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December, 1923



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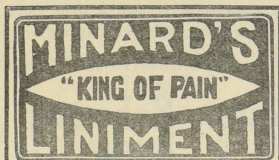
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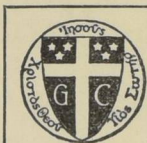
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# The Acadia Athenæum

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Vol. L.

Wolfville, N. S., December, 1923.

No. 2

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## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH.

Poems:—1st, R. W. Ward, Eng.; 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24.

Articles:—1st, T. W. Cook, '25, and J. G. McLeod, '24 (two units each); 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24, and B. N. Goodwin, '24, (1 unit each).

Stories:—1st, C. M. Spidell, '24; 2nd, B. N. Goodwin, '24.

Humor:—B. N. Goodwin, '24, and R. D. Perry, '27, (one unit each.)

Science:—H. M. Bannerman, '24, and H. P. Moffatt, '25, (two units each).

Athletics:—(No award).

Month:—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, H. L. Lawson, '25.

Exchanges:—B. N. Goodwin, '24, and Evelyn Bentley, '25, (one unit each).

Personals:—1st, P. O. Colbath, '25; 2nd, M. G. Perry, '27.

Jokes:—C. L. Fillmore, '25.

Cartoon:—(No award.)

Snap:—(No award.)

Seniors: 14 units.

Juniors: 9 units.

Freshmen: 2 units.

Engineers: 2 units.

Pennant to Seniors.



## TO A WILDERNESS FLOWER.

Some say you are only a flower,  
That grows in the wilderness ways;  
That your fragrance is lost in your bower;  
And your life is numbered by days;

That your beauty is hidden from vision,  
Away back in your forest retreat;  
That you haven't a very great mission  
Where only the wild creatures meet.

But God plac'd you there, little flower,  
And I know that He always does right;  
And He gave to you, fair little flower,  
His love when you first saw the light.

He sends fairest sunbeams to greet you  
Each morn in your evergreen dell,  
And His raindrops, so softly they meet you,  
That you drink in each small crystal well.

And thus as you grow, little flower,  
And bask in the elements good,  
You light up your evergreen bower,  
And give your sweet scent to the wood.

He sends sweet-tongued birds to your bower,  
And when time seems so weary and long,  
They come and they sing, little flower,  
Of your love in a wonderful song.

All my worries and cares then I banish,  
As they sing of your fragrance so rare;  
And anon Life's vain shadows they vanish;  
And in fancy I bask with you there;

And I dream of a life of less sorrow,  
Little wilderness flower of mine;  
And I picture a brighter tomorrow,  
Of promise, and hope, and sunshine.

Tho' you may be a shy little flower,  
In a plain little wilderness place,  
Live on just the life of a flower,  
Make lighter the toils of our race.

R. W. W. Eng. '24.

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### PETER TELLS IT.

SAINT PETER sat on his old stone bench by the Golden Gate, reading the *Celestial News* and chuckling softly to himself.

"Why so amused, brother?" said Gabriel, who happened to be passing with his trumpet tucked under his arm.

"Read the paper this morning?" asked Peter.

"No, I didn't," said Gabriel, seating himself beside Peter. "What's in it?"

Peter chuckled. "Listen. 'Ancient highways from earth to heaven seem to be impassable. Experience of heavenly visitor while attempting to travel them was anything but pleasant.'"

"Heavenly visitor! Who's down there now?" asked Gabriel.

"Why Jonah is down there. Didn't you know that?" "No!"

"Haven't you heard about Methuselah's birthday party which is being held tonight?" "No!"

"Well, if you ever thought about anything else except blowing that trumpet you would know what was happening in the universe. Here, take the paper and read it."

"My eyesight is bad," said Gabriel as he reached into his pocket and took therefrom a piece of flag-root, which he



handed to Peter. "Here," he said, "have a bite and tell me about it."

Peter bit a small piece off, made a wry face, and handed it back to Gabriel, who began to chew it solemnly while his white whiskers rose and fell with unvarying monotony.

"About Jonah," said Peter, as he leaned back against the jasper wall. "Last week the Ancient Order of Old Boys decided to give a birthday party to Methuselah, and as that important event was about a week in the future, they decided to have all the frills possible, and make it a real festive occasion. They decided to buy candles, tinsel, tissue-paper streamers, nuts, candies, and what not. After they had made a list of things, equal to some of the lists friend Saint Nicholas receives at Christmas time, they were rather puzzled where to buy the supplies. At this point that young member, Timothy Eaton, who happened to get into the order because he had money, came forward and suggested that they send down to his store in Toronto. He said that he would sign the order, and that it would cost them nothing."

"Toronto! Toronto?" said Gabriel, quite puzzled; and them, with an after thought: "Oh, yes! there's where so many of the good people come from."

Peter threw him a questioning glance, and continued: "That being agreed to, the next question arose, whom to send? Quite naturally all of the boys wished the trip, but after long debate they decided, since he had been such a remarkable navigator in the past, to send Jonah."

Gabriel shook his head, and stroked his whiskers in a soothing manner. "Bad move," he muttered, "bad news."

Peter chuckled. "The next morning Jonah came along here, followed by all the other members of the Ancient Order of Old Boys, and asked me to put him on the road to Toronto. He had a pair of roller skates on his feet, so I opened the gates, and showed him the very best road, while the Ancient Order sang 'For He Is a Jolly Good Fellow.' Then, zip, Jonah was gone."

"The next morning the Golden Dome Wireless Company caught a message that was being broadcasted from

Toronto. I clipped it from that morning's paper, and put it in one of my pockets."

Here Peter fumbled through the pockets of his robe. "Now, where is that?" he muttered. "I was sure I put it in ——. Oh, here it is," as he drew a piece of crumpled paper from his hip pocket. "Listen."

K. W. K. Toronto. A heavenly visitor arrived in our city yesterday afternoon. This visitor, who is none other than Jonah of Ninevah fame, is a guest of the Society of Hardskulls who are looking after his welfare while he remains in the city. During his speech at the banquet which was held in his honor last night, he expressed himself as being delighted with our city, and said that already he had a few new ideas to take back to the Celestial City with him.

Gabriel sat up. "New ideas!" he said, his whiskers sticking out straight before him. "New ideas in heaven! Well, I guess not! I'll have to talk to the High Tribunal about that. Is he back yet?" "No!"

"When will he be back?"

"Well, let me finish the story."

Gabriel grunted. He leaned back against the jasper wall and chewed savagely at his flag-root.

"According to this morning's paper," continued Peter, "he visited Eaton's next day, and presented his list to the manager. He was told to return later and everything would be ready for him. When he returned and saw the great box of wares, he wondered how he was ever going to manage to get it up to heaven. After talking it over with a transfer clerk, he decided that the best thing to do would be to buy a second-hand Ford and take it up in that."

"Hump!" said Gabriel, "such an idea."

"Oh, the idea was good," said Peter with a chuckle. "A Ford will go anywhere if it has half a chance. It was the roads that caused his trouble."

The old trumpeter looked puzzled. "Roads?" he queried.

"Yes, roads. While he was down there he thought he might as well see Montreal and come back from there."



Gabriel shuddered. "I've heard of that place; one of the strongholds of the Roman Church, I believe. He should have known better. It's very seldom anyone ever gets to heaven from Montreal, but go on."

"Well, he got the Ford, loaded his freight, and started for Montreal in utter disregard of all the good advice given him by the Society of Hardskulls. He reached his objective without mishap, and was received by the Venerable Order of Numbskulls, who had been notified of his coming.

He was at once given the freedom of the city, and spent the next two days making use of it. The priests welcomed him, likewise the government vendors, and all in all, Jonah decided that the *spirits* of the Montrealers were slightly better than the *spirits* of the Torontoans, and that the talk of not being able to get to heaven from Montreal was nothing but Toronto propaganda."

Gabriel wiggled his whiskers. "Poor Jonah," he sympathized: "he always was easily misled."

"Peter looked at the glittering dome of Solomon's Harem, and replied: "Misled, may be, but he started something down there."

The old Trumpeter nodded. "May be so ! May be so ! Let's hear it."

"It seems that the Society of Harkskulls decided to keep an eye on Jonah, and when he left Toronto they sent a spy after him. This spy soon began to send back reports about our friend that were not altogether in keeping with good old Hardskull ideas. First, he seemed to be kindly disposed toward an ancient and altogether intolerable religion. Secondly, he seemed to think that the Venerable Order of Numbskulls was equally as good as was the Society of Hardskulls. Thirdly, he seemed to think that the road from Montreal to the Celestial City was equally as good as the road from Toronto to the Celestial City."

"This raised a storm of protest in Toronto. They could not see why such a distinguished visitor should attempt to get to heaven by such a road, a thing that was scarcely ever

accomplished, when they had a perfect road which led directly to the Golden Gate."

Gabriel nodded. "'Tis strange," he muttered, 'tis strange."

Peter rose and opened the gate to let in a wandering angel, and, after a prolonged wink at the cherubic creature, he sat down and resumed his story.

"Well, the daily papers of the two cities, especially the religious and society organs, engaged in such a heated controversy that Jonah, fearing a religious war, cranked his old Ford and started for home straight up the Papal Road. It was not long before he found himself in difficulties. The City Council had never done anything to improve the road. The church claimed it to be perfectly safe. The Venerable Order of Numbskulls declared it to be very nearly as good as the famous and ancient road from Rome to the Celestial City, which they maintain is the best in the universe. Anyhow, Jonah found it full of obstacles. It was narrow and covered with Ritual Rocks. Large boulders of stratified dogma were also numerous, and here and there he had to cross soggy swamps of intolerance. But a Ford stops for nothing. Up he came with the throttle wide open, and when he reached the Confessional Bend, which the Toronto Hard-skulls had warned him about, he was going so fast that instead of rounding the bend, he crashed through the Cardinal Railing, slid over a high bank, and started downward head-ed straight for Purgatory."

"He never should have tried it! Never should have tried it," said Gabriel, who was polishing his trumpet with the sleeve of his robe. "Where is he now?"

Another chuckle from Peter. "Well, when he saw where he was going, he shut off the power, and applied the brakes, but that Ford slid down like a comet. On he went, and it was not long before he discovered that he was below Montreal instead of above it, and the next thing he knew he went through the gates of the Lower Realm and had a head-on collision with Satan's throne, completely demolish-

ing it, and hurling that monarch against the wall like a nine-pin, besides creating a panic among ten thousand imps."

"Satan was furious. He knew Jonah of old, and after confiscating the Ford and the box of decorations in payment for his wrecked throne, he ordered one of his henchmen to take the unfortunate wayfarer back to Montreal."

"That man certainly has a knack of getting out of tight places," said Gabriel, squinting one eye at his shining trumpet. "Anything more?"

"Oh, yes; when Jonah got back to Montreal he took a train to Toronto to get another supply of decorations from Eaton's. The spy was still on his job, and when Jonah disembarked at the Union Station, the Society of Hardskulls was there to meet him. They took him to society headquarters, where they held another banquet, and during the after-dinner speeches they elaborated long and loud on the evils of trying to get to heaven by the Papal Road. They praised their own road so much that Jonah decided to give it a try. Consequently, the following morning he started out with another Ford and another load for Methuselah's birthday party. The Society wished him farewell, and up he came. The Protestant Highway was straight and wide, and not a traffic cop in sight. Up and up he came. 'Ah! a real road at last,' said he, when suddenly he found himself upon the swaying, tottering Bridge of Bigotry which spans the River of Denominational Differences. He tried to stop, but the Ford skidded, went through the old moss-covered railing, and carried Jonah and the trinkets into the river below."

"What, Jonah in the water again?" asked Gabriel in amazement. "How did he get out this time?"

"Easy enough," said Peter, with a chuckle. "He caught a Unitarian pamphlet that was floating past, and clung to it until he reached shore. He thought he would keep it since it had served him a good turn, and as he was sliding back to Toronto on a piece of broken railing from the bridge he read parts of it. The thing that impressed him in the little paper was its denial of the existence of Hell."



"No Hell?" said Gabriel, dropping his trumpet. No Hell?"

"Jonah seemed to question the statement also," continued Peter. "So after reaching Toronto he advertised an Open Forum that night in Massey Hall. In the course of the discussion he referred to the little pamphlet, and said that from a recent experience he could vouch for the existence of the place which the Unitarians denied."

"Hear! Hear!" was heard in different parts of the hall from members of other Protestant denominations.

"Hear! Hear!" echoed Gabriel, nodding his head at his trumpet which was still lying on the ground at his feet.

"Anyhow," added Peter, when he made an appeal to all denominations present to try and repair that rickety bridge, each sect blamed the other for not being willing to collaborate with them in real constructive work, and the result was that the police had to come in and quell the riot."

"By this time Jonah began to wonder if he would ever get back to heaven or not."

