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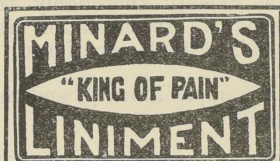
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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. L.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1924.

No. 6.

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—R. W. Ward, Eng. '24, and H. F. Sipprell, '27, (2 units each); F. H. C. Fritz, '26, and Margaret E. Hutchins, '26, (1 unit each).

Articles—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, T. W. Cook, '25.

Stories—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, C. R. Gould, '26.

Humor—(no award).

Science—1st, T. W. Cook, '25; 2nd, Margaret E. Hutchins, '26.

Athletics—1st, E. R. Rafuse, '25; 2nd, J. A. Woodworth, '26.

Month—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, R. A. Thorne, '25.

Exchanges—(No award).

Personals—1st, Margaret E. Hutchins, '26; 2nd, Inga M. Vogler, '25.

Jokes—C. L. Fillmore, '25.

Cartoon—(No award).

Snap—(No award).

Seniors	6 units
Juniors	8 units.
Sophomores	7 units.
Engineers	2 units
Freshmen	2 units.

Pennant to the Juniors.

"IF YOU CAN DREAM"

I sometimes think God was a dreamer, too;
He made this Earth and arched it o'er with blue,
And made all things that creep or fly or swim,
And gave them life and breath which came from Him;
And then created He the God-like man
In His own image to complete His plan.
He must have dreamed it all before the world began.

His thots were oh, so big! He saw it all:—
The valley sheltered safe by mountain wall,
The prairies, and the rivers, and the seas,
The mountain slopes bedecked with verdant trees,
The rain, and hail, and star-like flakes of snow—
He dreamed all this, and more, one time, I know,
When He was lonesome for a world, so long ago.

And in this game of life He made, we come
Out of the past into this world, our home,
And then are moved, or move as it may be
Thru all the game into eternity.
And some are moved in paths bestowed with flowers,
And some move on and leave this world of ours,
Forgotten, as the earth forgets the passing showers.

But there are those who in this game of life
Forget themselves amid the toil and strife,
And tread not paths hewn out by ones before,
And seek not truths already found of yore;
But rather brave the wild, untrodden trail;
To fathom truth, where others fear and pale;
And passing leave to us a faith that cannot fail.

These are the dreamers, these the ones who are
The Master's plan in growing leaf and tree,
Who read a challenge in the mountains high,
Who see the silver lining in the sky.
And so they dream, but not of greed or fame;
And so they dream, but not make dreams their aim;
And so they pass, and throw to us a living flame.

R. W. W., Eng. '24.

THE TRYST

“**A**LSO mebbe you use, live here at Beaubassin in de old days, M’sieu?”

“I was stationed up yonder at the Fort ten years ago, just after Beause’jour fell.” Andrews threw his worn and ice-caked pack down in front of the villagers, and leaned against the wall of one of the houses. This swift, keen, salty air from the Basin invigorated a man like new wine, after the warm humid winds of India. How good it tasted! How good it was to breathe in this glory of the undulating marshes of Tantramar, and the superb beauty of the winding and slow-flowing Missequash.

“Then it is that you hav’ frien’ here by Beaubassin, that you’ll mak’ to visit on thees time of Christmas?”

Old Placide hung at his elbow, fairly throbbing with curiosity. The knot of loungers in their coarse homespun gazed away in lofty indifference, but Andrews knew that every man of them was holding his breath for his reply. He grinned, a bit shamefaced.

“Don’t know a soul in the place,” he retorted, shortly. “Did you say that I could have a room, and something to eat up at your house, Placide? I’ll not stay any longer than to-morrow.”

“But, M’sieu le General——”

“M’sieu le Major,” corrected Andrews, tartly. “Take my pack up to the house, will you? I’m going up to the Fort a while. Nonsense! I know every yard of this neighborhood. I can’t get lost. No, I shan’t be lonesome either.”

He buckled the fur stock round his lean, sun-bronzed throat, and strode briskly away. The group gaped after him, brown carven images of bewilderment.

“Jus’ anoizzer fool,” giggled Placide.

“It’ll be one plague of de fools is fall on thees islan’ sure,” grunted Bellefontaine. “Maybe they’ll think the summer she is come already by here.” He plucked a mammoth icicle hanging from the eaves of his house. “Where’ll all these imbeciles come from? Last nite there be that strang’

leddy, in her dress of fur and de gran' cloak, walking all way crossin' de isthmus jus' for stay here thees one day. Today is arrive this M. le Major, what ain't got no rillation, no frien', no tossing in thees whole village. Tomorrow will come Christmas; we's better mak' hotel and cook big dinner ready. For who kin say how many more fool' is goin' come trottin' up to the Fort by den."

Andrews labored up the winding Fort road. He could all but hear the amused and pitying surmises that followed him; he laughed and swore at himself alternately. What an idiot, what a helpless, sentimental booby he was, to be sure! One week ago he had set foot on Canadian soil for five years. His precious leave would never stretch over half of the duties and pleasures he had planned; yet here he went, squandering three priceless days on an outlawed tryst, vowed these ten years gone. And such a tryst!

Laughter choked him; yet keen, wistful recollections stirred in his heart. Every turn, every vista of this white elfin roadway swung like a mirror of memory before his eyes. The marshes were plains of alabaster; so they had extended, dyke upon dyke of dazzling rime, on that other morning ten years ago today. The trees still bent beneath their spoil of pearls; the frozen harbor and bay was a setting of turquoise, all glowing, blinding blue. Nothing was changed. For all that his eyes might see, the village had lain in its winter sleep, hushed in this white enchantment, through all these far, silent years.

He crossed the deserted parade-ground of the Fort. Here, at last, it was not the same. No smoke curled from the chimneys; the paths from quarters to barracks were buried in drifted snow. A rusty cannon, sleet-coated, leaned like a top-heavy snowman against the porch; the broken carriage made a billowy mound beside it. Andrews shaded his eyes and peered through the grimed panes, then drew back, shivering. How wide and cold and still they were, those empty desolate rooms! This dusty closet had been the colonel's den, a haven of glowing grate and cushioned sleepy-hollows. This boarded cell had been Madame's sitting-room, all heart-some crimson, with its pictures and china and trumpery, its low glittering tea-table, its very perfume of home. Yet it was not the

thought of these dear nooks as he remembered them, warm, cheery, peaceful, that made him sigh and shrink away. This was a place of ghosts. They were all scattered and gone, these kindly men, these gracious women, who had made his boyhood service such a joy. And this, his tryst, was but a tryst of ghosts.

"Margaret would give me up for a lorn loon if she could hear that," he told himself, with a grim laugh at his own foolery. Yet his eyes darkened as he looked toward the western corner of the Fort. In that corner, within one of the earth-works, lay the tomb of the hatchet, the shrine that he had travelled all these miles to see.

They had buried the hatchet together, Margaret and he, that other day before Christmas, ten years ago. He could see her yet, slim, awkward, lovely, as she knelt at the tiny space which he had dug, the rusty hatchet in her hands, her blue-gray eyes aflash, her childish face blushing and sparkling with awed mischief.

"This will be fair sacrilegeous, Norman," she had declared, with the tang of Scotch that made her grave speech irresistible. "And yet it would be sacrilegeouser for us to keep on quarreling the way we used to do, now that we're going to turn over a new leaf and grow up. Pile the earth in now, man."

She laid the hatchet in the narrow bed, then sat back on one of the gunner's seats, her golden head tossed high, her red cloak pulled tight about her shoulders, while he filled in the frozen soil. Together they mounded the soil above it. Then she drew a little bundle from the depths of her cloak, and took a stiff wreath of fern and dried generium, stolen from Madame's window box. She laid it on the little grave, then stood back, with bowed head.

"Good-by, quarrels," she whispered, softer than a sigh.

"Good-by, quarrels! Norman, shame-faced, half-laughing, echoed her low farewell. Then their eyes met; and in that glance this airy whim, this mood of daring nonsense, faded and fell away. For all their childish years, they stood before each other solemnly revealed, man and woman, facing their fate, awed, yet unafraid. Then the man's passion had over-

leaped his shy, boyish reverence, and he had spoken his will, faltering, tender, masterful. Oh the light in those blue-grey eyes as he lifted her face to his!

Norman set his teeth on a groan. It would all have been so different if they had only been married then! But they had waited, year after year, for the promotion which he felt must be his before he could dare to claim her. The waiting could make no difference, he had said, joyously. They loved each other; who could come between?

Only the years had come between. There could be no more desperate barrier. For all their vows and protests, the stately girl whom he had made his wife five years ago was not the blossom-child of that far morning hour. And he himself was not the boy she had loved. They were happy, to be sure—determinedly happy. Life knows no harsher task than the happiness dutiful.

Then the baby came; and before its tiny hands had learned to tighten their slackening links, the little life had slipped away.

Margaret had been patient; all too patient. Norman, his heart wrung for her grief, offered to let her go home to her own people for a year. It was cruel to keep her at that wretched post in India, worn by the heat, fretted by the thousand pin-pricks of the frontier life she so despised. At first she had vowed her conscientious will to stay; then the longing for her mother's comfort had swept her past her resolve.

"I'll come back in the fall, of course," she had declared, when they said good-by. But she did not come back. Her mother was stricken with a lasting illness; her father, bewildered and helpless, leaned on this brave daughter as on a son. They met only at long intervals through the next few years. Finally Norman was promised an appointment with the garrison at Quebec; and while they were planning for a quiet year together there came his summons to another post in India. That was eighteen months ago. And she had not followed him.

There were matters enough to keep her behind, he assured himself, passionately. Her father was lonely and feeble. Her property interests did better when she was on hand to

oversee them. Her friends were legion. Moreover, Margaret was conservative. The shifting scenes of army life made no appeal to her. She loved her own little niche, her own modest pedestal. Decidedly it was not fair for him to ask her to put aside all her tastes and preferences for the uncertain delights of his comradeship.

Yet the man's heart was bruised within him. Throughout these months of separation there had grown up between them a restraint which linked and fretted him; a bar which neither his trust nor devotion could surmount. Margaret could never change, he urged fiercely. She was tired, she was sad; that was all. Yet he knew himself chilled and daunted even in the face of her grave constancy. Sorrow and care had dimmed the memory of their youthful rapture to her eyes, like a mist upon a glass; to him the rosy image was still vivid and most dear. They were out of step; perhaps that was all. And that was all of life.

She would be in Halifax to meet him, so she had written. In twenty days or more they would be together once again. But the knowledge brought only a tempered pleasure, and there was no eagerness in his heart. For there he went, deliberately adding a day to these months apart by the absurd, most pitiful journey; this tryst with the wraith of the girl his wife had been.

He breathed quick when he reached the earthwork. It was all so like that other fairer morning! Only there shone no glint of a golden head, no gleam of a scarlet cloak at the place which marked their trysting ground. He looked about him quietly, with the instinctive reckoning of every point, of every loved detail, which comes unknowingly after long absence. In all these years he saw no rift of change. White and remote as a polar coast lay the land, sloping away beneath his feet in terrace and cleft, till its sparkling rim met the glare of the ice below. Nowhere was there a sign of life. Not even a smoke curl drifted past the wooded barrier which hid the village from his eyes. The silence hung about him as a veil of spun glass, which his last breath might shatter.

He slid his fingers over the side of the rock upright of the entrance of the earthwork till he found the rough initials

he had chiseled there. How Margaret had jeered at his bungling efforts to cut her "M" so accurately that the way-faring man might know it from his own "N" below. Directly in line with the lettering by the grave of the hatchet, drifted today, by quaint coincidence, into the semblance of the mound that her hands had built.

Drifted?

Suddenly he leaned down, staring. His dark face paled curiously; his heart beat in long, choking lunges. That snow was packed, not drifted; it was a tiny cairn, not a wind-swept heap. There lay the mark of a slim hand on its summit; those narrow footprints leading down the slope, so lightly traced on the snow, were not his own.

He drageed himself to his feet; the white hills reeled and swam before his staring eyes.

A woman was coming slowly up the slope. Her black cloak fell in mournful folds from chin to feet, but her wind-blown hair shone gold against the shrouding veil. She did not see him until she had passed the stone guarding the entrance. Then, at his low, awed cry, she looked up, startled, gasping and the two stood face to face.

For the moment neither spoke. They stood as in a trance of wonder. But in a breath there came to both a knowing of the truth. They stared at each other, swiftly comprehending, shamed at their childish whimsey, yet beholding each other as in a new light of miracle—the dear, mysterious light of that far happier day. It was as though they stepped back from their older, sadder world, into that world of dawn. Silently Margaret came to him and put her hands about his neck. He sobbed out as his arms closed around her.

"Norman, man"—he felt, rather than heard, her whispering reproach—"you ought to be on your way to Halifax to meet me this minute. Why did you wait to come up here?"

Norman glanced at the cairn at their feet.

"So we're here, both of us, on this fool's errand?" She looked up at him her eyes alight through the storm of her tears. "For my part I came to meet a boy—a lad I used to

quarrel with—these ten years back. And I found him. What luck had you?"

Norman tried to laugh with her. But his joy was far too royal to wear the mask of mirth. "I've won out, too, Margaret. For I came to look for the girl—the girl you used to be."

