipation from superstition and ignorance. The greatest theme of evolution is not the origin of species, nor even the origin of living things, but rather *the oneness of all life*.

Biology has changed our whole point of view as to nature and man, and therefor must be ranked among the greatest of the sciences because of its national and cultural influences.

— W. O. C. '24.

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## SYNTHETIC RUBBER PRODUCTION

MORE and more the tendency to become independent of the plant and animal products as found in nature has asserted itself until at the present time we find many substances in existence which have never been found in organic life, as well as many other substances which though found in nature in an impure or weak form have been prepared in laboratories in such a concentrated form that the use of the extracted product as found in nature has been discontinued. Chief among the latter class are the synthesis or building up of indigo, certain medicines, and anaesthetics, and also the preparation of rubber for various purposes by synthesizing it from simpler compounds which either occur in plentiful quantities or are easily prepared.

As the war continued, Germany's supplies of rubber became exhausted, due to the British blockade of German ports and those of countries which export rubber. Accordingly German scientists endeavored to prepare rubber in the laboratory from materials, the supply of which they controlled.



They were comparatively successful in their researches, but were often hindered by diplomatic difficulties occasioned by the displeasure of rubber importers, a history of which was presented to the Bureau Association of Berlin by Dr. Fuesberg, leading research chemist in synthetic products.

The fact that the manufacture of artificial rubber is possible is not new for it was first made by Fritz Hoffman in 1913. He made rubber by heating two complex organic compounds, resembling the compounds of the series having properties similar to those of benzene, continually for several months, with the result that his final product showed the chemical actions and some of the properties of caoutchouc, or natural rubber.

This synthetic product was used as a rubber substitute, or as an adulterant of natural rubber when caoutchouc, was selling at thirty marks per kilo. But when the price dropped to four marks per kilo, the new process was given up because of the expense entailed in carrying it out. Undaunted by one failure to produce the commercial product, a new process was developed and tried out but also abandoned. It consisted of treating acetone with an oxide of aluminum (composed of the metal and oxygen) so as to form a complex hydro carbon like one of those prepared in 1910 by Fritz Hoffman.

By 1910 these methods had been pretty well forgotten but the demands for rubber increased to such an extent from that time that attention was once more directed toward artificial rubber processes, meanwhile the aluminum used in the form of an oxide as catalyzer in the acetone treatment had become as scarce as acetone, which was used in immense quantities in the manufacture of explosives. Accordingly the German scientist's first problem was to secure aluminum and acetone. They secured aluminum by putting up three plants in Germany for smelting of the aluminum ores which are found in Germany and acetone was extracted from putrid potatoes. The method used to make acetone from potatoes was to subject them to the action of *bacillus macerans* which set up a fermentation yielding approximately two parts of ethyl alcohol to one of acetone. Then once having their aluminum and acetone it was possible by the method mentioned above to prepare rub-

ber. However, when this process was treated to see if it could be used on an industrial basis, it was found that the bacillus was too sensitive and would not stand the variable conditions of industrial processes and on that account the process was given up.

The next attempt was made by a group of scientists who started with calcium carbide by treating it with water to produce the common acetylene gas, then by forming an oxide from it by means of oxygen and a substitute to hasten the process, thereby converting the acetylene into acetaldehyde, a liquid similar to acetic acid in molecular formula and also having some of the latter's properties. This in turn was again treated with oxygen or air in the presence of a reaction—hastening to form acetic acid—this process was carried on at Shawinigan Falls in Quebec on a large scale during the war.

This process was then coupled with the processes used in the manufacture of aluminum so as to produce aluminum oxide and acetone—the solvent used by the Prest-o-lite company in preparing the cylinders of acetylene used on Ford cars. This then enabled the manufacturers to commence rubber making.

This satisfactory result was not pleasing to the rubber importers as they would have to lower their prices, increase the value of the product, and suffer a good deal of competition, moreover they argued that the artificial compound was not rubber, that it absorbed gases from the air, and that it gave trouble in the vulcanizing process. The difficulty was overcome by the addition of piperidin, a substance made from one of the distillation products of bone-oil or coal tar by treating it with metallic sodium and alcohol, and some other ingredients in very small proportions, thereby improving the artificial product to such an extent that it is equal to the natural material and for purposes of insulation even stronger. This latter property made it especially good for use in accumulator-boxes or condensers of U-boats. The soft rubber was not yet perfect and resembled leather at ordinary temperature, it being elastic only at temperatures around 300° 300° C. This defect was remedied by adding two other compounds, very valuable and of very complex organic nature,

one related to tolulene (a distillation product of coal-tar) and the other to aniline, the compound used in making dyes.

In the improved condition the rubber is used for making tires for heavy motor vehicles and for certain parts of dentist's work. One of the German plants can now supply 2000 tons per year, which is about an eighth of the amount needed.

Meanwhile scientists have continued their researches and have made isaprene, one of the compounds used in the Hoffman process, from acetylene and acetone, thereby enabling that process to have such a promising aspect that it is considered to be of commercial value. —W. B. McK. '23.





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## Editorial



MANY times during the last few years, as we lounged about our rooms or other places where men "oft do congregate," we have listened with interest to hectic discussions concerning the value to the student of this or that phase of the curriculum. Nor have such arguments or impromptu debates always held themselves strictly confined to the work which the board of governors require before they sell us our parchment, but they have branched out very often to the extra-curriculum duties, both as to their content and management, and it is the consensus of opinion with regard to the question of debating, gleaned from hours of verbal battles, that I am endeavoring to express in the few lines that follow.

The first word is purely for home consumption, and it is this, that the interclass debates of the past season, as far as the boys were concerned, were not up to the standard that has ruled in the two preceding years. This is perhaps a poor time for criticism in view of the fact that, if anyone should

be so adventurous as to read this, they will forget all about it by the time next years schedule rolls around, but obviously we could not criticize before the debates took place, so this seems to be the only opportunity. There were several tendencies very evident this year which are not in the best interest of effectively debating. One was the habit of using very many, and very full notes. Debating is not merely a course in English composition, it is designed to prepare the debater for public speaking, and we all know that nothing is more detrimental to the effects of any public address than to have half of it read to the audience. Let the debater bring to the platform with him an outline of his points, *if he must*, but it is far more preferable to have him come with all of his subject in his head rather than in his hands. Second, there has been a noticeable increase in the amount of prompting that has served to carry the debaters over the rough spots. There is nothing that can detract very much more from the force of a speech than to have the listeners reminded about every three minutes that the speaker, who is supposed to be intelligently *discussing* a question, is merely reciting from a manuscript that someone else may have written. There is one very easy way to overcome this fault, and that is by a more thorough preparation. Half learned speeches are the cause of most of the faults of delivery and the less of them we have the better. There are other things, among them the lack of strong clear cut rebutting which strikes at the heart of your opponents position, but space restrains us.

Second in order comes the question of how valuable this sort of work really is to the student. Is debating really worth the time that it takes? To this question we would answer a loud and decided "yes." Look if you will, for a moment at the great outstanding problems of the present day, the Irish trouble, the efforts to bring about disarmament, the Immigration problem, the conflict of labor and capital, and the fundamental necessity that we see blazoned on the forefront of each and every one of these questions is expressed in the word TOLERATION, the ability and the willingness to see the other man's position and to understand his point of view as well as our own.



Nor is the need observed solely in matters of larger portent. Like the poor, it is something that we have always with us. During the last election the shocking truth was impressed upon us all that even in our colleges, *supposedly* the intellectual centres of the country, we had practically as much pig-headed bigotry, and inherited party politics as any backwoods settlement. We are quite aware that in modern terms, "people who reside in a vitrified domicile should not hurl missiles of a calcareous nature" but I am here cringing under the shelter of that editorial "WE."

Another pest that is affecting the human race at the present time, due solely to a lack of this quality of Toleration, is the man who is "out to buck authority". He doesn't stop to consider the reasons for the action of the man higher up. He doesn't try to look at the matter in the light of the group good. If it cuts across his path in any way or restricts what HE considers to be HIS personal liberty he is out to fight it. This is a free country, we are told, and criticism of our superiors is always in order, if they are overstepping their functions, but let such criticism, both in college and out, be thoughtful and constructive, in a spirit of tolerance, rather than the mere blind censure of constituted authority that we are so apt to hear.

Now Toleration is after all largely a habit of thought, and we believe that debating more than any course that we take in college, with the possible exception of economics, tends to develop this habit of studying both sides of the question, for the other side of the debate is *forced* on our attention whether we wish to see it or not.

