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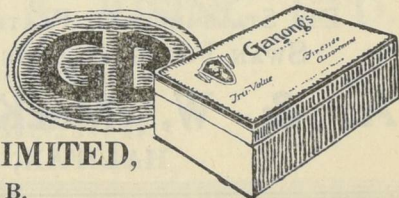
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AWARDS OF THE MONTH

Poems:—1st, H. S. Thurston, '22; 2nd, W. O. Coates, '24.

Articles:—1st, A. B. Corey, '22; 2nd, E. C. Prime, '22;
3rd, W. E. C. Proctor, '23.

Stories:—1st, W. H. Peters, '23; 2nd, E. C. Prime, '22.

Science:—1st, H. M. Bannerman, '24; 2nd, W. O. Coates, '24.

Humor:—A. K. Eaton, '22; (One award, two units).

Month:—1st, Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23; 2nd, Blanche Harris, '22.

Athletics:—1st, H. H. Wetmore, '22; 2nd, A. B. Corey, '22.

Personals:—1st, Mary Read, '23; 2nd, M. O. Brinton, '22.

Exchanges:—1st, W. H. El'gee, '22; 2nd, C. O. T. Weider, '23.

Jokes:—F. V. Anthony, '23; (One award, one unit).

Seniors:—17 Units.

Juniors:—9 Units.

Sophs:—4 Units.

Pennant to Seniors.

NOVEMBER TWILIGHT

SHIMMERING shadows quickly lengthen

On the scarlet-tinted hills;

Like a savage red-man's path

Crimson hued the lanscape lies;

Born of every fleeting breath

Glimmers an Elysian haunt;

Beauty in the distance dims,

Through the shifting haze lies clear,

Darkling-blue the unbroken sky.

—W. O. C., '24.

THAT IDOL OF CARTON'S

"I tell you again, gentlemen," repeated Richard Carton, "that I have in my possession, an idol of a peculiar type. If any person will place this same idol near him at 12 o'clock and stare at it for five minutes, that person will die."

Richard Carton, Arthur Caine, and I were the guests of Henry Drummond—an Englishman and a genial host. After dinner of the first evening we were seated in the library discussing Oriental peculiarities, and this had lead to Carton's emphatic statement. Although Carton was a collector of Idols, when he made this far-fetched declaration we leaned back in our chairs and laughed.

"That's a good joke", said our host. "What Eastern myth have you been reading?"

Dick's answer was to draw an idol from his pocket and place it upon the table. We laughed very heartily at what we had thought a supposition, but our faces changed perceptibly when this material object was produced.

"Does that look like a myth?" asked Dick as he lit a cigarette and then threw the match carelessly into the fire.

We bent forward and examined it seriously. It was a small idol perhaps three inches in height, with the head of a dragon. It's body resembled that of a human being, and as it sat there on the table one could readily imagine everything of a sinister nature. It was made from the finest ebony and beautifully carved.

"Where did you pick this up, Dick?" I asked as I examined it with almost superstitious awe.

"As I was about to leave my apartment for the railway station, Laroffe, an antique dealer told me that he had something of importance to show me. It was the idol which is before you. He also told me the story which I have related to you, and I am inclined to believe it. Not having time to return to my apartment after I had made the purchase, I brought it along with me."

"I don't believe such a story," said Caine, sarcastically. He was rather a large man and was accustomed to every comfort in life. His eyes were dark, and, set in a flabby face, only appeared to add to the irony which his voice contained.

"Perhaps you would like to try it," said Carton in a strange voice, and, turning my head, I caught a momentary glitter of intense hatred as it flashed from his usually inscrutable eyes. I had known Carton for nearly a year, and I admired him greatly, yet I liked neither his expression nor the cold tone in which he spoke.

"Sure I'll try it," replied Caine. "I have never been superstitious nor ever shall be. I tell you that such superstition is pure bunkum", and he made a motion to take the idol in his hands.

"Look here, Caine," I expostulated, "don't be an ass. You never can tell just what these Orientals are capable of doing."

"I also advise you not to try it," said Carton dryly.

This only served to add to Caine's persistence, and I appealed to our host.

"Let the blighter have it," he answered, "But remember that all of us have warned him against undergoing this ordeal."

We then smoked and talked until the clock sounded fifteen minutes of twelve. Slowly we rose from our chairs and for the second time endeavoured to discourage him from what now seemed to us as being a very serious matter. We finally gave it up in despair; for our entreaties only added to his determination. Going to his bedroom he placed the idol upon the table, brought up a chair in front of it, and announced with mock solemnity:

"It is five minutes of twelve. You chaps go into the corridor and I shall call you in ten minutes, I am determined to show Carton the improbability of all such yarns."

I smoked and waited impatiently in the corridor for the appointed time to come. I looked at my watch, which registered four minutes after twelve. I began to shiver slightly, and kept my eyes glued upon the watch until the crucial

moment arrived. Drummond finally broke the silence, which was becoming unbearable.

“Five minutes past the hour, gentlemen.”

I confess that the sound of the voice caused me to jump violently and I noticed—or thought I noticed—that Carton had also started back as if nerves were at their breaking point.

Drummond closed his watch impatiently, and stepped into the room. I crowded close behind him, with Carton bringing up the rear.

Caine had slumped forward in his chair, but was still gazing at that idol, almost in the same position as when we had left him. Drummond walked towards him and tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

“All right, old man,” he laughed, “Carton is wrong”. He broke off shortly, for Caine had not moved. He then placed his hand upon Caine’s heart and turned to us with an odd look on his face.

“He’s dead,” he whispered.

I stared unbelieving at him, and then my overwrought nerves caused me to spring forward, grasp that accursed symbol of paganism and rushing to the French window, I threw it far out into the lake on which the house bordered. As I drew back my arm to throw it from me, I became aware of a peculiar odor, but I was too excited to attach any significance to it.

The case, of course, was taken over by the police, and the verdict which the coroner’s inquest arrived at was that “Arthur Caine had succumbed to heart failure.”

I had almost forgotten this episode until, some few months later, while visiting an antique dealer for the purpose of purchasing a Mussulman prayer rug, I noticed an idol which was the exact replica of the one which I had thrown into the lake on the night of Caine’s death. I purchased the idol, and after taking it home, spent the better part of an hour in turning and prodding every conceivable projection which was visible to my eye. This brought no results. I picked it up impatiently and brought it down on the table

quite sharply. The effect was startling, for the idol divided into two sections, and I was given a chance to examine its inner recesses.

In the upper part of the body a very delicate mechanism was connected with a small watch dial which pressed against a metal tank of small proportions. From the tank a tube ran to the idol's mouth, and so I bent down to examine it more closely I became aware of a penetrating odor which seemed to be familiar. "Where have I smelt that gas before," I asked myself, and first slowly, then with great rapidity, the truth began to dawn upon me. I knew now that Caine had been intentionally poisoned by Carton and I immediately determined to accuse him of the crime.

I ran down to the street, hailed a taxi, and instructed the driver to take me to Carton's apartment in Jermaine St. There I found Carton in his room surrounded by his idols, and examining one quite closely. To see him there was to think that he was planning another murder and my anger rose within me.

"You murderer," I shouted.

He paled slightly, but with his usual self-composure said, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have solved the mystery of Caine's death. You are directly responsible." I told him of the idol which I had purchased, of its mechanism, and of the peculiar odor which was similar to the one observed on the night when Caine was poisoned.

He knew that I spoke the truth, and, motioning me to a chair, said in a hard voice:

"Yes, I poisoned Caine, but I was justified."

"That has been the plea of every man of your type," I mercilessly retorted.

He ignored my sarcasm and continued

"Caine was one of those people to whom the term Pharisee is often applied. The superficial man was clean, but the inner man was full of extortion and excess. He cornered the market, ruined my brother, and broke up his home. My brothers' last words were to seek revenge. I knew Caine was to be one of Drummond's guests. I therefore placed a

poisonous gas in the tank, set the dial at 12 o'clock, so that the gas would be released at that hour, and took the idol with me. Knowing that Caine's material mind would jump at any opportunity to disprove anything even suggesting superstition, I felt confident of success. Do you not understand the situation?"

"I refuse to understand", I replied hotly, "but perhaps the police will do their best."

"What good will that do you?" he quired. "*You* were present on the night of his death and also heard me warn him not to attempt such a thing. *You* threw the idol into the Lake, thus destroying the evidence, and furthermore there is no proof that the idol which you have in your possession is similar to the one which I used for my purpose."

"But the poison gas," I exclaimed, "That, combined with the story you have told me, will convince the proper authorities."

He laughed sarcastically and, leaning forward, returned pointedly:

"*You thought* in your excitement that such a gas existed, and the fact that you have purchased an idol of somewhat similar form makes you willing to swear that a gas did exist. If you inform on me, the case will appear even worse against you. Now don't be a fool", he added, as he rose from his chair and walked towards me with outstretched hand.

I saw the truth in his words, but without noticing his hand, I strode out into the street, my mind in a whirl.

What would you have done reader?

W. H. P. '23.

I'M LONGING

(Written at Bramshott Camp., Christmas Eve, 1918).

DEAR distant one I'm longing
Across the barren sea,
Across the icy waters
This Christmas eve for thee.

Last year with you I wandered
In crisp and frosty air,
In evening by the harbor
And chatted idly there.

The moon that lit our rambles
By wooded hill and vale,
By happy field and cosy home
Mocks by his silvery pale.

He saw us when we parted
When last I held your hand,
When last I kissed your rosy lips—
Such thots are hard to stand.

My fancy spans the distance
That separates from thee,
That separates from all I love
And thus it tortures me.

This fate is vain as loathsome,—
The ambitious of the great,
The ignorance of their followers
Have wrecked our sweet estate.

Henceforth when leaders quarrel
They fight their own affray
Leave their own homes, shed their own blood,
No more I'll tear away.

But Oh, if I could be tonight
Beside your cheery hearth
Beside your loaded Christmas board
To share your Yuletide mirth.

I might forget the weary months
Of hardships, hunger, pain,
Of curses roared and cruel jibes
And smile at life again.

The only star my sky affords
My only gleam of fate,
My only gladsome thot is that
"In safety you await."

ANONY. (Acadia).

DEUS IN SCIENTIAM

BY far the majority of university students at the onset of their studies, especially when their attention is directed toward the fundamentals of science, find certain indisputable facts contained therein, which, for the time, seem to contradict previously instilled principles of religion upon which their very faith in God depends, thus tending toward scepticism. In view of this fact, this skeletal, yet, we trust, more or less comprehensive reconciliation between science and religion is attempted in the hope that it may, at least to some extent, tend to clarify and reestablish faith, which perhaps seems to be nearing the verge of theism.

It is presupposed that the reader has at least a *correct* superficial knowledge of the principles of evolution, since, due to lack of space, an extended discussion of the subject would be impracticable here. Ever since DeVries, Mendel, LaMarck, and Darwin began to study the facts upon which the existence of species depends, there has been a marked resistance on the part of the church and on the part of great thinkers along opposing lines. When Darwin published his

“Origin of Species”, there was an immediate storm of protest, and his adherents were classed as fanatics of an extreme type. Men who were deeply religious and who had the interests of the church at heart, immediately condemned Darwinism, since to them it seemed to eliminate God; while others, though not because of any religious convictions, also condemned Darwinism, in that, although it might partially explain the existence of numerous species, it does *not* explain the fundamental principles of life itself and the processes through which life originated.

Those adhering to the Biblical idea of a special creation by an Infinite, claimed that even though they were unable to substantiate the opening statements of Genesis, they believed the Bible to be written by men inspired of God, and hence reliable. Extremists, bigoted as they are, will not listen to any radical departure from orthodox principles. But, is not man the culmination of *rationality*? He must reason, it is inherent in his nature, and he cannot accept any theory, religious or otherwise, without sooner or later thinking upon it, and appealing to that reason in order that that theory may become an acceptable one, and one which is held together by the substantial threads of reason.

It is clearly indicated by evidence supplied by geology, embryology, and comparative anatomy that evolution through natural selection is the explanation of the existence of species. Many will grant the opening statements of Genesis to be figurative, and although Darwin’s theories may explain the gradual unfolding of a great plan in the increasing number of species, and the greater complexity of each successive phylum, they do *not* explain the existence of life itself. “All life comes from pre-existing life”: it is this pre-existing life that Darwinism fails to account for. Protoplasm, the original life substance, has been analyzed chemically—separated into all its elements with the most painstaking care,—and yet never has it been made synthetically, although this has been attempted, with equally painstaking care, by compounding its elemental substances artificially. There seems to be a great unknown, underlying force that supplies *LIFE* to the organism, and it is this force which we cannot explain. What

is life? From where does it come? How did it originate? . . . Is not this in itself a great work, worthy of a great God, who in turn is worthy of our worship?

Then too, in the embryological history, (in which the individual in the course of its development from the fertilized egg to the adult recapitulates all the steps evolutionally preceeding it to a certain remarkable degree) we cannot but notice the significance of the very marked adherence or persistence of vestigial or transient organs, with equally transient or no function, infallibly appearing only to give way later to the adult characteristics which seem so fundamentally different. Is not this guiding force, are not the marvelous reproductive processes (which cannot be carried on artificially) evidence of a great unknown, evidences of God? Thus, by a little reasoning, we see that Darwinism does not eliminate God: it actually increases the apparent complexity of the great unfolding plan of the Infinite; it does not belittle God, and though it may force us to change, to some extent, our conception of Him, this rational explanation of the great truths of Nature rather increase the admiration and reverence in which we hold Him, the God of our worship.

