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No. 4.

AWARDS OF THE MONTH.

Poems:—1st, O. T. Rumsey, '26; 2nd, R. Marven, '27 and E. A. Whitman, '26.

Articles:—1st, R. A. Thorne, '26; 2nd, C R. Gould, '26.

Stories:—1st, R D. Perry, '27; 2nd, C. F. Allaby, '27.

Science:—R. A. Thorne, '25; Margaret Hutchins, '26; F. H. C. Fritz, '26, G. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25. (equal).

Humor:—C. L. Fillmore, '26; G Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25. (equal).

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

Athletics:—1st, F. H. C. Fritz, '26; 2nd, G. Patriquen, '27.

Personals:—1st, Marjorie Mason, '26; 2nd, (no award).

Exchanges:—1st, Margaret Hutchins, '26; 2nd, R. A. Thorne, '25.

Jokes:—Marjorie Mason, '26; and G. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25. (equal).

Cartoon:—(no award).

Seniors 5 units.

Juniors 15 units.

Engineers 3 units

Sophomores 4 units.

Freshmen 1 unit.

Pennant to Juniors.

WINTER.

WHO holds a brief for summer days of lazy languor—
For purring winds and swaying leaves and fields of
ripened grain,
Give me the challenge of wintry days, the word of storm
wind's anger,
The clash of the frost and the whimpering snow that lashes
the frozen plain.

Give me the tang of the icy air, that breathes of the open
spaces,
That brings a lilt to the singing blood, a summons austere
and sweet.
Give me the bite of the wind that stings new life into pallid
faces;
Give me the plaint of the shrilling snow under my roving feet.

I would not barter for all your wealth one hill trail beckoning
higher,
One pine tree graven in silver grace by the artisan hands of
the frost,
One hour when the twilight dims without, and the cold creeps
nigh and nigher,
And the wind in the pines is the wistful voice of a dream long
broken and lost.

Give me a night when the moon is high and the hills have a
spectral glamour,
When the river stretches across the dark like a chain of
resplendent steel;
And let me hear through the shadowy hush that joyous
familiar clamour,
As the ebon ice rings out again to the stroke of the skater's
heel.

Who sings of the wealth of summer, the opulent hours of
quiet,

The sensuous splendor of orchard bloom, where indolent
breezes blow,
Give me the challenge of manly days, or boisterous winds
a-riot,
Give me the sting of the frozen stars, and the drift of the
homeless snow.

O. T. R.

THE MASTERPIECE.

HE sat on the green bank, motionless. Before him there stretched the rippling blue of the sea, while beyond the inlet, red sandstone cliffs raised their heads aloft to be crowned by the deep green of the forest above. Here a sea-gull swooped down upon the crest of the wave, skimming it and rising again into the air with a shrill cry. There the white foam broke on a little sandstone pinnacle standing off from the rest of the cliff like a child strayed from its play-mates. All lay calm, beautiful, serene—and such a picture!

It was that thought that filled the mind of Donald Blaine as he sat there. His artist's soul longed to portray on canvas that beautiful scene before him—to give to those mortals back in the dusty, noisy city a conception of these beauties of nature and of the quiet and peace with which he was surrounded.

He thought of Allison Wright. Had Wright after all been wholly favored by the gods? Although he was a millionaire with unlimited power back in New York, he had truly missed something; for he had never seen beauty like this, nor seeing, could have fully understood. And though Blaine knew that it was Wright and his money that had dashed to pieces his hopes, his ambitions, and even his beloved art, yet, for one brief moment, he would not have exchanged places with Wright for all the riches of Wall Street.

And thinking of Wright, his thoughts naturally reverted to Joyce Desmond. She was Wrights' niece and ward, and hence Blaine had hoped—but that was long ago. Why think of possibilities when grim realities stared him in the face.

Fortune had been cruel to Donald Blaine. To some she accords the lofty peaks while others are doomed to wait forever in the valleys, but there is no harder fate than that of rising steadily, scaling the cliff with what seems Fortune's aid until the very hand is groping for the top, only to be thrust aside, and have a mocking Fortune hurl a torn and bruised body back into the dark abyss. Such had been the fate of Donald Blaine, and in his tragedy of life the portly figure of Allison R. Wright, wealthy financier and patron of art, had played the role of Fortune.

The artist fell into a sort of reverie and again he heard the steel mangate say

"I tell you, you won't have her and that's final! Do you think I would waste Joyce, with all her training for a social career, on a scoundrel like you—only an artist and a second-rate one at that?"

"But, sir—but—it was only a week ago that you predicted that I would soon be—that is, that I would make a success of my art."

"Yes, I did say something like that, but—" in his rage the old man could scarcely speak, "but I was blind, a fool, a damn fool!"

Again the great man broke down for lack of words to express his wrath, and finally ended with this threat,

"And if you persist in your attentions to Joyce—I'll break you, by God, I will!"

And he had done it. Blaine's paintings had just been receiving the favorable notice of critics when the great collector of paintings, Wright, had stepped in. To be brief, he had bought up all the paintings which Blaine then had on exhibition, destroyed those of merit, and again placed on exhibition those incomplete and poor. Soon the artist became almost unknown; the star about to rise, sank once more beneath the horizon. As fast as Blaine could produce paintings Wright bought them, either directly or indirectly, and destroyed them. For nearly a year the artist kept up the unequal struggle. None of his paintings ever reached a place where they might be favorably commended upon by critics. But in the meanwhile he had become comparatively wealthy

in money if not in fame. Wright had paid dearly for many of the paintings and the bulk had gone to Blaine. So it would be better to retire from the world of art.

But it was then that the crash came. Almost simultaneously some stocks, apparently safe, in which Blaine had invested, became worthless, and the bank in which the remainder of his money was held, yielded to a run and failed. Even at the same moment as the artist was receiving this terrible news, Wright was saying to himself:

“Well, I got him, by gosh! It may have cost me some money to do it, but he’s broke and he has no reputation worth anything. Perhaps he will cross A. B. Wright again in a hurry.”

So saying he wrote the following note to Blaine,

“You see you have failed. I have got you, but I won’t hit a man when he is down. You will find enclosed a cheque for \$10,000 which is to help you start again in another profession and away from me and mine. If you send me a written statement that you will leave New York and start again at something else, I will send to the bank to have that cheque honored. Otherwise, it will be held. Remember, I am watching you.

ALLISON R. WRIGHT.”

The great man had then sat down to his desk and immediately dismissed “that obstreperous young artist” from his mind.

Blaine had not accepted that offer. His honor and pride could not bear it. For months he toiled in a little garret to retrieve his fortunes—all was lost. Penniless, he became undernourished, and with the coming of winter contracted pneumonia. Under adverse conditions, consumption had followed the pneumonia. The doctor had given him only a few months to live, under the circumstances in which he then was, or a few years under the best conditions.

With doctor’s bills hanging over him and a wasting disease eating away his life, there was only one thing left to do—to give in to Wright.

Now he was possessor of some \$10,000, his health was undermined, and Wright held his written promise to give up

his art and live far from New York. So here he was on the Bay of Fundy shore, trying to make the best of his few years of life.

The tide had turned. Slowly the receding waters uncovered the red sand and clay. Now the pinnacle, formerly so aloof from the mainland, became reunited with it by that stretch of shore. Now the white line of wavelets, breaking on the beach, had become a distant, almost indiscernible thread and slowly—slowly the lapping waters were retreating to the depths. How like his life it was, Blaine mused. His tide of joy, of happiness, of success had turned and now he lay stranded on the shore. There would be another tide, he knew, but ere it came would not the eating disease have transformed the sparkling sands to rocky shore, those glittering headlands to rocky cliffs, the peaceful day to a stormy tempest lashing the waves to fury on the deserted shore. He could feel the life flowing from him like the ebbing tide.

When sunset brought his dreaming to an end, he slowly retraced his steps to his little cabin. There he found a surprise awaiting him. His friend, Dr. Fred Barnes, a former college chum who was practising his medical profession in a town some thirty miles distant, had come out to see him. After the men had had supper and were sitting on the little verandah overlooking the bay, talking over old times, Blaine broached the subject which for some time had worried him.

"Say, Fred," he tried to speak casually, "I wish you'd look me over—nothing serious you know, but I've felt none too well lately."

The doctor nodded, and getting his instruments which, as a small-town doctor, he was always obliged to carry, he proceeded with the examination.

As he went along his face became grave, he lost his color, and his voice became involuntarily hushed.

Blaine sensed something and spoke first,

"Tell me, Fred. I'm not afraid of—"

"My God!" the doctor almost blurted out, "how can I tell you. I feel as if I were condemning my best friend! My God my God!"

Blaine became ashen. As if the exertion of standing were too much for him he sank wearily into a chair.

"How much longer have I to live?"

"I cannot tell", the doctor said, trying in vain to recover his composure, "maybe a week—a month at most. But Don Don!"

Blaine bit his lips and stared dreamily away at the view before him. Then, with an effort he spoke,

"Well, Fred, let's talk of something more pleasant."

For something like a half an hour a forced conversation continued. Then Barnes announced his intention of turning in. He wanted to get away from the calm composure of the man so soon to die.

Blaine nodded. "I guess I'll stay out a while," he said simply.

The waning moon had risen. A man sat in the wicker chair, drinking in with his artist's soul the beauty of the scene before him. The slight breeze had fallen and the sea was like glass. Only the little lap-lap of the tide, as it rose again, could be heard. The calm surface reflected those silver rays, only the little ripples of the rising tide reflected quivering beams of light. The solitary figure did not stir; he seemed asleep—or dead! But no! he was drunk—drunk with that beauty and with the joy which he had just now found in living. 'Life is more sweet to those who soon must die.'

It was about two o'clock in the morning when he rose and went into the cabin. He did not need a light; the moon, now high in the heavens, gave light enough. He went to a desk, drew out a small strong box from which he took a little folded paper, replaced the box, and went back to the verandah. There he opened the paper and read, as if he did not already know the contents by memory.

(COPY)

I, Donald Blaine, artist, of New York, do hereby promise faithfully to depart from this city, New York, and not to return to it under any condition nor to any place within one hundred miles of the said New York. Furthermore, I promise to sever all connections with one Joyce Desmond, niece

and ward of Allison R. Wright of New York. And further more, I faithfully promise to give up painting, as a profession or pastime, and all art pertaining thereto.

Signed: DONALD G. BLAINE.

Dated this 14th day of
November, 1902 A. D.

The artist looked for a long while at the document, then drew a match from his pocket and ignited the corner. Holding it in his fingers, he watched the fire slowly eat away those detested words. How he wished he could thus destroy the original which Allison R. Wright possessed, but after all that did not matter.

The light of the flame showed that a flush had overspread his former pallid features, a new light had entered his eyes—the emancipation of his soul was complete!

Once more he returned to the wicker chair and softly repeated, as if the words had taken on a new meaning, “Maybe a week—a month at most.”

He sighed.

When Barnes awoke next morning he found Blaine sleeping in the wicker chair. There was no suggestion of agony or sorrow in the face lying there,—only peace.

It was not until noon that Blaine awoke. On the table he found a note from his friend saying that as he had to go out on a case, he was leaving early but would return in a few days.

Then Donald Blaine did a strange thing. He took from a little storeroom his artists’s outfit, sorrowful reminders of a former day, but from which he could not be parted. He took these articles down to the shore and set them up, much as he had done so many times in his studio at home. By three o’clock all was ready.

The day was very like the preceding one, a remarkable succession of two perfect days such as one seldom sees except in the month of June. All that afternoon the artist sat there and stretched and painted—painted as he had never before done in his life. In that scene he had the blue-green of the

waters, the white fringes of the breakers, the red of the sand and the sandstone cliffs, and the deep, deep blue of the heavens. It was not the beauty of the scene alone, nor the skill of the artist in blending colors in nature's perfect harmony, that gave to the painting its appeal. It was something more, for the painting seemed but a mirror in which was portrayed the artists's soul. In that painting was an eternal reflection, undying, though the artist himself might pass away.

For several days Blaine continued his work, adding each day to the perfection of his painting. One day, clouds obscuring the sun, deterred the work. But another day brought with it the beautiful blue of perfect weather. So for nearly a week things kept up and then all was complete. The masterpiece was finished. During that time the doctor had called at the cabin once; but his stay had been shortened by his professional duties and he had received no clue of the painting.

It was one Sunday when he had again come to spend the day and night, that he saw it first. Blaine had taken him in the little room saying, "I have been painting a little this last week and I thought you might like to see it." He drew aside the cloth which covered the canvas and revealed his work.

Fred Barnes was not an artist, nor did he know much of art, but there before him he saw what words would fail to describe. He could hear the lapping of those tiny wavelets, the screech of that gull; he could see that tide rising on the sandy beach and feel the coolness of that breeze which disturbed the calm surface of the water. And in it he could look beyond and see—not earth, and sky, and water, but the soul of a great artist.

When he had gazed in wonderment for some minutes, he turned to the artist. Blaine was staring at the picture in a riverie. He, too, saw the perfection of the work but he, too, saw something more. It was a revelation: He was finding his soul, revealed through his own art!

THE FRENCH WAR-DEBT.

THE eloquent and impassioned speech of Deputy Marin on the question of the French war-debt to the United States, delivered before the Chamber of Deputies in France, has aroused world-wide discussion and brings to the fore still another of those post-war problems which have taxed the ingenuity of the allied statesman since the signing of the Armistice on November 11, 1918.

Whether or not, France should pay is one of the great problems because it is entirely different in character and principle from any that have hitherto arisen. It is not a problem that can be settled arbitrarily by an international court of appeal such as the League of Nations, because it is not a political or legal question. France does not deny or try to deny, her indebtedness, but the French people are deeply stirred over what seems to them a debt which cannot be settled in terms of dollars and cents alone.

With all the impassioned eloquence which is so characteristic of the French orator, Deputy Marin flings this challenge to the world at large:

“Did England and America go generously, spontaneously and unnecessarily to the assistance of France? Or did they fight on their own behalf for their own purpose which together constituted a common purpose?”