Moreover, debating, if it is done thoroughly, is wonderful training in selecting from a mass of material, of facts, figures, and opinions, with which we are often going to be faced in life, the real basic factors, in gleaning the gold from the dross, of grasping fundamentals and passing by the trivialities. For these two reasons alone, aside from the training in public speaking and the other advantages that are often claimed for debating, we believe that it is well worth the time that it takes. It has been therefore with great interest that we have watched the forming of the Girls Intercollegiate



Debating League which became a reality largely through the efforts of Miss Warren, who is this year leading the Acadia Co-ed Team, which will meet the representatives of Mt. Allison on March 16.

And this brings us to our last word, namely a plea for more Intercollegiately debating among the men. Our idea of the way to bring this about would be to adopt the double debating system as it is employed in the States. By this plan each college has a team supporting both the Affirmative and the Negative of the resolution, a debate taking place at each of the contesting Universities on the same night. This would naturally lead to a great deal more interest in Interclass debating as there would be six positions open on Intercollegiate teams, instead of three as at present. The present cycle of debates in the Maritime League will be completed next year, and we believe that the adoption of this system would be a move in the right direction, even though our own method may be backed by years of tradition.

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We are publishing in this issue poems by Horace E. Read and T. A. Meister (Literary Editor of the Athenaeum 1920-21) both of the class of '21. Our thanks is herewith extended to these Acadia men who by these contributions show that they still have a deep interest in their alma mater.

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We also note with pleasure the increase in poetic competition. We have felt heretofore that the latent poetic ability Acadia has not been fittingly represented in the columns of the Athenaeum. The response from the Freshmen class is also to be commended. Material of relatively high value was submitted this month, and we are publishing a story and poem which compare favorably with those produced by the upper classes.

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In reply to criticism as to awards, it must be remembered that these are based on the material *as it reaches us*. It may sometimes occur that a poem or story may be so improved by even slight editing that it will compare favorably with, or even seem to surpass in quality, that which obtained first

place. It is obvious that such editing *must* be done for the maintenance of our standard. It is only fair, however, to add that this editing is not, generally speaking, of a very strenuous nature.

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## SEMINARY NOTES

JACK Frost is out in all the stinging glory of snow storms. Acadia's Seminary in the month of February has greeted him with a cheery salute of recitals and good times.

On February 3rd, 1922, the Faculty recital was held in the Baptist Church.

Piano Solo:

- (a) Nocturne C sharp minor ..... *Chopin*
- (b) The Swan ..... *Palmgren*
- (c) Czardas ..... *MacDowe*

Miss Bonnett

Soprano Soli:

- (a) L'Heure
- (b) Aria "DelViene non tardar," from "Le Nozza di Figaro" ..... *Mozart*

Miss Bridges

Mrs. Clark at the piano.

Reading:

- "Guinivere" ..... *Tennyson*

Miss Whidden

Violin Solo:

- (a) Hungarian Dance No. 5 in G minor.
- (b) Poem ..... *Fibick-Kubelik*
- (c) Tempo di Minuetto ..... *Pugnani-Kreisler*

Miss Langley

Miss Gay at the piano

## Reading:

"Rosa"—a story in Italian dialect.....*Anon*

Miss Whidden

## Soprano Soli:

(a) The Nightingale and the Rose ..*Rimsky-Korsakoff*

(b) Sunset in the desert .....*Gertrude Ross*

(c) From the Hills of Dream .....*Cecil Forsythe*

(d) Rain .....*Pearl Curran*

Miss Bridges

*God save the King*

The Pierian Society is taking its customary helpful place in the life of the Seminary.

On the twenty-eight of January, Dr. Cutten gave an excellent address on "Habit".

The music department of Acadia Seminary is still expressing itself in efforts of merit. The pupils' recital was given February fourth where the following program was rendered:

## P R O G R A M

Fairy Polka .....*Spindler*

Gertrude Phinney (Wolfville, N. S.)

Fairly Caught .....*Diehl*

Dorothy Duff (Carbonear, N. F.)

Evening Song .....*Porter*

Evadna James (Stewiacke, N. S.)

Punishment of Robert .....*Mr. Nesbit*

Frances Corning (Yarmouth, N. S.)



Canzonetta .....	<i>Bertini</i>
Marion Eaton (Wolfville, N. S.)	
The Ruggles' Xmas Dinner .....	<i>Kate Douglass Wiggin</i>
Alice McLeod (Amherst, N. S.)	
Albumolatt .....	<i>Wieh Nayer</i>
Carrie Courteen (Bay Roberts, N. F.)	
(a) Rose in the Bud .....	<i>Forster</i>
(b) A Bowl of Roses .....	<i>Clark</i>
Olivia Hammont (Kentville, N. S.)	
The Lie .....	<i>Anon</i>
Minnie Alward (Moncton, N. B.)	
Souvenir .....	<i>Vieuxtemps</i>
Joyce Clark (Kentville, N. S.)	
Dause des Elfes .....	<i>Supellinkoff</i>
Mary Eagles (Grand Pre, N. S.)	
Enchantress .....	<i>Hatton</i>
Frances De Wolfe (Wolfville, N. S.)	

On Saturday evening, Jan. 28th, a play entitled, "Three Pills in a Bottle" was presented by the member of the Department of Expression under the direction of Misses Smallman and W. Widden. The parts were all well taken. The proceeds were for the Henry Burton DeWolfe Memorial Fund. A generous sum was realized.

On February 18th, another musical programmes was presented by students of the Conservatory which represented the work of all grades. These Saturday evening musicals are of great value in training pupils in public performing.

The programme was as follows:—

- Along the Way ..... *D'Arnal*  
Greta Rose (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Song Without Words ..... *Tschaikowski*  
Mary Moir (Halifax, N. S.)
- Rondo ..... *Green*  
Ethel Ingraham (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Fairly Caught ..... *Diehl*  
Dorothy Duff (Carboniar, N. F.)
- L'Avalanche ..... *Heller*  
Warrior's Song ..... *Heller*  
Minnie Giffin (Halifax, N. S.)
- Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm ..... *Kate Douglas Wiggin*  
Adelaide Haley (St. Stephen, N. B.)
- Colombine Minuet ..... *Delahaye*  
Margaret Cochrane (Sydney, B. C.)
- Sonatina ..... *Dvorah*  
Myra Alcorn (New Horton, N. B.)
- Danny ..... *Anon*  
Helen Starr (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Vanya's Song ..... *Stritzman*  
Elsie Smiley (Wolfville, N. S.)
- Wedding Day at Trolldhaugen ..... *Grieg*  
Miriam Coit (Wolfville, N. S.)

- Neber No. Mo' ..... *Anon*  
                   Minnie McLean (Hopewell, N. S.)
- Liebesfreud ..... *Kreisler*  
                   Mary Lusby (Amherst, N. S.)
- Marche Militaire Op. 51, No. 1..... *Schubert Tausig*  
                   Eileen Wilson (Fredericton, N. B.)
- The Barrel Organ ..... *Alfred Noyes*  
                   Frances Coy (Upper Gagetown, N. B.)
- Rigaleto Paraphrase ..... *Listz*  
                   Miriam Bancroft (Annapolis Royal, N. S.)
- Gavotte from Peer Gynt Suite ..... *Greig*  
                   Ensemble Class
- God Save The King.

On Tuesday, February fourteenth, the Seminary girls discarded their years and once more became children dressed ready for a valentine party, with their best party dresses, flowing locks crowned with great bows. Games of the long ago enabled us to pass a most enjoyable evening.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 11th, Mrs. Gladys Vaughn Duffy gave a lecture to the Pierian Society, taking as her subject, "Little Known Roumania". The lecturer dealt with the ancient history, politics, manners and customs of the people, as well as their more recent history since the war. Personal experiences introduced her and there added charm to a most interesting lecture. The thanks of the Pierian Society are due to Mrs. Duffy for her great kindness.



## DAWNING.

Flush of wild-rose in the dawn-clouded east,  
Flame of the sun on the silver dew,  
Swift kisses of fire entangled in lace,  
Where the fairies spin cobwebs of rainbow hue.

Cobwebs and prisms and white bridal veils,  
Tangling the grass in star-mist of glory,  
Catching the flame of the fallen leaves,  
Then dancing away, half-smiling, half-sorry.

A belated, wee robin athrill in the west,  
Athrill with the flame of the dawning far-flung;  
Athrill with riotious gladness of living,  
Athrill with his home and his mate and his young!

Mosaic of woodland in black shadow-carving,  
Like giant forefingers spearing the clouds,  
Hills of gold glory, awakening from slumber,  
And smiling away their sombre night shrouds.

Vanishing castles in crumbling rose-glory,  
Shadows of fairy-wings trembling in dew,  
Hope, courage, faith and youth eternal.  
This is the dawning—its rainbow hue!

