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November, 1926

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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. ~~LIV~~ LIII Wolfville, N. S., November 1926

No. 1

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—1st, Eileen Cameron, '29; 2nd, Irene A. Card, '28.

Articles:—1st, Mary A. Bishop, '27; 2nd, Helen L. Simms, '27.

Stories:—1st, M. Grace Perry, '27; 2nd, Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28.

One-Act Play:—Donald Wetmore, '30.

Humor:—Ralph Marven, '27.

Science:—1st, Helen L. Simms, '27; 2nd, No award.

Exchanges:—1st, Lloyd H. Jenkins, '28; 2nd, No award.

Month:—1st, Margaret Belyea, '27; 2nd, Elizabeth Corey, '28.

Athletics:—1st, J. G. Patriquin, '27; 2nd, Elizabeth Corey, '28.

Personals:—1st, Zelma Tretheway, '28; 2nd, No award.

Jokes:—1st, Ralph Marven, '27; 2nd, Elizabeth Corey, '28.

Cartoon:—No award.

Seniors 15

Juniors 9

Sophomores 2

Freshmen 2

Engineers 0

Pennant to Seniors.



IN MEMORIAM

Eva Muriel Marshall, 1901-1926

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Eva Muriel Marshall at Middleton, Nova Scotia, October 6, 1926. Beloved as she was for her keen sense of humor, her alert and optimistic personality, her great executive ability, and her fine Christian character, her passing has left a gap in our ranks which it will be difficult indeed to fill.

To the bereaved family, we, her fellow-students, extend our deepest sympathy, conscious of the greatness of our loss but glad that it was our privilege to have known her and to have been associated with her for even a few brief years here at Acadia.

The sudden death of Miss Eva Marshall has brought keen sorrow to the hearts of all who knew her as a student at Acadia.

She entered Acadia in the autumn of 1922. At the end of her Sophomore year, she remained out of college for one year for the purpose of teaching. She then returned and spent last year with the class of 1927. At the opening of the present Academic year, ill-health made necessary a serious operation from which she did not recover. She was buried at her home in Falkland Ridge, Ann. Co., N. S., on October 9, members of her own class serving as pall-bearers.

Miss Marshall was possessed of a most charming personality. Her ready wit, her buoyant optimism, her eager quest for knowledge, her genial spirit of good-fellowship, her genuine integrity, and her whole-hearted devotion to the Lordship of her Saviour all contributed to produce in her a most winsome personality. Had she been privileged to return to Acadia this autumn, it was her purpose, recently formed, to study with a view to becoming a foreign missionary. In the providence of Him whom she served, that purpose was cut short, or may we say rather that it was caught up into the larger purpose of a fuller life.

S. S.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

Gray-violet dusk, a singing bird,
A wistful note in its lonely trill,
A drifting song on silver wings,
That echoes back from hill to hill.
Purple shadows clothe the world,
And the wind like a wayward sprite,
Flutters and scatters them all around,
In the path of the coming night.

Bare trees that moan a weary tune,
Their branches gaunt against the sky,
And on the ground the sere, brown leaves,
Touched by the wind, go whispering by.
Like spectres rise the far-off hills,
Dim in the light of the passing day,
Lonely the paths and darkened roads,
That lead into these hills away.

Dark waters flow beneath the bridge,
Reflecting the lights along the shore,
Softly splashing against the wharf,
Drifting out to sea once more.
Vague the world, a place of dreams,
A story half told, a song half sung;
As lonely as an echoing bell,
Its chimes long since to the breezes flung.

Lonely our lives in the dim twilight,
Dark, the way we travel along,
Weary, the traveller ascending the hill,
Hushed, the notes of his morning song.

E. C., '29.

THE CHINA CUP

Old Aunt Minnie was dusting the dishes in the China closet. That was one of her especial duties in this home where she didn't "belong." She didn't really belong anywhere in particular, and she wasn't really Aunt Minnie, only a very distant cousin of their grandmother, but the children had always called her Aunt Minnie as their mother had done before them. Today she paused in her work as usual and lovingly touched an old china cup and saucer of a strange design. Aunt Minnie had told the children that it was at least a hundred and fifty years old, but the colors were still bright—gold and red and green and a purplish blue traced in a delicate but vivid design. It was her greatest treasure, and she allowed no one to touch it. The children couldn't imagine why, but then Aunt Minnie was a fussy old thing and they were quite used to her queer notions.

However, Aunt Minnie didn't have much time to waste looking at her china cup *that* day, not with Gerry coming home any minute now, Gerry, her favorite of all the children. She was the only one who understood Aunt Minnie. Now she was coming home to the old gray house after two long years' absence. College had been bad enough, taking her Gerry away all the year, Aunt Minnie used to think, but there had always been vacations; however these last two years had been hard for the little old-maid. The boys had been unusually mischevious. ("They're possessed of the Old Fellow himself," Aunt Minnie used to mutter to herself often, *very* often.) Lena and Alice were good girls but still—they weren't *Gerry*. To Aunt Minnie, all perfection was implied in that one word.

The little old grey house, which was saved from being actually ugly by the gorgeous hollyhocks and golden glows growing around it, was in a bustle of preparation. Gerry's mother had cooked and cleaned and polished and scrubbed until anyone could see very easily that the unusual was about to happen. Poor old Aunt Minnie was nervously running around, watering the plants that didn't need to be tended, dusting off imaginary flecks of dust here and there with her apron, and being generally

in the way. But there, she was excited, and Gerry didn't come home *every* day. Such a day as it was, too! Aunt Minnie stood on the narrow verandah and watched the fast moving clouds in the blue sunny sky. Even a song sparrow sang gaily in one of the poplars next the road in open defiance of Aunt Minnie's nine cats, seven of whom were at that moment prowling majestically around the yard. (Even Gerry couldn't convert Aunt Minnie to being a bird lover if it meant sacrificing her cats.) They were rather beautiful things, as cats go, well fed animals of Angora mixtures. As the wind swept down the broad fields and over the pastures, they looked very pompous indeed as they stalked about, tails held high and looking very fluffy.

Up past the neighboring farm-houses, a car was coming swiftly; downhill again and through the brook-bordered cedar swamp, and then it turned in at the gate of the old grey house. It was Gerry coming! Small, dark, and blue eyed, she looked almost like a little girl in her short dress as she ran up on to the verandah. Aunt Minnie was at the door, hands tightly clasped in front of her, waiting. Of course Mummy and the girls were kissed first. Then a hasty smack was administered to Aunt Minnie, and amid a thousand questions and laughter, Gerry was led into the house, followed by them all.

It wasn't until that evening that Gerry told of her engagement to the young doctor in the middle-western town where she had been teaching. Oh yes, he was a splendid boy, educated abroad and had a good practice already. His name was Lester—Lester Gordon MacDonald. "Isn't that a dear name Aunt Minnie?"

In the excitement of showing his picture to Dad and Mummy, (who had been in on the secret a *long* while, Gerry said why a *monih* anyway) and the children, (who felt quite slighted to think they hadn't known sooner), no one noticed Aunt Minnie. She had suddenly turned paler than usual and hadn't said a word, but strange thoughts were flashing through her mind. Oh, it couldn't be the same—no, it was such a common name—Gordon MacDonald. And *he* never would have left her. Hadn't he said so again and again, that summer so many, many

years ago! Aunt Minnie's old eyes were shut now very tight. Nearly sixty years ago it had happened, the summer she was twenty and Gordon MacDonald had courted her. She had been a beauty then—small and dark and blue-eyed like Gerry was now—but none of them would have believed it, no one remembered it now. Vividly they came back to her, those perfect moments of their love, the day Gordon asked her to be his wife....., the day she had received the beautiful old china cup and saucer from his mother. "You shall have the entire tea-set when you are married, dear," she had said. "It is very old but almost complete"....., the day that Gordon went away..... and he had never come back! Could it be that—? no, it wasn't true. She would never, never believe it. He had died out West. Hadn't she read it herself in the papers? He had always loved her, as she had loved him, as she still loved him, but all these years she had only a memory—and the china cup.....

Old Aunt Minnie's faded blue eyes were wet when she looked up again. Gerry, winsome and vivacious, was still telling them about her fiance. No one had noticed Aunt Minnie and she left the room unobserved. Not until she returned several moments later bringing with her the old cup and saucer, did they realize she had been gone. Her old hands trembled slightly as she handed the cup to Gerry. "I wanted you to have it dearie, now. I hope you will be very happy." This was a very long speech for Aunt Minnie so she retreated hastily amid Gerry's thanks.

"It's a beautiful old thing, isn't it?" she mused to herself when Aunt Minnie had left the room, "and poor old Auntie's dearest treasure. I shouldn't take it, should I?" This inquiringly to the children. "Why not, it's nothing very wonderful," Lena replied, while one of the boys added, "Funny she thought so much of an old china cup, but then Aunt Minnie is such a fussy old thing." Yes, to them Aunt Minnie was just a fussy old thing.

M. G. P., '27.

THE GROWTH OF ACADIA

While roaming through the library one day, I came, by chance, upon one of the first calendars put out by Acadia University. I was immediately impressed with the great contrast it showed in comparison with the latest calendar and by the immense growth which had apparently taken place in comparatively few years. One after another these thoughts came to me, "Who laid the foundations of this institution, and why, and what have been the factors which have brought about its growth?" I began to search for an answer and I found the facts, which I sought, to be highly interesting and fascinating.

The first thing which I discovered was that the name "Acadia" first became connected with education in 1839 when the Queen refused to give her assent to a charter to be issued to Queen's University under the name that it then held. In order to obtain the charter, the name of the university was changed to "Acadia." Horton Academy had been established ten years before this and had a fairly good attendance, but there was no college open to students upon matriculation from the Academy. Kings University was still strictly sectarian, Dalhousie was not yet giving degrees, and Pictou Academy had failed to obtain a collegiate charter. On account of these circumstances, the Association of Baptist Churches felt that Nova Scotia was in great need of a degree-offering institution of learning. With this idea in mind, it pledged itself to form what is now known as Acadia University.