There is another school which claims that God is a great psychic force. In the biological laboratories, with the aid of our misroscopes, we may observe small unicellular organisms, the lowest type of animal life, which appear on first examination to be totally devoid of mental force, but which on careful study, are observed, apparently through development of habit, to respond always in a certain way to a certain definite stimulus, that response, of course, being one which is conducive to the well being of the individual with reference to the stimulus applied. Thus God, in giving life to this organism also endowed it with a portion of his psychic or mental force. This is the least noticeable example, the greatest, being, of course, in the case of man, *the REASONING* animal. It is this reasoning power that has placed man over the forces of the earth and has made him supreme. Man controls all other animals, and even the forces of the earth which were once thought unconquerable. Today, Man be-

cause of his reasoning, sails comfortably under the sea, and even the birds must share the upper atmosphere with their superior. Through heredity man receives many physical characteristics and mental tendencies. But, it is only the *physical brain* that is inherited, and the tendencies mentioned are limited by, or are the result of physical content. From whence does this physical organ receive the ability to think and to reason? Does this idea detract from the reverence in which we should hold God? Most certainly no one of intelligence can fail to see the "man is created in God's image" when he is endowed with a greater portion of rationality than was granted to any other living organism.

Another subject we wish to introduce here, which may at first seem irrelevant, is the evolution of sex. In the unicellular animals, of which we have just spoken, reproduction takes place by fission and continued fission. (In some slightly higher forms, there is an occasional conjugation, and then fission and so on "ad infinitum"). Is not this a form of immortality, since the original body can never truly be said to perish, except of course as a result of accident? Now, it is observed as we trace the evolution of sex in the animal kingdom, that death enters the animal family with the appearance of sexual reproduction. Reproduction by this means is followed by the death of the parent. The effort, expended in this specialized process, so saps the vitality of the individual that, after propagation of the species has been insured, the parent dies.

We have touched a few of the main thoughts in connexion with the evidences of God in science. Now let us take the allegorical account of the garden of Eden and see how our theories complement each other. Suppose we grant, as already suggested, the creation of *life* with the attributes of God, and the "days" of the creation to be interpreted as aeons of years in which, through evolution, life developed from the original unicellular form to the complex, rational being,—Man. Original life is immortal, that is, the individual is immortal. But, in that evolution, with the appearance of sex in the animal family, there comes also death,

which may be taken as equivalent to, or comparable with the result of the sin in the garden of Eden. . . .

Here is a conception of God, of God's great plans, and of God's controlling power over the Universe, which we trust will clarify the subject to a certain extent, or at least supply food for thought and independent thinking along this line. If this is accomplished, to even a very elementary degree, then our attempt will not have been in vain. Such a reconciliation of theories we believe, if arrived at through the infallible processes of reasoning, to be of more or less satisfaction to our naturally inquisitive minds. Our beliefs in the findings of science are confirmed and the divinity of God is in no way lessened by such an explanation, rather it indicates more clearly to us the probability and feasibility of such a plan on the part of God. We believe, that in such a reconciliation, God is in no way deposed from His high place in our minds; His power is in no way depreciated; He is still and always will be our worshipped Deity. L. P. S. '22.

"FUR EVER AND FUR EVER"

SHE sat on a bench by the kitchen window peeling apples for "sass".

IT was November and a dull cold day—Thanksgiving Day. Without, a belated robin hopped from the bare boughs of the apple tree opposite the window, to the worn fence, and back again, whistling once in a while a dulcet note or two from his "Te deum laudamus", then lapsing into silence.

In the barnyard the new milch heifer mourned for her spotted darling, locked safely in the stable beyond. A lively "biddy" told to all who ran, that her daily duty was done, and in the hidden nest in the loft an oval pearly egg lay—fresh and new. The turkeys ate their Thanksgiving breakfast of golden corn with a contented "gobble-gobble."

The black magpie "Joe", who had been Josh's own particular pet, squeaked and fluttered at the door for admission, but she heeded him not. The busy, wrinkled, work-

scarred hands quartered and cored the Golden Russets in the pan, but the woman's thoughts were far away—away on the bleak weed-grown, unkempt hillside where was a grave—a mound of freshly turned earth under which lay her joy and her hope.

She had married late in life. The good giver of all had loaned but one pure soul to this mother's keeping, her boy Joshua—her all.

For twenty summers she had watched and yearned over him; for twenty winters she had loved and guarded him, taking all the disagreeable tasks upon her own work-bent shoulders, ever spending upon him her meagre store of hard-earned dollars, blessing and praising him, lavishing her heart's love and her heart's blood upon him, lavishing her love as many others are, loving enough in his way, it may be, but careless and carefree, good-hearted withall, lively and reckless.

It was a week since they had carried him in and laid him in her room, just off the kitchen, and the flowing blood had stained the gaily-colored patchwork spread.

Killed in a useless brawl!

And the preacher had said in most solemn tones, "We speak with fear for the soul of the departed. Be warned, Oh my young hearers, be warned!"

Like drops of molten lead each word fell deep into the mother's sorrowing heart, and lodged there.

The wind began to rise. The shutter at the window swinging to with a crash, making the woman start again into consciousness.

She put the pan on the bench beside her, rose and shivering a little as she did so, remembered that there was a shawl behind the kitchen door. Yes, there it was under a coat. What coat was that? Her failing eyes could not tell in the half light by the wall and she carried it to the window before she saw it was his,—her boy's.

With tottering steps she gained the old wooden rocker near the window, the chair that had rocked him when but a child, and sat down. She swayed gently to and fro, the

coat clasped in her arms, her cheek pressed against it, where it lay on her shoulder.

Without noting it, she began softly to hum the old familiar hymn that had soothed her baby to the realm of dreams many a time in the long vanished past. She seemed to hear once more the coo of a baby voice, to feel again the clinging touch of dimpled baby hands, the cuddle of the little warm body to her own. Then she became conscious that something hurt her. It was something hard in a pocket of the coat she had been pressing against her heart.

It was a book.

She had seen it often before. Josh had carried it for years. It was nearly full of writing—his writing—plain and easy as print for her old eyes to read. Figures too. He had been quick at figures and she had always been proud of the way the neighbors came to him to see if their interest had been “figgered currect”, or to feel certain that the bushels of grain they carried away had come out “just right.”

Here was a receipt for that account of Taylor’s and here another for a blacksmith bill. And what was this? Such a lot of writing all together without a break.

“I have always thot I was a pretty good sort of a fellow until today. At Ken’s funeral Parson Dobson read, “And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone”—that’s me—poor old father, poor mother! I’ve been little comfort to them. So help me God, I have told my last lie. I will live straight and above board from this out. I write it all here this thirtieth day of October to be a reminder when I feel the old boy getting a grip on me again.”

* * * * *

The tall clock by the pantry door struck twelve. The sun peered out from the gray of the sailing clouds pronouncing his benediction on the waking earth.

A man with a feeble step plodded slowly down the path from the barn to the house.

“Well, mother! the sun’s out for a bit of Thanksgiving too,” he said brightly, as he stepped within.

* * * * *

An hour later John White, as neighbors do, walked into the kitchen. The old man stood by the rocker holding her hand, a stunned look in his faded eyes.

White came quickly forward and laying one hand on his shoulder asked:

What's the matter, neighbor?

The old man looked up, and said simply as he turned his eyes towards the book. "It is something the boy wrote. Grief couldn't kill her, joy did."

Then passing a roughened hand over her iron gray hair:

"See how happy she was with that smile on her face. She's gone—gone to keep Thanksgiving day with the angels—fur ever and fur ever."

—B. N. G. '23.

CRUTCHES AND YELLOW PERKINS

"CAN an onlooker win a football game? I guess, Harvey, you weren't around here in '12 to see Crutches McCavour beat the Blue and Whites pretty nearly all by himself, or you wouldn't ask that question. Yes, I know what you're thinking. He's an old grad. blowing about his class, but this story is straight. Do you want me to spiel it?"

The little group that contained the speaker was standing on the campus at the University of Lower Stanton, commonly known as U. L. S., waiting for the annual game between U. L. S. and the rival college of Williamsburg to commence. One of the group turned to the first speaker: "We've got ten minutes to wait at least, Parker, so shoot your story. It will put in time while we're waiting."

"Well, it happened like this," Parker started. "Crutches McCavour was a Junior that year. He had lost a foot in a railway collision a couple of years before. That was what gave him his nickname. If that accident hadn't happened he would have been a great athlete himself. As it was, he had to be content with helping along every team the college turned out. He was the keenest sport I ever knew, always taking a great interest in whatever kind of athletics

was going on. Therefore it was only natural for him to take a big interest in the football team that year.

In the fall of 1912 old U. L. S. ran into a jinx. Their last year's halves had graduated the spring before, and for the first time in their history they had no new men to take their places. The last year's scrubs were on hand and a few freshmen who had played the game before, but none of them were exceptionally fast men. That year Williamsburg had a couple of very speedy ends, and no one around U. L. S. was fast enough to get away from them. That was the fix we were in, the season opening and no one in sight for halves.

That fall a green, awkward freshman named Ralph Perkins came to the college from some farm in the wilderness upstate. We never dreamed that he was a runner till one night four or five sophomores called to initiate him. He managed to break through them to the door and started down the street. Two of these sophs thought they were sprinters, and another had won the mile in inter-class sports the year before, but the sprinters were distanced in four blocks, and the miler gave up in disgust, after running half way across town, with Perkins nearly a block ahead at the finish.

When news of this spread around, the fellows got after Perkins to turn out for football. They hunted up an outfit for him and got him down to the campus. He showed he had the speed alright, and that was what we wanted most just then. That fellow certainly was ignorant though at first, and clumsy as anyone could be. Everything that he was taught was beaten into his head with a club, but still he seemed to be developing into what the team needed,—a really fast half.

Then when everything looked rosy, the blow fell. U. L. S. began playing practice games with outside teams, and Perkins showed up yellow. He had made out alright against fellows from his own college, but he was afraid to face outsiders. His speed seemed to disappear entirely as he was about to be tackled. Even when he was through the line with his opponents behind him, a time when most nervous players would have run all the faster to avoid being tackled, he would seem to slow up to take the fall easier.

You can understand that the crowd at U. L. S. were pretty mad about this, and they tried to get even by abusing Perkins. Calling him Yellow to his face like a nickname was one of the milder things they did to him. The coaches did their best to make him play better, but arguments, coaxing and abuse seemed equally powerless to change his playing. The hardest blow to them was that they had to leave him on the team,—we were so hard up for runners that, in spite of his yellowness, he was preferable to any of the slower men available.

It was about a week before the big game with Williamsburg that McCavour took a hand in the matter. He took a chum along and went on a crusade to find a cure for Perkins' yellowness. They travelled down to that part of the wilderness where Yellow came from, and started making inquiries about him. I believe that their main hope was to find that he had a girl there. They expected to get the girl to go to the game, for they thought that Perkins would play his best with his girl watching him. Unfortunately they soon found that Yellow had never in his life been attentive to any girl, so their plan was defeated.

Crutches wasn't the man to give up a job as easy as that, so he changed his line of attack. Was there any way of getting Perkins' goat? Had anything ever happened to him before that they could use to get him thoroughly mad as the game started? No, the hayseeds couldn't remember anything that would stir him up at all. Then Crutches switched to the man's character: "What sort of a fellow was he anyway?" This was the questioning that got results, for by hints and suggestions the farmers gradually explained that Perkins had held rather a poor reputation. He was considered mean and crooked, and was suspected of several sneaking tricks that had been committed not long before.

That night a council of war was held in Crutches' room, between the football captain, Crutches and two of his pals, and a plan of campaign was formed. The next morning two men called on Perkins on private business. When they were sure that they were alone, they explained that they came from Williamsburg regarding the football game

of the next week. They wished to make a few bets on the game, and were hoping to get some tips from Mr. Perkins.

"Why," Yellow protested, "I can't tell you anything like that, you know. I'm playing on our team myself. It wouldn't be right."

"Are you sure you can't tell us who will win?" asked one of the strangers. "I have five hundred dollars here that says you can." Perkins opened his eyes a little at that, but didn't offer to say anything, so the stranger went on: "Listen a moment, we want to clean up some easy money on this game, and we need your help. We are going to bet, and we want it to be on a sure thing. We can get better odds, and so clean up more, if Williamsburg wins, and they will win if you don't play too hard. Further, we are willing to pay you one thousand dollars to help us, half of it now and the other half as soon as the game is over. All you will have to do is to take it easy through the game, and there's absolutely no chance of anyone getting wise. Then there is another thing about it, they say that you don't like to be tackled hard. If you take up our offer, we can arrange that our players will bring you down easy, so you couldn't get hurt if you tried. But remember this, if you don't take up our little proposition we will see to it that you get knocked around good and hard in the game."