As the French people see it, the allied nations entered the Great War with a common aim and a common purpose—that of safe-guarding the world and democracy from German Militarism and German Kultur. Accepting this as a working basis, they contend that those nations which were fortunate enough to suffer neither invasion nor an excessive loss of life, should contribute their money to the common cause.

It is at once evident that in such a momentous catastrophe as the World War, the roles played by the different nations should vary widely—that each should contribute according to their separate abilities what would be most effective in attaining the common end. Thus, France, in addition to being the battle-ground, provided every ounce of

man-power that she could muster; Britain came forward with her navy and maintained the freedom of the seas and in addition provided men, money, and munitions and the United States, entering late, contributed her share in money and supplies together with reinforcements for the battleworn armies on the Western front.

In the contest, of course, France suffered the most. A large section of the country became the battleground of the nations and was then devastated. 1750000 French soldiers the flower of French manhood, died on the battlefield or succumbed to wounds received in battle.

It is this great sacrifice that is stirring the soul of France to-day, and it is inconceivable to the French nation that the lives of her soldiers should not be one of the greatest factors in the final settlement. They contend that such a prodigious sacrifice of life cannot be reckoned in terms of dollars and cents, and though they do not deny their indebtedness, they insist that the great loss they have suffered count heavily on their side of the balance sheet in the final reckoning.

The attitude of the French people can be most aptly expressed in the burning words of Mr. Marin himself

“While war still raged, statesmen in every country appealed to the common cause. Some gave their ships, some money and today only those who gave money come saying to us: “Give back what we loaned.” Yet during the war money was munitions. It was more valuable than the lives given by 1450000 Frenchmen who died in battle and 300000 who died of wounds

If in this world the power of gold has so much influence on the policy of nations, then farewell to justice and farewell to the power of conscience and the high influence of the great heart of humanity.

The United States, on the other hand, looks upon the matter from an entirely different angle. They see only that four billions of dollars have been raised by American taxpayers to loan to France and that these taxpayers are still paying interest on the bonds issued to cover that loan. Not

the least of the American protests is the fact that a large amount of the loan was not advanced to France until after the Armistice and that France used it, not to win the war, but to maintain a huge standing army after all necessity for such an army was past. American statesmen, when referring to the subject, are also inclined to infer that France received more than enough rich territory, as a result of the war, to counterbalance the debt she incurred. But this latter interference, perhaps, is not just—for as the French point out, France obtained no territory which did not belong to her in the first place. In other words, Alsace-Lorraine belonged to France by right, and in regaining possession of it at the close of the war, she merely recovered from Germany what had been taken from her unjustly in the Franco-Prussian war. It is unthinkable from the French point of view that she really gained territory by recovering what was hers by right.

But the greatest drawback to any attempt at the cancellation of war-debts is the fact that Britain promptly made arrangements to pay her debt to the United States. As a result of this the problem at once becomes more complicated. Great Britain also loaned vast sums to France, and if the United States insists on payment from France. Britain has almost a prior right because she is paying her debt and as yet has received nothing from the debtors.

It is true that at the close of the war, Britain would have favored the cancellation of all war debts, but she refrained from advocating this on account of the storm of protest that would have arisen in the United States. On taking this stand, Britain promptly arranged to pay this debt, although in so doing the British people have been subjected to an almost unbearable rate of taxation. England with characteristic British pride and independence has scorned to complain.

But still another aspect of the situation must be considered. The present problem is definitely linked with that of the German reparations problem which aroused such a furore of feeling and such a divergence of opinion among the nations. The bitterness of the French nation on that question is not forgotten and public opinion in France would be out-

raged at any settlement of the present problem which did not provide better terms for France than were granted to Germany. Germany, the arch offender, was generously treated and why, ask the French people, should France who suffered, inordinately for the cause of right, be treated in a less generous manner?

It is this aspect of the situation that is arousing bitterness in France; it is this view of the matter that seems so outrageous to people who have seen their country devastated, their soldiers killed and maimed by the thousands and their country threatened with bankruptcy for the sake of international justice. What can be done to settle the problem without humiliating France who has already suffered so much, and without imputing the character of a Shylock to the wealthy American republic?

It is, indeed, a difficult question. The people of England are enduring a heart-breaking rate of taxation to pay their debt but are receiving nothing from those who in turn owe them. Once again in the great game of nations, England has shouldered the responsibility of a paymaster for the nations on the continent and sees little possibility of reimbursement. The taxpayers of the United States are paying the interest on bonds issued to float a loan to France for a war which has netted the American people no territory in return. France has suffered in everything that a nation holds dear, and in her grief and national distress appeals to the sympathy and conscience of the civilized world for a just settlement, whereby those who gave their lives for France and for Liberty shall be given a place on the French side of the balance sheet when the final reckoning comes.

What is to be done? It is difficult to say. But one or two things must be taken into consideration. In the first place, it is a financial impossibility for France to pay at the present time. In the second place, if payment in full is demanded, the bitterness and sense of injustice incurred, together with complications that would arise in settling the how and when of payment, would be nothing short of a calamity. And, finally, the matter should be viewed from the humane as well as

the business point of view and due allowance should be made in consideration of the origin of these debts.

It is evident that nothing can be gained by a verbal controversy between the statesmen of the respective countries. Nothing but an intelligent discussion of the question by the meeting of representatives of the different countries involved would be effective. Perhaps in consideration of the suffering which she has undergone, it would be no more than right that England and the United States should join hands, mutually agree upon some compromise and make France a proposition that would be just and humane. It is plain that France cannot come forward with a proposition herself, for that would be a humiliation to which French National pride could never submit.

But whatever may be the final agreement between these great powers, it is to be hoped that the name of justice and humanity will not be smirched by the power of gold.

R. A. T., '2.

THE CASTLE.

THE golden flood of setting summer sun
Is on the brown-walled castle, and upon
The lofty walls to battlements all gold.
Against the cloud-flecked steel there glows
The light of Chivalry and Knightly love.
The green sword gleams more green than e'er before,
And, dotted here and there with Chivalry
And noblest Beauty of the land, extends
Down to the smooth, slow river, willow-wall'd.
The dying sun ne'er lit such scene before.
But all gold melts away, and so the glow
Gives place to cooler evening and its dusk.
The flowers on the shrubs their petals close
While lords and ladies linger on the lawn.
But see, the castle stands on guard and frowns
Upon the now-dim river and beyond.

R. M., '27.

MOUSTACHES.

PERHAPS you had observed, before I called your attention to it just now, that life is a series of periods and epochs, and that time has wrought changes in various things and in devious manners. Poets have sung of change, philosophers have talked of change, authors have written of change, scientists have foretold change, until at times we wonder why they don't change their topic and tell about something new.

But to get back to where I started. Did you ever stop to think about the conspicuous transformation which takes place in the matter of visage decoration in every new generation.

Why, even no less a man than William Shakespeare, whose studies of human nature were so profound, deemed this exterior decoration scheme worthy of some mention. Not only did William display a noble beard upon his noble chin, but further made mention of such encumbrances in one of his famous plays. The play, I think, was called by that familiar title, "How Do You Like It." Anyway, Will said that one of the seven ages of man was the fourth age, in which

"The soldier bearded like, pard:"

Will said "Pard", but we all know he meant leopard.

But in order not to dwell longer upon Shakespeare's mistakes I must return to what I was saying, when I stopped to say something else.

The moustaches which we see displayed at present are somewhat unique and largely uniform. Forsooth, they are called by divers epithets, as Military, Charlie Chaplin, Misplaced eye-brow, etc. Yet they are all practically identical and are easily classed under one general heading, the Baseball Moustache, i. e. nine on each side, three out, all out.

When Charlie Chaplin presented to the world his version of a moustache he did humanity a great injustice for which we can never quite forgive him.

Just imagine our dear old grand-fathers having to replace that vast labyrinth, wherein their fingers had ever found an

occupation and a hiding place, for the popular "tooth brush" effect. Just imagine it, I say. You'd have to imagine it, for of course, they never would make the change.

Now the lamentable thing about present day moustaches is that they offer no diversity in form, or at least so little that they cease to be a pleasing thing to the eye. The beards of our grand-fathers, if not pleasing to the eye, yet offered more diversity than we can hope for now. The long flowing beards were tinged with grey, brown, and as many other colors as could be found to tinge them. Then, too, they were most useful. Dozens of articles are required now to perform the ordinary daily tasks that, with a little foresight, moustaches might have been used for serviettes, penwipers, feather dusters, etc. Not to mention the enjoyment the baby found in continually pulling these artistic appendages.

'Tis a greivous fact, also, that no discrimination is made concerning persons qualified to wear, or justified in wearing, moustaches. Why even college students and professors have been aulacous enough to appear in public, and even at meals, with them, and not even show the blush of shame.

So common a thing has it become for a man to wear visage adornments that I feel the State Government should take the matter up for consideration. With that in view I make the following proposal.

That all persons wearing moustaches shall pay a tax upon the same. This tax to be proportional to the length of the aforesaid moustache, and also, to the number of hairs contained in it. The moustache will, therefore, become a mark of respect comparable to the \$ sign.

C. L. F., '25.

THE WINNER OF THE NOBLE PRIZE.

LAST year the Nobel prize in literature was given to the now famous poet and renovator of the Irish drama, William Butler Yeats. This year the judges have gone far away into turbulent, little Poland and chosen a man hitherto little known, a man by the name of Ladislas Reymont.

Before the Nobel award is made public to literary circles there is always a great deal of keen wagering on whom the god's favor will rest. In most cases the choice is made of some person who has formerly contributed very little to the list of "best-sellers" but who has worked quietly and steadily to produce something of lasting value.

Such a one is Reymont. Although he has gained a certain amount of recognition in his native Poland he is little known to American reader. In Europe, because of the award, his rise to fame has been somewhat sudden. Contrary to expectation, Reymont is not an aristocrat. Indeed he does not pretend to be even of the higher middle class.

Born in 1868 in that portion of the world called Russian Poland, he received his first impressions there of the soil and the laboring class. One would naturally think that his work would be influenced by Russian literature. On the contrary, even when a youth, Reymont would converse in and read nothing but Polish. His father, a struggling wind-mill owner and a man of rather low class origin, sent him to various preparatory schools. From each the son was expelled because he would not speak or learn Russian. Because of this eccentricity as one might call it, Reymont was destined early in life to secure his own subsistence. He was in turn telegraph operator, clerk in a store and even an actor in an obscure stock company.

These phases of his life, however, Reymont has utilized to good advantage in his writing. At twenty-six years of age he managed to have a short story accepted by a local press. This success determined his life work. At the beginning of his career he had a difficult time to "keep soul and body to-

gether," for the public, especially a critical public, was loth to look favorably upon the newcomer in its literary life.

Reymont's first long work, a novel entitled "The Promised Land" turned the eyes of Poland squarely upon its author. The atmosphere of this story is created by the industrial element of its setting, Ladz, the great commercial city of Poland.

In 1902 Reymont brought out his greatest piece of execution, the one which played a large part in his receipt of the coveted Nobel prize. This was "The Peasants." It is in four volumes, each named after one of the four seasons of the year.

"The Peasants" is primarily a tale of the soil. It is a bit of Poland transferred to writing—the love of a man for his country and the land. It is the ambition of every Pole, so one is told by a countryman of Reymont, to own a strip of land, to work it, to love it, and to fear it. Into his novel Reymont has instilled to a marked degree the dominating force of the land.

But "The Peasants" is not the only result of the Pole's fertile mind. He is a sociable cosmopolitan. The scenes of his book "The Vampire" are laid in London. It treats of a spiritualistic problem and reveals artistically many of its author's personal views.

It was through this ability to write between the lines without being too subjective that Reymont achieved his distinction. However brilliant his pictures are and however skillful his style, there is beneath the surface a poignant and penetrating something which no one can define. It is a something which discovers all the feeling and sympathy of a master craftsman who not only is a skillful artisan, but is also a reciter of the lives of his countrymen. In short, it is a something which reveals to the world a true tale-teller of the soil.

THE GIRL.

ONCE when the spring was the spring of youth
And song blossoms swung to the sky,
And the world was beauty, and life was truth
And larkspurs bloomed heart high.
I walked in my garden under the trees
(Cloud-tall trees of splendour)
Contented to wait for the singing seas
(Oh the little white birches were slender!)
I walked in my garden and thought white thoughts
Of free and fragrant things,
Of beautiful deeds and garden plots
And a brave high lark that sings!
—Until this side of the silver sea
I came to the fence you had built for me!

E. A. W., '26.

FATE JESTS.

ANYONE susceptible to atmosphere would have felt the potentiality of that eerie room. Guarding the door were two Nubian women, cast in bronze. To the right on a stand was a bust; to the left the same model flaunted its full figure, undraped. Upon advancing, one's feet sank silently into a rich rug, colored a sombre black and scarlet to match the colors in the futuristic design on the walls. A dark, stilted mission table filled the centre of the room. Through the semi-darkness, for little light filtered through the heavily dark-curtained windows, one perceived chairs placed regularly about the table as though they served their purpose already at a feast of the unseen.

"Say babe, what are you doing tonight; the same one?"

"Yeh, dearie. Aren't you jealous?" Estelle Brady's eyes gleamed wisely.

"Nothing doing. I had him once. He's tight."

In various stages of undress and dress, of no make-up and too much, Deroux's Dancing Dolls, back-stage, were hastily donning street attire to keep engagements for the morning. Already, it was eleven-thirty.

By the stage entrance, taxis waited; one limousine among them.

Estelle Brady was pretty in a cold way. Now, as she emerged, her figure, which on the stage gave the impression of a naked tiger, was clad in a rich cloak of sealskin.

"Hurry, Tel," an oldish gentleman, immaculate in evening dress, greeted her. His face in color matched his shirt-front as it caught the rays from the street-lamp, though not in smoothness. Fine wrinkles were visible as he spoke. His chin protruded determinedly.

