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AWARDS OF THE MONTH.

Poems—Margaret Hutchins, '26; O. T. Rumsey, '26, H. Sipprell, '27, H. Mollins, '27, (equal).

Stories—1st, Margaret Hutchins, '26 and A. R. Dunlap, '26; 2nd, Olive Archibald, '26 and G. D. Anderson, Eng. '25.

Articles—1st, Margaret Hutchins, '26; 2nd, E. Ardis Whitman, '26.

Humor—C. R. Gould, '26.

Science—1st, Margaret Hutchins, '26; 2nd, F. H. C. Fritz, '26.

Athletics—1st, F. H. C. Fritz, '26; 2nd, (no award).

Month—1st, Alce McLeod, '25; 2nd, (no award).

Exchanges—1st, Margaret Hutchins, '26; 2nd, C. R. Gould, '26.

Personals—1st, G. D. Anderson, Eng. '25; 2nd, Marjorie Mason, '26.

Jokes—G. D. Anderson, Eng. '26, (1 unit).

Cartoon—(no award).

Seniors	2 units
Juniors	21 units
Engineers	5 units
Sophomores	2 units
Freshmen	0 units

Pennant to Juniors.

Literary "A" to Margaret Hutchins, '26.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

I

THE ancient hills down-dropping to the sea;
The wide, white-crested wilderness of blue,
Where fleet felucas flit on flashing wings
Beneath the vaulted roof of turquoise hue,
And, near at hand, the stretch of golden sand;
The languid lapping on the shining strand;

The sweeping hills with velvet verdure clad,
Where cedar straight and gnarled olive tower;
The lisping leaves that mourn in accents sad
The fading sweetness of the falling flower;
The whispering wind that rests its weary wings
Amid the incense each small blossom brings;

The tawny road half hidden mid the trees;
The gleaming groups of homes with whitened walls;
The alabaster towers tall that stab
The inidescent sky whence glory falls
In golden showers on velvet vale and plain,
On heaped up hill and tumbled azure main;

And everywhere with wanton hand bestowed,
Voluptuous, velvet roses, lush and warm,
Bow heavy heads along the marge of road
Or stream, in deep and sanguine luxury,
Or, stretched in tangled thickets through the grove,
They wreathe the trees and breathe their odorous love—

'Tis Sharon, Sharon, Sharon! The rose of Sharon!

II

The rocky hills with pine and cedar rough;
The muddy waters chilled with floating ice;
The empty waste of marshland, deen and buff,
Where curve o'erhead the screaming, hungry gulls;
The naked oak and elm that shivering stand
Reft of their leaves by winter's spoiling hand;

The empty road with frozen wheel-ruts lined
Along which moans the wind with frosty breath;
The little pools of water stiff with ice;
And everywhere grim shapes of cold and death;
Lo, e'en the glory of the star of day
Is veiled o'er with mirky clouds of grey;

But, on thy cheek the velvet roses blow,
Within thine eye the warm light leaps and burns.
That love arrayed in amber light may glow
From forth that hazel eye and burning cheek
And wrap all space and time in radiance
Exhaled from thine ardent countenance—

'Tis Sharon, Sharon, Sharon! My rose of Sharon!

H. F. S.

A MAN OF HONOR.

THE conference between the officials of the Keene Coal Company and the representatives of their men had lasted for hours, and as the big town clock across the street struck six, sighs of weariness were heard from various parts of the President's office. Big Jim Duncan was on his feet for at least the tenth time that day. The smile of a tantalizing victor played over his countenance. There was a sudden air of finality about him as he approached his employer. The atmosphere tightened.

"Alvin Keene," he began, "too much time has been spent in worthless quibbling. We are . . . "

"Just a minute," I interrupted. Do you realize . . . "

"Mr. Arbitrator, I have the floor, and if anyone here wants to silence me, let him try. We are tired of arguing. We have you cornered and we know it. The last sign of a cut in wages on Friday and the whole union will strike immediately. You know what that means to you."

Keene's eyes flashed and his jaws snapped as he hurled his reply in their faces. Without another word they left.

Being a special friend of Alvin Keene, and knowing the man and his troubles as I did, I had realized, perhaps more than anyone else in the room, what that last tactless speech of Duncan's would mean. As soon as my duties as arbitrator were over, I resolved to give the harassed employer the best of my advice. With this end in view, I quickly returned to his office. His face was still flushed with anger, and the look in his eyes forbade conversation. Finally he blurted out:

"They may have me in a tight corner, but, by God, they haven't driven the fight out of me yet. I will conquer or lose all in the attempt.

"But, my dear man," I counselled, "have you forgotten who you are? Think what such a course would mean to your family and your social position. You are now the leading business man in Newbury. Do you want to replace success with failure?"

My words seemed to steady him somewhat, but I was still afraid he would make some rash move. He seemed to weight the whole situation in his mind. At length he replied:

"Allan, I am a man of honor, and when one man threatens another, it is only a coward who will yield without a fight." Then he added reflectingly, "A threat is a threat."

"Would your family"

"When a man's honor is involved, the honor of his family is also involved. I have considered everything, but Jim Duncan's last words still stick in my mind. The cut goes into effect Friday as I had planned."

My best efforts were put forth to prevent him, but they all failed, as I knew they would. The strike was declared.

For two weary months the conflict went on. Its effects were seen in Newbury on every hand; but in spite of all this, the iron-nerved Keene never budged an inch. He remained firm in his resolve and the additional cares and worries produced no signs of the strain in his appearance. On the other hand, the men, under the leadership and encouragement of Jim Duncan, were holding out, and would continue to hold out for some time to come. It was a question of who could wait the longer.

Another week passed with no further change in the struggle. On Thursday, however, Keene telephoned and invited me to dine with him that evening at the Carlton Hotel. I could tell by the tone of his voice that something was wrong, so I made it a point to be punctual.

As soon as we were alone I began to question my host, and I was not long awaiting a reply.

"Allan," he began, "since we last met, I have felt myself slipping gradually from my place of security. The bonds of my creditors have been drawn tighter, day by day, until now I am facing destruction. If I do not yield before to-morrow I must go to the wall."

"Well, then, why not yield?" I asked with enthusiasm. "You can easily vindicate yourself in the eyes of the world. What is to prevent it?"

"My friend, I am afraid you fail to grasp the full significance of the situation. Jim Duncan and I are mortal ene-

mies. Ever since the day he insulted my wife and I administered the punishment he deserved, he has sworn to get me. At that time we were workmen on an equal footing, but since, I have risen, and that has only tended to increase his hatred. This animosity has caused the whole affair, and he has me cornered. How can I yield to him now?" During the last few words, the old defiance crept back into his voice.

Suddenly we were interrupted by the waiter, who announced a visitor. A moment later Jim Duncan's tantalizing face appeared in the doorway. He had hardly entered when he began to speak:

"Alvin Keene, *I* have come to offer you salvation. You have only two alternatives, and both of them put you in my power. If"

"Duncan," I interjected, "have you?"

"Mr. Allen, I have the floor and I am going to finish what I have to say. If Keene refuses to yield to the demands of his men, I offer him another course. By making a public apology to me, before his men, the strike will be ended in his favor. If he refuses this, and yields, I will tell the whole story to the men and also to the newspapers. His honor is involved in either case—but what else can he do!

During this speech I had been watching the struggle going on in Keene's soul, and eventually I saw the look of a conqueror rise in his face. Almost instantaneously he drew himself up to his full height, and, with a look of disdain on his face, uttered these words:

"James Duncan, I am a man of honor. Good night."

The following day I saw listed among the bankruptcies the name of the Keene Coal Company.

A. R. D., '26.

EDUCATIONAL VALUES IN ATHLETICS.

IN the November issue of the Athenaeum there was an article entitled "Should Units be Given for Physical Education?" It was an article of uncommon interest, and naturally answered the question in the affirmative. But the problem which it raised is full of difficulties. An adjustment of units leading to a university degree involves a similar adjustment by all other universities. How could such an adjustment be affected? What would be the final result? But while this problem waits for a solution there is another that calls for attention. Too little thought has been given to the educational values in athletics. Most students take part in athletics because they enjoy them. The personal satisfaction they give are a sufficient incentive. But the educational values in athletics are well worth considering. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that a recognition of these values would result in a more general participation in athletics by students, and less objection to them by professors.

Little need be said of the physical benefits received from athletics; these are self-evident. The emphasis is, however, usually laid upon the development of muscular strength, but more important than this is the development of vital or organic strength. Organic strength is far more essential to modern life than muscular strength. It is this which furnishes us with a good constitution and gives us the best possible protection against the physical ills of life.

Dr. J. M. Tyler emphasizes another phase of the physical benefit: "If you watch a young child play, you are amused by the number, variety, and vigor of movements. Many of these give you good exercise, but are a complete waste of energy, so far as the result of the game is concerned. Gradually, as he plays more, he learns to suppress these, to economize and concentrate energy. This is one of the earliest and best lessons in self-control. It is a slow growth. But the poise and repose of the trained athlete are as admirable as his strength. All his life long he saves the energy which

others waste in fidgeting and fretting. He is a shrewd investor, not a spend-thrift, of his power."

Slightly less evident perhaps, but just as important, is the mental value of athletics. "The higher mental powers," says Dr. Seashore, "normally develop in close connection with the use of the senses and the muscles." No one who has ever played tennis or football or baseball can fail to understand the demand which such sports make for quick and sure judgment, the nice balance between alertness and self restraint, the fine adjustment of muscular response to sense perception, and many other qualities requiring discipline of the mental powers. In swift action the sense perceptions acquire new associations and responses, and are awakened to more co-ordinated effort. Co-ordination involves the correct performance of any complex response. One generally thinks of movements and voluntary actions as being performed by the muscles, but in reality it is a brain process involving the systematizing of mental habit, and demanding long practice before perfection is reached. The structure of the nervous and muscular system which predetermines the form of motor activity was built up through long, weary centuries of hard work and exposure. The structural development of the brain and nervous system depends absolutely upon those forms of motor activity for which they have come to be adapted.

In yet another way does participation in athletics develop the mental powers through the exercising of the power of consecutive attention. Every sense is alert, and the attention is focused on one point. Difficulties must be constantly met, judgments must be formed, every action must be prompt and all involve the closest attention and interest. Surely the higher mental powers must be developed in such alertness, and in such vigorous use of the muscles and senses.

Dr. Seashore has clearly stated the total intellectual contribution of athletics. Although he speaks more particularly of play, the application is the same: "Sensory experience gradually acquires associations and responses, comes under control of voluntary attention, and becomes differentiated and serviceable through play; memory, imagination, conception, judgment, and reasoning are whetted, strengthened, and

enriched through their exercise in play; the effective life becomes sensitive, adapted, balanced, and serviceable through play; habits are formed, instincts developed, impulses trained and brought under control, streams of sub-conscious activity crystalized, and the power of attention disciplined through play. In short, play is the principal instrument of growth."

A third element to be considered in seeking to determine the place that should be given to athletics is their social value. Athletics offer exceptional opportunities for the development of those social qualities which enable men to live together in harmonious good fellowship. Man is brought into harmony with the universe, and into right relation with others. Where more than in athletics do we find that fine sense of loyalty which is the very basis of successful team-work? One learns to take his place in the game where he will count the most for his team, and to play on the second team as cheerfully as on the first. Because of his loyalty he surrenders personal glory to the common good, he learns to forget individual comparisons and social distinctions, and he throws himself into the game with self-forgetful enthusiasm. Later in life this becomes ability to espouse a cause and to assume a degree of social responsibility in keeping with that attitude. The virtue of loyalty is fundamental. On it depends the welfare of the people, for it inspires men with a devotion to the welfare of the country and community, and fills them with a patriotism so potent that it will accomplish great results in the upbuilding of the nation.

Closely connected with the social value, and, indeed, overlapping at some points, is the moral value of athletics. Many are the virtues inculcated by faithful work in any athletic department. First we would mention its effectiveness in developing, through expression, the sense of justice or fair play. To substitute a real and unprejudiced appreciation of the success of a rival team for a passion for victory is in itself a victory. Dr. Allan Hoben says, "The Decalogue itself cannot compete with a properly directed game in enforcing the fair-play principle . . . It is worth something to read about fair play, but is worth much more to

practice it in what is, for the time being, a primary and absorbing interest."

One of the most obvious of the moral needs of the world is the ability to bring the body into subjection to the will. The strength of a nation grounded in self-control, and capable of moral self-assertion would be immeasurable. The physical results are most evident, but the process is carried still further. He who exercises self-control in small things will do so also in greater things. Hence the results on character-building will be great and lasting.

Dr. George J. Fisher brings in an interesting point in regard to this moral value when he says, "An unfortunately large number of our population haven't the physical basis for being good." And it is an undeniable fact proven many times over by the records of sociology and criminology. Physical competency seems to be a part of both mental and moral competency, so that if care were taken to perfect the body in so far as possible the moral status of the individual would simultaneously rise. Even supposing the inclination to do good were present, physical imperfection would prevent the carrying out of one's aims. Without physical strength there can be no buoyant enthusiasm or heartiness, no harmony of cooperation, no ability for decisive and whole-souled action. The exhilaration and zest awakened in athletics stands one in good stead through all of life.