Perkins wasn't crooked enough to fall for this scheme at once, but he wasn't man enough to refuse it either. While he was hesitating, the other stranger spoke to him: "A thousand dollars isn't bad pay for one hour's work, specially when you are being paid merely to loaf. And don't forget that it means you won't be half-killed every time you are tackled. Come now, is it a bargain?" And the dirty yellow sneak said "Yes." Well, the men gave him five hundred dollars in cash and a written agreement to pay the balance as soon as the game was over and lost, and made Perkins give them a receipt for the cash. He didn't want to give that to them at first, but they persuaded him that they needed it to square themselves with their partners in the deal, so he made out the receipt and signed it.

Yellow heard nothing about the matter till the night before the big game. That evening another little council of was was held in Crutches' room, and Yellow was present by special invitation. He came into the room confidently enough, expecting a discussion of tactics for the game, and dreaming to himself of the money he was going to earn the next day. But once in the room he sensed trouble quickly enough, for two of the men present were the two who had bribed him to lose the game.

Crutches opened the conversation right to the point: "Perkins, we have a receipt of yours here for five hundred dollars. Perhaps you will explain what this money was given to you for."

All of Yellow's small stock of courage had disappeared. "You know what that money was for well enough," he answered; "what are you going to do about it, kick me out of the college?"

"No," Crutches answered slowly, "we aren't going to kick you out just yet, although we may do it tomorrow. We figure that we have you cornered. Maybe it isn't a criminal offence to sell a game, but it is something that we can make you regret for a long time. How would you like an account of this business to reach your home? How would you like to see it spread all over the state through the papers? They would rejoice to get hold of a story like this. Don't you understand that if this affair gets around it will about ruin you socially and financially too, for that matter. Furthermore, we don't expect to show you any mercy whatever. You realize just where you fit now, don't you?"

"Now we are going to spread this story of your dirty trick broadcast tomorrow, unless one thing happens,—unless U. L. S. beats Williamsburg. You will be playing on the team, Perkins, and you can win or lose that game for us. But of you lose you know the consequences. Now get out of here and decide whether you want us to tell our little tale tomorrow or not."

That game was one of surprises all the way through. It started out nicely enough, for Yellow got away beautifully, before he had time to get scared, and scored. My, how that

fellow could run when he dared! After that first score the game slowed up a little. Williamsburg began to mark Yellow as hard as they could, and they not only kept him from scoring again, but they began to get him nervous, as the other teams had done. By the end of the first period Perkins was all up in the air.

The second period was worse for us than the first had been. Yellow was about as much good as nothing at all, and the team weren't working together as well as they had been. Toward the end of the quarter Williamsburg scored, making the game a tie, 6—6.

As the team came off the field at half-time, Crutches got hold of Perkins and promised him every terrible thing he could think of if the team didn't win, but he couldn't overcome his nervousness. The game went on with Perkins further up in the air than ever. He was scared now two ways, afraid to play hard and afraid not to. One minute he would gain thirty yards with a beautiful run, and the next minute he would flinch as he hit the line. Several times near the first of the period he showed up well, and then he went to pieces again. The warning Crutches gave him didn't seem to last through the excitement of the play. That period Williamsburg scored their second touch, and the score was 12—6 in their favor.

I'll tell you things looked pretty blue for us just then. We had only one period to play, six points to make up, and our only sprinter was all up in the air. Personally I was afraid that the game was lost. It was then that Crutches made his last effort. His two assistants in the scheme ran over to the clubhouse during the last rest, and each brought back a large window shutter painted white, with some red letters on it. They took these things to the edge of the field and placed them so all the players could see them, and kept them there through the last period.

The signs caught Perkins' eye just as he reached his position, and for a few moments held him spellbound.

The first sign read: "Who Got \$500? We know."

The second read: "Win or suffer."

Yellow just stared at those placards till his teammates had to drag him back into the game. For a couple of minutes he seemed as listless as before; then he began to wake up. Somehow those two signs by their steady insistence had persuaded him that he simply had to win, and he started in doing it. You wouldn't believe me if I told you that final score, but, oh, boy, if old U. L. S. beats Williamsburg by half as big a lead today, I'll be too happy to sleep for a week. I guess Harvey, that answers your question about whether an onlooker can win a football game, doesn't it?"

H. H. W. '22.

THE CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Glory to God on high.
From angel choirs above Judea's plain
Re-echoed in the night, the glad refrain;
A heaven-born radiance filled the sky,
While mortals to immortals made reply:
"Glory to Him, whose kingdom ne'er shall wane."

On earth let there be peace.
Celestial hosts their joyous voices blend,
That man may hear the song and strife may end.
A Prince this day is born, who shall increase
In majesty, till earthly kingdoms cease
And at His throne each mortal knee shall bend.

Good will to all mankind.
Burst forth the anthem on the midnight air:
Jehovah reigns, and *all* His favor share.
Each man, with humble heart towards Him inclined,
Adoring Him, will grace and mercy find,
And rest secure in his paternal care.

—H. S. T. '22.

SQUARE PEGS

A FRIEND of mine and myself once heard a young minister of our acquaintance conduct a religious service. When it was over, my friend remarked to me: "There is a good blacksmith being wasted in that man." I laughed at the statement at the time, but afterwards I began to wonder if my friend could have been right. Considering the need of ministers in the world today, and granting that the one in question was doing his best at the work, would it have been better for the preacher himself and for the people whom he served, if he had gone into some other occupation? From this question to the next one was only a step: *Am I in the place in the world that I should be occupying?* The matter aroused my interest considerably, and I have since gave it much thought.

Apart from psychology, we may divide the primitive history of man into four great epochs. First, the time when he roamed over the earth like a beast, and was of no more importance than any other animal. Second, when he began to rise above the lower animals, by developing and using his intellect. Third, when he began to associate with his fellows, instead of living alone. Fourth, when he began to live according to his emotions, that is, when he began to invent religions and codes of honor, and to live by them.

Eons and cons of years have elapsed since those early days, but instincts that were developed in men in that period of his existence have left their stamp on his nature. Scientists who have closely studied Man have found that they can divide all his thoughts and acts into four classes, corresponding to the four epochs in his history that we have just mentioned. These four groups are the physical, the intellectual, the social, and the emotional. Every instinct, desire, thought, and act of which man is capable, can be placed in one of these groups.

In the physical class we place all the ordinary functions of life, such as eating, drinking, and sleeping. We locate here all kinds of athletic and outdoor sports like hunting,

fishing, and snowshoeing. We also include here the labor of the mechanic, of the blacksmith, of the physical director, and so on.

The intellectual group includes everything pertaining to thinking and reasoning. It would include the labor of all those who depend upon their intellect rather than their physical strength for a living. Such are lawyers, doctors and politicians. Many of our amusements and practically all of our educational activities are included in this division. This group also takes in the intellectuality that is sometimes involved in the other groups.

In the social side of our nature, we see all the ties of kinship that exist between the members of a family, and all the feelings that are aroused by friendship. We group here the sentiments that induce men to unite into clubs for company, into political parties for power, into separate countries for independence. This division includes altruism,—the idea of service to others. All philanthropic activities are listed here, and all movements for the betterment of humanity.

In the emotional division we place everything that results from our inner feelings. We locate here the appreciation of art and music, the appeal of poetry, the charm of nature, the worship of the Almighty. All of our religious experience is bound up in this part of our personality. From one point of view it is this division that has directed the advance of the *moral welfare* of the world.

We have seen that there are four sides to human nature. Each of us possess them all to some degree. However, every person does not have them equally developed. In fact, it is the exception rather than the rule to find the four sides even approximately equal. In practically everyone we find one side developed much higher than the others, often with another division considerably beyond the remaining two.

This extra development may be caused by environment. A boy who has been brought up on a diet of fresh air and baseball is likely to be more proficient in physical pursuits. The chap who is brought up in the middle of the city is likely to be a student, and more highly developed on the intellectual side. The child in a musical home will be emotional, with an

appreciation either for music or for one of the other fine arts. The boy who mixed with different classes of people will be interested in social questions, since he will have obtained the viewpoints of the different parties of society. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. The commonest one is that of the minister's son who "goes to the bad." This boy has received a surfeit of religious teaching, and has left it in disgust. Similarly, any boyhood training may be overdone. We frequently see a young farmer throw up his work because he thinks it is too irksome, and work just as hard in a machine shop for the rest of his life, for no more money. In the majority of such cases, the man would have been more successful, and healthier, if he had remained at farming. It was the fact that the boy had been overworked that induced him to give up farming when he grew up. Thus with our present conditions of living, it is logical for exceptions to this rule of environment to arise, although in the majority of cases the rule holds true.

There is another factor that helps decide which side of our nature will be the most highly developed. It can hardly be called heredity, for often we do not receive it directly from our parents. It is an inherent desire to do some particular thing. It is the inspiration that sometimes compels a farmer's son, brought up in the backwoods, to write poetry. It influenced a student, whom I know, to study Chemical Engineering because of his love of chemistry, although his father is a commercial traveller and his mother was a school teacher.

This natural fondness for some particular occupation usually falls in the side of one's nature that is the best developed. In this case each tendency assists and strengthens the other. Sometimes, however, we find a case where the two do not coincide. In my opening paragraph I referred to a certain minister. This man had the development of a laboring man,—a strong physique, and a slow, poorly-developed intellect. On the other hand, he had a sincere and intense desire to preach the gospel. However, cases like this are comparatively rare.

There is, then, one particular side of everyone's nature which is developed beyond the others, and there is some particular branch of that subject of which the person in question is especially fond. Surely that branch should be his choice for his life-work. It is the pursuit at which he will most enjoy working. As he is choosing the work at which he will spend his whole life, it is a matter of common sense as well as logic, to choose the work which he will enjoy. As a boy he has probably had a hobby along a similar line. It was fun to work at this thing when he was a boy, and it will still be a pleasure to be engaged in it when he grows up.

Besides the fact that such a choice ensures enjoyment of one's life work, it also makes success more probable. Each of us is anxious to master the thing he enjoys. The boy who likes baseball goes out and practices at every opportunity in order to make himself more proficient in the game. The man who enjoys a game of bridge will study the game until he plays much better than the person who takes a hand merely to oblige three friends. Similarly the man who enjoys his Work will be more anxious to improve himself in that particular work than the man who dislikes what he is doing. It is only logical to conclude that the man who is interested in his work will advance faster and faster than the man who does not. His higher grade of work will ensure his promotion.

There are a great many misfits in this world, a great many men who are in the wrong places. They have gone to work without analyzing themselves to see where they properly belong. In my opinion a certain chum of mine made this mistake last year. This fellow has a most remarkable fascination for mechanical work. Ever since he could make anything himself he has had his workshop and kit of tools, and he has practically lived for his carpentry. He was not only a skillful workman, but he was also clever in planning his work. In spite of this evident fondness for carpentry, his family persuaded him to study law. Personally, I think that he would have made a far better architect or contractor than he will a lawyer. It is impossible to predict positively how his career will turn out, but it is more than likely that he will

regret that he did not follow his own inclination in this matter.

An example of this, the outcome of which I know well is that of a dentist at home. He was brought up on a farm, an active, open-air life. He thought he could make more money at something else, so he studied dentistry. At college he took an active part in athletics and outdoor sports of all kinds. In his studies he preferred chemistry. He was one of those people such we have suggested above, who have two possible lines of work. If he had changed to some outside work, like civil engineering, or to some chemical position, say a chemical engineer in a large factory, he would have enjoyed his work. As it was, he went on with dentistry, and soon came to hate it. For the rest of his life his work was nothing but drudgery, simply because he did not make a correct choice of his profession.

There is another angle of this subject from which it is seldom discussed, yet it is a view-point from which I like to think of it. It is the idea of personal service,—that each of us has been appointed to some definite task in the world. It is in this position that we will do the best for ourselves and the best for humanity. From this principle, the instinct that makes us prefer some particular form of work is a “call” we receive to take up that definite line of work. The desire inherent in each of us to choose some special life-work is more than personal feeling, it is an innate, powerful inclination toward some special career in which we can be of most use in the world in which we belong. If we do not do so, but just that work.

We have all heard the proverb: “A square peg in a round hole.” This is one of the cases in which it applies perfectly. Each of us has the opportunity to choose our place in the world in which we belong. If he does not do so, but just grab a job blindly, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred we will indeed be a “Square Peg in a Round Hole.”

—H. H. W. '22.

A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM

WHAT a relief to get away from London; hot, dusty London. Hampton Court was paradise to me that evening. The day had been sultry, and never before had eight hours in the Canadian Pay Office seemed to go so slowly. Only the thought of a cool evening on the Thames made it bearable.

After dinner, which was always served at seven o'clock at the house at which I was boarding, I changed my tiresome uniform for a suit of white flannels, and strolled down to the boat-house. As usual, the boat-man had a canoe in the water for me, so I piled some cushions in it and started for a trip up the river.

