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The Acadia Athenæum

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AWARDS OF THE MONTH

Poems—1st, H. S. Thurston, '22; 2nd, C. M. Spidell, '24.

Articles—1st, Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23; 2nd, W. E. C. Proctor, '23.

Stories—1st, Basil N. Goodwin, '23; 2nd, H. G. Goucher, '22.

Humor—1st, A. K. Eaton, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Science—1st, A. E. Warren, '23; 2nd, H. S. Thurston, '22.

Athletics—1st, A. K. Eaton, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Month—1st, A. B. Corey '22; 2nd, Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23.

Personals—1st, M. O. Brinton, '22; 2nd, Helen Crockett, '23.

Jokes—1st, A. K. Eaton, '22; 2nd, F. V. Anthony, '23.

Cartoons—No Award.

Seniors—18 units

Juniors—11 units

Sophomores—1 unit.

Pennant to Seniors.

THE WOODS IN FEBRUARY.

ON every side, the woodland giants stand
Bedecked in Nature's garb of purest white
Which, draped about their boughs in billowy folds,
Glistens and glitters in the noon-day light.

Perchance they scorn their beauteous attire,
And feel it but a burden on them cast;
And fain would lay it by like him of old,
Who bore the world upon his shoulder vast.

For here and there a stalwart fir-tree groans
Beneath its weight of snowy loveliness
Breaks forth in sighs of protest at its fate
And spurns the beauty of its winter dress.

A whisper from the south—the tree-tops bend
As if with bated breath to catch the sound;
Louder it grows—the south wind gently sways
Each towering form from top-most branch to ground.

Until with one accord the branches toss
Their snowy burden on the wintry breeze,
Where, like a myriad coruscating gems
'Tis scattered storm-like among the trees.

H. S. T. '22.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

THE holiday observance of the first day of the year is of very ancient origin. It is a great day in the courts of European royalty. All monarchs begin the day by going to church, and much of the time that remains is devoted to the reception of the great dignitaries of the church, state, army, and diplomatic corps. In Japan, the New Year is a season of much festivity and innocent mirth. When, about the fifth century, the 25th of December had become a fixed festival, commemorative of the nativity, the first of January assumed a special sacred character as the octave of Christmas Day. The giving of gifts formerly characterized New Year's Day, and in Scotland, where the day is more generally observed than Christmas, the custom is still universal. In England, however, its place has been taken by the Christmas gift.

Today we associate with New Year's, the making of new resolutions. This is a part of the sentimentality of the season, just as patriotic speeches are associated with Dominion Day. The best of us resolve to do better, and the worst of us resolve it even more stringently. These resolutions, however, are made by the people who are least likely to keep them. The lazy man makes up his mind to be industrious. The mean man resolves to be kind. The drunkard swears to keep sober. That is usually the beginning and the end of the performance. It is their annual proclamation to Heaven that beneath the broken wings of life, they still retain an important spiritual likeness to the God of all goodness, and as evidence of this the resolutions command respect. But why so soon broken? It is because the resolver breaks through in order to get back to his habit.

Two lively sages, one in his late seventies, and the other in his early eighties, met on the first day of 1915 and bade each other a Happy New Year. "I wonder why we always form our good resolutions on New Year's?" said the younger.

"Because we're sorry for having eaten too much on Christmas, I suppose, and for all that nonsense of giving

presents, and pretending to be fond of one another," said the old man. "Another reason," he continued, "is because we pass another milestone in the journey of life."

The younger said, "I believe in good resolutions. Even if we break them, I believe we gain a certain amount of moral strength from forming them."

They are not weaklings and cowards who make New Year's resolutions. The man who has a struggle over many temptations and overcomes them, is often braver than the man who did not inherit so many inclinations toward the wrong. Now the year in which they have sinned so deeply and failed so completely, is dead. "If only God would blot it out of our remembrance forever," they say.

If we showed more wisdom in avoiding temptation, we would find it easier to keep our New Year's resolutions. Let the man change his tactics, and sidetrack the temptation. We stay in the same old rut so persistently, that our own weaknesses know just where to find us. When the appetite comes let us get busy on some new adventure, till the astonished nerves and brain react and we forget, in the novelty of new experiences, the awful craving.

Let a man be reasonable in his resolutions. Probably few resolutions such as the following would be carried out during the year, by many of us: "Taking open air exercise before breakfast, such as cutting down a tree or walking a mile; taking a cold shower on rising; answering correspondence weekly." There are some things that are too strong for human nature. There are thousands who make and break vows. A peevish, restless man resolves to walk three miles a day, and he can do it, because it is a relief to him and not a burden. A phlegmatic person with a bilious temperament resolves to quit coffee, although he may have a dozen vices on which he fattens the whole year, while he brags of the ease with which he conquered the coffee habit.

Habit is the strongest thing in life. Professor James in his works on Psychology, says, "It is the habit the poor have of enduring their misery, which keeps them from rising and destroying the form of society which implies it." *Many more men and women could banish their habits if they had the co-*

operation of one or more of their close personal friends. Why not have a sympathetic resolution, whereby we undertake to help another with his task? Your temptations may be few—your brother's may be many—then why not try to play the big brother's part from one New Year's day till the next? There is something fine and unselfish in this, and an inconceivable amount of good might be accomplished.

E. C. P. '22.

THE MATING CALL.

FOR three months, Forked Antlers, the king of the forest had been hiding in the stunted-spruce bog on the western side of the lake. His pride had compelled him to leave his mate early in the Spring that she might not witness his humiliating appearance. If by chance, you should perceive him leaving his sheltered bog at night-fall to drink at the running stream, you would notice a change in the shape of his kingly head. He had lost his great branching antlers, which had given him his name among the denizens of the wood.

Day after day, he fed upon spruce boughs and coarse mosses rather than leave the protecting screen of the spruce thickets and feed upon the tender leaves and maple buds. In time he became more and more accustomed to humiliation, but even now, he did not care to show himself. Each morning, he suspiciously examined the air for traces of the scent of man or of animals of the wood. But his hiding place was secure and not once since losing his antlers had he detected any traces of an enemy.

As the days passed by, his antlers began again to crown his head, this time larger than before, but very soft and tender, covered with a soft velvet. Several times while attempting to chase the large moose-flies which continually bothered him, he had struck his tender antlers on the nearby trees. At each blow, he had snorted with pain, and shook his head fiercely as if to demolish the enemy who had caused him so much suffering. Experience soon taught him to move about

carefully, and by turning his head from side to side to protect his antlers from the surrounding trees. As his antlers grew long and began to harden, his old fighting spirit began to return. He made short excursions from the shelter of his bog, circumspectly at first, but finally entering the open woods.

No longer afraid to meet the gaze of his mate, he roamed through the open woods in all his glory, crashing into bushes, and hooking at old stumps to test the power of the now wide-branching antlers which crowned his haughty head. Once more, he browsed upon the tender maple buds, and was filled anew with joy at the consciousness of his strength.

Forked Antlers soon wearied of his gamboling and as the cool September nights came with their soft moon shining down upon him, he became restless and was filled with vague longings. These moods grew upon him more and more, until he was filled alternately with desires of combat and of companionship.

He roamed over the hard-wood hills, and down into the mossy swales and soft swamps, ever searching, and sending forth his pleading calls followed by thrilling, defiant challenges to combat, as if he were pleading for someone who was absent to return to him, and then threatening with combat all who should oppose him.

In late September, while searching through the swale for his mate, he suddenly detected the small imprint of a moose on the springy moss. He put his muzzle into the track and snuffed suspiciously. The long, black hair on his shoulder and back, stood on end, his nostrils dilated until a red ring was visible, and his small red eyes gleamed with rage. But on sniffing a little closer, a marvelous change came over him blotting out his fierce appearance. Instead of anger, a low note of eagerness broke forth from his throat. He had scented his mate!

Raising his mighty head, he sent out a plaintive, pleading call before plunging forward on the trail. He knew with all the instinct of his nature that it was *her* trail. At last he had found it.

With muzzle close to the ground, sending out his eager calls, he followed the trail in a long swinging run which devours distance, and excites the admiration of hunters and guides. Forked-Antlers cleared the fallen trees and other obstacles with graceful bounds. Heedless of obstacles, he ploughed through the stunted spruce and alders, pounding them with his mighty antlers. He heeded not their impact for at last he had found the trace of his mate.

Soon a new element became mixed with the scent. Forked-Antlers' keen nose detected the change causing his mane to bristle with rage and his eyes to gleam with an angry light.

He left the trail and glided through the woods on a long detour, coming back to his original course about a mile further ahead and nearer his mate. The strange scent was still present in the tracks, now having become much stronger. With a dejected air he abandoned the trail once more, and cautiously slunk away to the protecting screen of the bog. He suspected that his mate was making her way to the long open meadow near the great hard-wood hill.

Only once before had the Forked-Antlers encountered this dreaded scent. At the time, he was frolicking with several of his companions in an open swale. His mother was feeding with the rest of the herd, then some yards away. Suddenly, his ears were assailed with a loud crash, and he was terrified by a bellow of pain from one of the bulls.

Almost instantly he found himself running by his mothers' side accompanied by the rest of the herd and followed by the roars of the stricken bull punctuated by other crashes. In a few moments all was still, and the herd paused in its flight. But as they lay down that night, Forked-Antlers noticed that one of the company was missing . . . His mother had warned him to always shun the creature with that scent, and who was accompanied by flame and thunder.

The remembrance of this incident came back to him as he lay on the soft moss. His eyes gleamed with excitement which caused his nostrils to quiver. Forked-Antlers sniffed the evening breezes which played thru the wood, with instinctive suspicion.

It was a cool, clear, frosty night in October, and the full moon was casting long shadows over the bog. All was still even to the scratching of the small birds among the leaves. The slightest noise could be heard for miles. Such a night encourages old hunters to take down their high-power rifles and practice their moose-calls.

With startling clearness, the wood was filled with a low, plaintive whine that ended in a short bark, followed by two shorter, more imperative-pleading barks. One more experienced than Fork-Antlers would have detected a slight flatness and artificiality in the call, and would have made a long detour, coming upon the caller from the windward in order to test the scent.

Forked Antlers, however, was upon his senewy legs in a flash, sending forth a deep roar containing a note of promise. The sound echoed and re-echoed over the whole bog and was returned by the lofty beeches and hemlocks on the hill. Unheeding he plunged forward, trembling with eagerness and hope. He was sure of the location of the calling one and headed for the open meadow in order to find his mate. She was near the hardwood hill for had not his keen ears detected the location from the echo?

His swinging run quickly carried him out of the bog, and after crossing the swale, he followed the stream for a couple hundred yards.

Again that long plaintive whine was borne to his ears, now much nearer but a little to the right. He thundered back his eager reply, and recklessly crashed along toward the meadow. In a few moments he would have joined his mate from whom he had been absent since early Spring. Without suspicion, Forked Antlers broke through the fringe of alders, and heedlessly entered the open meadow. A trifle taken back at not seeing the originator of the call, he trotted toward the opposite end of the meadow with his lordly head swinging from side to side his nostrils distendend, and his ears moving back and forward as if keeping time to his step.

He was puzzled and suspicious. On hearing an unfamiliar noise in the brush opposite, he suddenly realized his

danger. Like a flash he wheeled and plunged for the protection of the bushes opposite him.

At this instant, the woods was filled with the crash of a high-powered rifle. Forked Antlers felt a stinging pain plough across his shoulder. Enraged, he turned at right angles as if to attack his enemy. Again the sharp crack of a high-powered rifle was heard, but the hunter was deceived by the noble animal's movements. The stinging bullet inflicted a painful wound in his muzzle.

Crazed with pain, the noble animal reared his branching antlers and sinewy forelegs in the air as if to demolish his cruel enemy. But as he sent forth his bellow of insane rage and agony, the third bullet tore through his breast. Forked Antlers paused in mid-air, then fell over backwards, driving his branching antlers into the soft mud, his forelegs wildly thrashing the air in his death throes. In a few moments he lay still.

From the wood on the opposite edge of the meadow came two hunters exulting in the size of their kill.

L. M. R. '24.



“TRA-LA-LA” AS SHE IS PLAYED.

Note—I want it clearly understood that any names which I may use in this article are purely fictitious. For instance, if I should designate some character as “Bill”, there is no reason for your jumping to any conclusions. Just because he , Well, don’t do it.

* * * * *

FOR two years I have been gathering together material (and courage) for this article; observing, questioning, shadowing, and even studying upon the subject. Do not mistake me. I do not mean that I have been playing at it myself. That would be getting a *close* view of my subject but not a broad one.

A friend of mine, whom I will call Bill has been of great assistance to me in obtaining the desired information. He needed considerable persuasion before he would open his heart on the subject, but once opened, I found a gold mine. In spite of the fact that he is interested in Dramatics, and is dragging a heavy course, he has given me much of his valuable time and in it explained many of the technicalities of this honored game . . . Tra-la-la.

The origin of the name of this game is still in obscurity—even Bill doesn’t know; but the game itself was originated by Adam when Eve was in her “teens.” It is on record that it was in vogue in King Solomon’s time. He and the Queen of Sheba were experts. Antony and Cleopatra were not immune from its allurements. Louis XIV was an adept. Thus it has evolved to its present state of perfection, and is still being played by the Antony’s and Louise’s of our day.

Everybody will admit that Tra-la-la plays a very important part in the social life at Acadia. A reception is recognized as the highest type of the game; at which time it is organized into definite periods and properly refereed by our Professors and their wives. The Principal of the Seminary, alive to the possibilities, has accordingly set apart one hour on Saturday afternoons for the improvement of the art

among his girls. Bill informs me that the Sems play a "wicked" game. (Bill's prejudiced).

Some of our students may be seen carrying-on in the Ladies' Reception Room (amateurs of course). Some have developed an abnormal "library habit"; but it is not at any of the above mentioned places that the game takes on any exciting or even interesting aspects. Ah no! Were that so, my task would have been so easy as to prove dull. If you would know all, you must probe deeper and go farther afield. Visit the gallery of the Opera House in the second show, the Wharf across the dyke, the Cemetery, Willow Hollow, and by all means the Ridge. Go at a time when activities have ceased in the more common resorts and . . . go quietly. "Willie Shake"—either he or "Mike" Angelo, I am not sure which, wrote "Men love darkness". He wrote a penful, but I will even go him one better by adding, "and the women are not *wholly* averse to it."

Right here I wish to digress on this subject of using the cemetery as a place of amusement. I consider it a *grave* situation. Imagine playing Tra-la-la on the graves of our ancestors! It is about on a par with using the ash-sifter on the "Ashes of our Fathers" or playing tiddly winks in "The Temples of Our Gods". It's not done. Oft as I have seen a couple there, I would fain have cried out in the words of the Psalmist:

"Break, break, break, at the foot of that cold grey stone and flee."

Bill says that he would *turn* in his grave if anyone should play Tra-la-la over him—green with envy perhaps. I am glad to say that the President of the Y. M. C. A. does not patronize the cemetery—he knows a better 'ole.

Just why some choose one place and some another must be ascribed to difference in disposition, financial condition and temperament. For example, one couple would generally be found near the wharf. From scraps of conversation I discovered that it reminded *him* of home. He told *her* that his great ambition in life was to build one like it in St. John. Then of course, he had to promise to build another in Sydney.

Another fellow confided to me that he preferred the movies. He can afford it—the “Armenian Relief Fund” supplies him. He claims that he can make a complete recovery within two seconds after the lights flash on. That’s what practise will do. Those of a more romantic temperament are lured to the Ridge. They are legion.

It was exciting at times and even fraught with danger, this shadowing, by which I learned the tactics of the more elusive and secretive. One night while concealed near a well patronized haunt, taking notes on a couple, I heard *her* sharply exclaim, “John, I will just give you ten seconds to remove your arm.” John *debated* the matter for some time, but at the end of nine and three quarter seconds, he withdrew abashed. I have it from Bill that he should not have done so until after the second warnnig—which never comes.

I had a narrow escape one evening. Things has been moving rather slowly and in a very conventional manner with the couple under observation, so relaxing my vigil I put my head down in the grass with the intention of having a short nap. Just as I had lost myself and was sleeping the sleep of the just gone asleep, I sneezed, emphatically and with gusto. (A piece of grass must have tickled my nose). An ominous silence ensued. A feminine voice exclaimed, “Perhaps it was only a squirrel”, which was followed by a husky whisper declaring that “squirrels don’t sneeze like that in Goldboro where I came from”. The owner of that whisper reached for a piece of jagged rock that happened to be near. A vision of his prowess at the shot put last spring a’most unnerved me. “Ah, what luck!” His strong right arm had gone asleep thru its long cramped inaction and was useless. He was as helpless as Samson after his last haircut. With a sigh of relief I “folded my tent like the Arab” and as silently—but far more quickly, stole away. Moral: Keep to the right, offer the other arm.

There are certain rules of etiquette which are tactitly observed among the veterans. The Golden Rule is the basis for most of these:—When approaching an attractive bit of cover, always talk loudly, or whistle a tune, such as “Love

Nest", "A Little Bit of Heaven"—anything will do. Always go *sans* flashlight and *avec* care. Recognize nobody. Pass by on the other side. Above all don't try to start a rabbit by throwing stones among the bushes. These are some of the most important. It is also considered the right thing to do, to tell a fellow if you see a long hair on his shoulder when he comes in.