"Shall we leave it buried?" she asked him after a while.

Norman answered with a look.

"At least we might pay it a decent reverence," she added, fumbling beneath her cloak. She pulled out a tiny sprig of geranium, begged from a village window. "Do you remember the wreath we made before, when I stole the geraniums from Madame Courteny's window-box, and you teased the gardener for the wire? Oh, Norman, Norman, do you remember—everything?"

She dropped the little wreath on the frosty cone.

"Good-by, quarrels!" she murmured under her breath.

"Good-by, quarrels!"

She turned at the note in her husband's voice. Her whole heart went out in one remorseful, tender cry.

"Oh, Norman, man, did you care? *Could* you care? Can you know how I've longed and thirsted and starved for you?"

"Also, they'll mak' depart', tous les deux, M'sieu le Major an' Madame de strang' leedy in velvet, together, at this moment!" Old Placide hustled into Bellefontaine's cabin like a distracted bombshell. "Regard, vite, vite!"

The crowd scuttled wildly to the window.

"They'll go by Baie Verte for tak' de boat," said Bellefontaine. "He'las, our plague of fool' is mak' leave before Chirstmas is arriv'! It'll ain' goin' be worth while for cook that dinner nor nossing!"

Old Placide blinked after the retreating figures. There was an impish twinkle on his weather-beaten old face. "Who would not be fool?" he queried, gayly. "Behol' how they forget that it is col', how they'll stop for laugh and talk. They've been an' foun' they's Chirstmas up on de Fort Hill togezzer; I'll hear Madame say that she-se'f. Me, I'll tink they is find they's summer up there, too."

J. G. McL., '24.

THE COMING OF APOLLO

O'ER all the silent world, the ebon night
Holds her dark sway, for now, that silver orb
Which doubting mortals call the moon has lost
Herself beneath the vesper verge where, vexed
By silent winds, there looms a cloudy pall.
The drowsy earth now opes expectant eyes
And gazes toward the east to welcome loved
Apollo's wakening gleam with smiles most meet.
But all is dark and still. Beneath yon shade
Of cypress trees that blacker against the black
Sky stand, a great and gloomy gate reflects
Not light but deeper night and, from this port,
There curves on either side a towering wall
Of marble black with mystic signs o'erlaid
In palest shades of grey with silver showers
Of starry light, while ivy dark enshrouds
In leafy vines this wondrous-sculptured wall
And wreathes about the tall and gloomy trees.

But now the fated hour is come and slow
With many murmurs and complainings mild,
The great forbidding gates begin to part
And stately open wide with secret skill.
Then, through the gloom which straightway grows more light,
A fair and lovely maid with features rare
And sweet as the first flower which gleams in Spring
Soft-stepping comes. Her carols echo blithe
From tree to tree awakening every lark
To join Aurora's chorus, while the gloom
Flees from her smiles and scattered roses bright
Which now illumine all the orient air.
And then she turns and, lightly o'er the fresh
Green sward all brightly flashing diamond dew
Beneath her feet, for very joy, she dances—
Her bard the joyous lark—while each small flower
Exhales its incense sweet and joys to add
Its perfume to the sweetness of the song
Which wakes the Earth to view the happy dawn.

Ah list! Yet merrier peals of mirth and song
So sweet the echoes hasten to repeat!
Diviner songs than Orpheus ever raised
With which the woods and rocks in old time rang;
Or any that the Sirens chaunted o'er
The blue resounding deep as gazed they where
The prone of wise Ulysses safely cleft
The foam of dangerous waters; or the hymns
Sung by his slothful crew when thoughts of home
Were dimmed by lotus flower; or when stills
Blue space to list o'ercome with music sweet
To some swift world's soft-sounding symphony.
Such sounds delight the listening ear; and soon,
A gay and youthful band—in concert meet
Their mood and beauty with the songs they sing—
Appear and, with melodious mirth, advance
The bright flame-chariot of the God of Day.
Another band leads forth and yokes with haste
To that fair car of burnished gold the four
Fleet steeds which swift as thought have rolled
Their daily load of light with ease along
The steepy slope of heaven's curving way.
They stand impatient to be off and toss
Ambrosial manes until their panoply
All gold and jewels tinkle blithe as bells
Of less swift steeds amid our wintry vales.

Behold! Aurora's roses pale before
A greater glory that, pervading space,
Foretells the coming of the God; while store
Of rayed reflections from his radiant brow
Warn all the merry nymphs their King is nigh.
These straight a chorus of sweet welcome raise
While Day's first beams upon old Night enroach
Until both heaven and earth with gladness ring
And sick men stretched upon their beds of pain
Lift up grey faces hailing with wan smiles
The light; and storm-tossed mariners rejoice
As day breaks o'er some distant dreaded coast;

E'en guilty souls who watch their last dawn flame
Through bars of iron, see their God's great hand
Stretched out to lift them to Himself, as though
Their guiltiness were nothing in His sight.

H. F. S., '27.

LIFE AND LITERATURE

SO far as the depression which has affected so many people in recent years and entered so deeply into art has its origin in a clearer knowledge of the conditions of life the world over, and a more adequate perception of the difficulties involved in the problems which confront society, it is neither to be condemned nor regretted. The first shock of apprehension which comes with a sudden sense of the presence of a great peril, often sets the will and steels the nerves. Without that shock the highest kind of courage is impossible; for the highest courage is not instinctive, but rational; it measures the full force of the danger, and summons all the resources of character to meet it. The feeling of something like despair which often overtakes the most sincere lovers of their kind when they first take hold of social and industrial problems, and become aware of their extraordinary complexity and difficulty, is rational and wholesome; it is part of the education which the true helper of his kind must receive before he is fitted to do his work.

There is, however, a vast amount of depression which has other sources, and which is the result of disease. Those who read modern books and know modern art have passed through a wave of intense depression during the past few years. It has seemed at times, to the reader of current literature, as if all the old sanctions had lost their authority, the old inspirations spent their force, and the old hopes dissolved in a mist of sadness. A dense fog hung over many of the makers of art so long that one begins to ask if there ever were clear skies and shining stars. In this atmosphere it seems as if all men were vile, all women corrupters, all life a disease.

The spirit is everywhere the creature of inflexible laws or of brutal chance; the child grows into inevitable vice as he grows into strength; the tenderest heart is doomed to be broken by the transmitted curse of corrupted blood; those who struggle in the meshes of fate bruise themselves without gain; all aspiration and self-sacrifice and toil are met with the derisive irony of an order of existence which remorselessly consumes all nobleness and studiously stimulates all baseness. And when one escapes out of this dense fog of pessimism, he often finds himself in a world which, if less brutally lustful and sordid, is full of weariness and disease and melancholy. A great many modern artists have put forth their full strength in dealing with their materials only to make the futility of all art and achievement more clear. This interpretation of life as brutal chaos, moral accident, or rigid necessity has been made so often, with so much force, in forms of such beauty, that many men have come to accept it as a matter of course. They have lived so long in the atmosphere of the hospital that they have come to accept the hospital as a normal home of humanity, instead of being a temporary refuge for a very small number of unfortunate or disabled people. Men and women of receptive temper succumb to this atmosphere of depression without even making the effort to get out of doors and to breathe the air of the great open world. They have grown into such familiarity with mental and moral insanity, they have lived so habitually with the diseased and the deformed, that they have come to regard sickness as health and insanity as a normal condition.

Now, art carries with it a certain authority; beautiful and sincere work never fails to touch the imagination; but art, being the product of men, reflects temperament, intellect, and character, and is quite as likely to misunderstand and misrepresent life as are the men who fashion it. A brilliant talker charms us by the freshness and variety of his tones, his impressiveness, his conclusions; but if we perceive that his knowledge of life is partial and his view of life distorted, though we still get a certain pleasure from him, yet we refuse to accept his views or act upon his statements. There is a great deal of art the beauty of which we recognize and

feel, but which ought not to influence us, because we perceive its inadequacy as an interpretation. We read Dean Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" with keen appreciation of its merciless satire, but we do not accept its conclusion that all men are beasts. We know that the picture is untrue, and we remember that Swift died mad. We enjoy keenly the exquisite workmanship of de Maupassant, but we come very soon to recognize that he is neither a wide nor a wholesome observer; we are aware from our first acquaintance with him that there is a lurking element of disease which is presently to wreck his superb intellect. We do not fail to recognize the power of the works of others of the same type, but if we keep our sanity we are aware that in those artistic works we are in a world as unreal as that into which Poe takes us in "The Fall of the House of Usher."

Society passes through periods of depression precisely as individuals pass through such periods, and the cause is usually to be found in some kind of exhaustion. When a generation spends its vitality prodigally in emotion, work, or pleasure, it draws upon the strength of the succeeding generation, and reaction of lassitude or indifference follows. After two centuries of intense inward experience and outward activity like the sixteenth and seventeenth, it was inevitable that the eighteenth century should find England in a prosaic mood and a somewhat cynical temper. The fathers had burned out the vitality of the children. The same result follows physical excesses. The extent of invalidism in England in the generation succeeding the pleasure-living men and women of the period of the Restoration has often been noted. The fathers had eaten grapes which were sweet to their taste, but bitter in the mouths of their children. Those who live in such a period of depression do not suspect that anything is wrong with their observations of the world in which they find themselves; they are unconscious of their own lack of clear visions; they do not recognize the fact that the sensitive and delicate organs of observation with which men are endowed are very seriously affected by general moral conditions. There are whole generations whose experience is valuable and interesting, but whose views of life are practically worthless;

they looked through glasses so blurred and out of focus that everything was out of line and distorted. Dr. Johnson has somewhere said that a sick man is a rascal, or that every man is a rascal when he is sick. It is certain that health is the basis of all trustworthy observation of life, and of all sound conclusions regarding it. To find one's generation overclouded does not mean, therefore, that the sky has fallen; to live among men who declare that life is a long, meaningless irony does not involve rejection of the testimony of the great sane spirits who have affirmed the possibilities of man's nature and the spiritual nobility of his life. Robert Browning is a saner witness than de Maupassant, and Tennyson a deeper observer than Swift.

That a great deal of current depression is mere fashion is evident to all who have taken the trouble to observe the relation between opinion and habit of life. The easy, conventional talk about the general misery, from a man who is making the most of the pleasures of life means nothing; it is merely a mode of speech. No sensitive, sincere spirit could enjoy a life which was all bitterness to its fellows; if a man would impress us with the futility and tragedy of things, let him show some sense of the awful significance of such a philosophy to the race. So long as he eats, drinks, and is merry, he may be credited with opinions, but not with convictions. There are fashions in thought and speech, as in dress, and it has been the fashion of late years to take a low view of life. Some gregarious conclusions are not worth consideration. It ought to be remembered, also, that the cause of a great deal of current pessimism is to be found in evil living. The man who is violating the laws of life cannot be expected to think well of them. Nor can the man of disordered nerves, diseased body and imagination be expected to see with clear eyes or to judge with right judgment. All testimony from men of this class may be finally rejected; they who are blind cannot lead. To these untrustworthy observers must be added two other classes whose temperaments are often very interesting, but whose views are of no value save as revelations of temperament: the egotists and the sentimentalists. The egotist often arrests our attention

because he is morbid and willing to talk about himself; and disease of a psychological nature is always interesting. An egotistical writer may fill us with loathing at times, but we are so curious to know the inner life that we are eager to look into the heart of the man who offers it for our inspection. The egotist is never quite sane, and his view of life is always untrustworthy. As for the sentimentalist, he has no views; he has only emotions.

J. G. McL., '24.

L I F E ?

ROLL on, thou changeful current, to the sea,
And roll my feeble spirit on thy tide.
Roll on, dark stream, roll on eternally,
And free my soul upon the ocean wide.
In tender years around thy gurgling source
I paddled in the trustfulness of youth;
But soon, into the fullness of thy course
I plunged. And lo! I find thy ways uncouth.
Thy charm has fled; and though thy rocks may chide,
Thy prating pilots all I scorn. Alone
Amidst thy foam—alone will I abide
And solve the mystic problem as my own.
I seek the truth, but not upon thy wave;
I shall know all, when I have reached the grave.

F. H. C. F., '26.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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SACRIFICE

CHINATOWN seemed detached from the rest of the world.

As if far off came the increasing hubbub of the day. But the mists of morning were clearing off revealing the shops with their stock of vegetables, fish, and other edibles which the Chinaman relishes. They revealed old and ramshackle tenements, fire-traps and deceptive dens of the iniquitous. The inhabitants flitted past like shadows, gliding in the grey of the morning to seek their first meal, going from shop to shop. Some with high, shrill voices, stopped to talk on the street corners, while others stood in front of the windows to view the delicacies therein shown.

One shop stood out more prominently than its neighbors. It was a tea shop. Over it gleamed the yellow dragon and red and green lanterns of a chop-suey restaurant. It was because of this that the tea house of Hip Young first caught the eye of the pedestrian.

That morning the doors stood opened wide to admit the cool, fresh, September air. The loiterer was given a glimpse of the interior, an interior filled with boxes of tea. It smelled like an Oriental garden and, abandoning in fragrant spices and pungent herbs, it recalled memories of sensuous, moonlight nights in Pekin groves and thoughts of old Buddhist temples smothered in rare altar incenses.