It was a gorgeous evening, somewhat cooler by now as the sun was setting, throwing delicate shadows on the calm water. I paddled up against the current for several miles, away from the more frequented part of the river where nothing disturbed the evening silence but the occasional squeal of water-rats playing near the shore. Thinking I might get a shot at one with my revolver which I had brought along with me for that purpose. I paddled in close to the bank, when, on rounding a sharp curve, I came unexpectedly upon a house-boat moored cosily among the large over-hanging trees. It was a beautiful boat, artistically painted, and decorated with a profusion of bright flowers—a veritable floating garden. Three young ladies were lounging in easy-chairs on the upper deck under the awning. My sudden appearance evidently startled them, for one, in the act of lighting her cigarette, dropped the burning match on her dress, and sprang up with a cry to brush it away. She certainly looked annoyed. I tried not to show my amusement, but am afraid I failed miserably. After saying, "I beg your pardon," with as much grace as possible, I hurried by, lest I should spoil it all by bursting out laughing. They must have seen the humorous side of it, but I didn't think it discreet to risk a backward look to ascertain.

I had planned on keeping my course up river until the moon rose, and then drifting down with the current. There was still about an hour before the moon was due, so I continued with a steady stroke that took me several miles further up, then as the eastern sky was brightening, I ceased paddling, arranged the cushions, and settled down to enjoy the beauty of a moonlight night on the Thames. They're wonderful.

Perhaps I had been drifting for about an hour, taking no notice of my progress, lost in the dreaminess of the balmy evening, when I was rudely awakened by a piercing scream—a penetrating scream of terror, that echoed from bank to bank with startling clearness. I sat upright with a lurch that nearly upset the canoe. Making a hurried survey of the bank from whence the scream came, I saw the lights and shadowy outline of a house-boat among the trees. There was that curve in the bank. Undoubtedly it was the scene of the little episode earlier in the evening. "Those girls must be in trouble—perhaps one of them has fallen overboard and needs help," flashed instantly across my mind. I grasped a paddle and drove the canoe in that direction with all my might. As I drew near I noticed there was nobody on deck. I at once decided that it could not be that one of the three had fallen into the river, else the others would be on deck. This made me pause. Everything was quiet, strangely quiet. Something out of the ordinary must have happened to cause that terrible cry. It came to me that perhaps some burglar had been attracted by the wealthy appearance of the boat with its feminine occupants, and was taking the advantage of the opportunity to rob it.

Just as I was moving forward to get a view of the interior, through one of the small windows, there came a shrill cry of "Get out of here!" This at once confirmed my burglar theory. Without further hesitation I made for the end of the boat where I saw steps leading up to the deck. After hurriedly making the canoe fast to the rail, I drew my revolver (how glad I was now that I had brought it), and cautiously made my way on deck.

The thick trees overhead shut out the brightness of the moon, and in the semi-darkness I ran to the nearest doorway; my rubber-soled shoes making no sound on the polished hard-wood deck. From there I looked into a dim corridor leading to a lighted room, which I judged to be the dining-saloon. I could see the doorways of two rooms, one on either side of the corridor, but both were in darkness, so I decided that the trouble must be in this central room. It was dimly lit and I was unable to see with any clearness the objects in sight. I tip-toed forward to get a closer view, and froze with horror at the sight on the floor. My heart gave a jump and then seemed to stop beating altogether. My first impulse was to flee, but I was held, fascinated and powerless to move. I couldn't take my eyes from that murderous-looking knife on the floor, with a dark-red, glistening pool beside it. A table, on which supper had evidently been laid, was over-turned, and dark-red stains showed up vividly on the snowy tablecloth. Broken glass and dishes were scattered all around. There had evidently been a struggle to cause all this disorder.

With a great effort I moved forward another step. There he was, crouched over in the dark corner. He saw me as I stepped forward in sight and started back perceptibly, regarding me steadily with his beady eyes. He was a weird-looking creature, with whiskers almost covering his face, and there was a look in his eye that wasn't human. I was almost overcome with a strange desire to laugh. I felt weak and unstrung. Realizing that it would never do to give way now, I pulled myself together, raised my revolver, spoke out: "Don't be afraid, girls, I am going to shoot," and fired straight at those unblinking eyes. He made a leap into the air and then fell, a shapeless heap into the corner. I had killed him. Simultaneously with the shot came three screams from the young ladies. I stepped into the room and beheld them perched up on the piano in pitiful terror. I spoke to them in a tone best calculated to quiet them, begging their pardon for my sudden appearance. They were still glancing furtively at the opposite corner of the room, so thinking it best to cover up the body, I took two chairs

and placed them in front of it, draping the tablecloth over them, effectually screening the ghastly sight.

Though I was beginning to have serious doubts whether or not I was justified in shooting, I couldn't help feeling a little thrill of pride in my good shot, for the bullet went fairly between his eyes. He must have died instantly.

The young ladies were somewhat more composed by now, so I assisted them to the floor. The eldest then came to me with out-stretched hand, expressing her thanks in the voluble English manner. "You know," said she, "that beastly little water-rat has been annoying us for several days. I am awfully glad you killed him, and what a perfectly ripping shot." I shook hands with her, and to hide my confusion, reached down and picked up that murderous looking bread-knife that was on the floor. As I handed it to her, she must have noticed my hand trembling, for she promptly asked one of the other girls to get out a bottle of claret, adding, "I don't think the one that was spilt when we upset the table, was the last."

Presently the young lady returned with a bottle of that dark-red wine. She handed me a glass of it. I took it. I needed it.

—A. K. E. '22.

MR. GHANDI AND NON-COOPERATION

THOSE who know Mr. Ghandi, the Indian Revolutionist, give him credit for being sincere of purpose and pure in personal life. In his leadership he is as self-forgetful as he is self-denying in his ascetic life. He combines the rashness of the fanatic with the astuteness of the trained lawyer, giving at times a ridiculous atmosphere to his utterances, and showing at other times a clarity of vision which few attain. From the British point of view he is a dabbler and meddler stirring up the otherwise peaceful element in Indian society.

His first public appearance of any importance came when, as a lawyer, he defended the rights of Hindu laborers in Natal. Imported there under contract, they were treated like slaves and excluded from civil rights. Undoubtedly it was there that Mr. Ghandi formed his opinion of the English, despite the fact that he had studied in England for some time and had had the opportunity of seeing their better side. It was this intensely bitter feeling against the British that imbued him with the plan of freeing his fellow countrymen not only in Natal but also in his own native land.

His demands for India are a great tribute to British institutions. He considered that as freeborn British subjects his people were insulted by being governed differently from the other parts of the Empire. Since he was a religious man, his method was not one of bloodshed and warfare but one of passive resistance, which later on became known as *Non-Cooperation*. As a holy man his influence spread quickly and the Non-cooperation party under his able leadership gained headway wheresoever its members encouraged the support of the populace. Yet it is a strange thing that as a holy man, he should, when addressing the crowds, speak in terms of the Christian religion. He once said, "We Hindus must call no man unclean, and must therefore cease to regard the pariah class as untouchable." This in itself is as revolutionary a principle as any he devised against the English.

By a gradual boycott, he urged his people to have nothing to do with the government and to give it no recognition whatever; all British institutions, schools, courts, army, and legislatures were to be done away with and Indian substitutes preferred in their place. He preached discontinuance of the payment of municipal and government taxes, and advised the boycotting of British goods.

The results of this movement have been noticeable to even the casual observer in this country. The first trouble of any magnitude occurred at Amritsar when, through the uncompromising attitude of the G. O. C., the natives were shot down by machine gun fire at what has since been discovered was a peaceful gathering. This incident, coupled with the incessant call for non-cooperation, was the real start of open rebellion. In January of the present year a small uprising occurred in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. It was mainly supported by the peasantry who were reluctant to pay rents as distinguished from the government assessment.

Lately the uprisings in the Malabar District in Southern India have become a very serious affair. Some thousands of men, many of whom have been in the army, are taking an active part in the insurrection. No more insidious means of starting an uprising can be imagined than that used among the Moplars of this section. They are of the Islamic faith. Mohammedan and Non-cooperation preachers went about addressing gatherings in the subject of the English infidel and Turkey, and assured the faithful that death in the cause would ensure entry into Paradise. It does not require much imagination to appreciate the effect of such words upon a community whose history reveals a series of fanatical outbreaks. Once persuaded that a cause, no matter how cruel or revolutionary, is justified by their religion, these men have no fear of results. The history of past outbreaks is one of willing sacrifice of life in the frenzy of religious exaltation. Unfortunately this uprising will not be as quickly nor as easily quelled as former ones, because Mr. Ghandi's followers and the religious fanatics have stirred the Moplar population to a point where they are much too susceptible to re-


ligious interests to stop at sight opposition on the part of the forces of the Crown.

The present scheme of the Non-Cooperation party to capture the masses is significant. They are using weapons suitable to particular classes and particular provinces. The infidel ruler is the principal theme with the Mussulmen. The Punjab wrongs are used to gain the sympathy of the people of the Punjab. The anti-drink movement is to satisfy the Puritans. Boycott of foreign goods appeals to mill-owners and lowness of wages to laborers. The Non-Cooperators are aiming at a time when the whole population will be of one mind and will refuse to have anything to do with the government.

Hitherto they have not been wholly successfully. Their endeavor to boycott India's first general election proved to be a complete failure and the Moderates enjoyed a majority in the new councils. Public opinion rallied to the side of educational institutions, so that those introduced by Ghandi and his disciples came to nothing. Many of the well educated are farsighted enough to realize the danger of immediate Home Rule for India. A Hindu gentleman writing in the London Times remarks: "To say that the one purpose of British Rule throughout has been to tighten the bonds of India's subjection is not warranted by facts, yet this is the view that is now being put forward before the country in justification for the extreme step of non-cooperation."

Mr. Ghandi's cause is not yet wholly won nor is it yet totally lost. Two of his valued assistants have recently been arrested and are now awaiting trial for treason, but England is astute enough to let the leader alone. His arrest would further considerably more the cause for which he is working than would his presence among the people.

—A. B. C. '22.

A decorative border with ornate, symmetrical scrollwork at the corners and midpoints, enclosing a rectangular frame. Inside the frame, the word "SCIENCE" is written in a simple, serif, all-caps font, with wide letter spacing.

SCIENCE

THE JEANNE D'ARC OF THE LABORATORY

MADAME Marie Currie, of the Sobornne University, the discoverer of radium, visited America last May. Madame Currie, internationally known for her studies on radium and its application as a remedial agent, is one of the unusually gifted daughters of a Polish educator. One of her sisters is principal of a young woman's school in Warsaw and the other is director of a large sanatorium in the Galatian mountains. Madame Currie went to Paris from Warsaw as a young woman to study in the Sobornne, and while there married the brilliant physicist and scientific Professor Piere Currie, who met a tragic death by accident in a Paris street in 1906.

The announcement that Madame Currie was to visit America caused much interest throughout the entire country. No ambassador carrying all the honors that his country could bestow has been received with half as much enthusiasm as this simple, unassuming scientist. It seems strange that America should desire to do honour to one who has cared nothing for the material things of this life. In France some years ago, it is true, when a referendum was taken throughout the country to decide who in the opinion of the common people had brought most glory to the people it was not, strange to say, Napoleon they choose; it was not a man of affairs; it was a simple scientist who had worked in his laboratory for the love of work and without expectation of material reward. Pasteur was his name. The welcome extended to Madame Currie was a similar tribute to self-denying labor.

After the discovery of X-rays by Professor Roentgen several French scientists attempted to find out whether X-rays were given off by a great variety of chemicals. By accident one of the chemicals first selected was an old specimen of a salt of uranium which had stood on the laboratory shelves of the old Sobornne for many years. It was found that this salt would give a picture upon a photographic plate, even through a sheet of black paper or a piece of thin wood. The source of this uranium salt was traced to a pitch-blende mine in Austria, the property of the Austrian Government. Madame Curie was even then well known as a competent chemist, and her husband as a man of great scientific ability. To them Professor Becquerel turned for assistance.

As the uranium ore was very expensive, the Curries could not afford to buy it, neither was the Sobornne any more wealthy than the ordinary educational institution. The Austrian Government, however, presented to Madame Currie a ton of residue left after the uranium was removed. She summoned to her assistance a number of chemists, and they analysed this ton or ore residue with minute care and patience. It was found that certain groups, for example,—barium and bismuth—showed marked photographic and other effects which ordinary barium and bismuth did not show.

After months of careful labor a few crystals of the purified substance were obtained, the whole amounting to not much more than could be held on the point of a knife, and these were the elements in question. One of these elements Madame Currie named polonium in honor of her native country, and the other, discovered later, she named radium. Polonium has since been found to be a product which is destructive to radium.

It is difficult for the general public to realize the amount of labor which was expended in that dingy little laboratory, not much better than a cellar. It is easy to understand what lures the miner to the gold-field, or the prospector to the diamond-mine; the motive of the business man is simpler still. But what keeps a frail woman working day after day, night after night, month after month, and year after year in quest of something of no commercial value to her? As a re-

sult of Madame Currie's devoting her life to the separation of radium and its allied compounds and a study of their nature, she has been able to give to the world the greatest scientific discovery yet made and has well earned for herself the title, "The Jeanne D'Arc of the Laboratory."

W. O. C. '24.

AN INDESTRUCTIBLE FIBRE

ALTHOUGH it is only in recent years that Asbestos has been produced in large quantities, yet it is by no means a modern discovery. The records of ancient Greek writers prove beyond doubt that the "indestructible wicks" that were used in the "Perpetual lamps" of the Vestal Virgins were made from asbestos fabric for cremation cloth. Charlemagne, Emperor of the West, had table-covers made from asbestos, and astonished his courtiers by having these covers cleansed with fire. Explorers, who in the thirteenth century travelled in the far East, described the manufacture of asbestos cloth by the Chinese. All through the ages we find records of the utilization of asbestos in a casual way. Thus thousands of years elapsed between the time the ancients made use of asbestos and the date on which it became an article of commerce.