It's a great game, this game that makes the world go 'round; enjoyed alike by rich and poor, weak and strong, the just and the just about, students as well as.—Well, I couldn't swear to it, and I won't commit Bill any further.

A. K. E. '22.

SOME CURIOSITIES IN ACADIA LIBRARY.

NOW and then, in our consideration of the world's broad field of knowledge, it is well worth while for us to pause and examine things with which we are in closer contact. We are all too prone to read of other nations and other civilizations in a detached, impersonal way, and yet quite overlook what we have in our possession of the works of those people.

In our Acadia Library there are several very interesting books, book rarities, valuable documents, and real curios of which most of us have vaguely heard, but know very little. Among the last named group, the curios, we have a Burmese book, and a number of cuneiform tablets, which are well worth a few moments' consideration.

Although the Burmese book is quite resplendent in red and gold, it at first strikes the practical person as being rather a cumbersome volume, but closer examination shows that it is a veritable loose-leaf of a rather ingenious type. The book consists of two scarlet-painted wooded covers, about twenty inches long and two inches wide, between which run two slender reeds. Each palm-leaf page is the same size as the covers, and has two perforations which slip over the reeds, and hold all securely in place. The writing, in curious rounded characters, running lengthwise of the pages, is made with a sharp instrument, and then dipped in an oil

to darken the letters. Then the pages are put in a tight press, panned smooth, and gilded. The whole is bound with a long red tape, in which is woven in white a Burmese prayer—the tape being made for this purpose.

The “book” itself is the complete story of one of the existences of Gautama, the founder of the Buddhist faith, and is but one of the five hundred and fifty stories of his various existences. It deals with the time when he was Ruler of the Hens, to the period of his rebirth as the Buddha, and is therefore next to the last of the “Zats” or stories of the existences of the Paya-laung (one who is to be a Buddha).

These books are bought by faithful disciples as religious offerings, and given to the monasteries, or to the priests—by the gift the giver expects to receive Kutho or merit, to aid him in his existences to gain Nirvana, the goal of all Buddhist hopes.

This particular book came from one of the monasteries of Mandalay, and has been in use by a Burmese priest there, its value as a curio being increased by the fact that it is becoming more difficult to get such from the cloisters.

Of quite a different kind, and perhaps more interesting, are a number of cuneiform tablets, which take us back many centuries into remote antiquity, though to appreciate them one should know a little about cuneiform writing. The cuneiform script had its origin in Babylonia, its inventors being a people whom we call Sumerians. This script was one of the most widely used of all forms of ancient writing. Each character or sign is composed of a wedge, or combination of wedges, written from left to right. They developed their script from a rude picture-writing, but in course of time used pictures to represent sounds apart from ideas, some branches of the language becoming alphabetic, others syllabic or ideographic; then gradually the pictures lost their character and came to be mere conventional groups of wedges.

The wedge was made by a little iron rod, triangular at the end, called a stylus. The characters were pressed into soft, moist clay, which were then baked in an oven or dried

in the sun. The baked tablets are practically indestructible, but the unbaked ones soon crumble into dust when handled.

The story of the discovery and translation of cuneiform writing is so readily accessible that it need not be repeated here, but one needn't be a student of antiquity or of philology to enjoy reading it. It was by the roundabout way of the old Persian inscription that the approach to the decipherment of the cuneiform material, found in such abundance near Babylonian and Assyrian cities, was made.

Most of the tablets in possession of our library are square inscriptions and come from the foundation of the palace of Sin-gashid, king of Uruk (Erech, Gen. ch X), about 2400 B. C., which translated, read:

“Sin-gashid,
The mighty hero,
King of Uruk,
King of Ammana,
Patron of E-an-na,
The palace of his kingdom,
Which he has built.”

(E-an-na was a famous temple).

There is one very small tablet with characters so fine as to be hardly discernible by the naked eye. We suppose it only goes to prove that the lenses found in Babylonian excavations were actually used for reading. One wonders, though, if their size was due to a “clay shortage”, or just for convenience sake.

There are also temple records of the Ur dynasty, 2300 B. C., and one of the first dynasty of Babylon, under which Abraham lived. The latter tablet is not very hard, being sun dried, and is beginning to crack.

Some of the tablets have been enclosed in cases, or outer layers, each bearing an inscription, but these crude envelopes have the disadvantage of being quite destroyed and the address lost when they are removed!

One of these little envelopes has had only a corner broken off to show the little tablet still intact inside, with its

message still unread through all the centuries. So we who are not initiated into the mysteries of cuneiform can only regard it curiously and wonder whether it might be a love letter or perhaps a document of state.

Back of all thees strange curiosities lie a great store of interesting facts—interesting to the practical student seeking information, as well as to the person who likes to speculate and dream.

—M. F. '23.

THE WOLF HOWL.

THERE comes a wail, a long drawn mournful cry,
That echoes through the gloomy forest aisles,
That fills the dark ravines, ascends the hills;
These, silhouetted 'gainst the starry sky,
Send back an answering echo through the gloom,
A wail of sadness whose vibrating notes
Speak of a life forlorn and desolate;
Next from the forest depths the crescent howl
Transforms from mournful wail to anguished groan
Like tortured cry of one in torment dire,
Then changes to a weird and spectral scream,
That fills all space between the earth and stars
With hate and terror of a former race,
Now long extinct, who roamed the earth at will;
Soon sinking slowly to a hollow moan
It lingers in the shadows e'er it dies,
And leaves the great dark forest deathly still,
Save for a lonely camper by his fire,
Who seizes from the blaze a burning brand,
And scans the darkness with a watchful eye
For the grey evil spirit of the night.

—C. M. S. '24.

THE SALEM WITCH.

THE men all called her the "Salem Witch."

By all odds, the handsomest girl at Bar Harbor last summer was Dorothy Dexter. A tall figure, straight as an arrow; fine dark eyes shaded by heavy black lashes and brows; rich olive complexion; an enticing youthfulness: all these combined to make her a young woman to turn the head of any ordinary man. But there was an added fascination to her list of attractions. The heavy crown of hair above her fresh young face was snow-white.

The young men went wild over her at the beginning. The old ones looked at her and began to discuss the charms of her grandmother, and to say that after all Miss Dorothy was even more lovely.

The middle-aged, married, stay-at-home men like myself—well, we were out of the running, or we, too, should have lost our heads.

Miss Dexter was a wealthy heiress from Salem—the old Salem where they once hanged a woman as a witch and that is why among ourselves we fell to calling her the "Salem Witch". Certainly she bewitched more men that summer than any old woman, who lived in Salem two hundred years ago, ever did.

It was not much chance I had to talk with Miss Dorothy when the young men were around: but my opportunity came at last, one morning, when a party were going to climb the mountains, and Mrs. Goddard (my wife), insisted that I go. Stout, middle-aged men do not climb mountains for pleasure, as a rule: but Mrs. Goddard had felt so flattered when asked to join the party that she had accepted for both of us. When we were about half-way up the mountain a smooth, mellow voice spoke my name.

"O, Mr. Goddard, do you mind loaning me that strap I see hanging from your pocket? I want to fasten this coat to my waist. It is such a nuisance this way."

I offered to carry it for her—it was none other than Dorothy Dexter who spoke—but she refused, so I cheerfully

produced the strap and soon had the pleasure of seeing it clasp her waist, hugging her sport coat most tightly.

During this process the remainder of the party clambered on ahead and thus Miss Dorothy and I were left alone. I found her a charming conversationalist and evidently much at her ease; realizing, no doubt, the difference between a set of callow young fellows and a man of sense and mature years.

Ever since coming to Bar Harbor, I had vowed that I would find out the secret of her prematurely gray hair; but now when the opportunity presented itself, I was so delightfully entertained that I completely forgot my vow.

When we were almost at the top of the mountain, she suddenly said:

"What if we were to get lost here, Mr. Goddard? Did you ever think of it?"

"I suppose you would be frightened to death", I replied rather ungallantly.

"Frightened to death!" she echoed, not relishing my speech. "Frightened? Well I would like to get frightened once just to know how it feels!"

"What! Do you mean to say you don't know? Have you never been frightened?" and unconsciously my eyes rested on her hair.

She looked curiously at me an instant, and then her eyes twinkled.

"O, yes, yes. Once, to be sure," she began. "Mr. Goddard, I was frightened nearly out of my senses once. Do you mind me telling you?"

Mind? Was I to know the secret of her whitened hair. Was I to be her confidant? Well, girls do like sensible men, after all, better than prattling boys.

"You know dad and I were three years in France", she said. "I was studying at a convent and dad was writing a book. When I finished school, dad proposed a little trip into some of the out-of-the-way places over there. We travelled alone and took the trip by easy stages. We had to put up in the queerest places, and daily met all sorts of brigandish looking men, but dad did not seem to mind them, and so I did not. Some nights we would sleep in a peasant's

thatched cottage, and the next in a castle. One night we were overtaken at the edge of a black forest. There was but one house in sight—an old chateau, half fallen to ruin. It was a pretty rough-looking place. Several dark foreigners lounged around the door as we alighted, and I really shivered as we entered the crumbling old portals.

“Dad took some quaint old rooms on the second floor, and we had supper served there. Then he began his writing, and as I felt sleepy, I excused myself and went off to bed.

“My room was a curious place, just off our little parlor. The side nearest dad seemed to be made up of sliding panels, which added to the mystery of the Chateau. I went to bed nervous and trembling.

I had not been in bed very long when I suddenly became aware that those panels were moving silently and slowly. Between their widening cacks I saw a light which grew brighter and brighter. Then, Oh horrors! Such a vision.”

“Miss Dexter”, I said, for I saw that even now the remembrance affected her most unpleasantly, “do not finish the story if it troubles you so.”

“I must tell you, now that I have begun”, she went on recklessly. “I ought not to have called up that horrible vision. But now, oh I can live it over here. The strange room; the moving panels; the secret room beyond; and then—then I saw a table and on it the body of a young man—a fair, boyish fellow. His hair was matted with blood. On his pale, cold face were purple clots. He had evidently been murdered. I remembered dad in the next room. I started up but found I could not move. Then two foreigners came in, and I heard one of them say, “We might as well bring him in here. If the girl screams we will make her the third.

“Dad. It was dad they were talking about.”

“My dear girl,” I began, for I saw the recollection was almost more than she could bear”, I beg of you, do not go on”.

She stood erect, tense, white, looking straight ahead.

“I knew they had me in their power, but yet I tried to scream. Then I fainted.”

I thought she was ready to faint again, and so I urged her to say no more until she was calmer.

"There is but little more," she gasped, eager to finish the terrible picture. "When I opened my eyes again dad was rubbing my forehead. 'Well, well, you've got the real Martin nightmare, haven't you? Your mother used to have it just like that. It was the heavy supper so soon before retiring'."

Miss Dexter started up the cliff.

"And that", I gasped, hurrying after her, "that night of terror explains your prematurely white hair?"

"Oh, no," she said, sweetly looking at me with her artless expression. "That was done by a hairdresser in Paris only a year ago. And a pretty sum it cost me too. But let us go on, Mr. Goddard, or the others will be wondering what has become of us. Really, Mr. Goddard, do you think I'm the sort of a girl that could be frightened to death?"

And just then Mrs. Goddard descended upon us.

—B. N. G. '23.



GREAT MEN OF HISTORY.

No. 1—SI STUBBLE ACADIA '25.

(Taken from "Reminiscent Talks on Acadia")

“**A**S Si Stubble, the poor sucker in this here yarn, had to pull his freight recently for parts unknown, and ain't likely to come back to Wolfville unless he goes loco, I guess it won't do no harm to tell what a ghastly fizzle he made picking skirts.

“Si hailed from the tall-grass districts about ten miles out in the suburbs of Grand Pré and looked it. His pants had a distinctive curve that suggested a harvest moon or half a barrel hoop, they were so baggy. The rest of him matched those pants elegant.

“It took the crowd just two days though to label Si “Brains”, and if ever a guy had that title coming to him, he did. Si just crammed learning like it was cake to a hungry boy. And it was easy for him to sop it up too. Sort of suited his nature, you might say. “Brains” could even take his books to bed and absorb knowledge through his hide while he slept. He could gather in eight or ten subjects at once like a hen gathering in her chickens for the night. My, he was clever.

“You get me, then; this wiz roped his B. A. in two years, taking honors in eight subjects. Next season, that's this fall, he was trailing his M. A., Ph. D., and heaven only knows what all else. He'd have landed them too, if he hadn't had to quit the joint so suddenly. This midnight oil stuff was just nuts for him. You can see he was the good all right.

“I guess you know, Jack, that this here Acadia is famed all over Eastern Canada for a match factory. Course sometimes the boys don't worry so much about the matches as about getting lit up, but that it irreverent to the story. Brains fought shy of all that mush stuff for two years and a half, but after Xmas this year he weakened. He'd more brains, though, than to flop heavy all at once. There's a

big tall theologian at Acadia now who caught the fever one Sunday and went out with the Jane six nights that week. Brains had too much horse-sense for any fool stunts like that.

"First he reads up some good books on the subject, like "Love, Honor and Obey," and "The Angel Child", and hikes to the movies the night they showed "Lovers' Delight". Then he started. Along comes a class-party, and he spied off to the fair one some large slushy chunks out of "The Angel Child". Three nights later he took her to the show and told her just how the hero had loved the "Angel", and how much he wanted someone to love. Next week on the Ridge he discussed married relations as set forth in "Love, Honor, and Obey". The girl, you only *think* you want to know her name, it wouldn't do you any good to know it,—just listened patient-like till she got a chance to shift the conversation.

"Well, sir, things went on like that for a couple months. Brains kept hanging around more and more, and let his average fall from 99.87654 to 98.93847. He becomes more gabby too, as he got used to the job. Talked quite a bit about Brains Stubble, I heard, when he hadn't anything better to rave about, which was most of the time. Still the girl puts up with it. She even begins to act friendly-like with him. After a bit all the other co-eds were wondering if she didn't care a bit for him after all. Queer what women will fall for sometimes, ain't it Jack? She began to act a little mushy, anyway.

"Well, sir, one April evening was a pippin of a night and the moon was full. Brains screws up his courage, stops by the Mud Creek Fountain, drops on his kness, and asks her 'will she?' Without waiting for an answer he seized her to his manly bosom like the hero did in "Lovers' Delight", and plasters several clumsy, sloppy kisses across her face. She breaks clear somehow, before she's drowned, and tells him it was, oh! so sudden. She never thought, and all that,—guess you have heard that line often enough, eh Jack?

"At first she tries to make excuses. Her parents wanted her to finish her course. Brains asked if his education

wasn't enough for one family. Why have two? Then she was so young, just seventeen. Brains says she must be misinformed, she was twenty-two by the card in College Office. He had looked it up. Then, she didn't want to fuss all her life over dirty housework, scrubbing and washing dishes and so on. Brains said that after a month she would get used to those things and not mind them.

"Well, she runs out of excuses after a bit, so she lets Brains clasp her in his manly embrace a few times and take her home. She says she will think it over. Next morning she tells him she didn't think her parents would consent to the marriage, but Brains is right there with the clever idea. "Let's elope", he suggested. "We could get one of the theologues here to do the splicing out on the Ridge tonight. I'll go rustle up the licence now and meet you there at nine o'clock tonight." Then he kissed her good-by and breezed along.

"At five minutes to nine that night Brains and V——, the officiating theologue, climbed over the style at the Ridge. A short distance down the slope there stood a motionless figure. "There she is", Brains whispered to his companion. A handkerchief was pressed to her face, and from that direction came the sound of stifled sobs. Brains dashed to her side.

"Darling, is anything the matter?" he gasps. No reply. "Has something frightened you?" The figure goes on saying nothing. "Speak to me, sweetheart", he exclaims, clasping her in his arms.

"Just as he touched her a sudden, blinding flash lit up the surrounding country. The next second all was dark as before. What was it? Brains was terrified. The form in his arms had become a dead weight. Had she fainted? Could she have died of fright?

"V—— advanced and lit a match. To his horror, the flickering showed Brains clutching an old scarecrow with a grinning face, dressed like a girl, and with a card pinned on her breast bearing the word "STUNG". Laughing fit to

ki.l, three skirts jump up from nearby and fade out into the dark, running like mad.

“Why, don’t you get the giddy plot, Jack? That fair fiancée of Brains’ had played him for two months to get the poor fish into a comical position. Next day the three girls get prints made of the flashlight pictures they took of the touching scene, and begin to circulate them around the co-eds. One of those pictures is a pippin. It shows both faces plain, Brains’ and the scarecrow’s, and also the word “STUNG” on the label. You can imagine, Jack, with all those pictures going, Brains had a sweet time of it for two days. Then he packs his kit and pulls his freight. Like to see one of those snaps? Pehaps I can find you one around the Tavern somewhere.”

Oh Woman, whom in hours of ease
All true lovers try to please,
When sentiment affects your mind
You’re too capriciously inclined.

H. H. W. '22.



THE EMBARRASSMENT OF FINALITY.

“**L**IVE as if each instant were your last!” How frequently we come across such counsel in our literature. At least such has been my experience—perhaps the literature was at fault. For, while the soundness of the advice appealed to me, yet to follow it proved an impossibility.