"Well, he was lucky he got here the first time," said Gabriel, as he picked up his trumpet and started to brush the dust from it. "If I had been on the High Tribunal at the time, I would have black-balled him on account of that Nineveh trip."

"Oh, I don't know," said Peter. "I made mistakes when I was down there myself, and you can't be too hard on people, you know. Besides, Jonah is a good fellow if you know him. As I was saying, he did not know how he was going to get back, so after he found himself out on the street, he asked a traffic cop where he could find a good solid road to heaven."

"'Um,' said the policeman, 'there are a great many people asking that question these days. The best road I know of is the Road of Tolerance. It branches off from the Provincial Highway between here and Montreal. It's the only road on which Canadians should attempt to travel, and as a matter of fact, it's being used more every day. Keep your eyes open, and you can't miss it. So long.'"

Gabriel wagged his head, looked at Peter with a puzzled frown, and asked: "Why didn't he come back by the same road that he went"?

Peter chuckled. "You see, he couldn't. I sent him down by the New Soul's Road, and it's only a one way road. Any-one going down on that road has to find his own way back."

"To be sure; to be sure," said the Trumpeter. "Where is he now?"

"Well, he waited until yesterday morning, when he bought another Ford and another load of merchandise, and he's on his way up now. They expect him to be in time for the party tonight."

"That's interesting, very interesting," said Gabriel, "but how did the *News* get the story?"

"Oh, that was broadcasted from K.W.K. yesterday afternoon," answered Peter, "and,—listen,—I hear a Ford coming now."

He rose to his feet, and opened the gates. Down the road a Ford was coming in a cloud of dust.

"Gangway," yelled Jonah, as he drove through the Golden Gates and skidded the Ford to a standstill. "Phew—what a trip!" he ejaculated, as he clambered out and drew his hand across his brow.

"Say, Peter," said he, as he turned to the ancient gate-keeper, "how do those people down there ever get up here over those old roads?"

Peter grinned. "They don't," said he.

"I believe it," said Jonah as he climbed back into the Ford, and started for the Club House of the Ancient Order of Old Boys.

Gabriel shook his head dolefully, and tucking his trumpet under his arm, started after the retreating Ford.

"Pretty old-fashioned boy, that trumpet-blower," soliloquized Peter as he watched the old fellow shuffle up the street. "He doesn't understand this road business at all. Oh, well, as long as they try to travel the old roads it's pretty soft for me. Ho—hum—I guess I'll have a nap."

He stretched himself on the old stone bench and slept, while the ambrosial breezes humming through his rusty keys furnished an accompaniment to his animated snores.

C. M.s '24.

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## DEMOCRACY.

ONE of the most high-sounding, popular catch phrases of this phrase-coining age was bequeathed to us as a minor legacy of the great war. What was this sweeping surge of the fire-breathing dragon of man to do for the world? What was the use of it all? A Wells or a Shaw or a Chesterton might answer in writings of many volumes, but the plain man wanted a phrase that would tickle his ears and roll off his tongue—a sonorous phrase that would give an answer to the devils of doubt and despair for the faith that was in him. Some one coined it. It seized the imaginations of the people—and the newspapers—at once. Now he knew what he was fighting for. What was the war to accomplish? It was to make the world “Safe for Democracy”.

Now catchwords have their uses—and their dangers. It is well to inquire a little into this one. The zenith of its popularity has passed. It has therefore little more than a historical significance. Yet it may be profitable to discover, if we can, how much truth there is behind the phrase, and how much meaning, if any, there is in it.

What is Democracy, anyway? We flee to Webster and find the following: Democracy is government by the People.” How simple and clear it sounds! But stop a moment. What do we mean by “the people”? Rather an all-embracing phrase, that. Is it all the people? Well, no, they must be of a certain age, twenty-one, in fact. Does it include all the people over twenty-one? Criminals and madmen are excluded, of course.

It appears, then, that this all-embracing word is not so all-embracing after all. We must limit our definition a little. Let us try again: Democracy is the government by the people



who are fit to govern. All human beings, we presume, may be divided into two classes, the fit and the unfit. Certainly advocates of government in any form would say that children and criminals are unfit. Exponents of Democracy would class the great bulk of society remaining as the fit. Certainly all would say that no one should govern who is unfit to exercise that function.

Now there is an assumption underlying this sublime, almost absurd faith in Democracy—the belief that all men are, as regards their mental possibilities, equal. But are they? You and I have long had reason to suspect that they are not. Any one who has passed through a public school cannot fail to be struck, as he looks back, with the vast differences in the ability of the different pupils. How stubbornly some minds resisted the intrusion of a new idea!

Modern experimental science has of late come to our aid with a crushing weight of evidence. Human intelligence is not like a great level plain, with a few great geniuses soaring into the clouds above and a few idiots doddering in the depths below. Geniuses and idiots do hold their accepted places, but the great mass of humanity range on a finely graduated and highly variable scale, filling all the space between the lowest and the highest forms of human mentality.

The result of the intelligence tests given the American army are fairly typical. They were taken by about one million and a half men. The results are grouped in eight classes: A, B, + B—C, + C—, D, D—, and E.

Of these, E represents a class bordering on idiocy—morons. D— is little better. Class D is relatively higher, but the true significance of the lists becomes clear when we note that class C— and even the majority of the C+ group rarely have sufficient mental ability to finish an ordinary high school course. Note here three things. The tests were carefully designed so that previous training should not be a factor. The results of the tests were borne out by the experience of the men in the army. And the classes from C+ downwards comprise seventy per cent. of the population, supposing that the army was fairly representative.

Let us try to get the meaning of this clearly in mind. From the two upper classes, A and B, must be drawn all the educators, managers of business, professional men, and executives to fill all the positions which require ability equal to that necessary to carry an ordinary college course.

Now it is an axiom that it takes some ability to govern a country. Yet it is little appreciated how much ability is really necessary to legislate properly and manage successfully the thousand and one details of modern government. Brains are necessary to the business manager. Yet a statesman is called upon to make laws which vitally affect the business interests of the day. Can he understand the situation if he has not a high grade of mental ability? Every one of the really big tasks of government: conservation and development of material resources, education, labor legislation, and a score of others, require for their successful handling a brain capable of grasping the fundamental principles involved, and of mastering the knowledge necessary to an understanding of the case.

As a matter of fact, we know that the people do not really govern. Consider the issues upon which elections are fought. Take the reciprocity question. Here was involved the whole question of Free Trade and Tariff, with all its intricacies of international complications and far-reaching results upon the industrial life of the country. How much of an understanding of a question that requires for its mastery the activity of a keen, well-trained mind over a number of years, did our so-called, intelligent voter have? We get our answer in the way that the election was carried on—with flag-flapping and mud-throwing substituted for a cool discussion of the principles and results.

In fact, by our present party system of Democracy, we penalize our representatives to appeal to party prejudice and resort to petty politics. The voters simply cannot understand the issues involved.

The party, therefore, which can make the widest appeal to the ignorance of the masses by rousing their emotions,



that can coin the most effective catch words and feed the greed of the multitude by the largest promises, will win.

It is thus clear, that we cannot have a government by the people. A truly representative government must represent not only the high ideals, the moral strength and intelligence of a people, but also their ignorance, their superstitions, their crimes, and their failures. Such a government could not govern. It is only by virtue of the fact that Democracy does not work that government is at all possible.

Suppose we assume, then, that the better classes of a country must govern. But how are we to choose these elements? The world is weary of hereditary aristocracies, kings, and emperors. For even if it were possible in this way to guarantee a high degree of intelligence in the ruling class, yet the possession of intelligence alone does not insure good rule. Moral qualities are a prime requisite. It is absolutely necessary that a ruler not only have the ability to rule, but that he have the desire to rule for the good of the people.

Can we secure this combination? I think that at least a step may be made in the right direction. Let us stop this nonsense about the rule of the people. Let us acknowledge that we have not the ability to rule ourselves. Let us put resolutely behind us this futile attempt to understand the issues involved in any governmental action, and let us concentrate our time and such ability as we have on choosing really good men to rule.

It is much easier to recognize a wise man than a wise measure. There are problems of government that test the powers of our wisest and best. Surely we have ability enough to choose them, if we set ourselves resolutely to it. This government will not be perfect; no human institution is; but it will be an immeasurable advance over our present tin-pan politics.

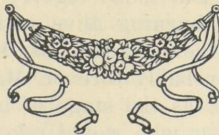
Can the world be made "safe for Democracy? No. Pure Democracy never existed. But it may be made safe for all the Democracy of which we are capable. T. W. C. '25.



## A NOVEMBER NIGHT.

The wind blows cold and shrill,  
The dead leaves, swirling in the biting blast,  
Are carried swiftly o'er the freezing ground  
And in the darkness lost. A single leaf  
Hangs fluttering like a pennant left forsaken  
Upon a field of death and desolation.  
Trees lift their barren branches to the moon  
Which, seen anon among the tattered clouds,  
Shines evilly upon the unkempt earth.  
Weird sounds arise along the leaf-strewn lane.  
The grasses rustle, and the pine trees moan.  
Lost in the shadows, phantoms lurk and glide,  
And nightly prowlers creep with evil glee  
Just out of sight, behind the traveller lone,  
Who, struggling through the ever-deepening shade,  
Turns not his head, but with his eyes downcast  
Shivers, and makes with haste his way along  
A strange, deserted, dark, and gloomy road.

C. M. S., '24.



## KNOWLEDGE AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

TODAY, man is living under more cheerful conditions than has ever been his fortune before. Every human being has his troubles and worries. The luckiest of us all yearns for what cannot be had, and sees much to regret. But one fact should always be borne in mind: That the progress of humanity is incessant. We are infinitely better off now than we have ever been before on this earth, and unlimited possibilities of improvement are ahead of us.

The progress of humanity has been like that of an individual making his way through some vast, unexplored forest. At every turn there are fresh dangers and difficulties to be overcome, fresh complications for which the explorer is prepared only by his courage and determination. Yet every step takes the traveller nearer to safety, out of the darkness of the innermost parts of the forest, toward the light at its borders, and every danger overcome makes it easier to deal with the dangers to follow.

In its long fight, the human race has encountered many enemies. During the Middle Ages in Europe one single epidemic destroyed half of all the population. But we have struggled on; through science we have almost conquered diseases, and the plagues of the past are unknown among us.

In olden times brutal superstition, disguised as religion, dwarfed men's minds, punishing, with atrocious cruelty, the crime of independent thought and apparently making impossible any mental growth in the face of bigotry and monstrous persecutions. But today bigotry begins to give place to true religion; the burning alive and protracted torture which disgraced all the religions of Europe until recent years, have ceased, probably forever. Mankind in its travels has progressed as far as the stage of independent thought. If a creature still lives who would take the life of another because that other thinks differently from himself, he dares not confess his criminal desire.

A few centuries ago the great majority of all human beings were slaves or serfs. The noblest of human intellects, those of the Greek philosophers, wrote and lived in the midst of slavery. Even as great a man as Aristotle could not conceive a society based on a non-slave-holding system. But except in some African jungle, here and there among savage and semi-savage races, no man is a slave today. Where such slavery does exist, it exists in stagnant pools of humanity, and it exists side by side with the other monsters, cruel superstition and widespread disease, that progressive humanity has left behind.

Every century of which the history has been preserved shows us its tragic side of life, in cruelties and sufferings without number. But each succeeding century shows also one point gained, some one hideous feature of life eliminated through progress.

The enemy of the world today, the monster in the path of progress, is the problem presented by organized capital and labor, the insane and incessant struggle between the two elements essential for the successful maintenance of society. Labor and capital, each seeking through its available means to gain the control of the other, represents the present problem. This problem, like all the others, will be solved in its turn. On its solution it will be found that the great danger did good as well as harm, and that, on its overthrow, only good was left behind.

Other past evils have brought good in their wake. The diseases that once destroyed men forced them to live decent lives of cleanliness. Those diseases frightened human beings out of filth into respect for themselves as the rulers of the world. We owe the cleanness and decent, temperate living of today, as well as our knowledge of medical science, to the diseases that formerly destroyed humanity.

The hideous travesties called religion, which relied for their power on superstition, fire, and sword, appeared to block all spiritual development among men. These religions have passed away; only the vital, true religious principle is left—the command laid upon men to feel toward each other



as brothers, and to worship the one benevolent power that rules the world.

Even so our problems of today will vanish in the mists of time. A few years or centuries from now the problem of capital and labor will be solved, and that particular monster will lie dead on its ledge of rock back in the pages of history. Then men will know that to the great danger and brutality of today they owe much of their progress and happiness. And when the problem of capital and labor goes, commercial greed will go with it. It will have killed the hideous theory of competition, with its swindling of the public, its cutting of wages, its general, mean, petty, treacherous tradesmen's warfare.

Every human being should read history intelligently, if only for the encouraging effect on the mind. In every direction, and in spite of foolish croakers, the human race has improved.