Presently out through the doorway, came a man with a bundle of fresh vegetables which he began to place on narrow benches along the front. He was a Chinaman, of middle age, and inclined to stoutness, with a strong, firm face on which was written authority. He was wearing the dress of the Western world. This man was Hip Young, merchant. Hip Young was reputed to be one of Chinatown's wealthiest citizens and it was said, moreover, that he had made his fortune honestly, through the medium of his shop and his tea plantations abroad. Besides, he had the distinction and privilege of being an authority, in fact *the* authority of the Chinese section. He was in touch with everything and practically was the lawgiver, outside of the city police, of course, of Chinatown. He

settled disputes which for some reason were not to be heard by the police, he imposed punishment, performed marriages, indeed, was one to whom an Oriental turned in times of trouble, in times involving life and death. Hip Young himself, was a true Oriental in spite of the fact that he conversed fluently in English and dressed as his neighbors, the white men, for he studied the doctrines of the old philosophers and applied maxims to old problems. He lived in an apartment back of his shop where he received audiences and doled out judgment. This apartment was fitted in regal fashion, richly furnished, dark and silent, except for the steps of his one servant or of his clerk. One room Hip Young liked especially. Here he was accustomed to partake of his daily portion of the drug and with its aid to peruse the old philosophical books. Hip Young was especially interested in such subjects as life and death and the atonement of sons by blood.

But we have left Hip Young in front of his shop. As he deposited the last bunch of vegetables on the benches, from down the street he heard the tapping of the high-heeled shoes which he knew belonged to one of his own country women. Soon, through the slight mist, he could distinguish not one form alone, but two. He watched them as they came down the street. What a contrast they afforded! Both were clad in semi-eastern clothes but the difference came from their hair. Whereas one was dark the other was blonde. The former—she was called the Lotus—was slim and straight and strong. Intense black hair framed a face as intensely white. The most remarkable feature of the Lotus was her eyes, eyes of velvety blackness, overshadowed with heavy, rich lashes.

The other girl was just as beautiful but in a different way. She also was slim and straight but it was her hair that attracted attention. She possessed all the features of her ancestors—the slant eyes, small mouth and high cheek bones—but she belied her seeming origin in her amber-colored hair. Even there it shimmered and shone as the sun broke through the mists.

The two girls had been living in Vancouver for little more than a year. Their arrival had been the occasion of much comment. No one seemed to know whence they

had come. At length, however, the more curious had hit upon a probable solution. Hints of its truthfulness had even come from Hip Young himself.

A young Manchu princess of old Hurbin had married a charming though rather pleasure-seeking Norwegian Sailor. For this indiscretion on her art she was banished from the home of her father and his ancestors. To make matters worse the flaxen haired seaman from the North soon left her, never to be seen again. Then the little princess wandered from place to place but, after the birth of her twin daughters, no doubt feeling that she had had her share of hardship, she died. For some years, it was said, travellers told of the two beautiful young Chinese girls whom even the life of the opium dens and the immorality of the dancing pavilions could not make sordid. Eventually they must have decided to leave their uncertain occupations, for they appeared in Vancouver, not wholly dependent on themselves, but under the sheltering protection of the tea merchant. He may have been their reason for seeking the land across the seas. Once there, he secured a dwelling for the two and with his influence got a place in the native theatre for the fair sister whom they called the Lily.

* * * * *

"Good morning," said Hip Young as the two neared his shop. "Why the sorrowful expression on the face of the Lotus? Speak, child!"

"Oh, my father, it is too trivial to talk about. It is just a mere fancy but since you ask—it is Charlie Lee for whom I am concerned. I have not seen him for many days. You know all that has passed between us?"

The tea merchant inclined his head. The Lotus did not see the expression which flittered across his face nor did she see what came into her sister's eyes. It was very evident that Hip Young did not like the erring Charlie Lee. As for the Lily, one could not have said—she may have hated or loved him.

"No, my daughter," the man replied "I have not seen Charlie Lee. But if his absence worries you I shall have the

city searched;" then turning to the other girl, "You, Lily, you have not seen the man your sister is to marry?"

His suddenness completely took her by surprise. With an effort she resumed her usual passivity.

"No, honorable sir. Why should I know where my sister's betrothed is?"

Hip Young did not reply, for just at that moment his assistant, a Chinese boy of fourteen years, came out of the building and claimed his attention.

"I shall have the city searched, my daughter," he said as he left: "and you, my Lily, be sure to dance your best tonight. I shall be there. That is all.

That night the old Chinese theatre on Pender Street was crowded as it had not been for many months. It had been rumored among the natives of the quarter that the Lily was to dance for Hip Young. That in itself assured amusement. For an hour, from ten o'clock until eleven, a mass of swarming yellow men, and women, white with rice powder, passed into the brick building. At length, all movement ceased. Only a subdued chattering ran over the audience. It was time for the dancing. In a high, carved, chair, near the platform sat Hip Young. At his feet the Lotus was kneeling while the slight, yellow boy gently fanned him. The merchant's face held an expression of pride. Whispers went abroad, "See how proud the venerable Hip Young is of the sister of the one who is kneeling at his feet," and "It is not often that he comes here. We expect a great deal."

Suddenly silence overcast the crowd. The curtain was going up! A scene of old China was depicted. Unlike, however, the usual plays, all was not left to the imagination. Evidently someone had imbibed a portion of Western art. An old temple was pictured. Stately willow trees overshadowed the entrance and lent an air of sombreness to the scene. Far off came the sound of bells. It was evening, a fading sun dimly lighting up the walls.

From out the temple doorway stepped a slim figure. It was the the Lily. Slowly, with sinuous steps, she glided nearer and nearer until it seemed as if she must leave the stage. But a low bow rewarded the critical eyes of all. Then the

dance began. Light fell on the girl as she twirled amid her clinging garments, on her liquid hair and bronze skin and on her gleaming limbs. The unemotional Chinese were bewildered by the action. Some leaned forward and softly whispered to themselves.

From one side another figure appeared. A spirit, a god. With flashing eyes he rushed upon the unsuspecting dancer. But gracefully she eluded him. Around the trees, over the cold pavement she sped, but always, always just a pace behind was the pursuer. Her hair fell in billows to her knees. Her feet caught in the entwining draperies. With outstretched arms she fell with a gentle sigh into the grasping arms of the god of the temple.

The dance was ended. Admirers ran toward the stage or clustered around the benevolent Hip Young. Through a rear door a young yellow man passed into the night air. The lonely arc lamp illuminated the pasty face with its shifty eyes. He was clothed in Western style but it only tended to make him appear cheap, flashing, and deadly.

* * * * *

Hip Young was in the act of opening his shop door. Near him were standing the Lotus, the Lily, and his boy. Over their heads gleamed the green and red lights of the chop-suey restaurant.

"Shall we go upstairs?" the Lotus questioned.

"Presently. But come in first, Su is going to prepare some tea. We shall go up later."

The four passed into the shop. They did not notice the figure, almost a shadow, as it went up the steps leading to the garden above.

Inside over a cup of steaming tea, the merchant praised the work of the young dancer. She glowed under his admiration. But soon the conversation became somewhat strained. The Lily moved among the cushions. She seemed restless.

"My sister," she said after a few minutes of silence, "I am going out a moment. My head is reeling. Excuse me, sir."

The Lotus rose—"If you are ill, I shall also go."

"Oh no, do not come. It is just a moment's sickness. It will pass away if I go out into the air."

So the two were left alone. Hip Young spoke of the one who had just left. "She appears ill at ease, my Lotus. Do you know why?"

"I have not noticed it. What do you—" but a pistol shot roaring through the room drowned her words. The man leapt to his feet. The girl cried from her seat. "It is the Lily, I know it is my sister!"

Both started for the balcony above. Already a small crowd had congregated around the girl facing it over the prostrate body of a man. The girl was the Lily and the man was he who had been the first to leave the theatre. Hip Young, all authority now, forced his way to the scene. The Lotus followed. For an instant she looked at her sister, then, with an agonizing cry, she knelt by the man on the floor and pollowed his mutilated head on her arms.

"Charlie, my Charlie," she sobbed; "what have they done to you—my sister and these? Speak! Beloved, speak! My joy of life!" but the dead body could not respond.

Hip Young faced the other girl. Scorn was in his eyes. "You have done this?"

He expected a full confession of guilt. But she ran up to him crying, "Oh, listen to me, I am innocent of such a crime. Why should I do such a thing? I did not do it! You believe me? You believe me, my sister?" She turned to the Lotus but the latter did not hear her. She was again moaning over the body of Charlie Lee.

But the merchant answered her question. "You say you are guiltless. Then why did you come here on pretext? Why were you here with Charlie Lee of all people? Even now these people say they found you alone with him. What have you to say to that?"

"I can only repeat that I am innocent, honorable sir. I did not kill him."

"But can you explain you're being with him?"

"I will not explain, my father. It would pain too much. It must never be known."

"Just another pretext, no doubt. You shall have to be judged of course. Now, take the body downstairs. Come, my Lotus."

* * * * *

Hip Young was a veritable spirit of justice as he pondered, all the next day, over a solution to the killing. At any rate the police were not to know. He read over the laws of his native land and thought deeply over the wisdom of Confucius. At length he told the trembling Chinese boy to bring the sisters.

They came, each affected by the marks of sorrow. The amber-haired sister stepped forth and stood before the administrator of her fate. With a pitying expression he glanced at her and then began:

"It says, my Lily, in the book of the prophet that a woman shall ever remain faithful. Neither shall she trespass on the rights of her father, of her brother and sister. It is one of the laws that she shall not be guilty of communion with another's betrothed. The case is clear, my flower. You will not tell anything—what am I to do? The punishment—you know. It is death, my Lily."

At the last words the little dancer collapsed into a motionless heap. Her sister ran forward and tried to lift her. Hip Young bowed low before a statue of Buddha, then gathered the girl into his arms.

By nightfall it became known that the Lily was to die. Stillness held sway in Chinatown. Scores expressed their grief by their silence. The doling out of punishment was to take place that same night.

About midnight a small procession wound its way down to the waterfront. Great caution was taken to elude the city policemen. The soft-soled shoes made no sound and the dark robes melted into the darkness.

Hip Young watched the cold water licking the dark piles. With a sigh he turned to the girl beside him. "It is not my will, my daughter, but the gods. If I were Buddha himself I would be moved by your tears. If you are innocent He will save you. Have you nothing to say?"

The Lily faced the city. Night noises came faintly from the distance. But she did not see the lights gleaming through the mist. Her eyes were on her sister, the Lotus. Under her breath she murmured, "You shall never know, my sister, my father and mother and all. You shall never know. It is the will. Let it be so. I shall die bravely."

With one last, lingering look she approached the water. One foot was feeling for the edge of the pier. A faint light seemed to emanate from her hair. Bravely indeed did she set her shoulders. She was stepping off—but who so rudely drew her back? A slight hand dragged her from the watery grave. It belonged to Hip Young's assistant.

"What are you doing?" he cried with frenzy. "Master, I did it! I did it! Believe me! You are wrong. The Lily is innocent. I killed Charlie Lee. He would have killed her, defiled her. He was a rat, never faithful to anyone, not even to the Lotus. He told the Lily that he knew something concerning her sister. He tried to kill her, so I shot him. I shot him, I tell you. You believe me, master? Surely, you do."

No one could mistake the glint of truth which shone from his eyes. Certain that the girl was safe, that his tale had been believed, he bowed to his master.

"I shall pay for the deed, sir. Goodbye—"

Without hesitation he strode to the edge of the wharf. No one stopped him. A dull splash came to the ears of the motionless band. No head appeared above the waves.

G. R. G., '26.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

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EXHILARATION

OH, for a plunge in the ocean tide,
With the salt spray dashing high;
Oh for the feel of the infinite space
Where the ocean meets the sky;

The burning ray of a summer sun
On a burning beach below,
The silvery flash of the sea-gull's flight
As their swift wings come and go,

The snow-white sails on the sky line far,
Vague forms a-flitting by,
The rush and roll of the ocean surf,
The sea-gulls' moaning cry,

The laughing slap of a blithesome breeze
As it speeds on pinions swift,
The salty breath of the shimmering sea,
The fisherman's bark adrift;—

Ah, these are the joys that call the heart
To dance with the dancing spray,
To fly with the sea-gull wild and free
Till care shall vanish away.

M. E. H., '26.

OUR HERITAGE

INHERITANCE is usually thought of in terms of bodily structure and mental traits. And this is a vitally important form. It fixes the limits and basis of the individual. But there is another form none the less important because environmental rather than biological. It is racial or social inheritance. We are born with certain capacities, but we are born into a world to whose social accumulation we owe the means of development.

It is very difficult, even with the evidence about us, to realize how crucially dependent we are upon the past. Our fathers toiled, and we reap the fruits. Through the long "travail of the ages" four times when dim spectral forms move in the mists of antiquity, to the full glare of the bustling present, a vast store has been slowly and surely gathered. From it we take by far the greater part of the food of our physical, mental, and spiritual life. The self-made man is a myth. A few giant minds make relatively large contributions, but even they have given little and taken much. No one generation, even, makes much addition to the common store.

