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## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, H. F. Sipprell, '27; 2nd, O. T. Rumsey, '26;  
3rd, G. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25.

Articles:—1st, H. Grace Beardsley, '25; 2nd, G. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25.

Stories:—1st, W. A. Stulz, '28; 2nd, O. T. Rumsey, '26.

One-Act Play:—C. R. Gould, '26.

Humor:—1st, H. F. Sipprell, '27.

Science:—1st, G. Doug. Anderson, Eng. '25; 2nd, H. Grace Beardsley, '25.

Month:—(No award).

Exchanges:—(No award).

Athletics:—1st, F. H. C. Fritz, '26; 2nd, A. R. Dunlap, '26.

Personals:—1st, Marjorie Mason, '26; 2nd, T. A. M. Kirk, Eng. '26.

Jokes:—Marian Read, '28 and T. A. M. Kirk, Eng., '26. (equal).

Cartoon:—(No award).

Seniors .....	3 units
Juniors .....	10 units
Engineers .....	6 units
Freshmen .....	3 units

Pennant to Juniors.

Poetry number.



## TO MEMORY

AH, what is life?" I ask myself.  
"Ah, life is but an empty room  
In which we lay away dead things  
In darksome, dusty drawers, and lock  
The door, and steal away in fear."

Today, I wandered back along  
The dusky corridors of time,  
Unbarred the door, and entered in,  
Unlocked each sorrow-laden drawer  
In turn, the while I sought in vain  
Among sad scenes, soft sins, and ills  
Unnumbered, jadelike jealousies,  
And pasison's burnt-out brands, old pains,  
Swift-fleeting loves, and faithless friends,  
And shattered hopes that scattered lay  
In alabaster fragments bright,  
In vain, I sought my jewels of joy  
My radiant rubie's sanguine fire!  
In vain, in vain! The dust lay thick,  
And moth and mold corrupted all,  
Decay and dust were everywhere!

The light was dim. I rose and crossed  
To where the shrouded window was  
And drew aside the faded shade.  
The sun could scarce an entrance find  
So dust-encrusted was the pane,  
But one lone ray, pale, weak, and wan,  
Half-fearing what it was to find,  
Struggled through, and showed to me  
The saddest sight I ever saw  
For there upon the window sill  
Dead stood the flower I reared for you  
In happier days now far removed!  
I gazed in pain and sobbed aloud

For, deep within my empty heart,  
Remembrance stabbed with iron point.

Then came those sweetest, saddest scenes  
With richest pageantry renewed.  
You lived, were near, and loved as once  
So long ago—so long ago?  
Why surely 'twas but yesternight!  
The urn was broken, grief flowed free;  
With quiet tears, my cheeks were wet;  
With wellnig tears, my cheeks was warmed,  
Ah, memory is a touchstone true  
The dust to turn to gleaming gold,  
The hardened heart to melt in fire,  
Love from her sepulchre to raise!

Ah, memory, bring fair Fantasy  
And ever dwell beneath my roof  
The one to fan the dying fire  
Of former years to quickening flame,  
The other bright to cast her beam  
Along the path of future days.  
Ah, then I'd lay aside old fears,  
Dejection, doubt, and empty grief,  
And ever live serene and glad  
Amid the radiance wondrous rare  
Of your God-given celestial light.

H. F. S., '27.



## THE RED SHAWL

## CHARACTERS.

Nadia Chambers.

Clara Chambers, her mother.

Clinton Roberts, always their friend.

Dick Chambers, her young brother.

**T**IME: the present, five o'clock of a summers' day.

Scene: A portion of the living-room of Mrs. Chamber's house situated in a suburb of Vancouver. A long, dark-blue screen stretches across the back stage, leaving room at leftback for a door opening into a hall. There is another door at right wing going into the kitchen. A small table is at left front by which is placed a rocking chair. A small blue divan with a vivid red silk shawl flung across it is in front of screen. Back of this divan is a small table with a potted fern upon it. The room suggests comfortable ease with no pretense of luxury. Whenever the door from the kitchen is opened, the red light from the stove should come instage.

When the curtain rises, Mrs. Chambers is discovered sitting by the table, a sewing basket by her side and a pile of stockings in her lap. She is a bright, attractive woman approaching forty years of age. But for the white wealth of her hair she would pass for much younger. When she rises later one sees that she is a trifle weary.

After a few moments a sound of stamping feet and gay voices is heard off stage. The door leading to the kitchen is opened quickly. Nadia Chambers enters. She is a tall, slim girl of twenty, with dark hair and eyes. She is clothed in summer things and carries with her a damp bathing suit.

Nadia [running over to mother and kissing her] I'm sorry I didn't get here sooner, dear. The water was perfect this afternoon, and I simply couldn't leave. I was detained a while too, mother [She laughed a little confusedly, but Clara Chambers does not appear to notice].



Clara [laughingly waving her away]. Oh, take that wet bathing suit out, Nadia, and put it behind the stove.

[Two voices are heard outside as Nadia skips across the stage].

Clara: Who's out there with Dick, dear?

Nadia [turning in the doorway]. It's Clint. Shall I ask him in?

[Clara nods affirmatively. As her daughter disappears, she stares before her and some of the darning in her lap falls to the floor.] Nadia soon reappears followed by her brother and Clinton Roberts. Dick Chambers is eighteen years old, inclined to be short and slight and a decided blond. Roberts is a full-blooded Indian, but one with a university education and polished manners. He is tall, dark, good-looking, with a decidedly copper hued complexion. He comes into the room as into a familiar scene.]

Dick [taking his mother's two hands and pulling her to her feet]. Here's Clint, mother, he should stay for dinner, eh, mom?

Clara [very pleasantly]. Why, certainly, you've got to stay. Clinton Roberts.

Clint. [a trifle nervously]. I'd surely like to, Mrs. Chambers, but I must get home and you know it isn't very far to go.

Clara. Oh, I know, you think our dinner won't be good enough for you.

Clint. Mrs. Chambers, you know very well I didn't mean any such thing.

Dick. You'd better stay, Clint. Hadn't he mother, eh, Nade?

Nadia [going to divan]. Perhaps he'll stay another time, mother.

Dick. All right, then. If you'll excuse me I'll get ready for dinner [Exit in left back].

Clara [picking up darning and basket with Nadia's assistance]. You stay here and I'll see if the fire's gone out.

[Exit to kitchen].

[Nadia and Clinton are left in the middle of the room. Gradually they look at one another, and for a moment it

would seem as if the girls were frightened. Clinton finally goes to divan where the girl is standing. He pulls her down beside him and takes her hand].

Clint. How will she take it, Nadia?

Nadia [smiling, and patting him on the arm]. I don't think we need worry.

Clint. But you know what I am.

Nadia [playfully]. The same kind of a person as you said I was this afternoon.

Clint [again taking her hands]. But an Indian, dear; she may be utterly opposed.

Nadia [jumping up and emphasizing her words with her forefinger]. Clint, look here, mother's lived near this reservation ever since she was born and she should know what you are like. So you won't worry will you, Clint? Clinton Roberts, you won't, will you?

[Clint, however, does not seem very happy, so Nadia grasps the shawl from the back of the divan and wraps herself in it].

Nadia [whirling around]. Won't I make a fine squaw?

Clint. [pained] Don't say *squaw*, please, dear.

Nadia [still pirouetting]. There, there, Clint—you know I didn't mean anything. [Stopping and clasping shawl to her]. I love this, it's so bright and warm. I love colors.

[At this point Clara Chambers enters from kitchen, bearing a plate of doughnuts and cookies. She stands still, puzzled at her daughter's actions].

Clare. What are you doing with that, dear?

Nadia [shamefacedly] just acting foolish, Mother. I was just pretending that I was an Indian squaw.

Clara [with a quick glance at Clinton, who is watching proceedings without saying a word]. You shouldn't say that. And put it back, dear, for I prize that highly.

Nadia [replacing shawl]. Oh, I'm sorry, mother. I know you do. Clint, did you know that mother got this from an Indian brave when she was young?

Clara [pensively]. A brave he was too, children. [Then coming back to reality]. But I brought these in for



Clinton, dear, and I suppose they are stale now, we have been talking so trivially.

Clint. [Springing up]. Oh, thanks, Mrs. Chambers, why did you go to all that trouble? I can't stay—Dad will be home from the office by now.

Nadia: Then put some in your pocket and eat them on the way home.

[Both women fill the pockets of his suit coat with the cookies].

Clint. Well, I must go now. My cap is out in the kitchen.

[He goes off right, followed by both women. After they leave, they can be heard talking outside].

[Clara reenters slowly. She goes over to the divan after a moment, and fingers shawl. A dreamy look comes into her eyes and she smiles wistfully into space. Nadia comes in].

Nadia. I have the table nearly set. Isn't dinner ready, mother? Where's Dick?

Clara. We'll wait for Dick here, he'll soon be down. Come over her and sit down, dear. I want to speak to you.

[They both sit upon the divan, Nadia wondering at her mother's request].

Clara. What I'm going to say will be for your own good, my dear, and you won't be angry, will you?

Nadia. No, mother.

Clara. And you won't think me prying and meddling, will you, dear?

Nadia. No, mother.

[The two are facing each other].

Clara. I want to speak about Clint. Nadia. [The girl starts, then lowers her head]. Clinton is one of the nicest boys I know and I'm glad that you and Dick are so friendly with him, but I almost wish he wouldn't come around so often, dear. [She stops and looks at the girl but Nadia does not respond]. And I wish, dear, that you and Dick wouldn't go so often to the beach with him. It's all right for Dick, Nadia, but remember you are a girl. There is nothing wrong in it, I know that, but everybody will say things. [Still no response from Nadia]. You must remember he is an Indian.



Nadia [raising her head quickly]. I didn't think you would say that, mother.

Clara. I am not saying anything against him personally, my girl, but still—oh, I don't know. He goes to the University as you do and probably thinks as you do, but there is perhaps a difference.

Nadia. Oh, mother, I didn't think that you would care.

Clara [patting Nadia's hands]. I really don't, dear. but I wish you wouldn't see Clint. so often. [She rises to leave the room].

Nadia [catching her mother's hand]. Mother, you are too late!

[Clara wheels around and stands, shocked].

Clara. Nadia, what do you mean?

Nadia. You are too late.

Clara. In what way, child?

Nadia. With your advice about Clinton and—and myself.

Clara [taking the girl by the shoulders and gazing steadfastly into her eyes]. You mean — — ?

Nadia [defiantly]. —That Clint. and I love each other!

[Clara's hands fall and she goes over to the chair and stands].

Clara. I did not think it would ever come to this? Oh, Nadia, why did you not tell me before?

Nadia [passionately] I did not know it would happen! [falling to her knees before Clara]. This afternoon—at the beach—he told me — —

Clara [softly]. Yes, dear.

Nadia [in an outburst]. He told me he loved me and I —oh, mother [sobbing].

Nadia. Mother, I love him! [She rises and goes over by the screen, her back to the audience. She remains thus for a while, Clara watching her as if fascinated. Finally she turns and comes back to the other woman]. Mother, I can marry him, can't I?

Clara. I cannot agree to that, Nadia.

Nadia [she appears as if refusal had been unexpectedly]. But why, mother, dear? He is as good as we are and—and you like him.

Clara [pained at what she has to say]. But he is an Indian, dear.

Nadia [stamping her foot]. What difference does that make. I would like to know? [in a business like tone]. And you forget, mother, that I love him.

[Clara is about to speak when Dick rushes in from the hallway, a magazine in his hand].

Dick. Aren't we going to have any dinner tonight? I've been sitting in the dining room for the last half hour, and I've read a whole story through. Aren't you coming, mother? [then sensing the strained atmosphere]. Why, what's the matter, mom?

[Accusingly]. Nadea, you've been crying.

[Neither say a word. so he repeats his question]. Tell me for heaven's sake, what's the matter, Nade?!

Nadia [slowly] I wait to marry Clint.

Dick [recoiling]. Marry Clint?! Are you crazy, Nade?!

Clara. Not so loudly, dear. We're serious.

Dick. But marry Clint.! He's nothing but an Indian, Nade, a blamed colored man. I wouldn't be caught marrying an Indian!

Clara [her face blanching and an almost pitiful expression coming into it]. You musn't speak that way, Dick. An Indian lad is as good as anyone else.

Dick. She can't marry him mother. We would be disgraced.

Clara [helpless'y]. I don't know what to do. [Since Dick is championing her attitude she is relying upon him]. I can't dictate.

Dick. But think of the disgrace, mother. A member of our family married to an Indian.

[Clara sways and Dick rushes to her]. Don't worry, mom. I'll settle this. [Clara smiles weakly]. Think what father would do.

Clara. I don't know what he would do. Dick.



Dick. He certainly wouldn't let us be mixed up in an affair like this, mom.

Clara [with conviction]. I'm not so sure about that, dear.

[All this time Nadia has been listening to the other two. Now she comes forward and asserts herself].

Nadia [with spirit]. You seem to be settling this entirely without considering me.

Dick. You can't marry an Indian Nade.

Nadia. Why can't I? I'm not ashamed of him!

Dick. But look at his father and mother.

Nadia. Yes, look at them. Father vice-president of the Skagway bank, mother, secretary of the Native Daughters Order. Number two.

Dick. Oh, that's all very well to talk. But you would lose all your social position.

Nadia. Why should I? They're on just as high a social plane as we are. We associate with them, go places with them, call them the rightful owners of this land—but we cannot marry them!

Dick. But their color, Nade.