E. A. W. A. L. S. '22.

## ACADEMY NOTES

THE first event of importance to take place this term was the Senior sleigh drive. On the evening of January 14, at 6.30 p. m., the "grave old Seniors," accompanied by Mr. Baker, left for Canning.

"After much song and merriment, we arrived at our destination. We went at once to the rink, where we remained until 10 p. m. Next, we proceeded to the Canning Café, and here a wonderful repast was served. It was now 11 p.m., the sleigh was at the door, the "feed" was over, and so, with much cheering, we started for Wolfville.

The night was all that could be desired. The moon shone down in all its splendor upon the gay crowd. Before returning to the Academy, however, the Sems were serenaded with our yell.

---

The Academy Hockey Team played the Canning Team on January 18. The team, accompanied by many rooters, drove to Canning. The Academy was victorious, defeating Canning by a score of 5-3. The Academy line-up was as follows:—

Goal—C. Coldwell,  
Defence—R. MacLean (Capt.),  
R. Wing—A. Tupper, M. Mellish,  
L. Wing—G. Rand,  
Centre—C. Morrison,  
Subs.—O. Pritchard.

Although our Basket-ball Team is a good one, it has met many reverses this year. We played the Halifax Academy in the Halifax "Y" on January 27. Our team was defeated by a score of 51-9. While our men were in Halifax, they were entertained at the homes of the members of the Halifax Team. A fine spirit was shown at the game, for the work done by our team was applauded as much as that of the Halifax Team.

A return game was played February 4th, when we were again defeated by a score of 58-15. Both defeats were due to the lack of combination on the part of our men.

The Academy line-up was as follows:—

Forwards—G. Sprague (Capt.), A. Tupper,  
Centre—R. D. Johnson,  
Guards—O. Pritchard, F. Crossman,  
Spares—M. Mellish, C. Allaby, V. Tuttle.

Mr. Ernest H. Clark, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, was entertained at the Academy residence from February 11 to 14.

In place of our regular Bible Class, which is conducted by Dr. Archibald, Mr. Clark led the class on Sunday, Feb. 12.

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The work of our "Y" is being admirably carried on by Mr. H. Spinney. The meetings are well attended and the students take a prominent part.

During the month the boys have enjoyed inspiring addresses by Dr. Archibald, Dr. DeWolfe, Dr. MacDonald, Rev. E. S. Mason, Rev. G. W. Miller, Mr. Prime, Mr. Elgee and Mr. Vincent.

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On February 14, a very fast and interesting game of hockey was played on home ice with the "Sydney Nineteen". It was a very close game from start to finish, but the Academy won by a score of 4-2. Lewis, goal tender for Sydney, and Morrison, centre for the Academy, were the stars of the evening. P. Higgins, goal tender for the home team, made some remarkable stops.

At about 10.10 p. m. on Tuesday 14, word was received at the Academy residence that Kent Lodge was on fire. A number of students started off for the scene of the conflagration, in the hope that they might be of service. The boys, on their arrival, immediately set to work, and before the flames did much damage, they had most of the furnishings safely deposited on the other side of the road.



The fire was extinguished about two o'clock and although the "Lodge" was hopelessly gutted, the neighboring buildings were saved.

WM. FORGEY, A. C. A., '22.

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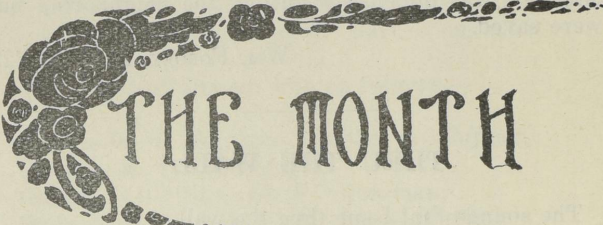
### THRU THE WALL

The sounds that issue thru the wall  
Are miscellaneous  
The boards don't hinder them at all—  
They're instantaneous  
Hear Messrs. Rafuse and Spidell  
O pine, debate and argue,—well  
The words of both, if I may tell,  
Are simultaneous.

And on the other side, McLeod,  
Of Scotch descent,  
Cusses, both angrily and loud  
(When not content,)  
Protractors, compasses and rules  
And half a dozen other tools  
Invented by some crazy fools  
With bad intent.

Oh! how I wish that I could sit  
In isolation,  
And get my homework really fit  
For examination.  
No sound would pierce the thin board wall,  
Except the monitor's rising call,  
Or some poor fellow's lusty bawl

A. D. F., A. C. A.

A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose on the left, with various leaves and smaller flowers extending to the right, framing the title.

# THE MONTH

THE activities of the various classes have been more or less curtailed during the past month and the examination period has intervened since our last issue. They are of major significance to the Seniors and Freshmen: for the latter their first exam period is the test, by which they are permitted to continue their college course or are "discharged as unfit"; the former are brought face to face with a deeper realization of the nearness of the end.

In spite of the "plugging" that must necessarily form a part of college life, the rink, and the pursuit of various other winter sports still have their ardent supporters. The band is excelling itself and its presence at rink or gym is always a big attraction.

From exams we turn our attention to hockey, basketball, and the debating leagues of both men and women, the outcome of which, we await with keenest interest.

## CLASS ACTIVITIES.

### SENIORS.

The annual skating party of '22 is one of the most eagerly awaited events of the year. This year it was scheduled to be held on Feb. 3, and everything was in readiness when a sudden change of weather necessitated other plans. The movies seemed to be the only alternative, presenting a wild west scene with far more thrills than one could obtain from two hours skating. This over, the grave and dignified seniors journeyed up the hill to the home of Ella Warren, Vice-

President of the class who so generously provided a bounteous repast for this throng half famished as a result of the long slippery climb. '22 has seldom had the pleasure of enjoying such "eats". We fear that their reputation of dignified bearing was at stake on several occasions. Musical numbers and readings by different members of the class added to the merriment of the evening. The party broke up at a late hour, after giving a rousing good cheer as a token of their appreciation.

## JUNIORS.

Monday evening, February 30th, found the Juniors well away for Kentville on their annual sleigh drive. A gripping tale of the north entertained them for part of the evening and on the return to Wolfville, Hughie's hot chocolate and "what not" contributed their share to the evening's enjoyment. It was a lovely starry night and, even if it was rather cold who says that the Juniors didn't have a jolly time? Prof. and Mrs. Ross and Miss Mackinson said they enjoyed it too.

January 28th, after returning from their Saturday night wanderings the Junior girls gave a farewell party in the club room for Marjory Manning. At first everyone sat before the fire popping corn and toasting marsh-mallows. Then came the big event of the evening—the feed! Whoever had charge of those eats knew what they were doing allright! At rather a late hour the party broke up with "What's the matter with Marj. girls?"

The Junior girls gave a theatre party in honor of the debating teams and the boys who had coached and played basketball with them. The girls wouldn't do things by halves so accompanied by Prof. and Mrs. Borden who proved able chaperones, they called at the Hall for their guests. The boys seemed to need just as long to "fix up" as the girls sometimes do, but finally they arrived at the theatre where the gallery was reserved for them. After ice-cream at Hughie's the boys were rushed back to the Hall since they only had leave until ten thirty (!)



## SOPHOMORES.

On Saturday evening, January 8th, the Sophomore girls defeated the Sophomore boys in a game of basketball. Unfortunately outsiders were not allowed to see it, but we hear it was rather an exciting game. The boys were not downhearted at their defeat if one can judge by the noise they helped the girls make afterwards. at Arthur Brown's. Games and eats were enjoyed here and Tommy Robinson was presented with a leather belt with silver buckle, as a token of appreciation of his splendid services as coach for the girls' team.

The Sophomores had their sleigh drive to Kentville on Friday evening, February 10th. They went to the movies there, and it is rumored that the boys set on one side of the hall and the girls on the other. After the drive home everybody went to Hughie's where hot cocoa, sandwiches, and cake, were enjoyed. Prof. and Mrs. Conant and Miss Mackinson chaperoned the drive.

On Sunday evening, Jan. 8th, Miss Lilla Sterling invited the Sophomores to her home for a sing. The evening was a very pleasant one for all.

## FRESHMEN.

On Friday evening, February 29th, the Freshmen celebrated the end of their first mid year by a sleigh drive to Kentville. (But, Freshmen, why leave some of your own girls at home and take others outside of the class?) The celebration ended with eats at Cecie's. Dr. Rhodenizer and Mr. Russell acted as chaperones.

The Freshmen planned on a jolly party in the club room Valentines' Night, but complications arose and it took place the following night. St. Valentine didn't mind being put off a day if one may judge by the number of cupids, hearts and darts that were in evidence. The party was given in honor of the basketball coach, Cecil Langille, who was presented with a gold stick pin by the captain of the girls' team. One thing can be said for the Freshmen and that is that they know the meaning of good "eats". The rest of the girls in the

tavern can testify to this as they came in for a goodly share of what was left over.