A fine tribute is paid to the value of recreation by the dedication of the new gymnasium of Saint Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa:

For the entertainment of our children and youth in healthful games and sports under wholesome Christian influences,

We dedicate this gymnasium.

For the development of strong bodies, clear brains, and clean morals,

We dedicate this gymnasium,

For the training of our young people to win victories without boasting, and to accept defeat without chagrin,

We dedicate this gymnasium,
For the training of our young people in self-control, in co-
operation, in team work, that in all life we may help one
another, and be worker stogether with God,

We dedicate this gymnasium,
For the development of strong, healthy, cheerful, well-round-
ed, vigorous Christian lives,

We dedicate this gymnasium,
For the glory of God, and the exalting of Jesus Christ in all
the life of our young people,

We dedicate this gymnasium.

M. E. H., '26.

STRINGS.

LIFE is a farce on this earthly plane,
“Declared the cynic”, with needless pain
Enough to dishearten the strongest man
When he stops to consider the human plan.
Why, men are beaten before they start;
There's not a chance in the worldly mart!

There's love—'tis the greatest joke of all;
They pull a string and a chap must fall
And suffer tortures and agonize
At a doubtful look in his lady's eyes.
They pull another and, lo! he stands
With a ruined life on his empty hands.

The optimist smiled. Let me tell you this:
There's rapture rare in the lover's kiss;
There's pleasure keen in the business game
If you play it square and forget the fame.
No man who has suffered, would pain forego
For out of it richest gain must flow.

"Strings"? and the optimist's smile was sweet,
Give thanks for this system so complete;
That allows us happiness and joy
Though 'tis mixed with a bit of life's alloy.
'Tis a fine old world, yea, whatever it brings;
Heaven pity the chap who has no strings.

O. T. H.

"SPLINACH"?

THE Chinaman came around to the back of the new house. Because it was new, and bright, and shiny, he walked hesitantly along the pink cement walk. A new house was always a source of anticipation to him for he could not tell whether he would be favored, or whether the door would be shut in his face.

It was a bungalow with a green roof and white stucco walls. It looked, among its neighbors, like all sparrow's nests among the dwellings of crows. It was small, and clean, and tidy.

It was a love nest, the Chinaman decided, for he had noticed the new chairs and coach on the front verandah, and the new curtains and blinds. Indeed it was a love nest, and the doves inside came only after repeated knocking by the Oriental outside.

When the door opened, the Chinaman found two youthful faces eyeing him with annoyance. At once the expression upon the girl's face changed, and she turned with a smile to the young man by her side.

"Peter", she asked excitedly, "what shall I get for luncheon?"

Peter gazed affectionately upon his young wife. "Oh, anything, honey."

Honey drew herself up and spoke to the bland Chinaman in a stern, little voice.

"What have you today, Charlie?"

Charlie's face broke into a wide grin as he named over the contents of his wagon out in the street.

"Flrot—olanges, banana, cantelope, p leach, pine-apple——"

"What'll we have, Peter, dear?" the lady of the house asked.

"Oh, anything, honey."

Honey put a hand to her hair and deliberated a while. "Well, I think we had better have a light lunch, don't you, Peter, dear?"

"Oh, anything, honey."

"Well, Aunt Anna's coming this afternoon and we must have a real nice dinner for her, eh, dear?"

"Yes, thats' right," Peter agreed, "for Aunt Anna is very hard to suit. What was it she said in her letter, Ruth?"

"Let me see," Ruth pondered. "I forget, Peter. Wait until I get the letter."

Ruth whisked into the innermost recesses of the house, leaving Peter and the patient Oriental together. When he thought the silence was becoming unbearable, Peter voiced a few remarks.

"Lovely weather for autumn, Charlie?"

"Lovely wleather." the other repeated.

"Getting much trade?" Peter once again started off.

"Velly much trade," Charlie assured him.

At this point Ruth returned. "I found it after a while." She stated. "I had to go through all of your pockets and all my things and then, I found it in the coal box." She bore evidence to this by a black streak smudged across one check.

"Well, read it, honey," Peter said.

Honey read. "'I will be coming from Seatle upon the afternoon train. I shall expect Peter to meet me. Have something palatable but do not have——'" Here Ruth stopped. "The rest is torn away, Peter, dear."

"Oh, that's all right, honey, we wouldn't hit upon what Aunt Anna dislikes in a blue moon. What have you, Charlie?"

Charlie shifted his position. "Cabbage, pleas, beans, lettuce, onions, splinach, potato——" he listed.

Ruth considered a moment. "Cabbage, Peter?"

"Oh, anything, honey?"

"Well, I guess we'll have peas, beans, potatoes and—and—what, Peter?"

"Oh any——"

"Oh, tell me!" Ruth cut him short.

"What about spinach, Ruth."

"Spinach, Charlie, and some oranges and bananas for luncheon."

Charlie went down the steps feeling more mollified by the order.

About four o'clock, Peter came from the train with Aunt Anna. Ruth, who had never seen her new relative, felt rather afraid of the stern visaged woman. She climbed out of the car in an independent manner and, flowing with purple feathers and ribbons, attacked Ruth.

"Oh, *this* is my new neice, I suppose, Peter?"

Peter patted Ruth's cold hand. "This is she, Aunt Anna."

Aunt Anna looked at Ruth from head to toe." "I don't care for your hair cut that way, my dear."

"All the girls wear it that way, Aunt Anna," the young girl ventured to say.

"Eh," Aunt Anna snorted. "You don't have to be like everyone else, my dear. Be individual! Be individual!"

"How can she, Aunt Anna?" Peter interjected. "By merely letting her hair grow again?"

"Look at me! Look at me! There are very few people like me, my dear Peter."

"Thank the Lord," her nephew muttered to himself.

But now Aunt Anna was nosing the atmosphere. "I declare, child, I believe everything is going dry."

Ruth let one cry burst from her, and flew into the kitchen, whence were coming odors, savory and unsavory. This gave Aunt Anna an opportunity to lecture the sulky Peter.

"Now, Peter, you must not be cross at your old Auntie. I just want to remind you of a few things."

"Yes, Aunt Anna."

"I'm doubtful if you should have married Ruth."

"What?!" Peter flared up.

"Oh, she's a nice girl, probably, Peter," the woman added, "but by the smells coming out here I doubt if she's a good cook. I hope she was a better artist than she is a cook, though I don't take much with artists."

"Ruth's mine, and I don't see what right you have to attack her, Aunt Anna."

"Oh, my dear boy, I'm not attacking her," Aunt Anna replied with a deep sigh, "but I think you'd married someone a little like myself, I might have helped you to set up housekeeping."

"Oh's let's go inside." Peter grabbed the suitcases and waddled into the house.

Ruth would not permit either Peter or Aunt Anna to assist her in preparing dinner. She was hurt by the other woman's rebuffs and even Peter could not persuade her.

Aunt Anna did not like the new furniture, nor the window hangings, nor the rugs.

"Where did you ever get those scrawls?" she asked Peter, referring to some small pictures hanging by the fireplace.

"Why Ruth did those!" Peter replied in a scandalized tone.

"Well, I never! You can never tell what the young people are going to do these days."

Just then King roamed in and greeted Aunt Anna with a pair of muddy paws. Peter managed to calm him before he did very much harm to Aunt Anna's purple gown, but the latted was indignant.

"To think of a pair of sensible people keeping a dog! Humph! another fad of Ruth's, I suppose!"

"Aw, let's go in to dinner," Peter growled, and walked out of the room preceded by Aunt Anna and King.

The soup course went off excellent, Aunt Anna complaining but three times.

You must remember not to put too much water in soup, my dear," she admonished her hostess.

"Yes," the latter meekly replied. And went "My dear" this, and "my dear" that, until Ruth leaped from the table to bring in the meat course.

Aunt Anna grudgingly admitted that the roast was cooked to a turn, but her appreciation began to decline as she tasted each vegetable.

"Why, my dear niece, the peas aren't cooked."

"Aren't they?" Ruth managed to ask in a tone which implied that she was either a half-wit or an imbecile.

"And the beans are too stringy, Ruth."

"Are they?" the victim voiced a feeble reply.

"And the potatoes—why, My dear Ruth, they are absolutely stoggy."

"Oh, blast the potatoes!" Peter murmured to himself.

But Aunt Anna was picking up a paricle of green with her fork.

"And what is this?" she inquired.

"Sp——" Ruth started to answer but her guest had already informed herself. She, Aunt Anna, rose from the table and flung her napkin to the cloth.

"Well, I declare! vehemently she spoke." You couldn't have served anything more to displease me than spinach if you had tried. Peter, I'm surprised to think that I should be treated thus in your own home!"

"Why, Aunt Anna, I——" Ruth tried to say but the offended lady had flounced from the room.

Peter went over to his weeping wife and poured a wealth of imprecations into her hidden ear. But even she left him in the lurch. Struggling from his arms, she fled to a haven, her bedroom.

Before the night was over Peter wafted Aunt Anna to a downtown hotel. He heaved a sigh of relief when he again entered his own doorway. The scent of the last few hours was strongly reminiscent. He found Ruth curled up in bed, asleep, a faint smile upon her face as if she did not remember what had happened.

The next morning Charlie, the Chinaman, again visited the love nest. He found everything quiet. Too quiet, in fact, he thought.

When he had knocked upon the door ten times, he heard a soft padding within. The door was opened a crack.

"What do you want?" a figure in pajamas abruptly asked,

"Potato, clabbage, splinach——" Charlie was gently enumerating.

"Splinach be —," the figure swore and slammed the door in the face of the astonished and utterly innocent Charlie.

C. R. G., '26.

"KEEP IT TURNING."

A GUST of wind swirled through the little country store. The door slammed. And Jean Andrews stood in front of the cluttered counter.

"Waal now!" exclaimed the bent old shopkeeper as he started up from his three-legged stool. "Miss Andrews, ye shouldn't be attemptin' that long walk from the light-house on such a day as this. It's agoin' to be a reg'lar old humdinger before tomorrow mornin' That's right ,warm yerself up. That old Franklin heater sure feels right good, eh, Miss Andrews?"

A flash of white teeth acquiesced. But as she rubbed her aching hands in front of the g'owing heater she darted a reproachful glance at him.

"Mr. Peggoty, ever since I've returned from New York you've persisted in calling me Miss Andrews. Have I changed so much? Just to show you I'm still Jean I've worn the old red tam to-day and"—she coaxed, jumped lightly on to the counter, "Silas, please may I have some 'humbugs.'?"

"Waal now, don't that beat all!" Silas chuckled delightedly, shoving his gold rimmed spectacles back on his white head. "If it isn't my little Janie—just the same as ever! I guess New York ain't so bad as it's pictured. And ye didn't bob them curls which yer dad an' me loved so!"

"No, Daddy begged me to keep them, so—I did!"

"Ye don't say! Waal, Jeanie, I declare ye're a fine lass to come back to Rocky Point after four years at college. But yer Dad needs ye, Jean. He's gettin' old these last few years," shaking his head sadly.

Jean's dark eyes dropped to her swinging foot. Her face sobered and, biting a ruby lip, she half-sobbed, "Oh,

Silas, don't say I'm a fine lass. I'm not! I'm *not!!* I shouldn't have left him—ever! He seems ages older. I'll never, *never* leave him again!"

A gnarled hand closed gently over the slender white one as he faltered, "Ah, lass, it's yer mother he's wantin'. In all these years he thought he'd forget out there in the lighthouse but—there, there, Jeanie girl, don't cry! There, I went and done it! Here, lass, here, try a humbug!"

Dabbing her eyes quickly she placed her hand on the kindly old shopkeeper's wrinkled sleeves.

"Uncle Silas Peggoty, you're just an old dear and why you're a bachelor is a mystery and a half to me. Yum, these humbugs are good!"

His face relaxed into a relieved smile. Scratching his head he drawled reflectively, "Waal now, I always sarta figured that any woman who could stand my putterin' way would have to be some angel. And I just never hankered to have one of them in this here store! Besides I get enough gossip right here in front of the old Franklin except on a day like this here one. As for fallin' in love—Lass, tell me! You didn't come traipsin' down here on a day like this just to see old Silas?" And a twinkle in his eye belied the sober line of of his mouth. Jean blushed and jumped lightly from the counter, "Oh yes? I mean to get some groceries. Let me see—five pounds of sugar, a half pound of tea, a can of Baking Powder and—and—I guess that's all. Oh, I almost forgot. Was there—is there any mail for—for *Dad?*"

Silas looked up innocently. He pushed the groceries across the counter, then stroked his chin meditatingly. "No, there ain't none for yer Pa but now was there a letter fer Miss Jean Andrews? Yes, by cracky, I sware! I believe there is."

After pulling down his specs he reached up into the A box of Rocky Point "Post Office" and complacently handed her a fat letter which she eagerly seized.