Nadia. You'd let me marry an Italian or a Spaniard, wouldn't you, mother?

Clara [over by the divan, fondling the shawl, replies mechanically] Yes.

Nadia. They are as dark as Clint. and some are even darker.

Clara. But can't we make you understand dear that we don't believe in mixed marriages in this country?

Dick. Yes, and you'd be featured in every Sunday paper. Wouldn't this be fine in red headlines: "Clever Young Varsity Girl Weds Her Indian Classmate." Then about ten reporters stalking around the house.

Clara. Hush, Dick.

Nadia [with heat]. Not necessarily! How about Cynthia Manners? She's married to Jim Lee of last year's Graduating Class, and what is his father? He only owns a grocery store on Pender.



Dick. [throwing magazine down]. Well, let's settle, one way or the other.

[They look helplessly at their mother. She comes over to them and, standing between them, takes their hands].

Clara. [her voice chokes in her throat as she talks]. Nadia, dear, you want to do what is right? [Nadia bows her head]. It would—it might break up our home if you married Clint. I know—you—love him but, dear, think of your brother—and your mother.

Nadia [breathlessly]. But, mother, Clint. will become a savage if I don't go to him. And, mother, we are not living in the past; this is the present. There is no race prejudice.

[Clara does not reply, so Nadia flings herself at her mothers' feet].

Nadia [crying]. I will do as you say, mother. I love you, mother.

[At this point a telephone in the hall rings. The three look at one another and Nadia rises and passes out left. The mother and son are silent and can hear the conversation].

Nadia [outside: She speaks not too loudly].

Hello. Yes, this is Nadia. That is you Clint? My dear. It kills me to say. Oh. I love you, dear, but I cannot marry you. [On the stage Dick exits kitchen and can be heard putting fuel into stove. Clara goes over to left door and closes it. Still the murmur of Nadia's voice can be heard. Clara grasps red shawl from divan and clasps it to her. She sinks to the divan and speaks slowly].

Clara. I still remember you, Nad-cha. As if I could ever forget. [Her head falls in her hands]. I cannot see her as unhappy as I was. Oh, Nadcha. [She springs to her feet and goes to door left calling "Nadia" and also calls to her son. They enter, Dick as unhappy as one in his position can be, Nadia showing signs of recent tears. Clara hands the shawl to the girl].

Clara [firmly]. Your father gave me this.

Nadia [not comprehending]. But you said an Indian

---

Clara. It was from your father.

Dick. Our father?

Clara [laying her hand upon the boy's shoulder] Nadia's father.

[Nadia and Dick are too astonished to reply].

Clara [slowly]. Dears, I have been married twice.

Nadia. But we never heard that, mother, why didn't we?

Clara. Very few knew of it and those who did are lothe to speak of it.

Dick. Did you love your—your—first husband better than father?

Clara [smiling]. No, dear, but in a vastly different way.

Nadia. Then Dick and I are—are only half brother and sister.

Clara. Yes, Nadia.

Dick. Tell us.

Clara [going over to divan, they following her]. It was many years ago when I was nearly eighteen. I met this young man without your grandfather and grandmother knowing of it. We eloped [Nadia clasps her hands] and went towards the mountains. Three days later he was—killed.

Nadia and Dick [startled] killed!

Clara [as if reciting]. The city was very young then, and warfare was common. My father learned of our whereabouts, and had him killed—had him shot. [She stops and her children takes her in their arms].

Nadia. Mother, how terrible. What was my father's name?

Clara [freeing herself]. Nadcha.

Nadia and Dick. Nadcha!

Nadia [slowly]. He was——

Clara. He was — — an Indian.

[The two stare at her. Nadia, who has the shawl, suddenly wraps it around her and breaks into a hysterical laugh.]

Nadia. How ironical! Aha. I am an Indian too. Aha-ha. Blood will tell!

Clara. Yes, dear. And you know what that means?

Nadia [arresting her motions]. That I can marry him?



Clara. I am willing, dear.

[Nadia throws the shawl upon the table and is about to leave when Dick stops her].

Dick. I am sorry for what I said, Nade. You are still my sister. [For answer Nadia takes his head between her hands and kisses him on the forehead. They leave, left.

Nadia can be heard telephoning. Clara smiles to herself and again clasps the shawl to her. She is happy but she cannot prevent her eyes from becoming misty.

As the curtain descends, Nadia can be heard, saying "Clint. it's all right," [and Clara turns her head, looking at left door, a smile upon her lips].

CURTAIN.

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## THE GYPSY SOUL

I KNOW not the hills that wait beyond

My little strip of day——

If the road will swim through shimmering suns,

Or crawl through mist-banks gray.

But this I know—a gypsy heart

Will go with me on the way.

A speck of fire to cheer the nights,

And a song in the winds that blow;

A beckoning star o'er the endless road

Where the shadowy caravans go.

And O, the dreams of a gypsy soul

While the wayside embers glow.

O. T. R., '26.

## HOUSE O' DREAMS

ITS not so wide, its not so long,  
This little House O' Dreams,  
Here come the weak, here come the strong,  
Here come the weary scourged of wrong,  
The gay, the sad, a motley throng  
And some with sighs and some with song  
Have found their House O' Dreams.

The young have found it, and the old—  
This little house O' Dreams;  
The craven hearted and the bold  
Are one when gathered in its fold;  
And rags are dropped, and stores of gold  
When men are stopped and softly told  
To get them to their dreams.

Tis built upon a storied shore,  
This little House O' Dreams;  
And poppies nod about the door;  
And love is there, a golden store  
Of joys you knew in days of yore;  
And nightingales sing evermore  
Around the House O' Dreams.

Yet hasten not, though all so fair,  
This little House O' Dreams;  
Nor slight the call when summoned there  
But, dauntless, drop all worldly care,  
And greatly love and greatly dare  
With lifted eyes, as you prepare  
To seek your House O' Dreams.



## STORM-STOPPED

THE snow was falling in heavy clouds as Will Howe opened the door and stepped out into a wild, stormy morning.

All night the wind had been whistling dismally around the farmhouse, fairly rocking its foundations. Nor had the fury ceased with morning. The heavy clouds of snow still came down with cutting force, piling the drifts higher and higher.

Will buttoned his coat tightly around his neck, and ploughed his way to the fox-pen which stood near by, in order to see how his black foxes had survived the rigors of the wild night. For Will was the proud owner of Shiny and Slick, a pair of magnificent black foxes, of which he took great care, and for which he had great esteem. Will had got them some months before, intending to experiment in the business of fox-ranching, and, if successful, to go into it on a large scale. Everybody in the neighborhood was proud of these animals, for they were the only ones of their kind for miles around.

In a few minutes Will fairly tore the snow-drifts asunder in his mad rush toward the house. He encountered his father on the platform.

"Good Heavens dad, Shiny's gone!" came in excited tones from the younger man.

"What! How's that?" exclaimed Mr. Howe, in consternation at his son's wild face and tone.

"I tell you he's not there—not in his pen—he's gone!" cried Will.

"What's happened him? Surely he couldn't have broken loose,—and on such a night as last!"

Mr. Howe fairly outdid his son in the rush toward the fox-pen, as they excitedly conjectured on the disconcerting discovery.

In reaching the pen, both men hastily entered and made a quick search.

"He's gone alright," said Mr. Howe, but here's Slick yet. She surely would have gone with him if he'd broken loose. Let's see what's here."

"Do you see any signs of his having got out around the yard-wire, Will?" called Mr. Howe, as he carefully examined one side of the enclosure.

Digging and pawing with both hands and feet the men worked their way around the pen.

"Why, he couldn't possibly have escaped. Maybe he's buried in the snow," said Will, anxious to be as hopeful as possible.

"He'd never do that, and besides, he could never get out with the deep snow and all." Mr. Howe ran over to the shelter and carefully looked in at the remaining animal, which eyed him uneasily from the far corner.

"Look here, look here, my God—he's killed!" shouted Mr. Howe with no little alarm." Just look at that. Blood. The straw's been all mauled around over it, but there it is." And he tore great handfuls of the straw out of the box, disclosing a streak of blood along the bottom of it.

"Someone's been here; just look, would you," cried Will unearthing a large pile of discolored snow from under his feet. "The fox has been dragged out through the snow here." He ran around the pen, digging deeper than before. Suddenly his foot slipped right through the wire enclosure, and as he stooped down to clear away the snow, he saw a great gash in the wire. Further efforts at clearing away the obstruction of white, disclosed the fact that this slit extended both down and across, making a square opening about two feet each way. The wire had been cut, and after the opening had served its purpose, the former had been turned down into place again, to hide the work. Will kicked away at the bottom of the opening and up came several flakes of bloody snow.

"Some thief must have got in and made away with him," cried Will. "Let's see the outside."

They rushed out around the pen, but could get no clue to the direction in which the supposed thief could have gone, for an ever-increasing blanket of snow hid any possible traces of the crime. Since it had been snowing all night,



every vestige of the tracks made by the criminals would be lost. Hope of recovery indeed seemed small.

"We'll have to get the stock fed up now, Will. There's nothing can be done at present," said Mr. Howe, after they had searched around through the snow for a time.

They then made their way out to the barns. Will went into feed the cows, while his father entered the horse barn to look after the animals there. Mr. Howe took up the fork, and gathering together what little hay lay on the floor, he pitched it into the horses. There was not enough for all of the animals, as he had to enter the mow in order to get sufficient to finish feeding them. During his work he kept muttering agitatedly, "What could have happened, and on such a night, such a night? It's enough to drive one crazy." He tossed the hay hither and thither in his excitement. On taking a heavy scoop into a low pile of hay in one corner, his fork was suddenly brought up with a jerk. Dislodging it, he jammed it farther into the pile. It struck something bulky with such force that he paused to investigate. Drawing out the fork he glanced at the tines.

"My God, My Lord, what have I done!" he exclaimed in alarm, for though the hay had cleaned them off somewhat, there on the tines were traces of blood!

In his excitement, Mr. Howe rushed out of the mow and made his way to the other barn, where Will was still engaged in feeding the cows.

"Will, Will, what have I done? I've killed someone, Yes, I have. He's dead; he's dead. I've killed him!"

"What! Where! What has happened? Where is he?" fairly shouldered the young man in consternation at his father's excitement.

"In the horse barn. I've killed him. The robber's in the hay."

They both ran to the horse barn, climbed into the mow, and carefully approached the pile of hay in the corner.

"In that pile there. Careful. Uncover him. Easy," said Mr. Howe, trembling at this new disaster.

Will carefully lifted the hay away from the spot, and soon a horrid spectacle was revealed to their eyes. Expect-

ing to see the form of a man, dead from the prongs of the fork, the sight of a strip of raw, bare flesh turned then quite pale and horrified, so that they started back in alarm and consternation. Despite the coldness of the morning, beads of cold sweat stood out upon their foreheads. Could it be the thief in a mangled condition such as they beheld him. Will could scarcely scrape away another forkful of hay. He finally managed to do so, however, and there in a little hollow they saw a body all red and raw, not of a man, but of an animal.

"What is it? What can it be?" cried Mr. Howe, through somewhat less terrified than before.

Stooping down, Will lifted out the head end of the carcass.

"It's Shiny! He's been killed and skinned. They've hidden him here. Oh, the curs!" And Will almost wept with bitterness at the thought of what had befallen his beloved animal. They descended to the barn floor and there Will began looking around and examining the door.

"Here it is;" he cried, "here's where they did it. They've killed him in the pen and then brought him in here to save carrying the carcass. They've taken away only the skin."

There in the far corner of the floor were traces of blood, and matted hay. The thieves had evidently skinned the animal in the barn, hidden the carcass, and made off with the pelt.

"They did it last night because of the storm, when their tracks would be hidden. They must have had a light though. Probably a flashlight. What'll we do? Is there no chance at all of getting on their trail?" said Will, looking inquiringly at his father.

"It's one thing certain that they couldn't have made much progress last night in this snow. They can't be very far away" returned Mr. Howe.

"Well, they must have been pretty handy here, before dark last night. We might get some idea about it at the village. It's an awful day to travel, but it'll soon be too late



to do anything about it. Let's make an effort if we can," said Will.

"We can get the team out and break the road to the village while we're at it," said Mr. Howe, "even though it won't be of much use on a day like this. It's the only way we can get there."

After a hurried breakfast, Will and his father set out with the big box-sled. It was very slow travelling through the thick fall of snow, the cutting wind, and the heavy drifts. The wind almost lifted them out of the sled, and the cutting snow rendered it very difficult to make any headway.

On and on they went. The village was some four miles from home, but it seemed more like ten miles, through the fearful drifts and the biting elements.

Will who had been leaning over the edge of the sled, suddenly gave a start."

"Look, dad, look here! What's that we've run over?" he cried, pointing to a small black strip of something, which protruded out of the snow, in the deep track made by the horses and the sled-runners.

They stopped the team, and as soon as they had climbed out they hastily dug away the snow from around the object. Soon they dragged out something dark and heavy.

"Look, look, it's a man!" cried Will, when they had hauled the form clear of the snow.

And a man it was. When they had cleared away the snow from his face they saw that he was apparently dead. He had evidently been overcome in the drifts, and had been frozen to death in the awful night.

The figure wore a heavy fur coat and rough boots. His visage was that of a man somewhat past middle age. A short beard covered his face, which had a very pinched and horrible look, as though death had come with a struggle.

"Poor fellow, the night was too much for him," said Will, touched at the man's appalling countenance.

