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# The Acadia Athenaeum

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## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

- Poetry—1st, F. H. C. Fritz, '26—3 units.  
 2nd, T. H. P. Morse, '29—2 units.  
 3rd, Lydia Miller, '27—1 unit.
- Articles—1st, Meredith A. White, '27.  
 2nd, Marjorie H. Mason, '26.
- Stories—1st, L. H. Jenkins, '28.  
 2nd, L. I. Pugsley, '27.
- One-Act Play—Marjorie H. Mason, '26—1 unit.  
 G. D. H. Hatfield, '27—1 unit.
- Humor—Marjorie H. Mason, '26.
- Science—1st, F. H. C. Fritz, '26.  
 2nd, G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.
- Exchanges—1st, H. T. Stultz, '28.  
 2nd, no award.
- Month—1st, G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.  
 2nd, Margaret V. Belyea, '27.
- Athletics—1st, J. G. Patriquin, '27.  
 2nd, No award.
- Personals—1st, L. I. Pugsley, '27.  
 2nd, No award.
- Jokes—1st, G. D. Hatfield, '27.  
 2nd, L. H. Jenkins, '28.
- Seniors— 9 units.  
 Juniors—15 units.  
 Sophomores—5 units.  
 Engineers—0 units.  
 Freshmen—2 units.
- Pennant to the Juniors.
- Literary A's to—Marjorie H. Mason, '26.  
 F. H. C. Fritz, '26.

**DEATH**

Art thou a portal, grim, and brazen hung,  
 Deep set in lofty walls and towered keep  
 Wherein the human voice has never sung  
 But all is shrouded in eternal sleep?  
 Or art the symbol of th' appointed day  
 On which the tired soul lays down the load  
 Of cumbrous flesh and gladly makes its way  
 In happy freedom to a new abode?  
 Or art the summon to the lofty seat  
 Where haughty justice tends the balanced scales  
 And grants each suppliant shade allotment meet  
 For what its earthly worthiness entails?  
 Whate'er thou art, to man thou'lt ever be  
 A voyage on an unfamiliar sea.

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

**THE LITTLE THEATRE MOVEMENT**

At the beginning of this college year, the Acadia Little Theatre Guild came into existence. The splendid programme of one-act plays given under its auspices aroused interest, not only here at Acadia but also at all the Maritime colleges.

The Little Theatre Guild consisted of five students of English, who are keenly interested in breaking away from dramatic conventionalities and introducing to the field of drama, novelties in play-writing and production. The writing of a one-act play suitable to production is a requirement for membership in the Little Theatre Guild. Having been admitted to this group, the student must write one such play each term, in order to maintain his standing as a member. These plays are read and criticised at regular meetings.

The formation of this group at Acadia links us up with the Little Theatre movement, which has become international. It began in Paris, almost forty years ago, with the establishment

of Andre Antoine's Theatre Libre. There, with his company of "unsophisticated players, he realized his ambition to break away from the traditions and tendencies of the commercial theatre. The desire to experiment pervaded this undertaking, and led to originality in production.

The movement thus begun spread to Russia, Poland, England, Germany, and Sweden. Shortly before the Great War, Jacques Copeau established in Paris a Little Theatre called *Vieux Colombier*. This was one of the most important of the Little Theatres on the continent. It was supported by a group which was very much interested in all the problems of the theatre, and was strong in the departments of writing and acting. A considerable number of the actors were playwrights as well. Henri Pierre Roche says that "Copeau is to France of to-day what Antoine was to Paris thirty-five years ago."

In 1911-12, two Little Theatres were founded in the United States. One was Maurice Brown's Little Theatre in Chicago. The other was Mrs. Lyman Gale's Toy Theatre in Boston. Both of these have ceased to exist.

In New York, four years after the advent of the Little Theatre Movement on this continent, a group of writers and artists, who were anxious to try out their own ideas, gave a performance in the back room of a book shop on Washington Square. From this, they came to be known as the Washington Square Players. They were so encouraged by the success of their first performance, that they hired the Bandbox Theatre, for the next season. A year later, they moved to a theatre in the Broadway district. After this, they began to admit professional actors. Such a practice improved the quality of their productions, but led to the loss of the true spirit of the Little Theatre Movement, by introducing an element of commercialism. In 1918, the Washington Square Players passed out of existence. Their influence is of great importance to the Little Theatre Movement, because they emphasized simplicity of scenery and properties, they introduced many foreign playwrights into America, and because they produced the plays of young American writers who might not otherwise have had a hearing.

Following the organization of the Washington Square

group, several Little Theatres of mediocre importance and short duration were established in the New England States.

The Vagabond Players of Baltimore have been active for ten years. Five years ago, Professor Baker of Harvard University began "The 47 Workshop." This Little Theatre was founded for the benefit of the students of English 47. It gives very few performances, but serves as a laboratory for experiments in dramatic technique. At the University of North Carolina, Mr. Koch is making use of the mountaineer folk lore effectively, in an attempt to create a type of American Folk Drama. The Little Theatre at Chapel Hill is the centre of his activity.

Hart House, Toronto, was the first university theatre of its kind in North America. The building possesses every device of modern equipment. It is considered the finest Little Theatre in the World. It is available for both university and community undertakings. The Players' Club of the university operates it during the college year. The principles governing them in their choice of plays exclude from the programme :

I Plays which have been presented in Toronto before.

II Plays which are likely to be done in Toronto in the near future.

III Dramatizations. This is founded on the belief that drama should in itself be a work of art, and conceived in dramatic form in the original.

Each season productions are given according to this scheme:

- (1) An Elizabethan play in the original manner.
- (2) A classic from a dead language.
- (3) A classic from a living language.
- (4) A festival play, unchanged from year to year.
- (5) A modern prose drama.
- (6) A modern poetic or decorative drama.
- (7) A bill of three Original Canadian plays.
- (8) A double bill of two pieces, which may be of any school, or period, or any type of work for the theatre as long as they are decorative.

The players are non-professional. They are drawn from

the faculty, graduates, and undergraduates of Toronto University, and, when necessary, from sources outside of the university.

The Hart House Theatre is characterized by real strength of purpose in working out dramatic and artistic problems. It has become the nucleus of the Little Theatre Movement in Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Caroll Aikens founded the first Little Theatre west of the Rockies. The building was formally opened by Premier Meighen, in the autumn of 1920. It is situated among the peach trees on Mr. Aikens' ranch.

He is a talented producer. In his theatre, he retains the best traditions of the old theatre and uses new technique. Like Maurice Brown, he realizes that sincerity and simplicity underlie the successful production of drama. He believes that the best producer is he who is sincere in beautiful ideals.

The Little Theatre Movement stands for the experimental spirit, for non-commercialism, and for intimacy between the players and the audience, which makes the imaginative response necessary to adequate appreciation of a fine play.

The Little Theatre is an institution for the revelation of truth clothed in beauty. As such it is worthy of the enthusiastic support of all students of literature and lovers of drama. It is not merely for the entertainment of the audience, but it is of great educational value.

The Little Theatre Movement has brought about the use of suggestive scenery and the cooperation of the imagination of the audience. It has introduced novel lighting effects to the theatre. It has increased the artistic quality in the presentation of the plays which Little Theatres have produced. Foreign authors have been introduced to the American audience and young authors discovered, in this progressive movement.

The one-act play is, perhaps, the greatest contribution of the Little Theatre. The one-act play may be defined as "an orderly representation of life, arousing emotions in an audience." It is condensed, unified, and complete. It is playable in a relatively short space of time, but it is intended to create an illusion of reality, and to have a very definite effect upon the

life of a character, or a group of characters, when something of importance to their future has to be divided and ring up the curtain. Having shown how it was decided, and why it was decided ring it down again."

It is to be hoped that the courageous beginning of the Little Theatre at Acadia will be followed with ever-increasing success. It is highly desirable that Acadia students should have a part in the development of a Canadian theatre, which will give rich, varied, and sincere expression to Canadian life with its interests and enthusiasms.

M. A. W., '27.

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### THE MOON AT SUNRISE

O, slender silver crescent, pasted in the sky,  
 Thy graceful form enshrouded seeks refuge from my eye  
 In pale, translucent pinkness, a mist of lustrous hue,  
 Betinted by the sunrise, flooding the heaven's blue,  
 Those wisps of filmy vapour, clinging round thee fawn,  
 Awakening all thy beauty, as dew a flower at dawn.  
 A wild display of colors, golden and pink and red,  
 The while the heavens are softened, for cold, black Night is  
 dead.

But, lo! the veil is lifted, in the brightness of the morn  
 Thy dainty cloak, like cobweb by zephyrs lightly torn,  
 Diffuses in the zenith and as slowly melts away  
 As twilight sinks at even, when ebbs the light of day.

T. H. P. M., '29.

### INSPIRATION

"George, like a darling, will you please put Buddy to bed."

"All right, my dear." And George Gray, noted poet, submissively went to obey his wife's will.

He was glad to get away anyhow. As he did not play, the game of Bridge always bored him; and, especially on a lovely summer evening, being a disinterested spectator soon became more than boresome.

Earlier in the evening he had asked his wife to go for a walk—just a companionable stroll along the sandy beach or in the summer fragrance of the woods. She had refused with, "Oh, George, I would only bore you more than Bridge does—I haven't your poetic soul, you know." He had not wanted a person with a poetic soul, any one with any remnant of one could appreciate the beauty of surrounding nature; but what he had wanted was some one to talk to, some one who could sympathize with his own love of nature—someone, even though both were silent, he could feel would understand.

He sighed regretfully while he watched Buddy say his prayers and then tucked him in bed. His wife sadly failed to measure up to his ideal; but he could hardly expect that, for he had had enough experience of the world to know that his ideal could only exist as a figment of his own imagination. Not that he desired either one to be perfect, for he doubted if he could really love a perfect woman as defects only make good qualities more endearing, but what he did want was some one to love and be loved, and some one who would understand.

