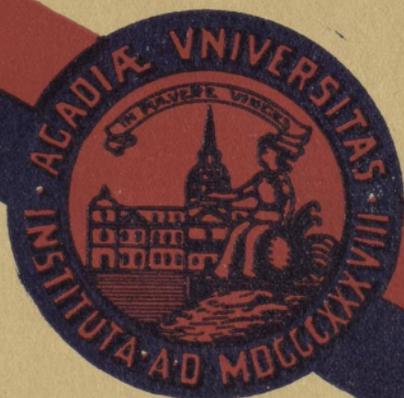


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# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIX.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1923.

No. 4

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, F. W. Doyle, '23; 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24.

Articles:—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, E. Louise Morse, '24.

Stories:—1st, E. L. Morse, '24; 2nd, L. M. Rhodenizer, '24.

Humor:—A. E. Brownell, '23.

Science:—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, R. P. Thompson, '24.

Athletics:—No award.

Month:—1st, Helena Miller, '23; 2nd, Eldred E. Bridges, '24.

Personals:—1st, Margaret P. Sylvester, '23; 2nd, Adline MacKinnon, '24.

Exchanges:—1st, Edith V. Davison, '23; 2nd, no award.

Jokes:—Mary Brown, '24.

Cartoon:—C. O. T. Wieden, '23.

Snap:—No award.

Seniors—12 units.

Juniors—11 units.

Sophomores—2 units.

Pennant to the Seniors.

**DR. F. W. PATTERSON**

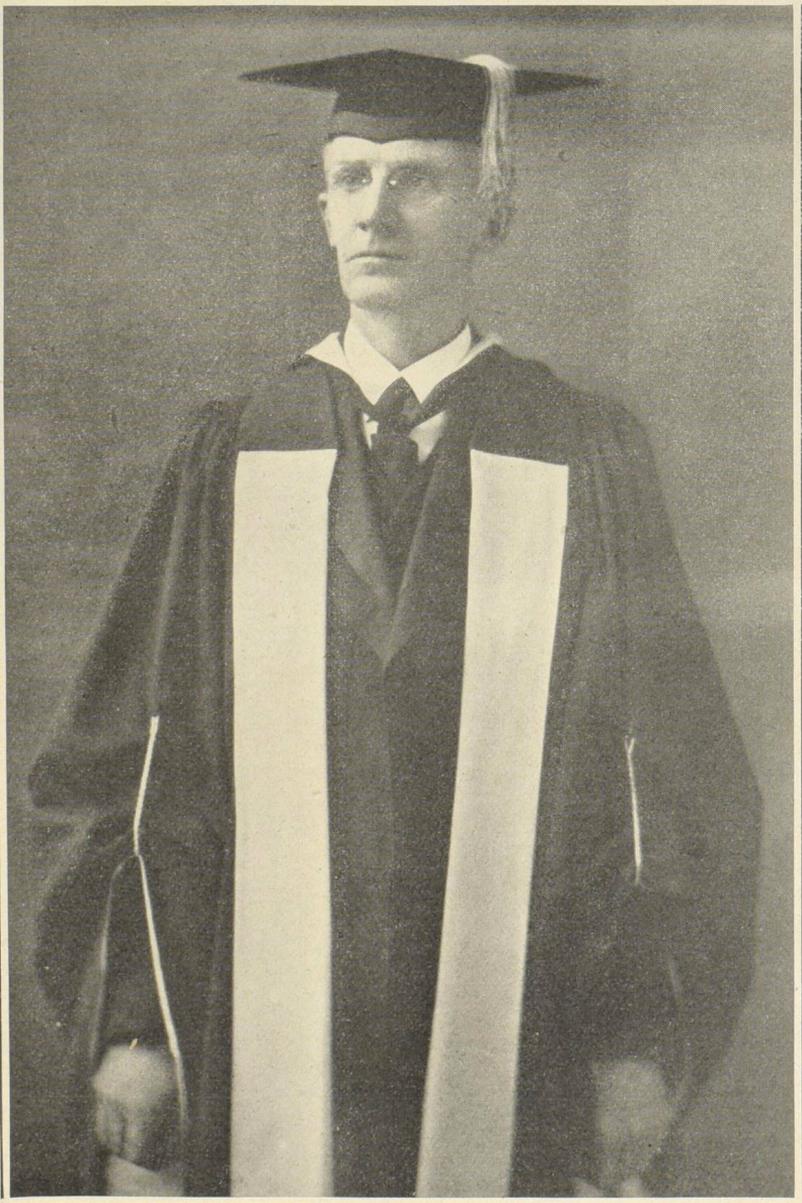
**R**EV. D. M. THOMPSON, speaking of Acadia's choice of a President, in the "Western Baptist", says: "It is a matter of congratulation that Acadia should look to the prairies, not for a college graduate, but for one who in the university of life has become pre-eminently qualified to fill the high office to which he has been called".

Dr. Patterson, who was inaugurated Feb. 15, 1923, is a native of the Maritimes and has held several pastorates in his own province, New Brunswick.

After having successfully acted as "under-shepherd" with the Second Moncton Church and the First and Second Grand Lake Churches, he became assistant pastor of the Sackville Church in 1899. In 1900 Dr. Patterson heard the call of the West and accepted the pastorate of the Minnedosa Man., Baptist Church, and later served as pastor in Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton, returning again to Winnipeg in 1916, as pastor of the First Baptist Church, which position he held for three years, resigning in April, 1919, to become Secretary of the Baptist Union.

But this does not record the full extent of our new President's labors and influence. In 1916 he became editor of the "Western Baptist", a paper that finds its way to our library shelves, and one which has been a great help and inspiration to many. He has also been contributing editor to the "Sunday School Worker" since its first issue, a regular contributor to the "Christian Index", Atlanta, Georgia, and the current issue of the "Baptist Review and Expositor" contains an article by him entitled "Religious Education in the Public Schools".

Whether pastor of a church or editor of a paper, Dr. Patterson's interests were by no means local. He was a member and chairman of the General Board of Education of the Baptist Union of Western Canada, member and chairman of the Board of Governors of Brandon College; member of the Senate of Brandon College; chairman of a committee on Revision of Theological Curriculum, and was chosen by



Rev. F. W. Patterson, D.D., LL.D.

the students to conduct their annual evangelistic services for five years.

Rev. W. E. Matthews, of Winnipeg, referring to Dr. Patterson, says: "He was a denominational leader, a national figure, a fitting President for a great university. Above all, he was a man—sincere, humble-minded and gracious!"

We feel glad indeed to be able to welcome Rev. F. W. Patterson, D. D., LL.D., to Acadia as our president. We hope that we may conduct ourselves while here in a way that will measure somewhat nearly to his ideal—that we may represent the "spirit of living together". We feel sure that we shall find true what his friends in the West have said of him, "Those who have come closest to him and know him best look upon him as a Christian statesman of the first rank, a cultivated gentleman and a loyal friend".

---

## THE EVENTS OF INAUGURATION DAY

### INAUGURATION SERVICE.

**I**N the absence of "old College Hall", which has witnessed the inauguration of many Presidents, the Baptist Church was the scene, at 10.30 a.m. on Feb. 15th, of the ceremonies connected with the installation of Dr. F. W. Patterson to that office. Interested spectators, students, faculty, Senate and Board of Governors were alike awed by the importance and significance of the occasion when the exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Goucher, invoking God's blessing on Acadia and on Dr. Patterson, as together they faced a new era in their lives. This was followed by "Acadia's national anthem", "Our God, our help in ages past", after which Dr. Manning arose to greet the President-elect.

His opening words struck the keynote of the past struggles and heroic sacrifices which have made Acadia great. The responsibilities and opportunities of a college president are vast, and in view of their very magnitude he expressed

the conviction that Dr. Patterson, through his vision, his energy, his pluck, his devotion to duty and his readiness to endure hardship could win our confidence and support in this office even as he had that of his co-workers in the West. As a pledge of their loyalty and support Dr. Manning next called upon the Governing Board, the Senate, the Faculty, the Alumni and the students to rise as, on behalf of the Board of Governors, he pronounced Dr. Patterson President of Acadia University, entrusting to him the symbolic keys and giving him his hand in welcome to the honors and duties of the new trust resting upon him. With a final blessing on the new educational leader and the institution he is to serve. Dr. Manning concluded the inaugural ceremony with the presentation to the assemblage of President Patterson.

Accepting the responsibility in the spirit tendered, Dr. Patterson briefly expressed his thanks for the honor conferred upon him, consecrating his interests to Acadia's welfare, and promising that all changes made by him should be those incidental to growth rather than revolution.

This was followed by brief congratulatory addresses from distinguished visitors, the first being delivered by Dr. Borden, of Mt. Allison, representing the Maritime Universities, who expressed his confidence that in this period of economic unrest, whose solution lies with the church and the school, Acadia under Dr. Patterson would contribute its quota toward industrial peace. Congratulations from Harvard and other American universities were fittingly tendered by Prof. Jeffrey, of the faculty of Harvard, after which Dr. Rose extended to Acadia's President the welcome from the Maritime Convention, pledging him the Convention's warmest support. Dr. Cutten, representing Yale and Colgate Universities, was enthusiastically greeted as in his characteristic and beloved manner he congratulated his successor, expressing the hope that his term of office would be long and happy, among a people as loyal as college and town had proved themselves in the past. Owing to delay in train connections, Hon. E. H. Armstrong, who bore the congratulations of Nova Scotia and whose address was scheduled for the first, was forced to bring this part of the exercises to a

close, his address becoming "last but not least" in the heartiness of his welcome of Dr. Patterson to our Province.

Taking as his subject "Some Ideals in Education", Dr. Patterson then delivered his inaugural address. With his sonorous voice, steady gaze, and serious mien, words would have been unnecessary to proclaim that these ideals were of the highest, nothing surpassed by the loftiness of his own beloved Rockies, with reference to which his address opened. Turning then to the subject of his address he spoke of the tyranny of standards in the field of education. Briefly but graphically he depicted the educational standards of today, and advanced his own belief that the measure of an education is not learning but *light*. "Learning and light must travel abreast", said Dr. Patterson, "knowledge and character must go hand in hand". Guarding against the tendency to measure the greatness of a college by its girth, by the number of famous men on its faculty or by the range of electives offered, Dr. Patterson concluded his address with the statement that the worth of any system of education is not to be determined by the size of the mob which may be stampeded into supporting it, but by the intrinsic merits of the system itself. Such a system he believes to have been established by his predecessor, the foundations remaining upon which for him to build.

At the close of this eloquent address Dr. Manning read telegrams of congratulations from the Acadia Clubs of Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver. President Patterson then performed his first duties in the conferring of the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Hon. E. H. Armstrong, Premier of Nova Scotia, Dr. Borden, of Mt. Allison, and Prof. Jeffrey, of Harvard; that of D. Litt. upon Dean MacKay of MacMaster, also an honorary degree of M. A. *in absentia* to Mrs. George Churchill, missionary to India. After brief addresses from the recipients of these degrees, the inaugural exercises were concluded with the hymn,

"Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end".

It was indeed a fitting conclusion to the impressive ceremony, leaving with each one the parting conviction that such

a promise from a man of Dr. Patterson's devotion and energy guarantees a truly great future for Acadia.

### LUNCHEON.

Following the inauguration ceremony a delightful luncheon was served in the dining room of the College Women's Residence, at which were present the Board of Governors, the University Senate, Faculty, the distinguished visitors and Alumni.

The luncheon was brought to a pleasant close by a few short speeches from the representatives of various other institutions. Dr. DeWolfe acted as chairman and he performed this duty in his usual entertaining way.

Dr. McKenzie, President of Dalhousie, was first called upon to speak a few words. He brought to the new President of Acadia warm felicitations from Dalhousie. He went on to say that with regard to education this is a period of difficulties and problems, and we should realize that these problems are national and not provincial, so the aim of education must be to gain a national outlook.

Prof. Stevens next brought greetings from U. N. B. In his speech he mentioned two things that education should do today. First, it should put men in industry who will be useful; second, it should emphasize conservation. With regard to the latter he referred to the great annual waste of Canada's forest resources. Speaking of educational problems he hoped that they would not be settled on a material basis.

Prof. Stevens was followed by Dr. D. J. McDonald, Librarian at St. Francis Xavier, who conveyed felicitations from that college. He said in part that what is needed to better world conditions is a sound public opinion on social questions, and that the biggest job is not to produce more goods but to work for a better distribution of wealth.

Mr. Sexton, President of Nova Scotia Technical College, next spoke a few words of welcome. He observed that colleges like Acadia do not make great men, but they are fortunate in being able to attract men of good calibre. An in-

stitution, he said, was but a shadow of a man, and said that it was Dr. Patterson's privilege to lengthen that shadow.

At this point Dr. DeWolfe read a telegram from Mr. Robinson, M. P. for Kings County, in which he expressed his best wishes for Acadia and Dr. Patterson.

Dr. Donovan, Prof. of Old Testament at Newton, besides conveying felicitations from that institution, conveyed personal greetings from twelve Acadia graduates now studying there. Continuing he said that today there is a tendency in determining the worth of a college to emphasize number of professors, students, value of property, etc. He pointed out that after all the real worth of a college, as in anything else, is found in its personnel.

The chairman next called upon Dr. McClay, who conveyed warm felicitations from McMaster University. Though not a graduate of Acadia he said he felt himself closely allied through the influence of many Acadia men with whom he has associated.

Dr. Ross, pastor of Fort Massey Presbyterian Church in Halifax, wished Dr. Patterson good health and success on behalf of the University of Toronto. He spoke of the unrest and dissatisfaction which seems to prevail here in Nova Scotia, but he pointed out one thing that could not fail to impress an observer, namely, that this province can and does produce men and women of whom we can be proud.

Rev. G. W. Miller, pastor of the Wolfville Presbyterian Church, in a very few words conveyed greetings from Pine Hill, Halifax. He mentioned the long history of Pine Hill and the purpose for which it was founded, namely, to fit men to give themselves to the rest of the world.

Dr. Patterson was then asked to speak a few words. After expressing his appreciation of words of welcome so graciously extended to him, he pledged all his efforts toward the welfare of Acadia and the welfare of education in Canada. During his speech Dr. Patterson made this statement: "From the tip of the longest hair on my head to the bottom layer of leather on my shoes *I am Canadian*". Those who heard him could not help but know that he sincerely meant it.

Every speaker seemed to have an unending supply of good stories, but space has not permitted a mention of them. That these speeches were greatly enjoyed by all, the eager attention and hearty applause of the listeners attested.

### RECEPTION.

Thursday, February 15th, a day of brilliant happenings at Acadia, was brought to a close by a highly successful reception given in honor of President Patterson in the Memorial Gymnasium, to which the public was invited. Dr. W. L. Archibald, of the Academy, presided.

The gymnasium was quite transformed for the occasion by a carefully planned decorative scheme. Memorial Hall, hung with banners and pictures, lights shaded in "old gold" and windows curtained with streamers of blue and garnet, presented a very imposing appearance. On the second floor the decorations were not less pleasing.

In the halls and Trophy Room, blue and garnet in festoons and streamers met the gaze everywhere, while in the main gymnasium the various colors of the six Maritime Universities hung in festoons from a lattice-work of blue and garnet.

Speeches which abounded in appreciative expressions of loyalty and devotion to Acadia and to her President, and in which echoed the hope that the great name of "The Dear Old White College" might grow greater and greater were made by professor Balcom, for the Faculty; Dr. DeWolfe, for the Seminary; Dr. Archibald, for the Academy; H. B. Camp, '23, for the students of the college; Mayor Phinney, for the residents of Wolfville; Dr. MacDonald, for the ministers of the town; and by our old president, whom all were glad to see, Dr. G. B. Cutten.

Dr. Patterson, although tired after the strenuous proceedings of the day, suitably replied in words that caught the hearts of all present and drew them nearer to him.

An appreciative audience listened, also, to the music furnished by the Seminary Orchestra and to a reading given by Miss Griffith; a violin solo by Miss White, and a song by Mr. Jones, all of the Seminary.



Prof. Jeffrey.  
Prof. Perry.