Despite the effective results of prohibition, many good men and women behind the prohibition movement deplore the drunkenness of today, nor should they be condemned in this. But for their own satisfaction and encouragement they should know that in comparison with former times the drunkenness of today amounts to nothing. Where one man drinks too much in these days, a thousand men and a thousand women were habitual drunkards a few years ago. Drunkenness, which formerly attacked the most useful of human beings,—doctors, statesmen, poets, the best of mechanics—is confined now to a feeble fragment of humanity made weak by disease, hereditary influence, discouragement, or imperfect organization.

More important than this encouraging development is the changed attitude of the public mind toward the drinking habit. Twenty-five centuries ago many poets, to make heaven attractive, described the tables at which heroes sat in a never-ending, blissful state of intoxication. Today, even the meanest man is ashamed to have it known that he is drunk, and the most hopeless drunkard would ask no greater favor than

that some one should make it impossible for him ever to drink again.

Human selfishness and heartlessness are criticized to-day, and the criticism is just. Yet, morally, the human race has improved more than in any other way. Today callous, heartless men spend millions upon their personal pleasures, paying insufficiently the laborers whose work enriches them, and robbing the public whose patience makes their great fortunes possible. But the worst plutocrat today is an angel compared with the mildly vicious men of olden days. The selfish man of today asks only for a yacht, a few automobiles, and some race horses,—mild forms of dissipation. A thousand years ago the vicious man demanded and exercised the power of life and death over those who surrounded him, and his mildest fit of irritation cost the life of some helpless human being. Men may be ill-paid today, yet their condition is paradise compared to the slavery of their predecessors.

Daily everyone should criticize himself and others, and do everything possible in his sphere of life to help along humanity's progress. Daily, too, there must be born in mind the encouraging fact that the world is steadily improving. It never stands still; it never goes backward. Nor are there any limits to future improvement, owing to man's in-born love of what is right and to the steady influence of education.

J. G. McL., '24.

## THE RAJAH'S DAUGHTER.

WHEN Jack Woodill went out to India in the civil service, he little thought that the most thrilling adventure of a somewhat exciting life was about to befall him.

He was rated a good clerk, and this rating secured for him the position to which he had been assigned, and which—so he discovered when he reached his station in Rajpootana—was to bring him into contact with one of the oldest and most celebrated peoples in the world.

His duties were light and he improved his resting hours hunting over the hills, now and then catching sight of a tiger and often bringing down one of the smaller animals.

One night Colonel Brown, the commander of the local military post, and Woodill sat under the trees smoking and discussing the politics of India.

It was a beautiful night with the heavens one vast diamond field of stars. Now and then some Hindoo slouched past, scarcely taking the slightest notice of the pair.

“By the way, Woodill”, said the officer with a smile, as he leaned toward his companion, “the Rajah’s daughter seems to be casting sheep’s eyes at you”.

The idea of having fallen under the notice of the lovely daughter of one of the lordly houses of the empire, was so ridiculous that the young clerk removed his pipe long enough to assure the colonel that he took his declaration with a good deal of allowance.

“Nevertheless it is true, and you will do well to look out”, Brown resumed with a tinge of seriousness in his tone. “She is that beautiful girl we saw last night in the royal gardens. It is said she has under her care a veritable menagerie, and that her tigers are the largest and finest in all India”.

“But you know, Colonel, that I am engaged to a girl back home”.

“Oh, yes, but that will not hinder your flirting just a little with a fair princess of one of the oldest of the Rajpoot houses”.



The subject was dropped for another, and after a time they parted to return to their respective quarters.

Woodill had seen something of the Princess Tarzia, the young lady mentioned, a regal-looking maid of twenty, with sloe-black eyes and long hair that fell in graceful waves to her supple waist. After he had retired, Woodill laughed to himself at the thought of his having caught the eye of the princess. It was something to laugh about and he promised himself to write of the colonel's warning to the fiancée at home.

It might have been midnight when he was wakened by a stealthy step just outside his door and, always on the lookout for prowling thieves, he sprang up to cross the room just as the door flew open.

In another instant someone leaped into the chamber, and Woodill was seized and lifted from the floor in the twinkling of an eye. It was useless to struggle against such leonine strength as was pitted against his own, and he found himself carried from the apartment out into the night air|

When at last he was released, he stood, in the middle of a dungeon-like place with stone walls and floor.

He had heard something of cells like these in the smaller palaces of the rajahs and doubted not that he had been conveyed to one of these. There was nothing for him to do however but throw himself upon the elegant couch which stood in one corner, and soon he was fast asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

A streak of daylight lay on the hard, cold stones when Woodill opened his eyes, and saw beside the couch a stand beautifully carved and laden with the choicest food of the province.

The unfortunate man ate with a zest sharpened by real hunger and hardly had he finished his repast when the door opened and there entered a vision of Asiatic loveliness. It was Tarzia, the Rajah's daughter.

With the velvety tread of the copardess of her native hills, she came toward Woodill until she stood within reach of his hands.

"Is the Englishman ready to listen to Tarzia?" she asked.

"I am as ready as I ever will be", answered Woodill, at which she stretched out her hand jewelled on every finger, and continued:

"Tarzia, daughter of Rajah Waltari, loves the white man. She cannot sleep nights for his face, and her heart beats fast whenever she see him".

The menaced clerk thot instantly of the colonel's warning.

"What says the white man? Does he love Tarzia?"

Woodill fully realized the situation. Caught by the girl's minions and carried to the cell, he was completely in her power, but he resolved, no matter what befell him, to remain true to the little sweetheart in a distant land.

With this resolution in mind, he told the passionate princess that he could not promise obedience to her wishes because he was already engaged to a girl in his native land.

She stopped Woodill in the midst of his story and strode to the door.

"Tarzia will show the white woman that she cannot have the man who prefers her to one of Rajpoot blood."

With this she imperiously threw aside the portal, and there bounded into the room a tiger of huge proportions and magnificently striped. The great beast, purring like a cat, crouched at the girl's feet and looked at Woodill.

"Is it the tiger or the princess!" said Tarzia. "Vishna has teeth as keen as sword points and they will tear the white man's flesh unless he promises to love Tarzia alone and not the child of his own land".

Instinctively Woodill recoiled from the tiger, but the wall stopped him. He felt that the crisis of his life had come.

"Let him choose!" rang out the girl's voice. "Let the white man say which of us he will have, and Vishna will slink away, or spring upon him like a thug".

A cold horror congealed Woodill's blood; there was as little mercy in Tarzia's eyes as in the tiger's.

The sun had crept up the sky, filling the cell with light, and from the gardens outside came the scent of many flowers.

To remain there and adhere to his first love meant death. On the other hand, the savage wooing of the mad girl presented scarcely a better prospect.

The captive looked once more at the tiger and a resolute expression marked the compression of his lips.

The door, which had not been fastened when the princess entered, stood slightly ajar.

With the quickness of lightning Woodill dashed the covering of the couch into the tiger's face. It was the last resort of a desperate man.

As the covering struck the tiger, he leaped up with a roar and seized it with his teeth. The next moment Woodill was at the door, and the next he was dashing down a narrow corridor which led he knew not whither.

On, on dashed the man, thru long passages, out of the house and across the scented garden. It was a race for life and love, and as Woodill rushed into the quarters of Colonel Brown, frightening the servants almost out of their wits, he fell exhausted upon a mat.

When at last he was able to tell the story of his terrible adventure as the prisoner of Princess Tarzia, the colonel smiled as he remarked:

"I told you so, Woodill, but you only laughed at the idea. You know now what it is to be loved by a Rajah's daughter".

Not for three weeks did Woodill catch sight of his dusky sweetheart, and then it was but a glimpse of her as they took her in a frenzy of madness, to the Rajah's private palace deep in the Rajpoot hills.

Nor did he remain long enough to hear of her subsequent death, for as soon as possible he gave up his position and turned his face toward a land where the course of true love runs more smoothly than it does in the domain of the Rajah's, and where tigers are not brought into play as match makers.



## THE EPISODIC SCHOOL.

A generation, not very long departed, demanded broadly that the novel should end happily. Macaulay, historian and brilliant assayer, was an omnivorous devourer of novels, of any and all kinds, from the hectic dime shocker to the top-loftiest piece of fictional literature, "done in the grand manner". Darwin, the famous scientist, sought relaxation from matters biological and evolutionary in the novel, frankly favoring the thriller in which verisimilitude yielded place to the flights of a heated, and often gory imagination.

But while each of them was an enthusiastic novel reader and cared little about plausibility or motivation, both made one demand upon the writer—the stories must end happily. No crepe, gates ajar, blighted affections, or blasted hopes for them. Here must be a goal, and it must be cheery as a Dickens' Christmas fireside—the punch-bowl on the table, the pipes drawing sweetly, the ladies dancing to the tune of the fiddler in the parlor, and the maids being caught and kissed under the mistletoe in the kitchen.

Then the fashions changed. (They do in fiction as in the graver matter of the length of ladies' skirts.) Right on the heels of all this jollity in novels came the gloom period; no story could henceforth be artistic unless it were tragic. The world, it seemed, was a great deal too happy, and any plain fool could be happy. If the heroine was on the verge of supreme bliss with her lover, kill her with promptness, or let him be struck by an Alpine avalanche. Misery was the keynote of fiction, melancholy the fine flower which the author wore with the pride that swelled the bosom of Bunthorne in "Patience" as he

"Walked down Picadilly  
With a poppy or a lilly  
In his mediaeval hand."

Then appeared a third school that revolted against any ending at all. They wanted neither plot nor purpose, but

just a representative slice cut from the joint of life—instead of ending they wanted the episode.

In the old-fashioned novel and play there came a scene, just before the curtain fell, in which everybody who had been anybody appeared in an artistically arranged group—it was a sort of moral pay-day, when everybody received his wages. The new school brushed this aside. “Life”, it said—and still says—“is too vast, its ramifications too wide, its complications too intricate for this final disposition. Law, in the evolution of character, operates very slowly; there are multitudinous details that go to the making of it, and who shall say that what we call ends are really such? To ask for verdict or balance-sheet, therefore, is to ask for the impossible”.

Who shall say that this man’s life was failure, because it closed in darkness, sorrow, apparent defeat, or that man’s life a success because most of the good things of life have fallen to him? Apart from the question of the continuity of life beyond the grave, may not man and his work be infinitely more potent after his body has been laid in the grave than while he walked abroad in the sight of men—potent for both good and evil? Are there any endings at all in life?

“If t’were done when ’tis done,” mused Shakespeare’s great character. We know that it isn’t; more often it is just begun.

So, says the Episodist, you cannot arrive at an ending because there is really no such thing. When you say that in a finished story there must be no loose ends hanging down you are violating all artistry and reality, since one knows that life is full of loose ends that are never tied up, so far as we know, that in it is no finish, rounding out, or completing.

To sum up the foregoing: The creative imagination has two methods which it may adopt in the writing of fiction—the Dramatic and the Episodic. The Episodist bids one concentrate on movement rather than purpose or goal.

There has come to the world, since its latest experience of war, a spirit of revolt against what might be called the Theory of Ends, and with it a straining of the vision to pierce the veil that hides the whither, and know something more than the facts of this episode we call Life.

Job caught that vision when he became able to say, in the face of all his adversities: "I know that my Redeemer liveth—out of my flesh I shall see God, whom I, even I, shall see, on my side."

The modern Episodists do not go as far as this. What this destiny is that they do seek to trace and follow, they cannot say; but this they do know, that they are following an evolution which, if silent about destiny and endings, smiles with calm benignity upon human fears.

B. N. G. '24.

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### LATIN!

*(With all due apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)*

Tell me not, ye grave old Seniors,  
Latin's but an empty dream!  
Tell me not, ye jolly Juniors,  
Classic texts are what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
Sleepless nights are not its goal;  
Morn, and thou to class returnest  
With a weary, blighted soul.

Nights we work, and nights we study,  
For assignmenets day by day,  
Till our brains grow very muddy,  
And tomorrow is today.

Ovid's long, and Horace bores us,  
But our hearts are stout and brave;  
Still, a force within did quail us,  
When a test dear Tommy gave.

In the daily class room battle,  
Deep'ning into bloody strife,  
We are like dumb, driven cattle;  
And our minds with fears are rife!



Trust no Prof, however pleasant,  
For, within, his pity's dead.  
Work,—work in the living present!  
Always see a test ahead.

Upper classmen oft remind us,  
“Use a crib—don't take a chance.”  
“Unprepared, sir!” he will find us,  
If at cribs we gaze askance.

Use cribs, that perhaps another,  
Mourning over Virgil's vein,  
A forlorn and downcast brother,  
Seeing, may recite again.

Let us, then, be up and working,  
Else a warning is our fate;  
Still achieving, never shirking,  
Lest we see our fault—too late.