As he puttered over the counter he muttered to the five pounds of sugar, "The lucky lad! What a fine Jeanie she is! But I'm afraid she won't be here long—and she'll not be breaking her word neither. I say, Jeanie lass, I hate to

disturb ye, but the groceries are done up and that gale is gettin' plumb terrific. Any ship passin' to-night will sure bless yer pa's light. Er-and how is the lad? By gary, I sure did ? ? to him when he brought ye down last month!"

Jean glanced up quickly and sparkled, "Oh, Uncle Si, he's just wonderful but—" A shadow crossed her face as she swept the few groceries into one arm.

"There, there! I know. Well, remember me to yer Pa. And, lass, remember, the Lord Almighty is *always* up in his lighthouse too!

"You're the most comforting old dear! Yes, I'll remember. I *must* hurry. Dad was fixing the light when I left, but he didn't look a bit well. His heart you know, and—and—Well, maybe a cup of tea will cheer him up. Goodbye."

The door banged behind her. In hurry the terrific sweep of wind tore at her skirts, wrapping them around her slender form. With one hand clutching her tam she bent her head against it. Eyes half shut—she stumbled down the winding-road towards the white lighthouse cutting the creeping shadows.

Finally even above the gale she heard the wild sea lashing madly against the dripping, jutting breakers. The whistling, whirling wind drove her up the narrow walk lined with white washed stones. Gasping, she literally blew into the kitchen slamming the door to with all her weight.

"What a day!" she gasped sinking into a Puritanical kitchen chair beside the glowing kitchen stove on which the iron kettle was gaily singing. She glanced at the Big Ben ticking away on the oilcloth-covered table, "Quarter of six!" she exclaimed jumping up. "Goodness, I must get some supper ready for poor Father. Daddy, daddy, are you still upstairs?"

After peering up the winding carpeted stairway she caught up her enveloping white apron and darted upstairs. Peeking through the half-open door she saw her father standing by the window, gazing out over the turbulent sea. One veined hand rested heavily on the huge light by his side.

Jean's lips curved into a tender smile as her eyes rested wistfully on the drooping shoulders of the stately old man. On tiptoe she slipped through the doorway. On reaching him she playfully dropped the apron over his eyes.

"Jean!" a low, vibrant voice exclaimed. After pulling away the blindfolding garment, a smile lit up his face, chasing away the drooping lines and wrinkles. "The same little daughter! I didn't even hear you come in, for my thoughts were out on the sea—pondering how like life it is. Our ships start out on the usual rippling tide and yet before we reach the harbor we are whirled in a surging storm. But, as old Silas always says in prayer-meeting, 'God is always in His lighthouse guiding the way.'"

"Oh, Daddy, that's the loveliest thought, did you get the light fixed?"

His brow contracted. "No. the screw here is lost and it will not revolve. If my head would clear—"

"What you need is a hot cup of 'tay', sir. Lie down on the coach while I run downstairs and steep it."

"No. dear, no!" passing a trembling hand across his eyes. "It is growing dark and it must be repaired, for a still light would be as treacherous as none. I must—Oh!"

"Daddy, what is the trouble? Here, put your arm on my shoulder and—there! lie down, Daddy!" she half sobbed stroking the chilled forehead.

Slowly he opened eyes dilated with suffering. He half-lifted a trembling hand, "So—it—has—come. Don't. There, my pet, just a cup of tea and—I'll fix—"

After covering him with a heavy rug she snatched up her apron and sped downstairs. She seized the teapot from the shelf and poured on the tea some boiling water, which spilled sizzling on the stove.

At last she hurried up with a steaming cup.

"Here, Daddy, it will warm you up. No. I'll hold it. Lean back against my arm. There, the color's coming back. Lie on this pillow!"

"Daughter, the light! It is dark and—" starting up.

"Ssh!" she soothed tenderly, pushing him back. "I'll see what I can do. I'll get it turning!"

She snapped on the light and examined it closely. "The bolt is gone! It won't revolve!"

The old man turned toward her slowly, his eyes gleaming. "Then, Jean, you must keep it turning!"

"But, Daddy, you need a doctor. I must go to the village to get—Oh, if only Doctor Jack were here!"

"Doctor Jack? You heard from him today. So I can go home now!" His head falling back he smiled peacefully.

"Go *home*? What—"

"Nothing dear. Ah, how like your dear mother you are! Listen! Her voice—or is it the wind? Ah Doctor is a fine fellow!"

"Daddy, don't. Oh, I must go after Dr. Moore. I can't —"

"Jean, keep it turning! I'm—all—right! Just a little tired! A little tired! Keep it turning!"

"But Daddy, you're ghastly!"

"Ghastly? I'm happier than any time since your mother and I looked at your tiny self on the day you were born. And then—she went! "A shudder shook his frame." Went away! Ah, the—So we came here—my wee other dear one and her old father!"

"Daddy, you mustn't! Rest now!"

The old man smiled. "Rest? In a little while! Dearest, do you blame me for coming to this solitary place away from—it all? But, "he pleaded eagerly, "her voice comes to me so often here. She led me up out of the awfulness of it to Him! And the lighthouse has—Keep it turning!"

"Please, Daddy! You know how I love it. And your books—"

"Yes, my books," he faltered closing his eyes, "Thank God, I leave something to them out there. Even though the hurt—"

"Oh, I can't. I can't bear it! I must get the doctor!"

"The doctor? No, I'll sleep a little now and in the morning—Remember the others out there. Life! Keep it turning!"

All through that agonizing night around and around she turned the gleaming light grasping it with bloodless hand.

Without, the swirling tide shrieked; the raging wind howled. Within a tense silence.

The first rays of morning were breaking full across the sea, chasing away the hovering shadows. Tight lipped she staggered to the couch and trembling knelt by her father's side and faltered, "Daddy, oh, Daddy!"

Slowly his eyes fluttered open. He lifted a shaking hand to the brown curls. "The harbor at last! Doctor Jack will—Martha!" A glorious smile overspread his face and his hand dropped—cold!

O. A., '25.

STORM.

A STORM-SWEPT beach and a wind-swept sky,
A rugged cliff where the waves dash high,—
Oh take me there when I'm broken by life
Let me lose my sorrow in nature's strife.

Black be the clouds that sweep over the bay,
Storm-tossed and stricken the ship in its sway,
White be the foam that flies over the shore,
Dread as the thunder the ocean's mad roar.—

Roaring and raging in madness and glee,
Its madness and gladness re-echo in me.
The galloping wind from the Kingdoms of Night
Beckons me on in its wild, rushing flight.

The sting of its breath is a giant's rough kiss,
To leap to its arms were an exquisite bliss,—
To yield to its will like the white, winged sail,—
To follow it fast in its lone, endless trail—

Away o'er the ocean, away o'er the sea,
Away o'er the world in impetuous glee.
Bent are the trees by the might of the storm,
Kissed are the leaves by the white ocean foam.

Treetops bow down at the will of the sea,
Hushed by the wind with its sad melody.
For solemn its chant in the forest dark depths,
As it wails in its anguish with each gasping breath.

Oh, take me adown to the wet, wave-swept shore,
Let me yield to its glorious magic once more.
In the swell of the tide with its thundering roll
There is healing and health for the answering soul.
M. E. H., '26.

THE TREND OF MODERN POETRY.

POETRY has always been the advance guard of literature. It is in an especial way, the history of the human soul. The entire domain of the world belongs to the poet that he may see beauty and truth and ultimate faith in all about him and transmit these to a hungry-souled world.

For most people, poetry is inseparably bound up with rhyme and meter. Indeed, there is no gainsaying the universal appeal of music and rhythm. No one has ever read and loved the sheer musical beauty of Swinburne, Shelley, Tennyson and the other great masters whose exquisite fancies and originality of thought seem so naturally to yoke themselves with the music of meter, could wish to gainsay it. Beyond dispute, these are masters of literature. Beyond dispute, the poetry they have written stands the searchlight of literary criticism. But have they included within the compass of meter and rhyme all the possibilities of poetry? History asserts the contrary. It appears to be an almost forgotten fact that the poetry of England began without rhyme but with a rhythm contrived by the occurrence of stressed and unstressed syllables. Indeed, in some countries, rhyme is not used at all. Certainly the beautiful line of the psalmist and the strong rhythms of Virgil could not be labelled as other than poetry, yet they depend not at all on rhyme.

But does the testimony of history justify the appearance in our midst of a monster so terrifying and so startling as

modern "vers libre"? That we may be perfectly fair, let us investigate its background, its setting, its meaning, and its reason for existence (if any!)

That the wide outlook of the New World must include in its scope a great literary future cannot be argued away, that it has a great literary past cannot be asserted. It is unfair to label America as a country without a past. We have too many great traditions influencing the whole trend of American thought, to admit that. But America's yesterdays are exceedingly few in comparison to the limitless years which she sees stretching before her, and quite too busy to have given her poets much leisure for putting their best into a great and essentially American literature. Accordingly while we have a few great poets, literature in the American past, has not been mighty. It has been largely influenced by England and England's poets. Previous to the war, a great army of versifiers, babbling in the worn-out phrases of "sweet south winds" and "chattering brooks" were flooding the magazines with pretty, trite verses. There was no great master to write in language so strongly beautiful that it stood the jolting impact of the white hot anvil of thought. There was nothing, apparently, to do but keep on imitating-imitating vocabularies and rhythms probably as beautiful as the world will ever know but which gained nothing by constant, unskilled repetition.

The Americans, however, are not a nation of imitators. They are essentially, independent in thought—and they bided their time. The artists of America, side by side with her artisans and scientists flung their thought and energy into the war and emerged with added independence, with an impetus to revolution, an unrest—an impetus so widespread and so widely acknowledged that it is not necessary to discuss its existence. The poets of the day are revolutionaries. Against what? We can perhaps, answer that best by explaining what the modern movement actually is.

Here are the aims which its writers hold continually before them. (1) To use the language of common speech (2) To employ the exact word which best describes the scene or emotion (3) To create new rhythms (4) To have absolute

freedom of subject matter (5) To produce an image (6) To produce poetry clear and concentrated.

Tabulated thus, they are for the most part, rather forceful, rather splendid ideas for the establishment of a new poetry which shall be typical American. Indeed, they are strikingly like the aims of the romantic movement and of all literary revolutions since the world began.

Then, if this is the meaning of the present revolution, why is there such a widespread objection to modern poetry? With the average person, the objection seems to be defined in the well known verse:

“I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know and know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell.”

However, we can go beyond this indefinite obstacle.

I do not like you, Dr. Fell.”

There have been a sufficient number ready with words of abuse to ascertain what the main objections are. They seem to be as follows: (1) it looks strange and sounds strange. (2) Poetry does not exist without meter or rhyme. (4) it is not musical (5) its subject matter is commonplace, its wording crude and objectionable (6) its outlook on life is sordid and pessimistic.

Most of these objections are in a certain measure, justified. That it looks strange to the uninitiated, cannot be denied. Undoubtedly, the drama of Shakespeare, one of the greatest innovators of all times, were a novelty to the critics of the day. Indeed, where was there ever a revolution the products of which did not look strange to the people of the day? Some of the more extreme verse—the futuristic sort—will probably continue to wear a curious upside down air, for some time to come—at least, until we can discover its meaning!

We have already proved that poetry can exist and has existed without rhyme or meter time and time again since its first beginnings. This does not mean, however, that it can or does exist without rhythm. And just here, it should be observed that much of what is commonly called free verse, was never meant to be labelled. It is merely prose of a type known as polyphonic. The writers of the modern free verse advocate a very real technic in cadences. There would seem, at first sight, to be so many exceptions to the above statement that it scarcely holds. But it must be remembered that all the poets of a revolution are not necessarily great; neither are all the poems of the most successful, great poems. This is characteristic of any age. Furthermore, there are undoubtedly, Bolsheviks in the new movement who rush to extreme rather than of what it will accomplish.

Now if there is rhythm, in the best of modern poetry, there should be music. The modernists, however, reject music as an end in itself. Probably they carry this idea entirely too far but it is a natural rebound from the condition expressed by Beaumarchais; "Whatever is not worth being said, one sings." There is indeed an inherent human trait which demands music of wording. We are all disciples of the old lady who cried enthusiastically: "That blessed word Mesopotamia!" Our love for the "blessed words" is so entirely natural that it would be well to see whether or not, the modernists have spirited them away and with them the music of poetry. Probably, the chief cause of misunderstanding lies in the fact that the modernists aim for the very thing we triumphantly assert they leave out.—the expression of thought in rhythm. They claim (particularly the Imagists) that very many different rhythms must often go to the making of one poem. For instance in a rainy day poem of Fletcher's these two rhythms occur:

"The wind came clanging and clattering

From long white highroads whipping ribbons up
summits."

and

“Uneven tinkling, the lazy rain
Dripping from the eaves.....

yet surely this combination of rhythms is not a new departure. Browning, at least, used it in many instances. “Indeed,” the modernist would say, “if a poem like Tennyson’s ‘Lotus-Eaters’ must be slow and dreamy, why must not a poem of sudden action be jerky and swift?” Again I do not think that we can condemn as unmusical a poetry which contains such passages as these “Glint of the glittering wings of dragon flies in the night” and “The swift swaying footsteps of the wind” and such beautiful entire poems as Fletcher’s “Symphonies.” Finally even the most meaningless of modernistic poetry is often avowedly written with the object of music. For instance, Alfred Kreymbourg’s “Berceuse Ariettes.”