Dr. G. B. Cutten



Dr. C. W. Rose

## ADDRESSES OF WELCOME

HON. E. H. ARMSTRONG.

Hon. E. H. Armstrong, in opening his address, referred to the pleasure it gave him to be present on the occasion of the inauguration of Dr. Patterson as President of Acadia. It gave him pleasure to be present not only on account of the official position he occupied in the Province, but because he himself is an old student of Acadia. Mr. Armstrong paid tribute to the great teachers of Acadia, men whose kindness, broad sympathies and clear views made a deep impression upon all with whom they came in contact. He recalled the names of Dr. Sawyer, Professors Higgins, Jones, Rand, Caldwell, Kierstead and others, all of whom were teachers of great ability and splendid influence. Dr. Kierstead, in a letter to Mr. Armstrong, spoke first of the personal contact of professor with student and secondly of the value of a college education as an equipment for public service. Quoting from the letter Mr. Armstrong said in part: "It has been a great satisfaction that so many of our Acadia men have given themselves to public life, with its exacting and exhaustive labors. Whether they have been in office or working in the formation of public opinion upon which legislation is based, they have made a big contribution to the general welfare". Mr. Armstrong referred to the splendid record of the contribution that Acadia has made to the public service of Nova Scotia and of Canada. This contribution, he was sure, was both recognized and appreciated and therefore he was tendering these felicitations not only for himself, but as an expression of gratitude and good wishes from the whole Province. In closing Mr. Armstrong spoke of the great field for future usefulness and said that, as in the past, Nova Scotia would continue to look for great things from Acadia University along the lines of higher education. He closed his address by wishing Dr. Patterson a cordial welcome and every possible success, and Acadia a still further period of continued success and achievements.

## DR. BORDEN OF MOUNT ALLISON.

At the inauguration of Dr. Patterson to the Presidency of the University, Acadia was fortunate in having Dr. Borden, the President of Mount Allison, as the representative of the Maritime Universities. Dr. Borden is well known at Acadia and the friends of the University were pleased to have him present at the inauguration services. In opening his speech of welcome to Dr. Patterson, he paid a tribute to the late President, Dr. Cutten, and intimated that he did not know whether Dr. Patterson would be able to fill the large place left by the former President, but from what he had heard, Dr. Patterson possessed those social and business qualities which should make him a worthy successor to the noble men who have filled the Presidential chair of Acadia University.

Dr. Borden also dwelt upon the contribution which Acadia has made to the scholarship and educational advancement of both Canada and United States. After thirty-eight years of educational work, the speaker stated that he was impressed as never before by the splendid contributions our Maritime Universities are making to public service. He felt satisfied that the work which is being done in our colleges will mean more to the future of this country than any other agency in existence, except, possibly, the Church. Not only was Dr. Borden impressed with the past achievements, but with the tremendous possibilities of the future. In these days in which the future of our civilization is in the melting, when the wisest of our statesmen are dreading the plunging of our world into such communistic experiments as have already destroyed Russia, when thoughtful men are assuring us that the social and economic conditions in Europe are more perilous today than at any time during the war, thoughtful men are naturally asking what are the foundations upon which national and social structures may be firmly built. It is in connection with these problems that the schools and colleges of the world may make an inestimable contribution to our civilization. In pointing out the restlessness which

exists in Canada today as a result of these pressing economic and social questions, Dr. Borden urged upon the schools and colleges the necessity of teaching the fundamental laws of economics and of sociology to the youth of the land. He pointed out the marked increase in the number of communist sympathizers in this country and held up Russia as a gruesome example of the work of such political theorists.

The speaker then raised the question as to where the remedy is to be found. Dr. Borden believed that it was to be found in the schools and colleges. In closing, he expressed the belief that Acadia under her new leadership will make in the future a noble contribution to the public service as she has already done in the past.

REV. C. W. ROSE, D. D.

The opportunity of representing the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces in this inaugural gathering is very highly appreciated. It seems fitting that our Convention, the mother of Acadia and controller of her destinies, should be thus represented as well as through the Board of Governors.

Dr. Patterson, allow me at once on behalf of the ministers and members of our United Baptist Convention to extend to you a most cordial welcome to the very heart of our denominational life, the leadership of our educational work. We believe that God, who has given to Acadia so many good presidents, has again shown Himself gracious.

Dr. W. L. Watkinson, in one of his "Noon Day Addresses", has this to say, which we heartily endorse: "Men who can sound new depths of feeling, reach to higher, wider thoughts, more profoundly interpret nature, give eloquent expression to the suggestions and aspirations of the mind and heart, are amongst the grandest gifts of God to the race. They are more than all material things". Such an interpreter you have been and will continue to be. We recognize our Christian educational leaders as among the most potent factors for good that we have today. We have a rich heritage in the men who have been the presidents and professors of Acadia, and we believe an equally valuable possession in their successors today.

Our churches are thoroughly convinced that the moral element which has been emphasized faithfully in our educational work is of supreme importance. President Andrews of Brown University expressed our deepest conviction as well as his own when he said: "All reflecting people are coming to feel that unless schooling makes one morally better, purer and sweeter in outward conduct it is unworthy of the name". The education needed at all times is that which will enable one to make a life as well as a living; which will help one to master the giant forces in his own nature as well as in the material world. Christian education in its broadest and truest sense is the thing for which our people have made inspiring sacrifices and it is still the thing for which they unitedly stand and are ready to make further sacrifices.

Doctor Sawyer, speaking of the earliest years of our Institution, said: "At that early day the purpose was distinctly avowed to conduct the proposed school with special regard to the moral and religious character of all under appointment. The professors and instructors have understood that they were under obligation to promote the moral and religious as well as the intellectual and social culture of the students under their charge". We think this was wise, for as a result a contribution has been made both to the intellectual and moral welfare of the world. I am sure that I am correctly representing the pronounced sentiments of our Baptist people when I state that we desire to perpetuate, and to accentuate, through our educational life at Acadia, the moral purpose, the high ideals, the golden threads, woven into the tapestry of our civilization.

In giving this welcome on behalf of the United Baptists and in these statements of our desires and convictions I wish to assure you that we accord to you liberty of thought and expression and that we have no desire, as we feel that we have no right to hinder your faithful search for truth in any direction. We are sure that there are many fields of fact not yet fully explored and that pioneers in our day may yet open treasures and leave trails for the guidance and profit of many.

Doctor Patterson, your past loyalty to Christ and present devotion to His Person and Kingdom constitute the ground of our confidence that you will be a source of strength to our pastors and churches as they seek the extension of the Kingdom of God here and now. We entrust to you and the men and women who are associated with you, our sons and daughters and at the same time pledge to you our sympathetic and loyal support.

---

## THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF DR. PATTERSON

### SOME IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

I THINK that I can best introduce what I have to say this morning by describing an experience I have had, and a temptation I have faced, whenever I have crossed the Rockies. It is known to my friends that I love the mountains. I shall never forget my first view of them. I was making my first journey into Alberta in the spring of 1901 and was coming into Calgary from the East on the early morning train of the Canadian Pacific. I had been told that if the morning was clear I should get my first glimpse of the peaks when near Gleichen, sixty miles east of Calgary, and one hundred and forty miles east of the mountains. The morning was all that one could desire. At nine o'clock as the train reached the summit of a heavy grade, the mountains came into view,—a great line of snow-clad peaks extending for miles along the south-west horizon. Though many miles away, they appeared not more than twenty miles distant. In the clear air of that Alberta morning, they seemed like great sentinels set to guard the plains and garbed in eternal snows.

I have seen the mountains many times and from many angles since that day. I have watched them for hours from the saddle as I have ridden northward eighty miles east of their base. I have seen them from every angle afforded by the Canadian Pacific Railway. I have seen them when only their bases were visible, their peaks hidden behind low-hung clouds. I have seen them clear and distinct from base to peak in the glory of the morning sun. I have watched Mounts Assiniboia and Stephen and Burgess and Sir Donald, and a score of others, at close range, and often as I have watched I have bared my head in reverence before these mighty works of God. I have been awed by their height and vastness, by their mystery and their suggestion of power and of omnipresence. It was impossible not to be reverent, and it would have been easy for reverence to have become worship. The more intimately I have known the mountains the easier it has been to appreciate the tendency of primitive peoples to associate their mountains with gods or with spirits, to think of their massive forms as clothing some spirit power, and finally to per-

sonify them. I have understood why the Greeks made the crest of Olympus the seat of the court of Zeus and the dwelling-place of their gods; why to the Hindu and Buddhist mythology, Sumeri, the Golden Mountain (said by them to be 84,000 miles high), was pictured as the abode of their gods; why to the Huichal Indians every hill of peculiar shape was a deity; why the Mexicans regarded all mountains as divine and spoke of and treated them as persons (Mexicans speak of Mt. Iztaccihual as the wife of Mt. Popocatepetl); and why the Koreans not only personified their mountains but made them the guardians of nearby towns.

I have felt the power and majesty of the mountains much as Job must have been awed before the Oriental sun and moon, for when the sun shone upon him in its burning splendor, and when the moon moved before him like a "bar of silver walking through a tropic night", a temptation came to surrender his reason and his will, to succumb to the lure of the senses and to fling a kiss as an act of worship to these heavenly bodies. Hear him when he says: "If I beheld the sun when it shone, or the moon walking with brightness, and my heart had been secretly enticed or my mouth had kissed my hand, this also were an iniquity to be punished by the judges, for I should have denied the God that is above".

Yet as I have felt this impulse I have also resisted it; for the impulse was, in its essence, a temptation to succumb to the tyranny of sheer mass, to allow things that obtruded themselves on my vision to limit my horizon, to permit the fascination of that which made a powerful appeal to my senses to become a sedative for my reason, a tyranny over my spirit. The impulse I have described in only one of the many forms in which this temptation comes to us. There is no sphere of life into which it does not enter. It shapes our judgments of our fellows. It invades our domestic life and imposes its standards on our homes. It enters our churches and warps our conceptions of spiritual values. It finds sanctuary in the field of education and seeks to shape its ideals, mould its policy, and even to stampede its judgments. It is of the tyranny of its standards in the field of education that I would speak this morning.

My task is simple. I shall keep in mind the average man, interested in educational ideals rather than in the detail of educational technique. I shall seek to avoid the technical and highly doctrinaire. I shall have little to say explicitly of the new "realisms, pragmatisms, behaviourisms, and psychologisms" of which education in our day is the jousting-place, and shall discuss things which, though very common-place, are as fundamental as they are easily forgotten.

Take the fundamental question that confronts every educationist: What is education? What constitutes an educated person? What a multitude of voices, not all heavenly, are trying to answer! As one listens one becomes conscious that amidst the almost countless variations two themes are finding expression. In the one the call is for practical efficiency in education, for results that can be seen merely by opening the eyes, and that require little mind and less imagination to appreciate. Those whose voices express this

conception of education are people whose "mental structure is mechanical, the practical people, the lovers of efficiency, the tough-minded people, the exploiters of men since all eternity". Education, as they define it, fits one for life, and is to be measured chiefly by its commercial value. For is not that the best education which insures the best livelihood? Its supreme test is the summer homes, the automobiles, and the pleasure yachts it will purchase. They care as little for history as they know of posterity. Courses of instruction find a place in the curricula solely because of their vocational values. If one may adapt the words of an unknown poet,

"The things that men need know about  
Are properties and land.  
But why the leaves are on the trees,  
Why honey is the fruit of bees,  
Why horses tremble at the knees,  
Why faith is more than what one sees,  
Why charity is more than these,  
They need not understand".

For such people the standard of value for the products of the school and of the college is the same as for the products of the factory. "Efficiency" is installed as Resident Manager, methods are standardized, and the attempt is made to standardize the product.

Others whose voices are heard in this group are not quite so practical, but they are equally insistent that the education of any practical individual can be weighed and accurately valued. For what are examinations if not to measure the education of the candidates? To these, education consists in knowledge. He is best educated who knows most. The more nearly one approximates to a good encyclopedia in the range and accuracy of his information, the clearer one's title to an educated man,—and, incidentally, to a perfect bore. Someone has defined a bore as a man who, when you ask him how he is, tells you. Another kind of bore is the man who tells you what he knows when you don't ask him. A friend of mine met the typical representative of this school at Ottawa. Perhaps he was not lonely in the Federal Capital. He had purchased the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica and was proceeding to educate himself. Surely here was the system of free electives carried to its *reductio ad absurdum*.

Of course knowledge must be the basis of education, but it is not education. Knowledge is something acquired,—“the extension of oneself from without”. Education is the enrichment of oneself from within. That which is of primary importance to the man of education is not the range of his information, but the quality of his mind; not the number of things he knows,—in other words, his fitness to conduct an information bureau, but the ripeness of his nature, the range of his fellowship, and the resources of his goodwill. For the man of education, knowledge has not merely “enriched specific faculties, it has enriched him.” His chief characteristic is not learning, but light.

I cannot spare time for the other voices in this chorus. That on which I wish to insist is that their theme is one. For whether you define education in terms of a living; measure it by its power to exploit commercially the resources of nature; make it synonymous with an encyclopedic range of knowledge; or are guilty of the snobbery of holding it in reverence only because of its recognition by "degrees", you bow to the tyranny of the senses; you value the binding of the book more than its message; you appraise the band by its earning power rather than by the subtlety and beauty of its harmonies; you allow the arc-light at the corner to blind you to the glory of the distant star; you give to that which is incidental the emphasis that belongs only to the ultimate, and, by implication, you deny the God that is above.

It may be said, of course, that knowledge of the sciences, and kindred subjects, fits one for life; that it is the sciences also that make the great additions to the sum of knowledge; that the resources of nature are rightly ours, to know, to master, and to use; and, further, that the future will see an extension of knowledge to which the present is as a cloud the size of a man's hand to a cloud-filled sky; that in this knowledge lies power for individuals and for nations. I grant it. I wish it understood that not for one moment do I oppose either the knowledge itself, or the opportunity of securing it. I rather welcome every addition to real knowledge. I do not deery the scientists. I have no sympathy with the obscurantist. And yet I confess (nor am I ashamed of my confession) that I fear the rapid advance of scientific knowledge. My fear grows not out of any fancied conflict between science and religious truth, but out of the fact that scientific knowledge is power for individuals and for nations, and that power has no moral quality of its own, but takes its quality from the hand that directs its exercise. There comes to me an impromptu answer (it was not my own) given during my student days to an unexpected question by a profesor to a student who was inattentive. The profesor seeking to trap him, asked suddenly: "Mr. W——, what is a tyrant?" Inattentive the student was, but not napping. At once his answer came,—"A tyrant is one who has power and uses it to the disadvantage of others."

We pass by the now subdued profesor, and note merely that it would be rather difficult to improve on this answer. Knowledge is power, but power may be charged with menace or with blessing. It may transform the world into an Eden or leave it as desolate as the battle fields of France. And whether it is potent in one direction or the other depends wholly on the moral purpose that controls it. I fear the advance of knowledge, therefore, because I fear that the growth of moral purpose does not keep pace with the increase of power. We have seen too much of power directed to selfish ends. The war through which we have just passed, was but the inevitable outcome of twentieth century knowledge that was controlled by passions more primitive than those of the early Babylonians. And the world heads in that direction again, if the prevailing view of education defines it either by its knowledge-content or by its commercial value, or both.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," said the Great Teacher. By implication, he could not live without it, yet the bread was neither his life nor the

measure of his life. That was to be found in the range and depth of his fellowship with God, and the quality and quantity of his service to his fellows.

Exact knowledge, and the power to be a producer rather than a parasite, are to education what bread is to life,—necessary, indeed, yet fulfilling their highest function when they supply the basis of education and become the medium through which education may express itself in sacrificial service.

These views of education that are materialistic and utilitarian are aggressive. They have behind them a great mass of popular opinion. They are as intolerant as the German militarist in pre-war Germany. They have no lack of megaphone voices with which to broadcast their utterances. But they are wrong. In any scheme of education learning and light must travel abreast. Knowledge and character must go hand in hand. Power must not be divorced from a wholesome piety, else civilization itself will fail. And education, if rightly conceived, will provide for one as well as for the other. If it does not it lays itself open to the charge of a French critic, and becomes a fragment of a subject, taught to a fragment of a student by a fragment of a professor.