The very idea of the ‘*last*’-ness of each instant seemed to be a condition of being which my mind was incapable of grasping. I have tried to experience such a state of things but the attempt ended in failure. To play at “make-believe” was almost a passion with me too, but *this* was out of all reason. Even now I have not met with success. The probability that any instant may be my last is, I surmise, growing greater as the seconds fly by. Yet realize it, I cannot, any more than I could as a youth. I have given it up as impossible, and, futhermore, I tust I never shall attempt to realize it again.

When my last moment really comes, may it come unrecognized. If it should happen otherwise, I shouldn’t know what to do—I would simply be embarrassed.

To me, this sense of finality is not an incentive, but rather an embarassment. By way of illustration: Imagine these few moments—or let us say the next five minutes, are my last—what should I do? My thoughts are not consistent, they are erratic, they have formed no plan of action. It is really impossible for me to think of anything important enough to do at such a time. Conventionally, it ought to be of the utmost importance, something having about it this singular characteristic of finality. It should have polish, it should be complete, it should be expressive of something—of what? It must give satisfaction to one’s mind. If I were to put the question to myself—I should probably answer it by seeking my nearest relatives; *that* would at all events give peace to my mind. But suppose there were no relatives near, or suppose they did not wish to be disturbed, and there was no response on their part—what a humiliation!

On the other hand, one must consider the matter from the viewpoint of the relatives; they, of course, ought also to be governing their actions as if each moment were their last. And under such circumstances, postulating that no two temperaments are alike, ought they to spend their precious time as my whims would have them? Not necessarily. At any rate, it would be egotistical for me to demand this. Perhaps they ought to try—to make amends for previous wrongs, or I ought to seek their forgiveness for thoughtlessness on my part. But no, five more minutes are valuable indeed. If they are my last, they would likely forgive me anyway.

Surely there is something that needs my particular attention in these last five minutes. What a dilemma I am in! There is enough that needs doing, . . . at least there would be if time was no object. There is studying to be done, the finishing of this article, amusements to be sought,—to be brief, the daily routine of a student's life. But under the peculiar circumstances, none of these pursuits seem satisfying. Why is it so? The keynote must be that very early in my life . . . at a time which I cannot remember . . . I formed a habit of taking life as a matter of fact, and of expecting to continue to live. This habit has become so incorrigible that the least attempt to assume otherwise gives rise to an overwhelming despondency.

As to these few precious minutes that I have been, thus far, trying to speculate about, it would seem best that I ignore them, and draw this dissertation to a timely end. It would do here as well as elsewhere. Though thoughts of my relatives still linger in my mind.

Perhaps you think this is a fancied affliction with me, one unknown to anyone else, but other people have been noticed to give indications of the same trouble. Consider the sudden meeting between two college girls after a year's absence from one another. The one is on a train at a railroad station where it has stopped for but a few moments to discharge passengers and mail. The other is one of many who have come to meet the train. These two girls shall not probably meet again for two years. It is almost analogous to those last few fatal moments of life. The young lady who

is travelling stands on the car steps and waves her hand, her friend recognizes her and lunges forward to greet her, saying—

“Oh, there you are! Well, how are you? Come over here where we can talk—My! you’re looking fine—Yes, I am, too, only I’ve been troubled with my eyes!” (pause) “I suppose your journey has not been any too agreeable, thus far?—Yes, of course, those ancient coaches are always uncomfortably warm or too stuffy and cold. I’ve travelled enough by them—I ought to know.”

“My dear, I thought we would never reach here, the engine did so much ‘shunting’, and there was such an interminable number of stops.”—(pause) “You’ve been well? That’s nice.”

Oh! how’re your mother and father? Yes, you wrote me that they were both poorly. What a smart suit you have! I *just* hated to come down in this old thing, but my new one didn’t arrive home early enough—she promised too—it shall not happen again if I can help it. Do look at those two over there! How can people act in such a manner in public, can you see? Perhaps I am in the way. Why how the time flies by! Oh dear! And I really haven’t told you the half of it. You’d better stand on the step for fear you are left behind. Yes, I’ll write often. Shall you be gone long?—Oh, yes, I recall now, you wrote me. Well, good-bye dear!”

“Good-bye.”

The train begins to move—there is a pause—there is one precious moment left them for an epoch-making remark—they *laugh*.

“Why, I thought it had stated—well, remember me kindly to any inquiring friends—I hope—I sincerely hope your parents—I hope that you will find your parents very much improved in health.”

The train starts, the travelling maiden clutches the car railing, holding her breath lest the train might possibly change its mind again and should stop a second time. There is a last wave of her hand, and the train pulls out.

Let us try to place ourselves for a moment in the position of the young lady who is travelling. Does she not re-en-

te the coach, trying to efface the fatuous smile of "Good-bye" from her countenance, that she may appear natural before her fellow passengers? Sinking into her seat, she feels rather worn, lone, and trembly. "No more five minute greetings for me, if I can help it!", she silently resolves.

What a pleasure it would have been to them both, if they had not been hindered by speeding moments, to converse together with that unconscious nonchalance that makes conversation precious!

One takes leave of a friend and all one recalls about it is its painful "last"-ness. The friend, one remembers rather as one whom one has known in other happy, thoughtless moments, which were neither first nor last, and therefore most natural and free from self-consciousness.

Live as if each instant were your last? *NO!* Rather choose to live as if each instant were your first, as if life had been renewed in you—Or if you would not wish to give up the future, nor to relinquish the past. then live in the midst of things, enriched by recollections, happy in hopes, conscious of no trivialities, recognizing no finality.

—W. E. C. P. '23.



HER VALENTINE.

"THERE'S no mail for you, Miss Ray," said the Postmaster in his methodical, matter-of-fact way, and the woman slowly turned her steps towards the place she called "home". She was disappointed. She thought that surely some one would remember her on Valentine's Day. She didn't expect anything from young men, because her acquaintance with the male sex was limited. At least her sisters might have remembered her, she thought. She was craving the expression of a little bit of love from some one.

Marguerite Ray was a young woman who possessed few attractions for young men; few, in fact, ever became acquainted with her. Her mother had died when she was very young, and the father was left with the care of the family. He was a clergyman in a remote country district, eking out a mere existence, so that Marguerite was obliged to find employment in the city as soon as she was old enough to leave home.

The way was hard. Marguerite had never had the opportunity of preparing herself for any special kind of work. The only thing she could do well, was cook, so through the influence of a friend of her father's, she was able to get a room in a fairly respectable part of the city, and here she lived and supported herself by doing fancy cooking. Marguerite knew from bitter experience, what it was to go to bed night after night and try to conceal her loneliness by smothering her sobs and drying the hot tears.

The room itself was not at all attractive. True, the one window was large, but every pane of glass in it was cracked or patched up with putty and paper. It was never intended to be used for ventilation purposes, and so fresh air seldom found its way into Marguerite's apartment. It looked out upon a busy throng of passers-by who did not know, and cared little for Marguerite. In one corner of the room was her cook-stove; in another, her bed. One picture on each wall and a horse-shoe over the door were the only other furnishings. In this environment Marguerite lived for five years,

knowing nothing but work from morning till night, day after day, and year after year. She made many acquaintances, but few friends, and life was only a mere existence for her.

Hardships and sorrow are sometimes the brooding places of happiness, so from the depths of loneliness, as quickly as the growth of a fungus, sprang a ray of sunshine in the life of Marguerite. Ordered by her physician to go to the seashore for a rest and change of surroundings, life for Marguerite took on a new aspect. She had never been on the seashore before. To sit on the sandy beach and study nature in the waves, was balm for her broken system. It aroused her to a new sense of her livelihood, and once more she realized that ample provision had been made for all our needs if we are able to appreciate them. For five years she had secluded herself from a lot of comfort that she might have had, if she had allowed herself to mingle with people.

The "register" at the "Seaview Hotel" where Marguerite was staying, showed that a certain Mr. Randall Holmes was a guest there for a few weeks. Mr. Holmes was neither a wealthy New Yorker nor an ex-T. B. patient. He was just a bookkeeper in Rochester, broken in health, and Marguerite had seen him pass her window nearly every day. She had never made his acquaintance until one day at dinner in the hotel. By this time, she was becoming more like Marguerite of seven or eight years ago. She had shaken off her bake-shop air, and since they were from the same town, she thought they would have something in common, and a conversation followed.

That afternoon found Marguerite and Mr. Holmes at the seashore together.

"Yes, Mr. Holmes" Marguerite began, "I've often seen you passing my window. You work in Dwyer's, don't you? You probably never saw me. I keep a little bake-shop in Brown's alley, but seldom go out."

"No, Miss Ray, I don't believe I ever saw you before. It must be hard on you, working such long hours and taking so little recreation."

"It is," Marguerite replied, "but fortune does not treat us all alike, and it seems to be my lot to work, wail and worry."

"I'm sorry, Miss Ray. Life is a puzzle. I hardly know why I'm down here at the seashore for a week or two, but the doctor told me I was a nervous wreck and needed to get away from worry for a while."

This most remarkable meeting, aided by Cupid, developed into a love affair—the first real one Marguerite had ever known, and shortly after their return to Rochester, her customers read this notice in an obscure corner of the "Evening News":

"Rev. C. W. Ray announces the engagement of his daughter, Marguerite, to Mr. Randal Holmes, the wedding to take place in September."

This new instinct in Marguerite's life gave her new zeal, and the bake-shop was transformed from a place of gloom to a room of sunshine, but—just as her customers were surprised to read of her engagement, so were they equally shocked to read the following obituary notice in the morning papers, just ten days before the wedding was to have taken place:

"HOLMES—Suddenly, of heart failure, Randal Holmes, aged thirty-five years. Funeral private."

The deepest rivers are not those that have the greatest amount of foam on the surface, so Marguerite bore her great grief silently, yet painfully. The bright light that had so suddenly come into her life, had as quickly failed. The remembrance of the light, however, was sweeter than the dark, so Marguerite found a new sphere for her affections.

The little bake-shop had earned, by this time, a good reputation, and Marguerite was able to hire an assistant. This relieved her during the evenings, and this extra time she devoted to working among the boys at the Reformatory.

The boys at the school loved her. They called her "Mother", and truly she was a mother to them. They told her their ambitions, their new resolutions, and their secrets. She was a ready sympathizer, adviser, and confidant. The recent experience in her own life had awakened latent qualities that she never knew she possessed.

The day came when Harold Reid was released from the Home, and he started out to make his way in the world—again. He did not leave without much good advice from "Mother Ray", as he called her, all of which was appreciated and fell upon good soil.

After a few years Marguerite left the bake-shop and its drudgery, to fill a position that was offered her by the city officials. She became matron of the Boys' industrial Home, and here began a new chapter in her life.

It was the first Valentine's Day after her appointment, and the mail brought her a letter addressed in a hand, unfamiliar to her, but apparently that of a young boy. Opening it, she read these words written in red ink upon a white heart:

"I want to say,
This Valentine's Day,
I still love Miss Marguerite Ray
'Though I am far away.'"

—*Harold Reid.*

"God bless him," she said, and looking upward, she offered a silent prayer in his behalf.

E. C. P. '22.

THE CUR.

“ABOUT time we got those furs out, don't you think.” Taggart queried. “It's quite a hard trip out to the post and since you went last time, I figure it's my turn.”

Dave Moran to whom these words were addressed had been, until a year before, a student at the University of Toronto. Owing to the death of his father he had been left to his own resources, and had been obliged to drop his college course. Being particularly desirous of finishing his work at the University, Dave decided to get out by himself for two years, in order to procure the necessary funds for completing his education.

He had spent two of his vacations in the wilds of North Ontario, and the life appealed to him. So on one December morning, five months before our story opens, Dave had left Matoki, a village on the border of the great unknown, with a splendid team of Malamutes, four months supply of food, and a nexcellent assortment of traps. His destination was Lake Madeline, a small body of water some three hundred miles north-west of Matoki, and fifty miles east of Fort Worth, one of the chain of the Hudson Bay company's trading posts. A splendid cabin, near the lake, left by some trapper two years before was to be Moran's home and headquarters.

After a journey of sixteen days during which time he had encountered but two persons, Indians going cross-country to Hudson Bay, Dave arrived within a half-days' travel of his destination.

On the morning of the seventeenth day Dave was hurrying his faithful dog team at their fastest pace, and when but three hours travel from the cabin, he was startled to hear a human voice calling for help. He immediately stopped, looked around him, and perceived not a hundred yards to his left, a figure lying in the snow. Hastening to the spot he found a man of about thirty years of age, so feeble from weariness and starvation that he could hardly speak. Not daring to give the poor chap much in the line of nourishment, because

of his starved condition, Dave carried him to the sleigh, wrapped him up carefully, and drove his huskies at their fastest rate over the eight or ten miles yet to be travelled. On reaching the cabin, he immediately set to work over the half-frozen man, boiled him some broth, made him as comfortable as possible in one of the two bunks, and watched over him until the man fell asleep.

The fever which had taken hold of the unfortunate chap wore itself away in a few days, under the care of the overly-watchful Moran, and on the morning of the fourth day, the man awoke feeling very weak but with his mind perfectly clear.

He related to Horace that he had started with his dog team for Fort Worth, from where he had been trapping some sixty miles to the east, that in crossing a small lake the second day out, his team had broken thru an air-hole in the ice, that the dogs had been drowned, his sled and its contents lost, and that he, more by luck than good management, had succeeded in getting out of the icy water. He had almost frozen while getting a fire built,—his waterproof match box having served its purpose, and after thoroughly drying himself, he had set out on foot for the trading post, hoping to pick up enough food on the way to keep himself alive,—but all to no account. When Dave found him, the man, who called himself Peter Taggart, had given up, and for two hours had been lying in the snow slowly freezing to death.

In a few days Taggart was apparently as well as ever.

When Dave questioned him as to his plans, the man shook his head, and answered in a surly tone, that he had none. However, he suggested that they work the trap line jointly, and split the proceeds fifty-fifty. Dave would have preferred being alone, for his companion was none too genial, and showed at times such selfishness and greed that he did not altogether trust him. But what was to be done? As he could not turn the man out, he at last agreed to Taggart's suggestion.

In order to work their trap line to the best advantage more traps were necessary. Accordingly, Dave had taken his Malamutes and had struck out for Fort Worth. Arrived

there, he purchased his traps, along with flour, sugar, tobacco, and a few other necessities, and lingered only over night before starting back. He spent a pleasant evening with the genial factor, his wife, and two assistants, who listened with great eagerness to the story of his long trip, but when he came to the tale of his finding Taggart, the factor shook his head.

"Taggart eh, I thought he'd left these parts years ago. I don't know him personally, but I've heard it said down at Fort Severn that he is the crookedest white man in the North. Perhaps it isn't the same chap anyway, but keep your eye on him."

"Oh, I guess there's nothing very crooked about Taggart," Dave laughed. "He's just a bit surly and wants things his own way too much."

The winter passed quickly to the men, so engrossed were they in their work, and with the first signs of spring, a large pile of furs of splendid quality stood in the corner, as the reward for their effort. So it was that one night towards the end of April, as the two were cleaning up the cable after the evening meal, Taggart thawed out from his customary sullenness, and started in conversation with which our story opens.

Dave was somewhat taken back by this sudden show of generosity on Taggart's part, but since he did not fully trust the man he replied in a careless tone.

"Oh, I don't know, Pete. This life here is pretty monotonous, and its sort of a diversion to get away for a few days. Supposing we both go?"

"All right, have it your own way," grumbled Taggart, "but I thought I'd save you the trouble. I'm not particular 'bout goin', but as you say it'll be a change from this damn monotonous life."

Two nights later, Dave was tying up the last bundle of furs, a beautiful lot of minks, while Taggart had just finished packing the supplies on the dog sleigh, preparatory to starting for the trading post the following morning.

With greedy eyes Taggart watched his partner, with head bent down, count the furs, and an evil glint shone in his

eyes as his gaze swept over the four other neatly piled bundles of fox, beaver, and other pelts.

"How much d'you think we'll get for 'em, Moran? I figure about four thousand for the lot."

"Hardly as much as that," replied Dave, looking up. "I should say thirty-five hundred will be a pretty fair price."

"Huh, that old skinflint of a McKay at the post will probably try ot get 'em for next to nothin'," growled Taggart. "He'll never give a person full value for his furs."

"McKay has always used me all right", retorted Dave. "How do you know anything about him, anyway?"

"Oh, only what I heard up the Weekish," muttered Taggart. "A chap up at Indian Head told me all about him. Anyway, you'll see."

Early the next morning the two men with their dog team set out on the three days trip to Fort Worth. The going was good and the team made good time, so that by evening when they stopped for the day they had covered over twenty sleeping bags, sheltered by the little doy tent which they carried. On finishing supper, the two turned into their sleeping bags sheltered by the little dog tent which they carried.

Next morning the two men got away before sunrise and by noon had left another fifteen miles behind them. They stopped for dinner in a little gulley, surrounded by a densely wooded hill. A little piece from the trail lay a quantity of dead wood, which promised ready fuel for their fire. Dave went over to this pile but found he could not get at it without removing his snowshoes. Standing these latter against a tree, he plunged into the midst of the dead timber, collected enough for a fire, and returned to the place where Taggart was preparing the midday meal.

Dave cleared the sno waway, and with his back to Taggart, was breaking up some things over the birch bark which he had lighted. Hearing a stealthy movement behind him, he turned just in time to see Taggart bearing down on him. The next instant a revolver butt crashed on his skull and everything went black.