He kissed Buddy good night and went slowly down stairs. He did not wish to return to the stuffy living-room where he was only a superfluous ornament. His wife had friends in for the evening, she would not miss him. Moreover, she knew that the superficialities and the realities of life seldom interested him, that he lived principally in the unsubstantial and the fantastical, so she was accustomed to his eccentricities and moods. He had lacked both inspiration and aspiration lately, perhaps that was the reason, he needed relaxation from the triviality of

the real. He decided the fresh air would do him good, and so went out into the coolness of the evening

Away to the west the sun was sinking in the sea in coloured profusions of loveliness. Gray strolled towards the cliff to enjoy the glory better, as it was one of the most wonderful sunsets he had ever seen.

He had not gone far, though, when he perceived a girl sitting on the grass a short distance from the bank, the side of her beautiful face exposed to his view reflecting the suffused radiance of the setting sun. She presented such a picture of contentment and peace that Gray stopped short, and stood watching the scene intently.

The sun sank lower and lower till alone remained the picture of its passing-painted on the sky. The girl stretched out her arms to the horizon in inexpressible longing, as if she would call the sun back again; then, as though she realized this was futile, buried her head in the grass. Instinctively Gray knew she was crying. Fascinated, he approached her like the Devil transgressing in Heaven, and stood listening for a moment to her soft grief.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" How awkward his question sounded, he thought. But the girl seemed to sense the underlying sympathy in his voice, for although she quickly started to her feet yet her look of bewildered surprise quickly gave way to an expression of intense joy.

"At last you have come. I—I prayed for you," she said softly, coming to Gray with outstretched arms.

Gray was exceedingly amazed but much awed, so he did the only thing possible under the circumstances, he gently took her in his arms, and seeing her face still wet from crying, he tenderly wiped away her tears. Then, feeling the necessity of saying something, he sympathetically enquired, "Why do you cry?"

"I love all this so," she answered with an encircling gesture to the dying sunset and surrounding beauty, "that sometimes its glory overwhelms me, and I just can't help crying."

She looked up quickly to see if he understood, and Gray,

perceiving what was in her mind, said, "I think I understand." And then with a touch of pride, "You see, I'm a poet."

"I knew—of course I knew. How I've longed for you—someone to understand! Someone to glory in the crimson-pink and blue of sunset, and the silence of the night, as if, in awe of so much passing beauty—to love the darkening woods, and the rippling waters sparkling in the silvery path of the rising moon—to listen to the muffled thunder of the breaking waves, and to hear the whisper of the wind as it lulls the trees to sleep," she answered with the eloquence of passion. "How I love it all. But-but to-morrow I must leave it. See, the sun has gone, my sun has gone!" And throbbing with her emotion she began to weep again softly to herself.

Gray stooped and picked up a daisy growing near the bank and wet with dew.

"Look, the flowers weep to have her go. But the sun will come again and dry away their tears. Come, do not cry, other days are coming, and there's beauty in the sunrise, too," he told her with great tenderness.

"You are right, though nature's fairest here; but one night, one night with you to enjoy it with me, is all I ask," she said.

Dusk had fallen, and with the still soft sounds of evening each began to feel in the kinship of their passion a deeper sense of acquaintance than years of luke-warm friendship could have given them. Hopes, fears, dreams, desires, passions, aspirations, and inspirations followed one another in a quick succession of mutual confessions. The darkness behind them seemed to drive them closer together, and the moon's white ray in front made a wonderful pathway for their castles in the air.

The grey of dawn was spreading from the east before either one became conscious of realities. Gray was the first one to break the spell of the fantastical.

"I'm afraid it's time to leave," he said reluctantly. "May I see you home?"

"No, I prefer you not to. I shall never see you again, and I would like you always to remember here on this bank together, under the moonlight," she said sadly.

"But I must see you again," Gray protested.

"No, we shall never elsewhere meet again, and it will be of no use to search for me, you will never find me; but perhaps upon another night I will come to you here. Now, good night, my wonderful knight."

She was temptingly near to him, Gray simply could not resist, he crushed her to him passionately.

"Good night my Lady of Dreams," he whispered, and her unresisting lips answered him.

As soon as he had released her, with a smile of farewell, she flitted off through the woods like a phantom in dreams.

Gray watched her till she faded from sight, and then, still seated on the bank, he began to think things over. Should he tell his wife? She would never understand. He had met his ideal. What joys life would hold for her and him if— But that was impossible, for he owed much of his present success to his wife's untiring help and self-sacrifice when they had been poor. True, she had vastly changed, but it wasn't right to cheat her out of the fruits of victory for which she had worked so hard, and a divorce would be extremely odious to her. Besides, he owed something to Buddy, a debt that he as a father must pay. No, it was impossible, he could never possess her—the ideal who had been found, only to be lost again. What cruel irony of fate!

He wandered slowly back to the cottage. To his great surprise his wife was waiting up for him.

"George, my dear, what has kept you so long?" she asked, and not waiting for him to answer continued. "I went out to find you earlier in the evening, and saw you seated on the bank of the shore in the moonlight, apparently in a reverie. Now and then you turned your head and seemed to talk to some one by your side, but you were alone! As I knew your apathy for company on such occasions, I did not disturb you; but what on earth were you doing?"

She had not seen her then—he was saved.

"Nothing on earth. Just getting material and inspiration for a poem, sweetheart." It was no lie, he could write now, and he would. His ideal and inspiration were gone 'twas

true; and, as intimate as had been their mutual confessions, she had never disclosed her reasons for being there that night, nor any information, whereby he could find her again. She was gone; but he still had memories, he could never be deprived of them. And, as she had said, perhaps, perhaps upon another night—

L. H. J., '28.

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### SUNSET

A wide, wide field lay far outstretched  
 In ripples blue, of velvet.  
 While in the west, a misty veil  
 Of deepest purple trailed.  
 A brilliant fire burned,  
 All golden, red and silver  
 Where some Herculean god  
 Had built his forge  
 The fire faded dimly—  
 And the misty veil  
 Grew mistier still.  
 The fire in the forge died out,  
 And in the pale, pale velvet,  
 A single silver light lay glimmering,  
 Followed soon by a thousand others.  
 And in the east, the pale moon mother  
 Brought her gentle presence to the throng,  
 And shadows closer crept.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sun had set.  
 And night was here.

L. M., '27.

**THROUGH THE LOST RIVER CAVES**

“Once flowed a glacial stream.....,  
Impetuous rushing from the mountains,  
With headlong force that scooped the yielding earth,  
And wore down granite.”

A trip through the caves at Lost River is an experience long to be remembered, and one which is a great delight to recall. Lost River lies in Kinsman Notch, six miles west of North Woodstock, New Hampshire, in the White Mountain region, and is one of the three greatest natural wonders of New England. This deep Gorge was once the bed of an ancient river which is now largely subterranean. Thus Lost River comes by its name. Later, earthquake action probably gave the Gorge its wild and peculiar appearance. Through this mass of tumbled rock flows the river, losing and finding itself again and again in the numerous caves and passageways.

A trip through the Gorge takes about an hour, the time varying of course with the thoroughness with which the various points of interest are examined. From July 1st to October, guides are on duty in the Gorge, to watch out for the safety and welfare of the visitors and to be of assistance to those who care to explore more fully the underground passages.

A uniform charge of twenty-five cents is made for the trip, and since Lost River is owned and maintained as a “public” reservation by the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, the proceeds are used solely to maintain, protect, and improve the property. Though discovered a number of years ago, it is only since the State road was built in 1915, that Lost River has come to its own. Thousands now visit this interesting and beautiful spot every season.

One glorious summer afternoon a party including six of us girls, left the little village of North Woodstock to view for the first time this great New England wonder. We enjoyed a very pleasant drive, passing on our way many natural wonders and much magnificent scenery. Having covered six miles of road,

the car stopped a short distance from the foot of the great Moosilauke Mountain.

This mountain, almost perpendicular, towers far into the heavens, and presents an awe-inspiring sight.

By the time we reached here we were very anxious to start off for Lost River, but as yet we were not fully prepared. "This way," said the guide, so we followed him up a narrow sandy path for some little distance. From the point where the car had stopped the path was hidden from view by the beautiful green foliage, which, growing high on both sides, intertwined its branches, and formed an archway from one end of the pathway to the other.

Not having travelled this way before, we were not aware of the treat that was in store for us. Emerging from this arbour, we saw a short distance from us, a fairly large building, "The Wayside House." Here it was that we were to hire overalls and sneakers, and check our own paraphernalia. A lad directed us to a room at the back of the building, where we helped ourselves to what best fitted us. What did we care if the overalls had to be rolled up several feet, and what did we care if the sneakers were number tens? We were ready for anything.

Following our guide, off we started with gay spirits, feeling like real primitive cave men. A few rods from "Wayside House," was a quaint log cabin, "Rollin's Shelter," within which was a very cozy rest room. This we quickly passed, reserving its comfort for a later time.

Still led by our guide, we made our way over rough and smooth places,—mostly rough—; over rude bridges, under which roared the river many feet below; down ladders, if so they might be called,—solid, but crude—and through many perilous paths. Sometimes we wondered if we would have the pleasure of seeing the caves, for which purpose we had come, or whether at any moment we might be a missing link in the party. However, our wanderings were safely guided, and though stumbling, running, sliding, and falling, we, not much the worse for wear, reached a place from which we could see the

exterior of the caves. Giant rocks they were, and inside of these we were to spend a little time.

The first thing of importance to meet our eyes was the "Hall of Ships." On all sides were rock formations, strikingly like ships, some of the boulders of which were as large as houses. It was really a marvel to gaze upon this great work wrought by nature. We now made our way up an immense, almost perpendicular boulder, by means of a ladder, then down on the other side, where we entered "Shadow Cave." This is the first great cave, and it is so dark that it was necessary for the guide to light a torch. Looking around, we saw that the walls were covered with weird shadows. In one corner of this cave was a deep pool of bright blue water.