I make no apology for stressing this view of education. It is the only view that is Christian. The world needs nothing else so much as it needs this and it is worth the life of any man or any institution for its exposition and defence.

I recall my mountain experience also when I note the tendency to appraise our colleges and other educational institutions by the things that can be easily and quickly seen. The marks of strength and of weakness are those that are obvious to a cursory examination, and that may be learned by one who walks the campus, consults the college calendar, and masters the Treasurer's statement. That is the best college which has the best buildings, the most adequate equipment, (equipment is always physical) and the largest endowment. Given these, and everything else follows. For cannot money buy all that is necessary for any up-to-date educational institution? Nor is it to be wondered at that such canons of value assert themselves strongly. In the first place, they are not wholly false. Buildings and equipment and endowment are necessary to the efficient modern colleges; they become false only when made fundamental. In the second place, the undue importance attached to the physical side of a college equipment is the inevitable outcome of years of struggle with inadequate equipment and recurring deficits. Let the importance of these things be granted at once, but let it not be forgotten that their extent is not the primary standard of value. Books are necessary to a college library, yet few are so foolish as to appraise a library by the number of its volumes. A house is necessary to a home, yet that is not the best home which has the best house. A body is necessary to a worth while man, yet G. K. Chesterton, who in a London tram, sincerely offers his seat to four women, is not the typical great man. And we make a mistake even more serious when we measure a college by its abdominal girth. That is the best college whose task as accepted by it, is most nearly one with the ideals of education on which I have already insisted—a college in which learning and light go hand in hand, in which students are led into a knowledge of and mastery over the forces of nature, and into fellowship with the moral purpose of nature and of God. Such as these alone convert power into blessing.

Nor do I shrink from the charge made in some quarters, that with ideals such as these we are training partisans rather than thinkers. Mr. Bertrand Russel's is one of the voices raised for what may be called the right of youth to remain unfettered by the type of the group in which they are reared. He would have us teach "ethical science instead of morality, metaphysical criticism instead of religion," etc. In brief, he would have us give all views of the best way of living an equally good position in the educational show room and bid them think and take their choice. I believe in the right of youth as completely as Bertrand Russel, but the first right of youth, as Prof. Hocking has suggested, is that it be offered the best that the group to which it belongs has found. As a matter of fact, if our ideal of education is what it should be, "partisans" and "thinkers" will be terms that are complementary rather than mutually exclusive. For our thinkers will think through to the point of genuine moral enthusiasms and our "partisans" will be the product of sincere and courageous thought. Freedom that owes no debt to the partisan does not exist. Some of you have played chess with a superior opponent. As you look back upon the game you see that while in every move you were free, yet every move was also forced by the playing of your opponent. It is much the same in an ideal education. The educand is free to choose. He does choose freely, And yet such is the dominant quality of the group in which he moves, such the involuntary potency of its influence, that his choices, freely made, are yet as inevitable as they are free. Nothing less than this is the right of youth, and nothing less than this approximates to the Christian ideal of education.

I would be more explicit in what I have already implied. The religious and ethical life of an institution is most potent, not when it is embodied in formal instruction, but when it is incarnate in living teachers. A few years ago a friend told me of a school in the England of his boyhood. The schedule of fees was as follows: Instruction in ordinary subjects, six pence weekly; instruction in morals, two pence extra. It is not to be wondered at that the boy who led the school in the examination in morals should lead it also in the practice of immorality. When religion and ethics are chiefly subjects of instruction, they lose their relation to life. The criticism of George Sampson, that the teaching of English in England has failed because it is too exclusively a subject for formal instruction in all subjects, holds here, *mutatis mutandis*. When religion and ethics become merely departments of instruction they lose their relation to the other departments and to life. An institution teaches the great fundamentals of faith and morality most effectively when the life of the institution incarnates them most completely. What a demonstration farm is to a community, an actual demonstration of the ideal way of farming, the college and its faculty should be to the student body, an actual demonstration of a group living together after the Christian ideal. This, and this alone, can make it a Christian college. Here then is one aspect of the ideal college. It places wide and accurate scholarship and the spirit of sacrificial service together and says they must not be divorced. It would give to its graduates the power that is born of knowledge. It would give them also the spirit of Christ-like love, which forbids that such power be used to exploit mankind. It would do this through

an institution and an atmosphere that are in themselves an effective exposition, because a real incarnation, of these ideals.

I recall my mountain experience again when I find myself tempted,—as I sometimes do, to appraise a college by the fame of the members of its faculty. Nor is this temptation peculiar to myself. It is sometimes said in criticism of the small colleges that their professors are almost wholly unknown in the great centres of education. Is this a valid criticism? I realize at once the publicity value of widely known names. They have the same seat-filling power in the college that the name of a famous preacher may have in the church. Yet as I face the question seriously I find that reason is not on the side of my senses. The presence of famous men on the faculty of an undergraduate institution has far less value for education itself than it has as an advertisement. My meaning will be clear if you will keep in mind the purpose for which the undergraduate institution exists. Its students have not yet arrived at the stage of original research. They are laying foundations. They are gaining a definite body of knowledge. They are relating subjects to one another and to life. They are acquiring the tools and the discipline that will fit them to do more advanced work. This, as I conceive it, is the purpose of the under-graduate institution, the purpose of the great majority of our colleges. To attempt research at this stage is like attempting to decipher the papyri of Anhai and Hunefer without previous training in Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Has not this purpose a very clear bearing upon the type of faculty that will make a college really great? What is needed is not a research-genius, but an artist-teacher. Such a teacher will have small time for research himself, but will keep abreast of the assured results of others' research. He will know subjects but he will teach students. He will recognize that the under-graduate mind, like an economic man, has no real existence, that it is a convenient lay figure on which certain conclusions may be draped. He will see as many types of mind as there are students in his group. He will not be content with the method that Dr. Horr, of Newton, has said is like putting from 30 to 60 bottles on a shelf, their corks out and their mouths towards one, while one fires a charge of buckshot towards them. Of course some will get into some of the bottles. Each student will receive, so far as possible, the personal attention he requires. Such is the way of great teaching, and such teaching, wherever found, makes a great college. It does not make fame for the teacher. Fame comes to the masters of research, the discoverer of "insulin", or the man who succeeds in isolating the "flu" germ.

Elma Wheeler Wilcox has this to say of a certain type of father:

"He never made a fortune or a noise  
 In a world where men were seeking after fame,  
 But he had a healthy brood of girls and boys  
 Who loved the very ground on which he trod,  
 And who thought him just a little short of God.  
 Oh, you should have heard the way they said his name,  
 'Father'."

A man who keeps his body and his thought  
Worth bestowing on an offspring love begot.  
Then the highest earthly glory he has won  
When with pride a grown-up daughter or a son  
Says: 'That's father'."

All of this, with the necessary changes, is true of the teacher. He lives in his students. Their success is his, and if he be an artist-teacher indeed, he is content to have them stand on his shoulders, and from that vantage grasp the hand of fame. Teachers such as these, selected because of their threefold equipment, knowledge, character and teaching ability, make a college great. It matters not whether they become famous.

Once more we must resist the tendency to measure the worth of a college by the number and range of the electives it offers. The system of electives marked a great advance over the rigid courses of earlier days. It was more human. It recognized the fact that students were not as alike as the leaves on the trees, and that the meat of one might be the poison of another. It recognized that it was more important to build the college around the needs of the student than around a rigid system. And in all of this the elective system was to the good. As is too frequently the case, however, the pendulum, in swinging from one extreme, swung to the other, until in many cases colleges were trying to become miniature editions of great universities, modelling themselves after mammoth department stores where anything could be purchased, from a needle to an elephant. Students too often with little knowledge of what they wanted, and less of what they needed, were asked to choose from this display the equivalent of so many units of work. In giving effect to this policy, some institutions have so reduced the required work, and so enlarged the range of electives, that it is possible for two men to be graduates of the same institution and have no common language,—in fact, as President Capen said in his inaugural address at Buffalo, to have nothing in common but that they have each taken 120 semester hours of work. This may make a big institution, but it does not make a great institution. As departments multiply, and the range of electives between departments and within departments, multiplies, knowledge tends to become a thing of "shreds and patches". Departments have little relation to one another. The day's work of every class is done without reference to the students' work as a whole. The field of instruction is broken into clearly defined areas,—necessarily,—but the road-ways are not kept open. The last thing under heaven that the student learns is that he is living in a universe and not a multiverse, and that the varied things that he learns find their unity in life itself.

We recognize the difficulty of making a college curriculum express the ultimate unity not only of the sciences but of all subjects of study. Something of course can be done. The reaction from the too generous provision of electives is evident in many of the smaller colleges. Some form of the elective system will abide, but the options will be increasingly between groups of subjects within which there is an integral unity, rather than between individual subjects. It is probable also, that there will be an increasing number of courses similar to those

given in mathematics and science in some of the universities in which the subjects of study will be surveyed in relation to other subjects and in relation to life. But when all is done that can be done through a curriculum, it may fairly be questioned whether an attempt to organize the curriculum so as to present an organic unity of subject matter, will succeed. The ultimate unity must be found elsewhere. But where is it to be found if not in the organic unity of the curriculum? No suggestion seems to be more to the point than that of John Adams, in his latest work—"Modern Developments in Educational Practice". The real unity of instruction must be found in the staff of faculty which "acts as an educational unity in its influence on the individual pupil". Wiser words have not been spoken. Words far-reaching in their implication! Words, the whole meaning of which is not on the surface! It is the faculty that makes an institution. It is the faculty that gives unity to a curriculum. It is the faculty that interprets life not as a series of unrelated departments, but as one house of many mansions. It is a faculty, every man of whom sees life singly and sees it whole, that educates not only for a livelihood, but unto life. It is only such a faculty as this that can escape the charge of the French critic, to whom I have already referred, that of being "a fragment of a professor, teaching a fragment of a subject, to a fragment of a student". Without a faculty such as this you may have a big college, but you may not have a great college.

Mr. Chairman, there are many things I should like to say, but time will not permit. I should like to suggest that the worth of any policy of education is not to be determined by the size of the mob that may be stampeded into supporting it, but by the intrinsic merits of the policy itself; that the worth of no one of the many theories seeking to gain the support of the educationist today is to be determined by the ability or fame of the names associated with it, but by its actual results in education. An unfortunate thing is that while serums and germs may be tested on guinea-pigs, the victim of every ambitious educational theory must be the child. I pass these.

I have not tried to make my address a development of one idea. I have tried rather to say some things that have often been said before, and better, but that cannot be said too frequently. What I have said expresses some of my own ideals in education. I realize that they are not new to this institution. They are the ideals by which past presidents of Acadia have builded. I am given courage in my effort by the knowledge that I have the foundations laid by them on which to build.

## THE IDLER

The dull, drab book unopened lies,  
 While love of live things lures me on;  
 While night-lights plead to spend Life's prize  
 In Folly's flame that fades at dawn.

While fancied scenes before me pass:  
 The sombre seas on moonlit strand;  
 The waves white crest 'gainst cloud's dark mass  
 And hates and loves in Life's warm land.

The night is spent, and still I see  
 My part unplayed. Sometimes it seems  
 That Wisdom's wealth is not for me,  
 Yet fear not I, for mine is dreams.

F. W. D., '23.

## THE OPEN DOOR

THE door of opportunity swung open for Harriet Harvey to pass through. It was a beautiful door, its dark, polished panels and shining, brass knob seeming in some way to symbolize the richness and brilliancy of the possibilities lying beyond. It swung open on noiseless hinges, leisurely and yet without delay, its very manner of doing so bespeaking a certain elegance, and its revolving surface at the same time catching some softened ray of light which momentarily reflected the girl who stood without. This image, dimly outlined, was pleasing, yet an observer who turned to the original might have noticed that it was not entirely in harmony with such a door and such general surroundings. The pleasant young face, with a frank expression in clear gray eyes, bore slight yet unmistakable signs of care too great for its apparently twenty-two or three years. The plain, dark hat which partially concealed a mass of wavy, auburn hair, showed no signs of wear, yet lacked the in-

tangible something shown by the latest hats in the shop windows up-town, while the carefully-brushed, serge suit gave undeniable evidence of long service as well as painstaking efforts to conceal the same.

Such was Harriet Harvey, as she appeared to the casual observation of the white-aproned maid who was the material means of opening the polished and shining door of opportunity. The real means, however, of the door being opened on this particular occasion was seen in the person of a small, elderly, gray-haired lady whom the now-opened door revealed sitting before an open fire in an apartment whose luxurious appointments quite fulfilled the promise of the door. Apparently she was dozing in her big chair, for as Harriet entered she made no movement of recognition, and so, motioning the maid not to disturb her, the girl stepped softly across the room and sank with a sigh of satisfaction into a chair by the window. After a sweeping glance, taking in all the richness of the room, she turned her gaze toward the window with a scarcely audible murmur to herself. "Yes, I *will* do it. Even if it is hard, surely *I* deserve something."

In spite of this decision, expressed in such a tone of finality, the pucker in Harriet's brow as she looked thru the window with unseeing eyes, seemed to indicate that her perplexity over some difficulty was still great. She was, in truth, seeing again—for about the thousandth time in the past week—the picture of her life of scantiness and care, contrasted with the ease and abundance which lay on this side of her door of opportunity; the picture of her life of self-denial with her invalid mother, who seemed to have nothing but complaints as a reward for her daughter's perpetual care; the picture of her chance meeting with this wealthy old lady, widowed and childless, who had seen in Harriet the fulfillment of her wish for a companion in her lonely life, and had offered her the position of companion and secretray on a trip to Europe, which she was about to take; and finally Harriet saw the picture of herself as she had come here to accept the position which would make her life one with this life of luxury. She looked deeply into

this last picture and what she saw suddenly appeared distasteful to her. Not that she did not crave with her whole mind the money, ease, comfort, travel, all that lay just beyond the open door! No! She longed for it, had longed for it years before the opportunity came, and now for the sake of satisfying that very longing she had during this last week, tried to make herself believe that her duty to her invalid mother would be discharged in providing money enough to supply her needs. She had repeated this over and over to herself as a formula, until the repetition had almost convinced her. The still small voice of conscience had almost ceased to speak, yet suddenly in the quiet of this room, surrounded by the very luxury she desired, it gained new force and made itself heard in her inner self. Faintly, yet insistently, came the questions, "Is it not selfishness which prompts you to do it?" "Are you not thinking more of yourself than of your mother to whom you owe so much?" and in reply came Harriet's question, "What if I am, am I not entitled to something myself?"

The struggle was a bitter one, yet turn in whatever direction she might, the girl could not avoid it. Under the influence of that insistent voice she was forced to look at herself as she would appear after she, her mother's only support, had left her, well-cared for tho she would be, yet cared for by strangers who could not have that sympathy and understanding which must be the only ray of light to her darkened soul. What tho she did seem unappreciative of that sympathy! The voice asked Harriet how she could judge one who had such suffering to bear, *she* who felt it a hardship even to help another thus afflicted. A daughter's feelings rose within Harriet and hastened to assure her that under the complaining exterior there was a mother's love burning warm for her. Yes, she recognized the truth of it all. She remembered with a new force her mother's pained expression when she had told her of this opportunity, and yet the unusual resignation with which she had said, "Well, Harriet, don't consider me in the matter. I don't suppose I'll be any worse off in one place than another".

Such thoughts were serving to paint the picture of her selfishness in the blackest colors. The girl's reverie was suddenly broken by a movement from the big chair by the fireplace. The little old lady turned toward Harriet with a shower of reproofs for not waking her when she came in.

"Oh, don't apologize for dozing, Mrs. Ellis ! You looked so comfortable I couldn't bear to disturb you, and besides, it gave me just time enough to decide that, much as I'd love to, I can't accept your offer. I had made up my mind to go with you, but I see now that my duty to my mother comes first, and so—"

A rush of questions and pleadings as to whether nothing could induce her to change her mind, interrupted Harriet's speech. The little old lady's very evident regret and her offers to do anything within her power to make thee position more attractive were almost more than the girl's resolution could stand. She felt her spirit of renunciation faltering, wavering, weakening within her. Mrs. Ellis' liking for her and the possibilities extending themselves to her grasp were beginning to have their effect again. She must get out quickly where it would be impossible to go back on the stand she had taken. She took her leave hastily and the white-aproned maid conducted her out.