When Dave came to, he was lying face down on the snow, with hands and feet securely tied. With a groan he turned on his side and looked up into the crafty, leering eyes of Taggart who was just finishing off his meal with a cup of black coffee.

"Hello, 'Blue-eyes' feelin' better?" sneered Taggart as he gulped down the last of the coffee, rose to his feet, and began packing the utensils used for the meal.

Dave, whose head was beginning to clear somewhat, altho it still ached terribly, questioned in a feeble voice.

"What—did you—do it for—Taggart?" Taggart broke into laughter, and coming over to Moran, looked down at him maliciously.

"It'll never make any difference to you, Moran, why I did it. But I guess you can imagine," he grinned as he swept his hand toward the loaded sleigh. "By the time those are disposed of, I guess the wolves will have done some disposin' too."

"You—don't mean—that you're going—to leave—me here? gasped Dave brokenly.

"Oh, no, of course not. I'm goin' to take you into the post on my back to show all the people.—I guess not." replied Taggart sarcastically. "Well, good-bye, 'Blue-eyes' I hope you rest comfortable."

With that Taggart went over to the fire, kicked out the dying embers, looked carefully about him, and with a "Mush on there, Eskimo," started up the side of the gulley. At the top he stopped, looked behind, waved his hand at the unfortunate man below, and disappeared over the ridge,—a loud peal of laughter floating back from the direction he had gone.

For fully ten minutes Dave lay in the position Taggart had left him, his befuddled brain hardly able to realize the intention of the beast who had been his partner. Gradually the cold truth dawned upon him,—that Taggart had left him there to freeze to death, or even worse than that, to be devoured by the timber wolves, who would be sure to follow the trail in the hope of discovering some left-overs from the meals of the white men.

With the realization of the dastardly thing that Taggart had done, Dave became "mad-angry", and the anger lent strength to his weary body. Hunching himself on one elbow Dave looked intently about him, for several minutes. He could see that Taggart had been careful,—that he had left nothing that might enable him to free himself. No there was nothing—but wasn't that smoke rising from the snow covered fire. And if there was smoke, there must be fire underneath. If only—it was painful to think about it—if only there was fire still there.

With great effort Dave rolled himself over to the place where the smoke was rising, kicked off what snow he could, and waited. There was still a chance,—the light wind might possibly start a flame going. After a moment of agonized waiting, a nember began to glow at the far side of the fire. Dave lost no time, and after considerable manoeuvring he reached a position directly back of the glowing ember.

Lying back to it, he moved his tied hands back and forth, until a sharp pain told him that he had struck the burning stick. Slowly he lowered his hands again until he thought the rope was about over the glowing ember,—then, gretting his teeth he allowed his hands to fall. He had judged aright, for altho he could hear the skin on the back of his hand sizzle, he could also smell the odor of burning rope. He could not endure the pain for long however, and had to roll over to get his hands away from that terrible demon which was so cruelly eating into them. Enduring the most excecruating pain, he was obliged to repeat the operation several times until, to his great relief, he felt the cords giving. It was but a minute's work to finish what the fire had started, but when finally his hands were free, they were in such a condition that it nearly killed him to move them. However, it must be done, and after repeated attempts to force one of the injured members into his pocket, he succeeded in bringing out a pocket-knife, which Taggart had evidently neglected to take, when running over his clothes. After many clumsy attempts to open the knife, he accomplished the task, and set to work freeing his feet.

This done, he rose to his feet, but the exertion and pain of the past few moments nearly overcame him, and he was obliged to lean against a nearby sapling for support.

A few minutes later, altho his hands continued to pain almost unbearably, Dave felt able to move around a bit. His head really felt better, and he must think of some way to get out, or else— It looked a hopeless task. But as he was surveying the ground for some possible aid, which Taggart might have left in his haste, he spied over by the dead pile of wood, the snowshoes which he had taken off when gathering fuel.

Here was the solution to his problem, for with these snowshoes he could reach Jim Lawson's, a fellow trapper, who lived over on Rainy Lake, about nine miles directly across country from where he was. Putting on his snowshoes was a difficult task, but he finally managed it. Then, pulling on his rough mittens—the burned hands cried out cruelly against this—he started away at a fast rate, for he must hurry if he were to get there by night fall. The first four miles he covered in record time, but the blow on his head began to tell. He rested for fifteen minutes on a stump, then plodded away again. After repeated rests, and a continuing slowly of his gait, Dave came in sight of Lawson's cabin just as sit was getting dusk. With a renewed burst of speed, he reached the cabin, opened the door, and dropped, completely exhausted, at the feet of Jim Lawson, who, on hearing someone coming had gone to the door.

Lawson helped Dave over to the bunk and set to work reviving the trapper, whom he had met on the trail once a few weeks before.

The heat of the room and the black coffee which Lawson brewed, brought Dave around in quick order. Lawson, when he saw the condition of Dave's hands, and the cut in his head, was all pity for the unfortunate trapper. Getting out the first aid kit which every trapper carries, he fixed up the hands and head in the best fashion possible, with meager supply of medicants, at his disposal. Then he listened wonderingly to the story which the newly arrived trapper had to tell, and on its completion, he expressed his opinion of

Taggart in no very complimentary terms. If Taggart had been there, he would probably have decided to take his leave "Muy Pronto", or else found himself in a state of decapitation.

The two men, after eating, sat smoking before the fire, and made their plans for the next day, for Lawson was all afire to start after the rascal with the coming of day. They finally arranged to start at daybreak on the east trail, with Lawson's team of dogs, and to travel hot-foot until they reached the spot where the two trails converged, a place fifteen miles from Fort Worth. If they found that Taggart was ahead they would slow down; if not, they would hurry on to the post, and keep low until the man arrived. In either case they felt reasonably sure of getting their man, for if Taggart was ahead of them he could be so, by only a few hours, and he would probably spend the night at Fort Worth. With these plans decided on, the two men put out the candle, and rolled into the one bunk which the cabin afforded.

At noon on the day following, Dave and Lawson stood at the union of the two trails.

"He's ahead of us Moran, and not by two hours either," announced Lawson. "See how fresh the sled tracks are!"

"Then we'll be getting along, so as to catch him at the post," replied Dave, as he went back to the dogs.

* * * * *

"Yes, Mr. McKay, I brought our fur catch out this time. Moran didn't feel like comin'. Felt sort of sick, I guess."

Pete Taggart and James McKay, the factor, were sitting in front of the stove in the company's office at Fort Worth. Taggart had arrived only a few minutes before, and had immediately carried in the furs, leaving the dogs in their harness outside the door.

"I suppose we'd settle up the business right away, for I'll have to be gettin' back in the early mornin'," Taggart lied. His road lay to the south,—back to civilization, and the sooner he arrived there, the better it would please him.

"All right", replied the factor. "You're sure Moran is allright are you, not real sick or anything?"

"Oh he's allright" laughed the man, that crafty look once more entering his eyes. "Now what do you think of these for pelts?"

As he bent over to lift up the bundle of fox furs, the door opened and two men stamped in. Taggart looked up carelessly, and almost callapsed when he saw in front of him the figure of young Dave Moran, and behind him the more burly form of Jim Lawson.

"My God—you here"? were the only words the man could utter. "No,—it can't be you", and Taggart with a wild shriek made a dash for the door.

Gaining the entrance, the terrified man leaped to the dog team, and lashing up the huskies made off on the trail, leading down to the river. His trail suddenly turns, and for a few hundred yards follows the edge of the cliff, overlooking the stream some forty feet below, then branches off across country to the south. It was this trail that Taggart meant to follow, for the uppermost thing in his mind was to get away from the two men who were there behind him.

By this time Dave and Lawson had got their huskies away, and it looked as if a race might ensue. But it was here that Fate took a hand. Taggart, in his terror, was urging the dogs too fast for the turn at the cliff. As he was rounding the corner, his sled suddenly slewed, tipped over, and before the terrified man could leap away, he was hurled from the sled in the direction of the cliff's edge. With a wild shriek Taggart slid over the bank, and then—silence.

Fifteen minutes later Moran, Lawson and the factor found on the ice below, the huddled form of what had once been Peter Taggart.

"Too good a death for that cur," remarked Lawson, as the three filed up from the landing. —H. G. G. '22.

PHYSICS TOO.

DUFF was in a state of high tension. He paced his room restlessly, very evidently acted upon by some external force. Complex waves were visible on the plane of his forehead. His face wore a specific gravity. Undoubtedly he was very near the "do-point".

It was inevitable that Duff should have come to his present state of strain beyond the elastic limit. Professor Bailey could have told the world that a year ago, when he first saw Duff and Miss Coleman doing their experiments together in physics laboratory. He himself had observed Miss Coleman's magnetic lines, and when he saw Duff with his low specific resistance (he was that sort of fellow) come into her magnetic field and vibrate visibly, why he simply used the formula for freely falling bodies and arrived at the correct conclusion.


Yes, Duff had fallen badly. Every week had resulted in a greater positive acceleration, friction disregarded—such things are bound to happen, but they soon "make up". The end of the college year had come and this was to be his last evening with Miss Coleman before closing. He had learned of critical temperatures and critical angles, and decided that he had arrived at some such state in his affairs. It seemed to be now or never, and never was unthinkable, so his mind was made up.

It is unnecessary to go through the preliminaries; all couples are more or less mechanical couples; suffice it to say that before the evening was very old, Duff and Miss Coleman were seated in an isolated spot, secure in the umbra of a large tree—such are natural magnets. Duff had accomplished this by the process of conduction (it might be stated that the resistance was slight).

As they were seated, Miss Coleman had energy of position. The square of the distance between them was zero.

Since the pressure is proportional to the depth, it is safe to presume that the depth of feeling was very great. Both were lost in total reflection. Duff, as a machine, might be said to me 100% efficient. Since there was no apparent refraction on the part of Miss Coleman, we can safely surmise that unless Duff's density was very great, he would adhere to her and never "lever" for another. —A. K. E. '22.



A decorative rectangular border with ornate, symmetrical corner pieces and a textured, vine-like pattern along the top and bottom edges. Inside the border, the word "SCIENCE" is written in a simple, black, sans-serif, all-caps font, centered horizontally and vertically.

SCIENCE

THE PURIFICATION OF THE WATER SUPPLY

Pure water is an artificial product of the laboratory. Natural water always contains foreign matter in solution, and in suspension in varying proportions. The properties, effects and possible uses of water are considerably modified by these ingredients. Water always contains bacteria, and micro-organisms—even distilled waters, and water from dry wells are not sterile. But most bacteric forms found in water are harmless, so far as man is concerned, and under normal conditions no ordinary water is injurious.

There are four great sources of water. These contain varying amounts of foreign matter. Rain water, and its accompanying forms, dew, hail, snow, and moisture precipitated from the atmosphere in any condition is practically pure. It usually contains some slight traces of ammonium compounds, and particles of organic matter from the air, but prolonged rain is rendered practically free from impurities and foreign matters. Surface water, that is, all collections of water in streams, seas, lakes and ponds are subject to many kinds of impurities. Their exposed conditions render them subject to the reception of various forms of living bodies from the air, and the land. They are often rendered impure by flowing over regions of varying chemical conditions. Marshy and swampy lands, produce a peculiar kind of organic impurity often observed in shallow rivers, while layers of coal areas, iron deposits, acids, salts, limestone and other mineral substances have their effect upon the quality of the surface water. Subsoil water is that, which percolating or flowing through the soil or rock at moderate distances below the

surface, is derived in the large part from rain and surface water of the district. This water accumulates in reservoirs above strata through which it cannot flow rapidly, and by following natural fissures finds its way to the surface in the form of springs. This quality of water draws with it much organic matter at first but gradually this filters out leaving the water free from micro-organisms, but absorbing large amounts of dissolved mineral salts. The deep water is that which accumulates at considerable depth below the surface, from which the soil water has been excluded by permeable strata. It percolates through fissures of the fundamental rock formation, and may pass to great depths. This water usually travels great distances underground, and is often found long distances from its source of accumulation. It usually comes to the surface by means of artesian wells. Water supplies coming from underground regions contain considerable quantities of calcium and magnesium salts, and are therefore termed hard waters. The degree of hardness has little bearing on the sanitary value of the water, but is important in reference to its use for general household purposes.

The main sources of water supply to towns is by means of accumulated water in reservoirs or lakes, or, as obtained in many towns from running streams. Running water is generally self-purifying, shedding its foreign material in its course. With the large volumes of water being used daily in large cities, great complex problems arise in regard to preserving the sanitation of the common source of supply. The advent of one colony of disease producing bacteria in the source of water supply might in a few days result in an epidemic. Bacteria need water in which to live, since they absorb their food materials in liquid form. Many forms find their optimum conditions for growth in water, although as stated previously they do not often effect its utility for drinking purposes. But with the possibility of contamination of the source of supply, the necessity has arisen for the analytic examination of the water used. Hence laboratories are estab-

lished at various centers, where regular examinations of samples of water are made.

Generally, three kinds of examination are employed. These are the chemical, microscopic and bacteriological analyses. The first always tests the chemical purity of the liquid, but is insufficient to prove its freedom from micro-organisms. The microscopic examination gives the immediate indication of the presence of living bodies, while the last test, which is one requiring a longer time, proves the existence of organisms, which had not been indicated by the microscope. Various culture media are employed. Inoculations are made in these media, and spore forms are given the opportunity to grow. The kinds of colonies formed are more minutely examined, while the rapidity of their growth can be detected. The dextrose bouillon media in fermentation tubes is a reliable way for detecting some of the more injurious forms. All three examinations are essential, and are being constantly employed to give us the assurance of the purity of our water supply.

With the increase, and congestion of population in the cities, the great sanitation problem is to prevent the source of water supply from being contaminated, and in the event of such contamination, to purify it again. Generally speaking, infection is more likely to take place during hot summer conditions, since at this time the average optimum temperature is reached. In the cooler season the growth of bacteria is retarded, and in winter it is practically stopped. Of course, we know that, at any time, bacteria grow only to a certain limit, because of germicidal substances in the water, which prevent their excessive multiplication.

The chief sources of contamination of water supply, are from sewage, and refuse matter. The presence of decomposing organic material, and the danger of pollution by animal feces are the main causes for concern. Water contaminated with sewage has been found to contain an almost inconceivable number of bacteria. The average cubic centimeter of ground water contains from 300 to 10,000, but sewage water contains in the vicinity of thirty-eight millions

per cc. Spring water has practically no bacteria forms. The common forms found in water contaminated by sewage are *B. coli*, *B. Typhosus*, *B. dysenteria* and like forms. The first form is not generally harmful, but because of its extreme resemblance to the typhoid germ its presence may be regarded with suspicion. Another form, that of Asiatic cholera, is more prevalent in the water supplies of European cities, then it is in America. The immediate action for the purification of water from these rapidly multiplying disease-producing organisms, and the prevention of epidemics is one of the serious problems which has faced the departments of public health and sanitation for many years.

The first problem is the location of the source of contamination or pollution. With the discovery of this the prevention of further amounts of vile matter entering must be attended to. Cities located on the sides of rivers often derive their water supply directly from these rivers, and stand in danger of contamination from the drainage of towns situated farther up. As stated previously, flowing water is generally self-purifying, and this natural method is an invaluable asset to public health. But amounts of foreign matter *do* get into the supply so that greatest precautions are necessary at all times. Thus large filtration plants have been established, just at the point of entrance of the supply. Full aeration of water is favorable to the destruction of organic matter, and a decided diminution of the normal quantity of dissolved oxygen may show excess of such organic matter, and of microbic life. Hence we see that open sources of supply, and water in motion have a natural method of purification.

The last three decades have resulted in great improvements in the process of filtration of water. Experiments of numerous kinds have been made to prove the effectiveness of filtration, and today sources of supply are provided with suitable methods for purification. In reservoirs, the filters are placed in a situation such that the filtered water will pass directly into the supply pipes. The sand filter was first tried out in London, England. It was found that, although it

did not remove the chemical impurities, ninety percent of the organisms in the water were kept back by it. So today the sand filter is being employed in its various forms. It was found that sedimentation was one of the ways for removing solid, and organic matter from water. Therefore it has been proven advisable to take the supply from a region above the sediment area, thus giving a good percentage of purity, and then passing the liquid through the filter provided. By the adoption of these methods 98% to 99% of the bacteria are removed. These results have been obtained since filtration plants of this nature were first adopted, about 1893.

The slow sand filter consists of successive layers of stones, coarse and fine gravel, with the uppermost layer of fine sand. The whole filter is from 1-2 meters thick, the sand being almost half of the thickness. The deposits from the water can easily be removed at intervals, by carrying away the surface of the sand, thus providing an easy method of cleansing the filter. The action of the filter is really caused by the layer of sediment formed on the surface of the sand. This slimy substance forms an even layer on the sand, and acts as a fine strainer for all the water, thus the actual filtering is done by the slimy sediment. This form is usually used in the large reservoirs, since it occupies large areas.

The mechanical filter occupies a smaller area, and is more rapid in its action. The layers of sand and gravel are required as described above, but the actual filtration is accomplished by a jelly-like layer of aluminum hydroxide. This product is formed by adding to the water a small quantity of aluminum sulphate, or of alum. The carbonates in the water decompose the aluminum salts, and produce aluminum hydroacid. It precipitates in a white flocculent deposit, entangling solid particles including bacteria. This method is not employed so much on the slow sand filters, but it proves quite efficient.