As for the Freshmen sings no one pretends to keep track of them, it is doubtful if they can themselves. However, they did have one at Nowlan's on January 8th; another at Barteaux's, January 29th; and they were supposed to have one at Warren's one stormy night but only the boys turned out to it.

### SING.

What would we do without the delightful sings that Dr. and Mrs. Chute give so often! One of the best of the year was held on the 29th of January. Besides the usual singing around the piano Miss DeWolfe entertained with a solo; Miss Prescott and Miss DeWolfe gave a duet; the quartette sang and then, assisted by Dr. Rhodenhizer, gave another selection.

### PROPYLÆUM.

The Propylæum Society met on January 21st, for the election of officers. Miss Beatrice Phillips was elected President; Miss Edith Davidson, Vice-President; Miss Adaline MacKinnon, Secretary; and Miss Helen Dimock, Teller. An Executive Committee was also appointed to arrange the program for the ensuing term.

### ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

#### THE JUNIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

Another debate in the inter-class league took place Saturday evening, February 11th. The resolution was:—"Resolved that a central college would not be beneficial to higher education in the Maritime Provinces." Brownell, Judge and Prosser upheld the affirmative; MacLean, Marshall and Spidell the negative. The decision was given to the Juniors. "June" Wetmore in his usual witty manner gave the critics report.

## SCIENCE CLUB.

Jan. 11—T. K. Cleveland presented two scientific stories which were followed by discussion as to their possibility and probability. Needless to say this deviation from the regular program resulted in an interesting discussion.

Jan. 18—This meeting falling in the Exam period was given entirely to business matters.

Jan. 25—New officers for the present term were elected as follows:—President, P. L. Judge; Vice-president, T. K. Cleveland; Secretary, G. C. Hicks; Treasurer, R. C. Parker.

Jan. 31—Dr. Kellogg gave an interesting talk on the "Application of Psychology to the Scientific Method." He took up the matters of observation, physical requirements of the scientist, attention, and other phases of equal interest.

Feb. 7—Mr. Cleveland again gave a paper in his usual fascinating style, this time on "The Transmission of Pictures by Wireless." His subject was one of interest to all present, and those fortunate enough to hear the discussion surely profited by it.

Feb. 17—This was a special business meeting. Even business may become so tinged with humor that it passes into the realm of things pleasurable. We surely enjoyed this meeting.

Feb. 21—We were fortunate in having Prof. Rau with us on the 21st. He gave an informal and interesting talk on the "Work of the Oil Scout". We are now better informed as to the methods of Oil prospecting and developing.

We hope to have the pleasure of having Prof. Rau and Dr. Kellogg with us again in the not far distant future.

## FOOTBALL BANQUET.

On Friday, January 13th, the Athletic Association gave a banquet at Acadia Villa Hotel for the football boys. A most wonderful repast was served them thus making up for their weeks of training. After the toasts Dr. Cutten spoke,



giving an outline of the growth of Athletics and foot-ball, emphasizing clean sport and no protest. Mr. Elgee, '22 paid tribute to the excellent work of the team. Dr. DeWolfe gave a very humorous address, and spoke of the tribute paid the team by Mt. A., at the protest in St. John. Dr. DeWitt, Prof. Russell, and Prof. Ross gave short speeches. The evening's enjoyment ended with the College yell and God Save the King.

#### Y. M. C. A. AND S. C. A.

These meetings were not held during exam weeks but before and since they have been an inspiration to all those present.

On January 11th, Mr. Neary conducted the meeting and gave a very interesting talk.

On February 1st, Dr. DeWolfe gave a very helpful address which was greatly appreciated by all.

Mr. Camp led the meeting on February 8th and on February 15th Mr. Hemmeon of the Methodist Church was to address the meeting but was unable to be present. Mr. Corkum conducted the service in his place.

The new officers of the Y. M. C. A. are as follows:—

President—Prosser, '23.

Vice-President—Bannerman, '24

Secretary—Moffat, '25

Treasurer—Morrison, Eng., '23

Devotional Committee—Corkum, '25

Bible Study—Goodwin, '23

Missions—Trites, '25

Social Service—Kempton, '24

Handbook Committee—Wigmore, '23.

New Student—Grimmer, '23.

Fall Camp—Robinson, '24

Ex Officio—Warren, '25; Spidell, '24; Lewis, Eng. '23.

## S. C. A.

The first meeting after Christmas, Jan. 8th, was led by Miss Edith Davison who gave an interesting outline of Fosdick's Idea of the Faith of Jesus.

Sunday, January 29th—This was a most enjoyable meeting. Miss Palmer from the Seminary gave a heart to heart talk on the subject of "God first, others second, yourself third." Miss Palmer was a college girl herself not so long ago so she understood thoroughly how the girls feel and her talk proved a great help to them.

The regular Missionary Meeting of the month was held on February 5th. Marguerita Cutton led the meeting and gave an interesting account of the lives of two of our missionaries.

On February 12th, Mr. Clark, General Secretary of the Student Christian Movement of Canada gave a most interesting talk on "Why we should study Jesus." His little "chat", as he called it, was greatly appreciated by all the girls.

## THEOLOGICAL CLUB.

On February 17th the club was privileged to listen to an address by Rev. E. S. Mason, the superintendent of the United Baptist Home Missions for the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Mason always shows a deep personal interest in the theological students, and his visits to the club are always looked forward to with keen anticipation. Mr. Mason chose for his subject: "The Qualifications for a Successful Minister." As a first essential, he pointed out, of course, that the preacher must himself know God and have a message to deliver. He emphasized especially the development of personality and the deepening of our love for the work and the people to whom we minister.

Another visitor to the club during the months was Rev. S. C. Freeman, B. D., of Parla Kimedi, India. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman are our own missionaries in India who are on furlough, and are spending the winter in Wolfville and vicinity.

Mr. Freeman's address was full of practical thoughts, and he reminded us of the dangers that confront the young minister. His remarks were very timely and our interest in Mr. Freeman and his work will be more intense, because of this personal contact with him.

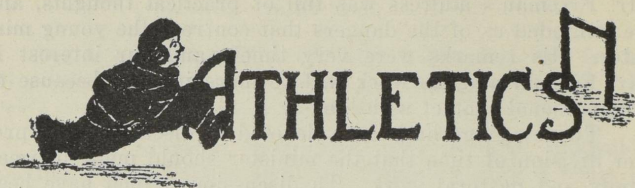
Two evenings have been devoted to discussing the proper division of time that the minister should make between study and pastoral work. The discussions which have been led by the president, Mr. Neary, have been very helpful, and much interest has been evinced.

Other recent speakers have been Mr. Sharp and Mr. Goodwin.

The club extends its sympathy to Mr. J. P. Maskell, West Jeddore, N. S., in the recent death of his father.

Calendars received from Newton Theological Seminary this month, show four members of our last year's club now studying at that institution: Messrs. Lumsden, Brindley, Maxwell, and E. L. Curry; Mr. L. B. Gray, '20, is also a student there. Mr. H. H. Titus, '20 is in the Middle Class at Rochester.





## HOCKEY

## CRESCENTS VS. ACADIA.

Acadia opened her hockey season on January 26th with an exhibition game with the Crescents of Halifax. The ice was in good condition and the play started off with a rush. After about three minutes play in the Crescents' territory, Greig and Holmes got away, the former receiving the pass and scoring the first goal for the visitors. Three minutes more of end-to-end play ensued when Holmes rushed another one in for the Crescents, to be followed shortly by a neat play on the part of Whelan, who brought the tally up to three. In the meantime our boys were working well, featuring some splendid rushes, only to be blocked by sensational play on the part of Hurley, the Crescents' goal-keeper. The first period ended 3—0 in favor of the visiting team.

The second period was even faster than the first, although frequently held up by off-side play. Whelan succeeded in adding another goal to the Crescents' credit after about four minutes' hard play on both sides. The remainder of this period was decidedly in Acadia's favor. After some clever combination, Conrad received a pass from Murray and scored the first goal for the home team. A few minutes later, in a mix-up in front of the Crescents' goal, Conrad again succeeded in getting the puck by, before Hurley could recover. The remainder of this period was characterized by some spectacular individual playing. Clark, for Acadia, went through several times, only to be repeatedly blocked by the wizard in the Crescents' net. Score, 4—2 in favor of the Crescents.

Although the third period started fast, neither team was in condition to keep it up, consequently the play slowed up somewhat before the end of the game. Smith scored the final goal for the Crescents, making the score 5—2, as it stood until the finish.