The thing is clearest on the physical or economic side. We think first of the food supply. It is not pleasant to contemplate the result of a total failure of the world's grain crop. Yet if the world's supply of machines and tools were wiped out, would not the grim reaper take an even heavier toll? We are apt to forget, when thinking of primitive life, that the total number then living would make but a small fraction of the present world population. In accord with the well known principle of Malthus, the number of people on this planet has increased approximately with the means of subsistence. And tools are a vital factor in the economic life of today. How much we owe to that first man who, while his fellows lolled in the sun or slept in the shade, set his blundering wits to make that first extension of the hand of man! Was it a club, a stone hatchet, or what? At any rate, it had in it the germs of our vast industrial system.

Not less have we a tremendous mental heritage. This is an age of at least a superficial culture. Our libraries are filled, and our homes are furnished with books, while magazines and newspapers are everywhere. Thousands of presses run day and night to supply a public greedy for literature. Yet how little new there is in the thought of this generation! Do we talk of government? Plato canvassed the subject ages ago. Do we formulate scientific hypotheses? Aristotle gave the foundations. Do we discuss ethics and religion? The man of Nazareth can teach us lessons yet. Even in the scientific realm which we claim peculiarly for our civilization, the work of past generations far outweighs our puny efforts. Philosophy, the science of the world as a whole, is a slow growth. The problems of the present grow out of past thought, and the solutions for the future have a backward as well as a forward look.

The history of the race, written by countless men through many centuries, is itself a priceless possession. For by it we gain an understanding of the present, and some glimpse into that "undiscovered country" of the future.

And the whole is utterly conditioned by the possession of one thing—a written language. Have not civilizations been halted again and again to wait on the development of writing? We merely need to think of what it means to the culture of a nation that its children may learn to read by alphabet in three years instead of toiling at ideograph for ten.

We may also, I think, conveniently designate a third kind of heritage—spiritual. How else shall we name all the wealth of throbbing, passionate life which extends beyond the realm of thought? The grandeur of architecture, the melody of music, and the heart-throbs of poetry are things too real to be passed over, and yet too intimate and holy to be classified under physical laws or rational thought processes. And how infinitely poorer would we be without their gifts. What is patriotism, but a spiritual heritage? Every noble deed, every sublime thought or mighty enduring passion of great men, has added to our wealth of glorious memories. What would the world be without its dreamers, its poets, its religious leaders? Half mystic, wholly devoted, they have kept, and still

keep our gaze from always resting on the sordid trash and dust of earth. Poorer, indeed, would we be without their visions.

I have traced three kinds of heritage, yet they are but one. Physically, mentally, and spiritually man's life is unitary. And in the outer world they intertwine and intermingle endlessly. Economic goods are essential to life. Mental effort is at the basis of production. Even the making of that first stone hatchet waited for the stirrings of mind. And without the spiritual the whole would be lifeless, zestless and meaningless. Within our social organization and our moral and intellectual tradition, the three are as closely related as the beauty and the material of a great cathedral.

It is easiest, however, to understand our utter dependence upon the past for the physical side. One thing contributes to dull our understanding of the amount of our mental and spiritual debt. They are largely embodied in the lives around us. We absorb them from parents, teachers, friends almost unconsciously. They are alive, and we cannot think of them as belonging to the past. But if things did not form for us channels of past culture, we would see how dependent we are upon culture to mark us off from our far distant ancestors. As far as can be learned, man has changed but little in innate intellectual capacity for many ages. Were we reared from childhood in a savage community, we would be to all interest and purposes savages. Even our present savage tribes do not give us an adequate idea of this. For they have a social tradition and social organization of their own, crude through it is, which is imposed on each generation. For a high civilization, so natural and seemingly inevitable to us, is not the rule but the exception of history. High culture has risen but a few times in the circling round of the ages, blossomed for a time, and withered, leaving its treasures and story as a gift and a lesson for the future.

What does it mean to us? An English writer of today has spoken some pointed words. The startling thing, he said, about our present world is the spectacle of millions toiling to gather stores all their lives, and using but little merely to pass it on to the next generation, who will in turn deliver

it to the next. His criticism is just, but, we must not forget that our debt to the past implies an obligation to the future. Then it makes some difference what we accumulate. To go on piling up material wealth for an ever-increasing population is a *reductio ad absurdum* too aimless for a rational life. But can we not see the sanity of a mental and spiritual emphasis! For while physical goods once used are gone, our mental and spiritual heritage grows with use.

And only by using it, and passing it on to others, can we pay in a small measure our burden of gratitude. For while physical goods were accumulated largely for selfish motives, mental and spiritual values are to a far greater extent achieved by men who burned with a love for their kind. We owe to these men who put their best into books, traditions, and ideals, to use their gifts. No unkindness to those dead is comparable to this—to leave unstudied and unloved the heritage of their life blood, or to fail to pass it on to our children.

Like Scrooge, we live in the Past, the Present, and the Future.

Shall not the spirits of all three strive with us?

T. W. C., '25.

ADVENT OF A MAYFLOWER

Star fell,

Pell mell:

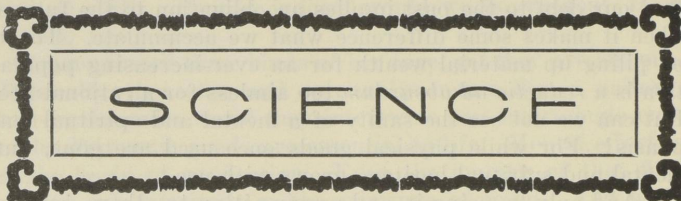
And the softest May winds blowing,

Crooned a sweetness,—swelling—slowing,

Lured it back thro' green earth showing,

And the white star-face was me.

M. C. S., '27.



SCIENCE

COLLEGE SPIRIT

A Freshman who enters our halls in the balmy autumn days meets many strange spectres. But of all the things distinctively collegian which meet his view, none is more bewildering than that strange new entity, College Spirit. The sophisticated new-comer is liable to smile in a superior way at his first introduction. (Do you remember, fellows?) But it soon grips so deeply that college yells, colors, and thoughts of the dear old school gain a subtle power to stir the pulse. And none is so sure of a quick rebuff as he who dares to deny that our University is, if not the best, at least one of the most worthy of allegiance in the whole scholastic world.

What is this power? Is it a spirit, or some labored self-delusion? Well, science has at least a partial answer. The secret lies in the very heart of human nature—the basic impulses and laws of personal development.

It may, I think, be considered as settled that at the roots of our nature lie the great instincts, each correlated with a more or less definite emotion. These furnish the drive to action and the foundation for the acquired structure which goes to make up the human personality. The fact is so obvious in child life, animal behaviour, and personal experience that it is almost certain of acceptance wherever presented.

There is a way in which these emotion-instincts become built up in our personality which has an important bearing

on our problems. It is the integrating of what is called a sentiment or complex around the idea of an object. An illustration will make this clear. A normal father and mother love their child. The parental impulse, with its accompanying tender emotion, is called out by the very helplessness of an infant. And in animals (to some of which this instinct cannot be denied) this is all. But how different is the course of the sentiment in human beings! As the child develops every movement, every cry for help, every need, calls out the tender impulse again. The parents remember, and in their personalities become organized a system of memories and feelings around the idea of the child. As the child comes to do things for itself, the self-assertive impulse comes to add its force to the parents' sentiment, for a human being is able to extend the idea of the self to take in objects, other persons, and groups. Other emotion-instincts may be added, and the whole become integrated. It is then capable of being called into play by the idea of the child, and of bringing with it the impulsive force of the integrated instincts.

The sentiment of the parent for the child is a beautiful example of the superiority of human sentiments to the mere instincts which are blended within them. A strong man is certainly no primary excitant of the parental instincts. But to the mother he is a man, a boy, and a babe all at once. For the memories of his life have become woven in her sentiment, so that the thought of him is still intimately connected with the tender emotion.

There are, then, two primary conditions for the development of a sentiment; an adequate idea of an object, and experiences in which that object becomes linked up with emotion-instincts. With the natural arouser of the instincts, the first is always more or less present. A father has no difficulty in forming an adequate idea of his children. But if a sentiment is to be built up around such a thing as a college, this is much more important and difficult.

Now, college spirit is such a sentiment, and naturally grows in the two above-mentioned ways. For its beginning, it is not necessary that one should attend a college. The talk of the home, tales of college life, and dreams of the future

may organize a definite feeling core around the idea of the university ere ever one has seen its halls.

However, we may, consider that the most definite beginning of the sentiment usually comes when the Freshmen first enters college life. Take the sight of the buildings alone. Read Matthew Arnold's "Rugby Chapel," and note how the sight of the old school was woven in a tissue of emotional memories. If the architecture of the college buildings is noble, there is knit into the dawning sentiment all the feelings and ideas that fine architecture can stir in humanity.

Every day of college life brings its quota of thought and feeling to strengthen this group spirit. The mere presence of the group of fellow-students rouses the herd instinct, Interclass rivalry and intercollegiate sport call out pugnacity and emulation. Laughter, so prominent in social life, brings its emotional strength. And, last but not to be lightly thought of, the self-regarding sentiment, adds the powerful drive of the two instincts organized within it, submission and self-assertion. For this extension of the self-regarding sentiment is one of the most common acts of life. The talk about our property, our family, our school, or our nation, has a deep reality behind it. These things become so incorporated in ourselves by this process that we react to actions of others regarding them just as if they really were a part of ourselves. This whole group of ideas and emotions become organized together around the idea of the college, and bring the whole force of the integrated instincts into line behind that idea.

There are a number of principles of crowd psychology which throw light on this subject, but one only can be mentioned here.

The facts are familiar enough to everyone. A crowd, dominated by a common idea, manifests uncontrollable emotion, and acts wildly and passionately without restraint or common sense. The panic of a crowd in a burning building is a common instance. The reason most probably is that each of the instincts is innately adapted to being aroused by the expressions of the same emotion-instinct in another. Consider the working of this principle at a college football game.

If the game is intercollegiate, all the emotions within the sentiment for the college will likely be aroused. For there is nothing which defines the idea of group or rouse the group sentiment more readily than rivalry with a similar group. Each then hears the shouts of his neighbors, see their eager faces, and feels the tense set of their bodies as they rub shoulders in the press. These things intensify his emotion, and the whole crowd work reciprocally on one another until a high emotional pitch is reached.

Now these emotional experiences contribute to the power of the group spirit, but if this were all, its value would be questionable. An adequate idea of the group is essential. This is the peculiar merit of the small college. The numbers are not so great but that everyone can know everyone else. Each can come intimately in touch with every phase of college life, and thus have a full and adequate knowledge of the activities, traditions, and ideals which go to make up the intellectual side of group life.

It is implanting the idea of the group in its members that group conduct can be brought to a high level. The members of a simple crowd do not care what becomes of the crowd. They do not feel responsible for its guilt. They have no "group self-respect." But supposing, with continuity of existence, there are woven into the group life a body of traditions. Suppose a college has ideals of fair play, loyalty, obedience, and courage. Then the new members, as they learn about the college life, have these ideals impressed upon them with almost irresistible force. Leaders, who are usually the best of the group, have a dominant influence in moulding these traditions. Most important of all, they may appeal successfully to the group spirit for their support.

Thus it comes that group action is often higher than the average of its individuals. I think the high standard of sportsmanship in college athletics is a case in point. This may be due in part to the higher moral level of its individuals, but the main cause, I believe, is the fact that colleges, through their leaders, have formed traditions for fair play in sport, and the force of college spirit ensures their efficacy.

What, then, does this stand for in the wider national life? Well, for one thing, the deep sentiment for our Alma Mater will always be with us, widening our sympathies and making life richer in countless ways. But it has a wider bearing than this. It is an important fact that sentiments for a number of groups are not incompatible, and may even support each other, as long as their aims do not conflict. This makes possible the forming of a hierarchy of sentiments, each taking in a wider group, and each smaller group lending the strength of its impulses to the support of the larger. Class spirit does not work against college spirit, nor college spirit against love of community or country. In fact, since few are capable of forming an adequate idea of the nation or the world ideals are too remote from immediate experience to call forth our best energies alone, so the sentiments for smaller groups have a very essential function in national, international, and world movements.

One illustration of this will suffice. Take a nation at war. The appeal to Patriotism may not be strong enough alone to call forth a response. But if the college and family sentiments are integrated into the larger sentiment for the nation, an appeal to these as part of the larger whole brings all the weight of their impulses to its aid.

College spirit, then, is not only a pleasant experience and a happy memory. It is based on the fundamental laws of mind, and may be an important factor in the development of national and world brotherhood.

T. W. C., '25.

SUGAR

PURE white sugar is the greatest contribution of chemistry to the world's dietary. At the present time, sugar is a staple article of food, and, as such, is classed with bread and meat. For this reason, few people realize that, unlike bread and meat, it has been a staple food for only a few generations. The art of manufacturing it has developed rapidly in the last hundred and twenty-five years, and only in the last three-quarters of a century has it been produced in such quantities and at such a price as to bring it into general use. Sugar from the sugar-cane was probably known in China two thousand years before it was used in Europe. In the early years of the trade between Europe and the Indies, sugar was purchased as rare and costly merchandise, and for a long time was used exclusively in the preparation of medicine.