They set out to accomplish their purpose and an immediate problem which confronted them was that of a College Hall, since the only buildings available were the Academy Hall and its boarding house. However, since there were no funds available, the then existing buildings were used for the time being, two professors were appointed, and teaching operations were begun. Some time later Professor Chipman conceived the idea of "building a college without money." Accordingly, in 1842, he and Professor Crawley began a canvass of Nova Scotia and

New Brunswick for subscriptions and in the spring of 1843, the contributions began to arrive.

The interesting thing, as I discovered, was the form of the contributions. They consisted of every thing from nails to apple pies. The first contribution was a load of lumber landed at Wolfville by one Mahew Beckwick from his own vessel. From Liverpool came a valuable cargo of pine, lumber, shingles, laths, sashes, and doors. The Annapolis Valley sent shingles, hemlock, spruce, and pine boards. Other contributions were lime, oil, putty, sheet lead, nails, paint, and glass, together with wool, beef, hay, and grain which brought ready exchange of money. The women not wishing to be outdone by the men, sent their contributions of socks, gloves, and eggs—even apple pies and doughnuts to refresh the workmen. Thus, through the sacrificing efforts of the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, the building was completed in 1854.

While the friends of the institution were sending in their contributions for the erection of the college building, the current expenses were not being met, consequently, the institution, as a whole, was running into debt. Internally, however, it was prospering, and, in 1844, boasted of having thirty-three students and of having conferred its first degrees upon four students in 1843. Nevertheless, internal prosperity could not continue without finances, consequently, financial agents were sent to Great Britain, United States, and the Maritimes for subscriptions of money and books. Upon the immediate success of these agencies, a chair of theology was founded in 1846, and Acadia had begun to take steps forward.

All continued well until the summer of 1850, when the outlook became very gloomy. Dr. Pryor, the president, was to leave in June, Professor Chipman had tendered his resignation, and the finances of the institution had been exhausted. Without either money or professors, it seemed as if the end had come. But the people of the Maritime Provinces were determined that it had not come, and rallying, as they had rallied before in financial crises, they borrowed money and again appointed an agent to raise the required sum. Through the efficiency of the workers, the fund was secured and the financial difficulty overcome.

Upon the withdrawal of Dr. Pryor, Professor Chipman was left alone, with the exception of an assistant, and after a lapse of a year, a new president was elected in the person of Dr. J. M. Cramp. When he came to take up his duties, he found one professor only and no funds. He immediately set himself to the establishment of an endowment of £10,000. Quite soon the splendid sum of £12,000 was raised, and Acadia had taken another step forward.

Just at this time, a very severe blow came to the lovers of Acadia. Professor Chipman, who had given himself and his energy so untiringly to the educational cause, was drowned while returning with some friends from Blomidon, where they had been doing geological research. It would be difficult to exaggerate the services of Professor Chipman to Acadia and, with his death, there came one of the greatest losses that Acadia ever experienced.

College did not re-open until January, 1853. No professors had been appointed, but with the assistance of an Academy instructor and of a Senior student, Dr. Cramp managed to complete the year satisfactorily; before the following year, a theological institute was organized. It was necessary that a principal for this institute be appointed, so it was thought that the best plan would be to appoint a new president, Dr. Crawley, and to appoint Dr. Cramp principal of the institute.

Now with a goodly amount of money and with splendid teachers, Acadia was on the up-grade, but in 1858 another financial crisis occurred. This, however, as the previous one, was overcome by the zealous work of faithful friends, and a great growth was shown during the succeeding years. A chair of mathematics was established followed by one of science and by one of history, and great progress was made in the raising of finances.

Fortune smiled on Acadia until 1877, when she caused her to face a severe loss in the total destruction, by fire, on the evening of Dec. 2, 1877, of her beautiful college building, the fruit of so much toil and sacrifice. By this sudden disaster, the college and its president were literally turned out of doors. This necessitated the suspension of all teaching operations for the

term. At a meeting of the Governors, it was decided to build temporary buildings for college and academy classrooms. These buildings were erected during the winter vacation, and were ready for occupancy at the beginning of the following term. Soon after this, arrangements were made for a new College Hall and from that time forward, Acadia has forged ahead with great strides, experiencing only one great setback, the burning of College Hall in 1920. That building has now been replaced by the beautiful \$500,000 structure, which is said to be the finest university building in Maritime Canada, and to have the largest Convocation Hall in all Canada.

In 1857, the need being felt for an educational institution for girls, a girls' boarding school was established, out of which grew the Acadia Ladies' Seminary which carried on until the present year.

The greatest growth in the history of Acadia has taken place during the past twenty years and tribute must be paid to Dr. Cutten and to Dr. Patterson under whose presidencies so much progress has been made. The buildings which have been begun and completed during the last twenty years include Carnegie Science Hall, Rhodes Hall, the Observatory, Emmerson Memorial Library, College Women's Residence, Willett Hall, Acadia Collegiate Academy, and the new University Hall. During the summer of 1926, the College Women's Residence was completed by the addition of the west wing, and a new Dining Hall was erected with seating capacity for all members of the institutions in connection with Acadia University.

Another marked change which has taken place during the past year is the union of Acadia Collegiate Academy with the Collegiate department of Acadia Seminary and the change in the Household Science and Fine Arts Department, creating a co-educational collegiate school, now known as the Horton Academy, and the Acadia College of Household Science and Fine Arts.

Thus Acadia University has grown so that now she has eleven well-equipped buildings, the largest library in the Maritime Provinces, the finest and best equipped building used solely for gymnasium purposes in Canada, and what is said to be the

finest collection of Canadiana outside the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. She boasts of six hundred students, with a faculty member to every eleven, and she has the record of having more students, in the graduate department at Harvard, than any other institution, and more at Yale than the total from all other Canadian institutions.

Thus we see the progress which has built up the Greater Acadia, and we trust that her prosperous past points to an equally prosperous future.

M. A. B., '27.

I used to have a garden,
Far away and long ago,
With roses pink, and red, and white—
You used to love them so!—
'Neath golden sun and silver moon
They blossomed near and far,
And in their fragrant cups they held
The tear drops of a star.

But now that I am far away,
My garden is my dream—
I see my roses blowing
In the sunshine's merry gleam.
And when the dreaming moon is come
And falls the starry dew,
Ah! then I think of long ago,
Of roses, dear,—and you!

I. A. C., '28.

LONELINESS

The thoughts of a child
In the dark—alone—
The bareness of Fall
When the birds have flown.
The whispering voices
Of those who have gone,
The stillness which rules
At the gray of dawn.

Roads that stretch away,
Dusty, brown, and sere.
Wastes of land beside,
Empty, lifeless, drear.
Sough of the night wind,
Through the bare trees,
Touch of the gray mist
From off the dull seas.

E. C., '29.

LOST

It was Clarence Smith's own fault. He should never have fallen in love in the first place—he had neither the means nor the capacity. I will admit, though, he gave the object of his choice a lovely and expensive engagement ring—on the installment plan, of course, and for the payment of which I reluctantly contributed more than once.

He failed, though, to realize that, in this advanced age, love was objective as well as subjective. Beautiful ladies are no longer prone to languish, with taciturn fortitude, from an unrequited passion, but are more inclined to requite the passion by languishing on some discreetly chosen tangible object. The subject of my erratic roommate's infatuation was no exception to this tendency, and the discreetly (?) chosen object,

in this case, proved to be Clarence's neck. That is, it would have been Clarence's neck if Clarence had followed the line of least resistance; but Clarence tenaciously held to his ideals rather than his ideal, and saved all his tackles for the foot ball field. And the young lady, being a modern philosopher, seeing herself not being loved sufficiently was satisfied that she was sufficiently loved. Not so Clarence. A kiss proved nothing—he must be sure she really loved him.

Hence the hair-brained scheme he prolifically expostulated to me. Namely, that he intended to quarrel with Beatrice, his loved one, on some pretext or other, get back the valuable ring he had given her, and then pay a visit for a time to his cousin in the country without telling anyone where he was going. At the end of a few days, just when Beatrice would be beginning to worry, I was to go to her and break the news very gently that he was dead.

I protested wildly, but Clarence was obstinate.

The next night, he quarrelled with Beatrice—he never told me what about—and was ready for the vanishing act. I had about decided that two could do that act as well as one, and I tried to persuade him to call off the affair; but he said he loved her more than life (poor boy!), and he must know if she really loved him; she must be put to the test, it was a matter of life and death.

The worst of it was, I guessed too shrewdly whose death it would mean if I refused. Not that I was afraid, but Clarence is such a tempermental ass, you know.

The result was Clarence left for the country the next night, and three nights later I wended my reluctant way to Beatrice's home.

Clarence, being practical, had worked out all the details. The story was to be conventionally romantic and dramatic and extremely tragic; but, when Beatrice herself answered the bell, I had vague misgivings that the whole affair was going to develop into a farce.

Beatrice was a distractingly pretty brunette, and my respect for Clarence, which had sunk to a low ebb, began to rise slightly. He had good taste in the feminine line at any rate,

but I should have known that she could not be quite rational if she would choose such a specimen of humanity as Clarence.

She must have missed Clarence slightly, for as she ushered me into the parlor, I noticed a wistful air of sadness about her that completely put me in a mood for my hectic monologue.

At once—in an attempt to get the worst over with—I started haltingly to expatiate on the touching little story that it had taken Clarence five long hours to drill into me, and which had cost me many painful moments of rehearsing. I am afraid I must have sounded like a small boy reciting a lesson by heart, but she was intensely attentive, and so I rambled on, putting little non-artistic touches to Clarence's version whenever my memory failed me.

In substance, this is what I told her. I said that Clarence had been deeply affected by their unfortunate quarrel. So much so that he was becoming morbid, and so he went to the country town of Winsloe to recover his right frame of mind amid nature at its fairest. It was the last time I would ever see him alive! The next day I had received a telegram stating that Clarence had been burned to death in a fire at the Winsloe Hotel. Here I paused effectively, and I could see that Beatrice was indeed affected by my narration—she was on the verge of tears.

Immediately (I continued hastily, fearing that she would break down, and I would forget the rest of the story) I went to Winsloe, and here found out the details of the regrettable affair.