“We have a one-room home
You have a two-room, three-room, four-room home”

It is impossible to deny that much of the modern poetry deals with the commonplaces of life. Indeed, it is intended that it should. The modern poets wish to make all the world and all its people one great unit with each part equally beautiful. Much of the misunderstanding occurs from the fact that we have not learned to take down the hedge from so-called ugly things and find the real beauty beneath. Walt Whitman, the great forerunner of modern poetry, expressed the heart of the movement in these two lines:

“I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey
work of the stars.”

and again

“Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to
his own funeral dressed in his shroud.”

But, while the very trend of the modern age demands the recognition of commonplaces as vital, there does not seem to be any excuse for dealing with them in commonplace

manner and labelling the result poetry. Therein lies the great pitfall of the modernist—in a temptation to stark realism which often becomes nothing more than enumeration. None of us, I think, appreciates a minute description of the onions, peas, etc., on display in a vegetable shop, however, much the description may reflect the cleverness of the author. Most of us do not appreciate such ugly realism as Evelyn Scott's "Autumn Nights" "The moon is as complacent as a frog," etc. Nevertheless, their very ugliness is often expressive. The realism of Masters's "Spoon River Anthology" has won for it a permanent place in the literature of America. However, in spite of the occasional excellencies of realism, it is undoubtedly a jolt to come upon such a prosaic phrase as this in the midst of a beautiful poem.

"I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter of fact about the ice storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)"

Also, it must not be forgotten that the true artist strives always after beauty. If he can, like Sandburg, see in an old brickyard

"Fluxions of yellow and dusk on the water
Make a dreaming pansy of an old pond in the night,"

he puts so much the more beauty in the world. Otherwise, he should beware lest he forget his mission.

But realism, especially ugly realism, is becoming subdued in the later poems. There is nothing either of ugliness or commonplaceness in this description of a rainy twilight.

"The crinkling of the wet gray robes
Of the hours that come to turn over the urn
"Of the day and spill its rainy dream,"

nor yet in such phrases as "pale river pools of sky", "the timid feet of dawn "leaves flashed and swung" which are distinctly characteristic of the better class of writers.

Much of the poetry of the day is cynical, bitter, and even sordid. Yet here again we are faced squarely with the characteristics of an age exemplified in one great question mark. Greater freedom has very suddenly thrown the young folk of the day against the bayonets of the world. The illusions which are fostered by shelter and ignorance can no longer endure the great faiths and hopes of humanity—cannot come into their own again until a bewildered generation has had a chance to prove that there is a sun back of the clouds they have encountered. Hence the poets, peculiarly sensitive to the world around them, are given to a portrayal of the sordidness and hopelessness of which the world at first glance seems to be so entirely composed. In most cases they appear to be portraying the honest doubt of a soul struggling for truth. Many of the more petty writers, however degenerate into the smart cynicism of fashion. But all alike seem now to be growing a bit tired of this constant stress on the unhappy. The poetry of the day has an ever increasing content of gay and happy melodies such as this of Carl Sandburg's

Like the call of gray birds filled with a glory of joy
 Ramming their winged flight through a rainstorm."
 his laugh rang

The poets are painting what they see dipping their brushes after the immemorial fashion in their own souls—rather troubled souls at present. And they are writing wonderful descriptions both of scene and action such as

"The brown thin leaves on the stone outside
 Skipped with a freezing whisper; now and then
 They stopped and stayed there—just to let him know
 How dead they were."

and this which so perfectly describes their own reactions

"Life is too much like a pathless wood
and one eye is weeping
 From a twig's having lashed across it open."

There is a cynicism which is just one side of pain turned to the world. Perhaps in some cases, they have too obvious-

ly woven their chaotic emotion into their poetry but it must always be remembered that it is the description of a world in the throes of unbelief and struggle for readjustment. As the time passes, it is fair to assume that the impetuous wrath of youth will become the maturer judgment of middle-age, that the next generation will step into a world of difficulties, better equipped for freedom by a heritage of freedom, that the turmoil of a revolution, as always, will subside and leave the beauty and truth for which it in its ugliness has paved the way. It may fairly be prophesied that, whether or not rhyme and meter come into their own, the strength and virility and freedom of vers libre are here to stay, the language of the people will hereafter be a medium for expressing the beautiful interpretations of the poet and that the love of simple things of humanity, and of a friendly God will lie at the very basis of the future greatness of a typically American literature.

E. A. W., '26.

THE RISING OF THE LAW.

“WELL, Kent, I wish you the best of luck, and I hope I’ve told you everything you ought to know.”

“Thanks, Martin, I guess you’ve done everything possible. I certainly appreciate your trouble.”

“Oh, forget it! you’ll be doing it for the next chap in a few months. Well, I guess we’re off. So long, Kent, old fellow.”

“So long, Martin, and good luck!”

As John Kent turned and looked around the almost deserted platform an involuntary sign escaped him. In July he had completed his course in telegraphy, and in December he had received an appointment as telegraph officer and station master at Laho River. It was a small place on a branch line, and the station was at least half a mile from the village. Kent complained a bit at being stranded “a mile beyond nowhere,” as he expressed it, but his friends assured him that he was extremely lucky to get a railway appointment

so soon and without any experience. Moreover, the experience he gained there would soon fit him for a higher position, and no doubt he would soon be promoted. So all in all, he decided to make the best of things, and work for that position.

When Kent arrived at his post he found his predecessor there awaiting his arrival. Truman Martin was a young man, little older than Kent himself, and he had been at Laho River a little over eight months. Kent arrived a week early so that he might learn from Martin the extent of his duties. Martin was a likable chap and had been as considerate as possible in all that he had done for Kent, so that before the week was up the two were fast friends. With Martin's companionship Kent would have been entirely reconciled to his exile, but the week was soon over, and he was left alone to his work and to the company of an occasional tramp who snored his troubles away on a bench in the waiting room.

Much as he regretted seeing Martin leave, he was nevertheless eager to be at his job on his own responsibility. He was at work from seven in the morning until six at night. None of the night trains stopped at Laho River, and, except in the case of a special, he was not responsible for them. Thus his evenings were free, and the work not heavy. Altogether, his stay there promised to be rather pleasant.

The winter passed swiftly enough, and with little or no excitement on the line. There had, of course, been the usual snow-storms with their consequent drifts and blockades, but nothing had happened of any unusual nature. When the first of March came the drifts were still high, and the Laho was still frozen over. It was evident that it would take a severe and destructive thaw to carry away all the snow and ice.

On the morning of the fourth Kent set out for his work in a heavy down-pour of rain. It had turned warmer in the night, and early in the morning it had begun to rain. Already the slush was deep, and everyone who dared venture out was stalking about in rubber boots.

"Bad day for the trains," remarked the grocer as Kent stopped to make a purchase. "Have to keep your eyes and ears open today."

"Yes, I expect so," replied Kent. "However, I hope there'll be no trouble.

As the day went on it became evident that they were in for a genuine thaw. The snow turned to slush, and the slush to water. The streets were rivers, and the river was a roaring mass of ice-cakes and muddy water. The rain continued to come down in torrents, and the sky was leaden. The North-bound express and a freight train passed Kent's station with a clear road ahead, but a washout was reported on the main line. At noon Kent stepped out on the platform to see what things looked like outside. The river, about an eighth of a mile south of the station, had spread out over the meadows on either side, but he saw that it would be some time before it would rise above the railway embankment. Ice-cakes were battering against the cement supporters of the bridge and uprooted trees were being carried swiftly by. Undoubtedly it was the worst flood for many years.

As Kent stepped back into the office he heard his telegraph instrument sound out the general call, and he sat down to take the message.—"Manager Weston just leaving Irelon by special for Craig's Crossing. Watch the track for washouts." Craig's Crossing,—that was the next station beyond Laho River. It was twelve-thirty now, so that even with a clear track the special would not pass Laho River before nine o'clock in the evening.

"Weston's mother lives at the Crossing," thought Kent, "I suppose he's going to see her. Must be something serious to bring him out on a day like this.. Means I've got to stay here this evening, too."

During the afternoon Kent was warned of two wash-outs to the north, and the South-bound express was blocked thirty miles beyond him. But the manager's train was coming from the south, and as yet nothing had interfered with its progress. It still continued to rain, however, and the water continued to rise.

At six o'clock Kent left for his supper and at six forty-five he returned to the station so that he might be on hand to hear of any possible trouble on the line. The evening passed uneventfully enough indeed, although outside the wind and rain

sounded rather wild. From time to time Kent learned the progress of the train, and at ten o'clock, seeing that he would be there some time longer, he went to the telephone to call his boarding place. Much to his surprise, he found that the line was dead.

"Ah ha! So that line's down, is it? Glad its not the telegraph," muttered Kent as he turned away.

Half an hour later he heard the general call again,—*"Special passed North Saxon at ten-thirty. W—"* and suddenly the instrument went dead. Almost simultaneously there came a terrific crash, and instantly Kent thought of the bridge. For a moment he stood as if paralyzed as he realized that if the bridge was gone there was no way of stopping the special. With a sickening dread in his heart he dashed out and down the track. Yes, the bridge was gone! The water had not risen above the embankment but the banks had been worn away and the foundations had collapsed.

As he stood at the edge of the water he tried frantically to think of some way of signalling the train. He might build a fire on his side of the river in the wind and rain that appeared almost impossible. Moreover, the track turned sharply to the right just beyond the river, and it was very doubtful if the fire he could succeed in building would be seen in time. The road bridge, even supposing it was still there, was half a mile away, and he could never go there and back and then signal the train. If he could only get across the river!

Suddenly an idea came to him, and with one glance at the remains of the bridge, he decided to try it. He remembered that there was a coil of rope in the station waiting to be called for, and instantly he was off to get it. Returning with it on his arm, he quickly made one end fast to a telegraph pole and looped the other around his waist.

The foundations of the bridge had collapsed but apparently the track still held together, for on either side of the river Kent could see the rails sloping gradually down into the water, and then disappearing. He believed that even against the force of the river, he could, with the aid of the rope, make his way out on those swaying rails, and thus cross the river. It was a desperate chance, but it seemed the only

one. The track might be broken in the middle or might break with his weight and the pounding of the water. Even though the track might remain whole, he himself might be swept off by the debris whirling so swiftly down the river.

Putting aside the thoughts of the many dangers Kent made his way carefully down the track, letting out the rope as he went. He stepped even more cautiously when he reached the water, for there his real danger began. The water almost took his breath away, for it was literally ice water, and as he felt his way, one tie at a time, deeper and deeper into the water, he felt as though he would become numb all over. Now he was in up to his waist and the current was tugging at him, almost taking him off his feet. An ice-cake whirled by in front of him fairly making him reel. Now he was in to his armpits and about halfway across. Yes, the track was beginning to slope upward again. But he was getting so numb his legs seemed to work mechanically. Suddenly a log came whirling out of the darkness, and, turning in a circle, struck him on the arm. He was too cold to feel any pain, but his arm hung limp at his side. The water was shallow now,—down to his hips,—to his knees, and then, exhausted, he stumbled, and fell just at the edge of the water. But he did not lose consciousness, and dimly he realized that his task was only half done. A faint whistle from the south aroused his senses. He got stifly to his feet, tore off the rope, and started up the track. Something seemed to be pulling him back, and though he ran on and on and on, he seemed to be getting nowhere. His brain was reeling, and an awful roaring filled his ears. Suddenly a dazzling light shone in his eyes and then, as suddenly, everything went black.

The engineer of number 249, the special from Ireton, was running on the down grade to Laho River with his throttle almost shut off, and his hand on the brake. All at once as he peered ahead through the rain, he thought he saw something white on the track. Instantly he shut off the trottle altogether, and approached still more slowly. Suddenly he saw that it was a man stumbling blindly forward. As he jammed on the brakes, the man fell forward directly in front of the train and only a few yards ahead. The engineer and

fireman jumped down, and together they carried the limp form into the manager's car.

Slowly Kent came back to consciousness, and he heard a voice say,

"Well, boys, I guess he'll be all right now, but it's a wonder to me how he ever lived in that water. I'll sent a doctor from the village, and get a team to take me on. It's only three miles farther to the crossing!"

The speaker turned to look at him, and Kent recognized the manager.

"Hello, he's come to! Feeling sort of lost, are you? Well, Kent, we'll send along a doctor in a few minutes and you'll be fixed up fine. Jim here, went back to see what happened to you, and you certainly did a man's job tonight, and don't you forget it! We certainly won't," and the manager, with a smile and a cheery nod, went out.

Four days later Kent, sitting in his room in "invalid's luxury" as he called it, was handed a letter, and as he read it his face flushed with pleasure. It read,—“We need a man like you at the telegraph office at Ireton station. If it is agreeable to you, take enough time off to cure that arm, and to teach the new man his duties, and then report at my office.” And it was signed, “cordially yours, James Weston.” A job in the manager's office after only three months!