"Do you suppose he cou'd have been the thief?" asked Mr. Howe, regarding the man intently. "Look carefully Will, perhaps the skin's handy."

"What! He a thief? I hardly think so, poor fellow," returned Will, Nevertheless he aided his father in digging around the spot where the victim had lain.

"Absolutely no traces of it. Surely this poor fellow never did such a thing. He's evidently got lost last night on his way to or from the village. He's probably got folks there. We'll have to take him in, and perhaps they'll be able to tell us who he is, when we get there.

They lifted the body into the sled and struggled onward with their added burden. After managing to make their way through all the intervening rifts, they arrived at the village. There they sought Dr. Brown, as they knew of no better place to which they might take the body.

They drew up in front of the doctor's house and soon brought him out with the news that they had a dead man with them.

"Don't know him; evidently a stranger to these parts," said Dr. Brown, after peering into the face of the body. "But what's to be done? We'll have to take him to the house, and then find out about him later, I suppose. How did you happen to run across him, anyway?"

As the three men bore their burden with some difficulty through the snow, Will explained.

"We lost a fox last night. It looks as though some one stole it. We saw no way but to strike out this morning to see what we could learn about the thieves, as the skin's really quite valuable, and not easily lost. About a mile back we saw a bit of this coat, as the sled runner uncovered it. We stopped, and found the poor fellow all covered up there in the snow. He must have got lost in the drifts yesterday or last night."

When they reached the house they examined the body more carefully. After they had unbuttoned his coat they looked into the pockets, but could find no identifying letters or papers of any kind.

"There's nothing to do but leave him here till enquiries can be made," said the doctor, "He must be known to someone in the village, else he'd hardly be around in this weather."



Will, who had been examining the body still further to see if any marks of identification could be found, suddenly drew his hand away from the inside of the great coat, with a start.

“Heavens, what’s that!” he exclaimed agitatedly.

“Why, Will, what’s up,” cried Mr. Howe running toward his son. “What is it? Did you get any clue about him?”

I don’t know what it is, It’s inside his great coat. Oh, it’s all cold and chilly feelnig, like his bare skin.” Will shuddered as he viewed the body, and moved farther off.

The two elder men approached the corpse, and with some difficulty they managed to loosen the heavy coat, and drew it from the body.

What they then saw, after doing so, caused them all to start back in surprise and wonder, for there, flat against the lining of the great coat, and held up through the arm holes by its corners, was the black fox skin!

W. A. S., '28..

## S M O K E

DISTANT blue smoke,  
 Curling, winding,  
 Ever seeking, never finding;  
 Forming yourself, so it seems,  
 Into visions, into dreams;  
 Then the merest little blow  
 Of the ambient air—and lo!  
 Dreams are scattered, visions fled;  
 New smoke rises dull instead.

You are like realities  
 Shattered by adversities;  
 Still the new ones come, and take  
 The old one’s place, and new life make.

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

## MANUSCRIPTS OF CANADIANA

TRANSPORTED from their individual homes, it has been the lot of many of the manuscripts of our Canadian writers to some together in a section of *Canadiana* in the library of Acadia University.

This part, known as the Logan Collection of *Canadiana*, has been accumulated with much care and effort by Dr. J. D. Logan, the manuscripts having all been subjected to his inspection and to his relative gradings of their values.

In Norwoodiana, we find an extensive collection of the work of Robert Norwood. It contains his autobiography, a letter to Dr. Logan, a letter to Miss Jean Murray of Acadia Ladies' Seminary, in which he gives a summary of his life for her graduation essay.

A manuscript copy of his poems is marked "very precious—unique." The autograph reads, "To my friend, Dr. Logan, who first touched me on the shoulder and called me minstrel—In grateful acknowledgment of his great mind and authentic gift of song—Robert Norwood."

Dr. Logan received this volume from Dr. Norwood after his reading at the School for the Blind in Halifax, May 16, 1921. It contains his evening's selections, the program, and an autographed admission ticket.

The working manuscript of "Bill Boram," a poetic drama, is penciled "Pricelessly precious." It contains many changes in the author's handwriting, with his note of gift to the Logan Collection. It has the original foreword of Miss Grace Blackburn, with her signature.

There is also an address, the press proofs of which have been corrected by the author, entitled "Social Loyalty," delivered before the Commercial Club of Halifax in February, 1924, and presented to the library by the author. This pamphlet reveals the man's breadth of character, and his earnest desire to make his native province an ideal one in the eyes of the world.

Turning from Dr. Norwood, we find numerous manuscripts of the work of Marjorie L. C. Pickthall. There is an



appraisal of the poetess and her poetry, written by Or. Archibald MacMechan, which was published in the *Halifax Herald* under his name three days after her death. This is of great value, as it was the first article of magazine quality to be published as an appreciation of the dead poetess.

The original copy of "The Wood-Carver's Wife and other Poems," by Miss Pickthall has been marked "Unique—Extra Precious." This is a posthumous manuscript and is exceedingly valuable today because of the great appeal of this volume of poetry.

"The Lost Orchard," a manuscript in her own handwriting, is autographed, and may be regarded as absolutely priceless.

An autographed copy of the "Ode for the Keats Centenary," by Duncan Campbell Scott, was sent by the author to William E. Marshall of Bridgewater. It contains his letter of presentation to him, who, in turn, passed it on to Dr. Logan. This book is also valuable for its portraits, especially a group portrait of Duncan Campbell Scott, Pelham Edgar, and Bliss Carman. It also includes a report of the Keats Centenary in Toronto as reported by *Saturday Night*.

"Brookfield," a Threnody, by William E. Marshall, with specially bound proofs, has been autographed and annotated by the author, and presented to Dr. Logan, who says of it:

"This is the first and only authoritative source of the proper text and references. Editors and anthologies of Canadian poetry and literary historians or critics, must turn to these proofs and author's notes for their material whenever the threnody is reprinted."

Sir Andrew MacPhail speaks of it in the manuscript copy of his address at the Pictou Centenary, and signalizes Brookfield as "the great Poem of the Pioneer" in Nova Scotia, and as taking "a secure place with the three great elegies of our Race—Lycidas, Thyrsis, and Astrophel."

Mervyn McEvoy's biographical notes on Pauline Johnson give the account of the life of this great poetess. We have also her letter to the Musson Company, negotiating for the publication of her collected poems under the title "Flint and Feathers," dated January 26, 1910. This is

exceedingly precious, as is the manuscript containing her corrections on the text of "Flint and Feathers."

It is with a feeling of awe and reverence that we take our leave from these few heirlooms of a vast wealth of material. For a brief time we have been within the inner sanctuary of Canadian dreamers.

H. G. B., '25.

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### ABANDON

**A**LONG the path of men  
Anemone, you grew  
A bursting bud, but then  
A silken slipper slew  
Thy pale fragility.

Oh skylark, dart and swing  
Against the fleece-like cloud,  
Ere ill-aimed shot shall fling  
To earth thy song, and shroud  
Thy high felicity.

Look up to laugh, unmask,  
Oh struggler midst the toil  
Of life's engrossing task,  
Before cold death encoil  
Thy swift futility.

C. F. A., '28.



## THE BLUE BEAUTY

THE mater is of a decidedly modern turn of mind and quick to appreciate the economics of time, labour, and money set forth in the advertising columns of the daily press. Therefore, upon one first morning in town, she sallied forth eager as some errant damzel of yore on her quest; for a stove, a distinctly modern stove, she was determined to have.

In due time, she arrived at the counter of one of the town's hardware stores after a disconcerting wandering through a wilderness of axe handles, coils of rope, barrels of nails, wash-boilers, rotary saws, and so forth. Once having gained this vantage ground, no mere man nor impediment of man-made hardware was able to deter the jealous lady longer. Triumphant, she started her wishes and then was led into thy presence, oh cause of so many woes! Even the price could not restrain her desire, such was the appeal of the Verona Semi-Automatic Oil Stove fresh from the factory, and radiant in hues stolen from October's bright blue sky, and gleaming with argent levers and alluring dials with their piquant legends, "Light here," "Burn here," and "Out." The finality of the last phase, she found particularly intriguing. Then, too, there was the rotund glory of the cerulian resevoir with its romantic, all-seeing Cyclop's eye which fair Verona wore by her side with all the easy grace of a Dian girt with her quiver. Finally, the amazed matron gazed upon the Nubian beauty of the oven,

Too bright  
To hit the sense of human sight,  
And therefore to our weaker view  
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue."

There it stood, an oven that would surely have held no terror for even Hans and Gretel themselves, "but oh! that deep romantic chasm' within! To this visual appeal, however, must be added the mystic chant of the attendant priest

who assured her to the peril of his own immortal soul that it would do twenty-three hours to the gallon.

Thus, the deal was consummated and I wonder now that no comet drew its portentous length across the heavens or that the sea did not:—

“From behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight shed  
On half the nations.”

No, nature vouchsafed no omens and cousin Cassandra, who had a Dejection Stove of her own over in Sestos, was unheard.

In another hour, the “*dolus ipse*” stood in the threshold of the family mansion and

“*Pueri circum innuptaeque puellae sacia canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent; illa subit mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. Opatria, o divum domus Ilium et incluta belle moenea Dardanium! quater ipso in limine portae substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere; instamus tamen immemores caecique furore et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.*”

Yes, we can sincerely sympathize with “pious Aeneas” now, for we too have suffered from a guileful enemy and have lodged within our kitchen a monster teeming with surprise and treachery.

Incidentally, I think this striking example of the well known history to repeat herself is a very definite proof of the veracity of the *Sortes Vergilianae*. At any rate it has quite convinced me and I am determined, like Dante, to take the great Mantuan as my guide.

The first day passed smoothly in our household. The amazing eccentricities that the Verona Semi-Automatic developed were accounted for by the mater as due entirely to her own inexperience and we managed to dine on underdone potatoes, and overdone steak, and a pie which furnished a delightful contrast between its adamantine top-crust and its soggy under-crust. However, trifles of that nature are to be expected from new stoves and experienced housewives



as well as from experienced stoves and new housewives. We had a cold supper with luke-warm tea, as the third burner insisted on sending a flame skywards that threatened "*sidera lambere*," while the first burner glowed with a minute blue flame and from that flame, "no light, but rather darkness visible," and no noticeable heat emanated. The middle burner refused to function.

The next morning, however, the fun began in earnest. The third burner belched forth floods of a peculiarly viscous fluid while no noticeable results could be obtained from the first and second. After much coaxing and shifting of the wedge placed under the Verona's four legs according to the printed directions, a match was prayerfully applied to the middle burner—we always had held with Ovid that, "*Medio tutissimus ibis*." Results were immediate and astounding. A great blue flame shot ceilingwards from the centre of a cloud of pitchblack smoke, the air was filled with choking fumes, and the ear terrified by indistinct mutterings. We were somewhat alarmed to have vivid recollections of Faust and his satanic visitor rush across our minds with a sudden and disquieting force; however, the head of the household extinguished the impending conflagration in a manner reminiscent of the Maid of Orleans, and we retreated to the front of the house where, safe from the fumes of burning oil, we broke our fast on cornflakes and milk.

The oldest son of the family has long prided himself on his mechanical ability and carries a kit of tools with him wherever he goes. That morning, he was duly called upon to put his knowledge to practical use. He did, and we dined in the tea-room!

The next day, however, Verona acted like a perfect lady and we had three meals and a late lunch in peace. Whereupon, we praised the inventor, installed the household gods upon the hearth, and settled down in our fancied security, confident after all mind was superior to matter.

All went evenly for a week, then, one morning, the mater attempted to fill the tea-kettle as it heated over the middle burner. She is not as sure a shot as she was once and, inadvertently, three drops of water found their way into the burn-

er, which immediately went on record as the one and only rival of Pandora's box as a repository for surprises by shooting forth a pillar of flame in the depths of which the innocent tea-kettle resembled an unfortunate soul in the seventh circle of Dante's *Inferno*! Peace was finally restored by my brother's prompt and heroic action, a dainty black circle on the ceiling immediately over the refractory burner being the only memento of the occasion. My knowledge of chemistry was quite insufficient to explain the mystery, but I muttered something about steam and red-hot iron as ambiguously as the Delphic oracle ever did in its palmist days, and so saved my reputation. This latest eccentricity soon became a permanent addition to Verona's repertoire of idiosyncrasies and one of our most diverting indoor sports, but, needless to say, failed to make an entire "bit" with the mater whose faith in Verona immediately suffered a rude shock.

The "Follies of Verona" continued for several weeks with the enthusiasm of the family visibly waning from day to day until the blue beauty came to be regarded as something of a white elephant. Paradoxically, as she lost prestige in the sight of the rest of the family, she raised herself in my estimation. My only excuse is that I am still a young unlettered youth and crave excitement!

By January, the head of the household developed symptoms of a nervous breakdown and was invalided to Sestos where cousin Cassandra proved such a poor solace that she soon returned—"Qhem tum vates Cassandra moveret?"—but not before I had conducted a delightful affair with the blue beauty and covered myself with more oil than glory.

About this time, the mater began to talk electric stoves morning, noon, and night. Quite a shocking subject, I thought, and unsuited to the walls which still harboured "the blue-eyed maid." The latter lady, as was to be expected, raised a stench—of burning oil—and one of the oven panes" cracked from side to side—ominous portent!