It remained for Canada—the youngest of the nations—to produce asbestos in such quantity and quality that in the course of a few years it has become a universal commodity. Canadian asbestos was first discovered in the province of Quebec, in the year 1862. But little interest was shown, and no attempt made to develop the mining of the mineral until about 1878. At this time a few Scottish and Anglo-Canadian capitalists began experimenting with asbestos as a prospective commercial factor. At first they had little success. Little by little, however, the wonderful properties of asbestos were pointed out and appreciated; Consequently, the industry became a paying one.

The increased demand for asbestos led to further search for deposits of it. Large quantities of the mineral were soon

discovered around the Black Lake district in the Province of Quebec. United States and British Capitalists became interested. Money was invested, and soon, large quarries were opened up. Today eight-nine or ninety per cent of the world's supply of asbestos comes from the province of Quebec. The yearly output of the Quebec asbestos mines is estimated at one hundred thousand tons, and in the year 1920 the total amount of asbestos shipped out of Canada was valued at \$11,758,000. The industry already provides employment for thousands, and each year new quarries are being opened up; new factories for carding, spinning and weaving asbestos are being built, so that the industry promises to assume colossal proportions.

The origin of asbestos is a matter of dissension among the present day geologists. It is generally conceded, however, to be a mineral and not a vegetable growth. It is found only in igneous rock. The veins of asbestos vary in thickness from one to four inches, and are usually in layers along the joint planes of the parent rock.

Asbestos is chemically composed of twelve per cent water, and variable proportions of iron, chromium, manganese, alumina and lime. These ingredients are bound together by a silicate of magnesia. It has many peculiar physical properties. In appearance, a block of crude asbestos resembles a pale-cream colored rock with a fleecy fibre clinging to it. If a sliver of asbestos be put in the mouth and chewed, it will be found to be of a malleable nature and soon becomes a pulpy mass. If it is then removed from the mouth and rolled between the fingers for a short time it becomes puffed out and fluffy like a ball of wool. Some varieties of asbestos possess such a fine silky fibre that they can be spun into a yarn weighing only one pound per four thousand yards. Owing to this peculiar combination of crystalline and elastic properties, asbestos has been called the "mineralogical vegetable" also the "physical paradox".

The mining of asbestos is not so complicated as the term *mining* would imply. The pits, referred to as mines, are in fact only large rock quarries. Comparatively few have under-ground workings and few exceed two hundred feet in

depth. The securing of asbestos is carried on along the same principles as rock quarrying. The soil covering the mineral is removed and the rock blasted. The quarries are generally rectangular in shape, and ordinarily two hundred and fifty feet in length. They are taken down in a series of benches, varying from five to thirty feet in height. After a block of the mineral is blasted from the parent rock, it is hoisted by means of a moving crane and transported from the quarry to the crushers. Here the blocks are broken up and the "crabbing" process commenced. This consists of breaking the asbestos fibre from the adhering serpentine, and is generally done by hand. The dead rock is then discarded and the crude asbestos shipped to the mills.

On arriving at the mills the raw fibre is subjected to another crushing process, after which, it is screened and dried. When thoroughly dry an electro-magnet is passed over the fibre to pick out any iron deposits that may be among it. This is followed by grading. The short fibre is made into pulp, from which mill-board and sheet asbestos is rolled, while the long fibre is sent to the carding machines. After coming from the carding mills, the long fibre is spun into thread and passed to the doubling and twisting department. From there it goes to the weaving and braiding mills, where it is made into fabrics by much the same process as weaving wool.

The commercial uses of asbestos are many and varied. Large catalogues are necessary to enumerate them. Its indifference to both age and weathering makes asbestos a general favorite in the structural world. The fact that heat has no effect upon asbestos makes the latter an indispensable commodity around electrical plants or anywhere that superheating is likely to occur. The modern electric lifting-magnet,, whose giant labors convey thousands of tons of pig iron to and from the holds of vessels would never have been possible were it not for asbestos, as no other material would withstand the enormous heat generated in the opposing poles of the magnet. The use of asbestos in fireproof curtains of theatres has averted many a serious disaster. It is also be-

coming popular in the manufacture of protective clothing for firemen.

Asbestos is immune to the action of frost and damp, and is often used in the manufacture of shingles and material for building the walls of dwellings. The asbestos shingle, besides being fireproof and otherwise indestructable, may be made up in any color or design, while the siding can be wrought into so close an appearance of stucco that only a close scrutiny will reveal the difference. Being a non-conductor of electricity and a very poor conductor of heat, asbestos forms a large part in the insulation of electric wires, the lining of boilers, and the wrapping of steam pipes. It is also used in the packing of cylinders and is indispensable in the lining of automobile brakes, or in other places where great resistance is required. The fact that most chemicals have absolutely no effect on asbestos accounts for its almost universal use in water-filters, where the action of acids and alkalies has to be resisted.

For these, and many other reasons, asbestos has, in a short period of about fifty years, become one of the most prominent items of the world's merchandise.

Its possibilities are yet unknown, and many more useful inventions may be brought about through the agency of this indestructible fibre.

—H. M. B. '24.

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Editorial



AT the time of writing, much of the attention of the public is directed toward the activities of the Disarmament Conference at Washington. The matters with which the Conference is dealing are of world-wide significance, and their measure of success in attaining their end will in no small way determine the attitude of future generations toward national and social difficulties. That nations, as well as individuals, must yield their selfish desires to the cause of altruism, is inevitable, if we are to make any definitive progress along lines of social and national advancement,—advancement which involves catering to the best interests of humanity *as a whole*.

The attitude which will be taken by Japan is a matter of much speculation. The Japanese have experienced a mushroom development compared with that of other nations. For centuries, she, with China, closed her doors to the advances of western civilization, then adopted a policy of rapid renovation of her customs, and took an aggressive part in interna-

tional affairs. Concomitant with this stimulus, there also came a marked increase in industry and population with the result that now the Japanese must find new homes for her surplus. This is the origin of the so-called Yellow Peril.

To us, the most significant factor seems to be the attitude of other countries toward this nation so rapidly coming to the fore. Might it not be that we are in no small way to blame for the aggressiveness of the little nation? A people balked beyond reason, and opposed by autocratic forces becomes a dangerous element in world affairs. Their natural inherent abilities and indomitable energies, which might have been developed to best advantage through intelligent, sympathetic guidance of those fitted for the direction of those abilities, becomes a veritable danger to the stability of the international world organization of which they form a part.

We would like in this connexion to quote from Professor Huxley, who, writing in the early nineties, realized even then the force of this fact. "Every man of high natural ability who is both ignorant and miserable is as great a danger to society as a rocket without a stick is to people who fire it. Misery and oppression are matches that never go out; genius as an explosive power beats gunpowder all hollow; and, if knowledge, which should give that power guidance, is wanting, the chances are not small that the rocket will simply run amuck among its friends and foes."

It will be seen, then, that we are duty bound, as leaders of civilization, to include in our attitude toward those with whom we come in contact one of sympathetic consideration, realizing that we too are not perfect,—on the contrary, we also are seeking through more intelligent understanding of our environmental influences to pave the way for even greater progress.

There is in all of us more or less of a feeling of *tenax propositi*,—perhaps given a more inelegant name by those who oppose us—which cannot always be obviated by unequivocal, autocratic exercise of authority. The man in authority should not treat those under him as the keeper of a prison or

an insane asylum treats those under his jurisdiction, he should remember that he is dealing with men, rational men, possessing, perhaps, as much inherent potential ability as he himself. This should be the attitude of the employer toward employee, of politician toward his supporters, and of faculty toward student. If this could be, there would be automatically eliminated much of the strife between capital and labor, between government and governed, and between teacher and student. That is, in short, much would be realized toward the solution of our institutional, social, national, and world problems.

PROTESTING PROTESTS.

IT is with the proverbial "Fear and Trembling" that we approach the subject of Intercollegiate Football and Sport in general, particularly under the present circumstances when the Acadia team has just completed a rather unsuccessful season, at least as far as winning trophies or championships is concerned. And so we wish to state most emphatically at the beginning that as we take up this matter, there is in our minds absolutely no feeling of rancor towards any of our erstwhile opponents or the officials who had charge of the games, and that we are not in any way "squealing" over our defeats of the past season. We *do* have the firm conviction that the Acadia football team was not only as clean a group of athletes as ever followed a pigskin, but also at the close of the season *one* of the most powerful machines in the Maritimes. BUT—, it is results that count. Our opponents won. All honor to them. It is however not the respective merits of the different teams that we wish to discuss, primarily, but rather the lamentable practice of "protesting" which seems to be coming into vogue. In 1919 U. N. B. protested a football game with Acadia. In 1920 Mount Allison protested a hockey game with us. This season we find Mt. A. contesting the decision of a referee in the case of a football game with U. N. B., while this very day we read of still another protest by the latter team against some of the

players used by Dalhousie in the recent play-off game in Truro.

There seems to us to be a single cause of such unfortunate occurrences which manifests itself along at least two different lines. In the first place there is a wrong attitude on the part of the teams and of the student bodies towards Intercollegiate sport. Now we realize perfectly that the old adage of "Sport for sport's sake" is a mighty hard one to follow consistently. To train conscientiously all season, to go down day after day to be trampled in the mud, to be bruised and sore for weeks on end, to do all the things which go to make up a successful team, and then to lose the crucial game of the season on what you consider an unfair decision is no joke. To abide by such a result, to abide silently and with a good grace is a man sized job, but, it *can* be done and it *must* be done if Athletics are going to reach the standard of which they are deserving. Moreover, a proper spirit will do much in the way of eliminating questionable practises along the lines of eligibility. This of course is largely a faculty matter, but that unsportsmanlike faculties are not absolute impossibilities, sad experience in the past has taught. Again the greatest care should be taken by the athletic associations of the Universities that all regulations in regard to roping and policing of playing fields and matters of like nature should be given careful attention.

The results of many recent protests have been serious in many respects. In the first place it is tending to arouse a spirit of distrust and ill feeling between the student bodies, which is deplorable, to say the least, and has only been overcome with difficulty; and secondly, it has created a strong impression in the public mind detrimental to inter-collegiate sport. In our recent game with Mount Allison we understand that nearly a dozen men were approached before Mr. Ralston consented to referee the match. Several of those interviewed stated frankly that they were afraid of being drawn into a protest. This is perhaps a reasonable ground for excuse, and yet we are tempted to question its validity, and for this reason—last spring when we were endeavoring to secure judges for our intercollegiate debate, it cost us twenty-five

dollars in telegrams and telephone messages before three men could be secured, and there never have been protests in intercollegiate debates. The question of referees is indeed a serious one. We have been fortunate this year in securing the services of Mr. Allen and Mr. Ralston to act in our important games but this has not always been the case. The need of *competent* men who use a *uniform* system of rules is urgent and would do a great deal toward eliminating the chances of protest.

Surely we have men in the Maritime Provinces who have the interest of sport sufficiently at heart to make them willing to give a little of their time both to a thorough acquaintance with our football rules and to the actual work of refereeing our games. If we could be assured of such men, then our intercollegiate rules could be altered to the effect that no appeal be allowed from the referee's decision in regard to all matters actually taking place on the playing field.

We feel that we have not expressed ourselves as we would have liked and again we fear to give offence where no offence is intended, yet if you will only be charitable in your judgment, perhaps you may be able to find in these incoherent remarks the truth for which we have been striving. *Sport can never rise above the level of its supporters*, it rests then not only with us, as student bodies, but also with faculties and the general public to raise our athletic activities above the plane of suspicion, petty squabbling, and back-biting which they threaten to assume.

SEMINARY NOTES

THE Fall Term of Acadia Seminary opened September. The attendance is gratifying large, though not up to the registration of last year. The falling off is largely in the Business Department, the others being as full or fuller than usual.

Several changes are noted in the Staff of Teachers. Miss Evelyn Smallman and Miss Leah Whidden, both graduates of Acadia and the Leland Powers School have charge of the Department of Expression. Mr. Marsh has associated with himself in Pianoforte, three new teachers, Miss Marion Gay, Miss Sylvia Alderson and Miss Anne Bonnett. Mr. W. A. Jones takes charge of the Vocal Department and with him is associated Miss Louise Berghuis-Krak of the Hague. Mr. Lewis E. Smith of Halifax has charge of the Art Department and with him is associated Miss Annie Ricker. Miss Lois Lamont is the new teacher in the Department of Household Science while Miss E. Cort Reynolds has charge of the work in Physical Culture. Mrs. D. E. Loomer is the new nurse. Miss Marjorie Purdy, a graduate of the Business Department, is teacher of Typewriting.

Miss Margarte V. Palmer, B. A., entered upon her important duties as Vice-Principal at the beginning of the term. She is admirably fitted by personality and experience for the work and is winning golden opinions from her associated teachers as well as from the girls. Miss Beatrice Janet Langley, who was so successful as violin teacher in her former term of service, returns and brings with her all her old time enthusiasm. Thus all departments are especially well staffed and work of a high order is being done.