"Oh, you here, Gardie?" Estelle spoke the surprise she did not feel.

"You bet I am, and, question is—where shall we go? At Keelings the service is pretty rotten, but we, go there anyhow."

"I don't want to go there, Gardie, not tonight." Estelle's method worked. She knew human nature, especially that of Guerard Frome. The way to catch fish is to keep the bait just out of their reach, then, invariably they jump and take it quickly. It worked.

"Why don't you want to go? Certainly we will. Come on." Frome took her arm and hustled her to the single limousine, whose door was opened by Dodd, his ready chauffeur. Neither had Estelle wanted the seal-skin. That, too, was forced on her.

Guerard Frome had won a fortune from Wall Street, but it had taken much time. At sixty-nine, he had plenty of money and wanted to play. This, Estelle was willing he should do, but always she kept Frome at a tantalizing distance, so far yet so near. Other girls had let Frome have his way, and when he could have it he no longer cared, but took the opposite course. Estelle always opposed his will; in this way she brought him always to do hers.

As the limousine swung out from the line of automobiles, Frome pulled down the shades at the rear and on the sides.

Before he switched on the light in the frosted globe on the ceiling, he attempted to kiss his "girl of the footlights." It was a clumsy attempt and Estelle drew back. Roughly, then he drew her to him and kissed her, setting her hat awry.

"Why can't you be nice sometimes, dearie? You know you can't buck me. I always get what I want. I never go after a thing for nothing."

A glimpse of Frome's white teeth showed as he clamped his jaws together with tense determination.

"Some day we're going to assault the altar and make Estelle Brady little old New York's four hundred and first, aren't we, dearie?" A gleam shone in her averted eyes for a moment, but she said,

"No, Gardie, I wouldn't marry you if you were Adam and I was Eve."

"You wouldn't marry me. Ha! Ha! Frome's laugh was hard. It grated on Estelle but none of her feeling was apparent. She sat coldly disinterested.

Guerard Frome continued, "Say kid, I bet I could marry you tonight."

Stooping forward and picking up the mouth-piece, he placed his lips close in and gave an order quietly to the chauffeur. Estelle had not heard.

Again he laughed.

It was, of course, impossible for Estelle to see the road. At last the car stopped; Dodd opened the door; Frome stepped out to receive his companion. Instead of being on the sidewalk in front of Keeling's Cafe, Estelle found herself in front of an unpretentious house in a quiet residential quarter.

Next morning the metropolitan newspapers clared forth, once again, the elopement and marriage of a New York millionaire to a chorus girl. It did not mention the fact, for all took it for granted that, while the bride was twenty-four, the groom had passed sixty-nine. In this manner was the first step in Estelle's deeply thought out plan, a success.

To the house of the tragic room, she came and was made its mistress. Then began the accomplishment of her second step toward the burning and inexorable desire of her heart.

Estelle suddenly acquired an intense liking for gaiety. Dances alternated with parties. Invitations were accepted for every night in the week. Estelle, because she had a way with her, was taken into Society's bosom. Necessarily, Frome accompanied her. Each night they dragged home at three or four o'clock. Once or twice, it was dawn. Often, the taxi-driver assisted a tired and half-drunk millionaire up his staircase. There he was left to Estelle.

Many times, Estelle dropped into one of the straight-backed chairs in that sombre room and thought, and thought, revolving her diabolical schemes. They were proceeding nicely. Each day, she could notice, Frome became more wan and listless. It was not without its effect on her, too! Little clam-shells began to appear under her eyes in spite of constant massage. She realized, more and more, that the looks which had made her the attraction on right front of Deroux's Chorus, were gradually going. She knew she was losing much of her vivacity as well. No longer was she the centre of attraction for that pack of young bachelors who admire the worldly-wiseness of married women. But, when she realized the goal, she knew it was worth it. Few would care then, whether she had looks or not. As his widow—So she meditated, and her whole soul became wrapped in and centred about the one thought. At length it came, stalking, grim and pale.

Guerard Frome became ill, so ill that he stayed in bed and called his doctor. Doctor Allister was an optimist. Although Frome had never been very ill, Allister always pursued the wrong course with him.

"You're quite all right, Frome. Just a little tired. Take a rest and in a few weeks you'll be fit."

"Dammit, Allister, I'm sick. I tell you. I never felt this way before. I'm going to die if you don't do something."

"Oh, don't feel that way about it. You're all right. Take it easy. I'll be in to see you in a couple of days, and with a jolly laugh that rankled in Frome's consciousness, the doctor who did not care to cater to the whims of the rich, went out.

Estelle saw a better opportunity than ever. The fruition of the hope of her days and nights was near. She haunted

Frome's bedside insisting he was getting better until Frome knew he was tired of her, then didn't care whether he died or not, and finally determined to die.

After an illness of five weeks, Estelle found him one morning, still and cold. The doctor was called and, after holding the mirror to his mouth and listening vainly for the heart beat, pronounced him dead. There upon, he filled out the Certificate of Death for one Guerard Frome.

Estelle's mind romped happily like a lamb at play. Her joy was unbounded, but she knew the end of the part she had chosen to play was not yet. She became a teary widow; not in vain had nature bestowed upon her the power to act a part.

The undertaker, pussy-footed, came and did his work. Frome's cheeks retained a pale flush. "No, embalming was not necessary," Estelle had said. No preserving fluid, therefore, had displaced Frome's blue blood. The casket was carried downstairs and set on the stilted misison table to make that room in scarlet and black, still more tomb-like.

Highly embossed condolences to Estelle poured in with each mail. These she resolved to acknowledge, after the funeral, on cards with just the right amount of black border, befitting the widow of Guerard Frome, or rather Guerard Frome's *legatée*.

With the thought of the approaching funeral, the widow's spirits rose; she began to become more fully conscious of what this meant to her; to the life of a one time chorus girl.

The night preceding the day set for the funeral, Estelle saw no reason for further restraining her pent-up feelings. The butler and maids were out; she was alone in the house with the dead. On tiptoe, as though fearing to break the stillness of the great hall, Estelle descended the broad staircase. At the foot of the stairs, she stopped as though startled at some faint noise: listening intently, however, she could hear nothing. In silence, she tiptoed to the entrance of the room guarded by the Nubians. She turned the switch that let on the room's dim light, stepped neared, still soundlessly, and gazed down upon the lined face within the casket. Pale

death did not awe her. A great scorn of this man, who thought himself strong yet was so weak, filled her.

"You poor fool, you thought you had your own way didn't you. You who could read men thought you could read me, didn't you? Pah! You are worse than a fool, and the world is well rid of you. You will never know I only wanted your money, money, money. The secret is locked in my breast and I am the one who can keep it." With a wild hysterical laugh which rose almost to a shriek, Estelle turned as she switched off the light, then went out.

From the time that Guerard Frome had apparently died, he had heard all that had gone on about him. He felt like a dumb man who hears, yet is unable to reply. Bound by unseen fetters he could not move a muscle. He had heard the Estelle's cry of consternation. The undertaker's quiet preparations had impressed him as being perfunctory. He knew his state, yet he could do nothing; helpless either to help himself or to evade the impending doom of being buried alive. Although he could neither see nor move, his hearing seemed intensified a thousand fold. His ears caught the faint swish, swish, swish, as his wife descended the stair, then stopped for a moment, and continued. He had heard the click of the electric switch and, even with glued eye-lids, he felt that she was peering at him. At her first few words, he was dimly moved but as she continued he could not fail to catch the significance of her disjointed outburst. Immediately, his will was aroused with all the strong doggedness of former days. His nerves, asleep, refused to carry the message like a messenger boy off duty. He was destined to be buried while still living. Try as he would to sever the spell that bound him, he could not.

Mike Sligue, Irish and a crook, hitched his trousers, felt the jimmy and drill and continued furtively looking from side to side, seeking a rich, yet easy, "crib." The House of Frome was in darkness. But a few minutes before a happy Estelle had retired, and switched off her light. Mike Sligue slowly sneaked up the left drive, keeping close to the hedge. Arriving opposite the house, he quietly darted across the

drive and clung to the wall of the room in which Guerard Frome lay. He listened intently but the night was quiet, he heard nothing. With his glass cutter, he scored a hole large enough to admit his heavy hand, then drawing from one of his many pockets a coil of adhesive tape, he cut off a piece large enough to fit about the line. A gentle tapping broke away the piece of glass. This did not drop inside because it was held by the plaster. Mike drew the piece out, pushed in his hand and unfastened the lock on the sash. He opened the window thrusting his leg over the sill, and drew himself inside. The flashing of his light called forth the exclamation, "Gee, this is my lucky night!" as he saw the rich carpetings. The dancing beam of his light played about the room until it lighted on the stark, white face in the casket on the table. "By the curly-haired Pharisee, it's a stiff," Mike Sligue cried wildly, dropping his flash light. With all the haste possible in his agitation he pushed back the curtain, raised the window, and jumped. The window descended with an echoing bang.

That was the blow which loosened the binding fetters of the nerve impulse of the cataleptic millionaire. At first, with great effort, he was able to move his eye-lids slowly up and down over eyes which seemed tired. He raised himself painfully, to find his chest hindered by the casket, but wriggling himself upward, he with difficulty extracted his emaciated form from its almost permanent resting-place.

The undertaker was notified to remove his casket. The Doctor's death certificate, Frome returned with sarcastic thanks.

Then divorce proceedings were begun against the foiled Estelle. Stoic-like was her reception of the failure of her deeply-laid plans. Nothing now mattered to her. She left the House of Frome with a single suit-case to make her own way as she had done before Frome had entered her life; this time, however, with less beauty and with much of youth gone. Thought of the Chorus was impossible. Her form lacked the luring shapeliness; her spirit the necessary liveliness. Of no use there, was a mechanical old woman almost penniless, she scanned the "Help Wanted" column, for a mere job.

On the fifteenth of June, the third anniversary of their wedding day, the final decree was granted. The next morning a drawn Estelle received formal notification of the fact. Wherefore, very wearily she lifted a newspaper from the stand, at the same time mechanically laying down the price. She was about to turn, as was her habit, to the page of classified advertisements when a small headline drew her gaze. It read tersely "Guerard Frome Dead."

C. F. A., '28.

INTER NOS.

(Between Ourselves)

MY sweetheart's gone to the movies
 To the palace of music and bliss
 Where the orchestra thunders with rapture
 While the flickering lovers kiss.


Yes, she's gone with another
 (How odd that it shouldn't be I)
 To hold her dear hand when theres' danger
 Or the orchestra sobs "Traumerai."

Now she's breathless with pleasure
 Watching the "Weekly fashion parade"
 Or perhaps pouting her pretty face
 When the hero seems delayed.

Now the syncopating orchestra
 Is jazzing a wonderful tune,
 And her toes are all aquiver
 (She hopes to be dancing soon).

Oh yes she's gone to the movies
 Were it not for this rhyme I'd have missed her
 Oh! and I might have been horribly jealous
 Only, she's gone with her sister.

G. DOUG. ANDERSON, Eng. '25.

A decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints, enclosing the word SCIENCE in a rectangular frame.

SCIENCE

THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY.

IN recent years few public questions have awakened more interest in Canada than the export of pulp wood. A Commission appointed by the Federal government has been studying the problem, colleges have debated the question, newspaper correspondents have set forth their views for the enlightenment of the public, and magazines have discussed the matter. Commercial bodies have passed resolutions calling for an embargo, and similar organizations have protested against it. The exportation of Canadian pulp wood is a live question at the present time.

In view of this very general interest in the pulp wood industry, it is rather surprising that so little has been written on the manufacture of paper. An embargo on the exportation of pulp wood would result in a great development of the paper industry, and so a description of the manufacture of paper seems most timely. Yet very little has appeared in our papers and magazines on this interesting process. We are therefore venturing a brief description of the industry with the hope that it may at least in a small way, help to increase the interest in this important Canadian industry.

Paper consists essentially of a large number of fine, hair-like fibers matted and interwoven so closely that they form a continuous surface. The fibers consist principally of a highly resistant substance called cellulose. They are extracted from the state in which they occur in nature by one of the so-called pulping processes. By chemical treatment alone can a fiber sufficiently pure for paper making be secured, and the method varies with the material and with the grade of

paper desired. The usefulness of a plant for a good white paper depends upon the strength and elasticity of the fibers, upon the proportion of cellular tissue contained in them, and upon the ease with which this can be freed from the encrusting and intercellular matters. These fibers exist in abundance in nature, for they are found in all plants, although not in the same form. In the cotton plant they are the pairs of the seeds, in flax they are in the inner bark, in other plants, like straw, esparto, bamboo, and cornstalk, they are present in the entire stems, while in trees they are the cells of the woody portion.

The earlier processes for making paper depended on the products of the textile industry for the raw materials, for practically all paper was made from linen and cotton rags. The change from mechanical to chemical disintegration of the fiber took place early in the history of the industry and did much to increase production. Early in the nineteenth century the introduction of the paper machine almost did away with hand-made paper, although some of the very artistic papers of today are still made by hand. The process merely involves more care.

When wood was first used as a source of supply for paper making, the pulp was known as mechanical pulp in contrast with the chemical pulp of today. That is, the pulp was produced by pressing a barked log against a cylindrical stone revolving in water. The resulting pulp consisted of all portions of the wood fibrous and non-fibrous. Non-fibrous matter, however, deteriorates when in contact with the air, and hence produces a paper of inferior quality.

In the chemical process, three methods are used to secure fiber from trees, depending on the kind of wood, and on the intended use of the fiber. In the sulphite process, spruce, balsam, and hemlock-barked logs, after being reduced to chips, are cooked with a solution of calcium bisulphite in which there is a certain quantity of sulphur dioxide gas, which plays a very important part in the process. This is an acid process, while the soda process is an alkaline. In the latter, poplar and wood of that class are treated with caustic soda. The third method, the sulphate process, is really a modifi-

cation of the soda process. In this, southern pine and other very resinous woods are treated with a liquor consisting of a mixture of caustic soda and sodium sulphide. In all processes the reaction is carried on under pressure and at temperatures varying with the results to be obtained. The practicability of these chemical processes depends upon the high resistance of cellulose which makes it possible to dissolve the non-cellulose constituents and free the fibrous cellulose. There is a limit to the resistance of cellulose, however, so that if the chemical reaction is carried too far, the cellulose fiber is attacked, and an inferior grade of fiber results, as well as a lower yield.