Again the door of opportunity swung wide, but when it closed Harriet stood without, with the same ray of light mirroring the plainness of her hat, the too-frequent brushings of her suit, and the lines of care around her steady, gray eyes. In her ears there was the click of finality with which the shining door had closed and in her heart was the pain of an opportunity lost.

Her ride home in the crowded street-car was gone through mechanically and left no impress on her numbed brain. When finally she reached her own block she shivered a little as she stepped out into the cold and hurried up the side street. As she reached her door and felt for her latch-key a sudden feeling of nausea seized her for the very evident cheapness of the surroundings which she called home—the linoleum in the vestibule, the faded wall-paper within, the worn rug,

the sound of children in the flat above,—all these struck a discordant note on her sensitive mind.

From another room came a fretful voice, “Is that you, Harriet? Why didn’t you come home sooner? The grate fire is all out”.

“Yes, it’s me, mother. I’ll kindle the fire right up. I hope you didn’t feel cold”. Harriet put on her customary smile and entered the plain living-room where Mrs. Harvey reclined in an invalid’s chair. “I’ve just come from Mrs. Ellis’”, she said with an effort to make it sound casual, “and I have refused the position”.

“Why did you do that? I left it to you”, replied the sick woman, with, however, a softening in her tone.

“I know you did, mother, but I knew how hard it would be for you to have me go”. Harriet went over to the chair and took one of the thin hands in her own. “I couldn’t leave you to suffer alone, even if I’m not very much help to you, mother, so we’ll stay together”.

There was no reply, but a warm tear fell on the younger hand as it was pressed to trembling lips.

“Does it really matter that much to you, mother?” asked the girl, her own voice choked.

“Dear, I had faith enough in you to trust that you wouldn’t leave me among strangers now. I’m so used to all the sacrifices you make for me that perhaps I don’t seem to half appreciate them, but, Harriet, I think it would have killed me to have had to give up the only thing I have left in life which is dear to me”.

A new door was suddenly opened to Harriet—not a shining door, brilliant with polished wood and gleaming brass, but a door infinitely more precious, through which she looked with misty eyes and beheld infinite possibilities of happiness. It was the door of a human heart.

E. L. M., '24.

## LIBERTY

**F**REEDOM is a magic word. Where is the patriot, among the peoples who stand in the forefront of the nations, whose pulses it cannot stir, or who would not rise in its defence? Down the ages it has ever been the battle cry of nations, buying with blood and tears its privileges for their children. How our sympathy goes out to those who have loved and suffered for freedom! Switzerland we admire as we follow her long travail to keep the tyrant from her mountain valleys. The Dutch are once more our kinsmen as we watch their bitter struggle to throw off the yoke of Spain. And the thrilling element in England's history is the story of her national, class, and individual sufferings to gain religious, social, or economic freedom. What names are enrolled under Freedom's banner: Garibaldi, Savonarola, Luther, William of Orange, Cromwell, Wilberforce, Washington, and Lincoln are but a few of the commanders who have led her hosts. And behind them come a vast array of nameless men and women who have given of their best in war and peace so that liberty might be no longer a mirage, fleeting and elusive, but a reality.

Thus freedom has become a magic word. You have only to attack a man's slightest liberty, or what he conceives to be his liberty, and he will rise and curse you. Persist and he will smite quickly and savagely in its defence.

With our neighbors to the south it has become almost a fetish. Their two great wars, the War of Independence and the Civil War, were fought in its name. Their literature is saturated with its visions. Politicians proclaim liberty, and patriots boast of it. Teachers of every age and grade keep up the echo of the same refrain. Music halls, press and pulpit unite in eulogizing its sacred name. Statues and pictures, if they are to be American, must carry to the people the same thrilling idea: that they are free, and that freedom is the only thing worth while. Its name on a new commercial product, whether it be a tin pan or an airplane, is the surest passport to public favor. They have liberty motors, liberty

bonds, liberty ice cream, and liberty cigars. Their national preaching, if not their national practice, might be summed up in the words of Patrick Henry: "Give me Liberty or give me Death".

Now one must realize that this love of liberty is full of magnificent promise for the future of the race. There is much in it that is good, much that we would be loath to lose, since it has its roots in manly qualities and in discontent with existing conditions which is the impetus to all progress. It may be true that some form of liberty is the ideal state, when a man shall not be moulded and jostled by circumstances, but be master and maker of his own life.

Yet there are some strange features to this liberty which we hear so loudly proclaimed on every hand. And the first is: the bewildering range of ideas that it bears on the lips and carries to the minds of those who use and hear it. To the capitalist it means liberty to amass a great fortune; freedom from strikes, from grinding competition, and from heavy taxes. To the laborer it means a well-ordered life, unhampered by the maddening struggle against adverse forces. To the criminal it means a chance to prey on his fellow men—to rob, to kill and to destroy. These aims seem, and are widely divergent. Yet they have one common falsity of basis; they simply mean by liberty, freedom to do as one pleases.

Now it is plain that whatever liberty can bring, it cannot bring this. It is contrary to the first laws of nature. How far did we go in life before we came up short against the granite wall of nature's unyielding laws? As babes we looked through the window and saw the silver moon gliding across the serene heavens, and cried for the ball to play with, and much of our lives since has been a succession of pleading for the moons of life, which still pass on calm and unmoved by our agencies, millions of miles beyond our reach.

We are sternly limited by our very make-up. A man of fair physical strength can lift from two to three hundred pounds. By constant training he may increase his strength, but it is within definite and limited bounds. The extent of our brain powers is set for us before birth. In music, in art, in literature, all the great names are those of men who possessed

great inherent genius, and even those men have groaned and travailed under their natural limitations. "So far and no farther" is the stern command laid upon us by our inherent, natural qualities at the earliest dawn of life. Not that many of us take from life all that it can give, but Nature's limits of brain and muscle power are none the less real.

We are limited by the fact that we live among our fellow men. We have a proverb: "Where my nose begins, your liberty ends", which is both figuratively and literally true. I suppose the type of most complete freedom would be a man living alone upon an island. Such a man can, within the laws of nature and his own powers, do as he pleases. But place that man within a modern city, and how his liberty is lessened! He can no longer conduct his life as he pleases; for the very existence of society, it is necessary that he be persuaded or forced to conform to the rules and customs which make for the "most good to the greatest number."

There is another class of restraints on conduct which are the only real restraints on social life: the beliefs, ideals, and customs of the people. What is it that gives the national law its power? Is it fear of punishment? To a small extent this is true, but the greater power behind the written law on the statute books is the unwritten law in the hearts of men and women. Why do not criminals organize and terrorize the nations? Because they know that behind the law, behind the police and the government, there are millions of men who have the conviction that law is necessary and good, and who will die, if need be, that it be sustained. These men are the real police force, and their convictions are the real law of the nation.

In the vast tide of material and mental wealth which has swept in upon us in the wake of our civilization, the loud voiced heralds of freedom have made us forget the fact that the law of higher development in human society is not increased liberty, but greater restraint. The man living alone on an island has the most possible liberty. If he takes a wife from a neighboring island, he has decreased his liberty. If he raises a family, he must put by his own desires to care for their needs, and, as they grow, their personal rights must be

respected, with a corresponding loss of liberty to him. Yet is not family life more noble, more fruitful, more helpful to all than individual existence? Place one hundred men and women on that island and the restraints on each individual multiply. And so it goes. From individual to family, to village, to city, to nation, to the world, every broadening of the relation, every increase in the numbers, brings a corresponding multiplication of restraints on the individual. But who will say that a world state in which all nations live together in one brotherhood, is not an ideal relation among men?

Restraint is the price that men must pay for efficiency. Which is the more powerful, an army of one hundred thousand men in which each man does as he pleases, or one of ten thousand in which every man is under the strictest discipline? Restraint, making organization and team-work possible, is the first principle of army efficiency. Trade unions are supposed to be an example of liberty, but they are not. The very first principle of trade unionism is organization, which means restraint. Can a member of a trade union act as he pleases? The great reason why our industrial and commercial life falls so far short of its possible attainments is that we have not too little liberty, but too much. Could we rule ourselves as a world state as rigidly as the trade unions guide the actions of their individual members, an unsuspected wealth of material comfort and prosperity would open before us; happy valleys, prosperous homesteads, smiling fields, well governed cities, beautiful and healthy, and leisure for scientific and artistic attainments beyond our wildest dreams—leisure not for a limited class, but for all.

The law of restraint must govern the individual who would make a success in any line of life. He who desires to arrive in any one field of labor must push all other things into subordinate positions. He must hold his appetites and passions in check. He must force his unwilling feet into disagreeable paths. The one who secures wealth cannot do so without constant application to business, and the sternest kind of restraint. The man who would know must restrain himself from much that he likes, and train himself to do much that he dislikes. No knowledge is attained without discip-

line. He who would add to his attainments that of a life nobly lived will find that the long, long task of curving, disciplining, and directing his body and mind into ever steeper and more rocky ascents, must be his thorough life. Even to exist at all it is necessary to discipline our passions. He who gives free rein to his desires will not live long.

The principle of restraint applies most rigidly in the spheres where most would expect to find freedom, in art, literature, and music. It is true that no one can hope to succeed in those things without natural talent. But natural talent alone does not make a great artist. Ask the musician how his success was won, and he will tell you of weary hours of monotonous drill, of slow, patient work, of years of constant endeavour before he mastered even the technique of his craft. But once an artist has mastered his craft, is he not free? We watch a sculptor at his work, and we say as the beauty of vein and flesh appears under his chisel; surely he can follow wherever fancy leads. But is he free? Not so, for his very training, his artistic sensibilities and genius, hold him from weak or marring strokes. Could he put out bad work he would not be an artist.

It is, however, in the domain of thought that the magic word freedom is the "open sesame" to all doors. Of all the things that the prophets of liberty proclaim most incessantly, this freedom of thought is the most distinct. And if they mean by it that one man has no right to coerce another to think as he does, they are entirely right and just. The wondrous variety of men's minds is one of the joys of life, and to make all think alike (even if it were possible) would reduce all to a dead monotonous level, making the world of human thoughts a Sahara without an oasis.

But if they mean, as I fear some of them do mean, that every man has a right to think as he pleases, regardless of whether his thoughts are evil or erroneous, they are entirely wrong. How long would such a person be tolerated in the realm of science—one who was determined to think as he pleased regardless of the plain facts of life? Everyone in the realm of thought has one right: to seek to know the facts to the best of his ability, and to think his way through them

to the truth. Not free thought, but accurate thought, is the aim of thinking. The statement that progress is due to free thinking is false. Our progress, mainly material though it is, has been due to the stern and close thinking which would not let error escape.

Now I am ready to be accused of fatalistic views. However, this position has no necessary connection with fatalism. I do believe that, within definite and bounded limits, men have the choosing of their own fate. Is not this freedom, you ask, the highest prerogative of men? This is a philosophical question, and whatever way it is answered will not affect the facts of life. Not freedom, but right action, glorifies life. Not free thinking in scientific work, but stern and close observation of facts. Not free thinking in religion, but an earnest endeavor to find and do the will of God. Not freedom of action, but a life lived under the best and noblest rules which men of all ages have found to be the true guides of conduct. We must not be misled by the fact that much of this restraint must be imposed by ourselves. Is the restraint that a good citizen places upon himself not to steal, any the less real than that placed upon the criminal who is locked in the county jail? There is indeed a freedom of choice between good and evil. We have the ultimate decision whether we shall go forward or back. But for those who would think, act, or attain in any true sense of the words there is not freedom, but immutable, universal laws, under whose restraints they may attain, but not otherwise.

T. W. C., '25.

## THE RIDER

In the early morning's dim, grey light  
I mounted my horse, and took to flight.  
Down the winding trail to the south, we ran,  
We were as one: the horse and man.  
My body followed the swinging lope  
On level ground, and gentle slope.  
The dust-clouds rose as I cantered on  
In the ever-brightening summer's dawn.  
The saddle creaked between my knees;  
My hair was tossed by the rising breeze;  
My cheeks were flushed and I laughed aloud;  
I was far away from the maddening crowd,  
Far on the plains when the sky grew red.  
Then out of the depths of his rosy bed  
The sun looked up and the whole earth sang—  
While the flint-like trail with the hoof-beats rang.  
A whispered word in the listening ear,—  
My good horse sprang like a startled deer.  
Faster we flew, my blood ran high.  
I turned my face to the morning sky  
And startled the birds with a wild hallo.  
(The joys of a morning flight they know).  
When ahead a shack gleamed in the sun.  
My morning ride was almost done.  
And bending low o'er the saddle-horn  
I finished my ride that golden morn.  
With a final rush I gained the door,  
And slid from the saddle—home once more.

C. M. S., '24.

## CIVILIZATION AND THE UNIVERSITY

“But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!  
Did ye not hear it?—No, ’twas but the wind—”

—Byron.

THERE is indeed today a deep sound, a note of warning, being struck by many of the broader vision who wish to warn humanity of the precipice upon which our civilization stands. The mass, however, hears it not, or hearing, dismisses it with the assurance, “’Twas but the wind”. One type, the comfortable, self-satisfied citizen, refuses to have its complacency disturbed by harboring such troublesome thoughts, while another type, the pleasure-seeker, is even more unheeding and frankly proclaims the doctrine:

“On with the dance! let joy be unconfined”. It then remains to us of the universities—the leaders of tomorrow—to hear the warning, study the situation carefully, and fearlessly face the future with the conviction that its salvation lies in our hands.

First let us take a glance at civilization itself, past and present. In what does it consist? According to generally accepted standards the answer seems to be: first, Justice, embodying a system of non-arbitrary laws; next, Security, ensuring the continuance of these laws; and finally, Toleration, granting freedom in divergence of thought. But this is not all. In order that these institutions may exist among any people, one factor is prerequisite,—the power of that people to acquire and retain knowledge. History shows us that whenever, as in the second century, the acquisition of knowledge ceases, civilization stagnates; let its retention be lost, as in the ninth century; and civilization decays.

Examples might be chosen from the past in illustration of these facts, but instead let us apply the principles to the present. We find that *fresh* knowledge is acquired only by a small proportion of the people, and this proportion is almost entirely confined to the middle and professional classes. Added to this is the fact that any great social and economic changes such as those occasioned by the recent war fall

heaviest on this class, with the tendency to choke inventive ability. We then find ourselves at present in a state for stagnation, the first step in the process of de-civilization.

Moreover, there is another phase of the question to be considered in the existing attitude toward the fine arts—painting, poetry, and music. This attitude is not of post-bellum growth, but has been in the process of evolution for several decades. For this very reason, then, the prospect becomes all the more disquieting when we see a general dissatisfaction with the recognized products of the world's greatest civilizations. The tendency is to revert to apparent barbarism. In painting there has been a radical party crying for the destruction of the great masterpieces because they were a restraint on individualistic development. In the poetry of France particularly there is a substitution of formlessness for art. In music where formerly there were oratorios we now have "jazz". Like a child which has discarded the playthings of which it has grown weary, the world, tired of the products of its civilization, turns fretfully about in a state of social unrest.

Granted that past standards are being altered, that lower ideals are replacing the higher, where do we look for the explanation? Many answers are being offered, none of which appear more satisfactory than that of W. Flinders Petrie, who says:—

"From one point of view it may be due to the demands of those who have not inherited a taste for the more intricate mental pleasures, and whose influence dominates much of the supply".

In this answer appears the relation of the University to the problem.

As indicated by Mr. Petrie's words, there are those among us whose mental tastes are not cultivated. That there should be a certain number of this type seems at present unavoidable, but that we should allow a *predominance* of this type is shameful and will prove disastrous. Wherein, however, lies the power of the University to cope with this situation? Fundamentally the answer to this question is em-

bodied in the store of learning over which the University has control. Such learning, so-called, may be of two types: a mass of dead information of which the value is nil, or this same information into which has been breathed a vital essence, re-animating the whole and transforming it into a living form for world betterment. Which type of learning shall be disseminated? The importance of the decision may be partially estimated when it is understood that in every individual lies a latent appreciation of what is great and inspiring, which awaits only proper guidance to awaken and nourish it into broader vision. In the University lies the power to choose the latter course, and by means of a sympathetic interpretation of all mental effort, past and present, incite in those with which it comes in contact new and higher aims and ideals.