Cane sugar is the most widely known variety of sugar but there are several sugars which belong to the same chemical family, although differing slightly in composition. Levulose and dextrose are fruit sugars which are usually found together. They are found in small quantities in many fruits but occur chiefly as manufactured products, a result of the hydrolysis of starch. Cane sugar may be changed into a mixture levulose and dextrose, known as "invert" sugar, by the action of an acid, by heat, or by certain ferments, such as invertase, an enzyme of yeast.

Honey is practically a natural form of invert sugar in which there is usually more levulose than dextrose, and which contains a small per cent of sucrose, the chemical name for cane sugar. Its flavour is due to volatile bodies in the flower from which it is obtained, some flowers imparting a more agreeable flavour than others.

Milk sugar, or lactose, is another important sugar. This sugar is found in milk, and is manufactured as a crystalline substance. It is the most readily digested sugar, and is used in foods prepared for invalids and children. It is much less sweet than cane sugar.

From early times, a sugar known as ame or caltose has been made in Japan. It is made by the action of a ferment called diastase on glutinous rice or millet, which converts the starch which they contain into maltose.

Saccharin, though an extremely sweet material, is a benzine compound, and not a sugar. Its chemical structure is entirely different from that of sugar. There are other substances, also, which have a sweet flavour, but are not sugars. They have no other food value.

Sucrose, or common sugar, exists in many plants and in solution in vegetable juices, where it is stored to serve as food for the reproduction of the young plants. It is formed in the stems and roots of the grasses, in sorghum, and in cornstalks; in roots, such as the carrot, turnip, and sweet potato; in the sap of trees, as the date, palm and sugar maple; and in the nectar of flowers. But it occurs chiefly in the sugar cane, the sugar beet, and in fruits of especial sweetness as the strawberry and pineapple.

In these various plants, the sugar is stored in three different ways,—in the root, in the stalk, and in the fruit. Sugar cane is reproduced by sprouts which start from the joints of old stalks and which are fed by the stored sugar until their roots become strong. The sugar beet stores sugar in its roots during its first year of growth, and uses this stored sugar during the second season as food for the seeds which will produce the young plants. In fruits, the sugar is stored with the seeds, and when the fruit falls to the earth, the sugar nourishes the young plants produced by the seeds. The sugar is obtained by these plants through the union in them of gases from the air,—carbon dioxide, which is breathed out by animals, and is formed by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, and water vapour. Two molecules of the simple sugar thus formed unite to form a sucrose molecule.

The manufacture of sugar from the sugar beet is a comparatively recent industry. It began in Germany, and was carried on in France under the direction of chemists and botanists with thorough scientific training. At first the percentages of sugar which could be extracted was so very small (two or three percent) that it was not practical as a commer-

cial enterprise, but by much scientific work a beet has been developed which yields as much as fifteen per cent of sugar.

The sap of the sugar maple may also be refined to pure sucrose but it is so much more popular and saleable in its crude forms, that it would not pay to refine it. Sugar has also been made from the sap of the butternut tree, and from the birch.

There are four steps in the manufacture of sugar from its natural sources,—extraction, purification, evaporation, and crystallization. The cane is passed under three sets of heavy steel rollers, and is sprayed with warm water to dissolve the last trace of sugar. The juice extracted contains very many impurities such as organic acids, gums and nitrogenous materials. To remove these impurities, calcium hydroxide is added, and the mixture heated to the boiling point. The acids are thus neutralized and precipitated, and the gums and nitrogenous matter coagulated. The impurities are filtered off by passing the juice under pressure through a canvas filter cloth.

The water is removed by evaporation, first in the open and then in a partial vacuum. The material obtained is then placed in revolving perforated baskets known as centrifugals from which the molasses is thrown out through the sides while the granules of sugar remain within. This process is repeated several times in order to obtain all the sugar possible from the molasses, the sugar is sent to refineries where the adhering molasses is removed, and the colouring matter separated out. The final product of the centrifuging of the molasses is brown on account of caramel formed in evaporation. This is commonly known as brown sugar.

In obtaining sugar from the sugar beet, the beets are cut into slices called cossettes. They are then placed in large tanks, and warm water is passed through to dissolve the sugar. This water, containing about twelve per cent of sugar, is freed from impurities by calcium hydroxide (slaked lime, and the colour is removed by bleaching with sulphur dioxide. The same process of evaporation, separation by centrifuging, and crystallization is then carried out as in cane sugar refineries. The brown sugar is not extracted from the beet for it has an unpleasant flavour.

Very few cases of adulteration of sugar have been found by the Bureau of Chemistry, and the popular belief that granulated sugar is often adulterated with white sand or other materials has no real foundation.

The food value of sugar is chiefly in the heat and muscular power which it furnishes to the body. Many laboratory tests have been made to ascertain its real value, and it has been found that it is very effectual in delaying or preventing fatigue, and in producing muscular energy. If taken in excess it is turned into fat, and is stored as a reserve. It is best assimilated by the body where mixed with other materials, and taken only in moderate quantities.

M. E. H., '26.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

In order to avoid delay in delivery of the June ATHENÆUM, please leave home address with F. S. Crossman, Circulation Manager.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. L.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1924.

No. 6.

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Editorial



WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT ACADIA?

TODAY as never before Acadia is in the public eye.

Wherever her graduates are found, interest is turning toward Acadia and her campaign to rebuild the old white college that stood on the Hill. Wherever her graduates are found, the story of her history and her achievements is being told. Far and wide that story has gone out, and from far and wide have come the gifts that are to make the bigger and better Acadia of the future. Outside our small sphere men are working, men are sacrificing for that Acadia. Inside we follow our little duties from class-room to campus and back again along the path that sooner or later will lead us out among the graduates in the larger realm. When we reach there, how many of us are going to know the story of our

Alma Mater? How many of us can talk intelligently on Acadia, what she is and what she has done?

The subject is not a "prescribed course." No examinations are given in it. No "units" are granted for it. But is it one on which we can afford to remain uninformed? Rather, would it not be worth our while to learn what has gone toward making our college what it is today?

How many of us know that the founding of Acadia takes us back to 1827 when Horton Academy was opened to give educational opportunities to those excluded by their religion from King's College, then the only institution of higher learning in Nova Scotia? The Academy Hall was erected on land purchased here at Wolfville and in 1839 this became the home also of Queen's College which was opened with twenty students, the largest number then in attendance at any Nova Scotia college. Two years later the new university became incorporated under the name of Acadia and a new college building, the first "college on the Hill," was erected with much difficulty thru contributions, not of money, for that medium of exchange was very scarce at the time, but of building materials, labor and even food. On June 16th, 1842, the first degrees were conferred upon the four students who had attained the rank of *Artium Baccalaureus*. Financial crisis arose which threatened to overpower the struggling young college but thru sacrifice and perseverance Acadia rose supreme and by 1860 was able to establish her Alumni Association. A great loss came, however, in the destruction of the college, building by fire on Dec. 2nd, 1877. Class rooms and residence both were gone, hence college had to be suspended until the completion of a new building, the second "college on the Hill," which, however, was ready for occupation by 1879, together with a Seminary then accommodating seventy-five ladies. The following year, among the first of Maritime universities, Acadia admitted women to her college course and in 1884 the first lady graduate received her Bachelor of Arts degree, followed some years after by the erection of the first separate residence for College women in the Maritime Provinces. Thus Acadia grew, slowly but surely adding more

buildings, more courses and more students which together unite to form the Acadia of today.

So much for Acadia's past. Perhaps we have heard the story before. But how much could we tell of Acadia's present? Do we know that the total enrolment of students is over six hundred, and that over three hundred of these are in the university? That the faculties, exclusive of assistants, number approximately sixty instructors, twenty-five of whom are the university professors? That since the first class of four sent out in 1843, Acadia University has graduated between thirteen and fourteen hundred men and women, over a thousand of whom are still alive. That in the Great War, over seven hundred students and Alumni were in uniform, sixty-three of whom made the supreme sacrifice, and one of whom was awarded the only Victoria Cross received by a University man in Eastern Canada? Do we know also that the Acadia Library, containing 45,000 volumes, is the best equipped institution of its kind in the Maritime Provinces, and that its collection of literature relating to these provinces is superior even to that of the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa? Facts such as these are ones with which every Acadia man and woman should be acquainted.

All this statistics show. He who runs may read it of us, provided he takes the time to look it up. Not so, however, for another phase of Acadia's life, namely the way in which we are regarded by the outside world. How much do we know, save a few passing comments from those perhaps unqualified to judge, of Acadia's standing in the eyes of the public? Acadia graduates are found in every province of Canada and in all parts of the United States, as well as a few in foreign lands. Do we know the judgment of those who have come in contact with these men and women Acadia has sent out? Sixty per cent of them have gone to the United States, many of them to pursue post-graduate work in American Institutions, hence we may perhaps be justified in taking as typical the opinion of President Hadley of Yale, who in an official report concerning thirty-three colleges sending students to Yale, states:

"Acadia was second in the number sent but stood first in scholarship."

Such are the facts about our Alma Mater which should be interesting to every Acadia student, not from the point of view of boastfulness, but from that of loyalty and love. In the knowledge of Acadia's history and achievements we can be pardonably proud with a pride that must inspire us to the worthy of the heritage coming down to us from her past. Let us understand these facts and thru the understanding become better sons and daughters of Acadia.

SEMINARY DEPARTMENT

WITH the excitement of the Easter holidays past and gone, the shadow of the impending examinations is already overclouding the social life of the Seminary. The regular routine of the school is broken only by the fortnightly Pierian meetings, and by the one night out a week, granted to those fortunates who come under Student Government.

On the third of April, Minnie Poole, of St. John, New Brunswick, gave her graduating recital in piano, in the Baptist Church. Miss Poole is extremely talented, playing with facility and skill this difficult program which she had chosen:

I.

Sonata, Opera 10, Number 3.....*Beethoven*
 Presto
 Largo e Mesto
 Menuetto
 Rondo

II

Etude, Opera 10, Number 3.....*Chopin*
 Ballade, Opera 47.

III.

Lento*Scott*
 Allegro

IV.

Rhapsody in G minor.....*Brahms*

During some weeks before Easter, Dr. DeWolfe, under the auspices of the Seminary Y.W.C.A., gave a series of lectures to the Seminary girls. They contained wonderful spiritual messages, capable of being imparted to the girls by only the principal himself. Many were led to publicly giving testimony of their faith, eleven being baptised in the Baptist Church on Sunday evening, May 3rd, by Dr. DeWolfe.

The Glee Club of the Seminary Department presented "The Feast of the Red Corn," an Indian Fantasy in the form of an operetta, in the Orpheum Theatre, on Apr. 15th, under the direction of Mr. William A. Jones. Mr. Jones, with his two assistants, Miss Bancroft, as accompaniste, and Miss Griffith, as stage-director are to be congratulated on the excellent performance which they conducted. The cast of characters was as follows:

Weeda Wanta (soprano), Queen of the Wanta Tribe—	Minnie Poole
Impee Light (mezzo soprano), her younger sister—	Beulah Wry
Fudgee	Mary Brady
Pudgee Children of the Queen	Melba Roop
Wudgee	Enid Fowler
Old Squaw, sorceress of the tribe.....	Kathlyn McLean

INDIAN MAIDENS

Marie Sexton	Helen Yeamans	Virginia Dixon
Margaret Cochran	Jean Murray	Lucy Cogswell
Audrey Riseborough	Isabel Robertson	Vera McEacheren
Marion Bentley	Ruth Clark	Margaret Lawrence
Vera Olts	Evelyn Hatfield	Helen Earle
	Addie Snowden	

INDIAN SQUAWS

Dorothy Wynacht	Evelyn Longley	Margaret Reid
Ruth Harris	Mary Milliard	Alice Wisdom
Doris Leard	Frances Canning	Tira Falt
Marion Banks	Greta VanWart	Ena Roop
	Doris Spinney	

GHOSTS OF THE DEAD TREES

Ruth Clark	Vera Olts
Virginia Dixon	Vera McEachern

FLAMING ARROWS

Marie Sexton	Marion Bentley
Jean Murray	Helen Earle

The evening of May 2nd found the Senior Academy boys being entertained by the Senior Seminary girls at a walking party. Dr. and Mrs. DeWolfe, Dr. and Mrs. Archibald, Miss Chown, Miss Griffith, Miss McCain and Mrs. Pace were the chaperones. Even if the boys did think it was to be a little walk down Main Street, instead of a two-hour tramp to the Reservoir, and came, very uncomfortable, in new shoes, the party proved a success, and the guests left reluctantly. Returning from the hike the party was served refreshments in the reception-room, and the following short program given before the inevitable Acadia songs and A-C-A-D-I-A brot the evening to an end:

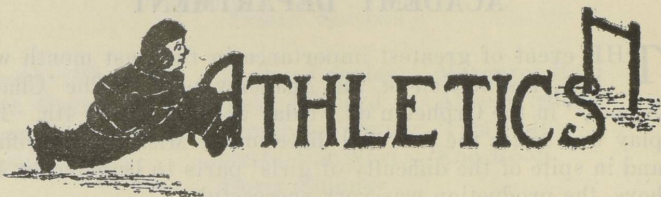
Reading: Rory O'More.....	Virginia Dixon
Piano Solo—Valeik.....	Minnie Poole
Reading: Seein' Things at Night.....	Anne Palmer
Piano Solo—Impromptu.....	Lucy Cogswell

ACADEMY DEPARTMENT

THE event of greatest importance in the past month was the presentation of the Academy play, "The Charm School," in the Orpheum on Friday evening, April 4th. The play was under the personal direction of Miss Pearl Griffith, and in spite of the difficulty of girls' parts to be acted by the boys, the production was very successful.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Austin Bevans	T. Cudhea
An automobile salesman with ideas which	
David MacKenzie	C. Crandall
a law student considers unpractical, though	
George Boyd	W. Smallman
an expert accountant is willing to co-operate, and also	
Jim Simpkins	C. Shatford
and	
Tim Simpkins	M. Teas
who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.	
Homer John	M. Arnold
is the guardian of	
Elise Beneddotti	L. Jenkins
The president of the senior class at a school	
presided over by	
Miss Hayes	J. VanBuskirk
who is loved and feared by all who know her including	
her secretary	
Miss Curtis	C. Fowler
who is always trying to think well of the senior class.	
consisting of	
Sally Boyd	L. Fuller
who is George's sister, and	
Muriel Doughty	E. Vail
Ethel	C. Pond
Alix	C. Ferguson
Lillian	H. Kirby
Madge	E. McKay



“In the Spring, a young man’s fancy
Lightly turns to thots of ‘base-ball’.”