The preparation of the acid and the alkaline solutions for these processes requires chemical plants of considerable size. The alkaline solution of the soda process after use is concentrated, burned, the alkaline constituents extracted, and used again in order to economize on materials. A paper mill also includes apparatus for filtering and chemically treating water in order to make it clear, colorless, and free from dissolved compounds which would interfere with the many chemical reactions throughout the process. A great deal of steam is needed in the cooking process and in the steam-heated cylinders on the paper machines to dry the paper. Naturally, a large quantity of water must be evaporated to provide steam. If the water is hard, it contains substances which will deposit as a scale on the evaporating surfaces of the boiler, resulting in a larger consumption of coal, because heat from the burning coal cannot be transmitted through this deposit as well as through the iron of the boiler. Chemical treatment of water before use in the boilers eliminates the scale-forming compounds with a consequent reduction in coal consumption and increase in the life of the boiler.

In the washing process, which follows the cooking, the fiber is washed with water to remove the material dissolved from the wood. Water is also used, and in great quantities, in the screening process where the fiber is separated from knots, uncooked wood, and any foreign matter. But neither the cooking nor the washing process succeeds in removing

all the encrusting organic matter which still clings to the fibers. Hence, to purify the fibers completely, a bleaching process is used in which calcium hypochlorite reacts with the water present, liberating oxygen, which unites with the impurities to form compounds which are removed by washing.

The refining process consists of beating, dying, sizing, and specially treating the fibers to prepare them for the particular grade of paper for which they are to be used. Before and fiber can be converted into paper, it must be beaten to reduce the fibers to a uniform size, the ends split, and the edges softened to promote matting on the wire of the machine. At present the beating is done mechanically, although it can be done chemically. If a colored product is desired the proper dyestuffs are added during the beating, and various chemicals are added at the same time to produce different characteristics in the finished paper. The sizing is the process which makes paper resistant to ink, and, since that is an essential quality of writing paper, it is one of the most important processes in this stage of paper-making. The fibers are coated with resinous matter in such a way as to fill the spaces between them. Rosin left from the distillation of turpentine is melted, treated with alkali, blown into minute particles, mixed with water, and, with alum added, is passed into the beater with the pulp.

Thence the pulp passes to the paper machine where it is drained on a fine wire screen and pressed, the details of the process varying with the grade of paper to be produced. "Water-marks" are made by raised patterns on the wire cloth on which the pulp is drained. Fireproof paper, sensitized paper, parchment paper, roofing paper, and all the other special grades are made by the addition of chemicals either to the pulp in the beater or to the finished paper. Valuable as machinery is in the paper industry, it is chemistry which really determines the quality of the product.

Although the paper industry is invaluable to us in our daily life and produces many necessary articles, it has not yet reached perfection. One of the greatest problems is to find a use for the waste materials. The greatest loss takes place in the cooking process, in which fifty per cent of the raw

material of the sulphite process is wasted. The bark taken from trees presents another problem. It has no useful fiber and must be removed although it represents fifteen per cent of the weight of material. It can be used for fuel but with little saving, for it becomes so soaked with water in the barking process that it often requires other fuel to burn it. Methods for securing a higher yield are also desirable as well as a new supply of raw material, for the depletion of the forests is becoming serious. It is to be hoped that chemistry will continue to improve our methods of production, and lead to conservation of our forests.

M. E. H., '26.

THE RADIO RECEIVING SET.

MANY persons who operate radio sets do not understand how the ether disturbance caused by the broadcasting station can be converted into sound.

We must bear in mind the fact that the sea of ether in which we live is filled with disturbances, some of which are natural (caused by the earth's atmosphere) while others are the radio signals, some of which we wish to hear. It remained to science to provide the necessary apparatus which would intercept these disturbances, select those that were desirable, and convert them into sound. The selection is accomplished by what is commonly known to us as "tuning," while the conversion into sound is carried on by what is termed "detection". In addition to this, it is frequently desired that the signal be made louder than it would normally be, and for this purpose we use what has come to be known as an "amplifier."

The process of tuning usually requires two types of devices—coils and condensers; while for the conversion into sound, the vacuum tube together with auxiliary apparatus, has proved most useful, although sometimes a crystal detector is used. Either of these types of detectors may be satisfactorily used in conjunction with vacuum tube amplifiers.

To enable the reader to clearly understand the purpose of each instrument, it is necessary to describe briefly the more common types of apparatus found in radio receiving sets.

The ariel, or antenna, is named from that part of the anatomy of an insect which is commonly called the "feelers." As an insect depends entirely for its conduct and touch with the outside world upon its antenna, so the receiving apparatus relies upon the radio antenna. The most common type of antenna consists of a strand of copper wire seventy to two hundred feet in length, insulated at each end by means of porcelain insulators, and connected to the receiving set by means of a wire known as the "lead-in."

The ground wire is a heavy copper wire which connects the ground to the receiving set, and it is very essential that every radio set have a good ground connection. Actual statistics show that nearly ninety per cent of the cases in which trouble was experienced in radio sets was due to a poor ground connection.

For tuning purposes, the essential requirement is a condenser having a continuous variable capacity. Variation in capacity is obtained by changing the separation and material between plates. The most common form of condenser consists of two sets of metal plates, separated by air, one set being rotatable relative to the other. The change of time is brought about by this rotation.

Inductance coils are of various types—the most typical of which are those wound in one layer on an insulated tube. Where a wide wave of wave length is required, the coil is tapped by bringing out a connection from any intermediate point or points to a switch. Thus satisfactory tuning can be accomplished by a combination of a condenser, for the five changes in wave length, and a tapped inductance and switch for abrupt changes.

It is frequently desired to transfer energy from one circuit to another without any metallic connection. For this purpose a coupled inductance is used. The lines of magnetic force distribute themselves around a coil of wire which is carrying a current, somewhat similar to the lines of force from a horseshoe magnet, pictures of which are quite familiar. In

radio the lines of force follow this principle, and when two coils are placed in close relation to each other, the lines of force of one are impressed on the windings of the other. This in turn induces current in the second. Now if this second coil, here referred to as the secondary, is moved away from the first coil, the primary, the induced current will become smaller and smaller as the distance between the coils is increased. In some instances, rotating one of the coils about the other has the desired effect.

The vacuum tube has the general appearance of an ordinary electric light bulb. It is composed of a filament thru which passes a current from a battery, a fine mesh wire called the "grid" because of its zig-zag shape, and a solid closed metal sheet known as the plate. The functioning of the vacuum tube necessitates an "A" battery which lights the filament. When the filament is lighted, an emission of particles occurs. These particles, known as electrons, travel in all directions. The plate element of the vacuum tube has connected to it the positive (+) side of a "B" battery, the size of which depends upon the tube and conditions of operation. It is a peculiarity of a tube, containing a positively charged plate and a lighted filament, that a current will flow from the plate to the filament. This current is furnished by the "B" battery. The grid in the tube merely controls and regulates this flow of current. Headphones or loud speakers are always placed in the plate and "B" battery circuit of the vacuum tube, while the grid is connected to the input circuit. The vacuum tube may be thought of as a sort of relay device which takes the weak input energy and converts it into more powerful current which finds its way to the plate circuit.

Experience has shown, however, that a particular degree of brilliancy is required for the best operation of the vacuum tube. This particular brilliancy is easily obtained by what known as a rheostat. This instrument consists essentially of a long piece of resistance wire, wound about a form of rather fireproof material, with a movable contact arm for making electrical connection with the wire.

The headphones are the electrical mouth of the receiving set, their function being to receive electrical impulses and

convert this energy into sound. The action is analogous to the sound box on a phonograph.

The energy accumulated by the receiving antenna is very small and the apparatus used in the receiving equipment must, therefore, be highly sensitive and efficient. In order that the high frequency currents in the antenna may be made usable, the antenna circuit must be tuned to the frequency and wave length of the desired station. When this is done the current in the antenna circuit will be at a maximum. As previously stated, antenna tuning circuits usually consist of a variable condenser and some form of inductance coil. The circuit is tuned by adjusting these two instruments. When the circuit is tuned and a comparatively large current is flowing in the coil, there will be a voltage across the terminals of the coil. However, it must be remembered that this voltage is of a high frequency type and its pulsations are at such a rapid rate that no head phones or loud speaker would be able to follow them, and if they could, the human ear would not be able to hear the sound produced by such rapid vibrations.

This high frequency current now passes into the vacuum tube detector. Here it is rectified and its former high frequency current is changed to a comparatively low frequency current. This plate current now has a frequency which can be heard by the human ear. The plate or head-phone current now has the same form as the original sound wave, which will be audible and a faithful reproduction of the original sound which was sent out by the broadcasting station.

G. D. A., Eng. '25.

MALARIAL FEVER.

THERE is probably no other insect as loathesome to a resident of the Maritime Provinces as the common mosquito of our northern climate. Although science has found a very effective remedy for this obnoxious pest, the type of insect with which we have to deal is not sufficiently pernicious to arouse us to conduct a systematic method of extermination. There are, however, several species of mosquitos found in warmer climates whose sting is accompanied by a far more vital consequence than that of a simple irritation. And it has only been in the last two or three decades that biologists have come to realize the importance of these insects as germ carriers.

Observations and experiments carried on in late years have proved it conclusively that malarial fever is caused by a protozoan of which there are several species. They belong to haemosporidia, a sub-class of sporozoa, and are blood parasites, infecting the red blood corpuscles of human beings.

The first record we have of the observation of the parasite is that of the observation of the parasite is that of Lavecan, a French military doctor. He discovered this minute organism in the blood of malaria patients about 1880. His work was entirely confirmed by Marchiafava and Celli, Italian physicians, who made practically the same observation shortly after his discovery. Much credit is due to Golgi, another Italian, who was the first to supply any definite knowledge concerning the sporulation of the organism and the various types of fever.

To Dr. Manson of London, however, the most valuable discovery must be attributed. In the course of his investigations he discovered that malaria can only be contracted by a person who has been bitten by an individual of the *Anopheles* family of mosquitos. He conducted a very remarkable experiment in the course of his investigation. Mosquitoes of this genus were allowed to feed on the blood of malarial patients in Italy, and then carried to London and allowed to bite Manson's son, Dr. P. J. Manson who offered himself for the experiment. Malarial fever was contracted and the parasites

were found in the blood. About this period, Major Ross, a British army doctor, began a series of experiments with mosquitoes, which were finally successful. After considerable pains, he observed the parasite lodged in the stomach of the insect. It is very interesting to note that the success of his observations was due to the peculiar pigment in the cell of the organism which persists throughout its life cycle. His treatise was published in 1898. Ross's work was confirmed by Grassi, Bignami, and Bastianelli a year or two later. They discovered large numbers of parasites lodged in the salivary glands of the insect, and supplied valuable data on the transmission of the disease by infected mosquitos. The following is a brief account of the life cycle of the parasites.

The mosquito is considered as the definite host of the parasite, which the human being is merely the intermediate.

The parasite in the form of a sporozote is conveyed with the saliva of the insect into the wound caused by its bite. Within the blood stream, it penetrates a red blood corpuscle and develops into a minute amoeboid organism. Thence a regularly repeated asexual cycle takes place in the blood, and the length of the cycle determines the type of fever. The amoeboid organisms within the blood corpuscles are called trophozorites, and, during this cycle, they proceed to complete development. Thence, what is known as schizogony takes place. The trophozoites divide into spaces called merozoites; and, when this division is complete, the blood corpuscle breaks down, freeing the spaces thus formed asexually. Consequently a number of fresh parasites are loosed in the blood, which soon penetrate new red corpuscles. These develop into trophozoites, and the cycle is completed.

The parasites are most numerous in the blood during periods of pyrexia (the chills which accompany the disease). These are thought to be caused by the simultaneous attack of numerous blood corpuscles by a fresh army of parasites free in the blood. The parasites are also known to be much more abundant in the internal organs than in the peripheral blood. This fact is especially notable in the malignant type of fever.

Apart from these forms just described as part of the regular asexual cycle, other forms, gametocytes or sexual

cells, are derived from the mature trophozoites. It is not until several days after the onset of the fever that these forms appear in the blood. They are also found even after the disappearance of physical attacks, and they are little, if at all, influenced by quinine. It is a well known fact that after a patient has apparently recovered from malarial fever, a relapse is likely to take place without fresh infection occurring, sometimes several years afterwards. Observations on this point have been carried on by Schaudin. He discovered, and his work has been confirmed, that the macrogametocytes of tertian fever may, by a process of parthenogenesis give rise to merozoites, which in turn infect the blood corpuscles and renew the asexual as well as sexual cycle.

When blood containing the gametocytes of the organism is swallowed by the mosquito when it bites a malaria patient, the full development of these sexual cells takes place and fertilization occurs. These phenomena take place in the stomach of the mosquito. The fertilized macrogametocyte or zygote penetrates the muscle wall and lodges between the muscle fibres. These cells contain the peculiar pigment of the parasite which guided Ross in his discovery of them in the process of his investigation. At this stage, the zygote develops a distinct outer membrane, the sporocyst, and a period of growth ensues. During the growth period, the zygote divides into a number of daughter cells called sporoblasts. These, in turn, divide to form sporozoites. The period of development within the cyst covers about eight days. When fully developed, the outer covering bursts and the sporozoites are set free in the body cavity of the insect. Numerous individuals lodge in the salivary gland, and are thus ready to be injected into the human subject along with the saliva. The sporozoites penetrate the red blood corpuscles and develop into trophozoites as described.