I "counselled ignoble ease and peaceful sloth," but the intolerant mater, now thoroughly aroused, vowed to do way with the unfaithful menial. The mechanical brother replaced the oven pane to the best of his ability. But, no sooner were



numbers two and three kindled beneath the oven than flames filled the interior, both panes cracked and fell out upon the floor, and another conflagration was only narrowly averted by the combined efforts of the entire family. The mater dissolved in tears, the mechanical brother broke into an astounding oration, not once repeating himself in a ten minute soliloquy, while Verona's sole champion attempted to placate the offended deity to no avail. Her fate was sealed from that moment.

I really was frightfully broken up at first, for I entertained a very lively admiration for this Camilla among stoves. However, I am quite reconciled to the parting now, especially since she went dry last night at the unseasonable hour of one forty-five, as I attempted to prepare lunch, necessitating a trip to the cellar for oil. Tomorrow the new electric contrivance arrives in all her virgin purity, and Verona makes her final exit.

It really seems a shame to me, but the family is too old, I fear, for such an intense existence as Verona's presence necessitates, and anyway it is awfully cold in the cellar at 1.45 A. M.!



## L I F E

THE day is fair—the summer breeze  
Creeps lightly o'er the shining bay,  
And wanders through the rustling trees  
With perfumed breath to where I stray.

The day is calm—and tiny waves  
Lap softly on the opal sand.  
As when the loving mother laves  
The heated brow with tender hand.

Yon fleecy puffs of milky cloud  
Drift idly through the azure blue.  
My very soul encaptured, bowed,  
Incastellates the tranquil view.

Lo! darkly o'er the glistening bay  
The inky shadows creep and glide,  
Profane the calm and perfect day  
And felly blotch the gleaming tide.

F. H. F., '26.



## ROMEO IN LUCK

FATE, that rascally little jester who is ever on watch for the dramatic, had played an odd joke on the Vails and Stickneys, the two leading families of Griggsville Center. As a result of the quip, the little village in the western part of Canada had gained a place on the map with Verona, Italy, in which fair city, according to one William Shakespeare and other eminent authorities, Romeo, son of the Montagues, and Juliet, daughter of their enemies, the Capulets, got the whole community in a turmoil by falling precepitately and irretrievably in love.

So it was some-seven centuries later in Griggsville Center when the dark haired Curtis Stickney began throwing bouquet, figuratively and literally, in the direction of dainty, blue-eyed Mary Vail, who received the contributions with unusual favor. For years, their fathers, Randall Stickney and Judson C. Vail, had been very much "on the outs," as the townspeople expressed it. And the attitude of the two picturesque old farmers did not change when they learned of the trick fate had played; at least, there was no diminishing of the mutual enmity.

For the onlookers the affair was delicious. The Griggsville Center people held masked balls on Hallowe'ens only—in the drab old room that constituted the top floor of the town hall—but they appreciated the romantic possibilities of the situation perhaps as well as the gay fourteenth-century Veronese, surfeited with pageants and masks that lasted until sunrise, appreciated the ripping joke on their two well-known families.

Of course when, one starlit June evening, a gentle, fragrant breeze stirring the leaves of the stately elms and maples on Jud Vail's spacious lawn, Curtis Stickney asked the retund old farmer the eternal question that a prospective son-in-law is supposed to ask the prospective father-in-law, he got just the answer that every housewife in Griggsville Center knew he would get. The "no" was emphatic.

That night Curtis Stickney heard from Vail, the redness of his beardless cheeks unusually pronounced, a story that was by no means new to him. Griggsville Center people knew it by heart, as they knew Randall Stickney's side, also.

"Thirty years ago," Vail said, "your father played me a trick I'll never forget. I was a candidate for reelection as tax collector, and I thought until the morning of election day that no one was running ag'in' me. Then I found that Randall Stickney had carried on a great campaign. He won by his tricky methods, but, by thunder, you'll not win now! I never want to see you again. Go!"

Although Curtis Stickney's answer to Vails' objection would have seemed exceedingly logical to the judges of a high-school debate, it met no favor with the irate farmer. But when Stickney, jaw firm and head held high, walked from the ancient homestead and met Mary, in a dainty white dress, on the sweet-scented lawn, he did not seem to be discouraged.

Neither did Mary. "I know what father told you," she said after learning the result of Stickney's visit. "It was all about the election of 1891. What a beautiful fairy tale we are playing in, Curtis! There ought to be a moon to-night to make it all seem just like what we read in books. Fathers, enemies; son and daughter, lovers!"

"In books they get married, anyhow, and then the parents forgive them. We're of age; we can do as we please,"

"Of course," the girl said. "But if we should marry in the present circumstances, it would be hard for both of us afterwards. Despite our literature, parents don't always become reconciled."

Later that night Judson Vail exclaimed to his daughter: "By George, you'll give up Curtis Stickney! I won't think of your marryin' him. I won't stand for havin' a son of that tricky, mean Randall Stickney in my family."

"What have you against Curtis, father?"

"I've got somethin' ag'in all of them. They're a cross-grained, peculiar lot. Ever since the Stickneys came from Ellington to Griggsville Center, there's been nothin' but trouble in the town. They should have stayed where they



belonged—nobody ever asked 'em to come here. Why, Randall Stickney is so mean he wouldn't give a cent to a starvin' boy. He's the meanest man I've ever knowed, and I've knowed some mean ones."

In the days that followed, Curtis Stickney, who was a partner of his father in running the farm on which their family had lived since coming from the city of Ellington some thirty-five years before, let pass no opportunity to be with Jud Vail's daughter. The two were seen together often, much to the delight of the townspeople, who liked suspense.

Vail, still affronted by the question that the younger Stickney had dared to ask him, stormed about irascibly. His Mary the bride of Randall Stickney's son! He guessed not! The elder Stickney, stately and gray-bearded, stormed, too; for he had heard rumors, and, upon asking his son about them, received frank and disconcerting answers. The old farmer's wife, however, did not seem to be displeased. Randall Stickney's mother had always lived in Greggsville Center.

One day early in July, Mary spoke to her father about a trip to Ellington, the largest city in the province and the nearest to Greggsville Center. Once every three or four years Vail took time from the supervision of his farm to visit the metropolis of the province. He had not been in the city for several years now, and at last, despite the busy season, he fell in with his daughter's suggestion.

"I guess Jeb McKnight can look after things," he said referring to the most efficient of his hired men.

One morning a couple of days later, Jud Vail and Mary took a rickety old bus that made the three mile run to the nearest station. From there they went by train to Ellington, and there got accommodation in a large established hotel at which Vail had been a guest on previous visits.

The first two or three days went by pleasantly. Vail found much to interest him, and he was glad that he had come to Ellington. And then—all at once, it seemed—the eternal roar and rumble and clatter of the city, the mad rushing about of tens of thousands, the reddish-yellow glare at night, began to get on his nerves.

However, he had come to stay a week and he would stick it out, he resolved. No doubt Randall Stickney had read in the Greggsville Center notes of the *Weekly Monitor*—notes containing information carefully garnered, by Miss Euphemia Hawkins, daughter of Luke Hawkins, the Center's school-master—that he had gone for a seven day's story, and he would not give the old crab the chance to say that he had become homesick.

How the last few days dragged by! The crowds, the everlasting crowds! As Vail stood in front of his hotel and watched them he felt appalled. Not one of those thousands knew him; he did not know one of them. Up in Greggsville Center he thought, he could walk about for hours and scarcely meet a person with whom he was not acquainted. Good old Greggsville Center! Good old Greggsville Center friends!

On the afternoon of their last day in Ellington, Vail, at Mary's suggestion and accompanied by her, walked through a thickly populated section of the city. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the July sun was sending hot rays into the drab streets of asphalt.

Oh for the chance to talk with one of his neighbors! Jud Vail thought to himself. How he would like to see Luke Hawkins, or Cy Wheeler, or—no, no; he did not intend to think that. And yet perhaps he had been a little unreasoning in the past; maybe he had looked for bad qualities instead of good. No; he hadn't either!

"Look at the crowd of children down the street," Mary said, interrupting her father's thoughts and pointing to a crowd of boys and girls half a block away.

Judson Vail saw the children; but for a minute or so, as he and Mary walked toward them, he could not make out what they were doing. They seemed agitated and extremely happy, and were running about in circles. Then Vail saw that each boy and girl had an ice-cream cone. And then—

"Hello, Jud!" came a hearty cry.

For a few seconds Vail scarcely could believe his eyes—the meanest man he had ever known was giving ice-cream cones to a street full of children. How fine, after all, it was



to see Randall Stickney! "Hello Ran!" he exclaimed, and met in a half embrace the man who for thirty years had been his enemy. They shook hands heartily.

"By thunder, I'm glad to see you, Ran!"

"I'm glad to see you Jud: I didn't know you were in Ellington."

"I didn't know you was, either."

It was a minute or so before Vail saw that Curtis Stickney was standing near by, talking with Mary. Then an illuminating idea came to him. He grew red and white by turns, and then asked the elder Stickney: "How did you happen to come to Ellington, Jud?"

"Curtis suggested it! Well, Mary suggested my visit."

Neither Jud Vail nor Randall Stickney had ever had made a study of the subtle emotions that govern the acts of men—they were long on the farm but short on psychology. However, both now understood why certain "suggestions" had been made to them. Mary twinkles in their eyes, they once more come together in a hearty handshake.

"When are you going home?" Vail asked after a time.

"To-morrow. Let's go together. And also take a walk about town now!"

"We'll do both," Vail said.

Soon the two left, saying good-by to the grateful, happy children and to a joy-filled couple on the sidewalk.

Later Mary Vail and Curtis Stickney were walking arm in arm through Ellington amusement section.

"Your plan was a good one, Curtis," the girl said with a smile. "Each was longing fervently for the sight of a face from the old town, and when they met they were so happy that they forgot all the foolish hatred of the past, just as you said they would. And we brought them together at exactly the right time. But I don't understand about the ice-cream cones."

"It seems Mary, that father lived on that block when he was a boy; so he has a special interest in the children there."

Later as dusk came on and the myriads of yellow lights began to twinkle, they were passing a music store. A talent-

ed young blonde woman within was singing, and the words reached the crowded sidewalk:

"Mary, Mary, you're the girl for me,

Mary, Mary, sweetest name I know—"

I've felt all that for years and years," Curtis Stickney said. "Even when you and I sat across the aisle from each other in school."

Dainty, brown-haired Mary Vail of Greggsville Center pressed his hand in response, just as Juliet of old Verona would have pressed Romeo's hand, had her lover, instead of accepting a lot of poor advice that led to the very dickens of a climax, got busy and worked out a happy ending to their romance.

O. T. R., '26.

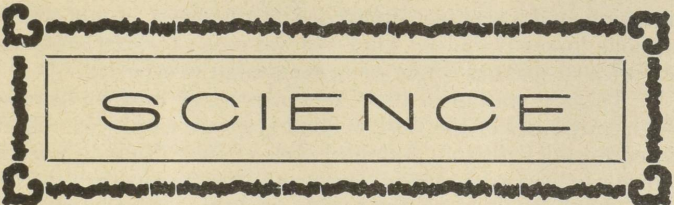
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## SERVICE

IF from the pure sweet presence of the God,  
An angel holy, hollowed by His ray  
Should come to earth to do our daily tasks  
However humble, on and on from day to day—  
Would he regret the presence he adored,  
Would menial tasks impair his gift of song?  
Or, heavy hearted, wish to fly away  
From sorrow, sadness, sin, and pain, and wrong?

Methinks his eyes would shine with God's great light  
That to his gracious Master he had given  
The same sweet service while he wrought on earth  
As ere he winged his way from highest heaven.  
Nor shame that some were sought for labors higher  
Nor yet against his lowly task rebel,  
And those same hands that lately swept the lyre  
Would labor here as faithfully and well.





# SCIENCE

## AIR PATROL FOR CANADIAN FORESTS

GERMANY has always been acknowledged supreme in the science of forestry—the conservation of her timber resources was one of her most important preparations for war. Great Britain undoubtedly leads the world in the development of aviation, but few Canadians know that here, in our own country we have the most successful application of aviation to forest conservation the world has ever known. Forestry and aviation journals in all parts of the world point to the forest patrol air station at High River, Alberta, as the most efficient measurer of forest fire prevention any country has yet employed.

Alberta is not famed for her lumbering industry. Is there enough timber on the eastern slope of the Rockies to warrant the expense of an air patrol? Possibly the value of the actual timber saved from fire, through the efforts of the air-men, would not cover the initial cost of the air station; but when one realizes that the grain growing industry of the western provinces is directly dependent on the existence of those forests, one perceives the true value of this work. Scientists tell us that a forest is one of the greatest moisture attracting element known, and the Rocky Mountain forests in particular serve also to preserve the snow on the mountain-side from melting with the first warm breeze of spring, and thus insure a steady supply of water for the western rivers throughout the summer. If the forests were destroyed by fire or other agencies, the rapidly melting snow in spring would result in swollen and dangerous rivers for the first few weeks and deadly drought for the remainder of the year. The

farming and ranching industries of the west would suffer serious losses if, indeed, they did not cease to exist altogether, with disastrous effect on our national prosperity.

The air station in itself is a marvel of modern science. Eight airplanes of the De-Haviland type are employed. Each is equipped with four hundred horse power Rolls-Royce engines which are capable of forcing the big planes thru the air at a speed of over a hundred miles an hour. That bugbear of the airmen, engine trouble, is to-day almost a thing of the past at the High River Station. Nearly every vital part of the engine is duplicated and if trouble occurs, for example faulty ignition, the pilot merely switches on his spare ignition system and continues successfully on his way. The fact that there have been no forced landings through engine trouble, speaks well for the reliability of the powerful twelve-cylinder motors.