Clarence (they told me) had escaped out of the burning building, but he went into the flames again to rescue an unknown lady who was trapped on the upper floor. The crowd around had vainly tried to restrain him, but he had broken away exclaiming, "It might have been Beatrice—It might be Beatrice! Let me go. I have nothing to live for now."

Here I ended abruptly, for Beatrice was convulsed with grief. My heart went out in sympathy to her, and in my best fatherly tones I tried to console her.

"Never mind, little girl," I said, "There is a time coming when you will see him again."

She looked up with tear-stained eyes. "I know," she sobbed, "b-b-but he t-took his ring with him!"

.....

Clarence has not as yet come back from the country, but, when he does, I think he will find he has lost one roommate.

L. H. J., '28

RONDEAU: TO A CO-ED

When you were young, though long ago,
And every time you floundered slow
Through Cambrian slime as black as night,
You were the choicest trilobite—
And all the young bites thought you so.

Each time they took you out, I know,
They had less primal wealth to show
Their creditors. So great your might
When you were young!

Today sleek sheiks slink to and fro,
And shun, of all the janes they know,
The girl who really is polite;
While you get rich, you parasite!
Yet you'll regret you spent their dough
When you were young.

R. M., '27.

ON ONE STORMY EVENING

The action takes place on the west coast of the district of Connemara in Ireland. As the curtains open, a minor strain of folk-music comes from a little old woman seated in front of a fire. Above it is heard the wind; and when the melody is drowned out by the whistlings, the woman speaks:-

Sure, and its a-pitying I am, the poor folks out on a night like this un. (She gets some sods, for the fire is low) I wonder if the saints of Satan sent this storm that I have to use up all me good sods! To my remembrance, there's none ill I've done to catch his anger, unless it be yesterday when I said me beads twice for swearing at the Widow Cullen's son, and pushing him a blow on the snout.

Voice-in-box: Hst! Mother Mahon!

Mother Mahon: Glory be to God! He's not only sent this storm, but he's also sent his evil pixies. Michael Cullen, if 'ere I see ye once again in this world, I'll cover ye with kisses till ye have to swim.

Voice-in-box: Mother Mahon! Unlock the box! Have ye no sense? It's I, Michael Cullen.

Mother Mahon: Michael, did I knock ye dead yester morn, that your spirit comes back to pester me on this evil night?

Michael: Sure, mother, and if ye'll only let me out, I'll explain.

Mother Mahon: Let ye out, is it? And do ye think I'm to believe it's your own sneaking self?

Michael: Of course it is. Let me out I say!

Mother Mahon: If ye are Michael Cullen, ye can get out the same way ye got in.

Michael: Aye! But it's locked!

Mother Mahon: Well, who locked it? Glory be to all the snakes that aren't in Ireland, do ye think as how I can pick the lock with a hair-pin, when ye know right well I lost me entire hair when last I had the scarlet fever.

Michael: Come on, now, Mother Mahon! The key is right

there in the lock. It slipped on me. Ye do it and I promise myself to bring ye up one of the nice fine kippers I caught yester-eeen.

Mother Mahon: What kind of a kipper be it?

Michael: A nice, big, fat one, Mother, and fresh as your newly washed apron.

Mother Mahon: How long will it last?

Michael: It will last ye three days, if ye don't eat too much.

Mother Mahon: Did ye clean it?

Michael: It's as clean as your shining face is.

Mother Mahon: But my face is not clean. I've narry washed it since this morn.

Michael: Well, ye ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Mother Mahon: Hm! And do ye think I'd take any advice from the likes of you what's locked up in an empty peat-box?

Michael: Well that's all the more reason why ye should let me out and not let me get any dirtier.

Mother Mahon: I see your pint! (Goes to box but pauses) But do ye think it will last three days?

Michael: No, ma'am, I think ye ought to wash it right away.

Mother Mahon: (drawing herself up) Mister Cullen, I was referring to the kipper.

Michael: Oh I'm sorry, Mother Mahon, but honestly please let me out.

Mother Mahon: I will! I will! But, Michael, are ye sure it will last three days?

Michael: Yes, if ye add a few spuds with it.

Mother Mahon: Well! well! And it'll be a great saving, it will. (Sits on box) But, Michael, will there be enough for the cat?

Michael: There'll be the bones, ma'am!

Mother Mahon: Sure, I'd forgotten about the bones. (opens box) There ye are, Michael Cullen.

Michael: God be good to ye, Mother Mahon, and will ye help a young un out if he take remembrance of it after?

Mother Mahon: The devil ye say! I'd liefer know what ye were talking about!

Michael: Amn't I after telling ye of it now? Laureen O'Malley and I be running away to Galway for to get married.

Mother Mahon: God reward me, and how is it ye are here?

Michael: We came in but a few minutes gone. Then we heard your step and hid. Laureen be in that room, hiding too.

Mother Mahon: Its making game of me ye are! For me to aid your evil, is it that what you want?

Michael: Let us stay here the night, then we can go on in the morning.

Mother Mahon: Michael Cullen, go use your head. I would not! I could not. Ye are crazed!

Michael: Then let us use your ass-cart for the quicker to get to Galway.

Mother Mahon: Shades of Patrick! Don't get me angered. I could not let the spying Widow Mahoney see me abbetting ye. Don't talk to me of it at all, at all.

Michael: But we—

Mother Mahon: Whist ye! What a looney you be! Have ye no sense? How can I rightfully face the good Father Martin if I be a helper in your mischief? Me, what's always preserved a clean countenance before heaven—

Michael: Aye! But you just said—

Mother Mahon (angry): Will you whist! Amn't I a good-hearted woman to even lend a ear to ye? Quit you now! Out with you! Out, I say!

Michael: For the Love of God, Mother Mahon—

Mother Mahon: Out! Out! And no noising, ye gabbling lout. Off with you! Quit ye now or I'll send ye! (she starts to get the broom but sees Laureen in the doorway. She immediately stops talking and stands dumbly staring at her.)

Laureen (after a pause): I am afeard to go out.

Mother Mahon: God save you kindly. I did not know that this young gaffer could pick up a lass so sweet.

Michael: She is surely.

Mother Mahon: Will you whist! (to Laureen) How is it you go with him?

Laureen (simply): I be in love with him. We are on our way to Clifden where the train is to be taken to Galway. In Galway we will go to the home of Michael's aunt and there we will live.

Michael: Aye, and her father—

Mother Mahon: Will ye whist!

Laureen: My father has never seen Michael though he has lived in our town all his life. Only the last month has he moved to this country. It is some ten miles away and he came to see me often in that month. But my da thought I was much too young to think of wedding, and he would not even let Michael come and see him. Early this morn, I slipped through the lower window into Michael's arms, and here we be after walking all day. The cold wind drove us past your door-step and I'm afeared my father is already near us.

Mother Mahon: But your father—

Laureen: Oh, I tremble so before my da. I would go crazed if he found us.

Mother Mahon: Don't worry yourself lassie.

Laureen: Aye, but I do, I do! I seem to hear a step always behind us. (startled) Whist now! Michael! (she runs to him) Michael! It was! It was!

There is a puase and Mother Mahon crosses slowly to the door. She opens it. She looks out. The wind whistles. Laureen gives a sob.

Mother Mahon: (after closing the door) The step draws nearer.

Michael: May the stars spare us all now } together

Laureen: My da. (she shivers) }

Mother Mahon (in a low voice) Quick ye now into that room and may God forgive me! (Exeunt, Michael and Laureen)

Mother Mahon hums that folk-song. She goes back to the door and slowly opens it. The wind whistles. She leaves the door open and steps back a little—waiting. After a pause, O'M alley steps in—slowly and heavily.

Mother Mahon (breaking the spell with a hearty voice): Jimmy O'Mally! Where in glory have ye come from and what do ye here at this hour of day? It's nigh on thirty years since last ye poked your nose through my door.

O'Mally: Peg! May God save you kindly! How is it you are!

Mother Mahon: Not a day of sickness, only as how I drank too much at Daniel's wake.

O'Mally: Is Daniel gone? Poor Daniel! He was the crookedest man in Connemara but ye must have liked him to have married him.

Mother Mahon: Aye! Aye! I liked you just a mite less. And you were just as crooked too.

O'Mally: You were hard put to choose between the pair of us, Peg.

Mother Mahon: Aye! Aye! But let you come up to the fire and drink poteen for to warm your innards.

O'Malley: God bless you, Peg. I'm destroyed after my long tramp. (He draws a chair up and Laureen and Michael start to tip-toe across to the outer door)

Mother Mahon: And why?

O'Malley: My youngster, Laureen, has let the devil himself get inside her and has run away with a low dirty looney what has no matter in his brain-pan. (He gets up to take his coat off and Laureen and Michael, frightened, run back) It's making many questions has led me this way and I've travelled over the sands and ditches and through the bogs and stones and do not as yet know where I be at. (Mother Mahon has poured him some poteen and he drinks it down as Laureen and Michael start again) But I'll find them yet. This country is not so big but that I can't search every corner, and when I succeed, may God grant His indulgence to that young gaffer. When I clap my eyes on that shaking lout, I'll—(He rises to put mug on table and Laureen and Michael rush back. He catches sight of Michael.) Who's that? (He turns angrily to Mother Mahon.)

Mother Mahon (quietly): That? That is the son to my

brother what died last year. He lives with me. Put some sods on the fire Michael.

O'Mally (laughing): Aye, Peg! I thought to myself you was a sheltering them two. I'm an old man, Peg and I—where's that poteen. Ye allus could make good drink (drinks) But I thought Peg—

Mother Mahon: I never lies, James O'Malley but I'm glad your enjoying yourself. Don't let that stop you. Michael is a good boy—a darlint boy. It's very fond of him I am. Very!

Michael: Very!

Mother Mahon: Whist ye! It's plenty of proudness he has, James so don't mind his oddities. Help yourself again while you're feeling good. (He does so. Laureen slips past and out the door. Michael starts to follow) Don't ye dare to go out, Michael. I love ye too much!