R. D. P. '27.

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### PATRIOTISM.

SOMEONE asks the question, “Why are men willing to die on a battle field?” Another replies with one word, “Patriotism”.

But what is patriotism? It is that pure love of country that leads us to make any personal sacrifice for its welfare, to offer our lives in its service, to consider ourselves but mere units compared with the great whole which we call our country. It is that within us which desires the utmost good of, and for, our country. True patriotism will accept no public office unless satisfied that the administration under such control will be for the public good. Furthermore, it will desire to see all public positions filled by men who hold the good of their country at heart.

It is one of the misfortunes of every country to have masquerading as patriots, men who seek office entirely for private interest, who will accept bribery to imperil the public good, who will allow party spirit to take precedence of public interest, and who will endanger the entire country to advance personal ambition and aims. This is to be found not only among petty politicians but among leaders of industry. We need not go back further than the late war to learn of these things, and to discover just how dangerous men with such low principles can be to our country. One such unscrupulous exploiter in a country during war is far more dangerous than an army of the enemy. He has it in his power to incense the people, or to undermine their morals to such an extent that the collapse of the country may follow. An example of this was Italy in 1917. Furthermore, by forcing government contracts at fabulous prices during war some companies have robbed their country of millions of dollars. Examples of this can be found in the British Aeroplane contracts. Even in Canada we did not escape the greed of certain manufacturing corporations who succeeded in making themselves rich at the expense of the Canadian tax-payer.

People like these are not patriots. It would be slandering a true patriot to call them such.

One of the most noble impulses of our hearts, next to the love of God, is the love of country. It is something like a mother's love, inexplicable. Perhaps we are not aware of it until the call for service comes, and then it sweeps us along in a mad desire to do something to show that love. Thus it is that the battle field has its lure for the patriot when his fighting instinct is aroused. But a man may best serve his country in the arts of peace. Some of the greatest patriots on earth, the most self-sacrificing men that ever lived, never marched to martial music, but served their country by doing their honest toil, and by leaving something worth while to posterity.

Let us take a backward glance, and see patriots of high rank and low, both men and women. There meet our gaze, Augustus, Curtius, Junius Brutus, William Tell, Lord Nelson,

Gladstone, Peter the Great, Abraham Lincoln, Lloyd George, Joan of Arc, Moll Pitcher, Laura Secord, and scores of others.

We see also Napoleon, but he could in no way be called a patriot, for he deserted his native country, and all his famous exploits were carried on to satisfy personal desires. Human life to him was naught so long as his end was accomplished. Yet, considering him from a Corsican point of view, we might be tempted to agree with Barrington and say:

“True patriot he, for be it understood;  
He left his country for his country’s good”.

There is nothing more revolting to national feeling than to meet a person who disowns his country.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!”

Perhaps there is no one who does not acknowledge it to himself, but there are many who will not acknowledge it to others. Why should a man be ashamed of his country, especially a Canadian? There are a few such, and, with no feeling of animosity, I wish them joy in their alien affections and say “good riddance”.

How can a man without the love of country in his heart have love for aught else unless it be for himself? Cato committed suicide rather than survive the downfall of the Roman Republic, so great was his love for Rome’s glory and his despair at Rome’s fall. Andrew Hofer, the hero martyr of Tyrol, fell before a “firing squad” of Napoleon’s rather than turn traitor to his beloved Switzerland. The drunken “Private of the Buffs” determined to die rather than betray his England. And yet Pope in his *Epilogue on Satires* said, “A patriot is a fool in every age”. He had forgotten that it was British patriots who had gained for him the freedom to pen those lines. In other words, he was living on the heritage of fools, and would not recognize it.



Why should we Canadians be patriotic? Is Canada worth it? Yes! a thousand times yes! We have a country of which we can be justly proud. We are today taking our place among the nations of the world, a place which we won at the sacrifice of fifty thousand lives. And may it never be said of us that we made that sacrifice in vain. We have a country where true freedom for all exists, and where our national institutions are such as to excite a feeling of pride in the hearts of all lovers of liberty. No country can surpass us in extent of territory, just laws, and freedom of thought. In what other country have all men at all times enjoyed equal privileges? Let it be remembered that though a man may have been a slave in another country, when he stepped into Canada he became a free man. Our country is founded on liberty and justice, and on these we base our hopes for the future.

Look at Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the International Boundary to the Arctic, and then ponder on the possibilities that lie therein. She has lakes, rivers, smiling valleys, fertile plains, mountains, and forests; a great waterway that pierces the country half-way to her western shore; millions of dollars in her mines and forests; undeveloped power in her rivers; green valleys where wild flowers grow, and which will some day be the scene of many happy homes; great mountains in which can be found the grandest scenery in the world; and, with it all, the developed lands and the prosperous cities in which abide a happy and contented people.

John Ruskin has said: "the strength and power of a country depends on the quantity of good men and women in it. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings." If the words of Ruskin are true, our power is unsurpassed. We pay tribute to the memory of Leonidas, who fell fighting for his country. But if we were to trace him to his home we should find that same Spartan courage, which caused him to sacrifice himself at Thermopylae, would also have caused him to tear away his own babe, if it happened to be sickly, from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to the hungry wolves.

Everett has asked: "How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, animated and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections?" Perhaps that is why "Greece is living Greece no more". If her historic recollections ever dwell on the sacrifice of babes because they did not reach a certain standard of perfection, let us then not wonder at the Greece of today. In our historic recollections we find no such things. Our history is not one of wars, revolutions, bloodsheds, or oppression. Our wars have been few and righteously fought. Our history is the stories of the valiant men and women, who, for the love of liberty, carved homes out of the wilderness, and reared hardy sons and daughters by their happy firesides. Our Canadian leaders have been men, not for self, but for Canada. I would mention but two, Sir John A. Macdonald, and Sir Wilfred Laurier, men of stirring qualities and high ideals. That their hopes have never been all fulfilled, that some of their ideals were shattered, it is needless to say; but that they were statesmen worthy of applause from all Canadians must be acknowledged.

There is no doubt that many mistakes have been made in Canadian administration since Confederation. But can anyone show me a country whose government has not made mistakes? If so I will apologize for Canada. Until then I will proclaim that Canadian administration is not surpassed by that of any other country.

Let us as Canadian patriots keep the welfare of Canada at heart. Let us remember that as a young nation there are great possibilities before us. Let us determine to cultivate the arts of peace with other nations, but to suffer no injustice. Let us help to make this American continent an example for war-smitten Europe, and when she turns her eyes westward and sees the Maple Leaf scarlet in the Autumn sunshine, let her realize that it has not been dyed in the blood of revolution, but that it is the emblem of a peace-loving, industrious, and happy people.

C. M. S. '24.

## HEADLINES.

THE headline of today thrills me; it appeals to my love of mystery. In my absorbed attempts to discover what meaning may be hidden behind those obscure assemblages of type, those transcendental combinations of strange and esoteric phrase, I frequently forget to study (especially my English II). I could, it is true, resolve my doubt by the simple means of reading what is printed below. But that would be to lose the sense of mystery, the intoxication of awe and wonder. A headline may seem to say so many and so astounding things. Why pass from the exciting entrancement of incomprehension, of illimitable possibility of meaning, to the gross satisfaction that comes from mere vulgar understanding.

Some headlines (alas !) afford but slight stimulation. When one reads "SHIP INSURANCE UMPs IN NEAR EAST WATERS", he has but two guesses: he knows that either ship insurance jumps or ship insurance slumps. "NE WHOMICIDE COURT ESTABLISHED HERE" will scarcely engage my notice; the hardest kick I can get from it is weak—little better than from a long-opened bottle of Dry Ginger Ale. But there are headlines that intrigue, excite, compel! What veiled secret lies behind such cabalic lines as "BOYSTOWAWAWBACK FROMBIGADVENTURE"? More dark and strange than the recondite formulæ of the modern craft of reporting. There are phrasal as well as literal mysteries too. "Train TO RUN HOME WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE". What have we here? Thrifty advice to women shoppers? Be not too positive; the command may be meant for father . . . or wait! Train? Trains run on railways. Perhaps the Canadian National, frown economical, plans to have one of its trains run home without extravagance. Some of those trains do grow extravagant. They ought—we can all see—to be run home savingly!

How speculation springs to life in the presence of the headline! "ONE GIRL'S ACT PREVENTS 60,000 FROM WORKING" or, better still, "GETS BULLET THRU



KNEE AIMED AT ORGANIZER''. Ha, Sherlock, what motive lurked behind the aiming of that knee? We must proceed logically, Sherlock. What kind of knee? A rugged knee, worn callous with the friction of the kilts? A dimpled and a deadly knee, disclosed by a dangerous tho' all-so-simple roll? Sherlock, we must look into this.

Sometimes the headline only titillates our curiosity, as when it mentions "COLLEGE BOYS WHO HAVE TURNED WAITRESSES". We glance further down to see that the head writer, poor man, knowledgable only in one gender, meant to tell us of "COLLEGE BOYS WHO HAVE BECOME WAITERS". But at times the headline brings the shuddering gasp of horror: "BRIDE TO BE KILLED BY MOTORCYCLE''. Can such things be in this civilized land?

The endless variety, the eternal mystery of the headline! Always I am looking forward to the sorbefacient orgies that it affords—to the "TWELVE FOOT MAN EATING SHARK SHOT AND KILLED'', the "JUDGES TRIP OVER EASTERN CANADA'', or the "FROZEN FISH DEALERS ARRANGE CONFERENCE''.

Let those who will get their kick from the syncopated excitation of jazz or the gurgling of ecstatic "scotch"; I will go on getting mine from the delectable hypnosis, the deep inebriation of awed interrogation, that follows indulgence in the headlines.

B. N. G. '24.



## VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE AS PART OF THE HIGH SCHOOL PROGRAM.

THE most important factor in all the life of a wage earner is his job. His reaction against the invader who comes between him and his job is as instant as his defense of his life, his home, or his family. The job is a measure of his social fitness; it determines his social standing; by it the common man rises or falls. To the professional worker, even more so than to the industrial worker, the daily occupation is as important as life itself. One-third or possibly one-half of his time is given to it, his social life tends to build itself around it; his very identity is derived from his occupation, as is evidenced by such titles as Doctor, Judge, or Professor. Our daily work is our social usefulness and its quality is a gauge of our morality, as Carlyle implies in his "Past and Present", where he says: "Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven".

There has been a tendency in the schools, especially marked in Nova Scotia, to discourage the boy or girl from thinking of his life's occupation. The curriculum in our schools has been narrow and confined; the old classical influence is still felt, and is slow to respond to the new social and economic needs. It is true that the cultural elements in the curriculum have a real value, and should not be eliminated, but it is also true that a child should have systematic and honest guidance along vocational lines, in order that he may be able to choose his life work easily and wisely.

It is impossible to incorporate into our provincial curriculum the elaborate courses in vocational training which are

the pride and despair of the American High Schools. The vocational courses in those schools have come from the pressing demands of an urban life, with its commercial and industrial problems, and even in the United States there is much skepticism as to their real value. It is possible, however, to successfully incorporate vocational guidance in the working program of the general High School.

First, we should attempt to spread what is known as vocational intelligence. The most thorough and effective medium for this would be a special life-career class, compulsory in the first year, and elective in the later years. Since there would be some trouble in conducting such a separate course, this vocational intelligence would be given in the English course. English teachers are invariably looking out for a subject which would unify the composition work—why would it not be found in the systematic discussion of common occupations? It would be too narrow and devitalizing to include this subject in both oral and written composition, but at least it could form the topic for oral discussion during the first two years. The English teacher could, thru surveys of vocational education text-books, bulletins, and broad observation, obtain sufficient knowledge to conduct such a class.

In this oral work, the teacher should, of course, begin with the child's own interests. The children should at first investigate occupations which are near to them; for example, the boys might investigate the job of a baseball player or of a fireman. The investigation must always be objective, and care must be taken in the early stages to prevent self-analysis.

The pupils should discuss frankly each occupation, the requirements, the advantages and disadvantages, the opportunities for advancement, the remuneration, and the probable future of the occupation. They could be assisted by visits to industrial plants and by informal talks with graduates of the school.

Such a study of occupation in the English class would ultimately mean more to the pupils than the mere acquisition of knowledge. In discussion lead by the teacher, they would gain some elementary understanding of common industrial



problems, which would lay the foundation for adult intelligence in judging the industrial questions confronting every citizen. They would begin to think systematically and concretely of a future occupation, of getting along with fellow workers and superiors, of advancing in an occupation, and of the relation of school to work. With this enlarged vocational outlook would come new social sympathies. In short, the students would be gradually developing, in a rudimentary form, the essentials of a broad vocational intelligence, invaluable to them as individuals and members of society.