“And just by luck, too,” was Kent's modest remark.

M. E. H., '26.

“'TIS SPRING.”

THE Winter's icy grasp is loosed;
Forgotten is the chill produced
By his fierce blast; and on soft wing
Returns the balmy breath of Spring.


The swollen river rushes free,
In headlong journey to the sea;
The boist'rous brook goes flashing by,
In lilting, laughing melody.

From hazy sky of tender blue,
The sun's rays flash on morning dew;
Each sparkling drop, a radiant gem,
Fit for a monarch's diadem.

In nature's bosom new warmth glows,
In rod and branch the life-sap flows;
Kind showers lave the thirsty earth,
And swelling buds attest new birth.

The robin's sweet and liquid note,
Comes ringing from his throbbing throat;
Ann nature echoes with one voice,—
Awake! Awake! Be glad! Rejoice!

H. W. M., '27

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

SCIENCE

LAUGHTER.

LAUGHTER—what is it? Why do we laugh? What do we laugh at? These and other similar questions have puzzled the philosophers for many a day, and they are still unanswered questions. There have been, and still are, theories without number, some possible and some impossible, some credible and some ridiculous. Theories have been built up and then discarded to be replaced by newer ones. And still the argument goes on, as each seeks to justify his own belief, and to prove the weakness of his opponents theories. The purpose of the present article is not, however, to state the validity of one particular theory but rather to present some of the most common of these and allow the reader to take his choice.

It is curious to see in what ridiculous theories men have taken refuge in trying to explain this baffling question. One of the most amusing of these states that laughter is the evolution of biting, and that it is really to be accounted for as having been an outgrowth of the joy of the savage in devouring his enemy or his prey. If we consider only one kind of laughter,—that is, the harsh laughter of the victor or of one who rejoices in another's defeat we might give some consideration to this theory, but when we think of the more gentle forms of laughter, we feel the ludicrousness of such a statement.

The theory that seems to appeal to the greater number of those who discuss the subject is that it is merely an expression of gladness or pleasure. Different writers have followed this idea in different directions, and have added

various details, but the underlying thought is the same. Applied to young children this theory works very well; they often laugh for sheer *jou de viore*. There is, however, a difference between the child's laughter and intellectual laughter. Advocates of this theory recognize that fact but they explain it by saying that if the world had not learned to laugh as the child does it would not have laughed at all. They insist that the physical is the fundamental basis of all laughter. We are predisposed to laughter by exuberance of health, by sunshine, and comfort, as well as by that peculiar form of discomfort known as tickling. And it is the explanation of the laughter produced by tickling that connects laughter of physical origin with intellectual laughter. We laugh when tickled, we are told, because tickling is a mixture of incongruous opposites in which at any moment the balance may swing from pleasure to unpleasantness. Following out this idea, intellectual laughter is described as our response to the incongruous or the disproportionate. Incongruity in people or in life produces laughter in the observer even though it may be real tragedy to the person observed. Yet laughter is not wholly cruel, for the person of delicately responsive sympathetic reactions will quickly pass from laughter to pity. It is only the crude and harsh nature that carries laughter unmixed with sympathy beyond the limit of kindness, and that yields to laughter in the wrong place.

The highest type of laughter is that which finds its origin within the mind itself, and which is so well portrayed by our creative humorists. Under this theory this type of laughter is also referred back to its original physical basis through its cause which is stated as the incongruities of the mind, the strange twists of the human intellect. Incongruity is made the connecting link, and laughter becomes the expression of our recognition of the inharmonious elements of life which produce a feeling of pleasure bordering on unpleasantness.

Another theory of laughter is that it is caused by surprise. This theory is practically a part of the theory of incongruity, the element of surprise consisting in the sense of contrast. Surprise is, indeed, one of the earliest devices used to induce babies to laugh, the game of "peek-a-boo" is

sure to win a smile when other means fail. The explanation is that we laugh at what is pleasant, and surprise is of itself essentially pleasant.

Professor Bergson's theory of laughter tells us that the function of laughter is social discipline, because laughter is essentially unpleasant to its subject, and we naturally laugh at what is awkward, grotesque or displeasing. True, laughter does serve this purpose, but it seems inadequate to explain all the forms of laughter. For example, does laughter have any disciplinary effect on the comedian on the stage? Rather, it is gratifying to him. On the whole, this theory seems a little too narrow to apply to the entire field of laughter.

Professor McDougall, one of the best known of present day psychologists, rejects all these theories as being entirely inadequate. He takes as the clue to the true theory the question,—what does laughter do for us? His answer is that we enjoy laughter; it relieves depression, it breaks the spell of gloom, if only for the moment. The average person welcomes the occasion for a hearty laugh. The good effects are twofold,—physiological and psychological. Physiologically it stimulates respiration, raises the blood pressure, and sends more blood to the head. Psychologically it tends to lessen nervous tension, and to form an outlet for surplus nervous energy by diverting that energy into more beneficial channels. McDougall places the pleasure of laughter not in the object of amusement but in the pleasant effect upon one's thoughts and feelings. He applies the Lange-James theory to laughter, and says "If we are pleased when we laugh, we are pleased because we laugh." In this connection he makes an interesting distinction between smiles and laughter, and suggests that the tendency of practically all writers to make them identical is an error, the cause of the error being the fact that a laugh usually subsides in a smile. He considers a smile the "natural expression of the satisfaction that attends the success of any striving," and explains the fact that smiles follow laughter by saying that the smile is the expression of the satisfaction brought by laughter..

As a further step in his theory, he endeavors to define the ludicrous, to find the common characteristic of all those

things which produce laughter. By a study of the objects and situations which invariably excite us to laughter the man sitting on his own hat, the slip of the tongue, the batter who vainly fans the air, and all the various peculiarities of speech, dress, and manners, he finds two features essential to the ludicrous. First, it involves some maladjustment or sense of disproportion which if it did not cause laughter would be displeasing to us through its lack of harmony. Secondly, the situation which causes up to laugh must be such that it would be at least mildly distressing to us if we were the principle actors. Now, he points out, if we had no capacity for laughter, as sense of humor, these situations would arouse our sympathy, and cause us, in many cases, acute distress. Every small failure, if not believed by laughter, would be a cause for disappointment. We are saved from this gloomy and depressing condition by a sense of humor. Nature, in creating man, found that, in order that he might accomplish most for society, he must be endowed with a sympathetic nature, but if the pains of sympathy were not counteracted in any way man would be seriously incapacitated by the depression of his vitality. So Nature solved the problem by endowing man with a sense of humor, one of the finest of man's gifts. And so man laughs, and will continue to laugh, and in so doing is not only giving himself pleasure but is performing a service for mankind.

INSULIN.

THE almost miraculous effect of insulin in restoring persons who have already entered on the coma which precedes death from diabetes has excited wide public interest in the disease and in the new hope which this pancreatic extract offers to its victims.

Diabetes is one of the more serious afflictions of mankind, insidious in its beginnings, debilitating in its course, and often fatal. The former treatment of the disease was little more than an attempt to prolong life by a process of habit and diet, so arduous as to make it very irksome. Al-

though insulin is not a "cure" for the disease, it is a very efficient alleviator; and though a person may now be subject to the disease throughout a life-time, its ravages all counteracted by the use of insulin. Consequently it is readily seen that although not a "cure" in the strict sense of the word, insulin may be considered one in practice.

In considering the disease itself, it is found that it belongs to that class of disorders which arise from the degeneration of different organs of the body. Just as apoplexy is a sequel to the degeneration of the blood vessels, diabetes is that a sequel to the degeneration of the pancreas. The disease has been known since 150 A. D., but only in the last century has the presence of sugar in the urine of the victim been made clear. A certain enzyme, now known to be secreted by the pancreas, causes the assimilation of sugar in the body. As long as an infinitesimal amount of this substance is present in the blood, the sugar and starch that form a large percentage of our food, can be consumed by a sort of low temperature combustion, with the aid of the oxygen of the air, giving energy to the tissues, and being "burned" to carbon dioxide and water which are thrown off in the diseased pancreas cannot under a sufficient amount of this enzyme, the sugar cannot be consumed but clogs the blood and is excreted unchanged. The unfortunate victim is literally starving in the midst of plenty.

The first fruitful experiment in this field of investigation was conducted by Mering and Minkowski in the early eighties. They produced a fatal type of diabetes by the surgical removal of the pancreas of a dog,, yet the injection of extracts from the pancreas of animals had no effect on the victim.

The pancreas has long been known as a gland secreting a digestive juice which is poured into the intestine just below the stomach, yet by the experiment of Mering and Minkowski, it seemed to have something to do with the assimilation of sugar in the body. Nevertheless, the pancreatic juice failed to relieve diabetes. In 1890 Langerhans, another experimenter, found that, intermingled with the ducts and vessels which formed and excreted the pancreatic juice, were cer-

tain "islands" of other tissue, which seemed to have other functions. These minute glands were linked up as significant to diabetes when it was observed that in the case of persons dying from the disease the "islands" of the Langerhans were usually found to have been destroyed. A further experiment confirmed the theory. The duct leading out from the pancreas was tied and the gland allowed to degenerate. The island of Langerhans remained unaffected and the assimilation of sugar was not interfered with.

Consequently, it seemed that the islands of Langerhans belonged to the class of ductless glands which now have become the focus of serious study in the science of medicine, but being enmeshed in the large pancreatic gland, they had long been overlooked.

It now became a question of how to apply this new knowledge. The question was apparently very simple. All that was necessary was to extract the secretion of these glands and administer it to those who are deficient in it. Thyroxin is extracted from the thyroid, and from the adrenal glands the chemist extracts adrenalin. In the same manner, why not extract insulin from the islands (insulae) of Langerhans? Numerous and futile have been the efforts of experimentors to gain such an extraction. The islands of the Langerhans were so small and entangled with the tissues of the pancreas, that it was impossible to dissect them out. And when the whole pancreas was ground up and a serum extracted, it was found that the "insulin" had disappeared, it probably having been destroyed by the digestive juice of the pancreas.

Such was the state of affairs when Dr. F. G. Banting in collaboration with C. H. Best began the experiments at the University of Toronto which were in the end to be crowned with signal success. The difficulties of the task seemed almost unsurmountable. Investigators of the first rank had long been working on the puzzle, but to no avail. Yet a young Canadian physician undertook to solve this pressing problem. His theory was chiefly as follows.

Since it had been proven that by shutting off the outlet of the pancreas, he could cause the gland to degenerate, why

could he not try this in a dog, and extract the insulin from the glands after the pancreas was out of the way?

The experiment was successful. A dog was treated in such a manner; and, after ten weeks, the degenerated pancreas was removed together with the islands of Langerhans. When a serum extracted from this was injected into the blood stream of a dog that had diabetes, it was found that the sugar in the blood had decreased. Thus the theory was proven.

The next question was how this serum might be manufactured in sufficient quantity for the needs of humanity. The best of chemists were devoted to the task. Dr. J. B. Collip, professor of biochemistry in the university of Alberta, gave very valuable aid, and C. H. Best, Banting's helper throughout his investigations, occupied himself with the problem of large scale production and became director of the insulin division of the Connaught Laboratories. After a year of arduous research, an extract was prepared sufficiently pure for human use.

The process is outwardly simple, yet the intricacies of its development give testimony that only through long and arduous work are the secrets of science revealed to humanity. Starting with the fresh sweetbreads of cattle which are soaked in acidified alcohol, the extract passes through various other processes of extraction, precipitation, filtration and purification, which free it from fat, protein, and other impurities that would cause irritation when injected. The final serum is a clear, sterile water solution. Yet how much insulin the solution contains, no one can tell, for insulin itself has not yet been isolated or synthesized.

The use of insulin is a striking different method of treatment from that which people are ordinarily accustomed. When a doctor gives a patient medicine, it is usually to counteract some unfavorable or dangerous symptom. We are also acquainted with the direct action tactics which are now often used in combating disease. These consist in injecting into the blood something which kills off or neutralizes the invading microbe. Yet in either case the remedy used is a foreign substance, often a poison, such as opium or arsenic.

But insulin merely puts back into the blood that which is normally present, that which for some unknown reason is wanting in cases of diabetes. Great care must be taken in the administration, for an over-dose is just as harmful as not enough. Consequently, in treating cases of the disease, it is very important to learn the habit and the condition of the body of the patient, who is confined to a clinic for this purpose. The result is a regulated administration of insulin which enables the victim of diabetes to lead out a normal life and remain a useful citizen rather than an invalid and a burden to society.



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No. 5.

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T. W. Cook, '25.....Literary Editor.

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R. A. Thorne, '25, Athletics.

Margaret Hutchins, '26, Personals.

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F. C. Crossman, '26.....Business Manager.

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Editorial



WE are moved, somehow, as we approach the Editorial desk (?) this afternoon, to make a few seemingly pertinent remarks about the Students Union. It is all that we could wish, and are we doing our part to bring it to a point of highest efficiency? Democratic government under Student auspices labors with grave difficulties at all times. The faculty, by absolute necessity, must have final control in all matters of vital concern to the University. For a University is not responsible to its immediate inhabitants alone, but to a much larger group. These have a peculiar interest in that they supply the funds which makes college institutions possible.