The first event of notable interest was the Faculty Recital which took place Friday Evening, October 21. Only part of the Faculty appeared, the remaining members of the Expression and Conservatory Staff appearing in February. The following very fine programme was finely rendered.

PROGRAM

Violin Soli

- (a) Hungarian Dance *Brahms-Joachim*
- (b) Londonderry Air *O'Connor Morris*
- (c) Tambourine *Gossec*

MISS BEATRICE JANET LANGLEY

Miss Bonnett at the Piano

Vocal Aria

Recit.,—"Thanks to my brethren"; and Air, "How vain is Man" from "Judas Maccabaeus."..... *Handel*

MR. WILLIAM ARTHUR JONES

Mr. Marsh at the Piano

Reading

The Coming of Arthur..... *Tennyson*

MISS EVELYN SMALLMAN

Piano Soli

- (a) May Night *Palmgren*
- (b) Etude c sharp minor *Chopin*
- (c) Chant Polonaise *Liszt*

MISS MARION GAY

Reading

Scene from "Dear Brutus" *Barrie*

MISS SMALLMAN

Vocal Soli

- (a) If I were a Rose *Hesselberg*
- (b) Vale *Russell*
- (c) Life *Speaks*
- (d) O! Na Byddai 'n Haf o Hyd *Davies*

MR. JONES

GOD SAVE THE KING

Following the Faculty Recital the Pupils of the Junior Class in Literature under Miss Archibald's direction, assisted in stage work and coaching by Misses Smallman and Whidden, put on Julius Caesar. It was a very creditable performance.

The Hallowe'en celebration took the form of a pageant. This was originated by Miss Gascerd of the French Department and represented the League of Nations. It was a beautiful idea well executed. The usual games and frolics rounded out a most pleasurable evening.

The most notable event of the term thus far was the Concert given by the Boston Chamber Music Trio, Mr. Daniel Kuntz, Violinist, Mr. Georges Miquelle, Cellist, Mr. Carl Lamson, Piano. It was in all respects a noble performance given by artists of the first rank. The programme is as follows:

PROGRAM.

Trio:—C minor, Op. 1, No. 3.....*Beethoven*
 Allegro con brio
 Andante cantabile con Variazioni
 Menuetto (Quasi Allegro)
 Finale (Prestissimo)

Violin Soli
 Arioso*Bach*
 Hallowe'en*Cecil Burleigh*
 Menuett*Porpora-Kreisler*

MR. KUNTZ

Piano Soli
 Prelude*Mendelssohn*
 Cantique d'Amour*Liszt*

MR. LAMSON

Cello Soli
 Air*Jean Hure*
 Czardas*Monti*
 Allegro spiritoso*Senallie (1683-17)*

MR. MIQUELLE

Trio:—B Flat, Op. 52 *Rubinstein*
 Moderato assai, andante
 Allegro moderato, Moderato

GOD SAVE THE KING

NOTES.

The Basket Ball practices under the enthusiastic direction of Miss Reynolds are developing a great deal of good material. The College Girls will have to look to their laurels this year, and work hard to retain the Pierian Cup.

The Choral Club organized under the direction of Mr. Marsh, the Orchestra under the direction of Miss Langley, the Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Jones are hard at work and preparing programmes which will provide musical treats for the public in the spring.

The Art Students have also formed themselves into a club but only the initiated know the secrets thereof.

Miss Archibald has received her Book, "The King's English Drill" from the publishers and already many copies have been sold. It is a useful manual for correcting errors in ordinary English, for drill in class room and private use.

Soon will come terminal examinations and then the vacation.

ACADEMY NOTES

THE Academy students are now looking forward to the Christmas examinations, which begin about a week before closing. Everyone is anxiously waiting for the holidays to begin.

During the past month our Y. M. C. A. meetings have been well attended. The speakers at these meetings have been for the most part our own students. Those who are interested in the "Y" try to interest others and thereby increase our attendance.

The Lyceum Society is quite popular and largely attended. A play will be staged by this society about three or four weeks after Christmas vacation. The two comedies presented last year, although short, were a success.

An Academy Orchestra, consisting of a drum, banjo, violin, piano and xylophone, has been formed by the students. The orchestra has rendered several selections at Lyceum meetings.

Debating has not been carried on very extensively this term, but next term they will no doubt be held by the various classes each week. Inter-class debates will also take place every month.

The Seniors and the Middlers tied in the Inter-class Soccer games. As yet they have not played off for the championship, judging from the remarks of foot-ball fans, it will be a walk-over for the Seniors.

The Academy Soccer team met the Freshmen on the Campus, November 14. The Academy lost to the Freshmen 1 to 0. The campus was somewhat slippery, and both sides had chances to score. The Academy team believes that on a dry campus they could defeat the Freshmen.

When Acadia Collegiate Academy football team, in Truro, November 5, defeated Pictou Academy 6 to 0 she won the Senior Championship of the Intercollegiate Football League of Nova Scotia. The game was played in a most disagreeable downpour of rain. Only a few spectators were present.

Acadia kicked off against a very strong wind. Pictou returned a kick off touch line. The ball was difficult to handle, owing to the mud and rain. The greater part of the game was played in centre field. Acadia Academy was forced to safety towards the end of first half.

The first period ended without a score for either team.

During the second period the greater part of the playing was in the Pictou territory. It was during this period that Acadia scored twice, but was unable to convert. Once the Acadia scrim, which was far superior to that of Pictou, carried the ball over the touch line, but it was not granted by the referee. The game ended 6 to 0 in Acadia's favor, thereby deciding the championship of the Inter-collegiate Football League of Nova Scotia.

The line-up was asfollows:

Forwards—Morrison, Evans, Condon, Weldon, Armstrong, Tapper, Stuart.

Quarters—Sprague, Mellish, Crossman.

Half Backs—Cushing, Pushie, Ells and Prichard.

Full Back—Johnson.

Spares—Meadows and Hiltz.

W. F. FORGEY, A. C. A.

MY LOVER.

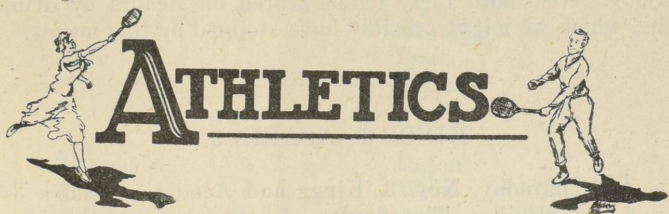
Who was it that brought joy to life,
And eased my soul in times of strife?
Who permeated all my life?
My Lover!

When trouble round me casts its sway,
From which I fain would turn away,
Who is it points me to the way?
My Lover!

When sickness rests upon my brow
And in despair to Death I bow,
Who is it comfort brings me now?
My Lover!

As on through life I wend my way,
Midst happiness through every day,
Who stays beside me lest I stray?
My Lover!

F. CROSSMAN, A. C. A.



FOOTBALL.

THE call of "time" at the close of the Mt. A.—Acadia game marked the end of our football season for the year. It has not been quite as successful a season as we might have wished for, perhaps, but Acadia has no cause to feel discouraged over the outcome. It is true that we only won one game out of six played, but we *can* say that our team played their hardest in every game, and put up a clean brand of football.

It would be childish to run over a list of "Might have been's", but perhaps a word of criticism might be of assistance for next season. Our team this year made a slow start, due to late college opening and delay in securing a coach. We would suggest that a coach for next fall be secured now, if possible, so as to take no chances in the spring. Then it is certain that arrangements could be made to have at least the members of this year's first team who will be returning next year come back a week early and do some hard work before they are interrupted by their studies. It would pay the College or Athletic Association to meet the cost of this arrangement, for it would produce a better team.

It is presumptuous for an onlooker to criticize the playing of a team, but there is one play, that was never practiced on our campus, at which we were outplayed by both the Wanderers and Mt. Allison. We refer to stopping a dribble by falling on the ball. This play sounds dangerous, and feels dangerous, but yet the Wanderers and Mt. A. players used it several times in our games with them, without receiving an

injury. Also both these teams scored on Acadia by dribbling, which we might possibly have stopped by this means.

KINGS 3—ACADIA 3.

On Thursday, Nov. 3, Kings and Acadia played a 3-3 draw at Wolfville. The playing of both teams was hindered by the wet weather and slippery field, but still it showed great improvement over that of their game on Oct. 19th. The Acadia scrim did not heel the ball as well as in some other games, due probably to the absence of McLeod. To offset this, the half-line showed much improvement, thanks to the coaching of Mr. Andrews. The King's team played a good all-round game, and their scrim did some very good dribbling and heeling.

At the start of the game King's followed up their kick-off and, aided by an Acadia fumble, went right over the line for a try, which was not converted. Acadia soon carried the ball down to the King's end of the field, where it stayed for the remainder of the game. The Acadia team, however, seemed to lack scoring power, so that it was not until the middle of the second period that they went over the Kings line. Clarke missed the convert, and the score was tie. Acadia was unable to score again before time was called, although she had the better of the territory play for the rest of the game.

Kings

Acadia.

Fullback

Jones

Corey

Halves

White

Murray

Coster

Clark

Smith

Anthony

Timothy

Lewis

Quarters

Best	Grimmer
Teed	Read
MacCoy	Phinney

Forwards.

Blanchard	Eaton
Gilbert	Webb
Walsh	Corkum
Gordon	Atkinson
Shepperd	Warren
Haliburton	Wigmore
Ross	Brown

WANDERERS 13—ACADIA 0.

The Acadia team received their first defeat this season when they lost to the Wanderers at Halifax, Nov. 7th. The game was played on a slushy field in a drizzle, so that good football was almost impossible. The two half-lines played remarkably well considering the conditions, but the Wanderers' again outplayed their opponents in heeling and following up.

The Wanderers secured their first try in about eight minutes, after a pretty exhibition of passing by the halves. The try was converted. During the rest of the first period the play was chiefly in the Acadia end of the field but there was no more scoring.

In the second period Acadia rushed the ball to the Wanderers goal line and held it there for fifteen minutes, but could not get it across. The Wanderers' forwards then broke through, and by good dribbling and an Acadia fumble secured their second try. This was converted although it was at the edge of the field. Acadia rushed the ball to the Wanderers' line a second time, but again failed to go over. Near the end of the period the Wanderers' halves carried the ball halfway down the field, and their forwards dribbled it the rest of the way, scoring their third try. This was not converted. Acadia carried the ball to the Wanderers' line a third time, and were trying desperately to go over when the game ended.

Atkinson was injured in the second period and had to leave the field for a time. Murray and Clark did star work for Acadia and MacCoy and Hunter for the Wanderers.

Wanderers

Acadia

Fullback.

Edwards

A. B. Corey

Halves

Hunter

C. A. Lewis

Scriven

F. V. Anthony

Arthur

A. R. Clarke

Sutcliffe

R. H. Murray

Quarters

Monaghan

H. K. Grimmer

McCoy

T. H. Robinson

Monaghan

S. R. Reid

Forwards.

Hollinghum

A. K. Eaton

Young

T. M. Webb

Hart

C. K. MeLeod

Haines

C. K. Atkinson

Studd

R. L. Lewis

Pacey

R. D. H. Wigmore

Schwartz

V. L. Schurman

MT. A. 6—ACADIA 3.

Acadia lost her last chance of winning the Western League when she was defeated by Mt. Allison at Sackville, Nov. 10. The game was played on a wet slippery field in a drizzle that gradually changed to heavy rain. During the first period the Mt. A. scrim had a slight advantage in heeling, but in the second period the two scrims were about even. The Acadia half line was much superior to their opponents' in passing and receiving the ball on the run, but Mt. A. pos-

sessed the fastest man on the field, Appleby, who was very difficult to stop.

Acadia drove hard from the start and in about five minutes crossed the line for a try. This play was a good piece of combination by the halves, Clarke to Anthony and back to Clark. The latter failed to convert the try. Mt. A. spurted then, and carried the ball to Acadia's twenty-five yard line. After about ten minutes play Appleby broke through the Acadia defence for a try, which was not converted. For the remainder of the period the play surged from one end of the field to the other but neither side scored.

In the second period Mt. A. started with a rush and carried the ball to Acadia's ten-yard line. Then Acadia got going, and returned the ball to Mt. A's. ten-yard line. They held the ball within striking distance of the Mt. A. line for nearly fifteen minutes, but were unable to get across. At last Mt. A. cleared with a long dribble, and Appleby secured the ball for another try. This was also unconverted. In two beautiful rushes the Acadia halves brought the ball up the field again, but were stopped ten feet short of the Mt. A. line. For the rest of the game the ball was in Mt. A. territory but Acadia was unable to get away properly to score.

Murray starred for Acadia with several long runs, Clarke made some long punts, Lewis did the best tackling seen in the game, and Small stopped several ugly-looking dribbles by flying kicks for touch. Appelby and Flood were easily the best men playing for Mt. Allison. Ferguson of Mt. A. was injured in the second period and had to leave the field.

Mount Allison

Acadia.

Fullback.

Flood

Small

Halves

Ferguson

Murray

Clark

Clark

Appelby

Anthony

Elliot

Lewis

Quarters

Wyse	Corey
Chowan	Murray
Taylor	Clark

Forwards.