It is now generally accepted that there are three main varieties of parasites which infect the human subject. These are considered in two groups, one which includes the parasites of milder fevers—quartan and tertian, and the other contains those which cause the severer type of fever—the aestivo-autumnal or malignant fever.

The parasite of quartan fever has a cycle of development in man of seventy-two hours and is characterized by pyrexia every third day. It is the least active of all the parasite and the amoeboid movements of the trophozoites are very negligible. "The fully developed schizont has a 'daisy-head' appearance, dividing by regular radial segmentation into from six to twelve merozoites, which, on becoming free, are rounded in form."

The cycle of development of tertian fever is complete in forty-eight hours. The amoeboid activity is much more marked than in the parasite of quartan fever. Long and slender pseudopodia are given off. The mature trophozoite is larger than in quartan fever and the schizont forms about twenty merozoites which are oval in shape.

The parasite of the malignant type requires probably forty-eight hours to conclude its life cycle in the human body. The trophozoites are very small and their amoeboid movements are very active. The infected red corpuscles have a tendency to shrivel but sometimes are swollen and decolorized. The mature schizont develops from six to twenty merozoites. Schizogony is confined almost exclusively to the internal organs; so that, as a rule, no merozoites can be found in the blood taken in the usual way. The proportion of red corpuscles infected by the merozoites is also much larger in the internal organs. Cases of infection with the malignant parasite sometimes assume a fatal character, and the number of organisms in the interior of the body may be enormous. In certain fatal cases, the cerebral capillaries have appeared to be almost filled with them. The process of blood destruction, present in all malarial fevers, reaches its maximum in the malignant type.

The work of Ross and others has brought the development of the malarial parasites in the mosquito and the infection of the human subject through the bites of this insect, to be recognized as established scientific facts. And it may be readily seen that these facts point to certain definite methods for the prevention of infection, which have already been practically tested. Extensive experimentation has shown that all the mosquitos which act as hosts to the parasite belong to the

genus "anopheles;" and of the large number of species of this group, eight or nine have been found to harbor the parasite. Some of these mosquitoes have been found in England and in America, especially in districts where malaria has formerly prevailed. Consequently it may be seen that there is the possibility of infection recurring in the insects from malaria patients returning from tropical climates, and such infection has really occurred.

It has been found that the breeding places of these insects are chiefly in stagnant pools and other collections of standing water. Consequently, the following measures have been taken for the extermination of the insects. The drainage of swamps and the removal of collections of stagnant water together with the covering of wells in populated districts have been very effective. Also it has been found that the sprinkling with petroleum, of such waters as may not readily be removed by drainage, destroys the larvae of the insects by removing their air supply. These measures have generally proved successful except in large populous areas in India. Another method is the protection from mosquito bites by netting, as it is fortunately the habit of these insects to rarely become active before sundown. It has been proved, by using this means of protection, that a person may live in a highly malarial district without becoming infected. The administration of quinine to persons living in highly malarial districts, in order to "prevent" as well as to treat the disease, has also been recommended and carried out; and it is generally agreed that in India the properly controlled administration of quinine is the most effective means of combating the disease.

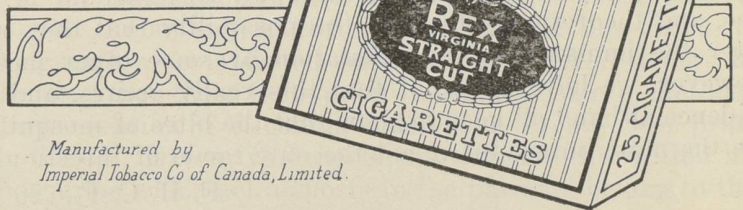
As far as it is known, none of the lower animals act as hosts to the malaria parasite, but the possibility of such a circumstance cannot be excluded. It would seem that, the death of infected mosquitoes, the sporozoites would be set free, and theoretically there is the possibility that they may enter the human body by inhalation or some other means. However, we have no proof that this really occurs, and the evidence at hand all goes to show that the bites of mosquitoes are the most important if not the only mode of infection.

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The Acadia Athenæum

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Editorial



A GREAT deal of thought has been expended during the past few weeks among certain groups and on the part of certain individuals in the Acadia camp, concerning a resolution in the literary and journalistic life of the college—that is, the abolition of the Athenæum as a monthly publication, and the building up, in its stead, of a weekly news-sheet. This weekly publication is to serve both as a newspaper and as a record of every student activity of the college, while the literary demand is, in town, to be supplied by a strictly literary Athenæum appearing less frequent than heretofore, perhaps three or four times during each college year.

Perhaps the action which the students of three other Maritime Universities have taken in this direction, and the seeming success with which they have met, has been responsible, in some degree, for the support which the proposal seems to have at Acadia. In any case it is worthy of careful and serious consideration at this time.

The Athenaeum as a literary publication has built up throughout the years, a reputation which is enjoyed by few such publications, a reputation of which we are proud to boast. But this repute lies chiefly in the high standard of its literary departments. What are known as its general departments, that is, athletics, month, exchanges, personals, etc., although regard has always been had in making awards in these departments, to literary style and quality, have been judged mainly upon their completeness. In short, they have served as a record. Games, social activities, and even personals, written in the monthly Athenaeum are, as a rule, so late in reaching the hands of the reader that they are of practically no news-value whatever. In this respect the idea of a weekly publication would have a distinct and decided advantage over the present Athenaeum. Forecasts on games, social activities, and everything pertaining to student life, and writeups on those activities, appearing each week, would be timely, would be of news-value both to the student now at college and to the reader outside who still holds an interest in Acadia and everything Acadian.

Nor would this idea, carried into effect, and endanger the present reputation which the Athenaeum enjoys with respect to the quality of her literary material. Provision for this type of writing is made in the proposal thru the publication of a tri-annual or quarterly magazine devoted solely to literary articles and stories. Thru this, literary awards for distinction would be granted on somewhat the same basis that they are now granted in the Athenaeum. Students would have the same possibility of obtaining a literary "A", and readers would have the same opportunity of enjoying the literary production. All contributions in the new literary publication would be made by students just as all contributions in the Athenaeum are now made by students.

Apart from these advantages it is held by some students that we are not large enough to warrant the necessity of such a "local newspaper." But the reception which the "Spokesman" has enjoyed would seem to frustrate such an idea. Although the "Spokesman" did not embody all that was needed of its kind in the student life of Acadia, it served in

some degree a need which has long been felt here. If it failed, that was due to other causes, and apparently not to the fact that the *idea* was wrong.

The one thing which would need very careful consideration in launching this proposal, however, is that of financing it. By the time this issue has reached the reader, investigations will have been made, and, it is hoped, some satisfactory scheme devised which will make the change possible, if it should enjoy a favorable reception at the hands of the student body and faculty.

The writer would also like to take this occasion to propose a further change, a change in the staff. There should be an advertising manager, distinct from the business manager, authorized to handle all advertising and all business pertaining to it. Heretofore the business manager has had the responsibility and work of carrying on all the general business, securing and handling all the advertising, and being responsible for all monies, connected with the publication. That, it is needless to say, is too large a responsibility and involves too much work for any one man to handle as a student activity apart altogether from his regular course of study and is too large a responsibility for any student body to rest upon the shoulders of any one individual. Moreover, a division of responsibility and duty in this respect would most certainly insure greater efficiency in both positions.

SEMINARY NOTES.

THE last month has been very uneventful at the Seminary. On account of various epidemics, nearly all the social activities have been postponed.

On Friday, 30, January, the Senior and Business Students of Acadia Academy invited the Senior Class and part of the Junior Class to a Skating Party at Evangeline Rink. Good music combined with good ice added to the enjoyment of the evening. After the customary eight bands, the Party journeyed back to the Seminary, where pie, ice cream, and coffee were served, followed by a short social time. The party

broke up amid the echoes of Class Yells and the Acadia Doxology.

The Junior Class held the first sleight drive of the season, on the sixth of February. Upon arriving at Kentville, the party betook themselves to the Cornwallis Inn, where dinner was served. The evening was spent very pleasantly, and on the return to the Seminary, the Seniors had toast and hot chocolate in readiness for the hoarse party. Miss Palmer and Miss Ives were the chaperones.

The following are extracts taken from the Pierian Paper which is published once a month. The covers are designed by the Art Students.

MY LEAD PENCIL.

Just a bit of wood, from all appearances a much charred, bitten, dilapidated bit of wood at most times, but my very best friend at all times.

If by any chance, this friend wanders from my sight for a moment, the whole room must fly, and search frantically until it is found.

When choosing a friend, one might be expected to choose an attractive, lively, entertaining one, but my old friend at hand I often find dull, almost always unattractive, never entertaining; still I cling to it with a fondness which one might bestow upon that which he loves best.

One might call this friend a friend indeed, for it surely is a friend in need.

When the class bell rings, there is a jump, and a hurried searching glance, a pull here, a thrust there, until, almost hidden beneath the clutter on the table, I spy my loved and honoured friend,—my Lead Pencil.

DOROTHEA MULLIN, '25.

“Oh, dear, I have so much to study for tomorrow. Just look at that pile of books! It is seven o'clock now, and when you come to count it up we really have only two hours and a half to study, don't we? And there is almost sure to be some one come in and stay half the evening. I can't do a thing

with some one in the room, can you, Jean? I wish people would learn to stay in their own rooms in study hour. Oh, dear. I almost forgot, I have to write two essays for tomorrow's class in Home Economics along with all that other stuff. It is half past seven now. I foresee that I shall be up till midnight. Jean, did you do anything exciting at Thanksgiving? I had the most wonderful time. All right, I'll be quiet. It's a quarter to eight. I shall try to compose an essay on the Labour Saving Kitchen, a most interesting subject; I am sure. Jean, do you know anything about Labour Savers? Do you thing an electric stove is better than a gas range? You don't know? Well, neither do I. I simply can't do this. I think it is an imposition to give us so much work to do. I have to spend an hour on English tonight, too. I wouldn't go to class unless I did. Jean, what is our English Assignment for tomorrow? All that? Oh, I shall be gray headed before I am graduated from this Seminary. It is eight-thirty. I am sure that pile of books is growing higher every minute. Jean, did you do your Psychology yet? Jean, did you hear me? What! You have everything done! When did you ever find time? Why, it's almost nine o'clock and I have been studying all evening, and haven't finished one lesson. I don't know how to study? I let my mind wander? I talk too much about what I have to do instead of doing it? —I wonder—I wonder if you are right!

CHRISTINE CAVANAGH, '25.

CURIOSITY.

Curiosity is an instinctive desire to satisfy our minds with new information. Whether we merely wish to turn round just once more in church to see Mary Brown's new hat or to learn more about the eclipse of the sun, this desire for knowledge is curiosity. To a child curiosity is known under a very ungramatical term with reference to his nose, but such a term is hardly sufficient for our curious minds. We, therefore, shall delve deeper.

To begin with, there are various kinds of curiosity. Impertinent curiosity is most common. If you have never been

asked, "When were you born?", "Were you ever married before?", "What did your grandfather do?", you have escaped much. Such curiosity is impertinent and due to ignorance on the part of the inquirer

The point between interest and curiosity should be clearly marked. A person may be interested but not curious. Many people in this modern age are interested in listening over the radio, but are not the least curious about the discovery and working of it.

Too little curiosity is as bad as too much. To go through life without noticing our surroundings and points of interest is unpardonable. Lack of observation is time wasted. How many times have we gone back to turn off the light already turned off by our own hand from force of habit. Let us therefore acquire a reasonable amount of curiosity in observation, in order that we may appreciate our surroundings and save time which is more precious than gold.

Animals also have a keen sense of curiosity. Many of them will risk death itself to satisfy the feeling of the unknown.

Curiosity directed into the right channels has wrought wonders in the world of discovery and science. Were it not for this time worn emotion Columbus would never have discovered America, Marconi would never have invented wireless, nor should we have heard from Graham Bell, Stephenson, Morse, Edison, William Gilbert, and a host of others. And so, although curiosity will continue to be the source of embarrassment and righteous-indignation, it is sometimes worthy of our deepest respect and admiration.

JEWEL HENDERSON, '26.

THE GHOSTS OF TWENTY-FOUR.

The ghosts of twenty-four come back when the leaves begin to fall, when the twilight falls in a denser cloud, when the nights are deep and dark and dreary.

When one expects to find an empty room, silently and stealthily the wardrobe will open, and out will walk a memory—a ghost of twenty-four. When the moon is veiled you will

those spirits whispering behind the trees, and if student Government would permit it, we might even see their ghostly shadow in Lover's Lane, or hear their chains clanking on the slopes of Randall's hill. For—When the ghosts of twenty-four return they come in with a rush, and they come with a crash, and they nearly knock down the poor old Annex and Tully Tavern. They come laden with new hats, new frocks, new slang, new everything. They charge down Town, they crash in and out of College Office, and they swagger past the windows for the pure and simple reason of exasperating poor little Sems. When we retire to our rooms for a quiet hour's study, they come, those haunting spirits and they tell us casually that they have been out *every* night for two weeks.

When the ten-thirty bell has rung and all good Sems should be asleep they haunt us again. Outside in the chilly wind we hear their voices and we try to believe that deeper voices are not mixed with theirs. It is at such a time that we fervently wish that the ghosts of twenty-four were really dead.

MARY FEARON, '25.

THE TROJAN WOMEN.

In the year 416 Athens massacred the women and children of Melos with such cold-blooded ferocity that the crime has ever since been regarded as the greatest in the history of the world. Under the horror of that year Euripides, the "most tragic of poets," produced a tragedy called "The Trojan Women," with the idea of accusing his countrymen and foreboding punishment to the conquerors.

The author recoiled at the cruelty of the Athenian soldiers, and, being a teacher, he embodied such a great lesson in the play that, like all great art, it has lived to this day. Judged by ordinary standards, "The Trojan Women" is not a perfect play. There is little relief or plot, the one movement being a succession of tragedies, so fearful that in the end, all hope seems to have fled. The whole drama, from beginning to end, is actually distressing to the mind, for sorrow after sorrow reveals itself with such startling rapidity

and overwhelming force that gradually the minds of the stricken become numb and unfeeling, the poet brings relief by an outburst of pure lyric.