So student government is in a difficult position. From it rise problems peculiar to college life, and only to be solved by a careful, persistent, intelligent study of college conditions, and an earnest, ever-watchful attempt to right them.

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Now—let's confess it—fellows, we're too careless and uninterested to take much thought for such things. A few hardy spirits put time and effort on the framing of a new constitution last year. The system was confessedly imperfect, and intended to be corrected by actual conditions. How many hours—minutes—seconds—of thought have we put on it? Our students meetings are models of how discussions should not be carried on, and how motions should not be allowed to pass. Perhaps we are unduly pessimistic. It may be that government of any kind can run itself efficiently. But surely, if democracy is the right form, and if it can and should succeed anywhere, it will be among college students. Let's think it over, anyway. Are we doing our best? Or do the students feel that the share of government and the problems involved, are too trivial to demand much serious attention? We fear that this is not the reason. At any rate, we will never get more responsibility and authority until a majority of students show themselves willing and able to think and act more efficiently and seriously on these things.

The athletic year is drawing to a close. Acadia has not been super-successful. Yet there is no reason to be pessimistic. The girls have won one championship, and all other games were well fought, both in strength and cleverness of play, and in clean sportsmanship which we prize as an Acadia tradition. It is a matter of pride that the relations between the universities have been of the best this year. Intercollegiate contests have been, what they should always be, a means of promoting good feeling between our institutions of learning.

The Athenaeum Competition during last month was regrettably one-sided. The Junior Class are to be congratulated on their fine showing. But how about the other classes? We cannot believe they are so devoid of literary ability as the last three months would seem to show. The ends of competition are defeated in one class becomes so dominant. Let's go—everybody! Again we make a plea for more competition in the general departments.

The Athenaeum wish to apologize, and to extend belated but hearty congratulations to R. A. Thorne, on the winning

of his Literary "A". Mr. Thorne's sprightly and well-written articles have aided materially in keeping up our literary standard.

We also extend similar congratulations to Margaret Hutchins, '26. We will miss both these writers from our columns. Miss Hutchins is to be particularly congratulated, in that she is one of the few students who have won an "A" in the Junior year.

We wish to call attention to the following letter from the Secretary of the "Fresh Air Fund". No comment is needed.

March 13th, 1925.

Dear Sir,

Once more I am venturing to write to you with regard to the Fresh Air Fund in the hope that you will be able to lay our appeal before your readers.

The Fresh Air Fund is conducted in a way which is unique in the annals of Charity, for all the money received in subscriptions is spent on the Children. It has been termed, and rightly, "the Cheapest Charity."

Briefly:—

Fifteen pence gives one child a day in the country.

Thirteen Pounds pays for 20 children, with the necessary attendants to look after them.

For the small sum of £1, one child can enjoy a glorious fortnight by the sea or in the country.

There are no vexatious rules and regulations—no interminable forms to be filled up; the only passport to a Fresh Air Fund holiday is poverty and the fact that the child will not get a holiday through any other channel.

During the past thirty-three years the Fresh Air Fund has sent 4,766,110 poor children for a happy day in the country, whilst, since 1908, 76,618 children have had a fortnight's bliss by the sea or in the country.

To people comfortably placed a holiday of some days' duration is a happy event—how immeasurably greater is the joy given to a poor child! the price asked for this happiness is absurdly small—one pound for a fortnight.

It is with grateful recognition of the aid rendered in the past that I venture to appeal to your generous readers on behalf of the poor children of the Mother Country.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received, and they should be addressed to me c/o Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, 17a, Henrietta Street, London, W. C. 2., England.

Yours very truly,

E. KESSELL,

Hon. Sec'ty., & Hon. Treas.

The Editor,

"Acadia Athenaeum".

SEMINARY NOTES.

THE meetings of the Y. W. every week have been very helpful. Interesting talks have been given by Mrs. Gullison, returned missionary from India, Dr. MacDonald, Dr. DeWolfe, Miss Oxner, Miss Myers of India.

On Mar. 14th. the regular meeting of Pierian Society was held in the Chapel. The program for the evening was as follows:

Piano Solo	"Grillin;" <i>Schumann</i>
	Irene Card.
Reading	"Mr. Caudle's Hat"
	Nellie Kierstead.
Vocal Solo	"Marie"
	Annie Hicks
Reading	"The Wood Ladies"
	Elsie Barnes
Piano Solo	"Novellentent;" <i>Schumann</i>
	Jewel Henderson

Acadia Doxology.

On the following Saturday evening 21 March, the following program was given by the Junior Pupils of the Conservatory.

Chansonette	<i>Newton</i>
Frances Roach	
Gently Row	<i>Folk Song</i>
Jean Jodrey	
The Cricket and the Bumble Bee	<i>Chadwick</i>
Gene Bauld	
The Wounded Robin	<i>Crombie</i>
Peggy Forbes	
Hungarian Melody	<i>Behr</i>
Betty DeWitt	
Allegretto	<i>Haydn</i>
Jean Archibald	
Little Patriot	<i>Krogmann</i>
Jean Maneely	
Album Leaf	<i>Greig</i>
Sidney Wheelock	
Rondo du Villageois	<i>Dennee</i>
Dorothy Lockhart	
Cradle Song	<i>Pracht</i>
Lloyd MacPherson	
Fantoceini	<i>Duni</i>
Frances Patterson	
Hope March	<i>Papini</i>
Kathleen Bancroft	1st violin
Marion Eaton	2nd violin
Ruth Ingraham	3rd violin
Jean Shaw	4th violin
Miss Minnie Poole....	Piano
Daddy's Sweetheart	<i>Lehmann</i>
Goldie Hennessey	
Petite Berceuse	<i>Herrman</i>
Ruth Ingraham	

Feu Frollet	<i>Jungmann</i>
Bertha Warren	
Lancelot	<i>Adam</i>
Natica Sherrer	
God Save The King.	

On Friday, March 13, Mrs. Grace Dean MacLeod Rogers was the guest of the Seminary at Dinner. After dinner she gave a most interesting address to the girls in which she spoke of the debt a school girl owes to her parents, her school, her country, and to God.

The following week on March the 21st, the girls of the Seminary with the College Girls were privileged to listen to Miss Lillian Faithful, M.A.J.P., until recently Principal of Cheltenham College, England. Miss Faithful is lecturing in Canada under the auspices of the National Board of Education. The subject of her address in the Seminary Chapel was, "The Girl of To Day and Fifty Years Ago." It was an address characterized by fine diction and thought and at the same time stimulating and thought provoking. After listening to it one wondered if after all the Victorians had not something to say for the type of womanhood which they produced.

On Tuesday, March 17, St. Patrick's Day, the Seminary Girls who attended the Presbyterian United Church, together with the College Students were entertained by the Ladies of the Church at a very enjoyable sociable. After a varied "MENU" consisting of games, program, and refreshments the gathering broke up by singing the National Anthem. A most enjoyable evening was too soon over.

PERSONALS.

A. L. S. '22.—Gertrude Vail is spending the winter in Florida.

A. L. S. '22.—Freda Fraser is training in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

A. L. S. '22.—Eleanor Mitchell is teaching piano at her home in North Sydney.

A. L. S. '23.—Kathlyn MacLean is studying at Margaret Eaton School of Expression, Toronto.

A. L. S. '24.—Bertie Duncanson is working in Moncton, N. B.

A. L. S. '24.—Jean Murray is training at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

A. L. S. '24.—Deborah Ebbett is teaching at The Barony, New Brunswick.

A. L. S. '24.—Tira Falt is training in the Salem Hospital, Salem, Mass.

A. L. S. '24.—Beth Morton is teaching Domestic Science at Elizabeth High School, New Jersey.

A. L. S. '24.—Alice Davis is studying Dietetics at the Ottawa Civic Hospital, Ottawa.

A. L. S. Ex. '25.—Helen Simpson is training in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

A. L. S. Ex. '25.—Marion Bentley is studying Domestic Science at Pratt Institute.

A. L. S. Ex. '25.—Helen Begg is continuing her studies at Dalhousie.

A. L. S.—Irene Titus is stenographer at the Maritime Home for Girls.

A. L. S.—Hazel Turner is continuing her studies at the University of New Brunswick.

A. L. S.—Hazel Grant has spent the winter with her sister in San Diego, California.

J. H., A. L. S.

ON BROWNING'S POEM, SAUL.

It seems strange that David, a shepherd lad, whose life had been spent among the hills in the lowly task of tending sheep, a youth so ignorant of the world, so lacking in the experience which comes from contact with men, should have

been chosen to rouse the mighty monarch, King Saul, from the depths of mental torment.

Yet, David, beautiful in body, of contemplative mind, with a soul that ever soared toward the high ideals of life, was the only person capable of the mighty task.

The music of Nature had steeped into his soul; the peace of the hills and the solitude of his life had given him time and opportunity to ponder on the ways of men and the problems of life.

With skilled fingers, with yearning in his heart for the unhappy SAUL, with thoughts which express the deepest emotions of his heart, he attempts the task. He sings the songs of Nature, of human activity, of man's institutions; he sings songs full of the deep philosophy he had gleaned during his long hours of meditation. From his close and frequent communion with God he is able to prophesy to Saul about the coming of Christ.

David, the simple shepherd lad, by the chords on his gilded harp gains the desired response from chords of Saul's heart. The mighty king is roused from his awful lethargy.

Such is the subject of Browning's poem, Saul.

EMILY KELLY.

ACADEMY NOTES.

THE Hockey Team, accompanied by Dr. Archibald and a few rooters, went to Halifax on Friday, Feb. 27. In the evening they played the Pirates to the score of 2 all.

The game was played at the Arena on a good sheet of ice and was fast throughout.

Cohen and Hamilton scored for Acadia.

On Saturday, Feb. 28, the team was defeated by H. C. A. 2 to 1 at the South End Rink. Our boys were handicapped by the large ice surface, but had the edge on Halifax throughout. Halifax scored their second goal during the twenty-third minute of the period. Owing to an error in the time-keeping

the game was allowed to go three minutes overtime, which cost Acadia the game.

On March 1, Bloomfield Basketball Team visited Wolfville. The Academy team under the leader of their captain, J. E. Raymond defeated the visitors 29 to 8.

The last debate for the season was held on the evening of March 7. Both teams were picked from the Senior Class. The subject under debate was, Resolved that the injustice which caused the French Revolution were greater than those resulting from the Reign of Terror.

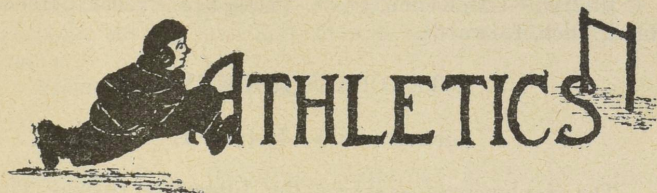
The affirmative team won. Both teams produced good arguments, and the debate was enjoyed by all present.

B. Linton acted as critic.

On March 14, the Academy held their annual reception in the Gymnasium. The building was prettily decorated by red and blue streamers. There was a good attendance and all who were present thought it to be one of the best receptions ever given by the Academy. The musical end of the programme was rendered by W. J. Lewis, W. H. Mollins, H. Phinney, Helen Simms, and Misses Roop.

A very interesting and much enjoyed speech was given by Dr. J. H. MacDonald.

The boys are practising steadily for the Academy Play and all are looking forward to a good programme. The Play will be given about the last of April.



WITH the passing of the hockey season, basket-ball has become the center of interest in Athletes. The Girls have brought the Basketball Championship once more to Acadia, and have exhibited a brand of basketball rarely seen in women's athletics. This is the third successive win for the Acadia Coeds, who this year not only won the championship but also were victors in every game, both exhibition and intercollegiate though the usual double schedule was played.

The boys' basket-ball team has shown its mettle in several exhibition games, and promises to give an excellent account of itself in the intercollegiate games.

The unusually early Spring brings our attention once more to baseball, track, and tennis, and in a very short time, it is to be hoped we will be actively engaged in these popular sports. Three new tennis courts are now under construction, and it is to be hoped that these, together with the present ones, will soon be ready for use.

WOLFVILLE 1—ACADIA 0.

The Wolfville town team won from the Acadia hockey squad 1-0 in their last game of the season at the Evangeline rink, Feb. 24. The ice was very soft and none of the players were able to get away. A small number of spectators witnessed a somewhat uninteresting game. The lone score was netted by Thompson early in the third session.

"Ted" Stackhouse refereed.

Line-up:—

Acadia—Elderkin, goal; Wright, R. D. Johnson, defence, Vincent, R. W. Johnson, Eaton, MacLatchy, forwards,

Wolfville—McKenna, goal; Thompson, Fraser, defence; Rand, Dick, forwards.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY.

SOPHOMORES 5—JUNIORS 1.

The Sophomores captured the Interclass Hockey Title when they won from the Juniors in a very fast and exciting game. The fast Sophomore team, made up almost entirely by college players, were altogether too good for the Juniors. Wright and MacLatchy worked hard for the losers, while the under classmen all played good hockey.