The intermittent sand filter is also commonly used and has been found very successful in grossly polluted water. In this filter the success depends upon the action of nitrifying bacteria, which develop in the interstices of the filter between the flushings, when the material is filled with air.

Many other forms of filters have been employed as chemical filters of various kinds, carbon filters, but the three described above have proven the most successful, and may be relied upon.

With the advent of the modern filtration methods we have practically solved the problem of pure water supply, and millions of urban inhabitants are being supplied with the comparatively pure liquid which is so essential to their existence. The triumph of modern scientific methods has produced greater sanitation, and a decided improvement in the state of the public health. Careful observation, and analysis of the sources of water supply, reveal the daily condition. Thus so far as the efforts of man, in the employment of modern scientific methods are concerned, causes of epidemics are well under control, and the era of infectious diseases from these sources, is rapidly passing by. —A. E. W., '23.

HELIUM—ITS HISTORY AND IMPORTANCE.

ALTHOUGH for the last thirty years, helium has been a source of much interest to chemists because of its inertness and its rarity, it is only within the past eight years that its practical importance has been recognized. During the period of the world war, when men in every branch of science were bending every effort towards discovering means for both the preservation and the destruction of human life; in this brief period of four years, when science and invention made more rapid progress than in the preceding century, came the recognition of the importance of helium for both military and commercial purposes. For it was in this period that aerial navigation made most rapid progress, and it is in connection with aerial navigation that the practical importance of helium lies.

As we have intimated above, the history of helium covers only the last thirty years. It is true that in 1868 Sir J. Lockyer detected an orange line in the sun's spectrum, which up to that time had not been discovered in any known terres-

trial substance. Hence the line was attributed to the presence of a new chemical element, which was called helium, from the Greek *helios*, the sun.

It was not until a quarter of a century later, however, that the new element was discovered to be a constituent of the atmosphere. It had been supposed that air contained only oxygen and nitrogen, and that once the oxygen were removed, pure nitrogen would remain. But in 1892 Lord Rayleigh made careful quantitative experiments, and discovered a discrepancy between the weight a litre of supposedly pure nitrogen from air, and that prepared from nitrogen compounds. Sir William Ramsey took up the problem, and succeeded in preparing a hitherto unknown gas, argon, comprising about 1% of the atmosphere. Not long after, when Ramsey was making spectrum analysis experiments, trying to discover argon in uranium compounds, he noticed an orange line which he recognized as that discovered in the sun's spectrum, thirty years previous, by Lockyer. In 1898, Ramsey discovered helium and three similar inert gases, neon, xenon and krypton, in minute quantities in the atmosphere.

The source of helium for all practical purposes, is in compounds of uranium, and in natural gas. It is not found here in combination, for as yet no compound of helium has been found in nature or prepared in the laboratory. Rather, it seems to be held physically in the uranium ores. In passing, it is of interest to note that the Alpha-rays emitted by compounds of uranium and radium are atoms of helium given off at the rate of 158 cubic mm. per 1 gr. of radium per year.

Helium is a typically American resource, the United States and Canada producing nearly the whole of the world supply. Of the two, the United States produces by far the most. Canada is practically the only source of supply in the British Empire. A large part of the helium produced in the neighboring republic is found in the State of Texas, but it is also found in varying quantities, wherever there are supplies of natural gas. In Canada, gas fields in Ontario and Alberta were examined and found to contain helium. A plant was

established in Hamilton in 1917, but, as the gas was only found in small quantities and the presence of carbon compounds caused difficulties in purification, the attempt at production was abandoned. In 1919, a plant was erected at Calgary, where, after several process of purification, a gas 99% pure was obtained.

Without going into details, the process of purification is as follows. The natural gas contains helium, methane, ethane, nitrogen and carbon dioxide. Treatment with caustic soda solution removes the carbon dioxide. The after gases are compressed under about 40 atmospheres pressure, then led through heat exchanges and condensing chambers, until only helium, whose boiling point is -268.8°C , remains unliquified. The gas is now about 90% pure. Further purification under 100 atmospheres and at -200°C . gives helium 99% pure.

Although the initial cost of the plant is large, the cost of production is now very small. Previous to the war, helium was obtained only by heating minerals, chiefly uranium ores, and the cost was \$1500 per cubic foot. At Calgary, the cost of the plant was \$750,000, but to extract the whole supply of $101\frac{1}{2}$ million cubic feet cost only 5 cents per cubic foot.

We stated above that during the war the importance of helium in aeronautics had been recognized. The limited production of the gas prevents its universal use, but if the governments of Canada and United States once fully grasp its importance, steps may be taken to increase production. Helium is far superior to hydrogen for use in balloons and dirigibles. Though not as light, it is incombustible, and by its use danger of explosion would be eliminated. It has over 90% the lifting power of hydrogen, and does not diffuse through balloon fabrics nearly as fast as the lighter gas. These points of superiority render it far preferable to hydrogen.

A question of recent interest in the scientific world was: Would the disaster to the ZR-2 have occurred had she been filled with helium instead of hydrogen? Whether the disaster was due to a collapse of the framework, to an explosion

of gas, to a gasoline fire or to all three, it is at least true that had helium been present there would have been no explosion.

The U. S. Government has a so-called helium program, whereby they have appropriated \$650,000 for the production of helium for use in the Army and Navy. The Helium Board, who have been investigating the possibilities of a more extended use of helium, have requested an appropriation of \$1,600,000. R. B. Moore, chief chemist of the Bureau of Mines, says: "For the price of one battleship, it would easily be possible to maintain and operate permanently, six of the most modern helium-filled dirigibles which the best talent of America could design."

Should the conference to consider disarmament (meeting in Washington at the time of writing) fail to arrive at satisfactory solutions of the problems under consideration; should the great nations, suspicious of each other, continue to increase their armaments, then another world war seems inevitable. Such being the case, our government would do well to follow the example of the republic to the south, and take steps to conserve the supply and increase the production of this gas, which will undoubtedly be an important factor in the next struggle of the nations for existence.

H. S. T. '22.

The Acadia Athenæum

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Editorial



THE VALUE OF A LAUGH.

MID-YEAR'S Examinations are upon us, and of course are demanding the most of our spare time. All due deference to them, yet in no other single period of the college year do we more appreciate total relaxation accompanied by a good laugh. During the exam period, many, who do not regularly attend the "movies" or indulge in an evenings' "loafing" about the fireside listening to anothers' "classic yarns", will be found frequenting those very places. Why do they do it? Simply because it is inherent in Man's nature to mingle pleasure with business,—the two are inseparable in a well-balanced happy life. During the pressure of examination time, this fact is more forcibly brought home to us, and the recognition of this law, by which wholesome pleasure is associated with earnest effort, presents an indication of its power in an exaggerated form.

The staff of the Athenaeum have therefore established a precedent in giving over this issue to the cause of Humor. Double awards in Humor and Jokes have called forth greater effort in these two departments, with the result that we are publishing some excellent humorous articles and stories in this number.

There is an old Latin quotation, which if we remember rightly ends "*dulce est dissipere in loco*". Evidently even our sedate forebears appreciated a good joke, and realized, as well as we, that levity is an excellent thing in its place. That a good laugh is of undoubted beneficial effect upon the one indulging in the laughter, cannot be disputed. Nothing can dispel despondency or chase the blue devils back into their dark corner like a good laugh. The humorous aspect of any situation can often outshine the more essential features of the serious and the disagreeable. A good joke brought out unexpectedly will often so efficiently tide over some disagreeable feature as to unconsciously detract all attention from that natural disagreeableness.

The popularity of humorous magazines, and their immense sales indicate very clearly the value we of the present day place upon catering to our sense of humor. Witness also the motion-picture comedies and the humorous departments of almost all newspapers.

It has been said "Show us a nation's letters of affection, of condolence, of congratulation, of sympathy, and of friendship, and we will show you their moral, and national worth." The same can be readily applied to the subject in hand. "Tell us a people's humorous stories, their conversation while sitting at ease with their friends, and we will show you their moral, personal and intellectual worth."

SEMINARY NOTES.

AT the time of writing Examination time is drawing near in all its glory and so also, is Christmas with its attendant festivities. For every gray and dreary gust of wind outside, brave old Acadia sends out an answering challenge.

The various departments of the Seminary expressed themselves in efforts of merit during the month of November.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

The music department of Acadia Seminary, under the efficient directorship of Mr. Marsh, is looking forward to a very successful year.

On Saturday night, November the nineteenth, a pupil's recital was given in the chapel and the following excellent program rendered:

Gypsy Dance *Lechner*
Helen Ingram (Wolfville, N. S.)

Berceuse *Tschetachulin*
Joyce Clark (Kentville, N. S.)

Father from "In the Morning Glow" *Wilson*
Aileen C. Freeman (Bridgetown, N. S.)

Concert Etude *Dennee*
Miriam Bancroft (Annapolis Royal, N. S.)

The Little Damozel *Novello*
Margaret McCurdy (New Glasgow, N. S.)

(a) The Swan *St. Saens*

(b) Serenade *Schubert*
Myra B. Alcorn (New Horton, N. B.)

"The Land of the Beginning Again" *Anonymous*

"A Dream Place" *J. D. Wells*
Alice MacLeod (Amherst, N. S.)

Mattinata *Tosti*

- Marion Page (Coldstream, N. B.)
 Carnival Mignon *Schuett*
 (a) Prelude
 (b) Serenade D'aulefuin
 (c) Tristessedé Colombine
 (d) Polichinelle
 Eleanor Mitchell (North Sydney, C. B.)
 Melodie Op. 72 *Tschaikowsky*
 Verne Thompson (Oxford, N. S.)
 By the Waters of Minnetonka *Lieurance*
 Alice Lamont (Kentville, N. S.)
 Hoodoed *Rice*
 Alice VanWart (St. John, N. B.)
 Cuba *Albeniz*
 Concert Etude *Liszt*
 Eileen Wilson (Fredericton, N. B.)
 Le Talisman *Kuzdo*
 Mary Lusby (Amherst, N. S.)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Y. W. C. A.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. is already proving a vital factor in Seminary life under the inspiring leadership of the president, Marion Hamilton. The meetings held at five-thirty Sunday evenings have all been very interesting and well-attended. On Sunday night November twenty-seventh, the association had the great pleasure of listening to an address by Dr. Spidell, while on December the fourth, Mr. Freeman gave a most interesting description of his life and work.

On Sunday, December the eleventh, the Y. W. C. A. held its annual Christmas vesper service in the chapel. It was

well attended and the spirit of Christmas in its best and truest meaning seemed present. The following programme was given:

Hymn—It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

Invocation

Soprano Solo—"Away in a Manger".....*Anderson*
Miss Sylvia G. Alderson

Violin Solo—"Allegro from Sonato in A".....*Handel*
Miss Beatrice Janet Langley

Prayer

Soprano Solo—"Song of Jesus".....*Hildach*
Miss Louise B. Krak

Scripture Reading

Tenor Solo—"There's a Song in the Air".....*Speaks*
Mr. William Arthur Jones

AddressDr. H. T. DeWolfe

Offering

Glee Club—(a) Silent Night*Gruber*
(p) The First Noel.....*Traditional*

Hymn—O Little Town of Bethlehem

Benediction.

On Saturday, December third, the Y. W. C. A., Annual Fair took place. Lunch was served in an artistically decorated tea-room in the gymnasium. Other attractions such as the candy-table, fancy work table, side-shows, etc., made the evening both a success and a profit. About two hundred dollars was cleared.

PIERIAN SOCIETY.

The Pierian Society has given several excellent programmes.

On Saturday night, November the twenty-sixth, the Perian Society, presented a very interesting debate on Phonetic Spelling when the Seniors upheld the affirmative and the Juniors the negative side of the question. But alas for the dignity of the Seniors! We beg leave to assert however, that though the cause of phonetic spelling came to an untimely end, it put up a valiant battle in the losing, and, indeed, both sides acquitted themselves well. The Seniors were good losers and the Juniors most generous winners.

BUSINESS CLASS PARTY.

The business class held their annual party on the night of Friday, December the second. The evening beginning in time-honored fashion with a visit to the Opera House, ended with much merriment in the Seminary dining-room where games and a delicious luncheon made a fitting climax to a very jolly time.

ACADEMY NOTES.

OUR basket-ball team has played several games, but in only one case has it gained a victory. These losses have been due to the fact that not one of last year's team is with us this year.

The Parrsborough High School basket-ball team, accompanied by Mr. Longley, arrived in Wolfville December 2nd to meet us on the basket-ball floor. The game was played Friday afternoon and ended 20—18 in favor of the Academy. The visiting team was entertained at the Academy Residence until the following Tuesday. The team expected to leave for Parrsborough on Saturday, but owing to a storm, the boat did not leave as expected.

During the month \$9.20 was contributed for the Barnardo Home for Boys, receipt for which is held by Mr. Prime, who has been the chief factor in raising this sum of money.

At a school meeting held on December 12th, the officers for the Winter term were elected as follows:

President of School—J. McLean.
Vice-President of School—W. Israel.
Secretary of School—M. Mellish.
President of "Y"—H. Spinney.
Vice-President of "Y"—S. Bonney.
Secretary of "Y"—G. Mitchell.
President of Lyceum—A. Neal.
Vice-President of Lyceum—MacLaughlan.
Secretary of Lyceum—B. Porter.
President of Athletic Association—J. Tupper.
Vice-President of Athletic Association—O. Prichard.
Secretary of Athletic Association—J. Wardrobe.
Reporter for Athenaeum—W. Forgey.

The Mid-year Examinations began December 13th. The schedule was so arranged that all who wished might get away on the ten o'clock train Tuesday morning, December 20. Those who went east went on the three-twenty train. There remained a few, whose homes are so far distant that they would only be home for a short time.

The Academy re-opened on January 4th. A number of new students have registered for the Winter Term.

MOCK ELECTION

On December 6th a mock election was held. A Meighen and a King candidate were nominated by the school. In turn these candidates chose supporters.

There was a joint meeting of the two parties held in the Senior Class room. Dr. Archibald was chairman of the meeting. Speeches were delivered by the candidates, after which a balloting poll was opened in the Middle Class room. H. Spinney was ballot officer, W. Forgey was polling clerk. The result of the election was announced during supper at the Residence, the Opposition defeating the Government by a majority of seven votes.

The candidates and their supporters in the order of their speeches were:—

Mr. Cushing—Leader of the Opposition.

Mr. Johnson—Leader of the Government.

Mr. Wright—A supporter of Mr. Cushing.

Mr. Allaby—Mr. Johnson's right-hand man.

Mr. McLean—Short-winded helper of Mr. Cushing.

Mr. Higgins—The bashful young man supporting Mr. Johnson.

The following are little things noted about each speaker:

Mr. Cushing stepped upon the platform with a very sad look. He was somewhat nervous during his speech.

Mr. Johnson had a far-away look in his eyes as he stood before us. He bent his knees a few times, as though he were about to do a "dog dance", smacked his lips and began: "Fellers!"

Next upon the platform walked our fair-haired angel, Mr. Leon Wright. He smiled angelically at us and began: "Gentlemen!" He didn't stop at that, but threw so many floral bouquets at us that fresh air was called for. The chief thing to be noted about his speech was that he took us all on a sight-seeing trip through Halifax and St. John. Oh yes, he gave us a drill in Arithmetic by many statistical quotations.

The next speaker was Mr. Charles Francis Allaby, the Standard Walking Dictionary of the Academy. He shimmied a little and started off in low gear. He became so excited that he pronounced Meighen as May Anne. We don't know whether *her* name is May or not, but perhaps Mr. Allaby will tell us some day.

Mr. McLean, commonly known as "Mike", was the first to tell the truth. He said he hadn't much to say, and he hadn't.

Mr. Higgins, colleague of "Mike", very bashfully said a few words and retired. He received the favor of many by his winning smile.

The following was overheard in a History Class:—

Forgey—Say, Mike, are you going to take Hebrew when you get in college?

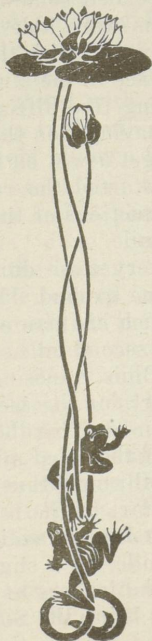
McLean—I don't know about Hebrew, but I think I will take a little course in home-brew.

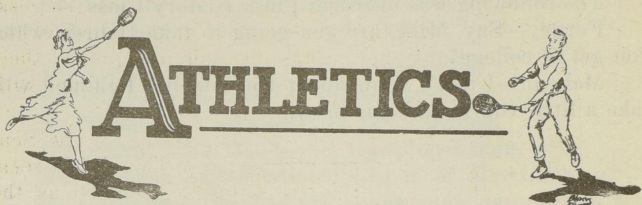
Bryden—I had some good exercise today sawing wood.

Howard—How did you run across it.

Bryden—Pulled the saw back and forth.

W. FORGEY, A. C. A. '22.





BULMER RELAY RACE.

UNUSUAL interest was taken in the Bulmer Race this year, which was run on November 29th. Unfortunately, our football season ended somewhat prematurely, so the respective class captains were able to get their runners on the track a little earlier; and with the extra training came a greater interest in the race to the student body in general.