This first function of the High School in vocational guidance is purely objective. The second is a purely subjective and introspective process. It would consist in providing the child with as many vocational experiences as possible, on a parallel to actual working conditions. Having given these experiences, this second function would aim to give the student as much enlightenment as possible on his own occupational proclivities.

The second function could only be incidental, and could not offer the same opportunities to all students. It would consist in practical applications—for instance, a girl feels an inclination for library work, has studied the subject in High School, and has observed the methods used in outside libraries. She might be placed in responsible charge of the school library for a short time. She would take full charge of the technique of library management, aid pupils in their investigations, keep proper order, and seek to accomplish desirable improvements—in short, would have to perform many of the duties of a professional librarian. Such experiences could be provided along different lines. The boys could take over certain responsibilities in the lighting, heating, and repair work in the school. The girls could be given secretarial work in the school office or certain minor responsibilities of the teachers.

Such try-out experiences come in larger numbers naturally in the regular outside activities of the school. Being a debater, an actor in the school play, the business manager of the school paper, the captain of the school athletic team—all these have possibilities as vocational try-out experiences.

If the student does not get more insight into himself from these experiences, he will at least get a more sympathetic understanding of vocational life.

The third function of the High School, following naturally as a logical development of the first two, would be the actual placing of the boy or girl in a position. In most of our provincial towns, there are no employment agencies. The principal and a few active teachers could bring about successful co-operation with the business institutions, and thus make the High Schools the chief source of the junior labor supply. The pupils who were not intending to enter an advanced educational institution might well receive appropriate counsel and placement upon leaving the High School.

The fourth function of the High School does not need to wait upon the third. Whether or not the High School places its graduates in positions, it can at least follow up their progress in their chosen work. Most High Schools follow the records of their graduates in advanced institutions of learning, as a check upon their own efficiency. Partly for the same reason, the High School should follow its former students into commercial and industrial pursuits. Chiefly, however, the High School should do this follow-up work to aid the pupil in his vocational adjustment, and to urge him to continue his education.

The program for vocational guidance as outlined above is by no means beyond the grasp of the High Schools of Nova Scotia. If this province is to maintain its rank with the other provinces of the Dominion, it is absolutely necessary that the young people be trained to appreciate the value of their life work, to choose it wisely, and to use it to the best advantage of themselves and society as a whole.

H. P. M. '25.

## SESMIC ACTIVITY.

THE history of earthquakes extends back into the dismal ages far beyond the scope of time accounted for by the records of man. Geologists, in their study of the earth's structure, have found evidence which points conclusively to numerous and tremendous crustal movements which must have taken place ere the evolution of the Creator's plan finally ushered in the age of the Mind. Since the beginning of the Psychozoic Era, the earth has experienced frequent crustal disturbances. Some have been of colossal and destructive proportions, others of minor importance; but, on the whole, it has been a period of quiet as compared with the great folding and submersions which must have occurred in the earlier ages. Be this as it may, however, the fact remains that the cataclysms occasioned by earthquakes continue to produce the most terrible disasters which befall mankind.

Many and varied are the theories which have been offered in explanation of this remarkable phenomenon. In fact, the scientists of the previous centuries were much more confident of the causes of seismic movement than are the scientists of today. The early thinkers, such as Aristotle, believed that earthquakes were due to the generation of wind inside the earth. Others of that period held similar or equally ridiculous ideas. But, as the subject was more deeply studied, these theories gave place to such speculations as that of "electrical causation". Joseph Priestly tried for several years to establish some reasonable evidence to prove his theory that earthquakes were the result of electrical phenomena, but his labors in that sphere were fruitless.

Gradually the theory of a "Molten interior" supplanted all the others and became almost universally accepted for a time. The text books of Geology were persistent during the nineteenth century, in their expositions of this theory. They held that the earth had originated from a "primal nebula" of molten material, and that it is slowly cooling from the outside. Therefore, as the interior fires die out, the molten material becomes solid, shrinking inevitably takes place, and,



hence, the outer crust must readjust itself to the changing conditions inside. This, they maintained, was the chief cause of earthquakes.

However, in late years, this theory has been attacked with such success that it, too, has been practically banished from modern geologic writings. The present-day geologists believe that the earth is solid throughout, and about as rigid as steel. On the other hand, drilling and mining operations show that the temperature of the earth's crust increases one degree every sixty feet as the centre is approached. Hence, it may be concluded that at comparatively moderate depths, the temperature would be in excess of the melting point of any known substance. But, despite that fact, it is pointed out that as all rocks expand when passing from solid to liquid state, the liquification of the interior will be opposed by pressure. Thus the excessive weight exerted upon this material will tend to offset the effect of the heat, and prevent it from becoming liquified. It is supposed, therefore, that, owing to the agencies of heat and pressure, the internal constituents of the earth are in a state unlike either liquid or solid, but that at a depth of fifteen or twenty miles, the condition of the rock is such that it will flow like tar or putty.

This part of the earth grades into the brittle outer shell, and, owing to the processes of erosion or changes in barometric conditions, the pressure exerted upon the exterior strata becomes greatly stressed in some particular place. Consequently, there will be a fracturing or faulting of the rock to relieve the strain. The result of this break will be the bodily displacement of great blocks of the earth's crust, for, as the over-burdened strata sinks, the interior rocks will flow to give them place and, hence, the lightened strata adjoining will be pushed up.

Thus great fault lines or zones of weakness are developed. These lines may assume enormous proportions, extending for miles along the lateral surface and similar distances in depth. The huge blocks, thus divided, are held in position for a time by friction, but when the pressure due to continued deposition, internal flow or some other agency, be-

comes so great as to overcome the friction, a block suddenly gives way and an earthquake is the result.

It is known, of course, that earth tremors, of a local nature, have been caused by underground water which has decomposed a portion of the rock strata, or even by the falling in of underground caves. The major shocks, however, have invariably occurred in volcanic regions, where great zones of weakness have been developed by excessive heat and explosions; along the lines of growing mountains where the pressure is known to be exceedingly great; or on coast ranges whose sea bottom descends very rapidly, as in the case of the great Tuscarora deep off the shores of Japan.

The amount of slipping which occurs is variable, and upon this factor depends the magnitude of the earthquake. It is estimated that a movement of one inch is sufficient to wreck a city, while in some instances faults with a throw of six to ten feet have been found after the earthquake had spent its force. Scientists who are investigating the recent Japanese earthquake compute that the major break responsible for that catastrophe occurred at the bottom of the ocean, where a drop of probably twelve feet took place. The sea water rushed in to fill the cavity and oscillations were thus set up, causing the great waves which swept the Japanese coasts, carrying death and destruction upon their crests.

The immediate character of an earthquake is that of an undulatory motion. A deep rumbling sound is heard, and the sudden jolt by which it is accompanied produces a vibratory motion which travels through the earth's crust in much the same way as that which would occur in a bowl of jelly if the containing vessel were to receive a sharp blow. There are, in fact, two such vibrations set up: one which travels directly through the earth at a velocity of about 375 miles per hour, and another which follows the surface, travelling at a much slower rate. Special instruments have been invented to register these wave-like motions by means of which the seismologists can compute the approximate locality, as well as the magnitude of the disturbance, regardless of the position of the same with respect to the instrument.

A great deal of attention has been devoted to seismic activity with a view to eliminating, as far as possible, the disastrous results which these upheavels have upon life and property. In late years, much has been accomplished along these lines by the seismologists who, by locating and mapping the belts of weakness along which earthquakes are liable to occur, have rendered a great service to the world. Foreknowledge of the existence of these rifts enables a city, town, or any constructing organization to avoid these danger zones when building aqueducts or any great structures of vital importance to the surrounding districts. It is a well known fact that the destruction of the city of San Francisco was in a large measure, due to the principal aqueduct having been built along the earthquake fault, so that the dislocating of the pipe lines completely disorganized the water system, and, hence, gave the fires undisputed sway.

How much progress the science of Seismology will be able to make toward the solution of earthquake problems is a matter of conjecture. In view, however, of the service it has already rendered, it may be hoped that this science may yet unfold many of the mysteries of seismic activity that, by taking proper and timely precautions, the terrors and desolation which have characterized the path of earthquakes in the past may, in a great measure, be banished.

—H. M. B. '24.



# The Acadia Athenæum

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## Editorial



### TROPHIES AND THEIR PLACE IN INTER-COLLEGIATE SPORT.

**E**VEN to the casual observer it is obvious that all is not well in Maritime Intercollegiate athletic circles, while to college students the intensity of the rivalry which exists between some of our colleges is a matter of common knowledge. We have only to glance back over the intercollegiate records of the past few years to confirm this. The U. N. B.-Acadia protest in 1919, the Mt. A.-U. N. B. protest in 1921, and the mix-up at the end of the 1922 and 1923 hockey seasons are outstanding instances of intercollegiate disputes. Mention might also be made of the trials and tribulations of any Business Manager of any college team in arranging for suitable referees for intercollegiate matches. Now all of this does not do much to promote good sport or to cultivate

a spirit of fellowship among college students as a whole. Moreover, it gives the public a bad impression of college sport. Surely this trouble should be avoided. Certainly a large part of it can, but not by sitting back and allowing affairs to go on as at present. The cause or causes of this lack of co-operation must be sought out and, in so far as it is possible, be removed.

Take the case of protests. Why does a college protest a game? The protest is made because one college thinks the other college has taken an unfair advantage of it and desires a redress of its grievances. In the U. N. B.-Acadia dispute in 1919, U. N. B. felt that Acadia had not played fairly in a certain matter. Mt. A. men felt the same way in 1921 when they protested their game with U. N. B. Now it must be borne in mind that each of the protesting colleges was dissatisfied with the result of the particular game played. It was the result of *that game* which they wanted to reverse, and not the mere opportunity of engaging in another contest with their rivals.

Now why should they want the result of their previous game reversed either by replaying it or by the decision of a conference? It was because both teams wanted to *win* that particular game. But why should one college be so anxious to win a particular game that they would resort to methods or practices which would lead another college to suspect it of being unfair? Why should the winning or losing of an athletic contest mean so much to a college? Two explanations or answers to these questions have occurred to us. First of all, each college may be so jealous of its athletic reputation as to wish to wipe out the stigma of defeat. This could easily be done by arranging a second game. But we do not think that this is the motive back of protests. We think that a game is protested so that the result of the game in question will be altered. *It is the winning of that disputed game that is all-important, and any other game played must be considered as the result of that protested event*, and not a mere second game of a series. Plainly, the only motive behind a protest is not the desire to guard the college's



reputation; but this is linked with the second factor, the desire to obtain possession of something which each college prizes very highly. Usually it means the possession or loss of a trophy or title. The result of each game is a sort of legacy. Each win is one step nearer the goal and every effort is bent towards attaining that goal,—the goal in most cases being a cup or trophy. Nor is evidence of this lacking. The U. N. B.-Acadia protest in 1919, and the Mt. A.-U. N. B. protest in 1921 each centered around a game which had an important bearing upon the Clark Trophy. The mix-up which occurred at the close of the hockey seasons of 1922 and 1923 was due to the uncertainty as to which team had the right to play Kings for the Sumner Trophy. In each case the custody of a cup was at stake. *We believe it was the desire to gain possession of these trophies which led to the protests and disputes in connection with the games which determined who should hold them.*

Thus the desire for the possession of a cup requiring a number of wins for ownership leads to a determination to win each and every game. The desire to win tends to make each college suspicious that the other is trying to get ahead of it. Certain incidents are given that interpretation, whether justly or not, and as a result we have our college protests and disputes, our feuds and bitter feelings. If this be the true state of affairs, and we believe it to be so, then we can reach only one conclusion as to a remedy, that is, *to abolish trophies which require more than one game or event to obtain their permanent possession.*

Up to now we have contented ourselves with destructive criticism and, lest we be accused of tearing down and of putting nothing back, we offer the suggestion contained in the following paragraphs.

To our mind, a game should be played for the sake of the game, for the pleasure we get out of competition with others. And we think that this is the driving force back of our games. But other factors have entered in also. It is well known that people will do better work when there is an extra incentive to do so. That is, they will compete in a



game with a certain expenditure of energy for the sake of the game, but not further. However, when someone adds another incentive, such as a trophy, the individual competing will be willing to expend his energy, even up to the limit of exhaustion, in order to obtain the desired end. It was a recognition of this fact which prompted the donation of cups and trophies as rewards for athletic prowess. Now as far as this tended to encourage the individual to play the game, play hard, and play fair, we are heartily in favor of it; but basing the award on the number of wins has tended to raise the importance of a game, that is, *the value of a win in a game varies directly with the number of games required to win the trophy* and, as such, lends an extravagant value to the winning of the game if a large number of games are necessary to win the coveted emblem. It seems to us that the great evil in trophies is in putting them up for competition over a definite period of years, or until someone has won a certain number of games. But right here we do not wish to be misunderstood. We are not against the award of all trophies, but only against the award of those requiring more than one game to win. That being the case, it remains to find a suitable trophy, providing one is needed. We regret that it is necessary to provide anything further than the love of the sport itself, but we clearly recognize the value of trophies as an incentive to greater endeavor, consequently we would like to see the following scheme attempted in connection with our intercollegiate contests. In football, for instance, let the winning team take the ball used in the game, have the score and date written upon it, and the ball placed in the trophy room of the victorious college. Let the same apply to basketball. Here is an actual trophy of the game in question. In some fields of competition this scheme would not be practical, for instance, track. Hence, if an incentive be needed in the shape of a trophy and someone be found willing to donate one, let it be for one meet only.