McDonald, captain of the Crescents' team, was injured during the last period and had to be carried from the ice. The game was clean throughout, one penalty only being awarded. H. Baird handled the game in a satisfactory manner. Line-ups:—

*Crescents*—Goal, Hurley; defense, Bowie, Cushing; centre, Holmes; wings, McDonald (Capt.), Whelan; subs, Greig, Smith, Walsh.

*Acadia*—Goal, Howatt; defense, Murray (Capt.), Clark; centre, Hirtle; wings, Morrison, Conrad; subs, McKay, Anthony, Crowdis.

ACADIA 3; KINGS, 8.

On January 30th, Acadia journeyed to Windsor and went down to defeat before the King's sextet, in a mediocre game played on poor ice. Acadia at the first of the season was confronted with the task of finding a goal tender, and the King's game was lost, due in a large degree to the failure of Acadia's goalies to stop. The game, as far as play was concerned, was about even, with King's having the edge on shooting. Harris, in goal, and Capt. White on the wing put up a splendid game for King's. Score 8 to 3 in favor of King's.

The line-up was as follows:—

*Acadia*—Goal, Howatt, Elderkin; defense, Clark, Murray (Capt.); right wing, Morrison; left wing, Conrad; centre, Crowdis; subs, Mason and McKay.

*King's*—Goal, Harris; defense, Coster, Smith; right wing, White (Capt.); left wing, Gilbert; centre, McCoy.

After the game the Acadia team were entertained by King's.

## U. N. B. vs. ACADIA.

Our old friends and rivals from Fredericton arrived in Wolfville on February 2nd to battle with Acadia in the first game of the Intercollegiate series. The day was wet, too soft for the best hockey, but the enthusiastic crowd which gathered at the rink were not disappointed in seeing a fast and very exciting game.

From the very beginning of the game Acadia forced the play and battered the U. N. B. goal-keeper from all angles. Morrison, for Acadia, was the first to score, getting his chance during a mix up in front of the U. N. B. goal. Less than a minute later, Hirtle took a long shot from centre ice and succeeded in getting another one past McKenzie, who was excelling in U. N. B.'s goal. Repeated rushes from both sides kept the excitement at a high pitch, the goal keepers holding the score down by stopping almost impossible shots. The play of this period was decidedly in Acadia's favor. Score 2—0.

The second period saw no abatement of speed; if anything, the U. N. B. boys made the play still faster. Lounsbury scored the first goal for the visitors by a neat wing-shot. Several minutes later, Morrison, who was playing his position well, again caught McKenzie off his guard and snapped in a rebound, making the score 3—1 in Acadia's favor. Thus it stood until the end of the second period, altho both teams worked furiously to raise it.

In the last period both teams went their limit; the visitors having a slight advantage of the play. Conrad went down the ice, through U. N. B.'s defense, but failed to get through McKenzie. A minute later Morrison again got one in on a lightning wing shot. The boys in Red and Black soon retaliated, and during a mix-up in front of Acadia's goal, Jewett flipped in U. N. B.'s second goal. This was followed shortly by another shot from Fleet, on left wing; making the score 4—3, still in favor of the home team. Both teams continued to play their utmost, but failed to score further. The play was exceptionally clean throughout. All played a good brand



of hockey. Wonnacott, of Halifax, refereed impartially and efficiently. Line-ups:—

*U. N. B.*—Goal, McKenzie; defense, Brennan, Jewett; centre, Fleet; wings, Reid, Lounsbury; subs, Barry, Cain.

*Acadia*—Goal, Elderkin; defense, Clark, Crowdis; centre, Hirtle; wings, Conrad, Morrison; subs, McKay, Mason, Reid.

ACADIA 12; KINGS 5.

On the evening of February 7th Acadia, at Wolfville, showed a complete reversal of form exhibited at Windsor game, and trimmed King's to the tune of 12 to 5. Although it was Acadia's game right through, King's was by no means outclassed, and at times played brilliant hockey. In the last five minutes of play King's "bucked up" and, due largely to the good work of White, brought their score up from two to five.

Elderkin in goal, and Morrison on the wing starred for Acadia, while White and McCoy did good work for King's.

Herman Baird refereed. After the game the King's boys were entertained at a feed at Artie's. The line-up:

*Acadia*—Goal, Elderkin; defense, Clark, Crowdis; centre, Hirtle; wings, Morrison, Conrad.

*King's*—Goal, Harris; defense, Smith, Coster; centre, McCoy; wings, White, Gilbert.

ACADIA 8; MIDDLETON 4.

Acadia defeated the Middleton hockey team in Wolfville on February 9th, score 8 to 4. Owing to mild weather, the ice was rather soft; nevertheless, a fast, clean game was played. After the first ten minutes, when Acadia scored first, the game was never in doubt, although the Valley team worked hard. The Middleton lads, owing to little practice, showed a lack of condition, while condition was Acadia's strong point. The game was featured by the repeated rushes

of "Ike" Fisher, the Middleton captain, who showed remarkable speed. Hirtle played the best game for Acadia.

Baird refereed satisfactorily to both teams. Line-up:—

*Acadia*—Goal, Elderkin; defense, Clarke, Murray; centre, Hirtle; wings, Morrison, Conrad; subs, Mason, McKay, Reid.

*Middleton*—Goal, F. Fisher; defense, A. Fisher, Fraser; centre, Appleby; wings, C. Fisher, Reagh; subs, Cox, Shaw, Moore.

#### MOUNT ALLISON VS. ACADIA.

The final game of the Western Hockey League was played in Sackville on February 16th, between Mt. Allison and Acadia. The ice was in excellent condition and a fast game throughout was witnessed by a full rink of supporters of both teams. Glennie, who starred for Mt. A., scored the first goal after a few minutes play, which was followed shortly by a splendid rush by Clark, who got a fast one in by Appleby, Mt. A.'s efficient goal-keeper. Although Appleby was called upon to stop many good shots, no further score was recorded in this period.

The second period featured the fastest play of the evening; players on both teams making some thrilling rushes. Pickard for Mt. A. carried the puck the length of the ice and passed out to Wyse, who successfully added one to their credit. A few minutes later, Wyse scored another in the same manner. Acadia now "bucked up" and thrilled the on-lookers with some spectacular stick-handling, and bombarded Appleby, who seemed invincible. Before the bell rang for the end of the second period, Glennie broke thru Acadia's defense and brought Mt. A.'s tally up to four, against Acadia's one.

Mt. A. assumed new tactics and decided to hold the game by defensive play, with one of their forwards playing back. As a result, Acadia had the puck in their territory a large part of the time, but could not break through to the nets. Wyse, who seemed always on the job, scored two more for

Mt. A. during this period, making the final score 6—1 in their favor.

Although out-classed by their opponents, the Acadia boys played a hard game throughout, putting up their best fight until the bell stopped the play.

Line-ups:—

*Mt. Allison*—Goal, Appleby; defense, Smith, Taylor; centre, Wyse; wings, Pickard, Glennie; subs, Keith, Elliott, Cane.

*Acadia*—Goal, Elderkin; defense, Clark, Crowdis; centre, Hirtle; wings, Morrison, Conrad; subs, Mason, Reid, McKay.

Keferee, Neil Wilkie, of Halifax.

The game was followed by a banquet given by the Mount Allison A. A. Association.

### INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL.

The inter-class basketball championship for this year goes to the Sophomore Class, who played through the whole season without being defeated. The Seniors and Engineers have not yet played, and so second place in the league is not yet settled. This game will be staged as soon as possible.

First, Sophomores—Won 5, lost 0; tied for second place: Seniors 3, Engineers 3 (one game to play); fourth, Juniors: won 2, lost 3; fifth, Freshmen: won 1, lost 4; sixth, Academy: won 0, lost 5.

The Sophs had a fairly easy time with the Seniors. Their combination was too good for their opponents, and their shooting was far more accurate. The score was 31—16.

The Seniors just saved their game with the Freshmen by a basket in the last half-minute of the game. They had the better of the playing, but were away off in their shooting most of the time. Score 16—15.

The Senior-Academy game was rather slow, and marred by poor shooting and passing on both sides. The Seniors secured a lead at the first and managed to hold it. The game ended 19—11 in their favor.



The Sophomore team work showed many a weak spot in the Junior team, which allowed the champions to shoot practically at will. After the first minute there was little doubt about the outcome of the game. Score 36—9.

The Junior-Engineer game proved a surprise for the fans, when the Engineers came out ahead. The Juniors were entirely off their game, and their shooting was very poor.

The Junior team defeated the Freshmen in a rather one-sided game, which was marred by poor combination and weak shooting by the Freshmen.

The Sophs did not have much trouble with the Academy, although the latter played pluckily up to the last whistle. The Cads did not seem able to cope with the combination of their opponents. The final score was 45—23.

The Freshmen won their only game of the season when they defeated the Academy. This game was quite close and interesting, although the quality of their basketball was none too good.