"Now, look out for your heads, ladies," called the guide, when we had gone a little further; and we did. Suspended in the air above us was a huge sharp edged boulder, which reminded us of scenes we had read concerning French revolutionary days. We had no reason to fear, however, for as yet, this "guillotine" had never been known to behead anyone. Passing on we came to a long narrow opening in a rock, called the "Lemon Squeezer." It seemed to be a passage not made for man, but by exerting ourselves, assisted by a pull on one side and a shove on the other side, we managed to sidle through. This was difficult enough, but compared with the "Lemon Drop," it was quite simple. Into this small opening we were destined to go feet first. We had no idea where we would land, all was so dark. Just a certain twist was necessary to release ourselves from the rock's grasp, when, with a pull and a jerk from the guide, we passed some distance through space—to land eventually on a sand bed.

Having put forth every effort, it now seemed to us to be about ninety in the shade, so the guide directed us into the next cave where he invited us to sit down and rest. It was all very well for a short time, but sitting on ice cakes soon made us feel as if we were in cold storage. This was indeed the "Ice Cave," and we tarried not, but passed on.

Into the "Cave of Lost Souls" we went, where thrills and ghastly sights greet all who enter. The interior was dark, very

dark, so the guide again lit a torch to enable us to see more clearly. What we saw and heard we will not relate, but we held firmly to each other, and made a hasty retreat from bad to worse. We made our way down to the lower region to the "Judgment Hall of Pluto." Here we sat at the Judgment Seat, and stood at the Bar for Sinners. To our ears came the noise of rushing water. We followed the sound, and, in a far corner of this, the largest underground cavern, was revealed one of the most remarkable waterfalls in the White Mountain country.

Since we started through the caves, it seemed to us as if we had continually been going down, down, and we thought by this time we must be in the centre of the earth. Peering into the next dark entrance we could see nothing. We went inside, following the guide, who soon commanded us to "halt." He advised us to hold on to each other, while he lit a torch. We found ourselves standing on a narrow ledge, looking down many feet below, where we heard the river rushing on its way. We had guessed rightly; it was the "Centre of the Earth."

After all this, it was very soothing to make our steps into the Hall of Lethé, where the rocks were covered with soft green moss, and all was quiet and drowsy. The guide informed us that the next places were even better, so we were willing to pass on. He spoke truly, for we greatly enjoyed a rest in the beautiful "Queen's Bower" and also in the "King's Chamber." The very names inspired us to sing the National Anthem.

We left the places last mentioned, rather reluctantly, and soon saw before us a small opening that appeared to be about the size of a man's head. We started to turn back, but the optimistic guide cheered us, by saying we had to go through; so through we went, but as for the time it took we will leave that unsaid. This was called the "Fat Man's Misery," but misery likes company, and he had it.

Having passed safely through this crisis, it was a delight to reach a place where we could breathe freely. We found it, for we were now looking down into the wonder of wonders, the "Giant's Pot Hole," over thirty-five feet deep and over half as wide. At the bottom of this, appeared Lost River, bubbling and seething. Leaving this we visited the "Dungeon," but we

soon slipped through a narrow passage into the "Rat Hole." Emerging from this, a couple of us got up on a rock and watched the rest coming through on hands and knees, like so many of the vermin which gave the place its name.

Perhaps the most exciting journey was through the "Forty Foot Crawl." Tourists are seldom taken through here, as it takes some time. We were feeling rather puffed up to think we were so privileged, but we could not long remain in this proud state, for space did not allow it. On hands and knees we plunged forward, one by one, into the darkness. To stand up was impossible, and as for turning around it was out of the question, even if five or six others were not blocking the passage. It was necessary to contract as much as possible. What was forty feet seemed one hundred feet, but at last daylight dawned, and heavenly daylight it was.

We had now come from darkness to light, and were gazing on a beautiful, restful scene, in striking contrast with the wearisome one from which we had just come. We were in "Elysian Land," where all was serene and peaceful; beautiful green trees surrounding us; large rocks covered with green silky moss; the shining blue waters of the river, as it again reappeared, meandering noiselessly on its course; and over all the sun threw a flood of glory, draping all in a mantle of bright beauty. What was more natural than that here in "Elysian Land," we should rest awhile?

Then, walking out to the edge of this charming spot, we looked down below, and there we saw wild nature again at her best. The clear waters of Lost River after their course through the dark caves, leap in freedom down the mossy ledges of "Paradise Falls", a picture of exquisite beauty. Wishing to get a closer view, we walked along the bridge, down a steep ladder, along a large flat rock, down another ladder, and we were at the foot of the "Falls." At its base we perceived a large rock, about three feet long, just the shape of a monkey wrench. "Paradise Falls," is the last place where Lost River shows itself. A short distance from here it enters the ground, never to show itself again to the eyes of mortal man.

We had come to the end of our trip, and were ready for our

homeward journey. Up a steep hill, through a narrow path, we went, making our way through dense thickets, brambles and briars, and were soon back to "Wayside House." Here we got into our right minds and right clothes; and after a little refreshment and considerable investment in souvenirs, we were soon speeding toward the village, with a new beautiful, and ineradicable picture gallery painted in our souls.

M. H. M., '26.

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### SPRING EVENING

From rose to red and tangerine  
The curtain of the sky shades down,  
Down to the hills, the far-off hills.  
Now is the Spring, the early Spring,  
And the mist of the valley starts to rise,  
While up in the sky the colors merge.  
And O! the softness of the dusk.  
Ah, see how that tall white tower stands  
Against the evening sky of jade.  
The springtime night comes quickly now.

—R. M., '27.

**WE HUSBANDS**

Speaking of unpleasant things, let me relate a few of the annoyances that I have to endure every spring and fall for several days, and one is never sure just how long it's going to last, that's the worst of it.

Yes, friends, if there's one time more than another when man feels more out of place than lip-stick where eyebrow pencil ought to be, it's at house-cleaning time. Don't think I'm putting anything over on you, because my wife's been at it, and I know.

Having lived with my wife for some thirty or thirty-one years I know it's wasting your sweet words on the desert air to try to stop Jenny from pitching into house-cleaning when the time comes. She always has a knack of getting her heart's desire, so I just humor her. But since the time she hid my trousers and wouldn't give them back to me until I promised to repair the screen door (which I accidentally damaged because of her foolish idea that the stove pipe had to be taken out and cleaned), I know she means what she says. Of course the screen was decayed anyway, and I wasn't at the other end to prevent the pipe going through the door.

It's a little comfort at house-cleaning time to know that Jenny would rather have me out of the way than trying to paper and whitewash. She says I always make a mess of things and of course if Jenny says it, it's so. Occasionally she gets me to carry ashes, though, and beat carpets, and I hate them both worse than poison. She usually sees that I have something to do that keeps me outside the house.

Yesterday morning, after I had been called "a very careless man," just for dropping a pan of eggs on the floor, I decided to keep out of the way; so I went to the garage and sat down to think on the cantankerous ways of women. After a little, my meditation was interrupted by Jenny calling, "John! John! come quick". I rushed to the house to find that my wife had upset a pail of paste in the middle of the parlor floor, and I was the victim who had to clean it up while she got some water to wipe up the carpet after I had finished.

Now Jenny got this cleaning fever several weeks ago. She said she was just getting the corners done so she could start in from the shoulder. It seems to me she's cleaned everything, and is starting on me.

After a little intermission I decided to fix the car for spring. I was working faithfully, when I thought I wanted my wrench. Well, I remembered the stove leg, so I went after it. It is muddy out now, but I didn't have to go far,—only to the pantry, and how did I know the pesky dog was following me? Mandy has a ready tongue and Fido and I got some of it. She said we were always trying to make work for her, and she thought we might at least wipe off our feet.

Fido and I comforted each other, and kept away from the house till dinner time. This time I left my shoes at the door, and the poor dog didn't even wipe his off. Of course dinner wasn't ready, but since I had come in I had to work. "Add some water to the soup, John," Jenny called from the attic. I did so, but later I got it for adding so much. Anyway I know it'll last several days longer, for that's about all we get these days. Soon I'll never dare to look a dish of soup in the face.

After dinner I decided to read the paper for a few minutes. I sat down in the old rocking chair and Jenny gave such a cry that my hair stood on end. When I tried to get up I found the reason; it had just been painted, and I was a sight. But worse than that, in trying to get up I knocked down a precious heirloom and it flew into thousands of pieces. But what is a man to do when everything from cellar to attic is so situated that you can't move without causing destruction?

What makes Jenny feel angry makes me feel like laughing. She looks at me so peculiarly and with the whitewash streaming down her face where she's standing on a ladder trying to improve the ceiling, I just can't control myself.

Well, these are a few of my experiences at house cleaning time. You see I have a lot to contend with and sometimes it's difficult to keep pleasant. Nevertheless, Jenny's a wonderful housekeeper, but I'm powerful glad it's over now.

**APPRECIATED PLEASURE**

When Winter's joys have just began to pale  
There come the drizzling days of early spring.  
All round the ice cold water's steady fling  
Off roofs, down hollows, and the recent trail  
Brings to our hearts that gloom that must prevail  
At first when Spring her dreary measures ring.  
Then comes that dawn when first we hear birds sing  
Unto a golden sun. Joy has no veil.  
Though many dawns like this in summertime  
May come, yet none will give the joy of one  
Whose pleasures have to us been long denied.  
No long continued joy brings those sublime,  
Exalted feelings to the mind that run  
There after it has been most deeply tried.

H. T. S., '28.

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**"DIED OF A BROKEN HEART"**

It was a bit of colored advertisement that first attracted our notice. Just a "scrap of paper"—a colorful page torn from a magazine, and across the top was printed in large black type: "Let Pepperell's Plan Your Home."