THE base-ball season has opened at Acadia, two games having already been played in the inter-class league and others scheduled to follow in quick succession. The prospects for the college team are good; many of the last-year stars are with us again and among the new men there are some of base-ball fame. R. A. Murray has been elected captain of the team, and A. T. Smith business manager.

Alden Clark was chosen captain and D. Messenger business manager of the track team, but according to rumor there may be no intercollegiate track meet this year.

The Basketball Cup was again won by Acadia this year. The Acadia team won over U. N. B. in Fredericton by a score of 30-15, and defeated Mt. A. at Wolfville 36-24. Acadia won the cup last year, defeating U. N. B. at Wolfville and Mt. A. forfeiting. The team, of this season, was apparently hard to pick, there being many players of almost equal ability. Although many of the best players are Seniors, there should be no difficulty in making a winning team at Acadia again next year.

The tennis season was officially opened by the Freshmen who thoroughly levelled and rolled the courts and already we see many enjoying the fruits of their labor. This year, there is to be an interclass league. There will be men’s doubles and singes, ladies’ doubles and singles, and mixed doubles and singles. This new league ought to give increased interest to tennis and to athletics in general.

During the year, several disputes arose over the eligibility of certain men participating in inter-class athletic competitions. The rulings of the associations in each case aroused the displeasure of the classes involved and as a result we have had the development of class spirit of a type which is by no means desirable. The revised constitution, however, carefully defines the eligibility rules for inter-class athletics, thereby removing the danger of future disputes and the resultant ill-feeling between classes.

Another extremely important measure is the establishment of higher qualifications for the awarding of "A's" and distinction caps, which should mean that in the future we will have stronger teams and better morale among the members of a team. Furthermore, an efficient business system has been introduced into the association, and as a result athletics will be managed upon a sounder financial policy than in the past.

Another important measure to be considered by the Association is the introduction of a new athletic fee. Such a fee will be paid by members of the Students' Union, and will grant them free admittance to all the athletic contests. The gains from such a policy are obvious, perhaps the most important being that at the beginning of the year the Association can plan its expenditure for the entire season. Furthermore, every team will be assured the support of the entire student body.

BASKETBALL.

ACADIA vs. U. N. B.

Acadia winning from the University of New Brunswick on March 27th placed herself in good running for the championship of the western section of the Intercollegiate Basketball League, in view of U. N. B.'s victory over the Mt. Alison basketeers previous to the game.

The game was played in the U. N. B. gymnasium before a large turnout of spectators. Acadia presented a heavy, compact organization of basketeers showing every evidence of careful coaching and training; U. N. B. on the other hand,

was away below par on shooting, altho playing a good defensive game. Play was rough and fast, but did not develop a particularly good brand of basketball.

With the completion of the first period Acadia had obtained a three point lead, the score standing 13 to 10.

In the second period, Acadia played much the superior game and ended the period with a final score of 15-30 in their favor.

Brown, Woodworth and Clark featured the play for Acadia, while Donahue and Fraser starred for the Red and Black.

Major C. J. Mersereau of St. John handled the whistle in a satisfactory manner.

The line-up:

Acadia—Clark (5), Brown (6), forwards; Woodworth (8), centre; Chipman (Capt.) (1), Noble, guards; Rhodenizer, Leighton, subs.

U. N. B.—Donahue (11), Fraser (3), forwards; Jones, centre; Scovil, McPhail (1), guards.

ACADIA VS. MT. ALLISON.

Acadia won the championship of the western section of the Intercollegiate Basketball League by defeating Mt. Allison in the last game of the series in the Memorial Gymnasium, Friday evening, April 4th, by a score 36-24. The game was clean and fast, featured by fumbling of the slippery ball by both sides. Chown and Gregg starred for Mt. A. while Chipman played well for Acadia, making his runs up the floor effective.

Acadia started the scoring by a point on a foul shot. But the score was not long in her favor. Mt. A. got away to hard playing and fine combination and the play was generally in their favor. They got some easy baskets by passing in behind the Acadia guards. Near the end of the period, Acadia made a rush and succeeded in almost balancing the score.

In the second period, Acadia showed better combination and faster playing. They far outscored their opponents and the game ended 36-24 in Acadia's favor.

Roy Willett of St. John refereed the game in a most satisfactory manner.

The line-up:

Mt. A.—Gregg (10), R. Smith (8), forwards; L. Smith (2), centre; Hickey (2), Chown (2), guards; subs. Hierlim, Church.

Acadia.—Brown (12), Clark (10), forwards; Woodworth (3), centre; Chipman (5), O. Noble (2), guards; subs. Robinson, Leighton (4) Rhodenizer.

HALIFAX Y.M.C.A. VS. ACADIA INTERMEDIATES.

The Acadia Intermediate basketball team met its first and only defeat on March 28th, at Wolfville, when they lost to the Halifax "Y" team, intermediate champions of Halifax. The game provided some fast basket-ball, but was marred by rather poor shooting and too great a tendency towards rough work. In combination play the teams were well matched, but the visitors were a little superior in handling the ball and finding the basket.

Play throughout the first period was evenly divided, with first one team and then the other having the lead. The period ended with the score 11-10 in favor of Acadia.

In the second period both teams attempted more shots than in the first, but the shooting on both sides was inaccurate. The Acadia team-work became demoralized for a few minutes and "Y" had things their own way. On the occasions that the Acadia team did have the ball they either fumbled or missed the basket when shooting. Then, half-way thru the period, the team work tightened up, and the college team played some real basketball. It was too late, however, to save the game, and the period ended 28-25 with the visitors leading.

Piers played the best game for "Y" while Robinson and Murray starred for Acadia.

The line-up:

Halifax Y.M.C.A.—Forwards, Piers, Winchcombe; centre, Thomas; guards, Moore, Hamilton; sub, Grisdale.

Acadia Intermediates.—Forwards, Robinson, Murray; centre, A. Noble; guards, Smith, McCready; subs. J. Elderkin and Boutilier.

SENIORS VS ENGINEERS.

The Seniors and Engineers clashed in a fast, pugnacious game of basketball on Wednesday evening, April 16th. The Seniors entered the game heavy favorites, and upon leaving the floor the cold facts stood that they were, the final score standing 56-17 in their favor.

The Engineers started the game with a rush, scoring the first points, but during the remainder of the game they did not hamper the fast combination and accurate shooting of the Seniors, whose end of the score increased with much rapidity. The first period ended with the tally 40-8 in the Senior's favor.

Altho the Engineers's team was greatly strengthened in the second period by Mr. Osbourne, it was found that a lone star could not shine.

The game was rough and fast thruout but did not tend to develop a particular good brand of basketball.

The line-up:

Seniors.—Forwards, Brown, Robinson; centre, Clark; guards, Rhodenhizer, Chipman.

Engineers.—Forwards, Leighton, Boutilier, Osbourne; centre, Taylor; guards, Thompson, Welsford.

Referee: J. Woodworth.

WILLET HALL VS TOWN.

On Thursday evening, April 10th, the Town boys decisively defeated the Hall boys in a rough game of basketball to the tune of 43-18.

The game was featured by severe guarding and interferences which strongly resembled a football practise. The outstanding stars of the game were Brown and Osborne whose clever combination work netted many scores for the town team.

The line-up:

Town.—Brown, Osborne, forwards; Smith, centre; Rhodenizer, J. Elderkin, guards.

Hall.—Leighton, Robinson, forwards; Woodworth, centre; O. Noble, A. Noble, guards.

TULLY TAVERN VS. TOWN.

In a brisk, tri-period game of basketball, the town girls won a victory over a team from Tully Tavern by a score of 20-12. The game was lively and of interest from whistle to whistle but the outcome was never in doubt. The Tavern girls had hard luck in shooting while the town girls played combination of a high order. The shooting of Miss Wickwire was the feature of the game. Miss Doherty and Miss Colbath were the stars of the Tavern team.

Tommy Robinson refereed the game quite impartially and satisfactorily.

The line-up:

Town.—Forwards, Wickwire, Mitchell; centres, McLean, Prescott; Guards, McPhail, Creighton.

Tavern.—Forwards, Doherty, King; centres, Colbath, Lawson; guards, Smith, Vogler.

MARITIME INTERCOLLEGIATE CONFERENCE.

A conference of the representatives of the Maritime colleges met in Stanley Hotel, Truro, on April 22nd, to discuss matters of athletic importance. Dalhousie, Kings, Nova Scotia Technical College, St. Francis Xavier, Mt. Allison,

and Acadia were represented. Prof. Ross and V. C. Short were the delegates from Acadia.

Many proposals were brought before the conference and questions of timely importance discussed. Among these, those amendments regarding eligibility are of interest. The first was: "By college condition is meant the failure in one year's work of a college subject. Be it specified that at Mt. Allison, Acadia and N. S. Technical Colleges, failure in the work of a subject which lasts there a period of one term or semester only, shall count as a half condition. Conditions are additive." A second was: "All colleges with registration of fifty or under shall be allowed to play all bona fide students."

A clause was also passed stating that in case a visiting team forfeits a football or hockey game, that team be requested to pay the home team the sum of fifty dollars as compensation.

Proposals for the reorganization of the leagues were discussed. It was proposed that the Western Section be composed of teams from St. F. X., Mt. A., and Acadia, and the Eastern Section of teams from Dal., Kings, and N. S. T. C. The question of affiliating the intercollegiate leagues with the Maritime league was discussed. The two latter questions are referred to the several colleges and reports are to be given at the Fall conference.

BASEBALL.

Interclass baseball began on Saturday, April 26th, by a double header, the Sophomores and Freshmen playing at half past one o'clock and the Seniors and the Engineers at three o'clock. The weather was far from ideal, a cold, chilling wind sweeping across the campus making it impossible for the development of good baseball. The interclass games are of the seven inning type.

SOPHOMORES VS. FRESHIES.

The Sophs. quite easily defeated the Freshies in the opening game, having the edge on them in all departments

of play. The Sophs opened the scoring in the third inning followed by four in the next. In the fourth inning Wright, the Soph's third baseman, pulled off a pretty double play. In the fifth inning, Munro, the Soph's pitcher, weakened and consequently the bases were soon filled. A good hit by Shaffener scored two runs for the Freshies. B. Elderkin replaced Munro in the box and shut out further scoring for the Freshies.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Sophs	0	0	1	4	0	0	0
Freshies	0	0	0	1	2	0	0

Batteries:

Sophomores.—Langille, Munro and Elderkin.

Freshmen.—C. Manro and Johnson.

Umpires.—Barteaux and Murray.

SENIORS VS. ENGINEERS.

According to the habit of the Seniors, they won the base ball game which immediately followed the Sophomore Freshman game, defeating the Engineers by a score 6-2. There was loose playing, and occasional breaks which allowed the runners to cross the home base. The Engineers showed good field work, but the Seniors excelled in battery work.

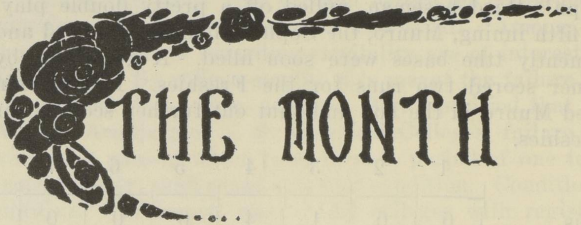
Batteries:

Seniors.—Phinney and Brown.

Engineers.—Crowell, Noble, and Boutilier.

Umpires.—Murray and Thurston.