Runners representing five different teams, lined up for the start. Engineers, having won the Cup last year, decided to let some other class get a win on it and did not enter this year. The pistol-shot started the race at 3.30 o'clock, cutting short the final instructions of the captains to those delegated to do the initial mile.

The running was very close during the first mile, only the Seniors loosing some ground. McCready, for the Juniors, was the first to touch his man and started him off with a few paces lead for the second mile. The Freshmen now began to freshen up. DeBlois, a close second in the first mile, gave Moffat a good start for the second which he made the most of, and succeeded in securing the lead, giving them first place at the beginning of the third mile. Barteaux took this lead and maintained it thruout, thus keeping the Freshmen still in the lead at the start of the fourth mile.

Dobson now brot the Juniors again to the front by finishing first in the fourth mile, by a slight lead over the Sophs who had been dogging the leaders at each finish. Tommie Robinson now decided to bring the Sophs in the lead, so with a good sprint, he finished first in the fifth. The Juniors

seemed to resent this and sent Thompson out, who successfully regained for them the coveted place at the finish of the sixth mile. The Sophs again disputed this and pinned their hopes on Chipman, who brot his class to the front with a clear track for the final mile.

It was still anybody's race, except possibly for the Seniors who had "tailed up" each mile so far. This didn't seem to worry June Wetmore (Senior captain) as much as the other classes thot it should. He had complacently watched his men slowly closing up the gap between them and the leaders, which at one time was as much as three-fourths of a lap. Corey then cut that in two, in the sixth Thurston, who succeeded him, held the gain thruout the seventh. Then "June" took his place for the final mile with a quarter of a lap between him and Coates, the Sophs' hope. He set a terrific pace and passed Phinney, running for the Juniors, in the first lap. In the second he overtook both Smiley and Culliton who represented the Freshmen and Academy respectively. Coates still forged ahead with a lead of about twenty yards. "June" clipped a trifle off of this during the third lap but was content to hold his own for the time.

It was now that the excitement started in real earnest, a race between the Seniors and Sophs; the former with their hopes gradually rising as "June" began to eat away the distance between him and the leader; the latter still confident that Coates would be able to hold his advantage to the end. Toward the finish it seemed that they were justified in their hopes, for Coates still had a few yards lead with only a quarter of a lap to go. But the strain had been too heavy. Coates began to sway slightly from his regular stride. This was what encouraged "June" on to his final burst of speed. He drew up very slowly, got a slight lead and crossed the line ahead, just as Coates collapsed and fell within two yards of the ribbon—he couldn't finish. The others came in a few seconds later in the following order:—Freshmen, Academy, Juniors.

Competing teams:—(Competitors in order of running.)
Seniors:—Read, Thurber, Brinton, Vincent, Mason, Corey, Thurston, Wetmore.

Juniors:—McCready, Johnston, Kendrick, Dobson, Goodwin, Thompson, Anthony, Phinney.

Sophomores:—Spidell, Brown, Clark, Robinson, Estey, Marshall, Chipman, Coates.

Freshmen:—DeBlois, Moffat, Barteaux, Cox, Peck, Cook, MacMillan, Smiley.

Academy:—Schofield, Mellish, Chambers, Woodworth, McConnell, Pritchard, Pushie, Culliton.

The best time was 4.56, made by Wetmore. This was exceptionally good considering the muddy state of the track. It being the first time in the history of the Cup that the Seniors have had a win, they were much elated over their victory and celebrated accordingly.

SOCCKER.

With our campus enlarged, soccer is now finding a place in sport at Acadia. While rugby is being played on one field, those who prefer the other game find plenty of enthusiasts of that sport on the adjoining field. With the advent of Soccer, no one can feel that he is shut out of athletics during the rugby season, and there is plenty of material for both.

The Freshmen have figured most prominently in the game this year. J. J. Copeland (Capt.) got together a formidable line-up and played a series of games with the Academy students, who, under the direction of Mr. Russel, had taken hold of the game from the beginning of the term. Four very close and exciting games were played, but under very disagreeable conditions, as it was late in the season before the teams were organized.

The line-ups were as follows:—

Freshmen	Forwards	Academy
Ayling		Johnston
Barteaux		Mitchell
Moffat		Zwicker

Copeland, J. J.		Hagerman
Peck		Israel
	Halfs	
Rafuse		Wardrobe
Trites		Chipman
McLeod		Starrett
	Backs	
Corkum		Rettie
Copeland, L. L.		Shatford
	Goals	
Mollins H.		Wood

Scores:—

First game—Freshmen 1. Academy 0.
 Second game—Freshmen 0. Academy 0.
 Third game—Freshmen 0. Academy 0.
 Fourth game—Freshmen 1. Academy 0.

BASKETBALL.

Unusual interest is being taken in basketball this year, among both boys and girls. The inter-class schedule was so arranged that all the games in the series were played off before Christmas vacation. A large number of enthusiastic supporters turned out for each game, and vigorously cheered their respective teams.

• Dec. 9th. The season was opened with a game between the Juniors and Academy. Although easily out-classed by their opponents, the light Academy boys played a fast, hard game. The Juniors' good combination and accurate shooting enabled the mto roll up a score of 45 against the Academy's 10.

The Senior Girls and Sophettes now took the floor for the opening game in the girls' series. The Seniors had the advantage thruout the game, largely thru good team-work. The Sophettes played pluckily but showed lack of practice in shooting. The score was 18-4 in favor of the Seniors.

The Junior Girls and Freshettes were the next on the list. This game, much like its predecessor, was distinctly one-sided, the Juniors controlling the play most of the time. A little more practice will do wonders, Freshettes. Score in favor of the Juniors 17-4.

Still another game followed immediately, between the Engineers and Freshmen. This game was close but decidedly loose and crude. Neither team seemed to be playing its best. Penalties were frequent. The Engineers won with a score of 21-19.

Dec. 12th. On Monday night the Sophs and Freshmen staged their game. The Sophs showed up wonderfully well, with neat combination and team-work. Shooting from under the basket won most of their score for them. The Freshmen could not follow the fast pace set by their opponents, but fought a losing game with good heart. The score resulted in a win for the Sophs 39-14.

The Engineers and Academy were matched for the next period. Though not as one-sided as the previous game, the Engineers maintained a good lead throughout the game. A little more basketball and less of the "other stuff" all around, would make it a better game to watch, and much easier for the referee. Score 27-13 in favor of the Engineers.

Dec. 13th. Tuesday night saw the girls again in action, the Juniors opposing the Sophettes. The game was close and interesting, getting quite speedy at times. Clever work of the guards kept the score low. The Juniors showed a superiority in shooting and won out with a score of 10-6 in their favor.

The following game between the Senior Girls and the Freshettes proved to be a walk-over for the former, who succeeded in pulling up a record score, 39 against the 1 of the Freshettes. Cheer up, Freshettes.

Dec. 14th. This game between the Seniors and Juniors was undoubtedly the closest and most exciting game of the season. The Juniors had the best of the play during the first period and gained a lead seven points. During the second period the Seniors "bucked up" and with only a minute to play evened the score. The play now became fast and

furious. A long shot from the side put the Seniors in the lead, which they maintained until the whistle blew. The Juniors seemed to be a little off from their regular style and the Seniors certainly out-did themselves. It was good basketball. Score 17-15.

The Sophomores and Engineers were slated for the next contest. This proved to be an easy victory for the Sophs who played excellent basketball thruout. Too bad, Engineers. You had your turn last year, tho'. Score 45-23.

Dec. 15th. Wednesday night wound up the girls' inter-class series. The first game was between the Sophettes and Freshettes, which proved a victory for the former. The better team won. Never mind Freshettes; you'll be Sophettes next year.

The Seniors and Juniors now took their places for the final game, for the girls. In spite of the fact that it was the final game, it was slow and seemed to lack the usual "pep". The Seniors controlled the play thruout and won an easy victory with a score of 28-9. Congratulations, girls. You did nobly.

The prospects for an inter-collegiate team is very promising. It will be a hard job to pick the team, for there are so many first-class players contesting each position. Captain Lewis no doubt has a winning team picked out right now.

INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL LINE-UPS.

SENIOR GIRLS.

Forwards:—I. C. Murray, E. Hemmeon.

Centres:—C. I. MacPhail, M. E. Brown, M. J. Cutten, B. E. Phillips.

Guards:—H. J. Freeman, R. Hennigar.

JUNIOR GIRLS.

Forwards:—M. Read, M. W. Proctor, V. I. Vaughan.

Centres:—A. Prescott, E. Sanford, H. Miller, B. Wright.

Guards:—H. Crockett, N. E. C. Webster.

SOPHETTES.

Forwards:—E. E. Bridges, H. B. Archibald.
Centres:—M. G. Cutten, M. Flewelling, L. M. Stirling.
Guards:—J. Tamplin, Mary Brown, A. McKinnon.

FRESHETTES.

Forwards:—G. Beardsley, Rand
Centres:—C. Cutten, H. Lawson.
Guards:—W. Armstrong, D. Mitchell.

SENIORS.

Forwards:—Lank, Atkinson, Webb, McLeod, Lewis.
Centre:—Cameron.
Guards:—Corey, Wetmore, Brown.

JUNIORS.

Forwards:—Muray, Wigmore.
Centre:—MacCready.
Guards:—Anthony, Dobson, Grimmer.

SOPHOMORES.

Forwards:—Brown, Robinson.
Centre:—Clark.
Guards:—Estey, Chipman, Rhodenizer.

ENGINEERS.

Forwards:—Crowdis, Morrison.
Centre:—Coit.
Guards:—Pentz, Hodgson.

FRESHMEN.

Forwards:—Cox, Langille.
Centre:—McLeod.
Guards:—B. Elderkin, Barteaux.

HOCKEY.

This year an interclass hockey league will be held, chiefly to bring out all possible material for the college team. The league will start immediately after the Xmas holidays. There has been no interclass hockey at Acadia since 1915, when a shield was donated, and was won by the Engineers. The league this year will take the place of the "Wildcat" League that has been held the two previous winters, and will compete for the "Wildcat Cup" presented last winter.

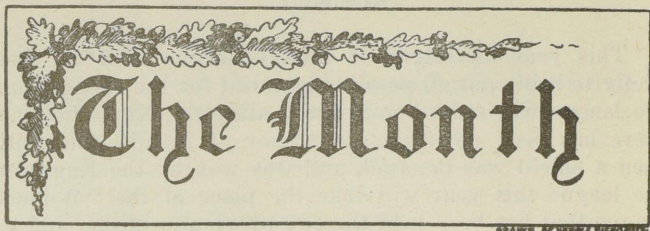
There is nothing new to report about the college team except the appointment of H. G. Goucher as Business Manager. The election of a captain has been deferred until after practices are started. It was hoped to do some playing before Xmas, but the mild weather has made that impossible.

RINK.

Flooding was begun at Evangeline Rink (College rink) early in December in the hope of having skating and hockey before the holidays, but a turn in the weather has stopped the work for a while. With the college band better this year than ever before, the rink should be a very popular place as soon as the ice can be formed.

GYM.

The lockers in the Girls' Dressing Room at the gym are installed and in use, and those in the Boys' Room will be ready in a few days. This will end the inconvenience of carrying gym togs to and from the gym two or three times a week. The pool is not yet in operation, due to some fault in the filtering system. It is to be hoped that this will be overcome soon, as everyone is longing earnestly for a swim.



*"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."*

JUST such a thought as this must enter the minds of those who, taking a kindly (?) interest in activities around the college, endeavor, month after month, to frame a connected story about each event, neither too much nor yet too little concerning each. At first glance, the effort appears to cover but little time and few events, but upon retrospection all anticipations of an easy task are brutally cast aside and we are left face to face with the problem of subscribing much material of interest to those within the college, but "deader 'n a doornail" news to those who have been gone from our midst for many years.

If we should perchance, offend you, long-departed friends, in that our story is centralized about our theme, current college life, remember we are now what you were once, young men and young women, receiving what is termed "a college education".

AROUND THE HILL.

As we write we look around and see everything enveloped in snowy splendor. The ruins of College Hall appear as some fantastic, ghostly, excavation where lie buried the treasures and traditions of the past, and from which will rise a new, stable structure indicative of Acadia's glorious future, built the more firmly because of the unceasing and

unflinching toil and effort of those who have gone before. Who can look on those year-old ruins and say that the Acadia spirit, associated with the "Old White College on the Hill," is a thing of the buried past?

Times of stress and disappointment bring forth more intense patronism and loyalty. The loss of the Western League title in Football has renewed the seeming erstwhile waning colleg spirit. The determination to make a good showing in hockey, despite the desperat handicap under which we must labor, is calling forth the efforts of all those who have ever attempted to play that game.

The playing of the interclass basketball league before the Christmas holidays leaves ample time for a strong team to be developed from the abundance of good material we possess.

Interclass competition is keen, as witnessed in track, debating, Athenaeum and basketball. Class spirit, if taken as a criterion of the attitude of the University as a whole, would indicate that in this time of adversity we are a more united body than ever before. It is of a united Acadia we speak, where each individual is willing to take a share in the joys and sorrows of college life.

FIRST YEAR STUDENTS' ENTERTAINMENT.

In accordance with an article established in the Constitution of the Student Council, the First Year Students gave an entertainment in the Opera House on Tuesday evening, November 15th. A novel situation arose, in that College Hall was not available, as in previous years, yet undaunted by such small matters the affair was successfully staged elsewhere. The regular evening "movie" program, "Just Out of College", was first given, after which came individual acts. Mollins rendered a solo, which was encored, as was also a reading by Miss Stephens. DeBlois, apparently acting on the assumption that at times impersonation is the soul of wit, brought down the house by the clever way he acted the part of Miss Brown of White Rock. His feminine-

like soprano was almost uncanny, it was so real. A school scene ended the program, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

The various classes attended in a body and afterwards enjoyed refreshments. The Seniors going to "Ceci's", the Juniors to "Hughies" and the Sophs to "Artie's".

CLASS ACTIVITIES.

SENIORS.

Miss Ella Warren, of the class of '22, having infinite faith in the Seniors as a budding young generation of songsters, invited the class to her home after church on Sunday night of Nov. 13th. During the course of the evening such lusty singing produced a distinct dryness of throats. Accordingly apples and fudge were brought on the scene. The evening was a great success, and each and every one felt it had been well spent.

Monday evening, November 28th, was the occasion of a party in honour of the girls' debating team. Arrangements had been made with Hughie for a feed, and in a spirit of jubilation the class trooped down town and into the establishment of the "Silent Hughie". After great inroads had been made on the eats provided, an impromptu program, by whoever considered it expedient to perform for the merriment of the rest, was enjoyed by all. Everything considered, it was claimed to be the best party in the history of the class.

Many are the laurels that have been won by the Class of '22 in their sojourn around the precincts of Acadia, and now as Seniors that envious record is being fully maintained. The Bulmer Relay race gave the first opportunity for class competition. This year a senior team competed in the Bulmer Race for the first time in six years, and also won the race. It is hardly any wonder then, that there was much cause for rejoicing. Accordingly a "stag" party was the order of the evening. After a considerably amount of pie,

ice cream and coffee had been consumed with great gusto in the Club Room, the Seniors serenaded Tully, and on their return organized an expedition against those of the class who had been unwary enough not to overturn their own beds, and a few other articles. The evening ended very happily.

JUNIORS.

The Juniors, we fear, have felt the strain of much psychology and economics, and have faithfully concentrated on these to the exclusion of parties. However, after the debate of November 28th, the girls assembled in Tully Club-room, toasting marshmallows and popping corn before the ing and refreshments.

On December 3 the entire Class gathered in the club-room, toasting marshmallows and popping corn before the fire. Tucker was of course included, but the feature of the evening's program was the "Junior Orchestra", which provided most delightful music not only to the assembled Juniors, but to all the residents of Tully.

SOPHOMORES.

On Nov. 19, after the debate, the Sophs assembled at the Mitchell residence in town, and spent the remainder of the evening with games, Tucker and songs. On Dec. 5 the Sophomores again gathered for a good time—this evening in Willett Hall club room. Games and refreshments brought the evening to an too speedy close

Having defeated the Seniors in the debate of Dec. 10th, the Sophs made merry by repairing to the home of Dr. W. L. Archibald. The girls considering equal franchise as worthy of note, invited the boys. This was an innovation in itself since a superstitious dread seems to overhang such a revival of the normal custom in years which have not the extra day makes them the years of woman's privilege. Exulting in their victory, all had a most enjoyable evening and on their return to the Ladies' Residence the air resounded

with many shouts of jubilation intermingled with frequent rendering of the class yell.

FRESHMEN.

Since a victory resulting from an interclass debate seems a fitting time for rejoicing, the Freshmen held to the order of the times by having a class party after the Sophomore-Freshmen debate. Their rendezvous was Tully Club Room where they played many games.

The Freshmen this year appear to be taking a considerable interest in all college activities as witnessed by their excellent showing in the Bulmer Relay Race, in Debating and at present in Basketball. If consistent effort will bring success, the class of '25 should make excellent progress during its college career.

Dec. 5th. While the Sophomores were making merry in the club room of Willett Hall, the Freshmen, chaperoned by Miss White, were hiking toward Tannery Pond on a walking party. The ice looked very inviting but, having no skates, they had to be contented with sliding. After a time they returned to Tully club-room for peanuts and games.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 27, Miss Clare Cutten invited the Freshmen class to her home for a sing.

On Dec. 4, Mr. Smiley '25 entertained the Freshman Class at a sing held at his home.