Michael: But, mother, I must go bring the goat in.

Mother Mahon: I sold the goat yesterday. Come here! Put those three sacks of spuds in the ass-cart and harness it up. James O'Malley is going to Clifden and he might as well drive my cart and take my spuds to Denny Reilley's on the trip. Denny will bring the cart back.

Michael: Put the spuds in the sacks?

Mother Mahon: Aye, the spuds, and use your brainpan. Do ye know how to?

Michael: Put the spuds.....?

O'Malley: If ye can't understand plain outspoken words—How about anosher, Peg(drinks)—Shay there, laddie, can't ye put anything in a sack? Cant ye?

Michael: Put something in a sack? Aye! Aye! Mother Mahon! I'll put them right in and Denny Reilly will never get a better load than this one.

(He rushes out)

Mother Mahon: Ye'd best put your coat on James O'Malley. Let me help. (He tries to but misses the sleeve) God rest me, but ye've drunk too much. Aye! Providence always provides. Ye'll not be able to see so well. Out ye now and ye'd best take your care for the road over the cliff is

none too wide. (He goes out) Aye, and don't forget that nice fat kipper!


O'Malley: Is it me your meaning, Mother Mahon?

Mother Mahon: I was a-talking to Michael. He's just come in. (She looks back into the empty room) Put some more sods on the fire, Michael, me boy, that's right. Take your ease there James! Take your ease! There's two steps there and not four. Well, well, a little bruising won't do ye any harm. Pick yourself up now. No, no, the cart's on the other side of ye. That's it, ye poor fool. Take your care all the way and don't forget where you're going and allus keep a sharp look ahead of ye. Remember, "He who knows most, don't let his eyes get crossed." Good trip, Jimmy, good trip! The blessing of God on you all!


She shuts the door and crossed to the table, takes up mug, and sings softly that minor strain. Exit slowly as the curtains fall.

D. W., '30.





Science



EDITORIAL

Everyone will admit that today Science is the very lifeblood of our social, intellectual, and physical progress. Therefore, it does seem that there should be heavy competition in this important department, but instead, we find only one contribution this month. An urgent plea for more material is made.

Led by Tennessee after its famous Scopes trial, five other southern States have lined up to forbid the teaching or recognition of any form of evolution in state-supported schools. It does seem that state representatives could be better employed in their legislative capacity than in making laws to suppress instruction in the laws of Nature.

Many were the CURE FOR CANCER headlines in our newspapers this summer, but how much do we as yet know about cancer, a greater scourge than even the White Plague? This much only:

Cancer is not communicable nor inheritable; it always starts as a localized disease, and with prompt treatment is often curable, but delay means death.

The application of our existing knowledge of cancer would save the lives of 40,000 men and women each year in the United States alone. These facts stand out above all the fantastic theories by which quacks are doing incalculable harm.

The boll weevil still causes an annual damage of more than \$2,000,000 in the United States. Efforts of scientists, while helpful and ever progressive, have as yet failed to exterminate the pest.

G. D. H. H.

HEATING A HOUSE BY OIL

The problem of heating a house is always acute at this time of the year when winter is foretold by the cold north winds, and persons with coal burning furnaces must think of getting in their winter supply.

This means a whole day lost for the housekeeper when she must endure the noise of dumping coal, the dust and dirt which rises from it and permeates the whole house, and the annoyance of being disturbed each time a new load of coal arrives. When this process is over and the cellar has every available space filled with anthracite, the housekeeper must make a complete round of cleaning for the sake of both looks and sanitation. Even then she cannot be sure of freedom from annoyance from this coal dust. The disadvantages of a coal burning furnace are also shared by the head of the house. What a disagreeable experience to have to arise from a warm bed on a cold morning—trail away down through a house cooled off by the long night of banked fires and shovel both coal and ashes. When the space taken up by the coal is diminished because of use, then it is taken by ashes which are even dirtier than coal. If a person tries to be economical and sift these same ashes, so much the worse from every healthful standpoint. Then there is always the annoyance of having to 'phone for the ashman several times before he finally arrives to disturb the peaceful household.

At the present day, house heating by means of oil seems to be the way out of this unpleasant situation. Therefore the question is asked, "What is the best oil heating device to install?"

There are several different kinds of oil-burners but the most popular are those which can be installed in the coal burning furnace. However, there are two types of oil burners on the market today. In one, the oil is thoroughly atomized and mixed with air. This process is carried through by means of an electrically-driven pump. The other uses gravity feed.

The United States Department of Agriculture has carried on numerous tests with these two types of furnaces. Feeling that the public should be enlightened on a subject of such value

to householders, they published a report, extracts from which are quoted below.

"The tests conducted show that the atomizing type of burner is higher in efficiency and has less tendency to soot than the gravity type. Fuel oil will not burn readily when a flame is applied to its surface and hence the oil must be prepared for combustion. In the gravity feed type, some device such as a hot plate is necessary for volatilizing the oil. In some types the plate is heated to get the fire started after which the heat of the oil burning on the plate is relied upon to keep it hot.

"Air is generally brought into the furnace by the natural draft produced by the chimney. Ingenious methods have been used to induce an intimate mingling of this air with the vaporized fuel. In general, good combustion is not secured by this means. While the principle seems simple enough, the fuel and air are not mixed with sufficient thoroughness to produce a good clean flame. In the cheapest burners of this class, the burner is started and controlled by hand.

"The atomizing type of burner includes the spray type and those which break up the oil by forcing it under pressure through a small opening. Air being supplied to the flame by a blower or pump arranged so that it can be regulated. The spray type of burner consists principally of an air and oil nozzle arranged so that air from a motor driven compressor blows directly over the oil nozzle, creating a partial vacuum. This draws from the oil supply a finely divided oil spray in somewhat the same manner as gas is supplied to the cylinders by the carburetor of an automobile. The rate of feed is controlled by the air pressure and nozzle opening. Automatic control with a thermostat is generally used.

"For the atomizing type, gas or electricity, or possibly both, are required for ignition, and electricity is used to operate the motor which drives the blower and oil-pump unit.

"Gravity-type burners are installed at a cost as low as thirty dollars, but in addition to the objection of sooting and inefficient combustion, they require a high-grade fuel costing more per gallon and containing fewer heat units per gallon than lower grade oils."

There is one type of burner which has been made from the old furnace. Bricks are placed over the old grate and around the fire box. An emulsified mixture of air and oil is shot downward toward the surface of the heated bricks. The reflected heat from these bricks reacts to produce more efficient combustion. Should the electrical supply fail temporarily, these bricks can be removed from the fire pit, and the furnace used for coal burning.

Several other types of converted coal burners are on the market and when installing a system it is best to consult a heating engineer for information as to the best type for each particular furnace.

The problem of heating a house has been solved by the advent of oil. The scene has changed. Early in the morning one may turn over in bed and turn a small wheel or pull a lever. In half an hour the house is the correct temperature for all day. It means the temperature can be kept regulated at all times without the worry of remembering if the coal will last because the draughts are on too much. How happy the house wife who watches the huge tank of oil drive up to the curb near the house, pour in the supply of oil which goes to the furnace through an underground pipe and knows the house will remain clean. Then think of the available space formerly occupied by the coal bins. These are only some of the advantages of an oil-burning heater.

Science is again to be thanked for inventing such a convenient, efficient, and sanitary apparatus for aiding the peoples of cold climates to live in comfort.

H. L. S. '27.

The Acadia Athenaeum

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Wolfville, N. S., November, 1926

No. 1

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M. Grace Perry, '27, Month

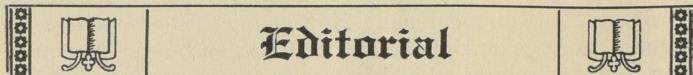
L. H. Jenkins, '28, Jokes.

Beryl DeWolfe, '27, Staff Artist.

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Subscriptions \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates given on application.
All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



Once more the streets of Wolfville are thronged with students, once more the college yell rings through the autumn air, once more the garnet and navy flash across the football field. One more year of opportunity is before us. To some it comes with the poignant realization that, for them, it will be the last at old Acadia. To others it looms big with significance as the first year at college. To all it is a year of opportunity. Let us see to it that it is not wasted and let us strive to realize to the utmost its rich promises.

The *Athenaeum* welcomes the students new and old to Acadia. We congratulate the large group of new students on the perspicacity that they have displayed in their choice of a university. Such discernment is surely fraught with rare promise. We urge upon you to lose no time in getting into the swing of college life.

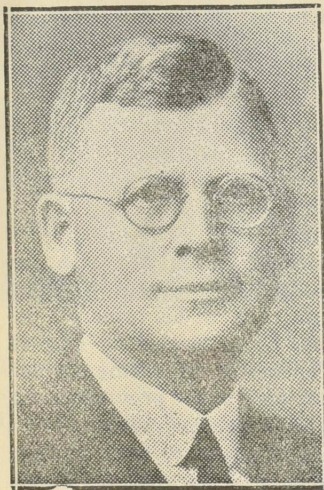
Remember your stay here is brief,—only four fleeting

years. Throw yourselves into things and give of your best that you may receive the best that Acadia has to give you.

The past summer has seen the addition of a new wing to the College Women's Residence and the construction of the fine new central dining-hall. The old "Annex," no longer required as a residence, has been converted into a "Model Home" for use in the Household Science courses. Additional appointments to the faculty of the university have made it possible to dispense with large classes, the result of a rapidly increasing enrollment, and to round out the work in several departments by the addition of new courses.

In the student body, itself, we see every sign of promise. The old "Acadia Spirit" has returned to the hill and is making her presence felt in the good spirit which prevails throughout the student body and in the very general interest and lively activity displayed in all phases of student life.

Let's all get together and make this Acadia's banner year.



On behalf of the student body, we wish to congratulate Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer who last spring won the prize in the nation-wide short-story contest conducted by the I. O. D. E. His story, "The Years Between," was published in the June number of *Echoes*, the official organ of the I. O. D. E. During the summer, Dr. Rhodenizer also contributed articles on Joseph Howe and C. G. D. Roberts to the "Who's Who in Canadian Literature" Series appearing in the *Canadian Bookman* and an article on Canadian literature to the latest reprint of the *Lincoln Library of Essential Information*.