We are very much pleased to note the increased competition in this department. All the contributions were of extremely high order and it was very difficult to decide between the write-ups submitted.—Editor.

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

THE MONTH

THE month of April brings the time of closing nearer and nearer, and soon another class will have gone forth to new fields of endeavor.

The past weeks have not been uneventful. Acadia has won the championship of the Western League in basket-ball, and now base-ball and track are the topics of interest to the fans. Class activities have been many and varied. The Mock Parliament has come and gone, and the interest and enthusiasm shown in this, Acadia's first, augurs well for Mock Parliaments of the future.

The program of the inter-class debating league has been finished, the Juniors having five consecutive victories to their credit. The Annual Graduating Banquet has been given, and April closes with exams but a week or two away.

ADDRESS BY J. H. CROCKER.

On Sunday afternoon, April 6th, a large number of the students assembled in the Gymnasium where an interesting address was tendered them by J. H. Crocker, National Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The speaker's theme was, "The Olympic Games—Their Origin, History, and Development." Mr. Crocker proved himself to be a very fluent speaker, and delivered his material in such a manner as to hold the attention of all his auditors. He traced the development of the Olympic games, from the first struggles between the gods on Mt. Olympus down to the present day, when the Olympic con-

tests assume the proportions of an international struggle for supremacy between the picked athletes of all peoples. The Y. M. C. A. is taking an active interest in the present Olympic games, and it was these that Mr. Crocker particularly dealt with. After the meeting Mr. Crocker interviewed several of the men interested in "Y" work, and offered his services in procuring them positions with the Y. M. C. A.

ANNUAL GRADUATING BANQUET.

The annual banquet given by the Juniors in honor of the graduating class was held in Tully dining-room, on Saturday evening, April 26th. The large dining-room was tastefully decorated with mauve and yellow,—everything harmonizing perfectly, from the walls and lamp shades to the neatly water-colored place cards, with even the ice-cream revealing the same mauve and yellow color scheme. A delicious and dainty repast was served by deft, well-trained waiters.

This was followed by the toasts of the evening, the program being as follows:

Chairman.....T. W. Cook, '25

King and Country

Chairman.....God Save The King

The University

A. A. MacLeod, '25.....Dr. F. W. Patterson

Graduating Class

R. A. Thorne, '25.....S. S. Chipman, '24.

Faculty

Miss Evelyn Bentley, '25.....Dr. MacDonald

Our Ladies

V. C. Short, '25.....Miss Helen B. Archibald, '24

A-C-A-D-I-A.

ATHENÆUM SOCIETY.

The Society has held several business meetings during the past month at which various reports were received. Only one debate was conducted, that between the Seniors and

Sophomores, which concluded the schedule for this year's inter-class league. Thruout the year increased interest has been shown in the Athenæum Society, and we trust that this and even greater interest will be maintained thruout next year.

SENIOR-SOPH DEBATE.

On Sat. evening, March 29th, the Senior-Sophomore debate took place. The subject was: "Resolved that Canadian grain should be shipped via Canadian ports." The Seniors were represented by Messrs. Troop, Goodwill, and McLean (leader), upholding the negative; while the honor of the Sophs was upheld by Messrs. Cleveland, Swim, Neal (leader), defending the resolution.

The debate was well handled, with the Sophs having the better delivery. The decision of the judges—Professors Rhodenizer, Thompson, and Kellogg—was finally awarded to the Sophs. Congratulations are extended to the Sophomores as this is the first debate won by the class since entering College.

CLASS ACTIVITIES.

SENIORS.

On Monday evening, March 31st, the Seniors decided that some celebration should be held to commemorate the holiday granted for winning the Inter-collegiate Debating and both Basket-ball leagues. Accordingly they introduced a new and novel form of class entertainment to Acadia—a Hot Dog Party. The members of the class assembled in Willett Hall clubroom shortly after eight o'clock, and passed the time merrily in various kinds of games. Upon the completion of the program, the "hot dogs" were served out in approved Coney Island style and everyone enjoyed the sumptuous "feed," despite the dire fear of having to eat the two hundred pounds of "hot dogs" which had been received. But such a quantity was far beyond the staid, old Seniors and they soon had to cry "enuff." After consuming a vast amount of the above mentioned delectables, the party broke

up with giving of college and class yells and the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A. Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft proved to be very pleasant chaperones.

SENIOR SING.

On March 30th, Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock very kindly invited the members of the Senior Class to a sing at their home, which was well attended by all the members of the Class. Numerous songs were sung, and a number of solos were rendered by different members of the Class.

DR. CUMMINGS' LECTURE.

On Thursday, April 10th, the student body was privileged to listen to an address by Dr. Cummings, Principal of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro. Dr. Cummings chose for his subject "Agriculture—Its possibilities as a life work." As a first essential he pointed out, of course, that a person must be interested in agriculture and have a desire to improve conditions in this basic industry. He emphasized especially the need of a more universal interest in agriculture and agricultural activities, and that as Canadians we all should take a more intelligent attitude toward the farmer and should attempt to understand his problems. In closing his address, he showed the different possibilities of agriculture in which a student might interest himself, and that today the scientific farmer was becoming more and more in demand. As a token of appreciation for his address, the students gave Dr. Cummings a hearty Acadia yell.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

Under the auspices of the Athenaeum Society, the preparations for Acadia's first Mock Parliament went forward rapidly. On Saturday evening, April 5th, the Gym. was opened to the public and a large and expectant audience witnessed the formal opening of the House. Mr. Geo. Nowlan, B. A., LL.B., was unanimously elected speaker. Professor Rogers, as governor-general, was ushered in by a

guard of honor under the Command of Capt. Guion. The Speech from the Throne foreshadowed some novel legislation, among which may be mentioned an age limit on beef for "Tully" and the establishment of a toll-gate at the Ridge. After the governor-general and guard had retired, the House settled down to business.

Mr. E. M. Perry moved the address in reply to The Speech from the Throne in a fitting and well-phrased speech. It was seconded by Hon. T. E. Roy in excellent French. The debate was opened by Mr. T. H. Robinson, leader of the Opposition, who, after the usual courtesies, proceeded to belittle the policy of the government. The government leader, Mr. Thorne, replied and defended the policy of his party. The debate was on! Back and forth the verbal battle raged, the witty and pointed hits being hugely enjoyed by the spectators. The amendment which was brought in by Mr. Bannerman of the Opposition, provided for several essentials which it was claimed the government had omitted. It was a tense movement, for the House seemed evenly divided. Raising a technical objection, Hon. J. G. McLeod moved adjournment. The motion was carried by a majority of two. The first session was evidently a success, for a large audience was present at the Second Session which was held on Tuesday evening, April 8th. Before the business of the evening began, a fitting tribute was paid to the Canadians who fell at Vimy Ridge nine years before. Then the regular business was resumed, the amendment of the previous session being defeated. Various bills were then brought in by private members,—some were carried and some defeated. Though the novelty had worn off to some extent, the Second Session sustained the interest of the audience remarkably well.

The Third and last Session on April 12th, was well attended, and the interest was by no means lessened by the appearance of a third party under the very capable leadership of Mr. E. L. Curry. The budget, startling and amusing in its scope, was brought in by the Minister of Finance, Hon. T. W. Cook, and passed with a large majority. The "People's Party," as the third party was called, brought in a bill providing for the extension of the vote to the Co-eds.

The House was resolved into a committee of the whole and a delegation of ladies demanding votes for women, was received. Militant and aggressive, dressed to fit the part, this Amazonian invasion was welcomed with shouts of laughter and thunderous applause from the gallery. With fiery and indigent speeches, Miss Pauline Colbath and her colleagues roundly denounced the scheming politicians who had long ignored the "rights of women." The House then resumed its sitting and after some heated discussion, the "Suffrage Bill" carried. The government was then defeated on a "want of confidence" vote. The opposition formed a government but were defeated on their first measure, after being in power barely ten minutes. The formal prorogation of Parliament followed, Dr. DeWitt acting as governor-general in the illness of Prof. Rogers.

This ended Acadia's first Mock Parliament, an experiment it is true, but both College and Town agree that it was a successful one. It is hoped that this will be a precedent and that Mock Parliaments will be a permanent feature of the Acadia of the future. The success of the Parliament this year was due largely to the whole-hearted efforts of the President of the Athenaeum Society, Mr. H. M. Bannerman.

PROPYLAEUM SOCIETY.

GENERAL PROPYLAEUM.

With members of every class represented on the program, General Propylaeum, held on April 1st, could not fail to be of interest to all. The clever synopsis of college affairs by Laura Duncanson was followed by a beautifully-rendered solo by Amy Prescott. The "Hula Girls" with their ukeleles generously granted the calls of the audience for "More! More!" The farce, "Local and Long Distance," with its succession of eccentric old maids was heartily received, and the program closed with a critic's report by Meredith White.

JUNIOR-FRESHETTE DEBATE.

One of the most interesting debates of the year was that between the Juniors and Freshettes, on April 15th, on the subject, "Resolved that the Freshmen should have more privileges," Freshmen being defined as first-year students at Acadia. The Juniors, represented by Grace Beardsley, Inga Vogler, and Pauline Colbath, ably presented the arguments for the affirmative, Rebecca Cook, Meredith White, and Margaret Brown, for the Freshettes, attempted to prove what must have been contrary to their convictions, that Acadia Freshmen already have all the privileges that are good for them.

The judges, Dr. Spidle, Dr. Hutchins, and Prof. Bancroft, granted the decision to the Juniors. Adline MacKinnon emphasized the "high lights" of the debate in a humorous criticism.

S. C. A.

The first meeting of the newly organized S. C. A. was held on Wednesday evening, March 26th, under the leadership of the president, E. M. Perry, '25. This was a strictly business meeting, and was devoted to the final consideration and acceptance of the new constitution of the S. C. A., which is now an organization with a voluntary membership.

On Wednesday evening, April 2nd, Professor Rogers led a most interesting discussion on "The League of Nations." His remarks were of a very elucidating nature, and many members participated in the discussion which followed his address.

A Vimy Memorial service was conducted in the Gymnasium on the morning of Wednesday, April 9th, under the direction of the S. C. A. All of the students of the College, Seminary and Academy, preceded by the College Band, paraded to the Gymnasium. There a drumhead chapel service was led by Dr. MacDonald in commemoration of those who fell at Vimy. The service throughout was very impres-

sive, and it is to be desired that Acadia students will always observe this day in a fitting manner.

The meeting of Wednesday, April 16th, was led by E. L. Curry, '24. The leader chose as his subject "Why I Am a Member of the S. C. A." He showed the importance of this association in the life of the college, and the value that a student could derive from being a member, as well as the good he could accomplish. The meeting was well attended and enjoyed by all.

A song service was held in Rhodes Hall by the S. C. A. on Wednesday evening, April 23rd. A large number of students attended this sing, and entered into the spirit of the meeting with enthusiasm. Following the song service, a short business meeting was held, at which the budget for the year was presented, and ways and means of raising the required sum were discussed.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER PAGEANT.

The Acadia Student Volunteers presented a pageant to an enthusiastic and appreciative audience in the Baptist Church on Wednesday evening, April 2nd. The parts were admirably taken. The acting, thruout, revealed consistent work on the part of the individual players and on that of the director, Miss Smallman.

TULLY TAVERN PARTY.

Friday evening, April 11th, the Co-eds gave a novel reception in Tully Tavern Dining Room. The room had been transformed into the court of "Ye Maye Queene," who held her annual festival attended by her court ladies and loyal subjects. The male students were faithful attendants to the performance, and many was the heart that ached to be a knight of old.

The programme was easily the best and cleverest that has been presented at any Acadia Reception in late years.

"Ye Maypole Dance," "Ye Hawaiian Musicians," "Ye Songge" were the numbers of exceptional interest, and were accorded a very enthusiastic reception.

The programme was announced by the heralds, Mary Brown and Mary Lawrence, and described by the court jester, Helen Lawson, who afforded much amusement.

After refreshments, Ye Queen pardoned many culprits who were causing much anxiety in her kingdom, and the festival closed with the crowning of "Ye Neue Queene." After singing "God Save Ye Queene" and "A-C-A-D-I-A" the party broke up, the boys being escorted to "the Hall" by the girls.

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HALIFAX



'59.—We are glad to report that Dr. Andrew DeWolfe Barss, the oldest living graduate of Acadia, who has been seriously ill, has recovered. J. Edmund Barss ('91) of Loomis Institute, Conn., has returned to his home after spending some days with his father.

'63.—E. D. King, K.C., D. C. L., who spent the winter in Florida, has returned to Halifax.

'71.—Mr. C. H. Masters of the Supreme Court Library, Ottawa, was recently elected Vice-President of the Ottawa branch of the Acadia Alumni Association. D. H. Cogswell, ('88), is the secretary.

'74.—Rev. J. C. Spurr died at Hantsport on March 27. Mrs. J. I. Muir, '07, is a daughter and Nathan J. Lockhart, '95, a stepson. We extend sympathy to the family.

'81.—Dr. E. D. Webber has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Daytona, Florida.

'86.—Rev. F. H. Beals has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church in Hantsport where he has been supplying for several months.

'89.—J. Howe Cox has been appointed Municipal Clerk of Kings Co., N. S.