### BOYS' BASKETBALL.

#### SYDNEY MINES VS. ACADIA.

Our old friend, Jack McDonald, Eng. '21, brought his basketball team down from Sydney Mines for a friendly game with Acadia, which game took place on February 8th. The play started rather slowly, both teams seeming to have difficulty in "getting started". Fumbling and poor shooting spoiled many good chances for scoring. Acadia showed a slight superiority in combination and succeeded in gaining and holding a lead, the score being 16—11 in their favor at the end of the first period.

During the intermission both teams evidently decided to speed the game up and the play of the second period showed some faster and snappier work, culminating in an exhibition of first-class basketball. Although our boys still missed some almost certain shots, they maintained their lead to the end, the final score being 33—24 in their favor. The game was exceptionally clean, and was well handled by Alden Clark and "Rah" Murray, who refereed jointly. Line-ups:—

*Sydney Mines*—Forwards, E. Burchell, B. MacAulay; centre, C. McLean; guard, J. McDonald (Capt.), L. Morrison.

*Acadia*—Forwards, T. Robinson, A. Brown; centre, R. Wigmore; guards, A. Corey, E. Dobson.

TRURO 38; ACADIA 20.

The Acadia basketball team met its first defeat on Feb. 17th, at Wolfville, when it lost to the Truro Y. M. C. A. The game showed much clever basketball, but was marred by rather poor shooting. In combination work the two teams were about equal, but the visitors were much superior in handling the ball and finding the baskets. The play was fast and clean.

Acadia obtained a four-point lead at the start, but Truro soon evened the score. Acadia secured a second lead, 8—4, and lost it. From this time on, Truro led in the scoring, the score at the end of the first period being 18—10. In the second period both teams attempted more shots than in the first, but the shooting on both sides was inaccurate. The Acadia team work became rather ragged for several minutes, and Truro had things their own way. On the few occasions Acadia had the ball, they either fumbled it or missed the basket. Then, half way through the period, the team work tightened, and the college team played some good basketball. It was too late, however, to save the game. Robinson played the best game for Acadia, and Dowden and Cox starred for Truro. The final score was 38—20. The line-up:—

*Truro*—Forwards, Dickie, Cox; centre, Dowden; guard, Bigelow, Wilson.

*Acadia*—Forwards, Robinson, Brown; centre, Wigmore; guards, Corey, Chipman; spare, Dobson.

## GIRLS' INTERCOLLEGIATE BASKETBALL.

In the interest of good sport, Mr. W. H. Chase, of Wolfville, has generously donated a handsome cup, which is to be competed for annually by the Girls' Basketball Teams of Dalhousie, King's and Acadia. This gift is greatly appreciated and its possession will be keenly contested.

## DALHOUSIE VS. ACADIA.

The first game of the Girls' Intercollegiate Basketball Series was played on February 11th, in Acadia's Memorial Gymnasium between Dalhousie and Acadia. During the first part of the game the Acadia girls had the advantage and with some neat team-work gained a few points lead. The visitors soon steadied down somewhat and showed that they had not been playing their best, by evening the score with a few well directed shots. Just before the whistle blew for, half-time, Acadia again gained the lead by scoring on a penalty shot, making the score 19-9 in their favor.

The second period, which started off with a rush, was characterized by some snappy team-work and closer guarding. By slight superiority in shooting, the Dalhousie girls secured a lead which our girls, try as they might, could not quite overtake. The game ended with a score of 21-18 in favor of the visiting team.

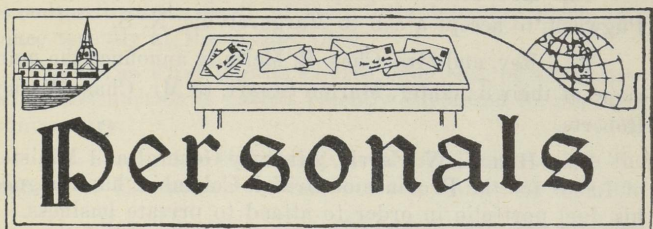
A large and enthusiastic crowd was present and enjoyed a good clean, and exciting game, with band music supplementing the play. Mr. Dawson, of Halifax, pleased all as an impartial referee.

## LINE-UPS.

*Dalhousie*—Forwards, E. Crichton, W. Linton; centres, W. Clarke, M. Mader; guards, E. Archibald, E. Mader. Subs. L. Rundle, C. Hawkins.

*Acadia*—Forwards, I. Murray, H. Archibald; centres, M. Brown, I. MacPhail; guards, H. Freeman, R. Hennigar. Subs., M. Proctor, M. McCurdy.





'65.—We are glad to report that Rev. D. A. Steele, of Amherst, has recovered from his recent illness.

'69.—Rev. Rufus Sanford, Vizianagram, India, has retired from mission work, and is residing with his daughter at that place.

'85.—Rev. J. A. Ford, after a three years' pastorate in American Falls, Idaho, has received a unanimous call to the First Baptist Church, Dayton, Wash.

'86.—Rev. F. H. Beals, of Bedford, has been appointed prsident of the Maritime Association.

'88.—Dr. W. E. Boggs, president of the Theological Seminary at Bimlipatam, India, arrived safely at Bombay, with Mrs. Boggs and party, December 26th.

'91.—Rev. W. N. Hutchins, D. D., of Middleton, N. S., recently underwent an operation for throat trouble.

'91.—We regret that Rev. D. H. McQuarrie has been forced to give up his pastoral duties for a time on account of illness.

'92.—Rev. Avery A. Shaw has been holding special meetings in Immanuel Baptist Church, Boston.

'93.—Prof. S. J. Case, of the University of Chicago has been granted a leave of absence, and is spending the winter in Egypt.

'94.—Rev. M. B. Whitman has resigned his pastorate at Pugwash, to accept a call to Margaretville, N. S.

'97.—Rev. and Mrs. Chas. R. McNally announce the marriage of their daughter, Marion Stuart, to Mr. Chas. Wesley Roberts.

'99.—Hon. J. W. Farris, Attorney-General and Minister of Labor for the Province of British Columbia, has resigned his dual portfolio in order to attend to private business.

'99.—Dr. J. S. Clark, of Brandon, has recently been in Chicago, attending a meeting of the Chemical Society there.

'02.—We extend our sympathy to Dr. W. L. Paterson, of Fergus Falls, in the death of his brother, which took place at Amherst recently.

'03.—Prof. Pearl Durkee, of the Electrical Engineering Dept., North Eastern College, Boston, has been granted a year's leave of absence due to ill health.

'04.—Rev. Ralph M. Jones has resigned from his church at Chester, Vt., to accept a call to El Paso, Ill.

'05.—Loring Christie was legal adviser of external affairs of Canadian government at the Washington Conference, also one of the secretaries of the British delegation.

Ex. '07.—The North British Church, Yarmouth, of which Rev. H. Y. Payzant is pastor, recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

'08.—Rev. R. F. Allen who has been at Glace Bay, has accepted a call to Nietaux.

'08.—John H. Geldert has been appointed Y. M. C. A. secretary for Shanghai.

'08.—John S. Bates is now in charge of the pulp mill of the Bathurst Lumber Company, Bathurst, N. B.

Ex. '08.—J. W. Margeson has been appointed County Judge for Queens County, N. S.

'09.—We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Woodworth in the death of their little daughter which took place recently at Marysville, Ohio.

'09.—The First Baptist Church, Montreal, of which Rev. Miles McCutcheon is pastor, recently celebrated its ninetieth anniversary.

'09.—Josephine McLatchey is editorial assistant in the Bureau of Educational research in the University of Ohio.

'11.—Rev. Thomas S. Roy, of London, Ont., has accepted the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Brocton, Ont

'11.—A. R. Kaiser, of Chicago, has qualified for the Illinois C. P. A. Certificate. This examination was given in 37 states and only 13½% of the candidates passed.

Ex. '12.—Rev. A. A. Gates has accepted a call to the Congregationalist Church of Hampton, Conn.

'13.—Dr. P. B. Eaton, of Sompetta, India, has passed his final examination in the Telegu language, and has now taken charge of hospital work in connection with the mission.

'13.—Rev. R. C. Eaton, pastor of the Mattapan Baptist Church, Boston, has accepted a call to Charlottetown, P. E. I.

'13.—W. R. Crowell is teaching in Glace Bay.

'13.—Born to Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Lyons, (néé Elderkin) on Oct. 14th at Port Alice, B. C., twin daughters.

'13.—Rev. E. M. A. Bleakney, pastor of Hyde Park Baptist Church, Boston, has accepted a call to the First Baptist Church in Utica, N. Y.

'14.—Rev. A. Gibson of Annapolis has been appointed editor of the Young People's Column in the Maritime Baptist for the ensuing year.