Penalties were handed out to nearly every player on the ice during some stage of the game; at one time there being three Juniors and one Soph. in the pen. Despite such manifestations of friendly rivalry, the game was very fast and hung in the balance until the final period when the winners netted three goals.

Gill Rand refereed.

Line-up:—

Sophs.—Munro, goal; Eaton, R. D. Johnson, defence; Barteaux, Vincent, R. W. Johnson, forwards.
Davidson, MacLatchy, A. Noble, J. Elderkin, Israel, forwards.

BASKETBALL.

ACADIA 46—PINE HILL 36.

Acadia won by a score of 46-36 from the Pine Hill basketball squad in a fast game at Halifax, Feb. 28. Although it was a keen contest throughout, the visiting team showed a marked superiority in combination which won the game for them. Cox and Davidson were very good in their shooting and the whole Acadia team played a splendid offensive. Richardson was the star for Pine Hill, scoring 18 points for his team.

In the first period, the home team held the visitors to a tie, 22-22, but the final half showed a strong advantage for Acadia.

Archie McCoy refereed.

Line-up:—

Acadia—Cox, Davidson, forwards; A. Noble, centre; Moffat, O. Noble, guards; Boutilier, Elderkin, subs.

Pine Hill—Richardson, Harrison, forwards; McIntosh, centre; Sutherland, McLeod, guards; Phillips, sub.

ACADIA 13—DALHOUSIE 10.

The Acadia co-eds won a very closely contested game of basketball from the Dalhousie girls when they defeated them 13-10 at the Halifax Y. M. C. A. Saturday, Feb. 28. The game was marked by strong guarding on the part of both teams which kept the score very low. Pauline Colbath was the most outstanding player for Acadia. Marion Campbell starred for Dalhousie.

Miss Ward of Halifax refereed.

Line-up:—

Dalhousie—Misses Marion Campbell, Borden, forwards; Barnstead, Clark, centres; Kennedy, Roberts, guards; Freeman, Atheeton, Thompson, subs.

Acadia—Misses Doherty, McLaughlin, forwards; Colbath, Lawson, centres; Chipman, Smith, guards; Parlee, Murray, Vogler, Cury, subs.

ACADIA 27—MT. A. 15.

The Acadia co-eds defeated the Mt. Allison girls by a score of 27-15 in a fast game of basketball at Sackville, March 6. The game was interesting throughout. Misses Doherty and McLaughlin were very good in their shooting, although Miss Thomas of Mount Allison was probably the outstanding player on the floor.

The first period was evenly divided, the score being 8-6 for Acadia. In the second half, however, the visiting girls played a very superior combination which soon ran up a large score.

Line-up:—

Acadia—J. McLaughlin, A. Doherty, forwards; P. Colbath, H. Lawson, centres; B. Smith, C. Chipman, guards; I. Vogler, F. Parlee, M. Curry, subs.

Mt. A.—G. Thomas, A. Smith, forwards; I. Rippey, M. Smith, centre; V. Smith, M. Fawcett, guards; A. Gough, sub.

ACADIA 57—ST. JOHN Y. W. C. A. 8.

The Acadia girls won a very easy victory ove the St. John Y. W. C. A. basketball team when they rolled up a score of 57-8 at the Acadia Gymnasium, Mar. 13. The first period was played according to the Canadian women's basketball rules. Miss McArthur of St. John refereed this period. The second half was played under the usual rules and "Poodle" McDonald handled the whistle.

The Acadia girls showed superiority in either style of game. Jean McLaughlin, Ann Doherty, and Pauline Colbath were the pick of the winners.

Line-up:—

Acadia—Ann Doherty, Jean McLaughlin, forwards; Pauline Colbath, Helen Lawson, centres; Carol Chipman, Bea Smith, defence; Janet Murray, Inga Vogler, Mary Curry, Frances Parlee, subs.

St. John—Jean Angus, Betty Thomson, forwards; Marge Page, Dosie Day, centres; Elizabeth Armstrong, Eleanor Angus, defence.

ACADIA 62—ST. F. X. 22.

Acadia won a very easy victory over the St. Frances Xavier basketball squad with a score of 62-22, Wednesday, Mar. 18, at the Acadia Gymnasium. The home team showed

its superiority in every phase of the play. Cox was easily the best man on the floor, while Davidson showed up well in combination and shooting. St. F. X. scored almost entirely by long shots, which fact testified for the efficiency of the Acadia defence. Klenas and McGrath were the pick of the visitors.

In the first half the home players walked away with a score of 34-6, but the second session was more evenly divided, Acadia scoring 28 to their opponents' 16.

"Poodle" MacDonald refereed.

Line-up:—

Acadia—Cox (27), Davidson (18), forwards; A. Noble (8), centre; O. Noble (4), Moffatt (1), guards; Elderkin (4), Boutilier, Swim, subs.

St. F. X.—McGrath (9), McIsaac, forwards; McManus (2), centre; Klenas (1), Campbell, guards; McDonald. McIsaac, subs.

ACADIA 36—DALHOUSIE 15.

Acadia won the Maritime girls' basketball title when the co-eds defeated the Dalhousie girls 36-15 in a good game at the Acadia Gymnasium, Saturday, March 21. A record crowd witnessed the game.

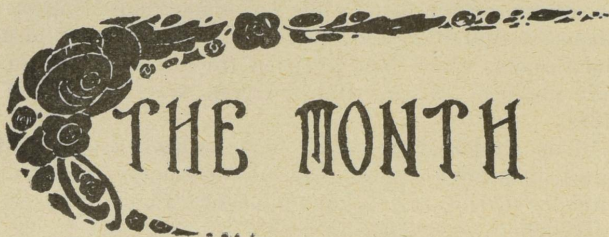
The Acadia girls were at their best, playing good combination and rolling up a large score. Jean McLaughlin starred for the home team, scoring 24 points. Pauline Colbath and Ann Doherty also played their usual good game. Marion Campbell was the best of the losers.

Willard Cox of Truro refereed.

Line-up:—

Dalhousie—Misses Campbell, Borden, forwards; Barstead, Clarke, centres; Kennedy, Roberts, guards; Freeman, Atheeton, Thompson, subs.

Acadia—Misses McLaughlan, Doherty, forwards; Colbath, Lawson, centres; Smith, Chipman, guards; Murray Vogler, Curry, subs.

A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose and various leaves and smaller flowers, arranged in a horizontal, slightly curved pattern.

THE MONTH

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

THE dramatic society held a party in Tully club room on February 26th. Dr. Rhodenizer gave a very interesting talk on the technique of the drama. Helen Simms sang a solo and Doane Hatfield gave a reading. For the first time at a dramatic society party, a one act play was presented. The Characters in this play, "Twenty Years Later" were taken by Misses Marguerite Milner, Nita Trethewye, and Ted Taylor. We hope that there will be more plays presented at similar future occasions.

In a game which followed it was very enlightening to see the many remarkable things which a curved line could be made to represent.

Oh yes, the essential parts of a party must not be forgotten, namely, refreshments and chaperones. Both were present, the former sandwiches, cocoa, ice-cream and macaroons, the latter, Mrs. MacLean and Dr. Rhodenizer.

FRENCH CLUB.

The French Club was entertained at Prof. and Mrs. Balcom's on its's last social evening. Two short French plays were presented besides other means of entertainment. This on April 8th. The rehearsal of the play was greatly enjoyed was followed by refreshments.

The club met in Tully club room on March 25th. The evening was spent in practicing for the entertainment "An

Evening in Paris" which it will present in the Opera House on April 8th. The rehearsal of the play was greatly enjoyed by those who formed the audience. Ice-cream and cake caused everyone to leave in good spirits.

SENIOR PARTY.

The many signs of the return of spring impressed in the minds of the Seniors that sleighing parties were apt to be a thing of the past, so they decided that they would have another form of party. On March 11th they departed for Kentville in busses. They went to the Cornwallis Inn and had a chicken dinner which was greatly enjoyed. No doubt the appetites had been sharpened by an occasional walk or run up a long hill. After dinner, college songs and ukele music passed the time away until time for second show. After the picture they left for Wolfville all feeling that they had certainly had a fine time. Professor and Mrs. Balcom were the chaperones.

FRESHMAN PARTY.

The freshman sleigh drive also became a "bus ride." Following custom they went to Kentville to the movies on March 17th, St. Patrick's Day. It almost seemed that before they became haughty sophomores they desired as a memorial to have a party on the day which everyone connects with "verdantly".

After seeing the picture, "Single Wives," they went to the Green Lantern for refreshments. The rain which fell very heavily during the return did not hinder everyone from enjoying themselves and all arrived back safely, even the chaperones, Dr. and Mrs. Hill and Prof. and Mrs. Jeffrey.

ENTERTAINMENT OF SENIORS AND JUNIORS AT CHURCH.

Ever since the Sophomores and Freshmen reported such an enjoyable time when entertained by the church, their older and wiser (?) fellow students have been anxiously awaiting

their turn. It came on March 19th and their expectations were realized.

The evening was spent in playing games, singing Acadia songs and dining. The Seniors and Juniors wish to thank those who so kindly gave them such an enjoyable evening.

PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY.

The freshettes held propylæum on Monday evening, Feb. 23rd.

The program was as follows:

1. Synopsis.
2. Piano Solo.
3. Reading.
4. Chinese Courtship.

It was enjoyed very much by all present—as was also the critic's report by Ethel Schurman.

The first girl's debate of the second term was between the Juniors and Sophomores on March 9th.

The subject, "Resolved that it is more desirable for a college student to earn his own way through college," was of much interest to students.

The Juniors, Olive Archibald (leader), Gwen Patterson and Ardis Whitman, who upheld the affirmative of the resolution won the debate. The supporters of the negative were Meredith White (leader,) Isabel Olmstead and Nita Trethewe.

Claire Cutten gave a witty critic's report.

S. C. A.

The girl's unit of the S. C. A. has had many interesting and helpful meetings.

On Feb. 22nd. Elmer Crockett, Laura Davidson, and Ruby Thompson, told of the occasion of the writing of the hymns "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Just as I am," and

“Let the Lower Lights be Burning.” These and other hymns were sung.

Janet Murray and Ethel Schurman sang a duet.

Miss McKay, who has had a very interesting career—and spent several years in Rumania, came on March 8th and told many interesting things about the life there. The girls are looking forward to having her come again.

Nita Thethewey sang a solo.

On March 15th, the girls unit invited the boys' unit to be present at a joint sing in Tully club room. Although many of the boys did not take advantage of the invitation, it was enjoyed by all who did go.

The girls are always glad to have Professor Balcom address their meetings. On March 22nd he gave a very interesting talk on the Race problem.

The special music this time was in the form of a duet given by Marion Reade and Emily Moore.





DR. Jacob Gould Schurman, a former student and professor at Acadia, has been appointed United States Ambassador to Berlin. Dr. Schurman has been United States Minister to China.

'86.—Dr. A. K. DeBlois preached at the noon meeting at Keith Theatre, Boston, March 12, under the auspices of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches.

'93.—Rev. I. E. Bill has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist Church, Beloit, Wisconsin, to become pastor of the First Baptist Church, Rochester, Minnesota.

'96.—Dr. G. B. Cutten attended the Normal Convention for Superintendents and Teachers at the School of Connecticut in the latter part of February, and addresses Mt. Hermon Club at a Banquet.

'95.—Dr. Seldon McCurdy has resigned from the staff of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and is ready to take up the supply of vacant churches.

'01.—Rev. M. S. Richardson who has been pastor of Zion Church, Yarmouth, N. S., is to become pastor of the Highfield St. Church, Moncton, N. B.

Ex. '03.—Leon Archibald is at present Professor of Engineering in University of St. Paul. He also is official announcer of Radio Broadcast Station WCCO at Minneapolis.

'07.—Prof. A. B. Balcom recently had an economic article published in the Dalhousie Gazette.

'10.—Harold Thomas is spending his furlough at his home in Wollaston, Mass., after five years of Missionary work in China.

'10.—E. W. Bigelow has returned to his business in Port Coquitlan, B. C., after spending two years in the sanatorium.

'11.—Rev. Ivan Murray Rose preached the dedication sermon for First Baptist Church in Rome, New York, Mar. 1.

'12.—Mrs. West (Marjorie Bates) visited Acadia as chaperone of the Mt. A. Ladies' Basket-ball Team.

'15.—Mary Kinley Ingraham gave a reading of some of her own poems to the Maritime Authors' Association in Halifax on Mar. 6.

'16.—Rev. A. S. Gregg has resigned as pastor of the Baptist Church of Bear River, N. S. to accept the pastorate of the South Side Church, Woodstock, N. B.

'16.—Norman McLeod Rogers recently had an article published in Canadian Magazine.

'16.—Murray Millet is now in the Insurance business in Dartmouth.

'17.—Lalia Chase, M.D.C.M. left on Mar. 8 for England. She was accompanied by her father.

Ex. Eng. '19.—Robie Silver has left Bridgewater to take a position in Boston.