The characters are not fully developed. The most important is Priam's wife, Hecuba, an old woman upon whom descend all the crushing blows it seems possible for one human being to bear. After each fresh blow she takes new courage and hope, only to be smitten again by a worse evil. First, Priam is killed in battle. Then her daughter, Cassandra, the virgin of Apollo, has been allotted to Agamemnon, and the wife of her dead son, Hector, has been chosen by Neoptolemus. Next comes the news of the terrible death of Polyxena, and swiftly follows the declaration that Hecuba is to be slave in the house of the Greek she most detests, Olyseus. Lamenting her hard and pitiless fate, he again sees hope for Troy in the person of Astyanax, the little son of Hector. But the Greeks had ordered his death, and thus the innocent boy is seized by savage soldiers and thrown to the pitiless crags below. Only when the bloody corpse is brought on Hector's buckler to the ancient Queen does Hecuba give way to her emotions. Maddened by her stupendous grief, she rocks to and fro in her misery and when she finally sees Troy burning she is driven to frenzy and tries to jump into the flames.

Thus ends the most mournful of Greek tragedies. The triumph of the Greeks is an excellent example of dramatic irony. They appear so boastful and confident, but the audience knows, from hints given by the chorus, the misfortunes that will later befall every Greek hero. What seems a great victory is merely a great misery, and sinister forms gather slowly about the unsuspecting Greeks like a mighty thunder storm. Hecuba also sees this, and consolation comes to her at least when she thinks of the eternal glory of the suffering of Troy.

Hecuba:

“Lo, I have seen the open hand of God,
And in it nothing— nothing save the rod
Of mine affliction, and the eternal hate

Beyond all lands, chosen and lifted great
For Troy. Vain, vain were prayers and incense-swell
And bull's blood on the altars!

All is well,
Had he not turned us in his hand, and thrust
Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,
We had not been this splendour, and our wrong,
An everlasting music for the song
Of earth and heaven!"

FAITH GIBBON, '25.
[*From Haverghal "Ludemus."*]

FASHIONS OLD AND NEW.

Oh, Grandma was a funny girl,
In the days when earth was young;
Showing below the silken hooped swirl,
Numerous starched petticoats hung;
Coy little cork-screw curls fell down
Around a sweet young face,
And eyes of blue came smiling through,
Enhancing her modest grace.
Oh, Grandma was a sweet young thing,
In the days when earth was young,
She had but one engagement ring,
Which around her neck she hung.
But give me the styles of '24
With short, bobbed, shingled hair,
When hooped skirts are in style no more,
And tiny waists are rare.

EVA ROBINSON, '26.

ACADEMY NOTES.

ON Jan. 29 the Academy Junior Team, accompanied by a few rooters left for Windsor, where they met King's Collegiate Hockey Team in a scheduled league game. Weakened by the loss of two of their star players, due to sickness, they were outplayed by King's sextette to the tune of 9 to 2.

At a business meeting the last of January, it was decided to put on an Academy play and to hold a reception in the Gymnasium. Arrangements for both of these are being carried and we all hope that the reception will be the success it has been other years.

The King's Collegiate Senior Team visited Wolfville on Feb. 26. The result of their visit was a fast game of Hockey between Acadia Academy and the Windsor outfit. Our boys had the edge on them all the way and succeeded in defeating them 2 to 0. Referee Stackhouse of Wolfville handled the game in a very efficient manner.

Acadia line up. Goal—O. Lefurgey; L. Defense, A. Williamson; R. Defense, J. Wilson; L. Wing, V. Bishop; Centre, S. Cohen; R. Wing, G. Hamilton; Subs. W. Parker, and H. B Schurman.

On Jan. 30, the Senior Class of the Academy entertained the Senior Class of the Acadia Seminary at a skating party held in the Evangeline rink. The music for the occasion was furnished by the College Band assisted by the Wolfville Band.

A notable feature of the evening's entertainment was the sudden collapse of the town lighting system. Local psychologists advance two theories in explanation of the splendid behavior of the Cads during the period of darkness. The first is to the effect that the young gentlemen in question found themselves with the wrong partners, while the second,

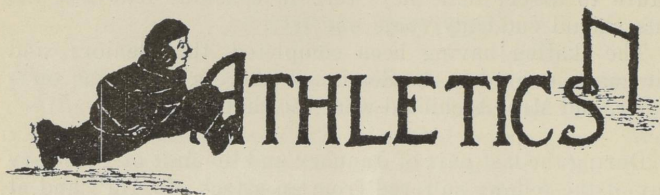
venture to assert that they were in constant fear lest the lights should suddenly come on.

The skating having been completed, the Seniors and their guests retired to the Seminary where a lunch was served. Dr. and Mrs. Archibald were the chaperones.

During the last part of January and the first of February many of the fellows suffered from an attack of "flu" and at one time it nearly took on the form of an epidemic. After some of the fellows convalesced they went home for a few days to regain their strength and these breaks caused much delay in the work, but everything is back to normal now.

The Second Team, badly weakened by the loss of two of its good players went down to defeat at the hands of Avonport's town team, Monday afternoon, Feb. 9. The game became very wild the last period and several of the players were penalized.

On Feb. 20 the Senior Hockey Team, in charge of their coach R. D. Johnson, went to Digby to play with Digby Academy. In the game that followed both teams showed great form, Digby having the edge on Acadia. All our men played a fast game, especially Lefurgey, who put up an excellent game in the nets and thus saved a larger score from being piled up against the Acadia team. The final score was Digby 4—Acadia 2, which gave Digby the league.



EDITORIAL.

THE past month has been the most important in the year from the standpoint of athletic activities. The hockey season has come and gone, and now basketball has been the *word* of the day.

Acadia has been unfortunate in intercollegiate hockey. Hard luck has prevailed in both of the league games, where twice we have barely been defeated. Yet it must be considered that although both games have been lost, the team has proved itself a close rival as well as a good loser.

The basketball team has made splendid showings in both of the exhibition games which have been played. Acadia is developing a fast clean brand of basketball which gives great promise for intercollegiate honors.

The girls' basketball team has opened the season with two overwhelming victories one of which has been a league game. The indications are all in favor of a champion Acadia team in this line of sport.

HOCKEY.

KING'S 5—ACADIA 4.

Acadia opened the hockey season with the customary friendly tussle with Kings, played at Wolfville, Jan. 20, in which the latter won 5-4. The game was very fast and was witnessed by a good crowd of spectators.

The first period was quite evenly contested. Although Kings scored the only goal of the period, only Moore's stellar

game in the nets for King's stopped several tallies for Acadia.

The second period was matched by a strong offensive by the home team. Two goals were scored by McLatchy in combination with Wright and Barteaux.

The third period opened with a rush on the part of the Halifax team which tied the score 2-2. The play was fairly even for a while, alternate goals being scored until the point stood 4-3 for Acadia with four minutes to play. At this point, Moore of Kings suffered an injury, and the play was held up for several minutes. The short rest was apparently all that King's needed and two tallies were chaulked up before Acadia got away, the game ending 5-4 for Kings.

Wright, Johnson, and McLatchey showed up well in the combination play which won all the Acadia goals. Moore played an excellent game for Kings.

Line-up::—

Acadia:—Elderkin, goal; Wright (Capt.); R. D. Johnson, defence; Barteaux, McLatchy, Vincent, forwards; Eaton, Jenkins, Mackley, subs.

King's:—R. Moore, goal; Ernst, Bissett, defence; White Coleman, G. Moore, forwards; Wickwire, Jackson, Mosher, subs.

KENTVILLE 10—ACADIA 2.

Acadia lost to Kentville by a score of 10-2 in an exhibition game of hockey played at Kentville, Jan. 23.

The Acadia team was weakened by the absence of two of their best players, Wright and Barteaux, who were unable to make the trip, and consequently held the small end of the play with the fast Kentville aggregation. Mackley opened the scoring with a shot from the wing, but the Kennedy brothers soon got away for Kentville and bombarded McKenna for several goals. Acadia scored their second goal just before the final whistle.

Ves Laing refereed.

Line-up:—*Acadia*:—McKenna, goal; Johnson and McDonald, defence; McLatchy, Vincent, Mackley, forwards; McPherson, Jenkins, subs.

Kentville:—Barnaby, goal; Corbin, Cox, defence; W. Kennedy, G. Kennedy, Bennett, forwards; Oyled, Parker, subs.

ACADIA 8—WANDERERS 6.

Acadia defeated the Wanderers' Intermediate 8-6 in a fast game of hockey, Tuesday, Jan. 27, at the Evangeline Rink. Although the first period was a little slow, by the end of the second both teams were playing real hockey and the game developed into one of the best played here this season.

The first period was all for the Wanderers. McCoy opened the scoring inside of the first two minutes and was closely followed by Jones for another tally. Late in the period, R. W. Johnson netted Acadia's first in a long shot. Just before the whistle, Meilke pushed in another score for Acadia on a rebound in the first minute. McCoy and Thompson soon followed by the Wanderers, while McLatchy and Vincent tallied for the home team. The period ended 5-4 for the Reds.

McLatchy went through for Acadia early in the third in a pretty piece of stick-handling right to the nets. Wright soon followed for a tally off R. D. Johnson's pass. Acadia's lead was further increased by a pretty end to end rush by Wright. The Wanderers' final score was netted by McCoy. Wright again scored in a long individual play.

Freddie Wright was the best man on the ice, showing superiority in speed and stick-handling. McLatchy and Vincent also played a prominent game for Acadia.

Ritchie McCoy and O'Brien starred for the Reds. Their checking was a feature of the game.

"Ted" Stackhouse refereed satisfactorily.

Line-up:—

Wanderers:—Goal: Bartlett; defence: Colwell, Hill, Hanrahan; forwards: O'Brien, Thompson, Jones, Meilke, McCoy.

Acadia:—Goal: Elderkin; defence: Wright (Capt.); R. D. Johnson; forwards: McLatchy, R. W. Johnson, Vincent, Eaton, Mackley.

MT. A. 5;—ACADIA 3.

Mt. A. won the first game of the Western Section of Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey in a thrilling game at Sackville, on Feb. 5, by a score of 5 to 3. The rival teams set a pace much faster than the usual brand of intercollegiate hockey, and a large crowd cheered the players to the limit. Acadia had the better of the play, but the hard checking of the heavy Mt. A. team told on the lighter Acadia men. Acadia's strength lay in their ability to back and poke check, but the forwards were weak in scoring ability.

McLellan scored the first goal for Mt. A. after twelve minutes of playing, and Rogers added another a minute later. Shortly afterwards, Wright went the length of the rink for Acadia's first score. Acadia kept the puck in Mt. A. territory almost continuously but were unable to beat Archibald. Shortly before the bell, Smith broke away, and scored the third goal for Mt. A. R. D. Johnson was injured severely in the first of this period, when he collided with Barteaux, but gamely refused to leave the ice.

In the second period, Acadia started off with a rush. McLatchy scoring after a few minutes of play. Both teams played strenuously to gain the advantage, and the game became rough. With only a few minutes of the period remaining, R. D. Johnson rushed thru the entire Mt. A. team, and tied the score.

The last period was equally as fast as the second and the players showed the results of their hard training. The play was replete with stiff body-checking, and excitement was at the highest pitch, when Wyse scored from a *melée* in front of the Acadia goal. Almost immediately afterwards, McLellan scored Mt. A.'s last goal from outside the defence. Acadia tried desperately to even the score in the last few minutes, but by hard body checking, Mt. A. retained their lead.

For Acadia, Wright, Eaton and Barteaux were very effective, while Archibald, McLean, and Rogers were the best of the Mt. A. team.

Neil Wilkie, of Halifax, refereed.

The teams:

Acadia:—Goal, Elderkin; Defense, Wright, R. D. Johnson; Centre, R. W. Johnson; Wings, Vincent and Barteaux; Subs., Eaton and McLatchy.

Mt. A's.:—Goal, Archibald; Defense, Rogers, McNaughton; Centre, McLean; Wings, McLellan and Wyse; Subs, Smith and Winters.

TRURO 8—ACADIA 1.

Truro won 8-1 from Acadia in a fast exhibition game of hockey played at Truro, Feb. 6. A large crowd witnessed a good game.

The first period was fought on fairly even terms, each team netting a long tally. In the second, the Truro boys got away in their accustomed style and drove in six goals. The Acadia goalie was penalized in this period, which helped the home team in their drive for scores. The third period was on more even terms, one goal apiece being tallied for each team.

Elderkin played a star game in the nets for Acadia, making many fine stops against the rapid bombardment of the champion Truro combination.

Acadia:—Elderkin, goal; McLatchy and Wright, defence; Johnson, Vincent, Barteaux, forwards; Eaton, Jenkins, subs.

Truros—Guinan, goal; Hopper, Wilson, defence; Kuhn, Smith, Murdock, forwards; Ryan, Fraser, subs.

WINDSOR 6—ACADIA 2.

Windsor won a 6-2 victory over Acadia in an exhibition game of hockey at the Windsor rink, Monday, Feb. 16. In spite of very soft ice, the spectators were treated to a very fast and closely contested game right to the final period.

The scoring began early in the first when Vincent found the nets on a pass from McLatchy. Windsor gained their first tally from a mix-up in front of the visitor's nets. The period ended 1-1.

The second period was the fastest of the game. After three minutes of play Mosher put the home team in the lead. Both teams skated hard but were unable to raise the score.

Early in the final, Vincent carried the puck from end to end and passed to Wright who stretched the twine for the trying score. Mosher put Windsor again in the lead and soon followed with another from outside the defence. Singer tallied on Mosher's rebound and the scoring was closed by Gertridge in an individual play.

The game was inclined to be rough in the last period, and, from an unbiased eye, three of the local's goals seemed decidedly off-side, yet were all allowed. Acadia's combination work and Elderkin's stellar game in the Acadia nets were the main features of the play. Singer and Mosher played well for Windsor.