This, however, is not enough. In order that civilization may receive benefit from these aims and ideals, it must not be left for the people to come to the University, but the University must be brought to them. How can this be done? The problem is that of removing the gulf fixed between the laboring classes and the University. As democracy becomes more firmly established, the manual laborers feel more and more keenly the fetters of ignorance by which they are bound, and to this feeling may be attributed much of the present social unrest. In combatting this feeling there have arisen the University Extension Movement, the Summer School Movement, the Workers' Educational Association and the Educational Settlements, all of which aim to present educational facilities in a way of which advantage may be taken by the laboring classes. If the broadening and uplifting effect of culture succeeds in reaching this stratum of the people, social unrest may be checked and a condition for civilized progress reached. If the effort fails we dread to estimate the results. Its success or failure depends on the individual attitude of those passing forth from the Universities, carrying with them the power of disseminating the cultural inspiration received therefrom. Thus it is that the problem is for each of us to face and, realiz-

ing its seriousness, to find a means toward our common end—progress for the future.

Through long ages and by painful efforts the world's civilization has reached its present state. Dangers now menace it on every side. Through the University lies the power of surmounting these dangers by lifting men's mental beings to a higher plane, where the horizon is widened to include past and future, transforming social surroundings from a source of enslavement to a source of broader freedom and stronger personality. Even as war has made the world free for democracy, so has past culture made the world free for future progress, and even as the cry echoed from Flanders' fields, so also to us of the University is borne the challenge from the past:

“To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high”.

E. L. M., '24.

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### THE TRAIL'S END

When I come to the end of my trail, boys,  
A trail that's been crooked and rough,  
Don't shed any tears for your pal, boys,  
Don't say, “Well, poor fellow—it's tough”.  
But lay me to sleep 'neath a pine tree,  
On the side of some wind-haunted hill,  
And I'll list to the wind in the branches,  
And I'll dream when the wild winds are still.

Oh, give me the song of the pine tree,  
And the howl of the wolf in the night,  
When he pours forth his rune to the glimmering moon  
Where the valleys are lost to the light.  
Just heap a stone cairn o'er my grave, boys,  
Where the lean, lonesome vagrant may whine,  
And I'll sleep, while eternity rolls on, and on,  
To the sad, sobbing song of the pine.

C. M. S., '24.

## “WHITE GOLD”

IN view of the many uses to which platinum is now devoted it is indeed strange that the chemists and metallurgists of Europe were so slow in appreciating and utilizing it, for it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that this metal attracted any attention among the Europeans. The aboriginal Indians in South Africa evidently had noted to some extent the possibilities of platinum for their own peculiar uses, and had acquired the art of working it, as numerous trinkets made from this metal have been found in the graves of these people. It was really the discovery, by the Spaniards, of these ornaments which first attracted the attention of the Europeans and led to the utilizing of this metal. For ages the Spaniards and other gold-seekers of the early American days washed the sands of San Juan and other Colombian rivers in search of gold. They threw the platinum back as worthless *till*. An entirely different scene presents itself today. Along these rivers fortune-seekers are busily engaged in dredging the stream-beds, but, instead of searching for gold, they are searching for *platinum*, for, in the space of a little over a century and a half, this metal has proved itself to be one of the indispensable commodities of commercial and national service.

Platinum is a widely distributed, but sparsely deposited mineral. Previous to the war, Russia produced about 85% of the world's supply. Colombia ranked second and many minor productions came from such places as New Zealand, New South Wales, California, Alaska, and the Sudbury district in Canada. Since the Bolshevik uprising in Russia, the export of platinum from that country has fallen off completely; hence the world is forced to look for its supply from these minor sources. As a consequence, there is a decided shortage in supply, and this fact, along with the increase in demand, has led to a marked advance in the price of the metal. One hundred years ago platinum was valued at about half the present price of silver. As the possibilities of the metal became more widely known the price advanced from

time to time until, at the opening of the twentieth century, platinum was on the level with gold, being rated at about twenty dollars and sixty cents per ounce. During the World War, however, the demand for platinum as a necessary ingredient in the manufacture of some war materials became so great that the price increased to one hundred and seventy dollars an ounce. Since the conclusion of hostilities, the demand has not been so great and, consequently, the present value of platinum is quoted at about one hundred and fifteen dollars an ounce.

This remarkable mineral, which has so far outstripped the gold standard in value, is found chiefly in detrital deposits where it is associated with iridosmine, magnetite, corundum, or zircon. It is sometimes found embedded in serpentine derived from olivine or syenitic rock, where it has seeped, in all probability, from the original basic magma.

It has always been the hope of the platinum prospectors to locate the "mother lode", or parent source from which this precious mineral is trekking, but, thus far, this search has been unsuccessful. It has been found only in small quantities and occurs, principally, in metallic scales or flat grains, though, in some cases, it has been found in the form of irregular nuggets. (The largest of these nuggets ever found on this side of the Atlantic weighs about twenty-eight ounces).

Platinum is steel-grey or silver-white in color. It has a metallic luster, and very often contains gold or palladium. The natural hardness of platinum is 4.5, but if it is combined with ten to twenty per cent of iridium, it becomes the hardest and most resisting of metals. Its fusion temperature is about 1800° C., and it is practically immune to acids; therefore it is an important asset to chemists for laboratory work.

During the past twenty-five years platinum has proved itself a general favorite as a "setting" for jewels. The luster of the diamond is materially improved when set in platinum. The durability of the platinum band is greatly in excess of any other metal. It will not oxidise or corrode like gold or silver. But the most important feature, so far

as the manufacture of jewelry is concerned, is that it is exceedingly ductile and malleable. This property enables the jeweler to make the most intricate and delicate designs from platinum by the use of extremely small quantities of the metal. While the war was in progress, platinum was used extensively in the manufacture of explosives and other war material. Its importance in that respect, coupled with its scarcity, made it necessary for some of the belligerent nations to call upon their patriotic citizens to "turn in" their platinum jewelry, in order that the metal could be utilized in the making of nitrogen, pyrometers, and other commodities of warfare.

An attempt to enumerate the uses of platinum would be useless. It has established itself in the period of approximately one hundred and fifty years, as the leading mineral, not only in actual cost but in durability. The latest assumption is that platinum will supplant gold as a standard of exchange. The Soviet Government of Russia is said to have advanced a scheme whereby that government will issue currency on the security of platinum coin. The project is not impossible. Russia may have a surplus of this valuable metal stored up, awaiting a favorable time to place it on the world's market, to re-establish her trade among the nations.

Although it is not very probable, so long as Great Britain and the United States control the great bulk of the world's gold, as well as the major part of the world's commerce, that platinum will be used as a universal standard of exchange, yet the fact remains that there is eighty per cent less platinum being placed on the market than in pre-war days. Consequently, as long as no other great deposits of the mineral are found, Russia has an opportunity to reinstate her National credit, by placing upon the market an adequate supply of this wonderful little metal, which the early miner called "white gold".

H. M. B., '24.....

# The Acadia Athenæum

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## Editorial



ON behalf of the students of the University, the *Athenæum* extends to Dr. Patterson our most sincere and hearty welcome, and we assure him of our loyal support and cooperation in the future of Acadia. Dr. Patterson is no longer a stranger here; we have been fortunate in seeing a great deal of him since his coming, and each meeting has increased our admiration and strengthened our affection for him. By his remarkable personality he has won the hearts of all the students here, and we know that we shall always be glad to work with him.

Almost coincident with the inauguration of Dr. Patterson came the announcement that the University Senate had decided against Acadia's entering the proposed federation of Maritime Universities, and although no formal announcement to that effect was made, yet the intimation spread rapidly and among the students at least, it has caused great-

er satisfaction and aroused a keener interest and stronger loyalty than any other event of the year.

Under the leadership of a new President and with the immediate future of Acadia more definitely foreseen than at any time during the past year, we feel that we are entering upon a new epoch in Acadia's history, an epoch marked with such an auspicious beginning that only peace and prosperity can follow.

The attitude of the students has always been practically unanimously against the federation project and very strongly so. We feel that the failure, in so far as there is any, in our educational system, lies in the preparatory schools, and this fault can be remedied and improved so as to make possible a higher standard of attainment in college without any external adjustment in the colleges themselves. Nor is it quite apparent to us how the federated universities or a graduate school can rival those of established reputation not so very far away enough to keep any more students in the Maritime Provinces. The matter of keeping talented and well-trained students in our own country is one of opportunity and of a new attitude, both of students and of others of these provinces rather than a question of where students shall be trained.

A great deal of the attitude of the students towards University amalgamation has frequently been referred to by exponents of the plan as "mere sentiment", with the implication and very often the expression of the idea that "mere sentiment" can have no place in our lives if we are to become increasingly efficient and practical enough to cope with the problems of the day. First of all we challenge the expression "mere sentiment"—sentiment it may be, but not mere sentiment,—our appreciation of and love for Acadia is something finer and deeper than that; it is not just affection for the place that has sheltered us for four years, but is founded on an appreciation of the conditions of student life and of student ideals here.

Nor do we believe that sentiment is an impractical thing. It is becoming more and more widely recognized that a man's nature is very largely the product of his thoughts, and that

character is more important than ability or knowledge, and while we cannot say that student life at Acadia is absolutely ideal or unique, we do believe that there are in it certain elements which are valuable in character forming and which cannot all be duplicated under different conditions.

This is mainly because the college is still small enough so that it is possible for one student to be acquainted with practically all the others, irrespective of class or other interests, and this enables us to have a complete unity among the students and a co-operation in student affairs that would not otherwise be possible. Other unifying influences are the fact that we are living in a small town which has not sufficient distractions to interfere with our college social life and the fact that practically all the students are in residence, and residence life not based on class or course of study provides a regard for others' rights and an appreciation of others' good points that is itself a training for social life.

One of the happiest features of student life here is the democratic spirit which is an almost universal thing, a spirit which recognizes not money nor social standing nor the achievement of high class marks, but true personal worth as its criterion and by making it the criterion for popular approval, makes it at the same time the aim, a truly worthy aim of the individual.

We are fortunate too, in having a fairly large measure of self-government—it has not proved a complete success, yet we believe it is working towards that end, and is or will be one of the finest things we have, since it develops within us a sense of responsibility, a realization of the absolute necessity for co-operation and a training in self-government and self-discipline which is invaluable. If every individual student realized its value and its possibilities and felt, as he would then feel, the responsibility due from him we would be very near our goal of success.

There are many things in our college life that we owe more to the past, yet make a special appeal to us and could not be quite the same should we join our interests with those of other universities. We feel that we have just reason to be proud of our achieve-

ments in debating, literary work and athletics as well as in scholarship, and that in all we have a standard of excellence and an ideal of fair play linked together to give us the best possible opportunity for self-development and self-expression.

And in the end it is the ideas and ideals which we acquire here that are going to count most after college, then if we believe they are worth while here, surely they are worth maintaining as now to follow and develop and spread their influence in the future.

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### LITERARY CONTEST

\$600.00 in Prizes.

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- |        |                               |          |
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The winning story, play, poem and cartoon will be published in the May issue of *The Pioneer*.

(Contest closes April 30th).

## ETHEL VERE NORTON.

One of the saddest events of many years at Acadia was the death on Saturday, March 10th, of Ethel Norton, of the Junior Class. Ethel entered college as a Freshette in the fall of '20, and by her seriousness of purpose and conscientious work she soon won the love and admiration of all the girls. During this year she was a valued member of the House Committee and when a Sophette was Secretary of the S. C. A. In her junior year Ethel was a contributor to the *Athenæum*, writing with ease and in a smooth and finished style.

Yet though Ethel did all things well it was her musical talent for which she was best known. As an accomplished pianist and accompanist she was always in demand for Class and College functions, but our happiest memory of her is the many hours which she spent always willingly and generously in playing for the other girls. Her loss is deeply felt in college, but she leaves with us the memory of devoted friendship and an inspiration of talents developed and used for others.

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**SEMINARY DEPARTMENT.**

## GREETING TO PRESIDENT PATTERSON.

**A**CADIA SEMINARY, through the editors of the *Athenæum Pierian*, extends a most cordial welcome to Acadia's new President, Rev. F. W. Patterson, D. D. LL.D. Acadia University, Acadia Academy and Acadia Seminary constitute in the eyes of the churches a unit, one Body. If the University may be thought of as the Head, Acadia Seminary is the Heart, and from the Heart we welcome Dr. Patterson. Nor do we forget that in Scriptural usage the heart includes the memory, the feelings and the imagination. We welcome you then (leaving to the College its function of providing a dry, white, intellectual light) because we remember what you have done.

We construct a fair picture of what is to be, as the New Acadia gradually shapes under your hands. We welcome you because the Heart warms to your fine, genial, Christian personality. Because we know that your Heart as your Head is in the right place, and because we believe you have been sent to Acadia for such a time as this we welcome you.

We pledge our loyalty and devotion to you and our common cause, and ask only that we may be permitted in some real though quiet way to co-operate with you in the task of building the New and the Greater, because the Better, Acadia.

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GREETING.

OUT of the West of shining plain,  
 Of pounding hoof, of waving grain,  
 Of silent trail, of cities' din,  
 Where life's a game which strong men win;  
 Where youth stands free of custom's creed,  
 Where loyalty and honour breed,  
 Afar you heard our call and came,  
 Our President, you came !

Ours is a quiet hill-top place,  
 Of no great height, or width, or space;  
 But ours a sacrificial past,  
 A present hope, a future vast  
 In promise. In your strong right hand  
 We place the keys; content to stand  
 Shoulder to shoulder these to guard,  
 Our President, on guard !

A Sister Institution, we  
 Would greetings bring; right heartily  
 We pledge our faith, our friendship true,  
 Our fealty, our love to you !  
 Then in Acadia's dear name  
 A sister's privilege we claim  
 To bid you welcome, welcome home—  
 Our President, you're home !

A. L. S.

## "EMMA"—JANE AUSTEN.

Emma is the story of English village life. There is nothing exciting or intensely dramatic about it, but it tells of the everyday events of a small community in a manner which no one but Jane Austen could tell, which very few others have even attempted to tell.

In "Love and Freindship" and other early works first published in August, 1922, from the original Mss., by Jane Austin, G. K. Chesterton says in the preface, "'Love and Freindship' with some similar messages in the accompanying fragments, is really a rattling burlesque—all the better fun for being juvenile in the sense of being joyful. Jane Austen was not inflamed or inspired or even moved to be a genius; she simply was a genius."

"Emma Woodhouse, handsome, clever and rich, with a comfortable home and a happy disposition, seemed to unite some of the best blessings in existence; and had lived nearly twenty-one years in the world with very little to distress or vex her".

Who but Jane Austen could describe her thus ?

The author of "Jane Eyre" has said, "She does her business of delineating the surface of the lives of genteel English people curiously well. She ruffles her reader by nothing vehement, disturbs him by nothing profound." This may seem a little harsh and unjust, but in a measure it holds true with Emma; and yet an interest is felt in the story, a wondering of what trifling thing will happen next, so one turns the pages and reads on . . .

Emma was the mistress of Hartfield, for her mother had died while she was very small, and her father, Mr. Woodhouse, was an invalid. But the Woodhouses were the first in consequence in the village of Highbury.

A tragedy had occurred in the life of Emma. Miss Taylor, her governess and true friend for sixteen years, had married. To be sure, Mr. Weston was a very desirable man, and Randall's was only half a mile from them, but "Poor Miss Taylor", interrupted Mr. Woodhouse, sighing. Emma was annoyed. She wished something would happen

to divert her father. She was tired of his remarks about "Poon Miss Taylor".

Her wish was granted. Mr. Knightly entered. He was a man of about thirty-seven or thereabouts, a very intimate friend of the family and also connected with it, being the elder brother of Isabella's husband. Isabella was Emma's elder sister. Mr. Woodhouse is glad to see him. They talk of everything from the wedding of that morning to the weather.