Ex. '15.—Rev. G. G. Bleakney, pastor of Braintree, Mass., has received a call to the First Baptist Church, Moose Jaw.

'15.—We sympathize with Rev. C. A. S. Howe in the death of his brother, Lieut. E. H. Howe.



Ex. '15.—Rev. Luke Bleakney has accepted a call as assistant pastor of the Clarendon St. Baptist Church, Boston.

Ex. '16.—Carlos W. del Plaine is studying at the University of Minnesota.

Ex. '16.—Lalia Chase recently sailed from Halifax for Liverpool en route for Southern Europe.

Th. '17.—Rev. C. E. Strothard, pastor at Brown's Flat, N. B., has accepted a call to Plaster Rock.

'17.—D. B. Angus has tendered his resignation as principal of the Berwick High School.

'19.—Vera Ogilvie is teaching in Glace Bay.

Ex. '19.—Bernard F. Haley, was recently graduated with highest honors in Economics from Stanford University, Cal., and was among those first selected from his class for membership in the Phi Beta Kappa.

'20.—Carroll Clark, who was recently married to Miss Anna Schneider, is now living at Stony Plain, Alta.

'20.—Paul Tingley, who is studying medicine at Edinburgh, Scotland, made the All-Scotland Rugby fifteen and scored two of the Thistle's goals.

'20.—We extend sympathy to Dorothy Schurman in the death of her father, F. B. Schurman, ex. '96, which took place at Truro on February 11th,

'20.—Hazel Walker spent a couple of weeks visiting friends in Wolfville, recently.

'20.—Minta Hatfield left recently for Toronto to take a secretarial course.

'21.—Blondie Corbett is principal of the St. Namarion Street school, Antigonish.

'21.—Edna Peck, Aida Boyer and Georgie Spicer spent a week end visiting their old friends at Acadia, recently.

'21.—We extend our sympathy to Claude Richardson in the death of his father, which took place at Sydney on February 7th.

Eng. '21.—Jack MacDonald is working at his home in Sydney Mines. He was on the Sydney Mines basketball team that played against Acadia at Wolfville on February 8th.

Ex. Eng. '21.—Donald Blackmore has a position in the West.

Ex. Eng. '21.—Russel MacLaren is travelling in the States.

Ex. Eng. '21.—H. W. MacPhail spent a week-end visiting friends at Acadia recently.

'22.—Gordon S. Vincent has accepted a call to the North Sydney Baptist Church, and expects to take up his duties there the first of June.

Ex. '22.—Deborah Smith spent a few days visiting in Wolfville recently.

Ex. '22.—Dave Rogers is playing centre on the Columbia hockey team.

Ex. '22.—At Westport, N. S., on December 27th, Wiley E. Poole was united in marriage with Frances B. Barkhouse.

Ex. '22.—Mrs. Adeline Marshall has accepted a position as stenographer with the American Can. Co., San Jose, Cal.

Ex. Eng. '22 and A. L. S. '20.—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Amos O. Ayer on the birth of a son.

Ex. '23.—Marjorie Manning has gone to Bermuda for her health.

Ex. '23.—Ruth Wilson recently spent a week-end in Wolfville.

Ex. '23.—Marjorie Marshall is teaching in Bear River.

Ex. '23.—E. L. Curry is study at Newton Theological Seminary.

Ex. Eng. '23.—E. L. MacGray is working in the Royal Bank in Dartmouth, N. S.

Ex. '24.—E. M. Wells is working in Summerside, P. E. I.

Ex. '24.—Hugh R. MacKenzie is working at the Agricultural Farm, Truro.

We sympathize with Professor Rau in the death of Mrs. Rau, December 19th.

At Wolfville, on January 4th, to Mrs. and Mrs. C. B. Russell, a son.

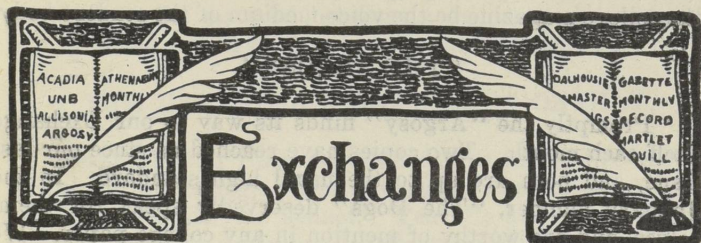
A. L. S.

A. L. S. '09.—Annie W. Eaton, who has been teaching in the Revelstoke High School has resigned and accepted a position on the staff of the Victoria High School, Victoria, British Columbia.

A. L. S. '20.—The marriage took place at Taunton, Mass., December 13th, of Lucille Gabriel and Clarke Shaw Cooper.







, 'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,  
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
 But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offence  
 To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.—*Pope.*

WE find our Exchange Shelf well filled again this month. To make a friendly criticism of a collection of periodicals such as lies before us is no easy task, especially when we are limited in criticism. To be original is a quality greatly to be desired,—particularly so when we are dealing with college exchanges. The only way apparently open to us is simply to emphasize our comments in previous issues. We note particularly the growing tendency to substitute the college paper in the place of the college magazine. To our minds this step is one indicative of retrogression rather than of progression. We have affirmed on many occasions that the magazine fulfils its definite purposes in developing the literary ability of the students' life. Other matters such as records of college activities, and alumni notes are pleasing adjuncts to the publication. A well-constructed, balanced magazine will contain this material, and in spite of the fact that much of it will be old "news", at the time of publication, nevertheless in the future the magazine will constitute a pleasant record of college life. The college paper has its advantage in being always up to date, and recording daily or weekly the immediate preceding events; but when it

fails to aid in developing of literary ability, we say, let the college magazine be the voice medium of the student body.

### “THE ARGOSY”.

Promptly the “Argosy” finds its way to our Exchange shelf each month. Two copies have reached us since our last issue, and both are up to the usual high standard. In the January number, “The Dogs” deservedly speak for themselves, and are worthy of mention in any college paper. We sympathize with the leading actor in “Never Nevermore”. “Secrets of Success” is interesting, but we feel that the writer has barely mentioned the subject which he intended to develop. We like your idea of inserting ‘cuts’ of local scenery and famous paintings. The stories are good in your February issue. “Bryn Afon” is interesting, especially to the writer of this paragraph, because many times he has shared the ‘skiff’ of the Mount Allison writer, and enjoyed the scenery around the oxbow. The experiences of the “Book Agent” are familiar to many who wear the cap and gown. We are pleased to note that your Ladies’ College contributes so frequently, and even won the February pennant. Your humor is good. We would like to see the name of the authors opposite the title in your table of contents. In this way, we might become better acquainted with your writers.

### THE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The University Monthly, U. N. B., for Dec.-Jan. is not a large issue. It contains several interesting articles, “Amica Rediviva” surely recalls, in its description, something we have read from Roberts. The department of humor is well filled. We would like a little more poetry.

### VOX LYCEI.

The Hamilton Collegiate Institute sends us “Vox Lycei”. The Christmas number is dedicated to Baron Byng.

The magazine is nicely prepared on fine paper, and is well illustrated. Its material betokens a good school spirit, and is brightened with a personal and humorous element.

#### THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The McMaster University Monthly is full of life and activities of the college. There are also a number of good articles. We like the sonnet, "Peace"; and there are certainly some terse sentences in "Beatrice and Bertram". "Why so quiet, gloomy one?" "I have the toothache", "What! Can a despicable molar paralyze *your* tongue?".

#### KINGS COLLEGE RECORD.

Your Jan.-Feb., number has just reached our shelf. The magazine is well arranged and contains some excellent articles, "China" being particularly good. We also appreciate the humor in "En Passant". The spirit of the student body in regard to the "New King's Campaign is a very commendable one. May good luck attend your efforts.

#### XAVERIAN.

Your December issue contains several good stories and poems. The moral of "The Chimerical Subject" is good. Your literary department maintains a high standard, and the other departments are likewise well written. We note that your Memorial Rink is about completed but we fear you will not have the best use of it for the hockey season. Your joke department shows considerable originality.

#### RED AND WHITE.

The December "Red and White" is a well arranged and interesting paper. The article department is worthy of special mention, being so much stronger than that of most



college magazines. Both "The Poet" and "Dante is Ours" are exceptionally good, and we like "The Review" very much. We think, however, that the short story department does not quite reach the standard of the rest of the magazine. The jokes are good. We congratulate St. Dunstan's on their Christmas issue.

#### BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

Brandon is to be congratulated on her rapid advancement among the Canadian Colleges. Only twenty five years ago she was represented by a one room department, but today she has several buildings and an enrolment of 371 students. Your magazine contains interesting articles, We especially appreciate, "The Modern Renaissance of Verse."