On Dec. 11, the Class of '25 was invited to a sing at the home of Miss Bernice Rand.

ENGINEERS.

On Dec. 2, the Engineers invited a number of the "Co-eds" to accompany them on a sleigh drive. As the sleighs failed to come for the party, the party went after the sleighs, with enthusiasm unabated. After driving to Kentville and taking in the movies there, the crowd returned for refreshments at Cecie's. Miss White, Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock chaperoned the party.

ATHENAEUM SOCIETY.

Since our last issue many debates have taken place, so that now the outcome of the inter-class competition is looked forward to with even greater interest.

FRESHMEN-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

On Nov. 19th the Freshmen opposed the Sophomores in debate on the subject: "Resolved that it would be advantageous to Canada as a whole, to have the Farmers or Progressive party in power at Ottawa." Spidell, MacLean and Estey represented the Sophomores on the affirmative, while Warren, Corkum and Rafuse upheld the negative for the Freshmen.

The judges gave their decision to the latter.

JUNIOR-FRESHMEN DEBATE.

On Dec. 3, the Junior-Freshman debate took place, resulting in a victory for the upper class. The subject was: "Resolved that Imperial Federation would be beneficial to Canada". Anthony, Judge and Small debated for the Juniors, and McLeod, Coueland and Short for the Freshmen. L. P. Steeves gave a good criticism with timely suggestions for future improvement.

SENIOR-SOPHOMORE DEBATE.

It having been a custom thus far this year for the lower class to win, the Sophomore kept up the newly formed tradition by gaining the favorable decision of the judges on Saturday night, Dec. 10th. The subject was: "Resolved, that it would be more beneficial for the Governor General-in-Council by his power to admit Southeastern Europeans for the next twenty five years even up to the yearly limit reached in 1913 rather than to totally exclude them." The Seniors arguing for the affirmative were represented by Messrs. Elgee, Lank and Atkinson, while the Sophs were represent-

ed by Messrs. Robinson, Clark, and Bannerman. The arguments on both sides were clearly and distinctly put forward.

MEN'S INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

The debate this year will be with the University of Mt. Allison, and will take place in Sackville in March. The subject submitted by Acadia is "Resolved that it would be more beneficial to Canada for the Governor-in-Council, by his power under the present Immigration Law to admit South Eastern Europeans for the next twenty five years, even up to the yearly limit reached in 1913, rather than totally exclude them." Mount Allison has accepted the negative side of this question, and Acadia will uphold the affirmative.

PROPYLAEUM.

SENIOR-JUNIOR DEBATE.

The Propylaeum Society having established a new rule and thereby a precedent, the Senior and Junior girls took the platform on Monday, Nov. 28th, before a mixed audience, composed of the members of the Society and the male members of the Senior and Junior classes. The subject was, "Resolved, that the development of the St. Lawrence route for ocean-going vessels from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic ocean would be to the advantage of Canada and the United States." The Juniors, represented by the Misses Fitzpatrick, Bowlby, and Davison upheld the affirmative, while the Misses Warren, Brown, and Colpitts of the Seniors took the negative. The subject was well handled by both sides, the decision finally going to the negative. Miss Jean Walker '24 was the critic of the evening and passed many well chosen and humorous remarks.

SOPHETTE-FRESHETTE DEBATE.

Following the example of the upper class girls, the Sophettes and Freshettes met in open encounter on Monday

evening, Dec. 5th—before the boys of the two classes represented. The first item was the reading of the synopsis by Miss Muriel Cutten. Then followed the debate, "Resolved that Women Suffrage is not beneficial to Canada." The Sophettes—Misses Morse (leader) Archibald, Walker, upheld the older conservative ideas of the affirmative, while the Freshettes—Misses Beardsley (leader), Cutten, Lawson, took the more modern democratic views of the negative. The debate was a good one (showing a second time, the capability of the co-eds on the public platform), and was keenly contested. The Sophettes, however, had the hard end to hold up, since the advantage of woman suffrage are undisputed today, so the decision fell to the Freshettes. Miss Helena Miller was the critic. The judges were Prof. Balcom, Dr. DeWolfe, and Dr. Thompson.

GIRLS' INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING LEAGUE.

An innovation in the regular routine of college activities will be the Girls' Intercollegiate Debate, to be held in March. On Nov. 17th representatives of the different maritime colleges met in Truro, and organized the "Maritime Girls' Intercollegiate Debating League." The colleges included are Acadia, Dalhousie, Mount Allison and the University of New Brunswick. It is as yet unknown whether or not Kings and St. Francis Xavier will be included in this league. Although intercollegiate debating has been carried out among the college girls in previous years, this is the first general attempt at formulating a permanent league. Mount Allison will be Acadia's opponent this year, and the debate will be held in Wolfville. Miss Ella Warren '22 was Acadia's representative and also the chairman of the meeting in Truro. It was to no small extent due to her that the idea of a Girls' League was established as a reality.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The members of the Dramatic Society held their monthly meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 30th. A very interesting pro-

gram had been arranged, thanks to the committee appointed for that purpose and those who provided the entertainment. Miss Whidden of the Seminary Department of Oratory gave several much appreciated readings, and Miss Langley, in her delightful inimitable way rendered several violin selections. The other numbers were also excellent.

The program over, a social evening was then enjoyed. The club-room was very artistically decorated, and in such cozy surroundings, never were stunts such a delight to the participants, nor was such a dainty luncheon served! The aroma of coffee prevailed the atmosphere while delicious cakes and sandwiches were enjoyed by all. There followed singing of college songs, a fitting conclusion for a happy evening.

The work of the Dramatic Society is still in its infancy, but it is building a foundation, upon which, we trust, in the near future will rest an imposing unity.

The work this term has met with far greater success than anticipated. We have every reason to hope for even greater success next term.

For the last five weeks, the cast chosen for "Pygmalion and Galitea" have been giving many hours toward the production of this play. In choosing such a difficult work, it was the idea of the society to give a higher tone to local dramas. Since we produce two plays a year, one at least should be of standard quality, else the reflection is misleading as to the purpose of the society. It is to produce a modern comedy during the winter months.

PYGMALION AND THE BEAU OF BATH.

Had one wended his way to the Opera House on Monday evening, Dec. 12th, he would have found the house well filled by an enthusiastic audience listening intently to the Greek comedy, entitled Pygmalion and Galatea. The parts were admirably taken. The acting, thruout, revealed consistent talent on the part of individual players and thorough, consistent effort on the part of the directors, Miss Smallman and Miss Whidden. Miss McCurdy as the animated statue



Scene from Pymalion and Galatea.

played her part to perfection. Her posing as the statue Galatea would inspire many a sculptor. Mr. Miller taking the part of Pygmalion showed up that gentleman's temperamental attitudes to a remarkable degree. Miss Manning as Pygmalion's wife, played this difficult role very effectively. Mr. Gouchér and Mr. Wetmore succeeded in conveying the essential humour of the production of the audience, while the Misses Parlee, and MacPhail supplemented the humour and helped make the play a success. Mr. McLean as slave, completed the cast. The Orchestra directed by Miss Langley gave several selections. After the play Miss J. Harris '22, gave three vocal selections which were much enjoyed by the audience.

The Beau of Bath, purporting to show the reflections of an old man in front of the hearth fire, was a pretty scene. Mr. Miller took the part of the Beau and Miss Parlee was "The Lady of the Portrait." Dressed in early eighteenth century style her posing was charming. Mr. Wetmore, as the valet, was the third member of the scene.

SCIENCE CLUB.

The newly formed Science Club has already become a powerful organization and its meetings are commented upon with favor by all. The membership is now rapidly growing, new members being admitted by ballot on the secret society system. This ensures the admittance of genuinely interested members. An even more extensive program is planned for the first of the year. The fact that at nearly every meeting several names are brought in by request is an indication of the place this Club is taking in the ranks of our students of pure science.

Nov. 22.—Mr. Bowlby gave an interesting paper on "Photography, its History and Principles" followed by extended discussion. Many of the members are interested in amateur photography and Mr. Bowlby's subject was well received.

Nov. 30—We were especially favored by having Prof. Balcom with us on the 20th. He gave us an interesting pre-

sentation of the problems of the day which should be taken into consideration as the approach of the general election demanded. He pointed out in a very impartial manner the factors which should determine a man's vote, and emphasized the fact that the heat of an election campaign is no time in which to judge the parties contending for power. At all times true citizens should keep the problems of his country well in hand if he is to judge fairly the way his vote should be cast when the occasion arises.

Dec. 7—Mr. Cleveland gave a paper on the "Atomic Theory of Matter", giving special attention to the latest research work along this line. His talk was followed by lively discussion, thus proving that even unsubstantial *ions* may become of interest.

Dec. 13—Mr. Prince introduced a discussion on Heredity. He outlined the theories of evolution with special attention to heredity, hereditary qualities, and determination of heredity.

After Mr. Prince's paper, an excellent repast was served under the efficient direction of the Execution Committee. When we were thus internally stimulated, the discussion about the fireside grew hotter. After flashlights were taken, we put out the lights and enjoyed perfectly good cigars about the open fire while Mr. Peters favored us with music. We are indeed fortunate in having such a pianist as Mr. Peters enrolled in our ranks. Meeting adjourned about 1.00 a. m., Wednesday.

S. C. A.

In addition to the regular Sunday evening meetings, the Sophettes are meeting for Bible Study with Miss White, the book under discussion being Fosdick's "The Meaning of Service". The upper class girls are planning to take again this year "The Social Principles of Jesus" by Rauschenbusch.

At the regular meeting of Nov. 13, Dr. Zella Clarke gave an outline of her work in India, and Miss Martha Clark made an appeal for greater support in missionary work.

On Nov. 20 Miss M. Wyman, '22. read an interesting paper on "The Dangers of Materialism."

Nov. 27, Miss Pauline Parry gave a splendid informal talk, taking as her subject "Courtesy."

On Dec. 4, Rev. E. S. Mason. made a very inspiring address on "The Choice of a Career."

The following week Mrs. S. C. Freeman gave us a very vivid picture of a girls' life in India illustrating by describing many instances that had come to her notice in her work there.

Y. M. C. A. AND S. C. A.

The interest shown in our mid-week services at the first of the year was certainly not a temporary one, as evidenced by the increasing numbers who are attending. Some outside leaders have helped, but the students are doing their share, and special music has added to the enjoyment of each meeting. On Nov. 16, Miss E. M. White was the speaker. The following week, B. N. Goodwin, '23 led, on Nov. 30, H. K. Grimmer, '23. gave a short address, and on Dec 7, Rev. E. S. Mason was the leader.

SING AT DR. CHUTE'S.

Were it not for genial friends like Dr. and Mrs. Chute, Sunday evenings would be a distinct bore to many. To counteract any such tendency, the aforementioned hosts take it on themselves to invite the students to a "Sing" after church a number of times during each year. Such delightful hosts do much to dispel any gloom and those who attend the "sings" return to their lodgings much refreshed in spirit. Such was the nature of the gathering on Sunday night, Dec. 11th. Numerous songs were sung the while. The gathering broke up sufficiently early to prevent any tendency to "burn midnight oil".

THE PYJAMA PARADE.

This event was somewhat later than usual this year, but was none the less enthusiastic for its tardiness. At 11 p. m.

Wednesday night, Nov. 23rd, the boys gathered at Willett Hall, dressed in the usual costume for the occasion. The special feature of the parade was the novelty orchestra, which proved very efficient indeed, in carrying out the programme. The piano, and other pieces were loaded on a wagon and taken though the town. The "All welcome" over the door of the Liberal-Conservative Club was responded to, and the boys flocked in. A lively five minutes were spent, which were crowned by the "treats" of some members of the club. The customary rounds to the Sem and Tully were made, and at an early hour the fellows returned to their abodes of rest. Everyone agreed that this was one of the most successful affairs of its kind in many years. Luckily, it took place this night, else the heavy snowfall of the following night might have dampened the hopes of its occurring at all.

SOCIAL SURVEY.

Equipped with cards, questionnaires, and all the necessary pre-instruction, the Class of Practical Sociology, conducted by Miss White, made a survey of the town of Wolfville, on Thursday Nov. 24th. A similar survey was carried out about two years ago, under the direction of Miss MacIntosh. Thus the returns of this present one will be invaluable as a source of comparison with the prevailing conditions of that time. Each member of the class secured the information in the section, of about 20 families, assigned to him. The survey was very successfully, and systematically carried out.

XMAS DINNER.

The annual Xmas dinner is a fitting conclusion to the work of the first semester before leaving for our homes. Mrs. Weeks expended much extra effort to make possible this sumptuous repast which exceeded in merit all others in our period at Acadia. Beautiful mauve chrysanthemums decorated each table while the waiters were all college boys appearing properly dressed in their "gates ajar."

The guests of honor were: Dr. and Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Ingraham, Dr. and Mrs. MacDonald, and Prof. and Mrs. Perry.

WILLETT HALL "STAG".

The Willett Hall Stag has become an annual feature. It takes place in the Club-room every year the night before the "fans" leave for home. This year, due to the fact that there were several basketball games on Monday night, the "Stag" came off on Saturday night, Dec. 17.

All the inhabitants of Willett Hall, together with several old residents of the Hall living in town this year, assembled about ten o'clock before the open fire of the well-decorated Club-room. The walls were lined with banners, the corridors decked with spruce and a Xmas tree stood in the corner.

A parody on Pygmalion and Gaitea was first put on starring Claude Hicks as the Statue. He kept the whole room in one continual roar. We were absolutely irresponsible for the quality of our laughter. Followed a trial in which the accused was tried for "highway (?) "After much amusing evidence had been heard, the jury returned and brought in a verdict of "Guilty". The accused was accordingly sentenced.

After this trial the Willett Hall Orchestra favored us with music while the "fans" tried to dance on a floor littered about knee-deep with peanut shells. (Ankle-deep would really be absolutely within the bounds laid down by Ananias), Then Santa Claus arrived and distributed the gifts from the tree.

Eats were served, and lots of smokes contributed to the enjoyment of the evening. The party broke up officially about one o'clock, but many staid about the fire and fed it with peanut shells until the "wee sma' hours."

PROPYLAEUM.

For the last Propylaeum of the term, that of Dec. 19th the program, as usual, took the form of a Christmas entertainment. Miss Winnie Chute. '22 read the synopsis of cur-

rent events. Miss Hermina Benesch, '23, gave a short reading and Miss Ethel Norton, '24, played several piano selections. But the "hit" of the evening was, of course, Santa Claus, who in spite of the evident discomfort of his (?) costume, cracked jokes and generally added to the fun, while distributing gifts from the tree.

THEOLOGICAL CLUB NOTES.

THE Theological Club has felt for a long time that it should be given more general recognition in the columns of the "Athenaeum", and through the courtesy of the present management, the request has been granted, with the stipulation that sufficient material be supplied to fill one page. The Club appreciates this generous offer, and has appointed a representative to look after its interests.

The membership this year is composed of approximately forty five young men from the College and Academy, who are preparing themselves for the Christian ministry, about twenty of these having entered Acadia this year. As usual, our ranks were somewhat depleted at the end of last year, through graduation, and removal to other fields of study and service. Some of the "old" boys have returned this year for further study, and are being heartily welcomed again. These include, Messrs. S. W. Hirtle, G. R. T. Ayling, and J. R. McGorman.

Mr John Maskell who has been here for two years, has been obliged to discontinue his studies for the present, on account of ill health. He is at present at his home in West Jeddore, N. S. His many friends will wish for him a speedy recovery.

Since the burning of College Hall, our weekly meetings are held on Friday evenings in the parlor of the Baptist Church. The meetings this year have been exceptionally well attended, with a fine spirit prevailing. Mr. Vincent has made an efficient President, and his musical ability, coupled with that of the club members, has been a great inspiration at all services.

In addition to the addresses given by the members, two outside speakers have assisted us, Dr. McDonald gave an illuminating address on the "Prayers of the Poets", and Dr. DeWolfe gave a very helpful discourse on the "Value of Prayer".

The last meeting before the Christmas recess was held on December 16th. when the election of officers for the new term took place, with the following results:

President—Mr. F. K. Neary.

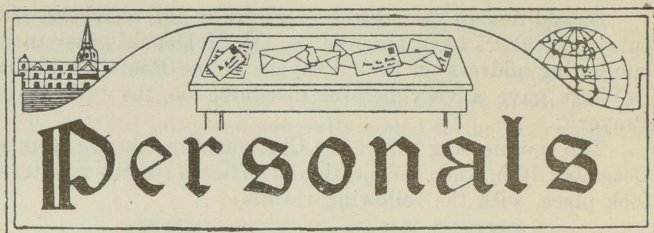
Vice President—Mr. A. A. McLeod.

Sec.-Treas—Mr. George Sharp.

Chairman Dev. Com.—Mr. T. M. Webb.

In conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. and S C A., the club purposes to carry out a special religious programme next term, which it is hoped will result in deepening the spiritual life of the College institutions, and prove a great blessing to all.

E. C. P. '22.



'81—Rev. E. D. Webber of Haverhill, Mass., preached the annual sermon before Merrimac River Association.

'83—S. T. Rogers has been appointed judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

'86—Dr. A. K. DeBlois has been appointed president of the Boston Educational Society.

'88—Horace Day has been appointed vice-president of Carnegie Hall Evangelical Teachers' Association.