Emma had lost a friend in Miss Taylor, but she soon found one again in Harriet Smith, a little nobody, who was a boarder in a school. Harriet was about eighteen, a colorless, vacuous creature, who seemed to have no backbone or will of her own. Personally, I have no patience with Harriet Smith, but Emma chose her because she liked to domineer over persons. To be sure there was Jane Fairfax, the accomplished and talented niece of the voluble Miss Bates, who often visited her and her aged mother for long intervals. "But", thought Emma, "she is *so* reserved. There is safety in reserve, but one cannot love a reserved person."

Then Emma hit upon a fine plan. She would make a match between Harriet and Mr. Elton, the handsome young vicar. He had been visiting the house very often of late and Harriet must be the attraction, she thought. She endeavored to do everything in her power to help them along, even confiding her views to the blushing Harriet (when prospects seemed most bright). But alas, to her utter shame, Mr. Elton proposed not to Harriet, but to herself. All her air-castles for Harriet were shattered. She cruelly turned the young hopeful down, but Harriet was heart-broken.

Imagine her consternation when Mr. Elton, on returning from a month's visit in a neighboring town, brought back a new Mrs. Elton, a common person ! But Highbury was elated. Emma thought he couldn't have broken his heart over *her* anyway; but she could never forgive him for his treatment of Harriet.

All interest in the Eltons soon palled, however, before the arrival of Frank Churchill. He was the son of the Mr.

Weston who had married Miss Taylor, and had been adopted after the early death of his mother by his rich relatives, the Churchills. A dashing, gay young fellow he was, of about twenty-four or five. Here, thought Emma, would be something diverting, to say the least. They formed a firm friendship and had many gay times together in his short visit. The day of his leaving he seemed to want to say something serious. "He is not in love with me, I hope," thought Emma, "I never thought of such a thing. I am glad he is going away. He will soon forget".

And in the meantime Mr. Knightly looked on in a disapproving way. It annoyed Emma. What right had he to dictate to her as though she were a child? She remembered how she used to stamp her foot at him when she was little, and tell him she *would* do a thing. She felt like that now.

There were parties and picnics and balls. One night at a ball she was enjoying herself finely with Frank Churchill, who had come especially for it, but she was annoyed to think that Mr. Knightly would not dance. She looked him over. There he stood, tall, handsome, and young-looking, among the older men. Yet now he was frowning and looked thoughtful. She had always liked Mr. Knightly, he was a pretty good sort for an old person, she thought, though of course, not to be compared with gay young Frank. Then she saw him ask Harriet for a dance. That was better, thought Emma, but, when Harriet later confessed that she had transferred her affection from Mr. Elton to Mr. Knightly, "it darted through Emma's mind with the speed of an arrow, that Mr. Knightly must marry no one but herself".

Emma decides to give Harriet her chance: but Mr. Knightly tells her he has been waiting for her, his Emma, all these years, waiting till she grew up. Frank Churchill confesses that he and Jane Fairfax have been engaged nearly a year, and it is this fact that he had almost confessed to Emma. Harriet married a former admirer, and was very happy.

Then Emma and Mr. Knightly were married and they must have been very happy, for who could have wanted a gayer, more capricious little wife than Emma, or a more

handsome, distinguished-looking and dignified husband than Mr. Knightly.

GRACE PERRY, '24.

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### THE ANGORA CAT.

The Professor of English at Ferndale University had announced that all his students must read "The Angora Cat", by the first of the month.

The boys had, at the beginning of the term, decided to outshine the girls. When this announcement was made a gloom fell over the room. What boy wanted to stay in to read about "The Angora Cat" on these lovely evenings just suited to baseball and "roaming in the gloaming"? The college bell sounded and the class was dismissed. The boys left the room and went out into the lovely April morning. A faint cloud, a very faint cloud, indeed, obscured their horizon—it spelled in fast receding lines,—“The Angora Cat”.

May day was a glorious one. Merry laughter filled the air; no one felt in the mood to study.

“What a wonderful day for a picnic,” remarked one of the girls. Immediately all began discussing a college picnic. But the would-be-picnickers were brought back to the earth by Bob McLean, who had just come in—“I say, boys, this is the first of the month and I never once thought of that book in the library”.

With that the boys made what is known in college parlance as a “Library Rush”. All were suddenly eager to see that neglected tome before class time; but just as they had discovered it the bell rang and they had to hasten back to class.

For a few minutes all went well and the culprits were beginning to think that their professor had forgotten all about that worrisome book, when their dreams were shattered by the matter-of-fact utterance: “I suppose you have all read “The Angora Cat”.

Four girls rose with one accord and gave excuses. They were requested to report after class.

“Now, Mr. McLean will give us an account of the book”.

Calling all his reserve imagination to the front, Bob rose slowly to his feet and began nervously, "The Angora Cat", by A. Writer, was written for those interested in such animals. In this book is described the—"

"That is enough—Mr. Murray please".

Thinking that Bob had gleaned some knowledge of the book and feeling confident that he could enlarge upon it, Murray began.

"This book was—er—written for those interested in such animals. It describes the habits and food of the Angora cat. It also goes into—"

"Mr. McLeod, next".

Mack, remembering that he had once read a book about a dog, and thinking that a book about a cat might have a similar outline, continued the story glibly—

"The book gives minute descriptions as to the fur of the cat, seasons of the year the fur changes and also the length of the fur"—

For ten minutes, or more, the master listened to the story as enlarged upon first by one and then another, and then called on the one girl who had not given an excuse.

Geraldine rose timidly, her voice anything but steady.

"The Angora Cat", by A. Winter", she said, "tells us about the experiences of a young college girl"—she paused to regain her composure.

A paralyzing silence held everyone spellbound, broken finally by the voice of the master, "Gentlemen, it is not wise always to judge a book by its title".

E. M. MOIR, A. L. S., '23.

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### NOTRE HORLOGE.

It was Saturday morning in the Sem, and Notre Horloge was having her daily bath,—in fact, a rather greasy bath of liquid veneer or O'Cedar polish. As the operations began, Notre Horloge became self-interested.

"Dear me, I wonder if I have as good a polish on as

usual? I've tried my best to cultivate polish. And my face,—is it clean? I do carry my age well, don't I? That new paint hides my wrinkles to perfection, and no one could possibly detect that scar—the only souvenir of that terrible accident. But my face is too shiny in spots. Alas, and alack, I fear Angelique will never learn how my facial dressings should be applied! And, pray, look at these hands of mine—absolutely disgraceful! I shall see that Ma Bonne takes a course in manicuring. Oh, dear, I feel that I need a gargle. My throat is so dry that I can scarcely make myself heard, but I don't seem to be able to make Angelique understand. Even at that, I begin to look more presentable as her work proceeds. I should really appear at my best on Reception day. It is time to strike four!”

“Here they come. They come in all sizes, shapes, and colors. Why, hello, who's this? If it isn't J-m C——n. I bet I could announce him a great deal more quickly than that maid, and much more to the satisfaction of the girl waiting en haut”.

“But here's somebody else—that boy who never wears a cap (not the one from the Academy, but from College). Oh, what's his name? I'm sure it begins with “S”, but I can't think of the rest of it”.

“What a pair! That American—Don somebody from the Academy, and that tall Freshman they call “Su”, or “Soup”, or something to that effect—anyway the one who's cultivating a misplaced eyebrow”.

“Why, it's nearly four-thirty and only four guests! Just look at those poor love-sick faces peering out the doors and windows. Why do boys—

“Well, who's this? If it isn't Jim—Jim—Oh, Jim somebody. He's a Freshman, and he comes up here every Saturday—except when there's rink—to call on a Junior. I guess my memory's failing me, but I can't think of his last name.”

“And here at last are these two brothers (at least I think they're brothers) who come to call on two Seniors who room together. One of them has a name like “Collins”, or “Oxford”, the name of some dictionary, anyway. It may be

“Webster”, for all I know. I wonder what’s wrong with them today. Generally they’re the first to arrive and the last to depart.”

“Ah, here’s the new Premier. There certainly can’t be any rink today. And the Speaker is with him. They must have come in to discuss ‘Woman’s Place in Politics’. There are two others with them—Juniors, I believe. One is ‘Rhod’—something-or-other, and the other is some Clark boy who plays hockey and football they say.”

“It’s four-forty-five already, and this seems to be all who are coming. What a jolly party they will have ! I may as well start my good work now. They’re supposed to leave at five-thirty, but that is absolutely too soon, and so I’ll just lose a little time and make it five-forty-five. Nobody ever thinks I’m anything but right, and, anyway, I didn’t get my nightly dose last night, so that can be my excuse. The only really *good time* I have anyway, is on a Saturday afternoon.

GERTRUDE VAIL, '24.

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### A SKATING PARTY.

The Junior English Class of Acadia Seminary greatly enjoyed a skating party on Wednesday, January 31st, given by Mrs. Brady, mother of Mary Brady, a member of the class.

At four o’clock the class met at Mrs. Brady’s home and then proceeded to the rink, where, the ice being in splendid condition, they had a very enjoyable time. On their return, delicious refreshments were served, and a happy time spent together.

Mrs. Brady’s kindness was greatly appreciated by the members of the Class of '24.

## ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

WELCOME ! PRESIDENT PATTERSON.

A very cordial welcome is extended to the new President by the faculty and students of *Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy*. As the *President of Acadia University* Dr. F. W. Patterson will also have an oversight of the two affiliated institutions, the Academy and the Seminary.

A very close relation has existed between the Academy and the University since the establishment of the latter. Professors have served on the teaching staff of both institutions. A large proportion of college students have entered their college career by the Academy route. In many cases students have taken courses in both Academy and University simultaneously. In the athletic field Academy and College students are one in sorrow or rejoicing whenever Acadia is in defeat or victory.

The Academy therefore joins with College and Seminary students and with the loyal Alumni throughout the land in greeting President Patterson as our new chief, and pledging our hearty co-operation in making the period of his presidency a time of the highest prosperity in the history of Acadia.

MAKE YOUR CONTRIBUTION.

Cads, what about a contribution to the Academy section of the *Acadia Athenæum*? Have you ever considered composing a piece of poetry or writing a short story? Here are eight or ten pages allotted for our use, it requires material to fill them. You, who are possessed with such a great imagination, and there are many, write a short story and help out the literary end of the school life; you, who are so full of music, that Xmas seems ever with us, find an outlet in poetic writings. When you enjoy a good joke, share it with others, jot it down and have it placed in the *Athenæum*.

A little time spent in this manner will not only stimulate and nourish the literary end of the school life, but you yourself will be greatly benefited.

Send in your contribution for the next issue, let's make the Academy Section a success.

Many of the boys attended the lecture on Philosophy of Education recently delivered by Sir Henry Newbolt in the Baptist church.

The Academy attended in a body the inauguration service of Dr. F. W. Patterson, in the Baptist Church, Thursday, February 15th, and in the evening were guests at the reception tendered President Patterson in the memorial gymnasium.

The boys speak very highly of the efficient service rendered the Academy students by Miss Marguerite DeWitt, of the Westwood Hospital staff, during the recent epidemic of "flu".

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### SENIOR SLEIGH DRIVE.

In spite of unfavorable weather conditions, some twenty or more of the Senior Class turned out for the annual Senior sleigh drive. Four of the class, owing to the sled being full, obtained a one-horse-power rig from the local stable, and with "Bomb" shifting gears, arrived in Kentville not far behind their classmates. Some, having taken along their skates, departed for the rink, where, as afterwards related, they fell easy victims to the charms of the Kentville made-moiselles; while others enjoyed a show at one of the Kentville theatres. Before the return home, an enjoyable feed was set before the crowd at the "Green Lantern"; Mr. H. V. Corkum, teacher of English, accompanied the party.

Stified yawns and nodding heads in class the following day, proclaimed it "The morning after the night before."

Nickerson—"Are you nearly ready Charlie?"

Blakney—"Just wait until I brush my hair!"

Dr. Archibald—(In History class: telling of a certain man in Kentville who sold German marks)—“Well, I have forgotten his name—is Mr. Peters here?”

Pete—“Yes, sir”.

Dr. Archibald—“Can you tell us, Mr. Peters?”

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### HOCKEY.

Sadly handicapped by lack of material to choose from, the Academy hockey team has turned in a good brand of hockey. Altho lacking combination play and being weak shots, the forwards are fast and hard workers, while the defense always proves a source of strength to the team.

Playing its first game with the Freshmen the Academy won its first victory by a 4—1 score; later the Freshmen evened matters to some extent, by a win of 3—1.

The Sophomores proved easy victims and went down to defeat by a 9—0 score. Later a mixture of Freshmen-Sophs, played a practise game with the Cads and were defeated, 7—4.

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A. C. A., 5; K. C. S., 3.

One of the most important games and one which could be thoroughly enjoyed by all, participants as well as spectators, was the first game with King's Collegiate School, played in Evangeline Rink on Saturday, February 3rd.

The ice was in ideal condition and the spirit of hockey was in the air; probably some of this spirit being due to the many Sems., who, from the side lines, supported the Cads and vistiors in such a generous way. The games proved to be one of those which was “still to be won” up to the sound of the last gong. K. C. S. took the aggressive and early found the net for the first tally, which was evened up soon after by Jenkins. Before the sound of the first bell K.C.S. again scored, the period ending 2—1. The second period

was fast, K.C.S. being determined to hold their lead, while A.C.A. decided otherwise. King's scored again and with a 3—1 score their margin looked good. In the next ten minutes Jenkins, by clever stick-handling and speed netted two tallies for the Cads, while Johnson, his partner on the defense line, placed the Academy in the lead by a 4—3 score. The last period was fast and while K.C.S. played good hockey the Cads, now on their mettle, were not to be stopped and again the rubber disc found the K.C.S. net for the 5th count, Chapman making this contribution. Just before the final bell, Johnson again scored from a wing shot, but the whistle announced an off-side goal and the game ended 5—3. Mr. H. Morrison handled the whistle in a satisfactory manner.

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A. C. A., 6; K. C. S., 3.

Playing on strange ice, amid the uproar of K.C.S. voices already proclaiming victory, A.C.A. faced off with K.C.S. in the Windsor rink on Thursday evening, February 8th, and played without doubt the best game the team has participated in this year.

The first period ended 1—1, the first notch for A.C.A. being made by Himmelman playing right wing. In the second period A.C.A. rushed from the sound of the whistle and things began to happen—the work of the forwards was of first-class. Himmelman (known as the Dutchman) that night the Flying Dutchman, jammed into the boards by his heavier opponent, always came back with a bound and during this period found the net twice, making the score 3—1 in the Cads' favor. Soon after Johnson scored in a rush and the 4—1 score looked good. The game was by no means won for now K.C.S. settled into a steady stride and before the gong sounded had added two counts to their 1, leaving the score 4—3. With a margin of 1 and determination to win the Cads entered the last period to uphold the honor of the blue and red. This period was rough; sticks snapped like matches, while from the side lines the King's supporters

kept up an incessant cheer. Playing now at their best, A.C.A. stepped on the gas, and Phillips, playing hockey like a professional, sagged the net for the 5th tally. Shortly after Chipman, playing his usual fine game at centre, made the 6th count. Again and again King's tried to score, but even when passing the forward line the A.C.A. defence kept them from bothering the Cads goalie. The game ended 6—3.

The Cads were jubilant and their joy was greatly increased when they learned later that Acadia had won from Mt. A.; it was indeed an Acadia day.

Dr. W. L. Archibald accompanied the party.

Windsor Academy on Saturday, February 10th, at Wolfville defeated the Academy team by a 6—1 score. Superior combination play was a great asset in Windsor's victory. The Cads put up a good game, but the Windsor team, all veterans, were too much for their opponents.

On completing the Academy notes, we learn that the Academy team has another victory to its credit, having again defeated the Freshmen in a recent game by a 4—2 score.

Last year the Academy team was not permitted to enter the Inter-class League, we trust that if there is such a rule existing now that it shall be removed, and the name of the Academy placed on the list of the competitors for the Hockey trophy.

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### TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou great and mighty being,  
 That makes the shores and mankind sing,  
 That stirs our thoughts, our hearts, and  
 Puts deep awe of God in man,  
     Roll on.