V. B. RHODENIZER, M. A., Ph. D.,
M.M. L. A. A.

It was with very real regret that we found upon our return to Acadia this fall that, owing to ill health, Dr. Rhodenizer was unable to resume his lectures. His absence from his accustomed place is keenly felt by the entire student body to whom his genial personality, sage counsel, and untiring efforts have endeared him. On behalf of the student body, we wish to take this opportunity of extending to Dr. Rhodenizer our regret at his illness and our hope for his rapid recovery.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

David Grey Davis, M. A., D. Paed.



D. G. DAVIS, M. A., D. Paed.

Dr. Davis, Professor of Education, Dean of the School of Education, brings to us a rich educational experience. He received his early education at Colchester Academy, and later obtained the degrees of B.A. and M. A. from Dalhousie University. His primary interest has always been in education, and the subject of his thesis for his master's degree was "Fundamentals of Secondary Education in Nova Scotia Schools."

After obtaining his M. A. degree, Dr. Davis taught in Nova Scotia, one of his principal positions being teacher of English in Colchester Academy, which Academy has now a very high standing in the province, both in the spirit of its student group and in its scholarship.

During the summers, he did post-graduate work at Harvard and Columbia and in 1924, he entered the graduate school of the former university and received the degree of Master of

Education. The following year he continued his post-graduate work at the same university, receiving the degree of Doctor of Education and becoming a member of the Phi Delta Kappa, an honor society for research in education. His research during his post-graduate work was wholly on the problem of elementary and secondary education, with particular reference to the present situation in Nova Scotia.

We, therefore, consider ourselves very fortunate in having Dr. Davis with us, and, through the *Athenaeum*, we extend to him a most cordial welcome.

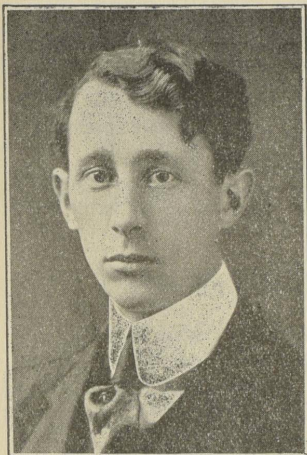
C. S. Beals, M. A., D. I. C., Ph. D.



Acadia University is very fortunate in securing Carlyle Beals, M. A., D. I. C., Ph. D. as assistant professor in the physics department for this year. Mr. Beals, as a citizen of Wolfville and a graduate of Acadia University in the class of 1919 is well known here and the record which he has made for himself at Acadia and at Toronto University, where he obtained his M. A., speaks for itself. After securing his M. A. in 1923, he was awarded the I. O. D. E. Memorial Scholarship which permitted him to continue his studies in England. There he received his Diploma from the

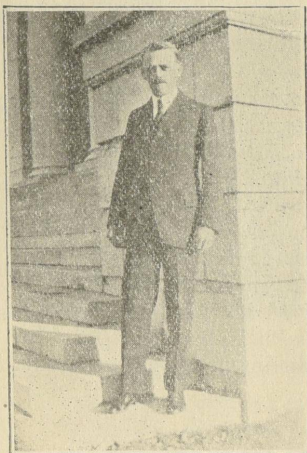
C. S. BEALS, M. A., D. I. C., Ph. D.
Imperial College at London, and his Ph.D. from London University in '26. We welcome this distinguished son of Acadia back to his Alma Mater.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

C. W. Small, B. Sc., M. A.

C. W. SMALL, M. A.

Another Acadia graduate whom we welcome this year to our Faculty is Chester W. Small, B. Sc., M. A., who graduated from this University in 1923 and has been taking graduate work since then. Mr. Small is Assistant Professor of Chemistry. He went from here to Cornell where he spent a year in graduate Chemistry work, and, on being awarded a Bursary from the National Council of Scientific and Industrial Research at Toronto University, he proceeded with his M.A. work there during the year of 1924-25. The next year he again returned to Toronto, doing work leading to his Ph.D., which degree he will be awarded on completion of the thesis requirement. The *Athenaeum* wishes Mr. Small every success in his work at Acadia.

D. S. Fansler, M. A., Ph. D.

D. S. FANSLER, M. A., Ph.D.

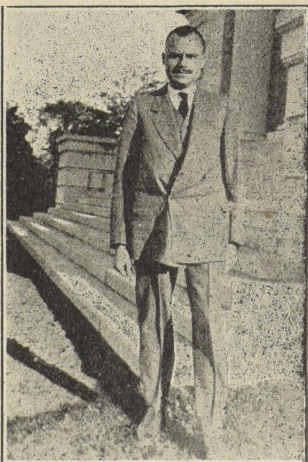
A native of the middle west, Dr. Fansler was graduated from Northwestern University and received his master's and doctor's degree from Columbia. He was for some years head of the Department of English at the University of the Philippines. While teaching there, he became interested in the folk myths of the islanders and made

a collection of myths which was published later by the American Folklore Society. He has also written several text books on his subject. After a period as lecturer and assistant professor in English at Columbia University, Dr. Fansler returned to the Phillippines where he remained for three years before coming to Nova Scotia.

Acadia is certainly to be congratulated on securing the services of a professor of Dr. Fansler's standing to fill the vacancy occasioned by the illness of Dr. Rhodenizer. Dr. Fansler is lecturing in advanced rhetoric and European drama as well as teaching certain groups in elementary English.

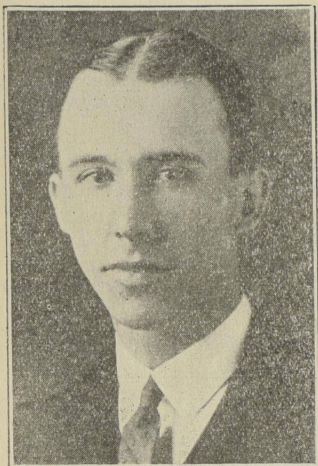
A. L. Strout, M. A.

Mr. Strout was born in Cambridge, Mass., and received his bachelor's degree with honours from Dartmouth. He took his post-graduate work at Chicago and Wisconsin and taught at Dartmouth, Missouri, and Wisconsin Universities before coming to Acadia as assistant professor in English. In his advanced course in Nineteenth Century prose and poetry, as well as in his elementary courses, Mr. Strout is proving himself a most capable lecturer and a valuable addition to our faculty.



A. L. STROUT, M. A.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM

J. A. S. McPeck, B. A.

J. A. McPECK, B. A.

Born in Ohio, Mr. McPeck was graduated with high honours in English from Harvard University. He taught at Syracuse for one year and then went to Washington and Lee as assistant Professor in English where he remained for three years and then joined the Acadia faculty as instructor in English. Mr. McPeck is giving the new intensive courses in Shakespeare, Tennyson and Browning besides lecturing to certain groups in elementary English. An interesting lecturer inspired by a very real appreciation of English literature, Mr. McPeck is a most happy addition to our faculty.

Muriel V. Roscoe, M. A., Ph. D.

MURIEL V. ROSCOE, M. A., Ph.D.

Dr. Muriel V. Roscoe received her B. A. from Acadia in 1918 after which she taught science for one year at Terryville High School, Conn., for three years at Colchester County Academy, Truro. Later Miss Roscoe took up post-graduate work in Biology at Radcliffe University, Cambridge, Mass., from which she received her M. A., and in 1926 her Ph. D. The subject of her thesis was "Some Studies in Microsporogenesis." While at Radcliffe, Miss Roscoe was Laboratory Assistant in Botany for two years and held the Oliver Dobney Fellowship. We are very glad to welcome her back to her *alma mater*.

Hettie M. Chute, M. A.

Miss Hettie M. Chute was graduated from Acadia in 1916 with honors in Biology. After two years' teaching at Westminster Ladies' College, Toronto during which time Miss Chute also received her M. A. in Biology (Taxonomy) from Toronto University, she became principal of the High School at Carlyle, Saskatchewan, where she remained until 1920. After a year at her home in Waterville, N. S., Miss Chute taught for five years in Truro, at the Colchester County Academy. We cordially welcome her back to Acadia.



MISS HETTIE CHUTE, M. A.

Miss Florence Sharman, M. A.

Miss Florence Sharman, who comes to us as instructor in History and Economics, is a graduate of the University of Adelaide, Australia. As a result of post-graduate work at the same university, she holds also a diploma in Education. While doing under-graduate work, she was very much interested in debating and was president of the Debating Society of the University which she attended.

Miss Sharman has always been interested in the educational side of teaching and, before coming to us, held a position in the Government High Schools

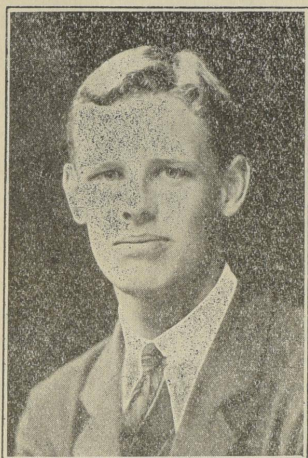


MISS FLORENCE SHARMAN, M. A.

in South Australia. At this time, she was closely connected with the Women Teachers' Association, and was secretary of that organization for three years.

This year, desiring a wider knowledge of educational systems, Miss Sharman came to Canada and became one of the valuable members of the staff of Acadia University.

E. A. Havelock, B. A.



E. A. HAVELOCK, B. A.

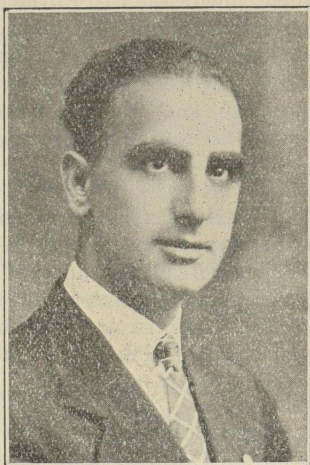
Mr. Havelock, assistant professor in Classics, was born in London, but lived a good part of his early life in Scotland, where he received his early education. After leaving Scotland, he attended *The Leys*, Cambridge, before entering Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the institution from which he obtained his degree. While at college, he was a classical scholar, his study being almost wholly in the field of Latin and Greek, with especial attention to Greek philosophy.