Forced landings are accidents to be feared on the forest patrol, as the course set by the machines lies largely over uninhabited mountain regions where a rescue party would be weeks on the way to the scene of the mishap. With such a contingency in view, each plane carries a large package of emergency rations, first aid kit, rifles, fishing tackles, blankets, and in fact everything necessary to sustain life in event of a prolonged stay in some isolated valley.

One of the most notable features of the air-drome is the wireless station. This is the most powerful station of its kind in Canada and is fully equipped with both radio-telegraph and radiophone transmitters, insuring immediate and constant communication between the superintendant of the air station and the machines out on patrol. Recent improvements in the radiophone apparatus have brought even distant Honolulu within hail.

Every man on the staff of the station is a war veteran, most of them having served overseas with the Royal Air Force. The pilots are all ex-R. A. F. men and reserve officers of the present Canadian Air Force, while the observers are wireless operators selected from the Naval service on account of their superior oversight and general physical condition. In the ground organization are found skilled workers of many



trades, motor mechanics, photographers, aeroplane riggers, and machinists.

Every morning of the summer months two machines leave the aerodrome, each carrying a pilot and an observer. The pilot's duty is, of course, to control the flight of the machine. The observer is the busy man, collecting data on forest humidity, reporting his position by wireless, noting and reporting the weather encountered, the height and type of cloud; the condition of the engine, and many other duties in addition to searching for the possible existence of incipient forest fires. When a fire is sighted, the exact location is immediately reported by wireless to the aerodrome, and from there it is telephoned to the forest rangers stationed nearest the fire. These woodsmen usually arrive at the scene of the fire in considerably less than one hour after the observer sights the first whisp of smoke. The aeroplane hovers over the fire as long as necessary, keeping headquarters informed as to the progress made by the fire fighters, and advising when more men or fire extinguishing tools are needed.

The work is not confined entirely to actual fires, for many preventative measures are undertaken also. The moral effect alone on campers and settlers seems to justify the existence of the air station, as there has been a marked decrease in the number of fires originating from this source since the patrols began. Every camp sighted within the limits of the forest reserve is reported and the location noted on the map reserved for that purpose at headquarters, so that the responsibility for fires originating in the vicinity of these camps is quickly brought home to the guilty party. Pamphlets are dropped from the machines at all the country fairs and forest camps, each one describing in an interesting way the vital need of fire prevention, and cautioning the recipient against carelessness with cigarettes, camp fires, and matches. Many a careless camper has been startled by finding a cloud of propoganda descending out of the sky to him, warning him in no uncertain tone to put out his camp fire before leaving.

The air station's activities are not limited to forestry work, however. At the request of the Dominion government,

photographic patrols are undertaken for the purpose of roughly mapping the hitherto unsurveyed regions back in the mountains where the rugged peaks and ranges have barred the transit man and chain gang. For this work a monster automatic camera is used, working somewhat on the principal of the motion picture machine. It is loaded with a giant roll of film eighty-six feet long. The observer sets the various adjustments and on starting the mechanism the camera automatically makes three or four exposures per minute and reels off the film while the pilot guides the plane over the country to be mapped. The photographs thus obtained are trimmed and fitted together like a chinese puzzle to form a mosiac which is then re-photographed and reduced to convenient size.

The forest patrol machine make many special flights in order to test new developments in aviation and aircraft wireless telegraphy.

The airmen of the High River Station have rather unique flying conditions with which to contend. When passing over the mountain ranges, they frequently encounter violent air currents not only blowing horizontally, but also vertically. When a machine meets with one of these upward or downward winds, technically known as "atmospheric," it is thrown thousands of feet from its normal altitude, much to the physical distress of the crew. Atmospherics, of course, are no novelty to aviators, they are met with in every climate and country; but the lump experienced by the machines encountering an atmospheric seldom exceeds two or three thousand feet. Over the Rockies, however, three thousand feet bumps are common, and it is recorded that one machine of the air patrol dropped eight thousand feet before recovering poise. Fortunately with the prevailing westerly wind, atmospherics are found to be constant; that is, they are always met with in the same locality day after day. The airmen have taken advantage of this phenomenon by making a rough chart showing where upward currents may be expected. This chart is put to good use when the pilot wishes to climb. Setting his course for the nearest upward current he allows it to carry him as high as possible, then glides on



to the next. By taking advantage of these atmospheres, pilots have been able to climb hundreds of feet in thirty or forty miles without expending any power from the engines. Anyone who has noticed a sea-gull wheeling and gaining height without moving its wings will realize the feasibility of this.

The statistical record of the High River Station will perhaps give some idea of the actual results obtained by the forest patrol. About twenty-five thousand square miles are inspected daily by the two machines. In the total number of flights made during 1922, 1923 and 1924 nearly twelve million square miles were inspected. Fifty-one fires were reported, all of which were promptly extinguished with the exception of one originating in British Columbia many miles from the patrol area. This fire was reported three days before it entered Alberta, and during the flight to extinguish it, the air patrol supplied the only available information regarding the progress of the fire—and the area covered by it.

Fifty fires out of fifty-one were promptly extinguished. That is the record that forestry officials in other countries are striving to equal and one of which Canada can well be proud.

Similar stations have been established in various parts of the Canadian west and also in northern Ontario. These stations have records which compare favourably with that of the High River Station.

It is only when we realize the important part Canada's forests play in the welfare and prosperity of the country, that we are able to appreciate and understand the vital and significant value of the air patrol.

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

### “HIS MASTER’S VOICE”

MANY attempts were made by early experimenters to obtain tracings of the vibrations of bodies emitting sound such as tuning-forks, membranes, and glass or metallic disks. As far back as 1807, Thomas Young succeeded in finding a method for recording the vibration of a tuning-fork on the surface of a drum. Fifty years later, Leon Scoett invented the phonautograph, an instrument for recording the vibration of a membrane. This was done by means of a needle attached to a membrane stretched over a drum which when vibrated recorded its vibrations on a rotating cylinder on which soot had been deposited. In 1876, the vibrations of membranes and of tuning-forks were photographed, and flame pictures of the vibrations of sounding bodies were obtained. But the methods thus far devised succeeded only in recording the vibration, not in reproducing the sounds. This task was left for the inventive genius of T. A. Edison and in 1877 he obtained the patent on his first phonograph.

The first “record” consisted of a brass cylinder in which a spiral groove was cut. This cylinder rotated on a horizontal screw and moved from left to right. It was covered with a sheet of soft tin foil. The recorder was a needle fastened by a spring to the centre of a thin membrane stretched over the end of a small brass cylinder. The small cylinder was placed so that when the larger cylinder was rotated the needle ran in the grooves. The cylinder was first rotated while the membrane was not vibrating, and thus the needle pressed in the tin foil into the spiral groove. Then the needle was placed in the groove again, and the cylinder was rotated while the membrane was in a state of vibration. The varying pressure of the needle caused by the vibration of the membrane produced indentations in the tinfoil in the groove, and these indentations therefore corresponded to the vibrations of the membrane. When the needle was again made to run in this indented groove the same motions of the needle and hence of the membrane were repeated, and the



same sounds with a smaller amplitude were reproduced by the vibration of the membrane.

The tinfoil, however, was not satisfactory, and interesting as the phonograph was as a triumph of ingenuity it was, as yet, useless for practical purposes. But since that time, many improvements have been accomplished by Edison and others such as Bell and Berliner. As is only natural, the modern instrument is more practical, more permanent, and more satisfactory in every way than the old machine. Years of work and study have almost perfected the phonograph. In dealing with the workings of the modern machine it is only necessary to study the mechanism of the machine improved by Edison, for in principle all are the same, differing only in details.

The records in use at the present time are made of a wax composed of stearin and paraffin. A very thin glass plate is substituted for the membrane of the original machine, and the marker instead of being held firmly in the centre of the glass plate is now a lever weighted so as to keep it in contact with the surface of the wax. In reproducing the sounds the needle passes through the groove, and, being alternately raised and lowered by the depressions and elevations in the record, it transmits the variations in pressure to the glass plate. This varying pressure against the glass plate causes it to vibrate. The vibrations of the plate are so rapid that the human ear does not recognize them as such but only as reproduction of the sounds which, in making the record, first caused the plate to vibrate.

In the older machines it was necessary in order to insure accurate reproductions to make a delicate adjustment by a fine screw so that the needle would run exactly in the centre of the groove. But in the newer machines a certain amount of lateral oscillation is allowed for, and the needle slips automatically into the groove. Another improvement is that a triple-spring motor has been substituted for the electric motor rendering the machine much more convenient and practical for general use.

A change has also been made in the size of the records and in the spacing of the grooves. The grooves are now one

one-hundredth of an inch apart. The regulation speed for the cylinder machine is about two revolutions per second and that of the disk machine seventy-six revolutions per minute, and only at this speed do we obtain a true reproduction. For at other speeds the time is ruined, and the speed of vibration being changed, the pitch is changed.

In making a record the musician or speaker, as the case may be, stands in front of a horn which focusses the sound waves upon the diaphragm of the phonograph. The artist is on one side of a screen while the recorder and the operator are on the other. For instrumental selections the arrangement of the various instruments is of the utmost importance for only as the different instruments are placed at proper distances from the horn and from each other can a proper balance of tone be secured.

The records are duplicated by being first dusted with graphite and electro-plated. From this permanent record wax impresses are taken and these in their turn electro-plated with copper. This matrix is then nickle-plated and polished. The commercial records are made from a hard substance containing shellac, barium sulphate, wood charcoal, earthy colouring matters and cotton flock. The impression is made on these by means of a hydraulic press.

Another instrument known as the auxetophone was patented by Short and improved by Parsons. It differs from the phonograph in that a vibrating column of air takes the place of a diaphragm. The grid-valve controlling this column of compressed air is a metal comb which is connected with the needle so that the vibrations of the needle are communicated to the column of air reproducing the sounds first recorded. A machine for supplying compressed air is a necessary attachment to this instrument.

The uses of the phonograph are many and varied, and its invention is one of the greatest of the age. As a means of giving the best music to the entire world it is unsurpassed even by radio. Its efficiency as a teacher of foreign languages is being proven, and as a means for preserving the music of singers and players of a by-gone day its value will be more keenly felt by future generations.



# The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 6.

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Inga Vogler, '25, Month.

R. A. Thorne, '25, Athletics.

E. Ardis Whitman, '26, Exchanges.

Margaret Hutchins, '26, Personals.

C. L. Fillmore, '25, Jokes.

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## Editorial



THE close of the college year draws swiftly upon us. As we write examinations already loom in view, and by the time this reaches our readers they will doubtless be already here. "Spring's here, Summer's coming." The Ridge, moonlight nights, class parties, mayflowers, examinations, hustle, closing exercises, farewells—crowd upon us in an endeavor to make life one mad medley as we are borne swiftly forward, to May 27th, with its joys of successful work and pangs of parting.

Soon we leave our University, some for a summer holiday, some forever. Yet we shall never cease to be a part of Acadia, however in other ways the "Strong Hours beat us down." And we may be the more proud to be a part of Acadia now when the future opens bright with hope. Acadia, a few years ago, stood at the parting of the ways. One inviting path lead to Halifax. It was the road of amalgamation

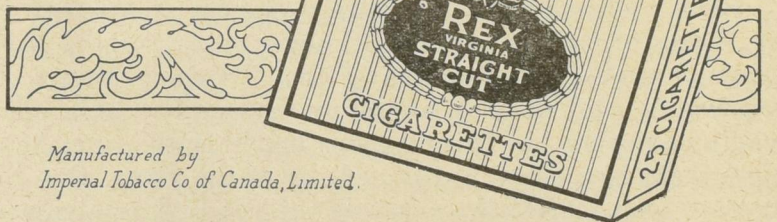


# Rex

King of  
CIGARETTES

15¢ per pkt.  
25 for 35¢

ALSO IN TINS OF  
50 for 70¢



Manufactured by  
Imperial Tobacco Co of Canada, Limited.



with other Maritime Colleges into one large University.. The other road led through bogs of debt and rocky hills of financial campaigning to a bigger and better Acadia in the old well-loved place.

The issue was one of extensivity against intensity, of an alluring appeal to progress against the Acadia tradition, of size against spirit. In harmony with desires of faculty, student body, and constituency, the power's that be decided Acadia's fate. And the result, even in its present incomplete form, has fully justified their action. Of the million and one half dollars set for the present goal, a very large proportion has been raised. The College Hall is complete, and the building of the new Seminary and Science Building within sight. To all lovers of Acadia, and especially to prospective students, the prospects are very alluring. We should judge from preparations already under way that science will be a strong feature. The Biology department, in particular, has been working under serious handicaps. With new equipment and the extended quarters for laboratory work that already efficient department should grow rapidly, and attract many students of high ability. The excellent record that Acadia students have made at Harvard and Yale, and the close relations of the Acadia science department, with those universities, should offer special inducement to students looking forward to graduate work.

In regard to future Athenaeum policy, a word might be said. For some years a feature has been noticeable in our magazine—perhaps more so to the Editors than to the rest of the student body. Due to efficient competitive system, the literary department of our magazine is excellently supported, and high standard has been reached and maintained. Yet in our general department there is almost no competition. The writing is almost wholly done by those desiring to work off general units for a literary "A," as a kind of side issue. Now, the literary part of our magazine is undoubtedly of most value, and with our present system the general departments are slighted, or the three units in each department are far too easily won.