The plain white background of this heavy lettering graduated below into a pale neutral color which presently took on a sort of flush-pink, deepening suddenly to a rich glowing rose color that "caught the eye," giving fantastic realism to a mass of old-fashioned "ramblers," which rambled in a gay riotous mood over a small white fence. This little fence held captive a correspondingly small white house, with hollyhocks to guard its doorway, now (according to the "ad."—not to any recognized seed or garden manual) a gorgeous mass of yellow, pink, red, ivory-white, and purple.

Tiny casement windows on either side of the lowest doorway held little frosted panes of colored glass above sparkling

lower panes, and the white path to the hinged gate had an inviting crook in it.

It was verily a house o' dreams, to Annie Day it was in truth her house of joy, the essence of her hopes and dreams.

And Annie had crushed the picture house to her breast, and clutched it to her as if it were—and indeed it had been, this hope that had lived in her—her only friend, and died.

Mrs. Seely, who had ushered us into the room, followed us out, closing the door none too gently, and we stood there in a dirty, unkempt hallway.

She held a loose robe of indescribable color around her stout form with one hand, adjusting its fit from time to time while with her free hand she kept pushing a very determined wisp of hair under the frill of a gaudy looking dust-cap.

"Oh, no!" I ain't sayin' as she wanted to die"—Mrs. Seely of the ill-smelling tenement informed us eagerly, "She wasn't so very old now,—just forty-one, folks say. An' though she do look turrible thin, it wa'n't no sign as she were sick a-tall.

"She'd allus 'peared to most folks purty stuck up.—Lan' knows what'd make her that way though,—warn't her only son jist last week caught in a "git away" from the County Jail! O'course, there's some as say the kid wa'n't clear bad,—but I allus says, 'bad comp'ny marks a bad end',—and there's just what happened now, an I sezs" (at this point our informer recruited the energy hitherto wasted on her straggling locks, and waxed the warmer in her oratorical efforts)—"I sezs, if *she* hadn't been so high an' mighty mebbe she'd ha' told him a thing or two, when he was younger, an' more yieldin' like.

"I know all right. I heerd a preacher talk on't onct, an' he sed them very words. But as I wuz sayin'" (at a sharp impatient gesture from my friend) "She's not had much to feel so uppish over.

"She's lived in that there little two-room affair si nce come here, an' long afore that, as far's I know."

"They say as how she came here after her husband died,—he wuz jist a common suicide, I've heerd tell—killed hisself fer no earthly reason as near's I know,—lest he got tired o' seein' her tired, worn-out lookin' face.

“No, now, I oughtn’t a say a thing agin her. She come over to my door one time when my Jerry, he had the colic, an’ she sure did wonders for him, an’ my Jerry—you should see him now—from the rate he wuz a-gaspin’, an’ achokin’, an’ a-sputterin’ ’that night, I never thought as how he’d ever see another day come, but he did, an’ he’s some kid, he can beat all—

“Yessir, as I wuz sayin,’ mebbe after all she did hev’ a hard life. She never told eny of us herself, but I sorter suspected it. My man, Pete, he sez as I hev’ a remarkable instuition—eny-way” (an impatient and audible sigh had escaped me) “I sez to myself, ‘I don’t wonder—I don’t wonder,—a-tall, a-tall’—when I first heerd as she were dead.

“Only, they say she didn’t kill herself, that’s the funny part on’t.”

Funny, yes, odd-perhaps, that she should be found dead—in her poverty-stricken surroundings—where her hopes and dreams had been her main sustenance. Hopes of a future for her boy, dreams of the little white house for which she had pinched and starved herself, that she might have such a home for him against the day of his release—where he could start life anew.

No wonder the authorities say that Annie Day “died of a broken heart,” aye, that she died of, and of shattered hopes,—as shattered—as broken, as is now the painted picture of her dream house,—it’s tiny multi-colored window panes crushed,—its gay flowers torn and bent out of shape,—and the little, winding path with its enchanting crook, now a grotesque series of crazy kinks, under her clenched and nerveless fingers.

M. C. S., '27.

**THOUGHTS**

If baby clouds aren't powder-puffs,  
 Nor each snow flake a feather,  
 Nor rivers clasp tight soft wool muffs  
 Against the colder weather:—  
 Then let me think the darkest shade  
 Is made of lightest gray,  
 And children's laughter goes to meet  
 The morning's beams,  
 And theirs the sweet and sleepy eyes  
 That send the sun away.  
 Then I shall be content to let  
 You think on other things,  
 Nor be surprised if you won't bet  
 That thoughts are just  
 The gold-flecked dust  
 That falls from angel's wings.

M. C. S., '27.

**INTERRUPTED PLANS**

## Characters

Mrs. Henry Tompkins

Mrs. Beliny—a neighbor.

Mr. Henry Tomkins

Mr. Herbert Tompson—a

Johnny—a son.

neighbor.

Scene: A living room in Mr. Tompkins' house. There are doors on two sides and a window on the other. The furniture is old fashioned mahogany covered with haircloth. Quaint and ugly pictures hang on the wall. Mrs. Tomkins is busy packing when the curtain rises. She is a tall, thin woman of middle age, brisk, efficient, and rather talkative. (She pauses and calls to her husband outside).

Mrs. Tompkins—Henry! Henry! can't you find it?

Henry (outside)—Find it? Bless me, no. Why, Marthy, I don't believe it was ever here.

Mrs. Tomkins—Ever there? Man alive, it's been there in

that place for eighteen years and more. Sure and your eyesight's about as poor as most men's. I reckon I'll have to go without it. Come to think of it, Mrs. Beliny might 'a' borrowed it the time she went to the city. But never mind lookin' any more. Come in here and make yourself useful 'a' helping me.

(Henry enters. He is medium height, corpulent, bald-headed, and jovial),

Henry—Well, Marthy, you'd make anyone laugh. You're takin' about everything there is, even to the shoe blackin'. Folks 'll think you're goin' to spare eternity there. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mrs. Tomkins—Henry! quit talkin' that way to your Marthy. Don't you think I've got to be prepared for some things? Here's the umbrella. Now ain't that a necessity? Suppose it should rain torrents before I get there. I'd be a pretty speck if I didn't have that, wouldn't I, Henry Tomkins? And this here liniment. Mercy, I'm liable as not to have the rheumatiz strike me, 'specially if it rains. Now I could go on, but I just won't. Some day you'll be convinced you're Marthy ain't as big a fool as you take her to be. Where's Johnny?

Henry—He's comin' up the road now. He'll be here in a minute.

Mrs. Tomkins—Well, he sure is slow. I do wish these men folks would learn to step lively. (Johnny enters. He is about thirteen and lively as they make them).

Mrs. Tomkins—It's about time you was appearin'. If I wasn't preparin' for a trip to the city I'd gone after you. I knew if I sent your pa after you, the both of you wouldn't come back till I sent for you, and I've got a million and one things to tell you. Now, Johnny, as I was about to say when you came blusterin' in, I want you to run over to Mrs. Beliny's., and tell her I want her to come over this very minute, if not sooner. See?

Johnny—Yes, ma, I'll see she gets here.

Mrs. Tomkins—Hurry now, Johnny, and don't let the grass grow under your feet. (Johnny exits.)

Henry—(Who is helping pack as if for the first time). Marthy, dear, are you through?

Mrs. Tomkins—Yes I'm through for the time bein'. What is it?

Henry—Honest, Marthy, I had somethin' to say, but I've waited so long that I've clean forgotten what it was.

(Johnny enters).

Mrs. Tomkins—(standing erect and looking at Johnny) I thought I sent you to Mrs. Beliny's. You never could get there in this brief time.

Johnny—(looking out window). Well now, ma, I jest reckon she's a leggin' it as fast as she can put.

Mrs. Tomkins—Johnny, I hope you didn't tell her I said I was in any rush?

Johnny—You certainly did.

Henry—(sarcastically). How could you expect him to remember the half of what you said?

Mrs. Tomkins—Henry, I can do the rest myself. You run along and finish the odd jobs you was startin' when I called you to help me.

Henry—I'll do that now. I guess you can manage the rest yourself.

(Henry exits) (Mrs. Beliny rushes in almost breathless).

Mrs. Beliny—For the mercy's sakes who's died?

Mrs. Tomkins—Died? Why Mrs. Beliny what ails you. Nobody's died. (Johnny pretends to read a book. Covers his face to keep from laughing.)

Mrs. Beliny—They ain't? Well I ran all the way over. I thought you must be wantin' me to help lay somebody out. Can you tell me why you've got that crepe on the door?

Mrs. Tomkins—Crepe? (Then realizing the situation, stares fiercely at Johnny). Johnny Tomkins, I don't need to ask any questions. Did you do that?

Johnny—(looking up). Course I didn't put any crepe on on the old door. We ain't got sech a thing in the house. All I did was to tie one of your black stockings on the door knob. Honest, ma, I was too all in to go over to Mrs. Beliny's.

Mrs. Tomkins—Well, Johnny, if you ain't the spit image of your pa. Some of these here days you'll be drivin' your

mother to distraction. It's no good to turn you over to your pa, but I'll settle with you some of these fine days.

Mrs. Beliny—I'm glad it's nothing serious, Marthy, but I was sure skeered for awhile. Boys will be boys and there's no disputin' the fact.

Mrs. Tomkins—What I wanted you for, Jenny, was to ask you if you'd come over once in a while, to see that Henry and Johnny get along all right.

Mrs. Beliny—Sure I will. Now if that's all, I guess I'll run along. I put a pie in the oven and I'll bet it's burnt to a crisp. Good-bye, Marthy, and have a good time. I'll look after them. (She goes out).

Mrs. Tomkins—Johnny, where's your pa?

Johnny—I don't know, but I'll go see. (Throws book down and goes out one door as Henry enters the other).

Henry—Did you want me for anything, Marthy? Some-thin' told me you might, so here I am. Start in.