#### ST. ANDREWS COLLEGE REVIEW.

We are always glad to see St. Andrew's College Review on our shelves. The many illustrations and cartoons make this issue especially interesting. We think all college magazines would be considerably enlivened by the addition of illustrations. The athletic activities of the college are well written up. A few longer stories and articles would improve the magazine—especially if they were of somewhat more serious tone.

#### MANAGRA.

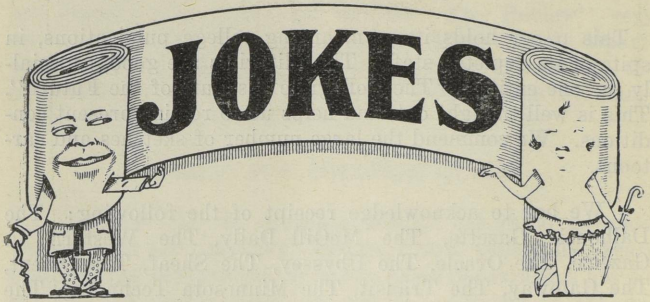
The latest edition of the magazine is nicely arranged. The headings of your various departments are good. Humor seems to be your strongest feature. Regarding advertisements, don't you think it would be better to group them, rather than have them scattered throughout the paper. It would perhaps be more to the satisfaction of your advertising patrons, and would certainly add to the appearance of your paper.

## OAKWOOD ORACLE.

This paper holds its own, among college publications, in spite of its depleted staff. The editorials are good, especially the one entitled "The Collegiate Institute of the Future". This is well thought out, and helps us to realize present conditions. We commend the large number of sketches and cartoons.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: The Dalhousie Gazette, The McGill Daily, The Western U. Gazette, The Oracle, The Ubysey, The Sheaf, The Orient, The Gateway, The Transit, The Minnesota Technolog, The Minnesota Daily, The Ski-U-Mah, The Corda Fratres Review, The Minnesota Alumni Weekly.





Hazel Freeman—'22 to V. Vaughn '23—"Are you fond of Math?"

V. V. '23—"Yes I take "Calculus" seven nights a week in preparation for honors in the spring."

Prof. Balcolm to Giddy Goucher in Sociology class, "What do you think about the question Mr. Groucher?"

Giddy:—"Well under *ordinary* conditions I don't think.

S-h-r-t in French II:—J'ai un seul désir: celui d'être joli.

L- -s M-ds- '24—Poor Shorty, what a Hope!

V.v n V- -g-n '23, evening of Junior Party: Don't you wish you were in the Junior class?

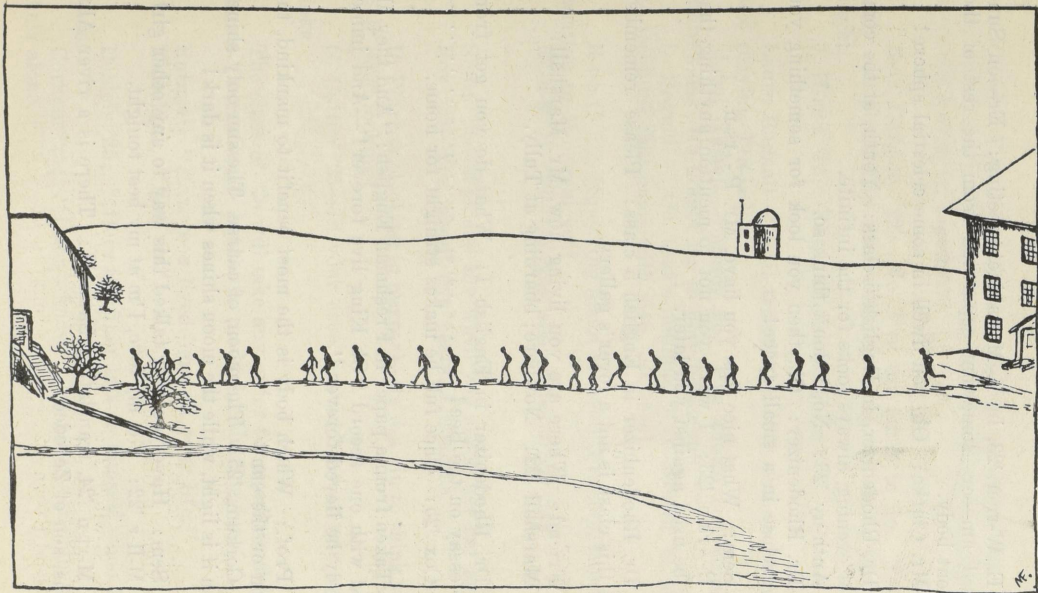
P-re- K-mpt-n '24: Why, are you in it.

H-l-n Cr-ck-tt '23; after Latin II exam: I got everything right in that sight translation except the words.

K. B-wlby '23: Prof. Balcom says that the arguments on the negative side are much the stronger.

M-b-l Br-wn '22: That's funny; *I* don't think that.





THE HASH LINE

E. W-rr-n '23, in Y. M. cabinet meeting: Er—on Sundays I am—er—somewhat separated from the rest of the student body.

Mr. Clarke: Oh, you dwell in some celestial sphere!

Dr. Rhodenizer, in English 5 class: Youth, at the coming of evening, always looks for the infinite.

Anth-ny '23: No, I don't think so.

Dr. Rhodenizer: Oh, then you look for something you can enclose in a small space!

Sem: What nice lips you have, Mr. P--rs-n.

P--rs-n '23: I warn you not to mention anything that may be used against you later.

Dr. Rhodenhizer in English 5 class: Please remember that this class is not a lover's gallery.

Friend: Where are you living now, Mr. Marshall?

Marshall '22: Nowhere; boarding at Tully.

Dr. Rhodenizer in English I: What do you get from this essay on the Bee? . . . . .

Cox '25: Once full he makes straight for home.

Taken from a paper in Freshman English: "And they all cried with one accord "Oh King live forever!"—And immediately he lieved forever."

Prof.: Which body is the most benefit to mankind, the moon or the sun?

Corkum, '25: The moon, of course. The sun only shines when it is light, while the moon shines when it is dark!

Sem: Have you ever talked this way to any other girl?

M-ll-r '22: No, my love, I'm at my best tonight.

M-rt-n '24, translating Latin II: There is a river Alphaens, son of Zebedee.

Co-ed: Yes, I was all thru the Dal buildings this summer and I don't like the library at all—Why, the girls and boys can't even sit together.

Reta C-chr-n- '22: No. I've too much to do. There's only one possibility that would make me go down town to-night.

J. H-rr-s '22: Yes, I know who he is.

Laura Bagnall—"Is it true Mabel that you and Vincent are playing Tra-la-la?"

Mabel Nichols—"Mercy no. I've known him since we were kids. He taught me to play basketball."

L. Bagnall—"Oh, that's nothing, Max Brown is going to teach me that game with men. (Chess)

R-t-a C- '22, (Speaking about schools) Frances, have you written to Montreal yet?

B- -n-h- H. '22—Oh, yes, she writes every day.

Short '25—Was she shy when you asked her her age?

Roy '25—Yes, about five years, I imagine.

P. Warren (looking in mirror)—Is it a sin to think yourself good-looking?

C. Cutten '25—In your case, I would say it was a mistake.

The class of '25 will take any order for needlework as it has a Thorne which is always ready for Cutting.(en).

Rafuse: "Have you lived here all your life."

Elderkin: "Not yet."

Deblois '25: "Does Shaffner talk to himself when he is alone?"

Corkum '25: "I don't know. I'm never with him when he's alone."



Dr. DeWolfe: Mr. MacKenzie, tell me something about Adam."

MacKenzie '25: Adam was the first man, and he had trouble with one of his ribs.

First Co-ed—"Why do Groucher, Christie and Bruce Reid sit at the training table with the hockey team?"

Second Co-ed—"Well, you see Giddy is manager, Christie is assistant manager, and Bruce Reid is mascot."

Bezanson '25—"I hear Davidson is getting his "A" in Tra-la-la."

Coit, Eng. '23—"No, he is getting his "B".

Freshette (reading sign in rink): "Players, 20c."—"Oh, do the hockey player have to pay their way in too?"

Scene: Tully at 10 p. m.

Sk - R - d (on being ordered out of the reception room by Mrs. Weeks):—"Gee isn't she a crank!"

Mrs. Weeks (overhearing):—"One needs a crank around, young man, when a fellow hasn't a self-starter."

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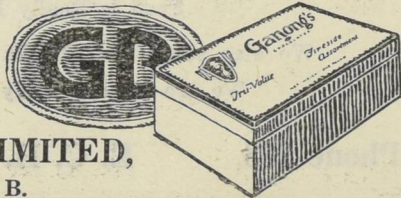
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