Thou rulest with a mighty sweep,  
 Thy secrets thou wilt ever keep,  
 And o'er the ground, which thou hast won,  
 Thou dost as if in joy and fun,  
     Roll on.

Tho' men have tried with greatest skill  
 To curb thy power, and break thy will,  
 Thou'lt soothe or toss them in thy wrath,  
 And still in thy unbeaten path  
 Roll on.

Tho' years may come and years may go,  
 Tho' winds blow high and winds blow low,  
 Yet always just as now 'twill be  
 Thou wilt unto eternity  
 Roll on.

P. E. M., A. C. A., '23.

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#### SEEN FROM THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING.

It was a beautiful, balmy morning in the latter part of May, 1919; one of those mornings so refreshing that one feels as if the sphere in which he lives is far too small.

I was aimlessly strolling along Broadway, near Cortlandt Street, gazing upward at the great structure known as the Woolworth Building. Suddenly came the thought that the view from that balcony seven hundred and ninety-two feet above the street, would be a sight long to be remembered.

Determining to put the idea into effect if possible, I entered the building, inquiring if visitors were permitted to ascend to the top floor. I was directed to a booth, where after registering and paying a fee of fifty cents, I was taken to one of the express elevators. A few seconds with no stops, and we stepped out at the fifty-fourth floor. From there I entered a small round elevator, which carried me to the remaining five stories.

As I stepped out on the balcony, the view that met my eyes was one that would have struck the most unappreciative mind with a feeling of reverence and awe.

Though a native born, loyal Canadian, and true to the core, I could not but wonder at, and admire the sight of the great engineering triumphs that lay before me. The beau-

ties of nature for which Canada is unsurpassed, were almost entirely absent there, but all around me were examples of the most scientifically advanced handiwork of man.

First, to the northwest lay the beautiful River Hudson, winding in and out like a great shining snake, until lost in the distance to the vision of the naked eye. On the west side were the majestic Palisades, rising abruptly from the water to a height of two or three hundred feet, and giving one the impression of sentinels, placed there to guard forever that great road of commerce.

The other side can best be described as a busy hive of human industry, with its countless factories and mills, and myriads of columns of black coal smoke, rolling and curling upward toward the sky. As the eye wanders toward the mouth, the river becomes thickly dotted with ships of all sizes, from small pleasure yachts to giant ocean greyhounds. At the mouth, on the farther shore, lay Jersey City, appearing as a vast collection of black-topped boxes, with just enough fire smouldering beneath them to keep a dense cloud of murky smoke above. Beyond that and clear to the horizon, one city seemed to merge into another smaller one.

Then my gaze wandered around, past Ellis Island, and the Statue of Liberty, to the East River and the five enormous bridges that span it.

Then to Brooklyn and Manhattan itself, which appeared as a forest of gigantic sky-scrapers, the nation's commercial centre; and as far north as I could see, naught but this forest of lofty buildings of all kinds, the Mecca of pleasure seekers, adventurers, and criminals from all parts of the land.

Then I looked down on Broadway, the city's busiest and gayest street, aptly named "the Great White Way". Yet for all the bustle and excitement below, not the slightest sound came up to me. It was as calm there as on a mountain top. The men on the sidewalk were as infinitesimal dots, darting hither and thither. Looking down I was inclined to reflect, "What young things men are". Then came the realization that the mighty structure on which I stood had been reared by these young beings, from materials dug

out of the earth in a rude state, purified, shaped, and fastened together in a manner that would make it stand for practically all time. Then a feeling of reverence came over me for the human brain—that God-given boon that has made these things possible.

Once more I gazed all around at that wonderful panorama of completed ideas, then turned to enter the elevator. As I did, my eyes rested for a moment on Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, and its tower, looking down on America's financial centre, seemed to me a hand raised in an appeal to Heaven, that men might not, in the greatness of their achievements, forget the all wise God to Whom tribute must be paid for it all.

C. A. M., ACADEMY, '23.





ON the return of the students after the Christmas vacation both the hockey and basketball teams started in earnest to prepare for their coming intercollegiate contests. And with good results apparently, as the hockey team stands a good chance of winning the Western Section, having defeated Mt. Allison, who took the U.N.B. aggregation into camp in the game at Sackville. The basketball team is showing improvement and will undoubtedly give their opponents a hard fight for the intercollegiate title for the season. The support accorded both teams has shown an improvement over that of last year and it has been needed. The "flu" epidemic did not leave the teams untouched, several of the players having had to take part in the game with Mt. Allison with the handicap of a week's enforced rest.

We note with pleasure the comment on the game in the Mt. Allison Argosy and thank them for their praise of our team. It is statements such as the one found in the column of our contemporary that do much to help along the spirit of co-operation and good fellowship, which is all too often lacking in Intercollegiate matters. The whole game does not lie in the winning but it does lie in the spirit of the teamwork which is fostered among the men, the exchange of ideas and the spirit of friendly rivalry. The aim of Intercollegiate Athletics should be, not winning but working, and working together that the common interests of all should be bettered.

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#### HOCKEY.

N. S. TECH., 10; ACADIA, 4.

The Nova Scotia Technical College defeated Acadia in the latter's first game of the season in Wolfville, on January

12th. The ice was in excellent condition and the play was fast and not as one-sided as the score would indicate. Dunn, Winter and Elliott starred for the visitors, while Clarke, Morrison and Hirtle were probable the best on the Acadia team. The playing throughout was marked by brilliant individual work, but was lacking in the combination usually seen. This was no doubt due to the fact that neither team had had an opportunity to try out otherwise than in practice.

KINGS, 6; ACADIA, 0.

On January 18th Acadia journeyed to Windsor to meet King's for their second game of the season. The splendid work of the King's goal, Smith, was responsible to a large extent for Acadia's defeat, as they at all times looked dangerous. The play during the first period went from end to end, with King's doing the scoring. The play was very fast and both goalies were given many shots to stop. The score was 3—0 in favor of King's at the end of this period. During the second period the excitement was intense, with the Acadia men pressing hard but unable to get anything by Smith. King's confined themselves to defensive play, but managed to slip one more past Elderkin. The play did not slacken during the third period and although Acadia had the advantage in territory she was unable to score, while King's added two tallies. The game ended 6—0 in favor of King's.

MIDDLETON, 6; ACADIA, 8.

On heavy ice and before less than 200 spectators Acadia defeated Middleton in the latter's rink on January —. Acadia obtained the lead from the face-off and were able to hold it during the entire game. The teams were evenly matched and the play at all times was very even, with the College getting the breaks. The last period was marked by heavy and accurate shooting, Middleton netting three and Acadia four.

KENTVILLE, 9; ACADIA, 2.

In their second game on the Valley trip the Acadia team met defeat at the hands of Kentville. Almost from the

face-off Hirtle scored for the College team and things looked good to the crowd of students who had journeyed to the neighboring town. The advantage did not last long, however, as Kentville by the end of the period had netted four scores. In the second the same thing occurred, Kentville scoring four more. In the third period play tightened up, however, and the teams were only able to gather in one each, with the territory in favor of Acadia for the greater part of the game.

MT. ALLISON, 4; ACADIA, 5.

In an overtime contest Acadia took their opponents from New Brunswick into camp. Both teams played well to a man, with Appleby, the Allisonian goal, starring for the visitors and Hirtle for the Acadians. During the first period Mt. A. succeeded in getting past Wright for three tallies, but it was only the spectacular work of Appleby that kept the home team from more than evening matters up. There was little combination displayed by either team, but the brilliant individual rushes kept the rooters on their feet during the whole period. In the second period, in spite of the splendid offensive game of Acadia's men they were only able to score in the last minutes of play, while from a face-off Mt. A. scored another. The period ended with the score 4—1 in favor of the visiting team, but with Acadia pressing hard and only held back by the phenomenal work of Captain Appleby in goal. The third period started off with a rush, with Acadia showing the way. The old come-back was not lacking and three goals were scored in rapid succession, tying the score and sending the rooters wild with enthusiasm. After a consultation it was decided that the teams should play off. During the first of the five-minute sessions Morrison, who was travelling under the handicap of a recent injury, scored what proved to be the winning tally. The second period was scoreless, with Mt. Allison fighting desperately but ineffectually to regain the lead.

*Mt. Allison*—Goal, Appleby; defence, Winters, Keith; forwards, Edgett, Glennie, Wry.

*Acadia*—Goal, Wright; defence, Clarke, Murray; forwards, Hirtle, Morrison, Conrad.

Substitutes—Mt. A., Wilson, Claude; Acadia, Blenkhorn, Anthony, MacLeod.

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### BASKETBALL.

ST. GEORGE'S, 22; ACADIA, 22.

On the third of February, Acadia played the St. George's team of Halifax to a tie in the first game of the season. The play was fast and clean throughout, with the Acadia players showing their lack of experience. From the first the play was evenly divided and the first period ended with the score slightly in favor of the visitors, 14—11. In the second period the playing of both teams proved an improvement, with Acadia having the advantage by a slight margin. When the whistle blew the score stood 22—22.



# THE MONTH

*“For still the new transcends the old  
In signs and tokens manifold”.*

—Whittier.

One of the ironies in the fate of each college term is that it is ushered in amid a wave of brightness, yet goes out finally with such a dim flicker during mid-years. The past term was no exception to the rule, slipping away quietly with the last of the exams. Now, however, we have bidden farewell to the old term and turn expectantly to welcome the new one and with it our new President, whose inaugural exercises mark the most important event of our college year. With the new term comes also the customary awakening of social activities and intercollegiate sports, which together justify the warning: “Don’t let your studies interfere with your college course !” To the Seniors, events are taking on an added significance when they realize that this is their last term at their Alma Mater, and all too soon, time will have flown and in its flight borne them away from “the College on the Hill”.

## Y. M. C. A.

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

President—Mr. Spidell, 24.

Vice-President—Mr. Mollins, '25.

Secretary—

Treasurer—

The regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held in Willett Hall club room, Wednesday, January 10. Dr. Wheelock

was the speaker for the evening and he gave us an interesting talk on College Federation. He told us of the schemes which the local committees, in collaboration with the Carnegie commission have evolved. He also described the way Federation would work out for Acadia, but without committing himself as to whether Acadia should or should not adopt the plan.

No other regular meetings have been held since that date, but on Monday evening, February 5th, Mr. Robert Wilder, of New York, general secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave an interesting address. In telling of the Peking conference, he stressed the feeling of fellowship that prevailed, Japanese and Koreans even forgetting their enmity. He spoke of political conditions in China and of the advance of Christianity, but he emphasized the fact that there is still a crying need for missionaries.

#### S. C. A.

On Sunday, January 7, our first regular meeting since the Christmas holidays was held. This meeting was of interest to all, since the delegates to the First National Conference at Toronto gave their reports. Miss Bridges took up the rural and industrial problems in Canada. Miss Black's report dealt with problems arising from the presence of foreigners within our borders, and Miss Crockett reported conditions in other countries as told by the foreign delegates at the conference. The reports were well prepared, and the delegates succeeded in bringing back the spirit of the conference to us.

On Sunday, January 14, the meeting departed a little from the usual form in that it was an open discussion. The question under consideration was "Wherein does rural life fail, and how can it be made more attractive to young people?" This was our first discussion group and those who attended hope it will not be the last.

Owing to exams. services were discontinued on the next two Sundays. On February 4, however, Miss White gave us a very helpful talk. By means of a few direct questions, she

made us think seriously of our opportunity here at College and of the way in which we were availing ourselves of them. Carol Chipman, '25, favored us with a solo.

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The February meeting of the Dramatic Society was held in Tully Tavern club room on the evening of Saturday, February 10. After the business meeting came the program, which, with the exception of the first number, was in the hands of the

Seminary teachers:

- Piano Solo .....  
Ethel Norton.
- Vocal Solo—"My Birthday".....Woodman  
Miss N. Gifford.
- Violin Solo—"Ave Maria" .....Schubert  
Miss White.
- Reading—"The Woman in the Case"  
Miss Pearl Griffith.

All these numbers were splendid, and were greatly enjoyed. After the program (since it's Acadia) "Tucker" was played. Refreshments and college songs brought to a close one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year.

### PROPYLAEUM.

On Monday, January 22, a meeting of Propylaeum Society was called for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term. The following were chosen:

- President—Edith Davison, '23.  
Vice-President—Gwen. Belyea, '24.  
Secretary-Treasurer—Inga Vogler, '25.  
Teller—Laura Duncanson, '26.

The Intercollegiate debate this year is between Dal. and Acadia, and takes place in Halifax some time in March—

the exact date has not yet been decided. The resolution reads as follows: "Resolved, that to secure industrial peace in Canada voluntary methods of conciliation, arbitration and mediation are preferable to any form of compulsory legislation for settlement of trade disputes." Acadia supports the negative and Dalhousie the affirmative. Misses Bowlby (leader), Walker and Archibald make up our debating team, and we wish them the best of luck.

### CLASS ACTIVITIES.

#### THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR SLEIGH DRIVES.

The Seniors and Juniors evidently experienced similar reactions to exams., for both classes decided to forget their troubles of the preceding two weeks by having a good, old sleigh drive on Saturday night, January 27th. The weather man favored the parties concerned with a wonderful evening, so about seven o'clock the four teams jingled away from Tully, leaving behind echoes of Cuttalima and Ickarika. On arriving in Kentville the two classes went immediately to the rink, where the Kentville-Acadia game was in progress. The game resulted in a victory for Kentville, but were we downhearted? No! After the game the Seniors went to the Green Lantern for refreshments before they started on the home run. The Juniors, however, took to the road again and had their refreshments at the Tea-room in Wolfville. Dr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Prof. Rogers and Miss Johnson chaperoned the Seniors, while Dr. and Mrs. DeWitt, Prof. Ramsay and Dr. Rhodenizer chaperoned the class of '24.

On the night of Wednesday, January 31st, the Senior Girls gathered in the Tully Tavern Club room, where a party was given in honor of Ruth Hennigar '23 who having completed her course here is leaving for home. After the refreshments which consisted of sandwiches and coffee, apple pie and ice-cream, a very pleasant time was spent around the fire talking of old times.

#### SOPHOMORE SLEIGH-DRIVE

The Sophomohes report exceptionally good time at their sleigh-drive on Friday, Feb. 9th. They left Wolfville at six

o'clock with a promptness on the part of sleighs and girls hitherto unheard of in the annals of Acadia. The entire show in Kentville was taken in and the drive both ways was most completely filled with merrymaking. The Wolfville Tea-Room served them on their return with eats such as can be found only there. At 11.55 the party broke up giving the class yell in front of Tully. Miss Johnson and Professor Rogers were the chaperons for the evening.

### ENGINEERS' PARTY

The annual Engineers' party this year took the form of a 'Slide' at Evangeline Rink. The 'Slide' was scheduled to begin at eight o'clock, but showing true college spirit it was postponed till eight-thirty on account of the Acadia — St. George basket-ball game. The College Band was in attendance at the rink, and, though a number of the members were not there, from all reports it was one of the best bands of the season. There were nine bands in all, but the topic cards did not put in appearance until the party was at "The Palms" when a young gentleman pulled out of his pocket what he thot was a package of cigarettes. Lo! There were the topic cards, lobster salad, bread and butter, cake and coffee made up the eats. It must be added that this is the first class function this year to get in on time. Miss Chisholm and Prof. Rogers were the chaperones.

### FRESHMAN SLEIGH-DRIVE

"Won't the teams ever come!" you might have heard any member of the Freshman class exclaim about seven o'clock on Jan. 6th. At last they came, three of them, and the scramble began, but suddenly activities ceased. Someone had remembered that permission had not been obtained. A frantic dash was made for the phone and the mistake was remedied, so the party soon started after this slight interruption. On arriving in Kentville, the Freshies were guided to the movies. After that they returned to Wolfville and enjoyed 'eats' at "The Palms."

The new class officers for the following term are:—

*Seniors—*

Pres.—R. D. H. Wigmore  
 Vice-Pres.—Marjorie Fitzpatrick  
 Treas.—F. V. Anthony  
 Sec.—Helena Miller.