We would like those interested to think it over carefully. Would it not be wise to cut those departments to a bare minimum, give but one unit for an award, and require the Editors to write them up in default of a competition? Then the magazine would become practically all literary, the bare sketches of games, events, and exchanges serving as a mere record.

### SEMINARY NOTES

THE Glee Club of Acadia Seminary presented the Operetta, "The Princess of Poppyland," in the Orpheum Theatre, on April 2nd, under the direction of Miss Olah Tebeaut and Mr. William Jones.

The Cast of Characters was as follows.

The King of Poppyland ..... Harry Mollins  
Fizzle-top, Court Chamberlain ..... Elsie Davis

The Honourable Dozey, a sleepy secretary—

Mary Brady  
Prince Wide Awake ..... Verne Graham  
Baron Insomnia, An Out and Outer.. George Bryden  
Pip Pip) Alvin Gowdy  
Honk Honk) His attendants .. Kenneth McKenzie  
The Princess of Poppyland, beyond compare—

Margaret Barnaby  
First and Second Court Pages..... Hazel Cochrane  
Beulah Wry

Moon Daisy } ..... Ena Roop  
Corn Flower} Favorite attendants .. Melba Roop  
Brittania, The Pride of the Ocean .. Minnie Poole  
England} ..... Vera Olts  
Ireland } ..... Natica Sherrer  
Scotland} A strength in unity .. Marion Marshall  
Wales } ..... Jewel Henderson



## May Baskets

Margaret Brady .....	Jean Stewart
Lena Price .....	Evelyn Hatfield
Doris Hunter .....	Gladys Hennessey

## Gypsies

Emily Kelley .....	Vera McEarcheron
Nellie Kierstead, .....	Mildred Bassen—
	Margaret Lawrence

## Flower Girls

Jessie Amos .....	Goldie Hennessey
Evelyn Power .....	Wanetta Burrell

The generally expressed opinion was that in most respects this operetta was the finest thing ever put on by the Seminary.

The following program was rendered at the Students' Recital, in the Seminary Chapel, On Monday, April 6.

Sonata, Op. 49, No. 2 .....	<i>Beethoven</i>
	Jewel Henderson

Animal Crackers .....	<i>Hageman</i>
Sylvan .....	<i>Ronald</i>
	Melba Roop

Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1 .....	<i>Chopin</i>
	Vera Olts

Trees .....	<i>Roisbach</i>
	Hugh Bishop

Duet: Swing Along .....	<i>Lohr</i>
	Doris Leard
	Mary Brady

Sonata, Opp. 31, No. 2 (First Movement) *Beethoven*..  
 Warum ..... *Schumann*

Lucy Gogswell

Impromptu, G. flat Major ..... *Blumenfeld*

Break O'Day ..... *Sanderson*

Beulah Wry

The Mighty Deep ..... *Jude*

George Brydon

Prelude, G. Minor ..... *Rachmaninoff*

Minnie Poole

For You Alone ..... *Geehl*

Verne Graham

Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1 ..... *Beethoven*

(First and Second Movement)

Christine Miller

God Save The King.

JEWEL HENDERSON.

LECTURE BY MISS FAITHFUL, MARCH 20, 1925.

*Formerly of Chaltenham Girls' School, England.*

In England there is a great gulf fixed between the girl of the Victorian era and the girl of to-day. There is a great deal of misunderstanding. The girl of to-day is a fine product, and more often the misunderstanding is due to not understanding the conditions which have produced certain features characteristic in the girl of to-day. I want to take you back and make this gulf between that era and this very clear. My knowledge of Canada being only ten days old, you will not expect me to be well versed in what is going on here,



but I do have certain doubts as to whether you do not understand to a certain extent the difference between the Georgian girl and the Victorian girl.

Let us consider first the upbringing of the girl of fifty years ago. The girl of that time was generally one of a large family. To-day she is one of a small family. Here we find a great difference in family life. The rough and tumble life of the Victorian era does not exist to-day. Those in large families have their corners rubbed off in the necessary give and take of every day life. This sort of nursery life is a good thing. In those days children were children, and the younger ones did not mix with the grown-ups. Now, very often there is only one child, or perhaps the family consists of one boy and one girl, and it is necessary that the girl live more with her parents. In the Victorian era everything was very simple and very solid—meals, furniture, etc.; there was more rest, not so much excitement, not so much variety, plenty of outdoor exercise, and consequently the children were more robust. Personally I think the physique was almost the most important thing in those early days.

Now the child must be supplied with much amusement, toys, etc., and is very often made the centre of the household. The life of the home must revolve around the junior members. In the Victorian era, the arrangements suited the life of the father and mother, but it is not so now. Children then, were not the dominating feature, books were carefully chosen, excitement was less. For girls, the one thing that was very much marked was the "coming out." To this they looked forward with happy anticipation. Their hair went up and their skirts down. This would be an impossibility now. Then she could enjoy the company of grown up people, sit up for dinner, choose her own friends; her school room life was put aside. Very few girls in those days in England went to school, except those who went to the primary schools. The children of professional parents did not go to school. There was very little movement in the village. The family did not go away except for the family exodus once a year to the seashore.

In 1870, schools were started for girls. Immediately there was a great change. Boarding schools were established, girls began to plan and work together, and have societies, in this way working toward independence. They left home at an early age. All the discipline of the home came to an end. With the establishment of the schools, came the establishment of examinations, then the universities, and this led to an ambition to get a place in these colleges, leading up to professional life. With these changes the girls have become less sentimental. The girl of to-day is not sentimental. If she does not get what she wants to-day, she does not suddenly burst into tears and hysterics. The one question is not met too early, especially not in school life. Corporate games are found interesting. Now girls are ready to wait until the more sentimental side has developed. For example. A number of young people were in the garden. A path ran through the end of the garden, across which the old bachelor never stepped, when he knew there were young people on the other side of the hedge, expecting of course to surprise them in a sentimental conversation. One day he was prevailed upon by an old lady to take her across the path, very much against his will. He heard voices on the other side of the hedge, of a boy and girl engaged in conversation. On nearing the sound, he was much surprised to find that they were discussing the best polish for brown boots,—showing the difference in the girl of this and the Victorian era. To-day there is a spirit of excellent good comradeship between boy and girl. Corporate virtues have been developed, with this corporate living. All this has brought about and developed courage, and a spirit of loyalty, along with a spirit of devotion and honour, different from anything which could be developed during the early Victorian era. Girls of to-day are characterized by a passionate loyalty to the places where they have been brought up. They may now be appealed to, to stand loyal, along with the boys. It is not necessary to argue with them, simply—"It is not done in a good school." One Mother said, "May is just like her brothers, realizing it is not necessary to argue about certain things. It is simply not done by a college girl."



There is very little that is morbid about the girl of to-day. She has not time for this. Another thing very admirable about her is, she is largely disciplined by her companions. In living this corporate life she has to be aware of public opinion always. No girl is going to be so foolish as to behave like a rebel in the presence of six or seven hundred law-abiding citizens. She will be afraid of appearing foolish in the eyes of her companions. She will not compromise herself. Public opinion is a great influence.

One sad feature about the girl of to-day, however, is she has lost respect for experience. She does not see that it counts. But she will. She has no respect for traditions. She does not understand that it is well to live always as in the presence of our canonized forefathers. This is a pity. Some years ago, I was walking with a chemistry professor, discussing existing generations. "What I complain of," said he, "in the girl of to-day, is that she does not realize anything bigger than herself in the universe. She has no great ideals, no reverence, and it is difficult to work if you have to work with that." I do honestly believe that this is a tremendous loss. We must get it back. This is probably due to the war. During the war, we asked of the girls of England, things which had never before been asked. We asked them to put away youth, to take home the responsibilities which we should never have thought of putting on ourselves in the earlier days. We asked them to give up their fun, to have no amusements, nor to play games, but to dig up potato patches and grow things. They spent their spare hours in making swabs and bands,—looking after the hospitals. They never asked if they were never expected to have a good time. They gave up their happy hours for scrubbing, cooking food, sewing, etc. There was no complaining. In a school of between eight and nine hundred, not one made a single complaint. They never said, "These years are going, will it ever stop?" Those were terrible days; father and brothers were at war, and no one ever knew what news would be coming each day. But they bore it with fortitude. On being told that her father was killed, one girl answered that she was too proud to be sad, and continued

her work. Then when the war was over, they did not forget that they had been baptised with those years of war. They had come to an independence which we had never thought of at such an early age. They lost their childhood, and will never have it again. They have a certain aggressiveness of manner, and are not very favorable to reverence. If they have gone undisciplined, however, they will not fail to discipline their children. They wanted their independence, and wanted it fiercely, after the war. But freedom is not so fine a thing as one might imagine. One cannot get away from responsibility which it brings. It is not so joyful as it seems. Freedom is dangerous and spoils many lives.

In teaching this generation the beauty of holiness and the beauty of greatness, the joy of reverence and the joy of respect must be put before them. They must realize that it is one of the first lessons in life. Learn to enjoy great things greatly, and the things which are holy and good.

The girl of the Victorian era was far more limited in her horizon but the girl of the Georgian era lacks the graces of life. If she should add to this great loyalty which she has, the graces of life, she would be a very splendid person.

Courtesy—It is much less than courage and holiness, but very fine. It seems to me that the grace of God is as infinite as ever. It may be noted that the greatest courtesy is among the most uncultivated.

In that era it was a magnificent thing to enter the teaching profession. The dignity of the profession was impressed upon them. A change has come over the teachers. The vocational spirit has gone and the professional spirit entered in. There is much too little regard for it from the vocational standpoint. Now the young teacher comes saying, "I do not think I shall stay more than two or three years. By that time I shall have got all I can out of it here." The spirit of giving must prevail. There is too much stress laid upon the money, and too little upon the dignity of the work. They must not lose the sense of dignity. After the war they were very keen to justify themselves in their positions, and are now getting slack. Some people have said that the women are more conscientious than the men in their work. This is

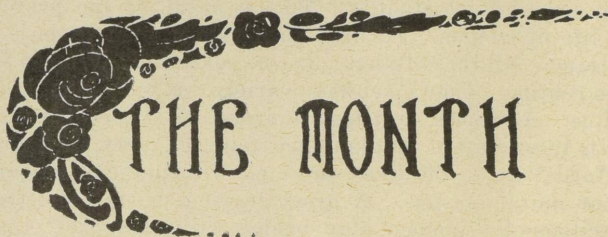


not so. There is great carelessness among women workers, and no sense of punctuality. This is fatal, to the professional life of women. To have professions open to us is a great thing. All these things must be corrected. Women do not like routine. They must have variety, but they must have discipline. Alertness, keenness, thoroughness, are all essential. In these day of straightened finances, very few girls can afford to lead idle lives, or if not for financial reasons then for moral reasons. A great craving exists among us for excitement. Women play bridge with more zest than men. These amusements occupy women so that the spirit of joy and work and service is passing away from us.

The world is a large and weary world, but we can still keep within us a sense of devotion to our work. Getting into touch with new people, etc., and even in spite of straightened circumstances financially, and small income, life can be hugely interesting. As life advances it does not become less interesting. Young people are apt to pity the older ones, but they do not want your pity. They look back on a life which has been full of work and experience, and also full of play, and look forward to a happy future.

I hope you will be no less happy than the girl of the Victorian era, and that you will love better, work better, pray better, and enjoy even more, than the girls of fifty years ago.

*Recorded by Dorothy Mullin, '25.*



# THE MONTH

THE flitting passage of time never seems to pass so rapidly as at this season of the year. The month of April brings the time of Closing nearing and nearer, and soon another class will have passed out into "the wide, wide world."

The Easter vacation has now come and gone.

The all important topic of Major exams. has been supplanted by that of graduation march, graduation pictures—and, within Tully's hall's "graduation dresses." Already the remainder of approaching finals is commencing to make itself heard, and in spite of the beautiful Spring weather, the library shows signs of study.

The inter-class baseball has begun and preparations are being made for a track meet. Thus another page in the history of Acadia turns.

## SENIOR-JUNIOR BANQUET.

The annual banquet given by the Juniors in honor of the graduating class was held in Tully dining-room, on Saturday evening, April 25th. The decorations which were pronounced "the best yet" were done in black and white with touches of red—everything harmonizing perfectly from the lamp shades to the place-cards and table boquets.

A delicious repast was served by waiters from the under-classes. This was followed by the toasts of the evening, the programme being as follows:

Chairman ..... J. A. Noble, '26.

The King



Chairman .....God Save The King.  
The Ladies

F. S. Crossman, '26 ..Miss Evelyn Bentley, '25.  
The University

Miss Elizabeth Murray, '26, Prof.N. McL. Rogers  
Graduating Class

Miss Ella McMahon, '26....R. A. Thorne, '25  
A-C-A-D-I-A-

This event is the only one of its kind in our College activities, and it is one of which we should justly be proud.

### LE CERELE FRANCAIS.

This organization proved its merit by the excellent programme presented at the Orpheum Theatre on Wednesday, April 8th. The program was as follows:—

1. Opening Chorus .....Alanette
2. Le Médecin Malgré Lui (The Doctor in spite of Himself) a play, in which Mles. Beardsley and Hayward and M. Findlay, Hatfield, Flowers and Marven took part.
3. Les Soldats de Bois—Mles McMahon, Shaw, Haley, Osborne, McCutcheon, Falt and Miller.
4. Solo—Un Peu d'Amour .....Mr. Graham
5. Scenes de la Vie Parisienne—Mles. McLeod, Smith, Colbath, DeWolfe and Dixon and M. Estey and Short.
6. L'Amour des Pantino—Mlle. Miller and M. Hatfield.