Mrs. Tomkins—Yes, I jest sent Johnny after you. Now probably he's gone. But I wanted to tell you where things is, 'specially the victuals, so you won't starve to death.

Henry—I'm waitin'. Not likely there's much anyway.

Mrs. Tomkins—No, there ain't, but I guess it'll last you over the week end, and then I'll be home to look after you. Well, as I was sayin', there's a pan of fresh-made biscuit, a chicken ready for the eatin', a crock of doughnuts, ten pumpkin pies and one lemon, two batches of ginger snaps on the third shelf in the pantry behind the soda jar, and if there's anything else you want and can't find, ask Mrs. Beliny for it.

Henry—I reckon we'll survive on that if we eat sparingly. Now if that's all you want, I'll be leavin' you. (Goes out).

Mrs. Tomkins.—Johnny! Johnny! (Johnny enters).

Johnny—I can't find pa anywhere.

Mrs. Tomkins—Well, never mind, you're late as usual. I want you to keep both your eyes fastened on the window and tell me when the coach goes by, so I won't miss it.

Johnny—Yes, ma.

Mrs. Tomkins—Now, Johnny, if Mrs. Piper comes for a new subscription, you tell her I'll settle with her when I get

back. If Mr. Jonathan comes for that money for the goods, you'll find it on the shelf in the kitchen behind the clock. If anyone comes to sell you the Scriptures embellished, you tell 'em we prefer 'em jest as they was writ.

Johnny—(looking up) Ma, was you talkin to me or was that the thrasher goin' by?

Mrs. Tomkins—Ain't you ashamed. Now I ain't goin' to repeat it. You'll have to do the best you can at rememberin' it.

(a knock is heard at the door).

Mrs. Tomkins—Johnny, answer the door while I get on my hat and coat (goes out).

Messenger—Is this where Mrs. H. Tompsin lives?

Johnny—Sure, pa's name is Henry. (Johnny takes telegram and closes door).

Johnny—Here's a telegram for you, ma.

Mrs. Tomkins—Fer me( without looking at names tears open the envelope). Like as not my sister's uncle's aunt's brother's died of pneumonia and I'm expected to take care of him. Wouldn't that get you? (Reads it and sinks into chair). Well it might a' been. Anyway it's jest as bad. My husband's sister's cousin's comin' to visit, or I guess that's who 'tis, and I ain't even asked her, and more'n that I never heard of her before. But here 'tis in blue and yellow, so I might as well 'take off my wraps and plan to stay awhile.

Johnny—Never mind, ma, you go jist the same.

Henry—(Enters). What are you lookin' so glum about, Marthy?

Mrs. Tomkins—I jest got a telegram from someone sayin' she's comin. Like as not she's some relative of yours. I'm sure she's none of mine.

Henry—Well! well! well! and who'd it be?

Mrs. Tomkins—It's signed Mrs. Mary Melinsy, and she says she'll be here at nine-thirty and here 'tis ten a'ready.

Henry—Now don't blame me, I never heard tell of the woman before. Johnny, look out the window and see if any-one's comin.'

Johnny—Yes, here comes Mrs. Tompsin rushin'. What do you suppose she's after.

(Mrs. Tompsin rushes in with a cup in one hand a plate in the other).

Mrs. Tompsin—Ain't you gone yet, Marthy? Well, I'm glad. I want to borrow a cup of molasses and a half pound of butter. S'pose you can spare it?

Mrs. Tomkins—Sure, I can spare it. just as well as not I'm stayin' home anyway.

Mrs. Tompsin—Stayin' home? What ever ails you, and you all packed and ready.

Henry—She thinks company's comin' but I wish she'd go jest the same. S'pose she will? Well, I guess not.

Mrs. Tompsin—Well, if that ain't the worst. I got company, too. Jest blew in at half past nine. It's an old friend of mine, so I don't care so much. I'm sorry I had to trouble you, but I started cookin' and found I hadn't a drop of molasses in the house or even a bit of butter.

Henry—Why didn't she let you know? That beats all. It's jest like a woman to do a trick like that. S'pose she wanted to surprise you though.

Mrs. Tompsin — No, land sakes, she said she sent a telegram, but I never laid eyes on it yet.

Henry—Marthy, let me see the envelope that news came in. (She scurries around, finds it, and hand it to him). (He reads.)

Henry—Why, Marthy, this is addressed to Mrs. H. Tompsin. Why, for mercy's sakes, didn't you look before you opened it? The idea of you readin' other people's telegrams.

Mrs. Tomkins—(takes envelope and reads). Well, if that ain't so. Johnny Tomkins, you said it was fer me. You little scoundrel.

Johnny—Well, I thought you was Mrs. Tomkins. I thought that's what he said. He asked me if you was Mrs. H., and I said yes, of course she is.

Mrs. Tomkins.—Next time you'd better keep both your eyes and ears open young man. Do you hear me?

Henry—Say, I'm glad you wanted them things Mrs.

Tompsin, or I'd never a'got Marthy off. She was bound she'd stay.

Mrs. Tompsin—I'm mighty glad too, Mr. Tomkins. I hope it's not too late. Pity our names are so much alike.

Johnny—Ma, the coach is comin' now. Get on your things quick.

Mrs. Tomkins—(hurrying to get things on). Well, who'd thought it would come to this? I'm off, though, and jest in time. Good-bye all. (Henry picks up packing boxes and runs out, Martha hurrying behind, while Mrs. Tompsin and Johnny wave good-bye.)

Curtain.

M. H. M., '26.

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### THE FLOWER

I wandered through an alley—rough and bare,  
Nor thought to find a thing of beauty there,  
But lo, where filtered through a sunlight ray  
A violet had bloomed that day.  
Amid the desolation of its bed  
It flourished, lifting high its dainty head;  
Undaunted by its resting-place of gloom,  
It blossomed forth, a richer, fuller bloom.

I wandered through a by-street, bleak and bare,  
Nor thought to find a thing of beauty there;  
But somehow God's great light had filtered through,  
And lo, a little life that sweetly grew  
Amid that desolation and despair;  
Where only grief was known and wretched care,  
Its beauty shed a beam of purer ray  
Than 'ere before had crossed my lonely way.

F. S. C., 26.

**YOU**

I care not for your beauty, though 'tis true  
A beauty unsurpassed dwells in your face;  
I care not for the smile that lingers there;  
Nor for the fragrance of your native grace;  
Let all these pass, my love will still be true,  
For what I love is not the clay, but you.

F. S. C., '26.

**PETER CLARK MacFARLANE****His Life and Works.**

Appalled and inspired by the astounding lack, around the Campus and even in our Library, of knowledge and material concerning one of America's best novelists and most recent arrivals in the best-seller list, one whose own life is a true romance in itself, the writer submits the following biography and review of him and his works.

His ubiquity of profession makes him one of the most interesting of our modern short-story and novel writers. Checkered as he has made the careers of his characters, Peter Clark Macfarlane would have found it a difficult task to make any of them as variegated as his own has been. The reader who found a fiction character that had been a student, a freight-handler, an actor, a preacher, a reporter, a war-correspondent, a lecturer, and a novelist would be apt to rebel. The lad couldn't be true to life! But such is the formidable array of positions this man, so little known around here, has filled.

In a tiny, leanto shanty on a Saint Clair County, Missouri prairie, Peter Clark Macfarlane was born on March 8, 1871, the son of pioneer parents, James Clark and Mary E. Sperry Macfarlane. From his very birth he thus became familiar with the pioneer Western life of which he so often wrote.

When he was fourteen he was sent to the Florida Agricultural College at Lake City, where he stayed until 1887. A few

years later he went to California and here worked in the general freight department of the A. T. and S. F. Railroad for nearly a decade. In 1891 he married Emma D. Garfield, of Santa Barbara. Meanwhile he kept studying as hard as though he were still in school, for he early realized a good education was of prime importance to his future career. From 1900 to 1902 he was an actor in various Pacific Coast stock companies, but he was a big, two-fisted fellow, who took his religion seriously, and the next year he dropped everything to register in the Berkeley Bible Seminary that he might add religious instruction to his present education.

From this institution he received his diploma in 1905 and until 1908 was pastor of the first church of the Disciples of Christ in Alameda, California. In this last mentioned year his wife died and he gave up his parish, and for two years was general secretary of the Men's Brotherhood of the Disciples of Christ Church, with headquarters in Kansas City. In October, 1909, he married Florence E. Judson, who was ever a help and inspiration to him in his work and through whose courtesy much of this material was obtained.

In his capacity as general secretary he travelled about 50,000 miles a year and developed that skill as a lecturer which until his death yielded him a comfortable income. It was now, too, that he began writing short stories, and since 1911 he has confined himself exclusively to his literary work and lecturing. All of which indicates that he was on familiar ground when writing, as he usually did, about self-made men. He was one of the finest examples of a self-made author to be found on the continent.

His chief works in this first period of writing were "The Quest of the Yellow Pearl," 1908; "The Centurion's Story," 1910; "Those Who Have Come Back," 1914; and "Held To Answer," 1916.

The clever author had, moreover, a brilliant war record. In April of the year his country entered the world conflict, he was sent to Europe by the "Saturday Evening Post" to get interviews, articles, and stories about the war. There was no opportunity of place or time or patience now for the careful

rounding-out of a novel; things and thoughts and life were too snatchy, vivid, and temporary then; the short story was their logical medium.

He spent three months at Queenstown, Ireland, with trips to sea upon American destroyers. He was with the United States troops in France from August to November, 1918, and went into Germany with the Second Division. As a reporter he spent long days in hotels and longer nights in sleeping coaches. His articles were written anywhere from eighty-two hundred feet below ground in a copper mine up to the top of a mountain—the sky was his limit. Geography was completely disregarded. One of his fiction war stories, "A Wire entanglement," was written in five different countries, and it wasn't so long in the writing either. He was travelling fast in those days. During and immediately after this time he published "The Crack in the Bell," 1918, and "Exploits of Bilge and Ma," 1919.