*Juniors—*

Pres.—J. G. McLeod.  
 Vice-Pres.—E. Louise Morse  
 Treas.—C. V. Marshall  
 Sec.—Mary Lawrence

*Sophomores—*

Pres.—R. A. Thorne  
 Vice-Pres.—Helen Dimock.  
 Treas.—E. W. McLeod  
 Sec.—Edith Illsley

*Freshmen—*

Pres.—W. F. Forgey  
 Vice-Pres.—Laura Duncanson  
 Treas.—Hugh Peel  
 Sec.—Kathlyn McLean

*Engineers—*

Pres.—G. G. Reed  
 Sec.—G. W. Lusby  
 Treas.—Wilson Brownell

LECTURES.

Miss Chesley was in town Friday, Jan. 19th, and she kindly gave a short address in the Tully Taven Club room.

The subject of her talk was "Peace." She called our attention to the extravagance and futility of war, and she said that if we could only get the right attitude toward international relationships, we could do a great deal after our college days are over in turning public opinion against war. Miss Chesley is a graduate of the London School of Economics.

Sir Henry Newbolt, a noted English poet and educationist who is visiting Canada in the interests of education, gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "Poetry and Patriotism." Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the evening was when the poet read some of his own poems. Sir Henry showed himself to be a true poet and everyone admired the feeling and expression with which he read his poems. Judging from the applause, the audience would have listened to many more had he had time to read them.

#### THEOLOGICAL CLUB NOTES

We began the term as usual by electing the new officers. The election which took place on the evening of January 12th, resulted as follows:

President—Mr. Blesedell.

Vice-President—Mr. H. Spinney.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. Freeman Currie.

Chairman Devotional Committee—Mr. Morton.

This being the night set apart for the election, there was no regular speaker, the members enjoying a social sing.

All things give place to those very important happenings of the year which usually occur about this time,—the examinations, so the meetings of the Club were suspended for the duration of the examinations.

Our next meeting was addressed by our retiring president, Mr. A. A. MacLeod, who spoke to us in his characteristic inspiring manner on the subject of "Selfishness."

Our president, Mr. Blesedell, brought us a very stirring and thoughtful message on the evening of February 9th. We feel very glad to have for the leader of the Club a man of the ability and devotion of Mr. Blesedell.

God is continually reminding us of the proximity of Death even in the days when we least expect it. Again we are called upon to witness this in the departure of one of our members of last year, Joseph Pyne. For seven years our late brother worked at Acadia to prepare himself for this great calling of the ministry, and graduated only last year. Many of us knew Mr. Pyne, not only as a student of Acadia but also as a student preacher, and to those who knew him the loss is very evident. God has indeed taken to Himself a man of remarkable devotion and inspiring Christian influence, and has left for us the responsibility of carrying on his work. At a special meeting called on February 8th, we appointed Mr. A. A. MacLeod to represent us at the funeral of the late brother and to carry our condolence to the bereaved.

We are satisfied that those who come to the meetings receive some strength to carry them through the days of work and pleasure, but we are sorry that more cannot seem to be able to avail themselves of this opportunity of meeting those whose interests and problems are the same as their own. We are students among students, and we wish to be considered as such, but we are also a band of men preparing for the same calling, and we feel that there is much to be gained by keeping in touch with each other through the medium of these meetings. Some of us do not know our fellow members, and we want to know them. Let us realize that the meetings are our privileges.



'76—The death of Rev. E. W. Kelly took place recently in Burma.

'84—We regret to record the death of Rev. Mark B. Shaw.

'85—Lt.-Col. S. L. Walker, C. A. M. C., has recently been appointed Acting Commissioner of the Nova Scotia division, Canadian Red Cross Society. Col. Walker enjoys the distinction of being the oldest Acadia graduate who enlisted for overseas service.

'89—Mr. J. Howe Cox, of Cambridge, N. S., has recently been appointed President of Kings County Liberal Association.

'93—Miss Annie M. McLean has recently published a new book "Our Neighbors."

'94—Dr. P. B. Eaton, one of our medical missionaries in India has been transferred from Sompeh to Akidu.

'94—A Murray has recently moved to Cornwall, Ont.

'94—Rev. Lew Wallace has accepted a call to George Street Baptist Church, Fredericton.

'95—Rev. R. E. Gullison is chairman of Evangelical Campaign in our Canadian Baptist Mission in India.

'99—C. F. Crandall has been appointed president and managing director of the British United Press Company.

'10—At Hillsboro, N. B., on January 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Rob Duffy, a son.

'11—Chaplain Frank C. Rideout of the U. S. A. Army Post, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, has been assisting the Independence Avenue Church at Kansas City, M. O. in a series of special meetings.

'16—Miss Charlotte Layton, of Truro, has taken charge of the Y. W. C. A. at Kitchener, Ont.

'16—Miss Mildred Schurman is teaching in Boston during the winter months.

'17—Born at Moncton, on August 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold Price, (nee Beth Addison), a son.

'19—Miss Edith Mann has recently gone to India to take up mission work there.

'19—Miss Helen Starr has been appointed teacher of French at Mary Institute, St. Louis.

'21—John Bishop and Miss Phinney were married at Lawrencetown in August.

'22—Lindsay Thurber and Genevieve Stevens were married at Edmonton on December 25.

'22—We are pleased to note that W. J. Miller has an important position on the staff of the High School at Mazenod, Saskatchewan.

Dr. F. W. Patterson, President of Acadia University, is one of the speakers announced for the thirty-second anniversary of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, to be held in Boston from July 4-8.

Ex. Eng. '23—G. D. Davison is working in the Analytical Department of the St. John Sugar Refinery.



*“Trinity University Review.”*

The editorial page of this magazine is very good, but we think the general appearance of the magazine would be improved by having the advertisements by themselves, and by having the table of contents in a more usual place. We enjoyed especially the story “Jimmy Lasker, Individualist”, since we do not often find on our exchange shelf a good story dealing with a real college situation.

*“McMaster University Monthly.”*

Our chief criticism of this magazine is that it isn't big enough. It needs more of every kind of material. As in the Ubysey we note the revival of the old-new question of “That College Gown.” Will this question and that of hazing ever be settled? We heartily congratulate McMaster on their success in athletics this year.

*“Patches.”*

We always enjoy this magazine, and the November 20th number is no exception. The article “College Spirit, Faugh!” is most readable, perhaps because it is contrary to generally accepted ideas—“Methinks there is much reason in his sayings”—What, after all, is, or *should* be, College spirit?

*"The Oakwood Oracle"*.

The cartoons form the special feature of this magazine. The articles, stories, and poems are good, but perhaps would be better if somewhat longer.

We enjoy especially the Girls' Athletic Department. Does any other college paper record so much interest in baseball on the part of the girls ?

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*"The Gateway"*. . . .

"The Gateway" is an excellent paper of its kind, since all current events in the college world are well reported. The editorials, too, are good, especially the one on "College Spirit" in the January 23 number. One event which seems to us well worth noting, was the Inter-class competition under the auspices of the Dramatic Society. Societies of other colleges could well try to follow your example in this form of entertainment.

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*"Western University Gazette."*

The January 25th issue surely reflects the time in which it is written, for we note great interest in Examinations and Marks, and in Emile Coue. Concerning the former we read carefully (and *sympathetically*) the article "Higher Marks in Exams necessary next year", as well as the editorial on Exams.

Concerning Emile Coue, we gather that the writer of the article on him is somewhat skeptical, but open to conviction. We wonder if that is the general college attitude.

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*"The Sheaf"*.

Other colleges will surely enjoy, as we have, the reports in "The Sheaf" of the interest in the Mock Parliament in the University of Saskatchewan. In the February 1 number we think the editorial on "Balance" is very timely. The proposed constitution for S. R. C. is the great feature of the issue for February 5. We wish the University all success in the very difficult task of organizing the S. R. C. on a permanently satisfactory basis.

“*Dalhousie Gazette*”.

The short article in the January 10 number of the *Gazette* on “How is the Student Judged?” is good, but we think the short editorial of January 24 on the same subject is better. But to say: “If it were possible for the people outside to realize that college students are not a species apart” raises the question “Do college students realize that the people outside are not of a species apart?”. Does it not?

The January 17th number gives a fine report of the Students’ Conference. It seems to us that the conference influence is felt *even* to some of the jokes.

One good point about the “*Gazette*” is that one always hears about Dalhousie events both before and after they happen. We were glad to note that “The Yokohama Maid”, for which we had been prepared, was an unqualified success.

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“*McGill Daily*”.

We are always glad to receive the “*McGill Daily*”. One of the best features of it are the “write-ups” of the various addresses and lectures, which McGill students are privileged to attend. The sport columns, too, are always good. Congratulations on the McGill-’Varsity hockey game!

We would recommend to everyone the article entitled “Universities Criticised by Visitors” in the January 24 issue, since, in our opinion, it well expresses the criticism of our North American Universities, which so many great educators are making, and about which all college students would do well to think.

Our Co-eds have naturally been much interested in the “Pink Issue” of February 2, especially in the editorial, “*McGill Students*”. We congratulate R. V. C. on this fine number.

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“*Minnesota Techno-Log*”.

This magazine, though it is perhaps a bit too purely scientific in interest to appeal to all of our college body, is very well planned, and has an excellent editorial page. The many illustrations, however, give the paper an appeal to

those among us who know Physics and Chemistry. We like the prominence given in the January 1923 number to the achievements of two of your graduates. Undergrads have, as a rule, far too little knowledge and interest in the success of alumni of their college.

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*"New Brunswickian"*.

The literary department in the December, 1922, number is very good. More poetry and a few scientific articles would, we think, be an improvement in the magazine.

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*"Vox Collegiensis"*.

The Christmas, 1922, number is made attractive by the illustrations, and by the excellent headings for the various departments, especially for the sport news. This magazine seems to be the only one to feature interest in rowing. Are there no other schools where this sport is practicable?

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*"Managra"*, January, 1923.

The January number of "Managra" is a very attractive one. The poem "The Long Trail", tho not expressing an entirely new idea, is the best we find on our Exchange shelf, and is well worth careful reading. We would like to see some stories in "Managra", and, judging from the excellence of the articles "Sidelights on the B. S. A. degree", and "Facts and Fiction", you should be able to find good literary talent among your contributors.

---

*"Ubysey"*.

We were struck with an editorial in the January 11 issue, regarding the new system of publication of marks, that it would prevent students from studying in Christmas holidays on subjects on which they have been proven weak. If any U. B. C. students have invented a system for studying in holidays we wish they would publish it for the benefit of the Eastern colleges.

Since Dr. Herbert Gray is coming to us soon, we have been much interested to note the reports of his lecture in the January 18 number.

There was a very pertinent remark in the January 25 issue regarding your President's findings on student government in another university. "The forms of self-government are highly developed, but it was most disappointing to find that the students have lost all interest in it". We wonder if this is becoming increasingly true.

---

*"Maritime Students' Agriculturalist"*.

Everything in this paper reflects the purpose of the college in which it is written. "General farming vs. Special Farming in Maritime Provinces", was a very good up-to-date subject for debate in N. S. A. C., where all the speakers, doubtless, knew "whereof they spoke". We recommend to everyone the very good article on "Educational Extension".

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*"The Argosy Weekly"*.

This is a very live little paper about what is going on in Mt. A. A good feature of the February 3 issue is "The Class of '20".

The Literary number of "The Argosy" is a magazine of superior merit. Of especial interest just at present is the article by Dr. George J. Trueman on "School and College Tests". Altho all the articles are excellent, and on modern problems, would it not be better if the students themselves were to write all contributions to the "Argosy"? True, they would probably not be so good, but would they not be more truly representative of present Mt. A. undergraduates? But perhaps we differ with you on what the function of a college paper should be.

---

*"King's College Record"*.

The very good article in the October-November number on hazing makes us wonder if it would not be possible to have some discussion on this matter during the winter months, when everyone can think more calmly on the sub-

ject. We read with interest the article on "Common Ancestry". We think the writer weakens his essay by the mixture of science and religion near the close of the article. Should not college people be the first to realize that Evolution and religion are dealing with entirely different matters? Failure to realize this gives us a William Jennings Bryan on the one hand, and the rank mechanist on the other.

We congratulate King's on the excellent prospects for a good year in the college societies.



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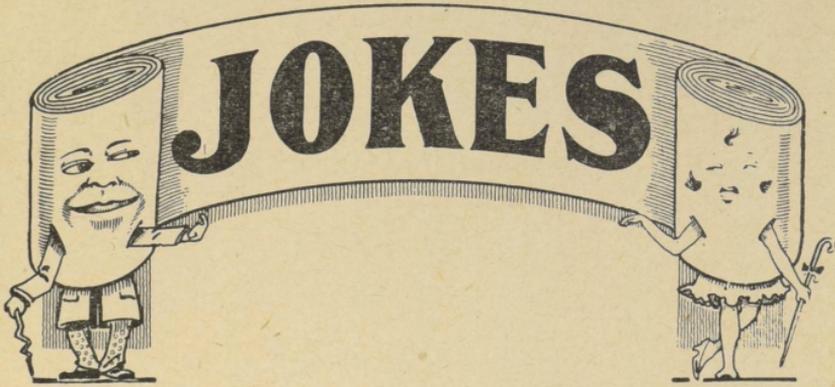
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B-ck-rst-ff, '26—"Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?"

Saturday, '26—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the fox trot?"

Camp, '23—"Gambling is a bad habit. Why don't you break yourself of it?"

Brownell, '23—"I've come within a few cents of breaking myself several times".

Vivian, '23—"Something always happens to the good Theologues".

B. I-n-s, '23—"Oh dear! I see my finish".

1st Co-ed—"Who is that strange man at the table sitting by Pearson?"

2nd Co-ed—"Why, that's Biff Howatt with a collar on."

Morton, '24—(In Psychology Class)—"Say, we haven't the same notes on that".

McLeod, '24—"No? Well, we must have been sleeping at different times".

Alma, '23—"What is an octogenarian?"

Laura, '26—"A man with eight wives".

Prof. Rogers—"Tell me of the Turkish atrocities".  
Smithy, '24—"Don't know, sir. Never smoked 'em".

---

P-rs-ns (In English 8)—"Isn't the expression 'By Jove' rather modern, sir?"

Dr. Rhodenizer—"Who was Jove?"

A-th-ny, '23—"He was an Englishman, wasn't he?"

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Vivian, '23 (rushing to hockey game)—"What's the score?"

Dewey, '23—"Nothing to nothing".

Viv.—"Close game, hey?"

Dewey—"I don't know. It hasn't started yet."

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Brownell, '23—"Oh, I say, why do you wear such abominably high collars, Pearson?"

Pearson, '23—"To rest my jaws after answering your foolish questions".

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Pugs, '24—"Now, without joking, what *is* a Socialist?"

Dora, '24—"A man who is always dividing something he doesn't own."

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Morrison, Eng. '23—"I wish we had but one hour's class a week, Bill".

Rockville, Eng. '23—"Why the one hour, Holly?"

---

Prof. Haley (In Physics Lab.)—"If a body is immersed in water, what will it lose?"

Happy, '24—"It's life if it can't swim."

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Mrs. Weeks—"Have you a hat, boy?"

Soph—"No".

Mrs. Weeks—"Where are your manners? No what?"

Soph—"No hat".

Ede, '23—"I hear Edna is going to be admitted to the Royal Society of Canada".

Helen, '23—"What research work did she do?"

Ede, '23—"She discovered Vivian studying last Tuesday".

---

Bessie Wright, '23 (In Library)—"Here is 'The Last Days of Pompeii'"

Helen, '24—"Is it good? What did he die of?"

Bessie, '23—"I don't know. Some sort of eruption, I guess".

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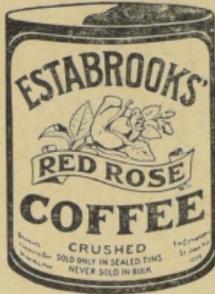
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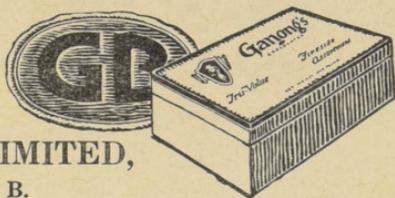
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