Flemington	Eaton
Taylor, A.	Webb
Myers	McLeod
Norrie, J.	Wigmore
Ashford, H.	Brown
Ashford, R.	Lewis, R.
Prince	Schurman
Buchanan	

BULMER RACE.

The annual Bulmer relay race will be run this year on Nov. 19, weather conditions permitting. This year it will be impossible for any team to secure permanent possession of the cup by winning the race, as three consecutive wins are required to obtain the trophy, and the Engineers, who won last year, have only one victory to their credit.

It is by no means easy to predict what teams will stand the best chance of winning this year, as there have been many changes in the class memberships and much untried material has entered the college since last fall. The Seniors and Sophomores will have much the same teams as last year, so that they should have a fair chance. The Engineers and Cads have lost the best part of their last year's teams, and the Juniors and Freshmen have never entered teams before, so that these four teams will remain unknown factors till the day of the race. In the meantime every team is hard at work, determined to show the others the way to the tape if they can.

SOCCER.

The Freshmen and Cads are showing very keen interest in Soccer this year. The new field has been in use continually since the opening of college and has been in great de-

mand by those who have been unable to take part in the game of Rugby. This week the Freshmen and Cads are to match their skill in the old game, and we are promised that it will be lively, and good football.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball is once again under way. - This year it is planned to play the interclass leagues before Christmas, and take all the time after Christmas for the college teams.

In the boys' league most of last year's teams are broken up. The Engineers have suffered the heaviest loss, for their entire team have left college or joined other classes. Still they have good material left in the class for a strong team. The Junior team will be strengthened this year by Wigmore, Murray and Dobson, and should set a fast pace. The Sophomore team alone will remain the same as last year and will probably display the best team work in the league. The Senior team will be weak in the forward line with the loss of Dobson, but should have a strong defence. The Academy and Freshmen will be unknown factors until they play their first game. Between the Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors, and perhaps some of the other teams, good fast games may be expected.

The Co-ed teams will be nearly the same as last year. The Seniors with practically all last year's team should stand a good chance of winning the league. The Junior team will be stronger than last year, with Ruth Hennigar added to its lineup. The Sophette team possesses some good material and with another season's practice should do better than they did last Spring. The Freshettes will remain "a dark horse" till the league opens.

It is very early yet to try to say what our college teams will be like, for the interclass games may reveal many new stars and show that old players are off their game this season. Still we can say with some assurance that certain players will have a good chance of making the teams this winter.

The boys' team has lost Flemming, whose place at centre will be hard to fill. The members of last year's team are

back, but they will have to work extra hard to retain their places this season. Clark and MacCready seem the most likely contenders for center, Murray, Wigmore, Dobson, Brown and Robinson will supply lots of competition among the forwards, while Lewis, Corey, Chipman and Wetmore will be trying for places at guard. Besides these men there are others who merit careful consideration. It is safe to say that we have lots of material this year for a good team.

The Co-ed team will be weakened by losing three out of six of last year's players, Marj. Wickwire, Jean Foote, and Georgie Spicer. Still they have a number of promising players who will be able to fill the vacancies. As a suggestion, there will be "Bob" Murray and Winnie Chute trying for forward, May Proctor, Bea. Philips and Isabel MacPhail for center, and Ruth Hennigar and Margaret McCurdy as guards. Besides these there are several others who are playing good basketball, so Captain Murray will have lots of material to work on, in building up a team.

HOCKEY.

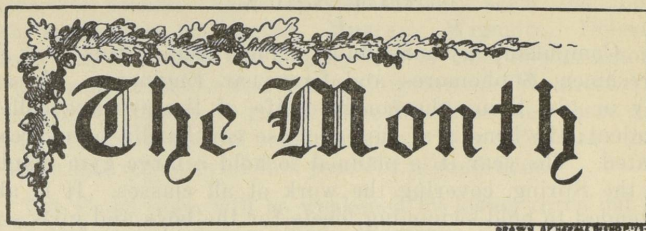
With every member of last year's team gone, and most of the second team missing, our hockey prospects seem none too bright. As Acadia learned last year at basketball, it is very difficult to weld a team together in one year. It is not impossible, of course, but well nigh a superhuman feat. But even if we do not win any championships this year, we have have the material to make a sound, hard team, which will be in the running till the last whistle.

There is a lot of hockey material among our new men which we have not yet seen in action, but we have the nucleus of a team even without it. Murray at center, Goucher and J. Elderkin, wings, Clarke and Pentz, guards, Howatt, B. Elderkin or Wigmore, goal, would not be an easy team to beat, even without our new material.

At least, we can look forward this year to a hockey team that will play hard, and do its best for the college.

GYMNASIUM.

Compulsory gymnasium is being resumed this year for Freshmen, Sophomores and first-year Engineers. To any boy or girl living the confined life of the average college student; the benefit of this exercise can hardly be overestimated. This year it is planned to hold a large gym display in the Spring, covering the work of all classes. It is also intended to hold swimming meets for the boys and girls similar to those of last season. It is being arranged that part of the gym work will be systematic training in all forms of track sports which can be practised indoors, so that there will be a more enthusiastic meet this Field Day than there was last Spring. As long as the weather permitted field hockey and soccer were substituted for indoor work, and proved very interesting.



DURING the past few weeks the football season has been at its height, and class affairs have been postponed for a time. However, the meetings of the regular societies have taken place as usual, and promise well for a successful year in all lines of student activities.

SING.

On Oct. 23, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Chute very kindly invited the student body to a Sing at their home, which was well attended by old and new students alike. Solos were given by Misses Josephine Harris, Margaret McCurdy and Francis DeWolfe. Mrs. Thompson played the violin and Mr. Silver and Mr. Peters rendered piano solos.

PROPYLÆUM.

On Oct. 24, after transaction of business the new girls provided the entertainment which evidently showed where their strongest talents lie. Helen Lawson read an entirely original and interesting synopsis, which was followed by a solo by Dot. Mitchell. The latter part of the entertainment, called the "Lover's Programme" consisted of a thrilling burlesque, and some interesting tableaux.

On Nov. 11, the Sophettes were in charge of the program. Although we were at first somewhat startled on being presented with small but dangerous-looking weapons, we were reassured by Gwen Belyea's synopsis and the solo which

followed. The hatchets, however, were but souvenir programs of the more realistic thing for which the Sophettes conducted a very elaborate funeral service. If the Student Council could have heard the awful grief which accompanied the burial of that hatchet, they would undoubtedly revoke their most recent rules.

RECEPTION.

On Oct. 28, the Y. M. C. A. and S. C. A. of the University held their annual reception, which is an important item in the college functions for the year. As usual, it was largely attended and well enjoyed—especially so because of the interesting program provided. It consisted of duets by Misses Amy Prescott, Frances DeWolfe, Jo Harris and Mabel Nichols, a solo by H. L. Parsons, a xylophone solo by McLaughlin, A. C. A., and a violin solo by Miss Mary Lusby. The chaperons were, Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Spidell, Miss White, Miss Bagnall and Mr. Thurston.

ADDRESS IN LIBRARY.

The Viscount de Fronzac spoke to a large number of the students in the library Sunday afternoon, Oct. 30th. His address on "Canadian Heraldry" proved very interesting and was much appreciated by all present.

FRESHMAN ACTIVITIES

On Sunday evening, Oct. 30, the Class of '25, assembled at Capt. Beardsley's for another Sing. All thoroughly enjoyed it accordingly to the reports we heard, and the boys especially did their share generously.

On the night of Nov. 12, the Freshmen planned a walking party, but since the Sophs. were not allowed to help them celebrate, the weather man stepped in and the Freshmen decided to attend the movies in a body. Refreshments and the *latest* class yell brought the evening to a close.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The Class of '24 felt that it would not be fitting to let the night of Oct. 31 pass without some sort of celebration. So the gay young Sophomores invited the whole student body to join with them in tucker, stunts and various games. Ice cream and candy, though not the usual accompaniment of ghostly celebrations added to the enjoyment of the evening in no small degree. The novel and artistic manner in which the gymnasium was decorated was a pleasing feature of the entertainment. The chaperons were, Prof. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Russell.

On Nov. 2, the Dramatic Society held the first of the series of entertainments which they have planned for this year. W. J. Miller gave an interesting reading.

A very pleasing solo was rendered by Margaret McCurdy, following which Miss Evelyn Smallman gave a reading from "Twelfth Night". It served as a further revelation to us of Miss Smallman's artistic attainments in the interpretation of literature. The programme was concluded by a delightful piano solo by Cassie Smallman and a very appropriate and instructive talk on the drama by Dr. Rhodenizer.

The Greek comedy "Pygmalien and Galitea" by Gilbert is the play selected for this term.

On Nov. 8, the Seniors-Junior debate took place. The subject was: "Resolved, that a union of Canada and the United States would be beneficial to both countries." The Senior team consisted of Lank, Brinton, and Cameron, while the Juniors were represented by Pearson, Prosser and Peters. The debate was thorough, and well handled, the decision finally being awarded to the Juniors who argued for the affirmative. Spidell as critic for the evening, won much favorable comment.

Several important changes have been made in the constitution of the society. Instead of three terms a year there will be henceforth only two, and meetings are to be held reg-

ularly on nights scheduled for debates and otherwise when the occasion demands. The debating schedule has been completed. It aims to have the larger number of the debates the first term.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. have continued as usual to hold Sunday song services which have been well supported as formerly.

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

The joint meetings held on Wednesday evenings, have for the most part been under student leadership, and have evidenced an even greater interest than before. On the evening of Oct. 26, Harry Atkinson, '22, gave a short talk; on Nov. 2, M. McLeod, '25, conducted the meeting and on Nov. 9, Mr. Elgee, '22, was the speaker. Special music also contributed to these services.

S. C. A.

On Oct. 23, the service was devoted to reports of the Maritime Student Conference, held at Pine Hill. Miss Frances Schurman '22 and Miss Marjorie Fitzpatrick '23, gave outlines of the work, the social life, and the plans and aims for our student organization.

Miss White led the meeting on Oct. '30, and gave a very original and practical talk on "Idle Words."

Dr. Zella Clark and Miss Martha Clark are spending a few days at the Ladies Residence. On Friday evening, Nov. 9, they met the girls in the reception room, and showed them many beautiful things from India. They will speak in the S. C. A. meeting Sunday night and everyone is looking forward to it with interest.

SCIENCE CLUB.

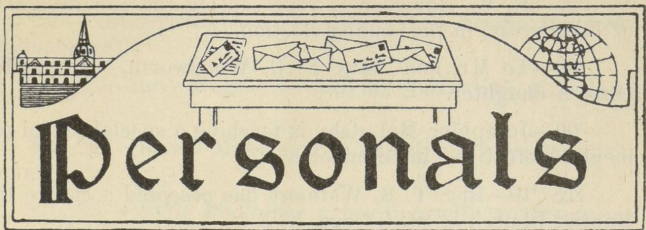
On the evening of Nov. 4th, about twenty students, intensely interested in science, met in Room 17, Willett Hall,

and organized a Science Club. Mr. F. V. Anthony was unanimously elected President with L. P. Steeves as Vice-President, V. L. Pearson, Sect'y., and P. L. Judge, Treasurer.

This Club was organized on an exclusive basis (similar to that of the Dramatic Club) to take the place of the noninal, but at present non-functioning Science Society of the University, with the hope of ultimately building up an organization that will be equivalent to the old Society with Universal membership.

The purpose of this Club is to "produce a more or less *intelligent appreciation of modern scientific tendencies* in natural science and social problems". Since all its members are deeply interested in such problems as will come up for discussion, we predict a successful year for this new Club which is obviously so essential to our students of Science.





'83—Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, D. D., L. L. D., pastor of the Baptist Church in Westmount, P. Q., has accepted a call to Eutan Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, M. D.

'90—J. A. Faulkner has just published a new book, "modernism and the Christian Faith."

'91—Rev. J. H. Jenner has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Lexington, Mass., and entered upon his work there.

'91—Rev. Z. L. Fash, of Fredericton, has been elected President of the Maritime Convention.

'91—Dr. Melbourne S. Read has been appointed President of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y.

'95—Dr. S. R. McCurdy is on a trip to Burma.

'99—Dr. Zella Clark, who is on furlough from India, recently visited Acadia, and spoke to the students on different occasions.

'01—Rev. M. S. Richardson, having resigned the pastorate of the Bridgewater Baptist Church, is now pastor of the Zion Church, Yarmouth.

'01—Dr. Vernon Morse has passed the N. S. Medical Board exams, and is now practising in Paradise and its vicinity.

'02—We regret to report the death of Rev. Ira M. Baird, which took place at Yarmouth recently.

'06—E. W. Robinson is representing the Liberal Party of King's Co., in the coming election.

'09—To Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Woodworth, Marysville, Ohio, a daughter.

'09—Josephine McLatchy is teaching a special school for mental defectives in Moncton.

Ex. '10—Rev. T. B. Wetmore has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at St. George, N. B.

Ex. '11—Rev. C. A. Hubley has accepted a call to the Baptist pastorate of St. Martin's, N. B.

'12—To Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Tauch, of Hanover, Mass, a daughter.

'13—We extend sympathy to Mrs. Lula Zwicker Porter in the death of her mother.