Eng. '20.—Alymer Stockwell is doing valuable work in a Sugar Refinery in Cuba.

'20.—To Mr. and Mrs. G. Victor Burton, a son in Feb. G. V. Burton is house surgeon in Boston Hospital.

'20.—M. Jean Bishop has been visiting for some weeks in Montréal.

'20.—To Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Proctor, née Georgia Spicer, a daughter.

Eng. '21.—William Brown is Assistant Superintendent of the by product Coke and Gas Works of the British Empire Steel Corp.

'22.—Rev. E. C. Prime is at present preaching in Bridgetown, Mass.

'22.—Rev. Guy Bleakney has accepted a call to the Central Baptist Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

'22.—T. K. Cleveland is completing his course for a Ph. D. in Chemistry at Yale. He very recently discovered a new chemical compound.

'22.—To Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Vincent, on Feb. 23, a daughter.

'22.—Margaret McCurdy of New Glasgow is visiting in Wolfville and Port Williams.

'23.—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sterling, née Jennie Taurplin, a son.

'24.—Born at Wolfville, on March 21, to Rev. and Mrs. E. L. Curry, a daughter.

'24.—Allan T. Smith is now teaching Science in the High School at Grand Falls, Newfoundland.

'24.—Miss Eldred Bridges, Gwen Belyea, and Madeline Flewelling will visit Miss K. King at Boston during Easter.

'24.—Muriel Cutten has been visiting in Hamford, Conn., Philadelphia and Allentown, Penn.

'24.—Raymond P. Thompson who is studying at Harvard has been awarded the Colbeth Scholarship of \$300 the Academic year 1924-25. The award was made for attaining a very high aggregate in the study of metallurgy.

Eng. '24.—Jack Welsford has left N. S. Technical and is now in Sydney with the Cape Breton Electric Co.

Eng. '24.—Lorimer Demmings is taking a co-operative course in Electric Engineering at Northeastern University.

Ex. '25.—Malcolm MacDonald is at present undergoing treatment at Camp Hill Hospital for injuries received while overseas.

'27.—The Athenaeum extends its sincere sympathy to H. M. S. Hevenor on the death of his father.



ALL precious things, discover'd late,
 To those that seek them issue forth;
 For love in sequel works with fate,
 And draws the veil from hidden worth.

Tennyson.

ONCE again we greet our Exchanges, and it is not too much to say that we do so with pleasure. At first we turned to them with reluctance,—looking over them was more or less of a task; with the prejudice we so commonly cherish for the unknown we did not expect much from them. But acquaintance has banished prejudice, and with each returning month we have turned to them with greater zest and increasing satisfaction. Some of them we know will have a good joke or a dash of humor waiting for us, other a story with a real college thrill, others still a genuine bit of poetry or an informing article well worth reading. Acquaintance has passed into friendship and routine has given place to pleasure.

THE INTEGRAL.

The Integral is an almost wholly technical magazine published by the Engineering Society of The State College. The leading article of the current issue is entitled "Technical Training and Employment", and deals in a most practical way with technical courses, the attitude toward courses, and the question of employment after graduation. "A New Rail Era" tells the romantic story of the building of Castleton

Bridge, and of the Selkirk Freight Yards. "From Zero to Infinity" is an article of more abstract nature but no less interesting. The Editorial Comments set forth in clear terms the needs of the College,—here's success to you.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

We will never lack news of our fellow-students at Dalhousie as long as the Gazette is on our Exchange shelf. We would think that it would offer excellent opportunity for the reporter or rather one who was looking forward to such work. There is opportunity also for the literary genius, but he seems less eager to grasp the chance. Still we occasionally come upon a bit of poetry or a story which tells us that art is not yet dead. A short story "Lasting Gold,"—a fable, and a poem entitled "A Dream" were recently published, and made a pleasing addition to the paper. We look for still more literary contributions in the future.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

The McMaster University Monthly continues to uphold the tradition and the honor of the university it represents. We extend our sympathy to McMaster in the loss of their Field Secretary, R. Bates. The current issue contains a fine tribute to his memory written by Dr. H. P. Whidden. There is an excellent poem addressed "To the Night Wind", and another entitled "Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt." We congratulate McMaster on the excellence of her poetic talent. An imaginative tale "The Legend of Mestea" has a fine inventive touch, and "As Others See Us", going to the other extreme, fairly makes one's hair rise. The Editorial, and the College News are as usual, beyond reproach.

THE SHEAF.

We notice an improvement in recent numbers of the Sheaf in the way of sport articles on matters of interest to all students. One of these especially is worth reading, and

in spite of the subject we do not hesitate in calling the attention of our readers to it. It is entitled, "Cribbing in an Up-to-date Way," and it is all that its title claims for it, especially the "up-to-date." Strange to say, in recommending this article we have no fear that such devices will be used at Acadia. We merely feel that it is too interesting to miss. Another of these articles we would call to the attention of the Co-eds. It might lead them to "count their blessings" if they learned of the life of the Oxford Co-ed.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

The current issue of this monthly contains much most readable material. "Uselessness," especially, was very amusing, and we were glad to see the good old letter defended in "An Age of Post Cards". We hope, however, that the author is unduly pessimistic in his prediction in regard to the art of letter-writing. We enjoyed "Our Island Province," and we sincerely hope that in the near future *all* Westerners will know that Prince Edward Island is not in Halifax. "The Land of Over Yonder" is an exceedingly musical and charming bit of poetry; "Memory" is quite as good although in another style. The article on "The Dramatic Club's Performance" is well written, and, being accompanied by illustrations, is very interesting. Our only suggestion is the addition of a few heavier articles but your magazine is very pleasing as it is.

THE ORACLE.

The Editorials of the Oracle are always good, and always full of vim. We congratulate you on your success in securing material. The prizes offered for poetry, jokes, and yells confine this material almost wholly to these departments, and to news. It is to be hoped that the essay prize will bring forth good results; a story and an article would add much to the interest of the magazine.

WESTERN U. GAZETTE.

The Gazette ranks among the best of our university weeklies in both quality and character of material, and we

always read it with interest. The news items are well written, and it abounds in numerous short items (usually taken from other papers) which have an especial message for college students. The poetry is excellent but there is an absence of stories. We are looking forward with interest to the series of articles dealing with the question "What's the Matter with Western?" A clear discussion of the way to prevent or correct the indifference which sometimes overtakes a body of students will be highly informing. The Alumni number containing the long poem "Students Have Been at Western," the picture of students of by-gone days, and the account of the activities of the Alumnae Association was a decided success.

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

The latest number of the Quill brings us the sad news of the death of Brandon's President, Dr. F. W. Sweet. It is indeed hard to lose a President so recently appointed; Acadia extends to you her most sincere sympathy.

The literary material of this number contains some excellent, and most unified material. An article on "Judge Haliburton and Canadian Literature" takes up back to the pioneer days of all distinctly Canadian literature, and "French Canadian Poets and Poetry" connects up with a vital problem of the present, and is another attempt to break down the religious and racial barrier between Quebec, and the other provinces of the Dominion. "The Eclipse of the Sun" is an excellent bit of description,—vivid and clear.

ARGOSY WEEKLY.

Whenever we turn the pages of the Argosy Weekly we feel like congratulating Mt. A. on the high standard she has succeeded in setting up for her weekly publication. We find the news of the campus very interesting, partly due, no doubt, to the fact that it is well written up. We notice that compulsory physical training has been annulled after due trial. We would be interested to learn the results of the present scheme. Two poems in recent issues demand special

mention,—“Three Thoughts”, and “Perfection.” The articles are always informing, and provocation of thought—an evidence that thought has been spent on them. For those who enjoy literary criticism the article on the verse of Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, defending her against the charge of weakness, would hold special interest.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY.

We are becoming more closely acquainted with St. F. X. this year, and hence we are reading the Xaverian Weekly with more interest than hitherto. Especially have we enjoyed the cuts of the university buildings. We congratulate you on your splendid looking rink, and we consider that you have reason to be proud of your war memorial. The Xaverian apparently changes in quality from week to week. If the standard of the best numbers could be maintained there would be no reason for complaint. Good poetry and short but pungent articles seem to be the saving features of the best university weeklies.

THE MCGILL DAILY.

The McGill Daily is in a class by itself among university publications, and it fills a place which no other attempts to fill. McGill believes in passing on its privileges for the columns of the Daily ever present to us in vivid outline lectures and addresses in which otherwise we would have no share. Most notable of the features of recent issues was the sketch of Canadian Universities. Truly the lack of knowledge concerning our sister colleges is lamentable, and any attempt to remedy this condition is worthy of support. Other interesting articles were those on the University Settlement question and on the Student Friendship Fund. Especially do we watch the Editorial and the contributors column for student opinion. A chance for student opinion on other than matters of mere local and temporary concern is one of the best functions of the university publication.

Travel gives a character of experience to our knowledge and brings the figures upon the tablet of memory into strong relief.—*Tuckerman.*

EDUCATIONAL TOURS

— TO —

BRITAIN -- HOLLAND -- BELGIUM -- FRANCE

The first Tour, under the auspices of Guy Tombs, Ltd., leaves Montreal on the "ATHENIA" for Glasgow, June 19, returning from Southampton July 17, on the "AUSONIA".

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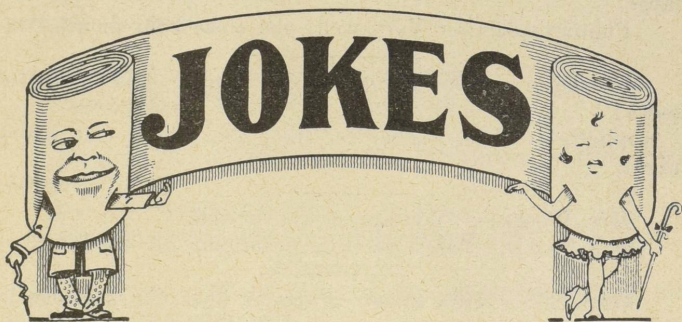
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OUR jokes are not the rarest gems
That comes from witty guys;
But try a hand at one yourself,
Before you criticize.

Dr. Rhod.:—"Mr. Rumsey, what is the poetry of motion?"

Rumsey '26:—"The kind that goes from one editor to another."

Firpo:—"Anyone could see you were from Moncton."

McLatchy '26:—"How's that?"

Firpo:—"Natural gas."

Bea:—"People in love always do crazy things."

Inga:—"I don't."

Chem. Prof.:—"I shall now take some sulphuric acid."

Stude:—"That wouldn't be a bad idea."

Dizzy '26:—"Who's the fair one?"

Floyd '26:—"She's Helen Carrs."

Dizzy:—"What's she like on a Davenport?"

Gaudy Eng. '26:—"Now I don't want this picture very large."

Photographer:—"Very well, just close your mouth."

Freshette:—"Don't you think Mason has beautiful teeth?"

Sophette:—"Yes. They're like the stars—out every night."

Mrs. Weeks:—"You appear to eat well."

Sue Parks:—"Yes, I've been practicing all my life."

Otto '26:—"How many cigarettes does Cross smoke in a day?"

Gordon '27:—"Any given number."

Israel '26:—"I shine in society."

Dunlap '26:—"Bootblack, eh?"

Davy '26:—"Well, I must be off."

Jean MacLaughlan:—"I tho't that the first time I saw you."

Dentist:—"Do you wish gas?"

Orlando Eng. '25:—"How much a gallon?"

Coit '25:—"What were you doing after the accident?"

Doe Shaffner '25:—"Scraping up an acquaintance."

Paul '25:—"Cut out the rough stuff."

Jim '27:—"Oh, you want me to shave."

Cora '28:—"You remind me of Venus de Milo."

Fillmore '25:—"But I have arms."

Cora:—"Oh, have you?"

Ella '26:—"Who composed that?"

Israel '26:—"Why, Beethoven, my dear girl."

Ella:—"How lovely. And is he still composing?"

Israel:—"No, he is decomposing."

Bootblack:—"Light or dark?"

Absent-minded Prof.:—"I'm not particular, but don't give me the neck."

Ike:—"How's the world treating you?"

Goudy, Eng. '26:—"Not very often."

Wright '26:—"Why are the Freshmen called 'real estate'?"

Davy:—"I don't know."

Wright:—"Because they're a vacant lot."

Olive '26:—"What was the idea of trying to kiss me, when the lights went out?"

Dizzy '26:—"Force of habit, old dear."

Prof.:—"I am tempted to give a test."

Class:—"Yield not to temptation."

Bea. '26:—"I think Davy is cheap. He reminds me of a Ford."

Jean '25:—"Oh, but his clutch is so different."

McElhiney '26:—"Well, I can't complain about my appetite."

Swim '26:—"No, but the Bursar can."

Short '25:—"What are you going to do this summer?"

Wardrobe '27:—"I have a position in my father's office."

Short:—"I'm not going to work either."

Prof. in Biology:—"When you examine a dog's lungs under a microscope what do you see?"

Stude:—"The seat of his pants, I suppose."

Such is man:—When he is born, his mother gets the attention; at his marriage, the bride gets it; at his death, the widow gets it.

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