Earl Mosher of Windsor refereed.

Acadia:—Goal: Elderkin; Defence: Wright (Capt.), R. D. Johnson; Forwards: Barteaux, McLatchy, Vincent; Subs. Eaton, Mackley.

Windsor:—Goal: C. Kuhn; Defence: McCann, McDonald; Forwards: Singer, Mosher, Gertridge; Subs.: Chambers, Smith.

U. N. B. 4—ACADIA 3.

The Acadia squad dropped out of the running for the Maritime Intercollegiate Hockey title when they lost to the University of New Brunswick by a score of 3-4 in a closely contested game at Wolfville, Feb. 19. A crowd of eight hundred spectators witnessed a highly exciting game.

Acadia had the advantage of territory throughout the contest but the team was obviously weak in scoring. They were severely handicapped in that Capt. Wright played contrary to doctor's orders and could not be expected to play his usual stellar game. The U. N. B. boys were strong in the nets and in the forward line.

Acadia pressed hard in the first and kept the puck in U. N. B. territory for most of the period, but were unable to score. After twelve minutes of play, Keene put the visitors in the lead by a long shot from outside the defence. The

home team carried the full time and again to the opposing goal, yet could not find the net.

In the second period, Acadia continued an aggressive game. Shortly after the beginning of the period, the U. N. B. goalie was penalized for kneeling, and Barteaux easily netted Acadia's first tally. U. N. B. came back with a few rushes, in one of which Fraser went through the Acadia's defence for an easy score. The home team kept the play around the U. N. B. nets but were unable to tie, the period ending 2-1 for the visitors.

Early in the third, Keenan further increased the lead by a long shot, and the same player soon followed with yet another tally. Acadia came back strongly and controlled the play for the rest of the game. R. D. Johnson went through the entire opposing team for a hard earned score, and duplicated this fact, a few minutes later, in a splendid end to end rush. The fans were all on their feet and it seemed that the old "Acadia comeback" was going to prevail. For the last five minutes, the Garnet and Blue fought hard to tie, but to no avail, the game ending 4-3 for U. N. B.

R. D. Johnson and Barteaux starred for Acadia as did Carten and Keenan for U. N. B.

D. C. Currie of New Glasgow refereed a very strict and impartial game. Penalties were handed out freely.

Line up:—

Acadia:—Elderkin, goal; Wright (Capt.) and R. D. Johnson, defence; R. W. Johnson, Barteaux, Vincent, forwards; McLatchy and Eaton, subs.

U. N. B.:—Carten, goal; Currie and Doodridge, defence; Keenan, Keene, Stirling, forwards; Chalmers and Fraser, subs.

BASKETBALL.

ACADIA 36—WANDERER: 19.

The Acadia Basketball team in their first game of the season gained an easy victory over the Wanderers at the Acadia Memorial Gymnasium, Wednesday, Feb. 11.

The college team was in the best of form and completely out-classed their opponents in the first period, which ended

with a score of 25-11 in their favor. Noble and Cox were the outstanding players and did practically all the scoring.

The second period was much slower and the city team held their fast opponents to but a three-point majority for the period. The Acadia boys were very inaccurate in their shooting and missed many chances to score.

Prof. Osborne refereed satisfactorily.

Wanderers:—Centre: Armitage; forwards: Thompson and Wilks; guards: Worsley and Laing; spare: Sinclair.

Acadia:—Centre: Noble (Capt.); forwards: Cox and Davidson; gnards: Webber, Moffatt; spare: Swim.

ACADIA 52—PINE HILL 17.

Acadia won 52-17 from Pine Hill College in a good game of basketball at the Acadia Gymnasium, Feb. 20. Although the score was very one-sided, the game was not altogether so. The Pine Hill boys put up a very good showing in the first period, holding the fast Acadia squad to a score of 21-11. In the second period, however, the home team opened out into fast combination play which entirely baffled their opponents and rolled up a 31-6 score for the period, the game ending 52-17.

Cox and Davidson starred for Acadia as did Richardson for Pine Hill.

“Poodle” McDonald refereed satisfactorily.

Line-up:—

Acadia:—A. Noble, centre; Cox, Davidson, forwards; Moffatt, O. Noble, guards; Boutillier, Elderkin, Creelman, subs.

Pine Hill:—McLeod, centre; Richardson, Harrison, forwards; McIntosh, McLeod, guards; Sutherland, Philips, subs.

GIRL'S BASKETBALL.

ACAQDIA 49—HALIFAX Y. W. C. A. 27.

The Acadia Co-eds in their first game of the season completely outclassed the Halifax Y. W. C. A. in a game of basketball at the Acadia Memorial Gymnasium, Monday, Feb. 16.

The "Y" girls opened the game with a brilliant exhibition of shooting on the part of their forwards, and, in a few minutes, the score was 12-2 in their favor. However, Acadia soon got away and the advantage of the play was with them for the remainder of the game. The score at half-time stood 21-20 in favor of Acadia. The second period was decidedly in favor of the home team, who featured fast combination play rarely seen in girls' basketball. The score for the period was 26-7 for Acadia, the game ending 49-27.

Jean McLaughlan, Annie Doherty, and Pauline Colbath played well for Acadia as did Ivy Martell and Beulah Robinson for the "Y".

"Poodle" MacDonald refereed a very "catty" game.

Line-up:—

Acadia:—Centres: Carol Chipman, Helen Lawson, Pauline Colbath; Forwards: Annie Doherty, Jean McLaughlan; Guards: Bea Smith, Inga Vogler; Subs.: Francis Parlee, Mary, Cully, Janet Murray.

Halifax Y. W. C. A.:—Centres: Blanche Martell, Marion Stech; Forwards: Ivy Martell, Beulah Robinson; Guards: Ruth Schaffer, Evelyn Pool.

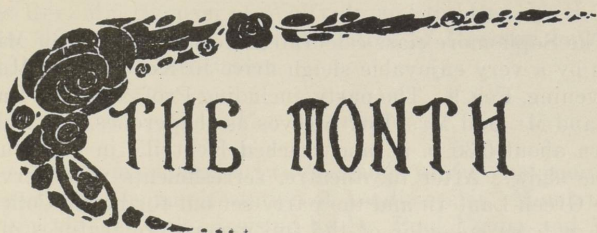
ACADIA 36—MOUNT ALLISON 11.

The Acadia Co-eds won from the Mount Allison girls by a score of 36-11 in the first game of the girls' intercollegiate basketball league at the Acadia Memorial Gymnasium, Feb. 20. A record crowd witnessed the game.

The play was very one-sided, the Acadia team showing a marked superiority in combination and shooting. Pauline Colbath, Jean McLaughlan, and Annie Doherty starred for Acadia. Gertrude Thomas played well for the visiting team, scoring all their baskets.

Mt. A.:—Misses Thomas, V. Smith, forwards; M. Smith, J. Rippey, centres; A. Smith, M. Fawcett, guards; Muriel Smith, sub.

Acadia:—Misses Doherty, McLaughlin, forwards; Colbath, Lawson, centres; Chipman, Smith, guards; Curry and Murray, subs.

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

THE MONTH

EDITORIAL.

THE activities of the past month have been largely confined to the field of athletics. The mid-year examinations have occupied considerable of our time and the unusual mildness of the weather has eliminated most of the customary class sleigh drives and skating parties.

Now that the hockey season has come to a close, intercollegiate and class debating are coming into the foreground. The intercollegiate team has already been chosen and it is with great confidence that we await the coming contest.

The question of a mock parliament may now be seriously considered. Before the Christmas vacation, steps were taken toward the organization of parties and even the date of the election was set, yet nothing further has been done about the matter. In view of the fact of the unquestionable popularity of last year's parliament, it is sincerely hoped that the matter will be considered as early as possible.

SENIOR-JUNIOR "SING."

Members of the Senior and Junior classes passed a very pleasant evening when they were entertained at a "Sing-Song" at the home of Dr. A. C. Chute, Sunday, Feb. 1. Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft were present and united with the young people in singing the good old hymns. "Sings" at Dr. Chute's have always been pleasantly anticipated and we greatly appreciate the thoughtfulness and kindness in which they are given.

SOPHOMORE SLEIGH DRIVE.

The Sophomore class celebrated the safe passage of Mid-Years by a very enjoyable sleigh drive to Kentville on Monday evening, Feb. 9. The party, including Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Steeves as chaperones, left Tully Tavern about 6.30 p. m. and reached Kentville in good time for the show. After the theatre, refreshments were served at the Green Lantern and the party set out for home. College songs and the splendor of the full moon were features of a very pleasant drive to Wolfville.

JUNIOR SLEIGH DRIVE.

The Juniors opened the new term well with a peppy party in the form of a sleigh drive and skate, Tuesday evening, Feb. 10. Chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. Balcom and Prof. and Mrs. Ross, they set out for Canning about 6.30 p. m. In spite of bare roads and a fall of rain, the spirits of all refused to be dampened, and the party reached their destination around 8.30. A very good band at the rink made skating very enjoyable, after which all were entertained at the home of Mrs. Covert. The party returned to Wolfville well before sunrise, and terminated a very pleasant evening with their class yell.

GIRLS S. C. A.

The girl's division of the S. C. A. has held its regular weekly meetings on the Sundays of Feb. 1, 8, and 15. On two occasions, the members of the association have had the benefit of very interesting and helpful talks by Mr. and Mrs. Gullison, missionaries on furlough. In addition to the regular hymns, Misses Simms and Schurman and Misses Chipman and McMahon have rendered duets at different gatherings.

MEN'S S. C. A.

The Men's Student Christian Association has met regularly every Wednesday evening at 6.30 p.m. in the Physics

Lecture Room. Very interesting and beneficial addresses by the Rev. Mr. Hemeon of Wolfville and the Rev. E. H. Cochrane of the Highfield Baptist Church of Moncton have been enjoyed by the association.

PEP MEETINGS.

The Gymnasium on two occasions in the past month has echoed with the manifestation of Acadia spirit. Monday, Feb. 2, the student body, assisted by Dr. Paul Young and Mr. G. C. Nowlan, Acadia's eternal Sophomore, gave the hockey team a real happy send-off to Mount Allison. The captain and manager of the team contributed well to the oratory of the evening and the fans dispersed well satisfied with the demonstration.

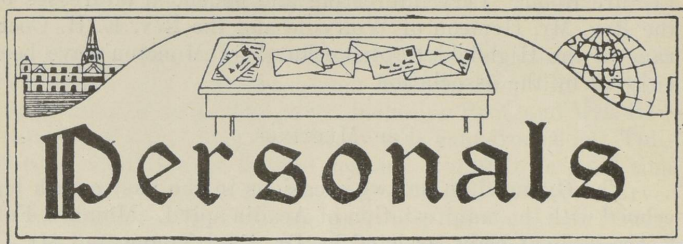
Another pep meeting was held on Thursday, Feb. 19, just before the Acadia-U. N. B. game. Dr. Young and Mr. Nowlan were again on hand and took a prominent part in the proceedings.

THEOLOGICAL CLUB BANQUET.

The Theological Club of the University held a very pleasant social gathering in the form of a banquet at the Wolfville Baptist Church, Friday, Feb. 20. The entire faculty were their guests.

The banquet was proceeded by a very interesting program. Devotional exercises were conducted by W. P. Warren, and were followed by remarks by the president of the club, H. W. Mollins. The Rev. E. S. Mason, of Wolfville, gave a very helpful address, entitled "The Heroic in Home Missions." He was followed by the Rev. H. R. Boyer in a very interesting talk.

At 6.00 p.m. a splendid banquet was served by the ladies of the church and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Rev. E. L. Curry in a short address extended a hearty welcome to the visitors. Brief after dinner speeches were rendered by Dr. Spidle, the Rev. E. S. Mason, Dr. Hutchins, Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Marshall, and Dr. DeWolfe. Harry W. Mollins was toast-master.



'86.—Rev. J. W. Brown has become pastor of the Baptist Church at South Gorham, Me.

'91.—Rev. E. E. Daley has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Chester Baptist Church.

'95.—Rev. R. S. McCurdy contributed an interesting article to *The Watchman Examiner* on "Sights and Scenes in Palestine."

'95.—Mrs. H. S. Stuart is travelling in Europe. She is contributing a series of articles to the *Halifax Morning Chronicle*.

'00.—Rev. D. S. Poole was a delegate to the Missionary Conference in Washington, D. C.

'01.—Rev. J. B. Champion has published a book entitled "The Virgin's Son."

'02.—Rev. E. Leray Dakin has been elected Vice-President of the Ministerial Conference, New York City.

'01.—Rev. M. S. Richardson has accepted a call to the Highfield Baptist Church of Moncton, N. B.

'04.—Rev. Gordon H. Baker, pastor of the First Church, Schenectady, N. Y. recently broadcasted a service from the First Church by W. G. Y.

'05.—Prof. V. L. C. Chittick, has recently published a book entitled "Thomas Chandler Haliburton; a study of provincial Toryism."

'06.—Rev. F. S. Porter recently had conferred upon him the degree of D. D. by an American University.

'06.—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to E. W. Robinson, M. P. on the death of his father.

'10.—Rev. G. C. Warren was a delegate to the Missionary Conference in Washington, D. C.

'15.—Rev. C. W. Robbins has become pastor of the First Baptist Church of Rosindale, Mass.

'16.—Rev. R. S. Gregge has accepted an invitation to become pastor of South Side Church, Woodstock, N. B.

'19.—Helen Starr and Charles Boggs of New York were married on Feb. 5th.

'20.—Mrs. W. S. Mercer (nee Mary Longley) is living at Wolfville with her aunt, Mrs. Ingraham.

'20.—Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Nowlan—Athenaeum congratulates them on the birth of a son.

'21.—The Athenaeum extends its congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Clarke, of Edmonton, Alta., on the birth of a daughter.