7. Saus L'Empire—Mlle. Vogler and M. Findlay.
8. L'Anglais Tel In 'On Le Parle (English at it is spoken). Another play, in which Mlles. Dixon, DeWolfe and Clark and M. Marven, Dunlop, Gould, Swim, and Thorne took part.
9. Final Chorus.

M. Israel furnished the piano accompaniments.

Much credit is due to Professor Rogers, under whose capable direction, this entertainment was presented.

### PROPYLAEUM.

Owing to lack of time for preparation, the Senior-Freshette debate was not held this year. Thus only one meeting has been held since our last issue. This was on April 6th, the Juniors providing the programme as follows:—

- Discord I—Synopsis.
- “ II—Ode to '25.
- “ III—“Meler Dramer”.
- “ IV—Reading.
- “ V— ? .

This last was very funny, taking the form of impersonation and skits on the Seniors.

A very witty critic's report was given by Helen Lawson.

### ACADIA NIGHT.

Through the kindness of Mr. Evans, manager of the Orpheum, the proceeds of the evening of April 17th were given over to the Acadia fund and the evening took the form of “Acadia Night.” The Seminary Orchestra was in attendance, and two solos by Mr. Jones were enjoyed. “The Shepherd King,” the special picture for the evening took us back



to the times of the Prophets, where antique customs and romance were intermingled. Dr. McDonald gave a very witty speech and thanked Mr. Evans, on behalf of the University, for his kindness.

#### SENIORS ENTERTAINED BY FACULTY CLUB

On the evening of April 20th, the girls of the Senior class were entertained by the Faculty Club. The first part of the evening was spent very pleasantly in the Reception Room; then they adjourned to the club room where two plays were presented—one showing the courtship of Miles Standish and Priscilla and “Mouse-Trap” which caused much merriment. The cast consisted of Mrs. Perry, her husband, Mrs. Osborne and three ladies of the district represented by Misses Oxner, Palmer and Chisholm. The old fashioned costumes of twenty-five years ago were much admired.

Refreshments were served in the reception room, and thus a very sociable evening came to an end.

#### S. C. A.

The girl's branch of the S. C. A. has continued its usual interesting meetings. Mr. Clarke spent a few days with us before the Easter vacation, giving fresh stimulus to the work. Plans are now being made for a Maritime Conference as was held last year here at Wolfville.

On April, 5th, Helen Simms gave a talk on experiences and various things connected with Bolivia, which she had heard from Miss Wilson, a missionary who has recently returned from that country. Various articles used and also made by the inhabitants of this country were on display and the speaker wore a bridal costume belonging to one of the native women.

Emily Moore and Marion Read sang a duet.

At the two following meetings, April 19th and 26th, members of the Senior Class were the speakers. At the former, Claire Cutten spoke on “Ideals;” at the latter Alce McLeod gave a talk suggested by the text, “Judge not that ye be not judged.” At this meeting Nita and Zelma Trethewey gave a vocal and violin duet.



THE past month has witnessed the wind-up of the basketball season, and we are now looking forward to baseball, track, and tennis. Although the basketball team has not carried off the title this year, it has made a very fine showing, and the members of the squad merit great praise. The team has suffered but one defeat during the season, and it is only through hard luck and an "off-night" that this one game has cost them the loss of intercollegiate honors.

With the coming of an early Spring, great interest has been awakened for tennis. The tennis courts have now been opened for some time and have been in steady use. Two new courts are also under construction and it is hoped that they will soon be in condition for play.

The baseball squad is already out to practice and a very good turn-out has been reported. The usual keen interest in this branch of summer sport is very evident. In order to facilitate the choosing of the college team, the interclass league is already under way, and has become the centre of interest in local athletics.

#### U. N. B. 50—ACADIA 31.

The University of New Brunswick basketball team won the Maritime Intercollegiate title when they defeated the Acadia squad 50-31 in a very fast game at Wolfville, March 25. An enthusiastic crowd filled the Memorial Gymnasium to capacity.

The first period was exceptionally fast and provided plenty of thrills for the spectators. The Acadia team showed



a decided superiority in combination but was not very accurate in shooting. The U. N. B. players used a different style of play and made most of their goals from different positions. The period ended in a tie, 20-20.

Acadia started the second half with a six point lead, but from that time on their playing showed a distinct weakening. Many easy shots were let go. The U. N. B. team, Seely and Fraser in particular, exhibited great form in this session, and rolled up a large score.

Seely, Fraser, and Donohue played a star game for the winners. Moffatt and the Noble brothers were the pick of the losers. Roy Willett of St. John refereed a difficult game in a very satisfactory fashion.

Line-up:—

U. N. B.:—Seely (15), Fraser (16), forwards; Donohue (17) center; MacPhail (1), Scovil (1), guards.

Acadia:—Cox (13), Davidson (9), forwards; A. Noble (6), centre; O. Noble (3), Elderkin, Moffatt, guards; Boutillier, sub.

#### ACADIA 37—MT. ALLISON 29.

The Acadia basketball squad won the final game of the Maritime Intercollegiate League when they defeated Mt. Allison 37-29 at Sackville April 2.

The game was fast and very interesting to watch. Both teams played good combination but there was a little slackness in the shooting. Nevertheless it was a hard fought battle throughout and filled with interest until the final whistle blew.

Thomas opened the scoring for Mt. A. from the first tip off. Acadia soon evened the score and the period was closely contested. The score at the end of the session stood 21-19 for Mt. A.

In the second half, Acadia showed a slight superiority. The guards worked well and the forwards ran up a good score. Mt. A. played well in combination but showed a weakness in scoring. Cox of Acadia and Smith of Mt. Allison

were the outstanding players on the floor. M. McLean of the Moncton Y. M. C. A. refereed satisfactorily.

Line-up:—

Mt. Allison:—A. Smith (16), L. Smith (4), Gregg (2), forwards; Roydon, Thomas (4), centres; Anderson (1), McKenzie (2), Rice, guards.

Acadia:—Cox (18), Davidson (9), forwards; A. Noble (6), centre; O. Noble (3), Elderkin (1), Moffatt, guards.

#### ACADIA 29—MONCTON Y. M. C. A. 28.

Acadia won from the Moncton Y. M. C. A. 29-28, in a very closely contested game of basketball at Moncton, April third.

From the outset, the game was inclined to be rough and many penalty scores were made on either side. The Moncton team appeared to be accustomed to freer regulations than the college squad, and the consequence was a very slow game from the spectator's standpoint. Nevertheless, it was a very close contest and the winning goal was scored in the last few seconds of play.

Cox and A. Noble showed up for Acadia as did McFarline and Trimble for Moncton.

Line-up:—

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

Moncton:—McFarline, Gregg, forwards; McFarline, centre; Trimble, Smith, guards.

#### INTERCLASS BASEBALL.

The first two games of interclass baseball were played on Saturday, April 18. A fair crowd was in attendance. The Sophomores easily won from the Seniors by a score of 13-1. The Freshmen likewise made a clean-up of the Engineers to the tune of 17-5. Neither game was very thrilling to watch because of the inequality of the opposing teams. The Sophomores, however, made a very good showing, especially in the infield, and appear to stand a very good chance of winning the league.





THE exchange shelf this month contains a great deal of excellent material. We are particularly glad to notice an increase in literary excellence and to welcome some comparatively new periodicals to our shelves. In connection with exchanges, the editor noted complaints from some of the other colleges stating that the importance of the exchange department in some of the periodicals was apparently diminishing.

The editorial staffs of other colleges express themselves as being much helped by the friendly criticisms and appreciations of sister institutions. Furthermore, there is often material on the exchange shelf well worth reading both from the standpoint of entertainment and of literary value.

#### THE ARGOSY WEEKLY.

The Argosy has evidently some budding journalists amongst its contributors. The news items are always very well written up; also, the general news-getting" character of the paper is pleasantly relieved by really excellent bits of humor. We would like, however, to see some of the fine literary work of the old Argosy slip into your columns again. Congratulations, Mt. A. on your splendid debating record.

#### XAVERIAN WEEKLY.

This weekly includes nothing of a literary nature, but there is an authoritative and timely editorial, very well written news items and the usual quota of jokes.

## MANAGRA.

This magazine contains many fine articles, well worth reading. While the poetry is mostly copied from other magazines and particularly, from the fine poems of great writers, its selection reflects credit upon the editor. The exchange department has adopted the idea of occupying the most worth while things from other magazines. We are pleased to note that a poem published in the Athenaeum was thought worthy of re-publication in this department.

## THE CANADIAN STUDENT.

This is one of the finest magazines on our exchange shelf. It contains a splendid editorial and very timely articles. "The Titan's Glory" by S. M. Tooke is especially well written. The magazine is constructive, broad-minded, hopeful and helpful.

## McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

We wish to offer congratulations, McMaster, to your poets. The poetry of the month was all excellent, but we were particularly delighted with "The Scoffer." The write-up the Women's Literary Society plays seems to indicate dramatic activities of a very high order. We are glad to note the attention given to the one-act play.

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE RECORD.

There was a dearth of real literary material in the Easter number of this magazine but a fine college spirit was evidenced throughout and the humor was well written.

## RED AND WHITE.

A periodical with a high literary standard. The poem "Mary's Sorrow" was very well done and the story "Ancient



Gods'' held the interest of the reader to the very end. Congratulations on your literary work, Red and White.

### THE INTEGRAL.

The hopelessly unscientific brain of the exchange editor is quite unable to cope with the articles which fill the pages of "The Integral". They are of a very specialized order and fulfil their evident purpose remarkably well. Any further remarks would betray much ignorance on the part of the aforesaid editor. Their humorous pages deserve special comment." The Integral" contains some of the best humor on the exchange shelf.

### KING'S COLLEGE RECORD.

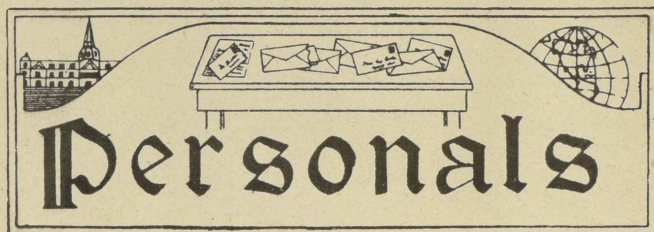
This is an excellent all-round paper. Some good poetry, but we would like to see a higher literary standard.

### THE COLLEGE TIMES.

We are glad to welcome the second volume of this new periodical, from Prince of Wales College. It has fulfilled, admirably, the purpose stated in its very excellent editorial—the stressing of the humorous element in this edition. "An Astronomer's Adventure" and "College Geometry" are particularly good humor. Congratulations on the activities of your S. C. M., Prince of Wales.

### THE FRONTIER.

A comparatively new magazine—at least, on our shelves. An exceptionally fine literary periodical. The poetry, both in quantity and quality is worthy of special mention. The majority of the poems in this number are in free verse. This magazine which would well repay careful reading.



'75.—Dr. Benjamin Rand is Hon. President of the Harvard Canadian Club.

'75.—W. G. Parsons has been appointed Crown Prosecutor for Annapolis Co., N. S.

'86.—Dr. A. K. DeBlois is engaged to give the address at the annual meeting of the Associated Alumni on May 25th.

'89.—Rev. W. H. Jenkins, who retired from the pastorate of the Sydney Mines church last year, has been spending the year in further study at Newton Theological Institute.

'91.—Rev. E. B. McLatchy tendered his resignation as pastor of the Main St. United Baptist Church in Woodstock, but has been prevailed upon by his people, to withdraw his resignation and remain.

'91.—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Rev. J. W. Litch on the death of his father.

'92.—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to Rev. F. E. Roop on the death of his father.

'92.—A. J. Crockett has an interesting articles entitled "A Pictorian Looks at His Attic," in the April issue of the Dalhousie Review.

'92.—O. P. Goucher, for some years manager in Western Nova Scotia for the Manufacturer's Life Insurance Co., has recently been promoted to general manager of the entire province, with head office at Halifax.



'92.—Rev. J. B. Ganong has been acting pastor of the Havelock church in N. B. during the past winter. As he has been pastor here some years ago, he was thoroughly acquainted with the situation.

'94.—Rev. L. F. Wallace has been suffering from inflammatory rheumatism as result of the Flu, but has sufficiently recovered to be engaged at present in an evangelistic campaign at Grand Manan.

'95.—Rev. W. H. McLeod, D. D., is now pastor of a Baptist Church in Oakland, Cal.

'98.—The Athenæum regrets to announce the death of Laura M. Sawyer, daughter of the late Dr. A. W. Sawyer, for many years President of Acadia.

'97.—Dr. Spidle was a judge in the debate between Mt. Allison and St. F. X.

'97.—Rev. W. I. Morse has recently published a book entitled "Twisting Trails, in the Auvergnès, Cevennes, Alps of Provence, Belgium, Holland and British Isles."

'98.—Rev. S. C. Freeman was appointed Recording Secretary at the Baptist Missionary Conference at Coconada.

'99.—Rev. M. R. Foshay has recently removed from New Haven and is pastor of the East Baptist Church, Lynn, Mass.

'99.—Dr. Zella Clark has opened a dispensary at Baruba, India.

'00.—George L. Dixon is connected with the Canadian National Railways, Atlantic region, as electrical and signal engineer, with his home in Moncton.

'01.—W. I. Hutchinson, M. F. is Assistant District Forester under U. S. govt. appointment with headquarters in San Francisco.