Under such a plan as the above, we feel that the desire for a trophy would be satisfied, and amply satisfied at that. Moreover, we feel that a great cause of disputes will have

been removed. We do not claim that this would eliminate protests, but we are convinced that they would be fewer. At least, we could give it a trial as there is certainly no ground for saying that matters would be worse, and there is every reason to hope that they might be better.

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### ACADEMY DEPARTMENT.

**T**HANKSGIVING having come and gone, we are again settled down to hard work. During the vacation, certain especially favored Cads were invited to an entertainment arranged by a number of the Seminary girls. This broke the monotony, and resulted in the report of an exceptionally good time.

### TRACK AND BASKETBALL.

Many of the boys have been turning out very faithfully for track practice, and judging by the material at hand, the Academy has promising prospects of having a good team. As yet, basketball has not got under way, but now that the football season is over, we shall soon be turning our attention to this game.

### FOOTBALL.

ST. F. X. ACADEMY, 0; A. C. A., 11.

The Academy Senior Football Team, accompanied by Dr. Archibald and the coach, W. Wetmore, arrived in Truro on November 18th to play off with St. Francis Xavier Academy for the intercollegiate championship of Nova Scotia. Following this, the winners were to play Fredericton High, champions of New Brunswick, for the Maritime title.

The game started immediately after the Dalhousie-St. F. X. game. Ten minutes after its start, Outhouse, halfback, secured a touchdown for Acadia, but Johnson, fullback, failed to convert. A feature of this half was a beautiful run by

Berry, who, by vigorous straight-arming and fast running, eluded the opposing half-line and fullback, and succeeded in scoring another touchdown for Acadia. This again failed to be converted.

The battle waged for the most part in the territory of St. F. X., although Acadia's touch-line was threatened more than once. Just before the end of the game Berry again scored by securing a touch down, which was converted just before the whistle blew.

Referee—Bruce, of Dalhousie.

Line -up:

St. F. X.—Fullback, Murphy; halves, D. Chisholm, Preston, McIsaac, Nolan; quarters, Taylor, Powers (captain), McDonald; forwards, Campbell, Howard, Harriman, McLennan, Thompson, Chas. McNeil, Butts.

Acadia Academy.—Fullback, Johnson; halves, Outhouse, Hutchinson, Teas, Berry; quarters, Crandall, Rettie, J. Jenkins; forwards, Corning, Smallman, Estey, Webber, Raymond, R. Jenkins, Ferguson.

FREDERICTON HIGH, 3; A. C. A., 0.

The Academy squad arrived in Fredericton on Monday to play off with Fredericton High School for the championship of the Maritimes.

The game started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, but the weather conditions were most unsuitable for a good display of rugby. Fredericton had much the better of the territory most of the time, yet they were not able to break thru our lines for a touchdown. The only touchdown for F. H. S. was secured by a successfully worked trick-play with which the Cads were unfamiliar, and hence were unprepared to meet.

The line-up:

Fredericton.—Fullback, Hewitt; halves, Goodspeed, McMullin, McCordick, Steens; quarters, Hickson (captain),



Rutter, Babbitt; forwards, Vaughan, Hurley, Boyd, Douglas, Chestnut, Hanson, Mills; subs., Simpson, Ryan.

Acadia.—Fullback, Johnson; halves, Berry, Hutchinson, Teas, Outhouse; quarters, Rettie, L. Jenkins, Crandall (captain); forwards, Webber, Ferguson, Neilson, Smallman, Corning, Raymond, and R. Jenkins.

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### JOKES.

Cr--d--l (In Senior English)—“Mr. W., who is the English teacher up at the Sem?”

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Dr. A. (In Senior History)—“What was Joan of Arc maid of?”

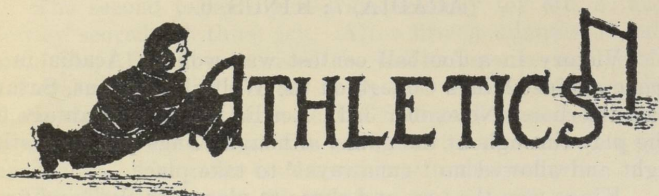
H-m-lt-n—“Of good stuff, I suppose.”

Dr. A.—“No, she was Maid of Orleans.”

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S-e-p—(In Geometry)—“Sir, I don’t see the point.”

B--n-r--n—“Here it is.”



ONCE again the curtain has dropped over Intercollegiate Football. The football season, we regret to say, has been disappointing from the viewpoint of Acadia and her thousands of supporters. As in the last two seasons, the University of New Brunswick has won the championship of the Western League and with it, the Clarke trophy, which now will remain permanently in their possession.

Acadia wishes to give her successful rivals full credit for winning this trophy realizing that,

“To the victor belongs the spoils.”

To our own team, a great deal of credit is due for putting up a game fight against a combination of circumstances which put them at a decided disadvantage.

Many of this year's football team have represented their Alma Mater on the gridiron for the last time. Doubtless, a few suggestions to the next year's team would not be too presumptuous. For the last three year's, Acadia has been handicapped by the lack of efficient and continuous coaching. This year we acknowledge with gratitude the most beneficial coaching of Dr. Fluck. In a week he transformed the team from a mob into an organized machine, but Dr. Fluck was handicapped by the short length of time at his disposal. We firmly believe that no football team can win the Western League without a whole-season coach, and that it is unfair to the members of the team to expect them to do so. Next year, we look forward to having a championship team but it is evident that such will not be the case unless a coach is engaged NOW for THE WHOLE SEASON.

## ACADIA, 7; KINGS, 0.

Victory in a football contest was won by Acadia in a game against Kings College on the Wolfville campus, Saturday afternoon, November 3rd. Acadia had the advantage of the play throughout the game, although Kings put up a stiff fight and allowed no "runaways" to take place.

Kings won the toss and chose to play with the wind first period. The play was somewhat loose and featured by much kicking for touch, especially on the part of the home team. Acadia shoved the ball to the King's goal line and, after a scrimmage, the forwards took the ball over in a mix-up for a try.

During the second period, the play was somewhat faster and neither team was able to make a try. Davison received the ball from the scrim directly in front of the King's posts and scored a field goal. No other scores were made and the game ended 7-0 in Acadia's favor.

Dr. Fluck, of Halifax, officiated as referee in a satisfactory manner, keeping "side-shows" almost nil.

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ACADIA, 3; MT. A., 14.

In a drenching rain before a small crowd of shivering spectators, the Mt. Allison rugby team battled the Acadia fifteen with a slippery ball in a game played on a muddy field, and resulting in a 14 to 3 score in favor of the home team. Captain Clark, of Acadia, scored a try for his team after a brilliant, individual, forty yard run through the Mt. Allison backfield. The Mountie's scored four tries and a convert.

Acadia won the kick-off, but Mt. A. got control of the ball, and after some fine team work, Wyse went over for a try which was converted by Flood. The play during the remainder of the period raced from one end of the field to the other. Purdy scored another try for Mt. A. which was not converted.



The second period opened auspiciously for Mt. A. and Rowley scored the third try. After fifteen minutes of balanced play, Hierlihy received the ball from a scrim dribble and crossed the line for the final try. Shortly afterwards, Clark received the ball in centre field and passed through the opposing backfield with a brilliant run and scored a try for Acadia. The game ended with no further score.

Dr. Fluck refereed the game.

Line-up.

Acadia—Forwards, Anderson, Rhodenizer, Estey, Smith, Brown, Jenkins, Messenger; quarters, Robinson, Davidson, B. J. Elderkin; halves, B. D. Elderkin, Noble, Chipman, Clark (captain); fullback, Q. Noble.

Mount Allison—Forwards, Wilkes, Hierlihy, Purdy, McIntyre, McLelland, Archibald, Norris; quarters, Winters, Gregg, Wyse; halves, Ray Smith, Rowley, Angovine (captain), Flood; fullback, Fulton.

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ACADIA 0; U. N. B., 0.

Before a crowd of one thousand spectators, the University of New Brunswick and Acadia, time-honored rivals, met in the final rugby match of the Western League and battled to a scoreless draw in the most thrilling game of the season. With the odds four to one in favor of their formidable opponents, the Garnet and Blue settled down to playing with an unflinching condition, a bull dog tenacity, and a half-line work that time and time again threatened the Red and Black line. It was the most thrilling battle for years and brought the fans to their feet many times in uncontrollable excitement.

Acadia won the toss and kicked off with the wind at their backs. From the first, the prospects looked dark for Acadia. By poor scrim and half-line work, the ball remained for the most part in Acadia's territory. Long punting by Noble and

Clark relieved the pressure for a while, but the ball was borne steadily back toward the locals goal line. For a few minutes U. N. B. seemed to be on the verge of scoring, but long punting by Davidson and stubborn resistance by the Acadia forwards saved the situation. For the remainder of the period, the ball was controlled by the forwards with only occasional punting off touch and very little half-line work by both teams.

In the second period, Fraser kicked off far into Acadia's territory. Clark brought the ball into U. N. B. ground, where it remained for the remainder of the game. U. N. B.'s forwards attempted their favorite dribble which was very effectively smothered by the local scrum. The Acadia half-line obtained the ball several times toward the close of the play and kept the opposing line in constant danger. The visitors were forced to safety several times, and only poor passing and fumbling by the Acadia half-line prevented a sure score. The period closed with Acadia pressing U. N. B. hard on their ten yard line. The game was featured by many free kicks. Fraser was the star for U. N. B. and Clark played a superior game for Acadia. J. D. McCarthy acted as referee.

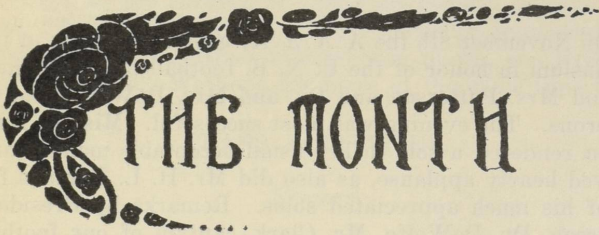
#### The line-up:

U. N. B.—Fullback, Secord (captain; halves, McCaffery, Reid, Fraser, Donahue; Quarters, A. Sterling, J. Sterling, Woods; forwards, Rogers, McLenhan, Scovil, Jones, Odell, McPhail, Kincaid.

Acadia—Fullback, O. Noble; halves, Chipman, Robinson, Clark (captain), Woodworth; quarters, Davidson, McLatchey, Elderkin; forwards, Rhodenizer, Anderson, Estey, Smith, A. Noble, Jenkins, Messenger.

U. N. B. spares—Cliff, Wishart and Chalmers.

Acadia spares—B. Elderkin and A. Brown.

A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose and various leaves and smaller flowers, arranged in a curved, vine-like pattern that frames the title.

# THE MONTH

ANOTHER month has passed. The endless story of events at Acadia has progressed just so much further. It is indeed wonderful, how the spirit of the old place grows upon us; how every month spent in the old institution seems to be just a bit better than any of its predecessors; and how much more real enjoyment we derive from our contact with the different activities to which we lend ourselves as our days around College Hill increase in numbers.

The past month has been a revelation of the foregoing statement. College spirit has been running high, college activities have been many, varied, and exceedingly well patronized. Our games on the campus were well attended. Each of the respective college societies has got away with a good start. The classes have all experienced a month of pleasant and profitable enjoyment. And, last but not least, new organizations seem to be taking root. Now and then we see notices proclaiming meetings of the "Nails," and from the number of students wearing three inch nails in the lapels of their coats, we would judge that a run must have been made upon the hardware store. Further, we hear of "Oogie-Oogie-Wah-Wahs" and of the "Order of the Garter,"—the latter wearing numerous yards of elastic upon their lapels, much to the glory of the dry goods merchants. In short, the month has been a successful one, and we look forward with hopeful anticipation to those which are to follow.



## A. A. A. A. Reception.

On November 8th the A. A. A. A. gave a reception at the Gymnasium in honor of the U. N. B. football team, at which Dr. and Mrs. Patterson and Dr. and Mrs. DeWolf acted as chaperons. The evening was most successful. Miss E. Duncanson rendered a solo in her usual acceptable manner and received hearty applause, as also did Mr. H. L. Parsons for one of his much appreciated solos. Remarks by President Patterson, Dr. DeWolfe, Mr. Clark, captain of our football team, and Mr. Secord, captain of the visiting team, were enthusiastically received and applauded. The singing of the Acadia doxology brought the evening to a close.

## ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

This Society has held several meetings during the month, all of which have been well attended.

At the meeting of October 22nd, it was agreed to adopt the Oxford method of debating in the interclass debates. This system does away with the customary twelve minute rebuttals by the leaders at the conclusion of the speeches, but provides that each debater may have fifteen minutes in which to speak and, at the same time, to rebut the arguments of the opposing speaker as the debate proceeds.

On November 14th the Senior-Junior debate was held, the subject being: "Resolved, that the action of the Provincial Government in the recent steel and coal strike at Cape Breton was not in the interests of the Province. The affirmative was upheld by the Senior team, composed of Messrs. M. L. McLean, J. G. McLeod, and E. L. Curry, while the negative was defended by the Juniors, represented by Messrs. E. R. Rafuse, R. A. Thorne and T. W. Cook. The judges, Dr. Spidle, Professor Balcom, and Professor Rogers, gave the decision to the Juniors. Mr. R. B. Curry, who was critic for the evening, submitted a well prepared and witty report.

In addition to the above activities, there have been two meetings of the Society at which impromptu debates were held. These have been of a very pleasing, humorous, and profitable nature. Great interest was shown, and lively debates featured. We hope for more of the same type in the future.

### CLASS ACTIVITIES.

#### *Seniors.*

Even the grave old Seniors saw fit to lay aside the cares of office and the worries of degree-hunting long enough to enjoy one of the most pleasant social functions of their history, when, on November 6th, they were welcomed to the home of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Archibald. There they indulged in games of different kinds and enjoyed the delicious refreshments which were served. All too soon the time for singing college songs came around, and the party broke up amid the echoes of the old "Icka-ricka" yell.

#### *Sophmores.*

Following up the good old custom of their worthy predecessors, the class of '26 entertained the faculty and students of the University at a Hallowe'en masquerade party in the Gymnasium, on the evening of Oct. 31st. The gym was effectively decorated in the conventional colors of the season and the multitude of costumes, beautiful and otherwise, added greatly to the splendor of the scene. Games were indulged in, several special numbers of the program were much enjoyed, and refreshments were served, after which the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A brought the evening to a close. Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt and Professor and Mrs. Bancroft chaperoned the party.

Not content with having staged one social event during the month, the gay young Sophomores set out on Saturday evening, November 17th, for Kentville, where they attended The Capital Theatre. A splendid program was enjoyed,

after which the party returned to Wolfville and partook of a sumptuous repast at the Acadia Tea Room. Professor and Mrs. Bancroft, Professor Osborne and Miss Oxner chaperoned the expedition.

### *Freshmen.*

The first class party held by the class of '27 was consummated in the Gymnasium on the evening of October 25th. It proved a most happy and enthusiastic affair. It is rumored, too, that on the occasion the Sophs were denied admittance to the room containing the eats, and that a new Sophomore yell was led by the president of the Freshman Class. This event was chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock and Professor and Mrs. Perry.

### THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Society held its first meeting of the season in Tully Club room on Thursday, November 15th, several new members being received at this time. On the evening of the same day, a social function was held by the members of the Society. Games and refreshments were the order of the evening, which has been voted the best party of the season. The very enjoyable affair was chaperoned by Miss Oxner and Dr. Rhodenizer.

Several members of the Society are at present rehearsing a play which will be staged at the Orpheum before the beginning of the Christmas holidays.

### “PEP” MEETINGS.

On the evening of October 23rd, the student body assembled in the Gymnasium for a “pep” meeting. This gathering was presided over by our veteran cheer leader, C. M. Spidell, and the meeting proved to be of a real “peppy” nature. Several orations were made, each full of the power which sways multitudes and incites men to action. Then the



song sheets were passed around, the piano struck up, and the voice of the student body lent itself voluminously to the singing of the good old Acadia songs. College yells supplemented the speeches and songs in the application of the "pepsine" treatment.

Again on the eve of November 8th, another mass meeting was held, at which the above program was repeated with increased vigor, and thus great doses of the "pep" remedy for lack of spirit, weak voices, and sluggish lung power, were injected. The success of the treatment was made manifested by the incessant roar which characterized the rooting at the U. N. B. game on the following day.

### PROPYLAEUM SOCIETY.

The regular Propylaeum meeting was held on Monday, October 22nd. After the business for the evening was completed, a general program was presented. This consisted of:

Clause I .....	Synopsis.....	Helen Lawson
Clause II .....	Solo.....	Carol Chipman
Clause III .....	Reading.....	Laura Duncanson
Clause IV .....	College Songs.	

Catherine Black was the critic for the evening.

On October 23rd a special meeting was called in the Reception Room, when it was decided to send Mr. E. L. Curry, '24, to the Acadia-Mt. A. game at Sackville, as the Propylaeum representative.

On October 29th the New Girls provided an excellent program for Propylaeum and showed the Old Girls that some exceptional talent has come to Acadia with the Class of '27. The programs took the form of salt shakers and "Shake" I. was a carefully prepared synopsis by Connie Hayward, followed by a quartette, composed of Nellie and Ethel Hudson, Ella McMahon, and Margaret Freeman. Shake III. was a piano solo by Mary Bishop, and then the

gruesome tragedy of "Bluebeard" was given in pantomime. Much credit is due the New Girls on this Propylæum.

### TULLY SING.

On Sunday evening, November 11, the College boys and girls who had remained in town over the Thanksgiving holiday, gathered in Tully Club Room for a sing. Here everyone spent a very pleasant evening. The singing was enthusiastic, and if volume of sound constitutes a successful sing, certainly this was a good one.

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

The annual reception, given under the auspices of the Y. M. and S. C. A. was held in the Gymnasium on Saturday evening, October 20th. The chaperons were Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock, Miss E. E. Bridges, president of the S. C. A. and Mr. C. M. Spidell, president of the Y. M. C. A. The reception was in every way a success. The decorations were artistically arranged and a large electric flash sign of welcome added materially to the decorative scheme. An attractive program consisting of orchestra selections, under the direction of Miss M. Coit, remarks by President Patterson, a vocal solo by Miss Amy Prescott, a reading by Miss K. McLean, and a vocal solo by Mr. H. W. Mollins, was greatly enjoyed. College yells and A-C-A-D-I-A concluded the evenings entertainment.

Union meetings of the S. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. are being carried on as per usual. These meetings are held in the Physics lecture room, and are being fairly well attended.

On October 24 Mr. Taylor Statton, Secretary of Boy's Work, addressed the meeting on the subject of "Preparation for Service." He reviewed the work of the Canadian Efficiency Corps, and stressed the need of right guidance for youth. Mr. Statton's address was one of vital interest and was deeply appreciated.

On October 30, Mr. A. A. McLeod lead a discussion meeting at which the merits and demerits of our organization were discussed. It proved a most interesting evening.

Dr. W. N. Hutchins was the speaker on the evening of November 6, when he took as his subject, "Faithfulness in the Small Things." His address was very opportune, practical and beneficial, and was thoroughly appreciated.

A very lively and interesting discussion meeting was held on November 16, with Mr. Ernest Robinson, M. P., as leader. The subject was "Censorship." Many of the auditors expressed their views on the question, and a most profitable hour was spent.

Sunday, Nov. 18, being the Students' Day of Prayer, the students of the University, Seminary, and Academy held a joint service of prayer in the Gymnasium. This meeting was lead by Dr. W. N. Hutchins. A large number of the students attended and the service was a most helpful one.

The S. C. A. meeting of October 21, was addressed by Miss Mabel Archibald, on the subject of, "Missions in India," and by Miss Oxner on, "The Opportunities and Responsibilities of the College Girl." Miss Tretheway was the soloist for the evening. Miss Archibald was in native costume and had many Indian momentos, all of which added to the picturesqueness of her address. This was her farewell to the girls of Acadia, before her return to India. Miss Oxner's address was brief and to the point, showing the girls definitely their status in the world, present and future, in relation to their College course.

On October 28, Miss Jean Gates gave an interesting talk on China. She showed the hold which that country could get upon one with its natural beauties and historic background. Her word pictures were very realistic, and she also exhibited Chinese souvenirs. Miss Chipman sang.

At a business meeting of the S. C. A. Cabinet on November 1, it was decided to send one delegate to the Indianapolis Conference. Three names which were then submitted, and were voted upon on November 19, resulting in the election of Miss Alse McLeod.

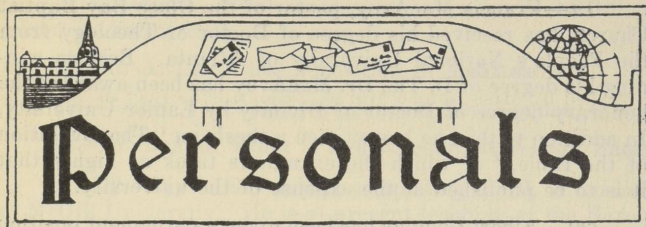


A Song Service was held November 4, in Tully Club Room. Miss Chipman added to the atmosphere of music with a solo.

On November 18 the regular S. C. A. meeting was addressed by Miss Louise Morse '24, on the subject of "Science and Religion." The meeting was well attended and Miss Morse was very interesting, making us hope for more student speakers in the future. A quartette, consisting of the Misses Walker, Chipman, Vogler, and Freeman, provided the special music for the meeting.

### MISSION STUDY CLASS

The Student Volunteers held a regular meeting for the purpose of studying questions pertaining to Missionary work. Those meetings are held in Tully Club Room Sunday afternoons at 1.45. On Sunday, November 18, the class was especially privileged in having Professor Balcom give an address on "The Sociology of Missions."



'87—We regret to hear of the death of Charles Herman Miller, M. D., at his home in Ashmont, Mass.

'91—Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, pastor of the Methodist Church at Wolfville, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Mount Allison University, at the recent inauguration of their new President.

'98—Dr. Charles W. Rose has accepted a church in Peterborough, Ont.

Eng. '10—Robert W. Murray, of Springfield, N. S., has been appointed High Sheriff of Cumberland County.

'12—Rev. G. W. Miller, who for ten years past has filled the pulpit of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Wolfville, lately moved to his new pastorate at Elderbank, Halifax County, N. S.

'12.—Ross William Collins, Ph.D., has just published a book entitled, "Catholicism and the Second French Republic."

'14.—The marriage of Miss Ruby Mitchell and Rev. G. G. Bleakney occurred at New York, October 11.

'17.—Mrs. Milton Fowler Gregg (Dorothy Alward), who is now living in Halifax, has registered at Dalhousie for courses leading to the degree of M. A.

'19.—Helen Starr is teaching English in a girls' boarding school in New York City.

'19.—Francis MacAvoy, pastor of the Glace Bay Baptist Church, has received his degree of Doctor of Theology from the People's National University of Atlanta. Besides winning his degree of D. Th., Dr. MacAvoy has been awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity by Lanier University. In addition to this, he has written a thesis on "The Evolution of the Bible," of which the examiners think so highly that it is to be published at the expense of the university.

'20.—Albert Longley has been given a permanent position on the U. S. Government staff at Washington, where he is engaged in research concerning Plant Breeding and Hybridization.

'20.—Mrs. Stenner Phillips (nee Minta Hatfield) is residing in New York City.

'20.—Ethel Rand is at her home in Upper Canard.

'20.—Dot Schurman is teaching in the Willow Street School, Truro.

'20.—Paul Tingley is completing his last year in medicine at Edinburgh University.

'21.—Gladys Corbett is principal of the school at Westville, N. S.

'21.—Karl Mason is continuing his post-graduate work in Biology at Yale.

'21.—Horace Read is the editor of the "*Dalhousie Gazette*."

'21.—Claude Richardson is practising law in Sydney, Cape Breton.

'21.—Ralph Wetmore is at Harvard completing his thesis for Ph. D., in Biology. He is also assistant in the Harvard and Radcliffe Botany classes.

Eng. '21.—Roy Bown is working at Welland, Ont.

Eng. '21.—W. E. Bown is working in Sydney, C. B.

'22.—Marian Brown is at her home in St. John.



'22.—Margaret Ford is teaching at a girls' boarding school in Essex Falls, N. J.

'22.—C. A. Lewis has a position in Montreal.

'22.—Isabel MacPhail is teaching at New London, Conn.

'22.—William J. Miller is now teaching at Wilcox, Sack.

Ex. '22.—Wylie E. Poole is completing his B. A. course at McGill University. He is at present teaching at the Baron Byng School, Montreal, P. Q.

Ex. '22.—Karl Bishop is principal of the Superior School, Douglastown, N. B.

'22.—The marriage of Zella I. Parlee, '22, and Frank V. Anthony occurred last month at Pasadena, Cal.