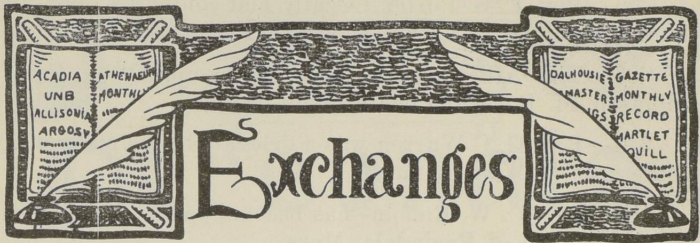
Eng. '24.—John Crowell has gone to Brazil on Construction work for the Pennsylvania Heat and Power Co.

'24.—Rev. E. L. Curry has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Halifax.

'24.—Louise Morse recently contributed an article to the Maritime Baptist entitled "Impressions of Acadia."

'27.—G. W. Guion has accepted the pastorate of the Gasperaux Baptist Church.

'27.—Harry Mollins has accepted a call to the Amherst Point Church.



AS we approach the task of reviewing the Exchanges each month we are accustomed to find that the editorial staff of each publication is confronted with the same problem—"How can we get our student body to support the college magazine in a substantial way?"

Criticism from the student body is never lacking if an issue seems a little below par in some respects, but students never seem to realize that it is *their* paper, and that it will be just what they make it—no more and no less. If it is a pity that this is so, but a review of the Exchanges in any college library will convince the editors that they are but one group out of many who are criticized for lack of material, when their task really should be to select material rather than to provide it.

Thus, before giving a hasty criticism of a paper that may seem a little below par, we would do well to remember that *we* are often handicapped by lack of material and may be subject to the same criticism.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

The Alumni number of the King's College Record is now on our Exchange shelf, and it is decidedly well worth reading. It is not the part of an undergraduate to criticize the work of a graduate, and, indeed, we have no criticism to offer. We read with pleasure a poem by Robert Norwood, whom we greet as an old friend. "The Record Suppressed" is a most readable tale of King's in the days of our fathers,

who apparently behaved much as we do today. "R. L. S. at Saranac Lake" gives us another glimpse of the eventful and courageous life of an author who is dear to all. The article on Nietzsche is excellent and we can only commend it to all. "The Scalds and the Northmen," is a new subject which cannot fail to interest the reader. We cannot mention all the material, but it is all excellent. We congratulate Kings and the staff of the Record on the hearty support which they receive from the Alumni.

VOX COLEGU.

We find the most notable feature of the publication of Ontario Ladies College to be the illustrations and snap-shots. We consider a poem,—*"The Shadow"* one of the finest contributions in the current issue for it is fine in both thought and rhythm. *"The Golden Glove"* takes us back to the fairy-tales of our childhood and to the lore of *"Prince Charming"*. The editorials deserve special mention, and the fish-tales and yarns are provocative of much merriment. The greater part of the space, however, is devoted to college news, and in the events of the campus. A few articles would be a valuable addition.

THE BRUNSWICKIAN.

This magazine has both variety and interest. Forestry and engineering come in for their share of discussion, and informing articles are published on both subjects. *"Wanted: Inventions"* appeals to us as containing rather a neat idea. We hope the author has no difficulty in securing a patent for his valuable contribution to society (when it is invented). The story *"The Wreck"* affords one many a thrill, and lacks nothing in the way of mysticism. The jokes are good and one is so especially realistic that we cannot resist the temptation to pass it on. It is entitled *"To Biology"* and sounds as if it might have been composed in our own Science Hall:—

Little sniffs of dog-fish,—
Little whiffs of frog,—

Give a pained expression
To a Soph's physog.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY. . . .

This is a magazine that is serious in tone and that succeeds in balancing its material to a notable degree. The current issue contains a very fine tribute to Professor J. L. Gilmour, whose sudden death was a great shock to his many friends. This article is of special interest to the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, for Dr. Gilmour was present as a guest and speaker at the Maritime Baptist Convention in August. Two poems also pay tribute to his memory.

We were much interested in the account of the visit of Mrs. Ewen MacDonald, better known as L. M. Montgomery, "The Poetry of Pauline Johnson" is an article written in a particularly intimate and pleasing manner. "Municipal Matters" is a bit of realistic humor, the theme of which is "an impression of Rural Democracy." The editorials, the college news, and "Here and There" are all well written, widening the interest taken by both editors and contributors.

MANAGRA.

The notable feature of the current issue of the Managra is a survey of Canadian Colleges—Agricultural and Household Science. This installment described the Eastern colleges, and next month those of the West will be treated. The article is accompanied by cuts of the colleges described, and seems very fitting coming from Manitoba Agricultural College. A humorous sketch—"Exams. and Examiners" contains some very good pointers, but we fear they would lead us to trouble. Profs. have a most uncanny ability to see through an empty mind. "Joie de Viore" is a poem which tells us not in words but in spirit that spring is coming. Its very name suggests it. Judging by the number of jokes there is a strong vein of humor at M. A. C.

THE ORACLE.

Fort William Collegiate and Technical Institute makes a special feature of poetry and jokes, and for them prizes are awarded. This month's editorial starts that a prize will be offered for the best essay submitted and we are glad to see that the need for articles and stories is recognized. There seems to be no reason to doubt that any department to which attention was given would flourish, judging by the interest which is taken in the department already featured. Covering a broader field would be clear gain to both students and magazine. Perhaps a fairer balance might be struck between literary material and news of school activities.

VOX LYCEI.

Central Collegiate Institute has just published the Jubilee number of the Vox Lycei, and it is an especially interesting issue. The editorial entitled, This Issue, contains a very good idea, introducing the contributors and giving an insight into the conditions of competition. The contributions of the editors of the different departments all evidence thought and careful work. The poetry is of an exceptionally high order, and occupies a prominent place in the magazine. "Dwelling at a German University" is a very interesting article, and introduces us to something new. The three stories are all good, and extend from tragedy to humor. "Umbrellas to Lend" is a very amusing bit of humor. The Vox Lycei is always welcome on the Exchange shelf.

THE TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW.

The current issue of the Trinity University Review is entitled, The Graduates' Number, and is devoted to reminiscences of the old days and to contributions from old graduates. It is an excellent idea, and results in a very interesting magazine. Numerous personals carry still farther the idea of a graduates' number. "Brian's Wife," a story of the Northland, is a short tragedy in which hatred overcomes love.

"The Phantom Battery" is another war tale involving the supernatural. "The Sunny Soule" is an interesting article, and we do not need to be told that it was contributed by a Trinity graduate. Current news is by no means lacking, and altogether this is very nearly an all round magazine.

THE CHANTICLEER.

Fredericton High School publishes a fine little paper which we are pleased to number among our Exchanges. The editorial presses upon us an excellent moral which we fain would except,—*"Let's Work!"* A poem *"Sick in Bed"* sets a high standard of poetry for the magazine. In reading *"A Northern Fairy Tale"* our only regret was the appearance of the words *"to be continued."* Yes, we laughed when we read *"Heat or Fat—Heat Wins"*—we couldn't help it. You are doing good work—keep it up!

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE.

In recent issues of the Gazette we have we have found more that is of interest to outsiders. The news of college activities is always good. An article on *"World Classics"* opens an interesting field, and offers opportunity for more discussion on the same line. We read with pleasure the report of the McGill-Dalhousie debate, and the report of the Imperial Conference debate, and the report of the Imperial Conference of Students in London. The poetry published in the last two issued was extremely good. We only regret that there is not more opportunity for the play of student talent.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY.

The Xaverian Weekly is full of most interesting and readable news. The editorials frequently contain items of more than usual interest. We always enjoy the French article, not only because it is unusual in a college paper, but for the value of the subject matter. The popular Cross-word puzzle was the subject of one of the articles in a recent issue. The

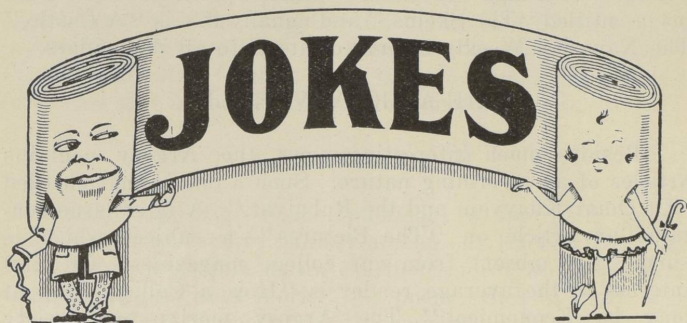
poetry is of a high order. We would especially mention the poem entitled "The Skeins," and equally fine is "A Castle," The Xaverian Weekly commends itself to all its readers.

THE ARGOSY WEEKLY.

Besides much interesting news, the Argosy contains articles of an informing nature. Such a one is that entitled "Of Omar Khayyam and the Rubaiyat." A later issue contains an article on "The Pictures"—a subject which is surprisingly absent from our college magazines. Of vital interest to the average reader is "How a College Student may be Economical." The Argosy merits our hearty approval.

THE MCGILL DAILY.

The McGill Daily is an old stand-by, and as such is ever welcome at Acadia. In its columns we find news of outside events side by side with the activities of McGill. Especially do we enjoy the accounts of the lectures with which McGill is favored. Perhaps the feature of most interest is the Correspondence Column. At present a very interesting and somewhat amusing correspondence is being conducted in regard to the cause of the defeats which McGill has lately suffered. We are eagerly awaiting the next move on the part of the writers or their opponents.



Paul:—"Martin Luther must have been a poor cook"

Jim:—"Why?"

Paul:—"Because he burned the Papal Bull."

Sue:—"How do you like this refrain?"

Free:—"The more you refrain the better I will like it."

Bea:—"Say Carol, is Arnold gone yet?"

Carol:—"OH yes, awfully."

Hatfield '27:—"Do you like tame animals?"

Co-ed:—"Are you fishing for a compliment?"

Prof. Balcom:—"What is frienzied finance?"

Dizzy:—"Financing one's friends, I suppose."

Curry '26:—"When does this topic end?"

Freshette:—"Pretty soon, I hope."

Prof. in Bible:—"For what purpose did Elijah assemble the people?"

Anne '26:—"For a test, I think."

(Two sat side by side; Otto passed by)—"Won't you join us," said Carol?

Otto:—"I'm sorry, but I'm not a minister."

Jenkins '23:—"I have traced my ancestry to a Scottish king."

Cleveland:—"That's easy. What chance has a dead man to defend himself?"

Prof:—"Hard work never killed anyone."

Stude:—"Oh, I prefer something with a bit of danger in it."

Lydia '27:—"I think he is simply wonderful."

Soph:—"I think he is wonderfully simple."

Gather ye kisses while ye may,
Time brings only sorrow;
For the flappers who flap so free to-day,
Are the chaperones of to-morrow.

Soph:—"I was in Panama when they built the canal."

Co-ed '27:—"Now I know why they put locks on it."

Back to the old grind, said she, as she placed her false teeth in her mouth.

Doc:—"Would you like to go to Lappland?"

Henny '25:—"Oh, I'm afraid I'm too heavy."

The skunk is the most economical of all animals, because he makes every (s) cent count.

Freshette:—"I'm simply wild about a yacht."

Hopeful:—"How do you act on a motor boat?"

Doug:—"Would you scream if I kissed you?"

Co-ed:—"I wouldn't want to alarm the Dean."

(As the Tully waiter served the cup of coffee he casually remarked "It looks like rain."

Perry '25:—"And tastes like it."

Prof. Perry:—"What is a caterpillar?"

Marion Read:—"It's an upholstered worm."

Paul:—"When the boys got home from the trip I suppose they divided the fish."

Ruth:—"They sure did, and multiplied them too."

Marion Read:—"I don't like this; it savors of currie."

Eleanor Harris:—"Oh, give it to me; I just love Curry."

Perry '27:—"Shall I take sodium or potassium, Sir?"

Chem. Prof.:—"I would like you to take arsenic."

Cassie '28:—"Wil you go somewhere with me next Saturday?"

Frances '28:—"Oh, I can't. I expect to be rushed the rest of the term."

Miss Oxner to Miss Spurr (who had lingered somewhat long in the process of saying good-night to Mr. Marvin) "You spent altogether too long in saying good-night to that gentleman."

Gwen:—"Why, I only waited for a second."

Miss Oxner:—"That's very strange, I distinctly heard a fourth."

MacKenzie:—(At Cahoon's for supper) "Does any one say Grace here?"

Yank Eng. "Morley Taylor says "Grace" but the rest of us say Miss Porter."

Math. Prof.:—"You are here in the body, but not in the spirit."

Copeland:—"I'm not a spiritual man, sir."

Free (Just before class party):—"Say, Sue, what's the deal of shaving off the moustache?"

Sue:—"I'm clearing the decks for action."

Dr. Rhod. (Before English test):—"I suppose you are saturated with English now?"

Voice from the rear:—"We got soaked in the last exam. anyway."

McLatchy (Falling on ice at night) "Hurry up Davy, light a match, I think I'm unconscious."

R. W. Johnson:—"While you were standing in the doorway bidding the sweet young thing good-night, did it ever dawn on you—"

Bart.:—"No, I never stayed as late as that."

Paul '25:—"In what course do you plan to major?"

Jim '27:—"In the course of time."

McElhiney '26:—"Are you the tailor who pressed my suit last?"

Tailor:—"No, I've only been here a year."

She (Jealously) "I was encored three times, wasn't I?"

Jealous Rival:—"Yes, the audience seemed to know you needed practice."

Tully Matron:—"Are you the same man who was here for dinner yesterday?"

Visitor:—"No Madam, I'll never be the same man again."

Findley '28:—"I want to take the next train to Kentville."

Agent:—"I'm sorry Sir, but we can't spare it."

A Cup of RED ROSE COFFEE In The Morning

Not only is delightfully pleasing, but
aids digestion—increases your energy
—and supports the brain for a good
day's work.

Now, while you think of it, have your
grocer send you a can of RED ROSE
COFFEE.

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Bells Shoes for Women
Ames Holden Rubber Goods
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