During his undergraduate life, Mr. Havelock was interested in sports, especially football, as well as taking an active interest in the organization known as *The Student Christian Movement*. Mr. Havelock already expresses a great liking for Canada, and we venture to express the wish that he will like it even more as his stay grows longer.

Lewis A. Ondis, B. Sc.

Lewis A. Ondis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and received his High School education at East Greenwich Academy in that State. He then studied for several years at Naples and Marseilles, and continued his education at Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass.

Upon America's entrance into the Great War, he enlisted in the Intelligence Department, and served as Interpreter in French and Italian at Staff Headquarters. After the signing of the Armistice, he entered Boston University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1924. He taught



L. A. ONDIS, B. Sc.

in DeMotte School, Norwalk, Conn., for two years and this year came to Acadia as instructor in Romance Languages. A man of great social charm and thorough knowledge of his subject, Mr. Ondis should prove one of the most popular and valuable additions to our Faculty.

Mary Elizabeth Graves, B. L.

Miss Graves was born at Viroqua, Wisconsin. She attended for a time Wisconsin U., but presently entered North Western University at Chicago where she plunged at once into dramatic work, and received her degree of Bachelor of Letters in 1925. While there she won the cup for an original pageant she produced and directed, and took part in many plays.

She taught Public Speaking and dramatic work in Wisconsin and in Gary, Indiana, where she directed in the city's Little Theatre, and played the lead in "I-e-Bound." Auditor-

rium work was her specialty. The summer of 1924 she was Junior Director in Chautauqua, and in 1925 secured a prominent role in the cast of their play. The winter she spent in studying contemporary drama and interpretive dancing.

We bid Miss Graves a cordial welcome to our eastern University, and feel assured that her excellent preparation, rich experience, and gracious manner will endear her to all as she takes up her duties as instructor in Public Speaking.

Helen D. Beals, M. A.

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Helen D. Beals, who has been appointed to fill a vacancy in the Library staff. Miss Beals is an Acadia graduate of the class of '19. After teaching a year in Lawrencetown, N. S., she attended Simmons College in 1920-21. Since that time she has been Librarian of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Florence M. Jarvis

Miss Florence M. Jarvis comes to us from her home in Hamilton, Ontario. She was graduated from Macdonald Institute, Guelph, in 1922. For the past two years she has been in charge of the Household Science Extension work in Macdonald College, Saint Anne de Bellevue, Quebec. Some of the intervening time Miss Jarvis has spent in post-graduate work at Columbia University. We are very glad to welcome her to Acadia in her new capacity as University Dietitian.

Miss Sara D. Cook

Miss Sara Durfee Cook is a graduate of the Sargent School Of Physical Education, Cambridge, Mass. In 1924 she was Head Councillor and Swimming Instructor of Aberdeen-by-the-Sea Camp, Cape Cod.

In 1925 as councillor at Ogontz White Mountain Camp, New Hampshire, she coached the sports and swimming, and led mountain-climbing hikes.

We cordially welcome her as assistant gymnasium instructor at Acadia, and wish for her here the same great success she has met with elsewhere in her important work.

CHANGES IN SEMINARY AND ACADEMY

In view of the fact that there has been some misunderstanding as to the nature of the changes that have been made in the Acadia Ladies' Seminary and the Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy, I should like to set forth the essential facts briefly and clearly.

It should be said, first, that neither of these schools has been closed. There have been changes in the nature of the schools, changes in their relation to the University, and changes in their names, but there are three institutions as before. The changes have been those made necessary by the growth within the schools themselves, and the relation of both schools to the University is more vital than before, while the changed names express the changes in their character and relation. Briefly, the changes that have been made are as follows:

That department of the Acadia Ladies' Seminary doing work in Household Economics, Music, Expression, and Art, has become *The School of Household Science and Fine Arts of Acadia University*. The major part of the work in this school is of college grade. All students in Household Economics must have met the requirements for university matriculation. Two courses are offered: a two-year course, as in the past, leading to a normal diploma in Household Economics, and a four-year course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Household Economics. The diploma will be granted by the School of Household Science and Fine Arts and the degree will be conferred by Acadia University. Work other than that in Household Science will be taken in the regular classes of the University.

Similarly, two courses of college grade are offered in Music; a two-year course leading to the diploma of Licentiate of Music, granted by the School of Music and Fine Arts, and a three-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Music, conferred by the University. These courses may be taken in any one of the following: Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Voice, Theory and Composition. In addition, the School of Music offers courses of elementary and intermediate character for those whose musi-

cal training will not permit them to enter upon the advanced courses.

Similarly, courses of both intermediate and college grade will be offered in Expression and in Art. Students registered for these courses will reside in what has been the Seminary residence. The students who have met the matriculation requirements and are doing work of college grade will be in one section of the residence and will have all the privileges of University classes.

Students in Acadia University may receive credit toward either the B. A. or B. Sc. degree for work of university grade taken in the School of Household Science and Fine Arts, to the amount of nine units.

Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy, formerly Horton Academy, now completing ninety-eight years of service, was organized as a school for boys and young men. Later Grand Pre Seminary and finally Acadia Ladies' Seminary were organized for the education of young women. With the growth of the Seminary two clearly defined schools emerged; the one doing work of college grade in Household Economics and Fine Arts, and the other doing work of a high grade finishing school. It is this school that, united with the Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy, has become the *Horton Academy of Acadia University*.

This union is effected for a three-fold purpose: to avoid duplication of courses; to provide a secondary school of the highest grade; and, further, to provide a laboratory for students of Education in Acadia University. Related to Acadia University in this way, the Horton Academy receives constant supervision from the University through its School of Education. Its principal is nominated by and is directly responsible to the president of the University and, through the president, to the Governors and Senate of Acadia University. Its teachers are nominated by a committee consisting of the president of the University, the principal of Horton Academy, and the Dean of the University School of Education.

Girls in attendance at the Horton Academy will reside in the residence of the School of Household Science and Fine Arts.

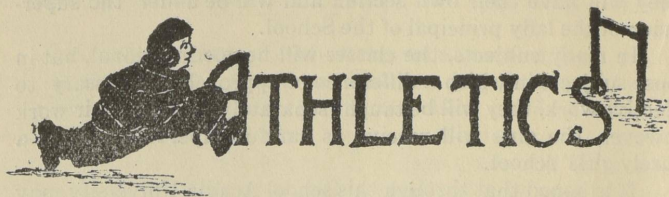
They will have their own section and will be under the supervision of the lady principal of the School.

In many subjects, the classes will be coeducational, but in those subjects in which a difference of approach is necessary to effective work, they will be taught separately. In all their work however, the girls will receive as careful supervision as in a purely girls' school.

It is hoped that through this school Acadia University may make a contribution to secondary education greater even than in the past, and, through it, to the work of teacher training in the Maritime Provinces.

Since this change of organization was made, a basis of co-operation has been agreed upon between Acadia University and the Department of Education. According to the terms of this arrangement, students who have graduated from Acadia University, have taken certain courses in Education and in the social sciences, and have done the prescribed observation and practice teaching, will be granted a license, in no case to be higher than Superior A, by the Department of Education of the Province of Nova Scotia. This arrangement will make it unnecessary for graduates of Acadia to attend the Normal College as in the past.

F. W. PATTERSON,
President.



Football, the autumn classic of College Athletics, is here again, but with its fate hanging in the balance. Moreover, the destiny of all athletics depends on the way that sport is to be handled this year.

We are, for the present year, barred from participation in any available league by an edict from powers higher than the student body, and, judging from the lack of enthusiasm at the two games already played, students and players alike are unfavorable to the present system of affairs. The student body appears to have lost interest because there is no championship at stake, while the players take life easily for no apparent reason. It must be admitted that the squad turns out well for practice, but lack of careful training on the parts of the individual men is all too evident. Training rules are not respected in many cases, and, consequently, the team is not in proper condition to stand the grind of an hour's play.

Evidently there is something vitally wrong with the system of athletics at Acadia today. It may be the intervention of the faculty in every important decision of the A. A. A. A., it may be the system of distinctions awarded, but, wherever the trouble lies, a drastic change is needed. Perhaps the coming year will provide the opportunity for change.

Football

ACADIA 9 UNITED SERVICES 6

Displaying backfield play that was positively brilliant, Acadia swept thru the United Services team, of Halifax on Saturday, October 9th., and delighted a good crowd of supporters

by scoring nine point to their opponents six,—thus winning the first game to be played on the campus in the 1926 season.

Coach "Ron" Keirstead's quarters and halves played like veterans and provided plenty of open-play. Wilson and Matthews were especially brilliant, but it would be unfair to pick stars from the machine-like backfield. MacDonald, of the Services team, was the bright spot in the visitors' play.

The Services scored the first try, after seven minutes of play. Johnson, a forward, pounced on the ball after it had been punted into Acadia territory. MacDonald failed to convert. A few minutes later Wilson broke away for a long run. He was tackled near the line, but Brady took his pass and went over to tie the Score. Davison failed to add extra points by converting. Acadia held the score tied for a few minutes after this, but Services went ahead again when MacDonald booted a place-kick fairly over the bar to make the score 6-3.

Matthews uncorked a great burst of speed to tie the score again just before the whistle, but Davison could not convert.

The second half was nicely under way, when Wilson secured a touch after a short run. The angle was too great for the local halfback to convert, and the attempt went wide. Acadia continued to press the play, but the game ended without any further scoring. The teams were:

United Services—Holmes, fullback; Timothy, Hart, Murray, halves; Ewart, MacDonald, Thomson, Wurtelle, three-quarters; MacLean, Stagg, Shaw, Pope, Johnson, Donald, Gillen, forwards.

Acadia:—Elderkin, fullback; Dougan, Barteaux, (Capt.) Davison, halves; Brady, Estey, Wilson, Matthews, three-quarters; G. Titus, Lane, S. Titus, Hubley, White, MacLean, Gordon, forwards.