'01.—Rev. A. S. Lewis, D. D., recently removed from Vancouver to Edmonton and is pastor of the First Baptist Church of the latter city. We would express our sympathy

with Dr. Lewis in the recent death of his wife after a brief illness of two weeks.

'02.—The Athenaeum extends its sympathy to P. St. Clair Elliott on the death of his father.

'02.—Prof. H. J. Perry is now on the staff of Meredith College, North Carolina.

'06.—Rev. G. P. Barss has left India for his second furlough in the old home. He will be heartily welcomed by many of those in the Convention whom he addressed while on his last furlough. He and his two children will reside in Wolfville.

'07.—Miss I May Crandall is now the wife of Dr. J. W. Lees, a medical doctor with his practice in Vancouver.

'08.—Rev. P. R. Hayden has recently undergone a surgical operation in the New England Baptist Hospital, and has sufficiently recovered to resume his work.

'09.—Rev. F. F. Foshay is pastor of the Baptist Church, Willimantic, Conn.

'09.—Beulah Elderkin is teacher at Columbia College, New Westminster, B. C.

'09.—G. H. Manzer is connected with the International General Electric Company, New York City.

'10.—Rev. G. C. Warren of Brunswick St. Church, Fredericton, N. B., has gone to Montreal for treatment. He has been suffering with throat trouble.

'11.—Rev. Ivan Rose led a memorial service of dedication, in connection with the new library built at Rome, N. Y.

'11.—(ad eundem) Rev. E. H. Cochrane is pastor at Zion Church, Yarmouth, N. S.

'12.—C. E. Baker, B.A., LL.B., has recently been appointed to the high position of first professor of law and director of legal studies at Birmingham University.



'12.—W. C. B. Card is a teacher in the Berkshire School, Sheffield, Mass.

'12.—Prof. H. A. Logan has removed from Brandon, Man., to Lynchburg, Virginia.

'13.—A. G. G. Hirtle, principal of the schools of Bridgetown, N. S., was recently invited to become principal in a sister town at a considerable increase of salary, but was prevailed upon by his present board of Commisisoners to remain at Bridgetown.

'13.—Rev. A. K. Manzer is pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Pennington, N. J.

'14.—Rev. E. G. Dakin formerly of Chester, N. S., has been the past winter in study at Newton Theological Institute.

'14.—Rev. Carlton Easton is pastor of a church in Quincy, Mass.

'14.—F. W. Bagnall is principal of the Hastings Coulee Consolidated School in Forestburg, Alberta.

'15.—Rev. W. S. Ryder is pastor of the Baptist Church, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

'16.—Dr. Lillian Chase has begun the practice of medicine in Regina.

'17.—Miss K. I. Knickle is principal of the schools in the town of Lockeport.

'18.—Miss Esther Gould is on the teaching staff of the College of Education, Providence, Rhode Island.

'19.—Rev. F. M. McAvoy was elected Grand Master at the 67th Convention of the Grand Orange Lodge of Nova Scotia.

'19.—R. E. Elderkin is a graduate M. D. of McGill and is practising his profession at St. Catherine's, Ontario.

'20.—Rev. Leonard B. Gray graduated from Newton Theological Institute last June and became pastor of the First Baptist Church, Milton, Mass.

'20.—Carroll E. Carke is engaged in the partnership firm of Lavender and Clarke, Ford Dealers, Red Deer, Alberta.

'21.—Lorimer Simpson has resigned his position at Pittsburg on account of ill health, and is now with his mother in Florida.

'21.—J. I. Mosher is a student in the graduate school at Harvard.

'21.—Rev. C. B. Lumsden has accepted a call to the Dartmouth Baptist Church.

'21.—Raleigh B. Bishop is teaching in Manhasset, Long Island, New York.

'21.—John B. Bishop is now connected with the department of Physics in Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

'21.—R. S. Longley, now Vice-Principal of the Colchester County Academy, Truro, N. S., has been appointed Principal of the Liverpool Academy.

'21.—E. C. Leslie has removed from Fort Qu'Appelle to Regina, Saskatchewan.

'22.—Joseph M. Boyer is engaged with his father in the manufacture of boots and shoes in Victoria Corner, Carleton Co., N. S.

'22.—C. Claud Hicks has been awarded a scholarship at Harvard. After graduating from Acadia he taught two years in Alberta University, at Edmonton, and last September entered Harvard.

'22.—Mary Wyman is teaching in Limestone, Me.

'22.—Miss Beatrice Phillips is teaching in Brooklin, Me.

'22.—Rev. F. K. Neary graduates from Newton Theological Institute this Spring.

'22.—Miss Winnie Chute graduates from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, this Spring.



'22.—M. H. Mason is completing his course for degree of B. D. at Newton Theological Institute.

'22.—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Donald Cameron, Profesor of English at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, on his marriage to Julia Mockett of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Eng. '22.—Arthur Tingley, who has been working In Ontario, has returned to the Maritimes to complete his studies in the near future for the degree of B. A.

'23.—R. D. H. Wigmore is connected with the Castle-Trethewey Mines, Bestel, Ont.

'23.—Margaret Sylvester is teaching at Londonderry, N. S.

'23.—To Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Weiden, a daughter on March 20th.

'23.—Vivian Vaughan is on the teaching staff of the Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Virginia.

'23.—H. B. Camp is completing his course for the degree of B. D. at Newton Theological institute. He has been student pastor at Nattick, and the church is trying to persuade him to become its pastor permanently.

'23.—Kathleen Bowlby is at present teaching in Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

'24.—Catherine Black is teaching in Dover, Foxcroft, Me.

'24.—(Hon.) Mis Eva D'Prazer was appointed Vice-President of the Canadian Baptist Conference in India.

'24.—Jean Walker has received an appointment in the Department of Zoology at Wellesley College.

Athenaeum extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wasson on the birth of a son.

'24.—Alden Clarke recently spent a few days in Wolfville.

Sem '24.—The Athenæum extends its sympathy to Audrey Riseborough on the death of her mother.

'24.—(Hon) Rev. R. Norwood, D.D., Litt. D., preacher and poet, has been chosen rector of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church in N. Y.

Sem '25.—Dorothy Cochrane is at her home in Yarmouth.

Ex. '26.—Eva M. Marshall who is teaching at her home in Falkland Ridge, N. S., recently spent a few days in Wolfville.

'28.—Heston Flanagan who is in charge of the work on Rawdon field, and who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis is making rapid recovery and gradually taking up his work again.

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

## EDUCATIONAL TOURS

— TO —

### BRITAIN -- HOLLAND -- BELGIUM -- FRANCE

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

The second Tour, under the auspices of W. H. Henry, Ltd., leaves Montreal June 27 on the "AUSONIA" for Plymouth, returning from Liverpool July 24 on the "ALAUNIA".

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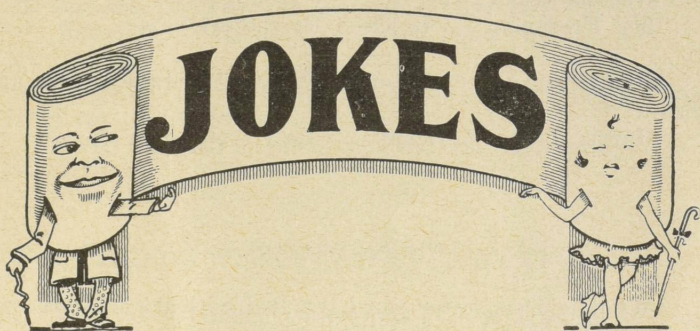


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ONCE to every man of action  
 Comes a moment to decide,  
 Or shall I lead a quiet life,  
 Or shall I take a bride?

---

Inga '25:—"Why is 'Je ne sais,' an orphan?"

Carol '25:—"Because it has no 'pas' I suppose."

---

Noble '26:—"The cow that furnished this steak must have been very gentle."

Davy '2:—(wonder-eyed):—"I don't see how you make that out."

Noble:—"That's easy. She doesn't cut up at all."

---

Fond Parent:—"Are you doing well in your classes?"

Stude '28:—"Well, I should say. The Faculty are going to encore my Freshman year."

---

M. Milner '27:—"I noticed you hesitated when I asked you if I were the only girl you ever loved."

Coit '25:—"Yes. I couldn't tell from your expression whether you wanted me to say 'Yes' or 'No'."

Freshman:—(to Librarian) "Could I take Lorna out over the week-end?"

2nd Freshman:—"Is she a Freshette?"

Prof: (in Ancient History)—What started the trouble at Troy?"

Harris '25:—"A Beauty contest."

---

### CROSS-WORDS.

What is a six letter word that babies learn to walk in, but that Troop seems to need anyway?

1st Stude:—I don't believe that Siki functions from the neck up.

2nd Stude:—Sure he does! Didn't you ever see him chewing gum?

MacLatchy '26:—You need a companion. Why not take me for a husband?

Olive '26:—Thank you, I prefer gold-fish. They only have to be fed once in three days.

Allaby '28 (climbing to oratorical heights) "Breathless and pantless he dashed into the city of refuge."

Owen '26:—Wanta' take a stroll to the Ridge?

Ardis '26:—"Mais, oui!"

Owen '26:—"Certainly, who's gonna stop us."

Ginger '27:—"I just love men with red hair."

Beryl '27:—"You do? Well for a good time give me those with the green-backs."

Him:—(at 1 a.m.)—"My heart is on fire with love for you. My soul is aflame."

Her:—"Never mind, father will soon put you out."



Prof:—"Barteaux, what changes have taken place during this last two years in the map of Europe?"

Bart. '27:—"Its been varnished twice sir."

---

Marven '27:—I dreamt last night that you told me you loved me. What is that a sign of?"

Gwen Spur '27:—It's a sign you were dreaming.

---

### THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

Why Byrns Curry always has such a "Harris ed" expression?

Why Braman always asks for Moore?

Why Marven has a "Spurr" while walking as well as riding?

Fair Coed:—I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium.

Absent Minded Clerk:—And how large is your gymnasium?

---

Vyval:—Short cannot be accused of being a "ruthless" man anyway.

Country:—Just think of our forest preserves.

City:—How about our subway jams?

---

Creelman:—"I see where a man working at a slaughter house dropped sixty feet and wasn't hurt a particle."

Cleveland:—"Get off the dime. How was that?"

Creelman:—"They were pig's feet."

---

Israel '26:—Funny thing about them 15-cent black socks.

Munro:— '26:—Watsa'matter?

Israel:—Everytime I walk they run.

Sue Parks:—"What's a ten letter word meaning "hold up," Ed.?"

Orlando:—"I'll bite. What is it?"

Parks:—"Suspenders."

---

Inga Vogler '25:—"I've lost a lot of weight this winter."

Bea Smith '25:—"I don't see it—Why no, how could you, I've lost it."

---

"There are no vacant rooms in Willett Hall," said Webber with his head out of the window.

Moffat '25:—(on ground below):—"Then take the sign in."

---

Cad:—"Don't show any one my letter."

Sem:—"Don't be afraid. I'm just as ashamed of them as you are."

---

Anxious Daughter:—"Oh dear! I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Patient Mother:—"Perhaps he has dear, only you haven't found him yet."

---

Dr. Hill:—(In Chem. Class):—"Why is the sea phosphorescent?"

Freshette:—((dreamily):—"Because so many matches are made beside it."

---

Oh, why the deuce should I repine?

And work here like a demon?

'Tis four o'clock, and that's the time,  
When I should go a-Semmin'.

---

Dr. B. Herson:—We designate the present Freshman class "green paint;" what will they be in next years?

Special Student:—(with bitter remembrances):—"Plucked fruit."



Dr. DeWolfe:—Can you quote Scripture to show that a man should not have two wives?

Mason '27:—(thoughtfully):—"No man can serve two masters."

---

Freshman (whispering):—"Well, Prof. Jeffrey will be deriving a formula for the brain, next."

Prof. Jeffrey:—(smiling):—"That's easy in your case. The formula is M/T."

---

McKinnon '28: (after first mid year examination):—"I didn't have half time enough for that exam."

DeBow '28:—"How's that?"

McKinnon '28:—"Lost half an hour waiting for the opening prayer the Seniors told me about."

---

1st Sophette:—"I think I'll take a tonic."

2nd Sophette:—"Try Prof. Rogers' new one, Teutonic."

---

Mr. Newly:—What's wrong with the pie crust? It doesn't half cover the pie.

Mrs. Newlywed:—Why dearie, I asked your mother how to make them to suit you and she said to make the crust very short.

---

Mother:—Johnny, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?

Johnny:—No, the store was closed.

Mother:—It couldn't be, this time of day. Did you try the door?

Johnny:—No. 'cause I saw a sign in the window "Home Cooking."

---

Cop:—Don't you see that sign "Private—No Parkng."

Artist:—I never read anything marked Private.

One of the neatest of parliamentary apologies was that of an irate member of the House who described another as "not having the manners of a pig."

At the cry of "Withdraw," he did so.

"I withdraw and apologize, and beg to say that the honorable member has the manners of a pig."

---

Hevnor '27:—(to Sem at Reception):—"I presume I may call next Saturday."

Sem.:—"Yes, you do."

Hevnor '27:—"I do what?"

Sem.:—"You do presume."

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Smith '28:—I cut my face shaving this morning.

MacKinnon '28:—I never did that yet, and I've shaved *three* times.

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Prof. Jeffrey: (in Math. Class):—"Mr. Bishop, what is II?"

Bishop '27:—(looking dumbfounded, but suddenly brightening):—"I've forgotten, sir, you know I eat at Tully."