'13—Gwendolyn Shand is doing social service work in Pittsburg.

'15—R. A. Harris was recently graduated from Guil-mont Conservatory of Organists with high honours.

'15—To Prof. and Mrs. A. B. Dawson, Oak Park, Ill., a daughter.

'16 and '17—To Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Lewis of Ottawa, a son, born Nov. 5th.

Eng. '19—Guy Lordly has a position in the Refinery, St. John.

'20—Angus Elderkin has returned to Wolfville from Alliance, Alberta.

'20—Charlie Corey is statistician in the Federal Bank Reserve, Boston.

'20—Bush Estabrooks is spending the winter in Switzerland.

Eng. '20—Wm. Delaney is studying engineering at McGill.

'20—Ethel Rand is teaching at Kingston, N. S.

'21—Lorimer Simpson has returned to Acadia for post-graduate work.

Ex. '22—Dave Rogers is studying journalism at Columbia.

Ex. '22—Donald Messenger is principal of the school in Canning.

Ex. '22—Wylie Poole has a position with an Insurance Co. in Halifax.

Ex. '22—Vernon MacNeil is studying at McMaster University.

Eng. ex. '22—Wilfred Bowlby is taking a course at the Canadian Chiropractic College, Toronto.

Ex. '23—Mary Crandall is attending U. B. C., Vancouver.

Ex. '23—Karl Fraser has a position with the Ford Motor Co., St. John.

Ex. '23—Vaughan Henshaw is at Toronto University.

Ex. '23—C. M. Langwith is at Dalhousie.

Ex. '23—E. L. Currie is studying at Gordon Mission School, Boston.

Ex. '23—Tom Bindley is taking the theological course at Newton.

Ex. '23—J. W. Maxwell is attending Newton.

Ex. '23—Ruth Wilson is taking Domestic Science at the Provincial Normal College, Truro.

Ex. '24—Gertrude Edwards is teaching music in Truro.

Ex. '24—J. McKay Hamilton is studying dentistry at Dalhousie.

Ex. '24—Kenneth Fraser is at his home in Seal Cove, Grand Manan.

Ex. '24—Harry Langwith is studying medicine at Dal.

Ex. '24—W. M. McQuarrie is studying medicine at Dalhousie.

Ex. '24—R. D. Williams is studying law in Charlottetown.

Ex. '24—Merle Porter is attending Dalhousie.

Ex. '24—Margaret McPhee has a position as stenographer in Boston.

Ex. '24—Katy Archibald is doing Y. M. C. A. work at her home in Nashau, Mass., and assisting in the library there.

On Mon., Oct. 24, a Truro Acadia Alumni Association was formed. Those present were Rev. E. A. Kinley, Rev. B. D. Knott, '07, Miriam Chisholm, '20, Dorothy Schurman, '20, Myra Barnes, '17, Muriel Roscoe, '18, Hetty Chute, '15, Hazel Walker, '20, Elsie Layton, '21. Muriel Roscoe was appointed President, and Hazel Walker, Sec.-Treasurer.

A. L. S.

A. L. S. '15—Lillian Kitchen, who has graduated from the Leland Power School, Boston, has opened an elocution studio in Fredericton.

'17—Mary Clark is a dietitian in Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'19—Doris Bagley has a position in the Bank at Liverpool.

'20—Rita Atkinson is at Normal College, Truro.

'20—Amelia Lacy is training for a nurse at Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.

'20—Elen Spencer is teaching expression at her home in Glace Bay.

'20—Beatrice Ebbett is one of the dietitians at Loomis Sanatorium, Loomis, N. Y.

'20—Phyllis Pollard has a position in Tokio, Japan.

'20—Hilda Cox is training for a nurse in Boston.

'20—Miss Freda Tupper is dietitian in a hospital in New Bedford, Mass.

Ex. '20—Jessie James is training as a nurse in Providence, R. I.

'21—Lucy Chute who is now at her home in Berwick expects to leave for Florida about the first of Dec.

'21—Hilda Kinsman is studying music in the University of Kentucky.

'21—Jean Godfrey is in Weston, Mass., continuing her studies in Art.

'21—Marion Ells is teaching piano at Rawley Station, Alberta.

'21—Eileen Dodge is taking a dietitians course at Rhode Id. Gen. Hospital, Providence.

Ex. '21—Lucille Gabriel is taking a business course in Taunton, Mass.

'21—Grace Marshall is attending Kings.

Ex. '21—Marguerite White is teaching at Grafton.

Ex. '21—Marion Hird is teaching at Rockland.

'21—Hazel Sharpe is taking a course in dietetics at Providence, R. I.

'22—Dorothy Slipp is attending Mount Allison University.

A. C. A.

Irwin Underwood is studying engineering at Boston Tech.

'20—Llewellyn Gray is studying medicine at Toronto University.

'20—Archie Sutherland is studying dentistry at Dal.

'21—Allister Fraser, is a wireless operator in Valparaiso, Chile.

'21—Don McKay is attending Pictou Academy.

'21—J. J. Copeland is at Newton Theological Seminary.

'21—J. N. Curry is studying at Gordon College, Boston.

'21—Cyrus McLennan is attending Dalhousie.





OUR exchange shelf is not very well filled this month. While the college papers, weekly and daily, have arrived, the Argosy is the only college magazine of which we have an autumn issue. We cannot criticize delay of the first month's issue, as at present writing our November number is not the hands of its readers.

It necessarily takes considerable time after college opens for the students to publish a complete magazine. This fact has led to the appearance of the weekly or daily paper which we see rapidly increasing. The paper is a means of quickly publishing college games and local news, which reach the readers while they still are fresh. Often in the magazine, these are so far past that they are no longer interesting.

While this is true, we do not believe that it justifies the displacement of the magazine by this paper. If a college is strong enough to publish both we have no criticism. But if it can publish only one, by all means let it be the magazine.

The college magazine should be one of the greatest aids in the development of literary ability and taste on the part of the students. This, it is impossible for the paper to accomplish. Its frequent appearance demands rather quantity than quality of material. Neither is its form fitted to a serious discussion, a poem of fancy, or an artistic article. The reader will glance through the paper and cast it aside, while a magazine demands more careful perusal. Most colleges should be able to publish an occasional snappy sheet of news and fun. But to our mind it requires the artistic and carefully prepared magazine to convey fully the college spirit.

We congratulate Mt. A. on the prompt appearance of the *Argosy*. It is nicely prepared. The graduating class of '21 is given first place and the cuts and biographies are well done. That, too, is a catchy account of "The 24 Engineers of '23". We find a lack of literary material in the magazine however. This may be part of the price of the early issue.

The *McGill Daily* is just what its name represents. It gives the news and announcements of the big university day by day. It is characterized by humor and pointed remarks rather than by serious articles.

In the *Dalhousie Gazette* the article, "Dalhousie University and Academic Dress" was interesting to us. This is exceptionally well written and the case is fully stated.

The *Sheaf* of the University of Saskatchewan is a weekly paper of pleasing appearance. It is full of matters of local interest. Saskatchewan seems to be more interested in intercollegiate sport than some of her sister colleges. Good luck to you Saskatchewan! We, too, surely enjoy intercollegiate sport.

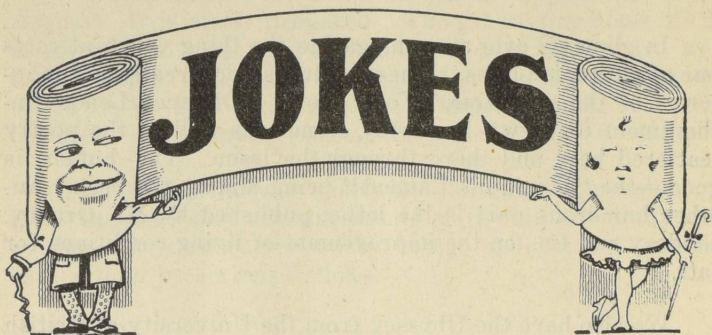
BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL.

For a college that is "just of age" Brandon certainly has made splendid progress. The literary, athletic, and social departments are full of lively interest for any reader. Yes, we think the idea of a few more pictures is good. The "Windstorm on the Prairie" is especially interesting to Easterners. Is the lack of interest due to too much attention to the other activities? We wish you success in your campaign for a memorial gymnasium. A commendable feature of your publication is the list of advertisers printed on a separate page, and "Patronize those who patronize us" written beneath. But why the lack of humor in your issue?

OAKWOOD ORACLE.

In glancing over your magazine the thing which attracts our attention is plates. These pictures add greatly to the interest of the magazine. Your story "Distance Lends Enchantment to View" is worthy of note as well as the poetry scattered here and there through the issue. The humor is good.—the "Ex-pupils Lament" being among the best. Another humorous part is the letter published by Mr. Gravey, Lindsay and Co., on the improvement of living conditions for cats.

We also have the Ubysey from the University of British Columbia. The Ubysey seems to have faced the problem which we have discussed regarding the purpose of a college publication. The Ubysey states its purpose, which is certainly worthy, that is, to achieve a truer perspective and provide a vantage ground from which to view the whole of college life, and also to co-ordinate the university life and give it a meaning. While we have already given our ideas we admit that different colleges may find different means to solve their individual problems.



Bill Miller (Passing Sem on street)—Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?

Chick Steeves—That's nothing. The first time I saw you I laughed out loud.

Brownell '23 (Passionately)—Don't you feel the call of the irresistible?

M. Read '23—Sure I do. Let's go eat.

Prof. Perry (Cutting up the stem of a plant)—Do you suppose the plant feels that?

Alden Clark '24—It probably feels a trifle cut up over it.

Pentz, Eng. '23—My ankle is swollen badly, sir, I can scarcely stand on it.

Dr. DeWitt—Well, if it is any worse in the morning, *run* down to my office and I will see what I can do *for* it.

Atkinson '22 (To Jo-n L--k who is showing signs of proceeding Tullywards,—Not going over to Tully are you John?)

J--n L--k, '22—Yes. I took a course in "Tra-la?la" last year and got plucked so now I've got to take it over again.

"SEEN" at the Mr. A. Game



How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the
gospel of peace. - Romans 10: 15

M. Manning—Dr. Spidel hit the Freshmen pretty hard in the Logic class this morning.

N. Webster—How's that?

M. Manning—He said tsat the Freshmen were the "infamous species" of the genus student.

Wigmore '23 (To June who has just come from the P. O.)—Did you get any notices this month?

June Wetmore '22—None from the post office, but I'm just going over to call on B-ll M-ll-r now. Will let you know later.

Mark Anthony '23—(At phone)—Hello, shall us?

Answer '22—Let's; Good-bye.

Wieden '23—You must have been a good looking baby Pearson.

Pearson '23—I was; they even used to bring the little girls to kiss me then. I wish they would do it now.

Biff. Howatt '24—I took the banners down for the reception, Rah.

Rah Murray '23—When did they have a reception?

Biff Howatt '24—Oh, they had an Aluminum reception at the Gym Thanksgiving night.

Dobson, '23—What style of architecture do you like best, Mac?

MacCready '23—I've always favored the tall thin "Skin-nay" ones.

Prof. Hill—Mr. Crockett, can you tell me something of the Iron Age?

Crockett, Eng. '23—Im a bit rusty on that subject, sir.

Theo Cleveland '22—(In Tully dining-room)—I sit on this side of the table so that I can look at the girls.

Bowlby '22—You should be altruistic and sit on the other side so that they could not see you.

Vincent '22—There are some men greater than I am, a few, not many though.

Lank '22—That's not a joke. That's tragic.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW. 8

Who said:—"There are four women, Bill Miller, and two men in the college play?"

Who said:—"Reta C-hr-ne would "skip" out with anything that looked like good "Reading" material?"

Who the girl referred to in the following incident is?—John Lank (after reception at Mt. A.)—Well that was a pretty good time but an Acadia girl is good enough for me.

REMARKABLE REMARKS.

June Wetmore—I sing for my own pleasure.

Lud Weeks—I always study "Who is Who's. It avoids conflicts.

Thurber—Get away from that horse's head before he kicks your brains out.

Judge—Tu-Ri-o for the one eyed Riley.

Brownell—A cane would add dignity to a man if it didn't get tangled up between his legs.

Cleveland (Seeing cookies on the table in the dining room)—Gee! The pope must have got a parcel from home.

Marshall—The people that men *do* keep after them.

Proctor—Logic appeals to me. It is so --- well, so logical.

Morton (in sermon at Tabernacle)—You could even hear the imprint of the angel's feet.

K. Bowlby (In Economic I)—Sir, I don't understand this diagram representing the inelasticity of the demand for diamonds.

Brownell—What a change since the time of Socrates. His great principle was "*Know Thyself*". How uninteresting!

Cameron (After meeting Bill Miller with six girls)—I hear that Bill is coming back for his M. T. next year.

Christie—Hold her "*Neut*", she's heading for the barn.

Doc. Olmstead (on the trip to Mt. A.)—Well my mind ought to be pretty clean. I changed it seven times before I left.

If you do not see your name mentioned in this issue do not feel slighted or offended. Pass your name in in advance next time and we will see what we can do for you. Meanwhile send all protests to Bill Miller, who by engaging so much of our valuable space this month has made it impossible for us to do you justice.

H. E. Arnold



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