But when the hurly-burly of a war-correspondent's life was laid aside for the leisure of a novelist's, he sought aloofness and found it in the Monterey peninsula, California, where he had no one to disturb him. Here he and his charming family sought refuge from all the distractions of the city. He had tried first to settle down in San Francisco but found there too many congenial companions and diverting pleasures, for Peter was always fond of a good time. He did, however, manage there to write "Man's Country." It ran serially in "Good Housekeeping," and was published in book form early in 1923, thus becoming the first best-seller of the year.

Somehow no end of successful authors drift to the Chautauqua platform, sooner or later, and Macfarlane was no exception, for in 1921-22 he lectured on "Us Americans" for Chautauquas, and on "Stories I Couldn't Print" in Lyceum Courses 1922-23.

But always he would return to his comfortable log cottage, Pine Dunes, just around the corner from civilisation. Situated on the dunes of an ocean beach surrounded by a pine grove, his cabin was ever a source of inspiration to him. Near it on a large mound under a great pine tree, he built a little canvas

cubicle. Here this devotee of nature, inspired by the whimpering dronings of the fragrant, whispering pines, and the throbbing lap-lap of the ocean's pulse, wrote "Tongues of Flame," perhaps his best novel, published just two weeks before his death. For in June, 1924, Mr. Macfarlane, at the age of fifty-three, shot himself in a San Francisco hotel. The reason for his suicide is supposed to be depression due to ill-health and failing powers. He was engaged at the time on "The Gates of Promise," which, he said, he "would probably as usual rechristen," but which was never finished. His wife still resides at Pine Dunes, Pacific Grove.

Peter Clark Macfarlane was a strong, virile-looking man with iron gray hair, and a chin denoting dogged determination. Occasionally, however, he was subject to fits of despondency and depression. At such times he would try hard, for his wife's sake, to look on the bright side of things.

"Sometimes," he said, "Joy does creep into my life even though it is the life of an author, but there is much more sorrow in it. However, being an author I have to steel myself against it or life could be nearly all grief."

As a family man Peter Clark Macfarlane was ever an ideal husband and a devoted father. He had two children, a boy Willett, and a girl, Cather. Would that space permitted to dwell at more length upon the family's numerous cats and three-and-a-half-dogs, to all of whom the entire family are strongly attached, and about whom a whole interesting article could be written.

There were times, however, when the beloved dogs were banished to their kennels and the family to another part of the house. That was when Mr. Macfarlane was writing. He demanded then absolute quietness and freedom from any disturbance whatsoever. He was prone to have a creative streak—or in today's jargon, a brain-wave—at any minute. Sometimes even in bed in the dead of night he would get sudden coruscation, and however disconcerting to his wife, nothing would do but that he rise and write feverishly while the mood lasted, sometimes for but a few minutes, at others until after dawn.

In his novels Peter Clark Macfarlane devoted himself to romance, but he combined with it the good elements in realism and thereby produced a truly artistic piece of work.

One of his best novels is "Man's Country," for which he obtained the idea in his travels as a lecturer, interviewing en route Messrs. Olds, Ford, Dodge and other pioneers. For it is a stirring novel of pristine life in the automobile industry twenty five years ago when these horseless carriages were ridiculed. The theme lies close to the heart of American life. It is the story of the forgotten woman—the business man's wife whose love is taken by the successful, self-made, over-confident husband as more or less a matter of course. He does not know that she would be only too glad to enjoy less prosperity and more companionship, and is too busy to take seriously the social interests that she wants him to share with her. Business stands between her and the man she loves. Sometimes she makes futile efforts to arouse her tired and irritable husband to the bareness of her own life. Sometimes she turns elsewhere—to society, to intellectual and philanthropic interests, perhaps to another man—to fill the place in her life left void by her husband. This is the situation the characters find themselves in. It is an honest, sincere book of the national faults and virtues, an absorbing romance of the history of the automobile, and a story of a strong love saved from disaster.

Balzac said, "Fiction is the history of the private life of a nation." If that is true, one can understand why publishers feel that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the justly famous "feminine appeal" is as essential to the successful publication of a novel as is the printing press itself for eighty per cent. of all the new words of today are purchased by women. So Macfarlane weaves into and around and through the fabrics of his stories that which his lecture tours all over the United States had convinced him was the greatest domestic problem of today in America—that of coordinating business and home lives. Thus it was that "Man's Country" got its title. In his foreword he observes

"There is a great country, largely inhabited by men, to which most women, particularly wives and mothers, are stran-

gers. Every morning husbands and sons go down to it; there they spend their day, their energy, and, in proportion as they succeed, their love. Its name is Business: it is a despotism demanding submission to its laws, but it is a delectable country to those in its favor, luring them on and on. There are kings there and princes, and this is the story of one of the princes who grew up to be a king, the history of a great love of which Business was jealous."

All of which, aside from being truth and a very good editorial on business success in the bargain, is excellent literary stratagem and accomplishes the required introduction to the well-known feminine appeal.

"Tongues of Flame," published serially in "Cosmopolitan," for which magazine he also wrote many short stories, is probably his best work. This great novel is a dramatic story of amazing, but none the less realistic, events in the Puget Sound region. Mohs roar through its streets and ride through its nights. Yet it is the very foundation of American national life. The man in business, the woman in politics, the devotion of unsullied youth, the remnant of a forest people pathetically in civilisation's way, a crisis of these humble lives in collision with the industrious and unscrupulous of industrial enterprise, the erection of an industrial empire on the vanishing frontier, and a conflict in an honest man's soul between self-interest—involving his fortune and his fiancée—and his fidelity to the humble under-dogs who trust him to secure fair-play for them, are but a few of the materials that go into the weaving of this fine story, throbbing so with human appeal. The plot is presented as only Peter Clark Macfarlane can present it—on a splashing canvas, gorgeous with raw color. There is movement, mystery, and emotion, all intensified to the maximum degree. There is a thrilling mystery, murder, a three-ply love interest, full of fervor and suspense, and finally the expose of the methods of Big Business and of the rival powers of Finance and State will interest still another audience. Thus, on account of its intricate plot, the book has a very wide appeal.

For this novel alone, not to mention his many other excellent works, Peter Clark Macfarlane, whose life was so full,

so worth-while, so tragic, deserves in death a worthy place on our Library shelf.

G. D. H. H., '27.

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### AT DAWN IN BEAUTY'S GARDEN

Wreathed in purple are the hills,  
While through the greyish mist, the sun  
Outshines the gray with rose;  
Intermingled, a hundred colours run,  
And Beauty's soft confusion shows.

Wreathed in silence are the valleys,  
While the placid winding river  
Reflects the wonder that infolds it;  
Every flower and leaf's aquiver  
In the wind, while man beholds it.

And is amazed at such a scene;  
Here and there and everywhere  
Rapturous Beauty, in earth and sky,  
Dwells serene, and her soft hair  
Is kissed by winds as they pass by.

L. H. J., '28.



## Science



### ENZYMES

As a result of the development of physiological chemistry during the past few decades, the term "enzyme" has become increasingly familiar to students of the science. References to enzymes and enzyme action are very common in modern texts of biology and chemistry. In spite of this fact, however, the great significance of enzymes to the physiological processes of plant and animal life, is not commonly realized.

The most familiar example of enzyme action is the alcoholic fermentation of glucose, and the early history of fermentation has been almost entirely devoted to this process. It has long been well known that natural sugar solutions, such as grape-juice, when placed under the proper conditions of heat, undergo a chemical process by which the sugar is converted into ethyl alcohol and carbon dioxide. The nature of the chemical change which takes place during this reaction was long a subject of controversy among early chemists. Until the sixteenth century, it was believed that the alcohol was present in the sugar together with impurities, and was liberated by the process of fermentation. It was not until the close of the eighteenth century that Lavoisier showed by an analysis of glucose, the true composition of sugar<sup>1</sup>. This fact readily displaced the theory of the presence of alcohol before fermentation. In 1837, Schwann opened a new field of investigation by the discovery of the presence of yeast cells in the scum of fermented liquors. It had formerly been believed that the scum formed on the liquid had been part of the products of fermentation.

A study of this branch of the process soon revealed the existence of yeast plants in the solution before fermentation was under way, and that solutions which were carefully freed from the presence of yeast did not undergo fermentation. In

spite of the clearness of these experiments, it was not until 1860 that the fact that fermentation is dependent on the presence of yeast, became firmly established. The delay was due to the views of Lieberg and others who strove to explain the phenomena of life by purely chemical and physical laws. They sought to explain the process of fermentation by a physical or vibration theory. According to this view, the real ferment was a non-living substance which rapidly decomposed, and in doing so, set up a series of vibrations which caused the sugar to break up into simpler substances. The brilliant and conclusive researches of Pasteur, however, left no doubt that the active agent in the process was supplied by the living yeast cells. After fruitless discussion on the subject for nearly twenty years, he was able to definitely prove that alcoholic fermentation was essentially an intracellular change effected by living yeast, and also to show that lactic and butyric fermentation were processes akin to it.

Until a comparatively recent date, chemical processes such as that brought about by the action of yeast cells, were considered to be of an altogether different nature from those reactions which are brought about by substances to which the name enzyme has been given. As early as 1834, the process by which starch is converted into sugar was found to be brought about by the presence of a substance contained in watery solution of germinating barley. This substance or enzyme was roughly isolated and given the name diastase. This same substance was found later to be present in the secretion of the salivary glands. About the same time, pepsin, an enzyme which brings about the hydrolysis of proteins, was discovered by Schwann in the gastric juice.