'89—Dr. H. T. DeWolfe preached in the afternoon and evening in connection with the dedication of the new church in Waterville.

'91—We wish to express our sincere sympathy to Rev. R. Osgood Morse and family (Miss Hazel '20 and Miss Iris, A. L. S. '19) in the death of Mrs. Morse at St. John, on Nov. 14.

'91—Rev. A. T. Kempton of Cambridge, Mass., spoke before the Boston Northern Association on "Our Country's Service."

'92—Rev. and Mrs. O. N. Chipman have returned from Montreal, and report their son who is a patient in the Victoria General Hospital, much improved.

'95—We extend sympathy to Rev. R. E. Gullison in the death of his wife.

'96—Dr. G. B. Cutten delivered a series of lectures at Chicago University, during the first week of December.

'96—Rev. A. H. C. Morse has been very successful in Denver, Colorado, and was attended at a dinner by three hundred and fifty members of his Young People's Union.

'98—Rev. S. C. Freeman, recently returned from Parlakimedi, India, has been speaking in Yarmouth.

'99—Rev. H. B. Sloat has been appointed pastor at large of the New Haven Association.

'99—Rev. Ira B. Hardy of Sanford, has resigned his pastorate to give his whole time to civil service.

'9—Dr. Zella Clark and her sister Miss Martha spoke in Windsor in the interest of the Telegu Mission.

'00—Rev. S. S. Poole preached the dedication sermon of the new Baptist Church at Chipman, N. B.

'01—Rev. M. S. Richardson spoke at the evening service in connection with the golden jubilee held in Yarmouth.

'02—E. G. Bill, Dean of Freshman at Dartmouth College, has been appointed Director of Admissions to administer the Selective Process of Admission recently adopted at Dartmouth.

'04—Miss Rosamond Archibald has recently published "The King's English Drill."

'05—E. S. Archibald is at present in Montreal.

'10—To Mr. and Mrs. Willard McIntyre—a daughter.

'10—Arthur Hunt Chute, who has been visiting his parents in Wolfville, has gone to Bermuda.

'10 and Ex. '12—Bob Duffy of Hillsborough and Miss Gladys Vaughan of Wolfville, were married in November.

'11—Rev. Ivan M. Rose of Rome, Utica, was appointed vice-president of the Missionary Conference.

'11—Rev. J. D. McLeod, who is taking his last year in theology at Rochester, is acting pastor of the South Avenue Church in Rochester, N. Y.

'14—Rev. R. C. Eaton is now pastor of the Mattapan Baptist Church.

'14—Ethel Wigmore is home from China on account of her health, and is now at Saranac.

'15—To Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kinley of Truro, a daughter.

'16—Rev. J. S. Millett was appointed secretary of the Shelburne District Conference.

'16—A. W. Borden is now at his home in Wolfville.

'16—Mrs. Philip Illsley has been visiting in Halifax.

Ex. '16—Murray Chipman was in Wolfville recently on business .

'16—Paige Pineo is spending the winter at Westport. Conn.

'16—Charles Sherman is at McGill.

'17—H. F. Lewis, ornithologist for Ontario and Quebec, visited Wolfville recently on business for his department.

Ex. '18—To Mr. and Mrs. E. D. MacPhee—a son.

Ex. '18—Jessie I. Bowlby is teaching in the Tower Road School, Halifax.

'19—Carl Beals has had to give up his course at Yale on account of his health.

Ex. '19—We extend sympathy to Mrs. E. H. Dakin in the death of her mother, Mrs. Zwicker, on Oct. 18.

Ex. '20—P. S. Illsley left on Dec. 7th, for the Pacific coast, where he will spend the winter.

'20—Carrol P. Clark and Miss Schneider, formerly a teacher in A. L. S. were recently married.

'21—Jack Mosher has obtained a position in a broker's office in Boston.

'21—We hear with pleasure of Murray Beardsley's good work on the McGill football team.

'21—A. O. Hickson has received the appointment of instructor of Mathematics at Brown University, and expects to take up his work there in January.

'21—Harold Wilson has returned from the States and is at present at his home in Wolfville.

Ex. '21—Chas. Palmer has a position in the Royal Bank at Dorchester.

Ex. '22—Charlie Kinsman has returned to Wolfville and expects to resume his studies at Acadia after Christmas.

Ex. Eng. '22—Mark Curry has gone to Colorado for his health.

'23—We extend sympathy to B. N. Goodwin in the death of his brother, December 6.

A. L. S.

A. L. S. '88—Laura Kinney died recently at her home in Yarmouth.

A. L. S. '19—Myra McLeod has returned from Ottawa where she has been spending the past few months.

A. L. S. '20—Tillie Dalzell was recently married to John Titus.

A. L. S. '21—Dorothy Giffin is teaching voice and piano at her home in Goldboro, N. S.

A. L. S. '21—Myrtle Ryan is at her home in Truro.

A. L. S. '21—Grace Stuart is at her home in Port Mouton.

A. L. S. Ex. '22—Florence Erb is at her home in Hillsboro.



“**M**EDIOCRITY freezes desire” and “equality engenders uniformity,” so writes Henri Frederic Amiel. One feels when perusing numerous college periodicals that a great many if not all are quite mediocre in that they do not truly represent the literary ability of their respective Colleges. Why does such a state of affairs exist? The answer may possibly be found in the second statement. We are often far too prone to let well enough alone, especially if the product is equal in quality to that which has gone before. A monotonous uniformity must necessarily ensue, wherein we find a tendency to adhere to the same methods of publication and the same arrangement of material. When no changes are effected, intellectual stagnation in certain departments exists. There is the ever present danger of the abominable “rut” toward which we of the present day and generation are so intolerant.

Surely, if editorial staffs would take cognizance of such significant facts, we feel that the average college paper, instead of providing a mere passing interest for the student body, would by its changing to meet the demands of the times, receive more or less of the universal co-operation of the many who would like to contribute to its columns, but feel that conditions are not responsive to reasonable effort.

U. N. B. MONTHLY

The October issue of the University Monthly is the only one to reach us thus far. The issue contains considerable

material of good literary quality. We would like to bring one item to the attention of all other college magazines; that is, the "In Memoriam" column at the beginning of the issue. "The Pharisaism of Sophomores" and "Bees—Ness" are rather humorous. The editors, however, seem to consider that competition is not very keen. Why not try our system for a while. The results at Acadia have been extremely gratifying.

ARGOSY

The Christmas number of the Argosy comes to us with a message of good cheer. Apparently the system of competition is working fine and the editors are considerably pleased with the results. The work is interesting, provided the enthusiasm of those contributors is at a high pitch. The number is a credit to old Mount Allison. The cuts and etchings are quite suited to the occasion.

XAVERIAN

The Xaverian for November contains considerable material of a high standard, most of it being contributed by members of the Senior Class. "Catholics and Science" is well treated and tends to overturn the generally accepted theory that Roman Catholicism is directly opposed to scientific research. "Let Us Consider the Achievements of the Little" is a humorous sketch, despieting the trials of Titch, whom we would consider quite an ordinary representative of those in the ranks in the army, more especially when it came to the matter of grouching. The notes on the various classes show considerable originality.

THE MORRIS HARVEY COMET

This magazine has just recently reached our shelves. We are glad to welcome one from a college across the border. You are very frank in regard to your faults, and this is one of the best ways to overcome them. It will stir up the students to increased effort and to greater respect for their col-

lege. The poem "Use your Imagination" is one that appeals to us all.

UBYSSEY.

Athletics and sports seem to occupy the greater amount of space in this paper. There are a few articles and only an occasional story. There is room for improvement in these two literary departments, but the paper is on the whole a good one.

CANADIAN STUDENT

The Canadian Student comes to us every month. It is the official organ of the Students' Christian Association and as such gives many useful hints to those interested in this type of work. The editorials and the whole are excellent and the Book Reviews gives an account of the best of the latest published volumes relating to religious and theological subjects.

MINNESOTA TECHNO—LOG

The general attitude of this magazine is purely technical, but there is however, a very readable article on the Summer Camp of the civil engineers which outlines the work and sports carried on by the attendants at the camp.

"Electrograph" is a particularly instructive section of this magazine.

KINGS COLLEGE RECORD

Although there has been a complete change in your staff the good standard of the magazine has been maintained, in this first issue of the year.

We congratulate you on the success of your play and especially the splendid spirit the Troupe showed on its tour
Your paper is well balanced.

McMASTER MONTHLY

The October issue of the McMaster University Monthly is suggestive of a distinct lack of interest in the college mag-

azine on the part of the student body. The literary department is entirely filled up with contributions from graduates, including an exceptionally fine article on the League of Nations by Chancellor McCrimmon. We believe that no college publication can be truly representative of the student body unless the undergraduates themselves make the major part of the contributions. Your system of inserting etchings and paintings among your pages is a very excellent idea. If we have not already offended too much, we would suggest that you give a little more space to huour. There is a lot in having a good laugh.

The November issue breaks away from recent custom by inserting two undergraduates themes, one an article on "The Prologue of the Canterbury Tales," the other a running narrative concerning a trip to the Cobalt mines. Humour is lacking but there are extensive descriptions of the happenings around the college. These are a model for clearness and forcefulness of diction and provide excellent reading.

THE GATEWAY

A very good weekly publication, although we might suggest a little less humor and more literary material.

We are glad to see that not only are the women willing to edit one issue themselves but that the men are even asking them to do so. We feel sure that they will make such a success of it that there will be co-operation in all future issues.

McGILL DAILY

The McGill Daily comes to us regularly. It contains just the news that one would expect in a college publication of that description. It does not of course limit its activities to college life but extends them to the various affairs of the city and even ventures so far as to express its opinion on domestic and international problems. It is a paper that may be of interest to anyone.

WESTERN U.GAZETTE

This paper blends poetry, fiction, the serious and humorous on one page. This is characteristic of a newspaper, rather than a college paper.

The articles are for the most part on medical subjects.

The institution of a Players Club for promotion of study and production of the modern drama is a good move, and one that other colleges would do well to follow. Like all true colleges you also have a keen interest in athletics.

DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

The Dalhousie Gazette is divided into a considerable number of departments. The literary department generally shows good taste in selection of material. The athletics department as a rule contains snappy write-ups of games and of college gossip concerning athletic activities. The societies' work is fully reported and anything of general interest to the Dalhousian is inserted. Two or three cuts generally appear on the front page and add considerably to the appearance of the weekly.

THE SHEAF

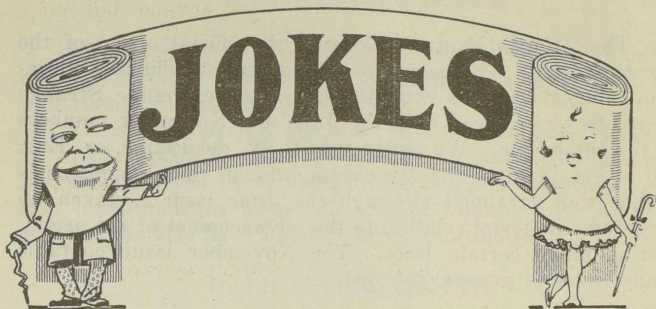
Really a superior weekly. Differing from other weeklies the Sheaf publishes articles as well as news items. Perhaps a monthly magazine would give a greater opportunity for literary work but we consider The Sheaf as it is, a paper well worth reading.

YALE DIVINITY NEWS

The "Yale Divinity News" is a new exchange on our shelves. It contains four pages, two of which are given over to a general discussion of theological subjects. The third page is taken up by Book Reviews while the last is composed entirely of Alumni Notes.

CORDA FRATRES REVIEW

The "Corda Fratres Review" the official organ of the Corda Fratres Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs, Federation International des Etudiantes, is a new exchange. Strange to relate we received both the June and November numbers at the same time. We notice that C. W. del Plaine, ex. Eng. '16 is President of the Minnesota branch. The magazine is rather well arranged although the June issue is taken up largely by material relating to the advancement of the organization along certain lines. The November issue contains many items of general interest.



Th-rb-r '22—"I lead a dog's life around here."

M-rsh-l'l '22—"Yes, sleep all day and snore all night."

McPh-rs-n '24—"This must be rabbit stew."

G- dwin '23—"Why, what makes you think so?"

McPh-rs-n '24—"I just found a 'hair' in it."

M-rton '24.—Do we inherit much from our parents'?"

Prof. P-rry—"Certainly, such things as blockheads and rubber necks, but not wooden legs."

Dr. K-ll-g—"Cats instinctively object to having their paws held. Do you think there are any traces of such instinct in humans?"

N-rma W-bst-r '24—"No, sir, I don't think so".

Pr-ss-r '23—"Do you see that fat man across the street?"

M-llin '23—"Yes. What of it".

Pr-ss-r '23—He represents the fallacy of undistributed middle".

K. Bowlby '23—I'd like to see any man try to kiss me.

Emily Leslie, Sem—No doubt—but you shouldn't admit it.

Dr. DeWolfe (in Freshman Bible)—Can anyone tell me what Ananias did?

'June' Wetmrore '22—He wrote the weather reports, sir.

Grimmer '23—The more I eat at Tully the hungrier I get.

Howatt '24—Then if you should eat all the time I suppose you would starve to death.

Judge '23—I'm so sleepy I can't keep my eyes open this morning.

Thurber '22—Naturally, kittens never open their eyes till they are nine days old.

Crowdis, Eng. '22—Why do little poodle dogs always have a curl in their tail?

'Friday' Eng. '22—So the flees can loop the loop.

Christie, Eng. '22—Which travels faster, heat or cold?

Crockett, Eng. '22—Why heat of course, anybody can catch cold.

Atkinson '22—I wonder what makes my eyes so weak?

Lank '22—It must be because they are in a weak place.

Adeline Mackinnon '24—Oh Mary. wouldn't you like to have been loved by an old time knight?

Mary Brown '24—No, I wouldn't. Sitting on an iron knee never appealed to me.

Dr. Wheelock (Physics I)—Miss Brown, what is velocity?

M. Brown '24—Velocity is the rate of *Emotion*.

The Freshmen are *some* class—they even have a "Cain". The Sophs have the more essential things—a "Hat (t)" and "Coat (es)".

R. Cochrane '22—What are you doing out in all this rain?

S. Read '22—Oh, I like it.

Reta C—Then you must be a raindeer.

S. Read—Well if I am, you must be a rainbeau.

June Wetmore—I started that song at Mt. A. “We’ll yell for old Acadia.”

Corey—That’s the reason we got off the tune five or six times.

June—Well, I was only off once.

Corey—Yes, but that was all the time.

“Judique” Ross '23—Walking to the Ridge with a certain young lady from Tully.

“Young Lady '23”—Oh dear, I wish I’d brought my muff.

Conrad, Eng.—Bill, why do you wear your socks wrong side out?

Rockwell—Because there is a hole on the other side.

H. Benesch '23—What was that noise I heard in your room last night?

“Zip” Parlee '22—Oh that was Bea falling asleep.

Doyle '23—Do you believe in long engagements?

Pearson '23—Of course. The longer a man is engaged the less time he has to be married.

Prof. Perry (Biol I)—Can you name any species of the animal kingdom that has chlorophyll?

Sophette (in front row)—The freshmen, sir.

Tommy R. '24 (calling Tully, the night of theatre party)—Give me 99, please.

1st Co-ed (Junior-Cad game)—Look at MacCready’s pants.

2nd Co-ed—Where are they?

B-ll M-ll-r '22 (in class meeting)—“It has been moved and seconded that these bills be found paid if correct”.

Dr. C-it (Preparing to give questions for a test)—“Are you ready for the questions?”

L-sby Eng. '23—“Question”.

Miss St-vens '25—“What does Dr. Cutten mean by developing the ‘library habit’?”

C-rkum '25—“Walking on your tip-toes, and whispering so that you can be heard in both rooms”.

Dr. Sp-dle (in Logic class)—“Which is correct, ‘seven and five *are* eleven, or seven and five *is* eleven’?”

M-rton '24—“Seven and five *are eleven*, sir”.

REMARKABLE REMARKS.

Sk-p Re-d—“I wish I were a chicken this cold weather, so that I could pull my feet up under my wings.”

P-arson—“A week-end is no weaker than its strongest drink”.

L-d W - - ks—“I have one advantage over the rest of the fellows when reviewing my notes—it is a shorter job.”

D-C Olmst- - d—“Be it ever so homely, there’s no face like your own”.

J-ck Cr-cktt—“In Willett Hall. I always remember the old adage—‘Look before you sleep’”.

St-eves—“Some people would kick even if they were in swimming”.

D-gg-r K-ndr-ck—“Tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all”.

D--con D-yle—"Embrace your opportunities—especially if they are good looking".

V-ncent—"The girls of today remind me of wild-cats' kittens".

Crockett—"Hold the Port, for I am coming".

May Proctor—"What is 'Grimmer' than death".

Vincent—Going out tonight?

Thurber—No. I'm going to get to work.

Vincent—Say, any more good jokes!

Thurber—Ah— — yes — one.

Vincent—Ye-es, but now your getting personal.

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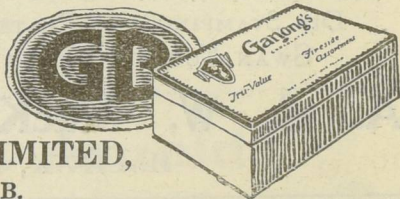
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