'91.—Dr. H. Y. Corey spoke on "Evangelism in the School" at the great Jubilee Missionary meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto. Rev. W. S. Tedford, '03, spoke on "Evangelism in the Villages" at the same meeting.

'91.—Dr. Charles B. Freeman has resigned as field secretary of Brandon College and has accepted the pastorate of the Baptist Church at St. George, Ontario.

'91.—Rev. E. E. Gates, Hartford, Conn., has been elected General Secretary, and Rev. H. B. Sloat, '99, Secretary and Financial Collector, of the Connecticut Baptist Convention.

'91.—Dr. H. P. Whidden, Chancellor of McMaster University, spoke at the Annual Dinner of Colgate University Students in New York. His subject was "What is a Liberal Education?" Dr. G. B. Cutten presided.

'95.—We sympathize with Rev. R. E. Gullison in the death of his father.

'97.—A number of poems from the pen of Dr. Harry C. Todd, of Oklahoma City, have appeared recently in several publications.

'05.—Rev. Henry V. Davies died at Concrete, Washington, on March 6th. We extend sympathy to the family.

'06.—Rev. G. P. Barss, Tekkali, India, has been elected Secretary of the Indian Baptist Conference.

'07.—Dr. William R. Barss has recently been appointed to a full professorship in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

'08.—Dr. John S. Bates of Bathurst will have the sincere sympathy of Acadia friends in the death of Mrs. Bates on March 27th. Before her marriage, Mrs. Bates was Jeanette Ingraham of North Sydney. She attended Acadia Seminary and later graduated in nursing from St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

'12.—Ross W. Collins, Instructor in History at Syracuse University, has recently published a volume entitled, "Catholicism and the Second French Republic." The volume is edited by the faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

'13.—Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Lyons, of Vancouver, on the birth of a daughter, Nancy Louise, on February 19th.

'15.—We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rogers on the birth of a son, Ian McPhee.

'16.—Miss Gertrude Eaton has resigned as Assistant Pastor of the Amherst Baptist Church.

'16.—We sympathize with Dr. Lilian Chase, '16, and Dr. Margaret Chase, '18, in the death of their father, Mr. Oscar Chase, at Port Williams on April 20th.

'16.—C. B. Manzer has been transferred from the Amherst, N. S. branch of the Bank of Commerce to the New York office.

'19.—Professor Norman Rogers, Acadia University, was on April 8th admitted to the Nova Scotia Barristers' Association. He has contributed an article, "The Foundation of Federal Unity," to the latest issue of the Dalhousie Review.

Ex. '19.—Since graduating from McGill in Electrical Engineering in 1922, William Spriggs has been taking the one year graduate student course at the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., in Pittsburgh.

'20.—Gerda Holman has left New Haven, where she had a position in the Public Library, and has returned to her home in St. John.

'20.—Paul Tingley, completes his medical course at Edinburgh University this spring and has accepted a position as an assistant surgeon at Edinburgh.

'21.—Ralph Harlow is teaching at Swift Current, Sask.

Eng. '21.—"Hen" Betts is now in Western Canada, and has spent several weeks at Wilcox, Sask.

Eng. '22.—Theodore H. Rand has a position with the Fruit Despatch Company as "Fruit Exportation Observer" on steamers running between New Orleans and South and Central American ports.

Ex. '22.—The marriage took place at Wolfville on April 23rd of Helen Fitch, A.L.S. '20, to David Rogers, Toronto.

Ex. '22.—George O. Eaton is a Junior interne at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

'24.—We extend sympathy to Thomas Robinson in the death of his grandmother, which occurred recently.

'24.—Claude T. Olmstead has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Lower Granville Baptist Church. We extend sympathy to Mr. Olmstead in the death of his mother.

Ex. '24.—Dorothy Mitchell has a position as stenographer in the Royal Bank in Wolfville.

Ex. '26.—Kingsley Collins, who has been working in Detroit, has returned to his home.

Ex. '27.—Harold Chipman, son of Rev. Owen N. Chipman, '92, of Port Williams has, since last fall, been seriously ill with infantile paralysis at Westwood Hospital. On April 15th he left for Boston where he has entered the Massachusetts General Hospital to undergo further treatment.

A. L. S.

'20.—We sympathize with the friends and relatives of Mrs. Gather Mann (nee Phyllis Pollard), whose death occurred recently at Shanghai, China.

'21.—Grace Stuart is teaching elocution at Chester, N. S.

'21.—Greta Conrad is teaching voice at Chester, N. S.

'21.—Mabel Pollard has a position in Kabe.

'21.—Aileen Dodge has resigned her position as dietitian at the Corey Hill Hospital, Boston, and is now at her home in Middleton.

Ex. '22.—The marriage occurred recently of Miss Ruth Pollard to Mr. Z. W. Brown.

'22.—Eleanor Longley has secured a position as stenographer in Halifax.

A. C. A.

'21.—Donald Cassoboom has obtained a position in the National Bank, Boston.



TIME comes, time goes, last month came, last month has gone, this month is here and still we are faced with the problem of giving a fair criticism of the various exchanges which have reached us. We will not glory in past achievements for we have no particular reason for doing so. We have had a vision, an ideal of what our work should be; and we started out with the intention of making this department one of the most helpful in our magazine, but "to err is human" and we have fallen far short of our ideal.

Experience, however, is the best teacher and we have felt its modifying influence. While we have recognized that one of our duties has been to criticize the publications of other Universities, to lay bare their faults, in spite of the Biblical admonition, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," yet not all our judgments have been adverse—for most of our exchanges rank high in literary merit, and for them we have not stinted our praise.

The scope of this section has been small, and, of necessity, our hints have not been extensive. We hope, however, that the seed we have sown has not all fallen on barren ground.

B. C. S.

The "B. C. S." issued by the students of Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que., is a stranger to many of us at Acadia. We have great pleasure in welcoming it to our exchange shelf. It comes bound with a very attractive cover and printed on excellent paper.

We were impressed favorably with the space given to the Debating Society. You evidently employ the Oxford method of debating—one which we are very much in favor of.

Your criticism of "The Harrovian" seems rather severe to us, but no doubt you had good cause to feel wrathful over the remarks which were made.

We hope you will come to us again.

THE BRUNSWICKAN.

The Brunswickan in an editorial deals with the matter of fair play in the realm of sport. The editor seems to have a biased view point when he says, "Endeavoring to cripple a rival team with eligibility rules; that is not playing the game." We would like to point out that the eligibility rules apply to all intercollegiate teams alike. Could we not as easily say, "Endeavoring to win a game by ignoring the eligibility rules; that is not playing the game!"? However, we most heartily agree with the main idea of the editorial.

The material in the Literary department does not measure up to your usual standard.

THE GATEWAY.

The University of Alberta has much to be proud of in its newspaper. Few, if any, similar publications can equal it. The March 27, issue is of real interest to us, giving as it does a report of the Students Union. A Union like yours is in the process of formation here at Acadia. We hope it will be a success. We enjoyed, also, the article on the Student Christian Movement.

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

Among the many good things in the March-April number of this magazine is an article entitled "Of Hash." We are especially interested in this subject since one of the culinary marvels which so often reaches our table is the aforementioned article.

Your poems are worth reading. "Drifting" is, in our opinion, worthy of the greatest praise. We also enjoyed your humorous story, "An Unknown Menace."

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

We noticed with regret the appalling lack of literary material in this issue of your hitherto very commendable publication. Your editorial on the pleasure derived from reading shows a taste that we are afraid a great many college students lack. It is our hope that a good many of our own student body will take the opportunity of reading this splendid editorial.

Can you not get more literary and poetic talent interested in your publication?

MANAGRA.

We are always pleased to find a copy of the "Managra" upon our exchange shelf. The Graduation number is especially welcome as it gives a little closer acquaintance with some of the students whose work we have been reading from time to time. The "write-ups" of the graduating class are excellent. We also enjoyed the humor section as well as the cuts of the various athletic teams and the executive bodies.

MARITIME STUDENTS AGRICULTURIST.

We are pleased to have this periodical among our exchanges. Quality makes up for everything which it lacks in quantity.

Your articles are well written and give evidence of much thought. They will surely be of interest to every agriculturist. We would like to see you print a story occasionally.

RED AND WHITE.

Let us first thank you for the kind things said about us in the exchange column of your Easter number. We are in-

clined to think that you have given us far more praise than we deserve.

You, yourself, are not in the rear rank of first class college publications. Your stories are always well written and your other departments are deserving of high praise.

ST. ANDREWS COLLEGE REVIEW.

Your Easter number is very attractive and well arranged. It leaves us without doubt that you will retain your place this year as one of our best college magazines. Considerable space is given to an address delivered by the Headmaster. This is certainly a commendable feature. You have a fine selection of cartoons. Your stories, too, are above the ordinary—not too long and not too trivial.

TRINITY UNIVERSITY MONTHLY.

You have struck a new note in your series of sketches in connection with the opera, "Boris Godunoff," We have enjoyed them.

Perhaps the best article of the month among our Exchanges appears in your issue under the heading: "The New World and Modern History."

We would suggest, however, that more space given to the publication of student contributions would add to the value of your magazine as a college journal.

With thanks, we acknowledge the following: McGill Daily, Argosy Weekly, Dalhousie Gazette, Ubyssy.

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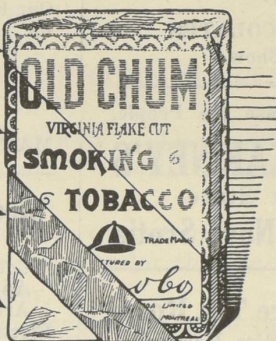
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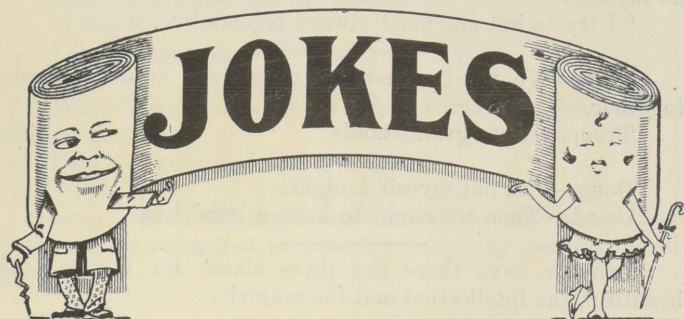
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Thompson, Eng. '24.—What does Doug plan to be when he leaves here?

Welsford, Eng. '24.—Gas distributor, I think.

Dr. R. (in English 8).—How do you like Arnold's poetry, Miss Chipman?

Carol (musing).—I didn't know he'd written any.

Arts '24.—Do you ever see faces in the fire.

Arts '25.—No, but I've seen some that ought to be there.

Co-ed.—Why are the Engineers always in such good form?

Co-odd.—They have so many dumb-bells.

Nightwatch at Sem.—Were you thinking of kissing that girl?

Short (virtuously).—No.

Nightwatch.—Then hold this light a minute.

Eng. '24.—Whose club-bag is this?

Eng. '25.—Doug's, I think.

Eng. '24.—What makes you think so?

Eng. '25.—It says on the bag, "Genuine Calf."

"Do you follow the Bible injunction to love thy neighbor as thyself?"

"I try to but she most always objects."

Chip.—We want something to get the students closer together.

Troop.—More grandstands.

Doug.—I'm not myself tonight.

Co-ed.—Then we ought to have a good time.

Brownie says there are three classe sof women: the beautiful, the intellectual and the majority.

Hatfield '27.—My ancestors came over on the "Mayflower."

Messenger '27.—It is well they did; the immigration laws are stricter now.

Archie MacLeod (in telephone booth).—"I don't like that at all."

Helen (outside).—You have little room for finding fault.

The Shriek.—Why do you keep looking in that mirror?

Co-ed.—Miss Oxner told me to watch myself when you were around.

Flea.—Is it healthy to breathe thru one's nose?

Mac.—It is for you. You can't talk then.

"Have you forgotten that you owe me five dollars?"

"No, not yet. Give me a little more time and I shall."

Co-ed '26.—I could never make you happy.

Deacon.—Oh you don't know how easily I am pleased.

"You didn't know who I was this morning?"

"No! Who were you?"

J. G.—Is this beef or mutton?

Lee.—Can't you tell the difference?

J. G.—No.

Lee.—Then why worry about it?

Jim.—When I was a mere infant I was once thrashed for telling the truth.

Paul.—That cured you I suppose.

NOTE:—Students expecting to read the *Athenaeum* next year will be compelled to pass the following general intelligence test.

If a man who fails is a failure would a man who passes be a pasture?

Who wrote the Rubicon of Omar Cheyenne? Has he any defense?

How many "L's" in Aldie's name?

Is Fahrenheit the name of a German river or a tire fabric? To what extent if any.

What is the greatest port in Quebec?

Is Port Wine a correct answer?

In making salted peanuts do they put the peanuts in the salt or the salt in the peanuts? Explain fully with diagrams.

Why did the world's greatest cough drop makers never shave?

Bound Archie MacLeod? Give an example.

Why is the student's code? Will it be considered as an elective on the same level with German and Greek?

What are the wild waves saying? Was anything ever done about it?

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