'23.—Harry Grimmer is preaching at Petticodiac.

Eng. '23.—George Read is working at an electrical plant at Niagara Falls.

Eng. '23.—Hawley Morrison is attending the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax, N. S.

Ex. '23.—Urvile Calhoun has a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia, Amherst, N. S.

Ex. '24.—Bert Blenkhorn is at his home in Canning, Nova Scotia.

Ex. '25.—John Chesley is at his home in St. John.

Ex. '25.—H. V. Corkum was prevented by illness from continuing his studies this term, but expects to join his class again in January.

Ex. '25.—J. R. MacGorman is preaching at Mahone Bay.

Ex. '25.—Lawrence McKenzie is a lieutenant in the militia at Halifax.

Ex. '25.—Everett McLeod is working in the gold mines in Timmins, Ont.

Ex. '25.—The marriage took place on Wednesday, Nov. 7, at Shediac Cape, N. B., of Vera Grace Nickerson and Harry W. Mollins.

Eng. Ex. '25.—Harold Hodgson is at his home in Halifax.

Eng. Ex. '25.—Ralph Warren has entered the General Electric School in Lynn, Mass.

Ex. '26.—Beatrice Borden is at her home in Canard, N. S.

Ex. '26.—Gladys McKeen is teaching school at Indian Harbor, N. S.

Ex. '26.—Bernice Rand is training at Newton Hospital, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.

Ex. '26.—Soley Roop is at his home in Wolfville.

Ex. '26.—The sympathy of Acadia students is extended to the family of Karl Robinson, whose death occurred recently at Halifax.

'27.—We extend sympathy to Charles Lowe, on the death of his mother.

At the recent inauguration at Mount Allison University Raymond Clare Archibald, Ph. D., of Strasburg University, Professor of Mathematics at Acadia in 1907, now of Brown University, was made a Doctor of Laws.

#### A. L. S.

'20.—We regret to learn of the death of Kathleen Procter at her home in Halifax. Our sympathy is extended to May and Winston Proctor, Acadia, Ex. '23.

'21.—Marjorie Robbins is a stenographer in West St. John.

'22.—Dorothy Clark is working at Moirs, Ltd., in Halifax.

'22.—Gertrude Vail is studying music at her home in Sydney.

'22.—Treva Vail is at her home in Springfield, N. B.

'23.—Ethel Moir is taking a dietitian's course at the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I.

'23.—Grace Carpenter is at her home in Carpenter, Queen's County, N. B.

'23.—Joyce Clarke is continuing her study in violin under Mr. Williams, the head of that department at the Halifax Ladies College.

'23.—Frances Corning is at her home in Yarmouth.

'23.—Marjorie MacDonald is taking a dietitian's course at the Rhode Island Hospital, Providence, R. I.

'23.—Mary Moir is at her home in Halifax.

'23.—Marjorie Sheffield is training in the Boston City Hospital, Boston, Mass.

Ex. '24.—Grace MacPherson is at her home in Sydney, taking Grade XII work.

Ex. '24.—Olga Clarke is at her home in Summerside, Prince Edward Island.

Ex. '24.—Ruth Wosster is studying at a Secretarial School in Massachusetts.

A. C. A. '23.—Emmerson Johnson is attending the Agricultural College at Truro.





In reviewing the exchanges for this month, we notice that one matter of common interest stands forth above all others. This is the insistent appeal of the editors to the students for full co-operation in making this year's publications the best ever.

The sentiments of the editors may be expressed, perhaps inelegantly, in this verse from Kipling:

“It ain’t the individual  
Nor the army as a whole,  
But the everlasting team-work  
Of every bloomin’ soul.”

---

### THE ARGOSY

We learn from your paper that you, as well as Acadia, have learned some lessons from your debating experience with the Oxford three. We have adopted the Oxford system in our inter-class competition. It is to be hoped that, a few years from now, this method will be used entirely in inter-collegiate debating. Your paper seems to be given up entirely to athletics, short write-ups, and scrappy humor. We hope to see the literary material more abundant in the first edition of your literary number.

## THE BRUNSWICKAN

We greatly enjoyed the account of the Freshette debate. Your humor is good, and "The Hand of Memory" is worthy of comment. We can fully appreciate the truth set forth in the editorial that one man, or two or three men, cannot turn out a paper which really represents the whole student body. We hope to see more literary material in future editions.

## DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

The Gazette is alive with items of interest particularly for its own student body. We notice that Dalhousie has also awakened to the possibility that something might be gained by changing the present debating system. The new Committee of Advisors for students is a commendable innovation. It is to be desired that poetry and literary material be forthcoming in later issues.

## THE GATEWAY.

The October 30 issue of the Gateway gives a prominent place to the Student's Council. You seem to have the interest of the student body behind your council and should make it a success.

We read, with interest, the article on the Senior Class' preparation for graduation. Our own seniors would do well to follow the example.

## INTEGRAL

Since this is the publication of an engineering society, we expect to find the material dealing chiefly with current engineering topics. There is an abundance of humor which keeps the paper from being altogether prosaic. The method of reporting the doings of the month in calendar form is very effective.

## McGILL DAILY

We read with interest the pages of this paper with its lively news and its good editorials. We were especially interested in the editorial of the November seventh edition. When the college is behind the team it is possible for them to do a great deal more than when only a half-hearted support is given them.

## McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The thing that caught our eye and appealed to us most in the October issue of the "McMaster University Monthly," was the short bit of poetry which describes a lake by moonlight. The visual and audial imagery were exceptionally good, doing credit to the poetic genius of its author.

The material in this issue was well arranged and very interesting.

## MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

The November issue contains an interesting account of the six weeks summer camp near Cass Lake, and is well illustrated with snaps. We appreciate the article, "The Unorganized Scrap," from which we would like to quote the following: "A tradition, to be worthy of maintaining, should never be one for which we must make excuses." On the whole, altho some of the articles are very technical, and would appeal to only limited class of readers, yet the "Minnesota Techno-log" is a very interesting journal.

## ORIENT

We discover that the Editor-in-chief of this exceptionally fine High School magazine is the nephew of a former Acadia professor, Mr. Gaetano Cavichia. The paper is made exceedingly attractive by the insertion of etchings and paintings at the head of each department. It stands in marked contrast to the University exchanges.



## THE SHEAF

This is a wide-awake weekly, giving a faithful account of college happenings. We are glad to note that the Literary Directorate is offering crests for literary ability. This competition should tend to provide for the present lack of literary material in the publication.

## THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

A lack of stories and poetry was very noticeable in your last issue. However, the article on "David Lloyd George" was well written and made up somewhat for the leanness of the other branches of the literary department.

An occasional snap or cartoon would increase the interest in your paper to a marked degree.

## THE UBYSSEY

Altho' the editors have brought into the columns of "The Ubyyssey" a great deal of university interest, yet there is little or no real literary material. This is a lack that we notice to be predominant in almost all publications of this type, and one which must, in the course of time, be detrimental to the literary ability of the student body. Could not some space be used in the publishing of a short story or a poem?

## WESTERN U GAZETTE

This is another weekly publication which we enjoy—one which deals with coming and present events, as well as with those that have passed by. The "Who's Who" department is unusual, but very interesting. We were also glad to see such a well written report of the Student's Council. We are finding a similar council a success at Acadia.

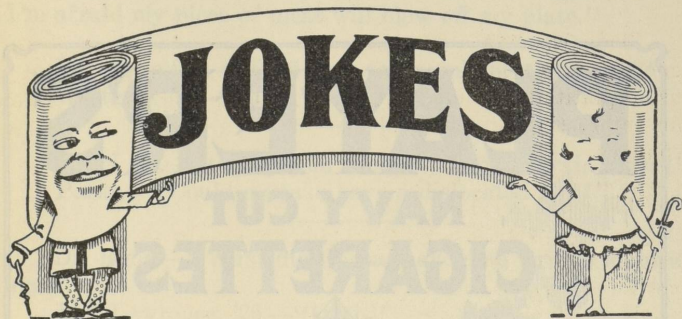
## THE XAVERIAN.

This issue of "The Xaverian" seems to us especially good. The Exchange Department has broken away from the usual platitudes handed out under this heading and has given an interesting and helpful critique of a number of its exchanges.

While we do not agree with the writer of "Some Aspects of Modern Literature" when he says that "Literature no longer interprets life, it no longer tries to uplift, being satisfied with a display that parades egotism, filth and brutality," yet we can agree with him in that literature, to become great, needs a catholicity of spirit.

We noted with regret the lack of stories in this issue.





Jean '25.—“Do you like Jack?”

Paul '25.—“Yes, and lots of it.”

---

Time about 8.20 a. m. Howatt being rudely aroused by Clark.

“Is this you, Aldy.”

“Yes.”

“That’s probably why you look so much alike.”

---

Father.—Who was in the parlor last night with you?”

Mickey '25.—Why-er-Helen.”

Father.—“Well, tell Helen that she left her pipe on the piano.”

---

Alce '25.—“Dora swears that she has never been kissed by a man.”

Freddie '24.—“Isn’t that enough to make anybody swear?”

---

El.—“Are you coming down to the library?”

Gwen.—“Not tonight. It’s Ede’s night and it’s too immoral.”

El.—“Yeah?”

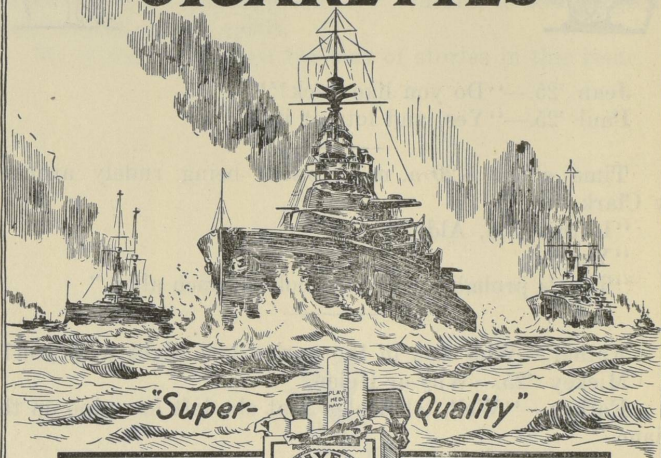
Gwen.—“Ede said herself, she permitted only low talk.”



# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT

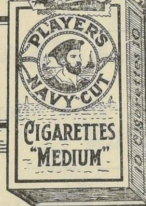
### CIGARETTES



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Chip '24 (to Tully waiter)—“Please close that window, I'm afraid my piece of meat will blow off my plate.”

---

Dr. Dewolfe.—“What was the result of the flood?”  
Whitman '27—“Mud.”

---

Israel '26.—“Could John Woodworth have brain fever?”  
Parks.—“Could a snake have a dislocated hip?”

---

Dr. Rhod.—“What did Caesar say when Brutus stabbed him?”

Jas. Lawrence '26.—“Ouch!”

---

Short '25.—“I can't concentrate. How can I sweep the cobwebs from my brain?”

Roy '25.—“A vacuum cleaner ought to do nicely.”

---

Mac.—“I saw Gertie getting into her Chalmers.”  
Ra.—“What are chalmers?”

---

Dr. Spidle.—“Give me a good example of a coincidence, Mr. Harris?”

Firpo '25.—“My father and mother were married on the same day.”

---

Henri '27.—“Do you think that you could ever love a fellow like me?”

Aley '25.—“Well, I might if he wasn't too much like you.”

---

Tommy '24.—“Do you use Forhan's tooth paste, Biff?”  
Howatt '24.—“No, I room with Birdie this year.”

---

Prof.—“I am dismissing you a little early today. Go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.”

Cox '26.—“I'm a little stiff from running.”

Curry '26.—“Where did you say you were from?”

---

Old Lady.—“Are you really a college student?”

Weary Willie.—“Yes, mum. I'm a roads scholar.”

---

Helen.—“Oh, you should have seen Chip run the mile!”

Muriel.—“What did he do it in?”

Helen.—“How do I know the name of those funny things he wore?”

---

Martin '25.—“Rhody had thirteen trumps last night and couldn't take a trick.”

J. G. '24.—“How was that?”

Martin '25.—“Brownie was his partner. Brownie led an ace. Rhody trumped, and then Brownie got up and threw him out the window.”

---

1st Co-ed.—“Why is she so disliked?”

2nd Co-ed.—“She won the most popular girl vote.”

---

Crossman '26.—“Woodworth said that they had a mule on his farm that was just like one of the family.”

Anderson, Eng.—“Yes, and I know which one.”

---

Brownie '24.—“Prof. Jones has no right to teach. He doesn't know his subject and he can't—”

Collins '24.—“He gave me a low mark too.”

---

A Willett.—“You used to say that there was something about me that you liked.”

A Tully.—“Yes, but you've spent it all now.”

---



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