ACADIA O. N. S. T. C. 3.

Rain, the jinx of the football squad of 1925 again appeared in the Campus to trouble the players when Acadia lost to N. S. T. C., on October 14th.

Tech won because they were better swimmers than the locals, but their advantage was very small. Morrison's touch

in the first moments of the game being their margin of victory.

Apparently over-confident from their victory over the United Services team—the local players took things easily until it was too late. MacLean, Matthews and Brady were the only visible workers on the team, and the local forwards especially were noticeably lax in following up the ball.

Morrison, a former Acadia student, and Moore, the Tech full-back, were the pick of the Engineers' team.

Dr. DeWolfe and Mr. Finch of Halifax, each refereed a half of the game.

The teams were:

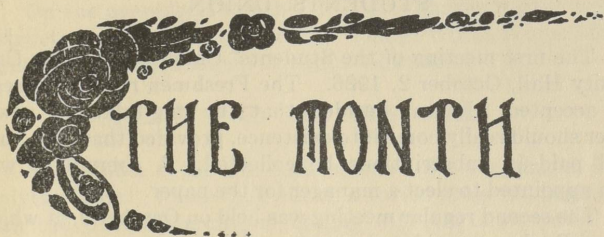
Nova Scotia Tech.:—Fullback, Moore; three-quarters, Boutillier, G. Morrison, Curry, Horne; halves Roper, Welsford, H. Morrison; forwards, Anderson, McAlpin, Malone, MacKenzie, Tuttle, Dyke, Cameron, (Capt.)

Acadia:—Fullback, Elderkin; three-quarters, Matthews, Estey, Wilson, Brady; halves, Dougan, Barteaux (Capt.), Davison; forwards, Lane, G. Titus, S. Titus, Hubley, White, MacLean, Gordon.

Ground Hockey

Miss Cook, who is the new gym. teacher and who is a graduate of Sargent's, is coaching the girls in ground hockey. It is hoped that sufficiently good material will be developed in order that there may be some games this fall.

Helen Simms is the Business Manager.

A decorative floral ornament with a large rose on the left, from which a scroll-like vine extends to the right, ending in a small heart shape. The words "THE MONTH" are printed in a large, stylized, blackletter font across the middle of the ornament.

THE MONTH

The first month of college life is "well away" to use a slang expression. It has been a throbbing, exciting affair. Societies have been reorganized, old friendships renewed, new ones made, and, in between time, we have attended classes.

The most conspicuous element on our campus has been the First Year Students. We are glad to see so many of them. The growing student body is only one phase of the many changes at Acadia. For one thing, daily chapel attendance has become compulsory, at which several of the professors have given talks on subjects vital to them. The new wing of the College Women's Residence is now complete, so that all the women Arts students can be accommodated in the one building. The new Dining Hall is another sign of the growing times at Acadia, but ah, to some of us the "good old days" have gone. Never more will it be possible to swipe bread, in the silent watches of the night, from the old Tully Dining Room! Sic transit gloria mundi!

THEOLOGICAL CLUB

The theological club is very fortunate this year, in having Alvin Robertson as president. They have had two meetings. On Sept. 30, Roy Steeves gave an address of welcome to the new students joining the Theological Club.

On Friday, October 15, Harry Mollins was to speak but was unable to be present so, after a short business meeting, the club adjourned.

STUDENTS' UNION

The first meeting of the Students' Union was held in University Hall, October 2, 1926. The Freshmen rules were read and accepted. It was decided that the long-talked-of newspaper should really come into existence, provided that four hundred paid-up subscriptions be collected. A committee was then appointed to elect a manager for the paper.

The second regular meeting was held on October 9, at which Elbert Paul was appointed manager of the newspaper.

Meetings of the Lower Judicial Committees have been held to try those students breaking the "New Students Rules." Many and various punishments have been inflicted.

SENIOR CLASS PARTY

On October 2, just to start things, the Seniors held their first class party, which took the form of a corn-boil on the Ridge. The fact that the weather-man was against them mattered not at all. Many were the ears of corn consumed by the grave old (?) Seniors who seemed to forget for the time their newly acquired dignity. The chaperones, Prof. and Mrs. McPeck, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, and Prof. Havelock, were all very good sports and did not seem to mind the drizzling rain. After the corn was no more, everyone sang around the huge bon-fire. The graduate students were also present as guests of the Seniors.

GIRLS S. C. A.

The girls' unit of the S. C. A. has started this year and promises to have a very good year. The president, Helen Simms, has just come back from a Conference at Elgin House in Ontario full of enthusiasm for this year. She will have very able help in the person of Lena Keans who is a returned missionary from India and now a member of the Junior class. The new students turned out well at the first meeting on October 3, when the president explained the meaning of the S. C. A. and Irene Card played a very beautiful piano solo.

On the evening of October 10, Miss Sharman gave a very instructive and interesting talk on "Things Worth While." Margaret Crichton entertained us with a violin solo.

PARTY FOR THE NEW GIRLS

On October 4, the Old Girls escorted the new girls to A4 in University Hall, where they put on a varied program, beginning with the Grand March and ending with the class yells. As usual, the Sophs got the Freshman yell and gave it quite excitedly. The party broke up by the singing of A-C-A-D-I-A. The disappointment of the evening came when it was discovered that the Sophomores had grown tired of keeping the boys outside Tully and we lost our chance of seeing the Freshmen in their first formal appearance.

GRAVENSTEIN RECEPTION

The annual Gravenstein Reception was held in the Memorial Gymnasium on October 4. Gordon Potter, President of the S. C. A., welcomed the new students at this famous "stag party" of the year. There were several speeches of welcome given by the Presidents of the different societies, and after the usual games and the consumption of many, many Gravenstein apples, the class yells were given.

ENGINEERS' PARTY

On October 5, the Engineers followed the example of the Seniors and gathered on the Ridge for a corn-boil. Great was the joy with which the new girls had received the edict of the Student Council—"Rules off for the party—" and thus it happened that many of the fair Freshettes, joined the ranks of the Enginettes. Of course they all had a good time. Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft were very delightful chaperones.

JOINT S. C. A.

The first meeting was held on October 7 when Mr. Murray

Brooks, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spoke on "Ghandi." Almost everybody had heard of him in some way before so it was very enjoyable to hear the complete story of his life told in such a very interesting way by Mr. Brooks.

The second meeting on October 13 was no less interesting. Mr. Havelock, our new Latin professor, told us about the aims of the S. C. A. as he understands them, and much about the S. C. A. in England.

The S. C. A. Reception was planned for the evening of the 15th but has been postponed until the 16th.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society held its first meeting in Tully Club-room on October 8, with the President, Doane Hatfield, '27 in the chair. Marguerite Milner '28 was appointed Secretary to fill the place of Eleanor Harris, who was unable to return this year. A committee was appointed to chose a play for presentation before Christmas. After further business the meeting adjourned.

ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

Prof. Norman Rogers gave a very interesting and profitable talk on "Citizenship" at the first meeting of the Athenaeum Society on October 9. He emphasized especially our need for contact with the outside world through reading the daily newspapers, and a general interest in the affairs of our country, which alas, too many of us in our undergraduate days are likely to neglect.

The following officers for the year were elected:—

President: Carl Messenger, '27

Vice-Pres.: Ted Taylor, '28

Sec'y. Treas.: Gordon Ross, '29.

PEP MEETING

The first Pep Meeting of the year was held immediately

after Students' Union on October 9, and before the foot ball game with Halifax United Services. "Stub" Findlay, '28, the cheer leader, occupied the chair, or, more correctly, the whole platform, in leading the yells.

Prof. Havelock, who has been helping coach the team, spoke a few encouraging words and Wallace Barteaux '27, the captain, also made a brief speech.

SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY

On Monday evening, 11 October, the Sophomores decided that corn-boils were too common so they invited the Freshie-Sophs to go with them to a weiner roast on the Ridge. Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft were chaperones. Everybody reports a very good time.

FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY

The Freshmen were so considerate this year that they *announced* their party in chapel. Accordingly, on the evening of the 14th, Sophomores and upper-classmen were present at the Memorial Gymnasium even before the party commenced. It is rumored that the Freshmen had very little ice-cream. Prof. and Mrs. Osborne were chaperones. The end is not yet!

THE ACADIA ORCHESTRA

The Acadia Orchestra under the able direction of Miss Langley, head of the Violin department of the Conservatory of Music, have had two practices. The membership this year has been increased by several First Year Students. Numbers from Mendelsohn and Mozart are being prepared in addition to a Beethoven Symphony.

THE ACADIA CHORAL CLUB

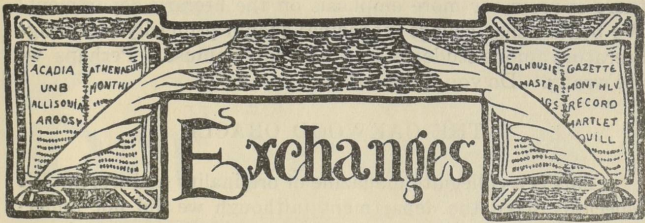
The Acadia Choral Club has been reorganized for the year under the direction of Mr. Carl Farnsworth, Director of the

Conservatory. Practice has already been begun on Handel's "Messiah."

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES

Sunday evening services at 8:15 have been instituted for the first time. The meetings are held in University Hall, with a service of song followed by a short address. Dr. Patterson has been the speaker at both of the services held this month





This month we have mostly graduation numbers on our shelf. We see descriptions of persons who for the past three or four years have been students at college—participants in all its joys and sorrows—now going forth from their alma mater to uphold its traditions in the world. Whatever may be their vocation, whatever may be their mode of life, may they choose it well, and may they have the best of luck.

THE BRUNSWICKAN

The Graduation number of this magazine is good—it does not lack variety. The chief trouble with graduation numbers usually is that they are inclined to be monotonous statements of facts. You have escaped this error, and there are many things of interest even to those unacquainted with your graduating class. We also like the form of the magazine, and the way the departments are handled.