As a result of these discoveries, fermentation reactions were divided into two classes —those induced by ferments connected with living cells, and those caused by ferments which are capable of acting in a sterile medium. Although it was suspected that the difference between these two types was more apparent than genuine, it was not until 1896 that Buchner was able to show the relation between them. He demonstrated, by rupturing the yeast cells mechanically and causing the cell juice

to be exposed to high pressure, that a fluid is obtained which is free from the presence of any living yeast, and which will bring about alcoholic fermentation. Thus alcoholic fermentation was proved to be of a similar nature to the unorganized fermentation brought about by pepsin and diastase. Further research proved that lactic and acetic fermentations were also not dependent upon the living organisms for bringing about their specific change.

Consequently, the present theory ascribes the fermentation reactions to the action of the non-living enzyme rather than to the living plant cells. As a result, enzymes are classed as intracellular or extracellular, according as they normally function with or without the living cell by which they are produced.

In considering the chemical action of enzymes, the similarity existing between enzyme action and ordinary catalytic or contact changes, is very apparent. It is a well known chemical fact that the presence of certain inorganic substances increases the velocity of certain reactions. These substances are known as catalysts, and as such, do not themselves undergo any apparent chemical change during the process of the reactions which they stimulate. Since all that is known about enzymes is quite in harmony with the theories of catalysis, an enzyme may be defined as a catalyst produced by living organisms. Also, the fact that the speed of fermentation, like most catalytic processes, increases with the amount of enzyme present, is a striking analogy. Moreover, the relation between inorganic catalysts and enzymes is well illustrated by the reversibility of certain fermentation reactions. The application of physical methods for the measurement of reaction velocities, has also served to emphasize the close connection.

A great number of enzymes have been detected, but up to the present, no accurate determinations of their chemical composition have been accomplished. This is largely due to the fact that it has not been possible to isolate an enzyme in the piece state, and so far it has been impracticable to do more than investigate the effects produced by mixtures containing them. In the case of many enzymes, it is possible to obtain solid amorphous preparations, which produce highly active enzyme solu-

tions when dissolved in water. It is impossible, however, to obtain any definite standard of purity under the present conditions of experimentation. The reason for this is that enzymes are colloidal in solution—that is, they do not form true solutions but are present in the form of very finely divided particles.

In general it has been found that the most carefully purified enzyme preparations give the reactions of the proteins. Consequently, it was for a long time believed that enzymes belonged to the class of nucleos-proteins. Certain of the enzymes, however, have been found to contain very little nitrogen, and this fact, together with other data, has led to the gradual abandonment of this view. The general conclusion reached up to the present, is that enzymes are unstable substances of high molecular weight, and there is good reason to believe that their molecules are asymmetric.

The importance of enzymes to the physiological processes of plants and animals can scarcely be overestimated. They are regarded as the chemical agents of organisms. Their presence even in minute quantities, affects the disintegration of large amounts of complicated substances of the utmost varied kind into simpler bodies, which are disposed of or utilized according to the requirements of the cell. The specific effect of each organ of the human body is brought about by the presence of specific enzymes in their glandular secretions. The processes of digestion and assimilation are governed by the action of enzymes from the time food enters the mouth until it is distributed throughout the organism by means of the blood stream. In the following list, a few of the specific actions of enzymes which are connected with the vital processes of animal life, are enumerated.

1. Diastase, an enzyme occurring in the pancreatic and salivary secretions, brings about the hydrolysis of starch to form dextrins.

2. Lastase causes the disintegration of lactose by hydrolysis to form glucose and galactose. In addition to vegetable sources, it is found in the intestinal juice.

3. Many enzymes which bring about the hydrolysis of proteins to amino-acids and other simple products, are found

in the secretions of the organs of digestion. Their distribution and action are so extensive that a detailed account of them is beyond the limits of a short article.

The processes which have been enumerated have to do with certain specific enzyme activities. A much broader view of the relation of ferments to plant and animal metabolism has yet to be discussed.

Since the dawn of science, the problem of the origin of life has ever been an unsolvable question. Scientists of all ages have never been able to understand the agencies by which living matter was first implanted upon the earth. The study of organisms, however, has revealed the fact that plant and animal life is continuously undergoing a "building up and tearing down" process to which the name metabolism has been given. The active agents in this process are the enzymes.

The animal kingdom is directly or indirectly dependent upon the plant kingdom for its existence, and it is through the action of enzymes contained in the plant cells that inorganic materials are built up into the organic substances which go to make up the living protoplasm. This "building up" process or anabolism is continued throughout the evolution of life, specific enzymes being the means by which one form of organic material is transformed into other substances according to the needs of the organism. In a similar manner the "tearing down" process or katabolism is accomplished by ferments. In this way the ordinary processes of disintegration or decay are brought about by enzyme activity.

From the consideration of these facts it may be readily seen that the importance of enzymes to the physiological processes of life can scarcely be over estimated.

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

**THE ROTOR SHIP**

Out of post-war Germany, grasping at every economic straw in sight, comes the new Flettner rotor ship, by some thought to be an effort bordering on perpetual motion; by others the possible beginning of a new era in shipping comparable to that introduced by steam.

But aside from all this optimism, what is the present value of the rotor ship? How did it originate? How does it work?

*It's History:* Back in 1853 the physicist Magnus put forth a theory that at the time was thought to be of no practical value. It is this theory, however, that today has made the rotor ship possible, and it is now known to be the same principal that effects the wind forces to make the baseball curve after it leaves the pitcher's hand.

It is to the inventive genius, faith, and labor of Herr Anton Flettner, well-known German, marine engineer, that we owe the rotor ship. He at first started merely to improve the sailing ship by using thin sheet metal sails, but this was a failure, for although superior in the matter of momentum, they were too topheavy to be practical. So he ultimately embarked on an entirely new line of research. The resultant discovery was so unexpected and fantastic that the Germans were very sceptical about its success and refused to finance it. It was only with the help of his reputation as the inventor of the very practical Flettner rudder and with Dutch capital that he could complete his tests and proceed to practical trials.

It was for these trials the 600-ton brig *Buckau* was bought, her rigging removed and replaced by the Flettner equipment. On March 31 she was rechristened by Mrs. Flettner the *Baden-Baden*, from which port on the Kiel Canal she that day set "sail" and at the time of writing is on her way to New York, with a cargo of building stone, via the Madeira Islands, so as to take advantage of the southeast trade-winds of this old sailing ship route. A newspaper correspondent on board says that "although in the teeth of the wind, the speed of the *Baden-Baden* was doubled and the sickening rolling, characteristic of slow steamships or vessels anchored at sea was almost entirely check-

ed. There was the same feeling that the boat was being held in restraint by a definite force that exists when sails are put on a vessel to steady her.

Such is the history of the Flettner rotor ship to date.

*It's construction:* The ship is a hull on whose base are mounted two round, tapering standards in the place of the masts. These act as supports for the rotors. The rotors are a pair of tall cylinders resembling the farmer's silo. They are hollow, the shell being of steel sheets  $\frac{4}{100}$  inch thick, strengthened internally by steel webs, and weigh only  $\frac{1}{5}$  as much as the rigging they displace. The weight of the whole superstructure is twenty tons, the cinders alone weigh three tons each. The complete former rigging of the *Buckau* weighed thirty-five tons. By the use of a light metal, the inventor thinks, the equipment over deck can be reduced to 1-2 its present weight, but it has even now a lower center of gravity than it had when it was a sailing vessel.

These rotors have a sliding bearing at the base on top of the central pivots, and another one at about 2-3 the cylinder height above the deck. The pivoting is the vital point in insuring the safe working of the rotors in a heavy sea. Inside the cylinders are two inspection platforms over the bearings, accessible through manholes. The rotors carry at their tops a cover or rim projecting about 14". These covers have a special function in that they prevent the whirling air from escaping in an upward direction, and almost double the effect of the rotors in propelling the ship. The projected area of this whole superstructure is nearly 940 square feet, and has a propelling power which is equal to that of two sails with a combined area 10 times as large.

*The principle:* The rotors are so mounted that they are rotated by a 2-cylinder, 45-h. p. Diesel engine. They are mounted in such a manner as to take advantage of this peculiar phenomenon known as the "Magnus Effect." That physicist discovered that a cylinder rotated in this way in a current of air always moved bodily off at right angles to the direction of the current. According to Herr Flettner 40-h. p. rotating the cylinder will recover 2,000-h. p. from the wind. The rotors revolve at the rate of about two revolutions a second.

*How it works:* On the after side of the cylinder the wind will be opposed by the cylinder's revolution and will bank up, as it were, becoming more dense than normal. On the forward side the motion of the smooth cylinder will impart additional velocity to the wind. Here the tendency will be to rarify the atmosphere. The accelerated side of the cylinder effects a far greater recovery power from the wind than the loss of power on the opposing side. This is the Magnus Effect, and results in the cylinder being "sucked" forward as a whole. Since the ship is attached to its base, it, too, is drawn forward, much as if a great giant were pulling it on a string. It is the same principal as in a sailing vessel where the effective pull of the sail is caused by suction from its leeward side as well as by pressure on the windward side. In this respect, area for area, the rotor is inherently 15 times more effective than a sail.

In other words, on the side of the cylinder where the rotary motion is in the same direction as the wind, the air is helped along and speeded up by the friction of the surface of the cylinder. Consequently, the air pressure is reduced on the side and suction is formed. On the side of the cylinder that is turning against the wind, the opposite effect is produced by the friction. That is, the flow of the air-current is impeded, the air is compressed, and its pressure on the cylinder is increased. The net result of diminishing the pressure on one side and increasing it on the other is to produce a push acting on the rotor at right angles to the wind, and it is this force that propels the Flettner boat. The whirling rotors receive the push of the wind on one side but throw it off on the other; on the one side it produces congestion and consequent pressure—on the other side it produces suction.

In passing, it might be mentioned that the principal may be introduced into aeroplanes and so revolutionise aviation. The power depends upon the velocity of the wind, the height and diameter of the cylinder, and its speed of rotation. The limit is set for the dimensions of the rotors by considerations too technical for treatment in this informal article. The rotor ship also carries a propeller to which the Diesel engine used for rotating the cylinders may be attached if desirable. This would

be solely for the purpose of manoeuvring in port and for other conveniences.