THE BRANDON QUILL

The Commencement Number of the Quill is solely devoted to description of commencement activities, as would be expected. It is replete with descriptions of the graduating class, and their achievements and products. May we say, though, it does not entirely lack interest—the editorial, though short, was appropriate.

THE COLLEGIATE OUTLOOK

You have a great deal of variety, but do you not think

there is room for more emphasis on the literary department? We believe that college magazines should primarily encourage literature among students, and secondly amuse. Perhaps we are wrong. Do you think so?

THE OAKWOOD ORACLE

This is a collegiate magazine of originality and worth. We especially liked the department (although we did not understand it) *Ici On Parle Francais*. You would like to see a picture of our staff? That would never do; we must keep up our subscription list, you know. However, pictures exchanged on request.

THE HERMES

We welcome two numbers of this excellent magazine to our shelf. This magazine is what may be termed "cute." In the Easter Number, we admired especially the short story—if it could be called that—*The Tower*, and the poem, *If Poets Had Written History*. In the June number, we notice the addition of an exchange department. Your comment on cartoonists is too true, alas. We have the talent, but our editors are incline to be conservative.



Sympathy is extended to Dr. G. B. Cutten and family in the death of their daughter, Marguerita.

'73—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to the relatives of Rev. Howard Barss, who passed away in September.

'91—Sympathy is extended to Dr. Daley in the death of his son.

'01—Dr. J. D. MacPherson has accepted a call to the church at Marysville, N. B.

'07—Rev. B. D. Knott of Yarmouth, has accepted a call to the Central Baptist Church in Saint John.

'15— Sympathy is extended to Mrs. Douglas Borden, in the death of her husband.

'20—Karl Mason is professor of anatomy in Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

'21—Dr. R. H. Wetmore has been appointed Associate Prof. in Biology at Harvard.

'20—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Titus (nee Pauline Parry) have returned from Europe, and are now in Liberty, Missouri, where Dr. Titus is on the staff of William Jewell University.

'22—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Fritz (nee Marie Underhill) on the birth of a daughter at Pamdenec, N. B., July 17.

'22—The Athenaeum extends its heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Corey (nee Inez MacCallum, A. L. S. '23) on the birth of a son, James Bryce.

'22—Ella Warren is teaching at New Haven.

'22—Gordon Goucher and Evelyn Bently '25 were married in September, in Middleton.—Congratulations.

'22—Merle Mason is taking his last year of Ph. D. in Theology at Edinborough University.

Sem. '23—Miriam Coit, Brighton, Mass., formerly of Wolfville is now taking her Bachelor of Music and Bachelor of Arts degrees at Acadia.

'23. '24—Frank Doyle and Muriel Stevens were married at Amherst, Sept. 7—Congratulations.

Sem. '23—Miriam Bancroft is teaching piano at the Seminary.

Sem '24—Mary Brady is dietician at a school in Connecticut.

'24—Harold Troop is teaching at Truro in Colchester Academy.

'24—Don Messenger is studying at the University of Toronto.

'24—Amy Prescott is at her home in Wolfville.

'24—Sydney Chipman is in his senior year in medicine at McGill.

'24—Helen Archibald is assistant vice-principal in Wolfville High School.

'24—Leicester Coit is working with the Bell Telephone Co., in Dover, New Hampshire.

'25—Jean MacLaughlin is physical director at Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

'25—Gordon McKenzie is attending Mass. Tech., Cambridge.

'25—Harding P. Moffatt is continuing his studies at Harvard.

Sem. '25—Queenie McLean has joined the junior class. She is taking her B. Sc. in Household Economics.

'25—Carol Chipman and Helen Lawson are teaching together in Virginia.

'25—Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ren Thorne on the birth of a son.

'25—Henry Copeland is working in Toronto and John Copeland in Buffalo.

'25—The Athenaeum extends its deepest sympathy to Mr. A. A. McLeod on the death of his wife.

'26—Otto Noble is full back on the first team at McGill where he is taking post-graduate work in Chemistry.

'26—Arthur Neal and Laurette Benjamin were married in July. They are now in England where Mr. Neal is continuing his studies at Oxford.

'26—J. Arnold Noble is taking his medical course at Edinburgh.

'26—A. P. Morton is working with the Manufacturer's Life in Toronto.

'26—A. R. Dunlap is teaching at Hillcrest School, Hamilton, Ontario.

'26—Jean Creighton is teaching Math. at a school in Connecticut.

'26—Mark Fairn is teaching in Inverness, N. S.

'26—Charles McElhinney is teaching at Chester Basin.

'26—C. R. Gould is continuing his studies at Harvard.

'26—Blair Elderkin is taking his M. A. in Geology at Acadia.

'26—Elma Corbett is training in a hospital in Montreal.

'26—Rev. F. S. Crossman is preaching on Grand Manan.

'26—Donald Munro is taking his M. A. at Acadia.

'26—Rev. Gerald Guiou is taking post-graduate work at Acadia.

'26—Ardis Whitman is teaching English Literature at Belmont, Mass.

'26—Anne F. Doherty is at her home in Sydney, N. S.

Eng. '26—Tam Kirk is teaching school in Florida.

'26—Olive Archibald is at her home in Warren, Pa.

'26—Rev. H. A. Davidson is taking post-graduate work in theology at Acadia.

'26—Barbara Walter is at her home in Yarmouth, N. S.

'26—Byrns Curry is teaching English at Sydney High School. He was a recent visitor to Wolfville where he attended the Dal. Game and the S. C. A. reception.

Ex. '26—Montague Burgess is taking graduate work at Massachussetts Tech.

'26—O. T. Rumsey is teaching in the State Reform School Cheshire, Conn.

Sem. '26—Ruth Harris has left for Rhode Island Hospital, where she will take a post-graduate course in nursing.

'26—Curtis Newcomb is taking his M. A. at Acadia.

'26—F. W. Wright left recently for New York.

'26—Lucy Gates is teaching at Aylesford, N. S.

'26—Evangeline Mc Clelland is teaching at New Germany.

'26—Margaret Hutchins and Gwen Patterson are taking post-graduate work at Acadia.

'26—Francis Fritz is taking post-graduate work in Chemistry at Yale.

'26—Aubrey Landers is assistant in Mathematics at Brown.

'26—Gerald Eaton is attending Mass., Institute of Technology.

Ex. '27—The Ant henaem extends its deepest sympathy to Lydia Miller on the death of her father, Rev. G. W. Miller, a former pastor of the Wolfville Presbyterian Church whose death occurred at Halifax, October 17.

'27—Ben. Gullison was a delegate to Oberlin, Ohio, at the Student Volunteer Council in September.

Ex. '27—Harold Chipman, Port Williams, is taking a correspondence course at Acadia.

Ex. '27—Win. Vincent is attending Mount A.

Ex. '27—Ethel Schurman is continuing his studies at MacDonald College.

Ex. '27—Lydia Miller is attending Dalhousie.

Ex. '27—Harold DeWolfe is continuing his studies at the University of Maine.

'28—E. Verne Graham has returned from Alberta where he spent the summer.

Ex. '28—Bernard Cross is taking a course in Biology at New York University.

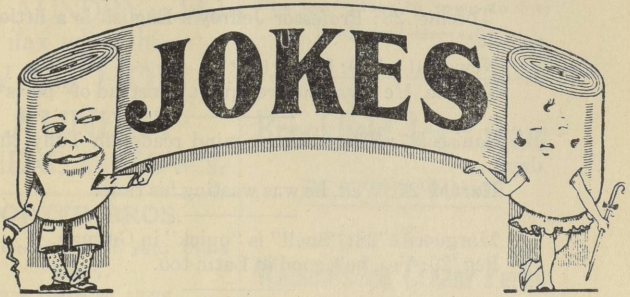
Ex. '28—Eleanor Harris is teaching in Kentville.

Ex. '28—Carrie Stuart is teaching at Thompson Station.

Ex. '28—Mildred Bassen is attending McGill University.

Ex. '29—George Lee is taking Biology at Brown University.

Ex. '29—Roscoe Allan is attending Saint John Law School.



Prof. Strout: I take great pleasure in giving you 85 in English.

Doane '27: Make it 100 and thoroughly enjoy yourself.

Fran. '28: The man I marry must be a hero.

Marguerite '28: He'd have to be!

Student: This coffee looks like mud.

Waiter: Yes, sir. It was ground only this morning.

Ted '28: I hear that Percy ('28) is going to take Theology.

Paul '28: Our corruption is complete!

Jenkins '27 (at the Judicial committee meeting) Fetterly, why did you rush the Freshmen?

Yank, Eng., '27: I was representing the Getta Pi fraternity.

Gunter '28 (singing): Gimme a little kiss, will yuh, huh?

Connie '28 (indignantly): So that's the kind of a boy you are.

Goodman, Eng. '29 (despondently): I wish I had never been born.

Punk '27: So does your old man.

Torchie '28: Professor Jeffrey's English is a little faulty, isn't it?

Newcombe '29: How's that?

Torchie: He says "pie are square" instead of "pie is round."

Louise '27: There was a mind reader in Tully the other day.

Harold '27: Well, he was wasting his time.

Marguerite '28: "Snell" is "quick" in German.

Peg '29: Yes, he's good in Latin too.

Connie '27: Did you know that Geldart got his Ba. Th.

Louise '27: No. Did he struggle much?

Freshette: Gosh, my lips are chapped.

Another ditto: Did you have a chap on them last night?

Condon, Eng. '27: What do you mean by kicking me?

Yank, Eng. '27: Aw, it was only a half-hearted kick.

Condon: It was not. You put your whole sole into it.

Fraser '28: I think I'll go to church to-day.

Elliot, Eng. '27: What's her name?

Bud '27: Does Torchie ('28) lead his class?

Stub '28: Well, he usually gets to the door first anyway.

Bert '29 (at mixed tables) :Don ('29) behaves as if he had never seen a woman before.

Grace '28: What do you mean reserved or ravenous?

Mary '28: What was that joke about that Prof. Perry told us?

Jean '30: I don't know—he didn't tell us.

Stub '28: When I was in China I saw a woman hanging on a tree.

McLean '30: Shanghai?

Stub: About six feet.

Ex.

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