*Its navigation:* This is simple. It is not steered by the rudder alone. The rotors, controlled from the bridge, play an important part in it. To turn the ship in the wind, the front rotor is stopped and the rear one reversed. The whole ship can be reversed instantly by reversing the rotation. Deviation from the course can be corrected by adjusting the relative speed of rotation of the two cylinders. If the ship becomes cranky in a heavy storm, one merely has to reduce the rotation of the cylinders or to stop them entirely. It rides on a much more even keel than do sailing craft.

*The economic advantages:* These consist in a greatly reduced crew, the operation of tacking being performed by a single man instead of the large crew sailing vessels require. As a superseder of the slow tramp steamer, it is very economical in fuel. But the rotor ship must tack back and forth as does a sailboat and, unlike it, cannot sail *before* the wind. Herr Flettner regards his invention merely as an auxiliary to steam or other power and as an improvement on the present schooner. He does not expect it to entirely displace the steamship as the newspapers would first have had us believe.

As a self-propelled vessel, it is only for established routes where trade winds and other established winds blow in the most advantageous direction. However, the world is watching with interest the experiment that may eventually revolutionise sailing craft, the first trans-Atlantic voyage of the *Baden-Baden*, the new rotor ship.

G. D. H. H. '27.

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# The Acadia Athenaeum

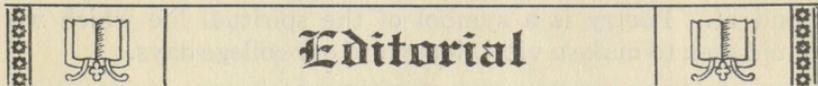
Vol. LII.

Wolfville, N. S., May, 1926.

No. 6

F. S. Crossman, '26.....	Managing Editor.
Margaret E. Hutchins, '26.....	Literary Editor.
O. T. Rumsey, '26, Science.	E. Ardis Whitman, '26, Month.
F. H. C. Fritz, '26, Athletics.	M. Grace Perry, '27, Exchanges.
Marjorie H. Mason, '26, Personals	H. F. Sipprell, '27, Jokes.
A. L. S. Rep.—Mary Millard.	A.C.A. Rep.—William H. Miller
Gwen R. Spurr, '27, Staff Artist.	T. H. Taylor, '28, Circulation Man.
D. H. Gordon, '27.....	Business Manager.

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The poetry issue of the *Athenaeum* always calls forth a generous response. This month there were seventeen contributions to the poetry department. Perhaps there is inspiration in the season of the year, as many of the poems seem to indicate. Surely if that is the case, it was a wise choice that devoted the May number to poetry. There is something in the spring that carries one above mere actuality into the realm of imagination and fancy. Apparently the lengthening days have always stirred the poetic soul, and no doubt they always will. Horace on the bank of the yellow Tibur, felt it no less than our own poets on Acadia's hill have felt it.

Whatever the inspiring urge, we welcome every poem, long or short, thoughtful or gay. More especially, we welcome the new poets. They come, for the most part, shyly, with downcast eyes and hesitating steps. If they but know how eagerly their coming is watched, they might more confidently bring

and open for us their treasure. Nor should they make light of their gift, no matter how small or fragile it may now appear. The tiniest spark has in it the possibilities of a mighty blaze. No one dare quench the most wavering flame of genius. Sometimes a rejected contribution dampens one's ardour. It should not be so. Do you suppose that Longfellow's first poem, which begins, "Mr. Phinney had a turnip" would have won a unit in the Athenaeum?

Moreover, the attempt on the part of young people to write poetry is an encouraging sign. A real serious attempt, that is, with some appreciation of the art of poetry and of the poets. It may be a part of the movement for self expression, it may be a realization of hither to undreamed of powers; whatever it be, there are certainly coming to light a greater number of aspiring poets than we have had for many a day. The College Anthologies witness to that fact, and Acadia seems to be no whit behind her sister colleges. In fact, we rather pride ourselves on the music of our Acadian poets. It is a thing to be proud of. Poetry is a symbol of the spiritual life which we should seek to make a vital element of our college days.

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Again we make announcement of the award of two Literary A's. They go this month to Marjorie H. Mason, '26 and F. H. C. Fritz, '26. Miss Mason has contributed to many of our literary departments but chiefly articles, plays, and stories. Mr. Fritz won the majority of his units previous to this year. His contributions were mainly scientific and poetic. Both are members of the Athenaeum staff. We are pleased to extend our congratulations to them on the completion of their efforts.

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The *Athenaeum* regrets to state that in the issue of March, 1926, there appeared an article entitled "Evolution and the Bible," which has been found to be a verbatim excerpt from an article by Harry Emerson Fosdick, which appeared in the Ladies' Home Journal of September, 1925, under the title "Evolution and Religion."

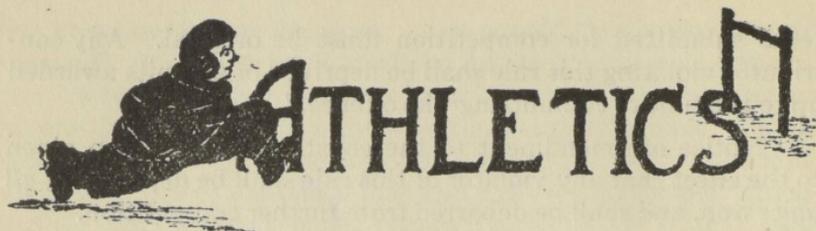
The constitution of the *Athenaeum* reads thus: "All ma-

terial submitted for competition must be original. Any contributor violating this rule shall be deprived of all units awarded up to the time of committing the offence."

Notice of amendment to the constitution has been given to the effect that any violator of this rule shall be deprived of *all* units won, and shall be debarred from further competition.

Furthermore, it has been resolved that the members of the science faculty of the University be asked to act in an advisory capacity to the science editor of the *Athenaeum* in regard to the merit of science articles submitted for competition.





"I wanna hear the catcher shout an' see the batters fan,  
 I wanna see the pitcher heave the ball across the pan,  
 'Cause the sand-lot boys are chafin with impatience all the day,  
 For the game to get agoin' and the ump to holler "play!"

Spring and baseball are synonymous terms in the realm of sport. At Acadia, the baseball season has arrived, but even the most ardent disciples of Ty Cobb and Walter Johnson have not yet ventured out upon the snow-covered campus to work their arms in and out of shape for the long-awaited cry of "Play Ball!" Blair Elderkin, this year's manager of the college team has already made plans for a number of games with some of the best teams in the province. There is an abundance of good material for a team. this year, and, barring weather conditions, prospects are bright for a successful season.

#### WITHDRAWAL OF ACADIA FROM THE WESTERN SECTION

One of the most important decisions ever made by the Acadia Athletic Association was the withdrawal of Acadia from the Western section of the Maritime Intercollegiate Athletic Union, at the Maritime Conference, held at Truro, on April 2nd.

This decision was reached because it was considered imperative, in view of Acadia's geographical situation, that we should make other arrangements in order to secure more games for our teams at less expense. In the past, we have spent approximately \$2,400 each year on the three major intercollegiate sports—football, hockey, and basketball. In return for this amount, we have but six intercollegiate league games per year.

It was considered possible, by entering the Eastern Section, to reduce the large expenditure, and to secure a greater number of games.

H. A. Davison and Prof. Ross represented Acadia at the Maritime Conference, and presented our case. The Western Section representatives accepted our withdrawal, but the Eastern Section officials refused to admit Acadia into that league, on the grounds that the addition of another team would overcrowd the league.

At present, it is undecided whether Acadia shall re-enter the Western Section or play independently of any league. Whatever course is taken, the matter is worthy of the students' most serious consideration.

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### **GIRLS' BASKETBALL**

ACADIA 41, KINGS 7.

After losing the league title to Dalhousie on March 19th, the Acadia co-eds played Kings the following day, and won by the large score of 41-7. Acadia had control of the ball practically all the time, and with a splendidly working system of combination play, ran up a score of 21-5 in the first half. In the second period they again ran wild in the scoring department. While the guards held the Kings forwards to two points.

Anne Doherty was the high scorer and most brilliant of the Acadia team. N. Markham secured five of Kings' seven points and was the outstanding player on the Blue and White line-up.

The teams:

Kings: K. Smith, N. Markham, forwards; V. Card, A. Prouse, centres; M. Dauphinee, E. Cavicchi, guards; H. Dominy, A. Hebb, spares.

Acadia: A. Doherty, J. Murray, forwards; E. Ford, E. Corey, centres; S. Wallace, G. McCallum, guards; M. Smith, F. Parlee, M. Duffy, spares.

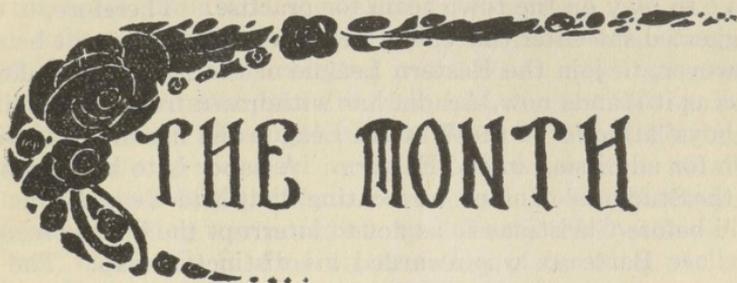
## Mt. ALLISON 15, ACADIA 22.

Acadia's co-ed basketball team finished the season with a victory over Mt. Allison, in the latter's gymnasium on March 26th. Mt. A. scored first, but Acadia soon went into the lead, and held it for the remainder of the period, which ended 13-6.

Mt. A. tried desperately to equalize matters in the second half, but the superior shooting of the Acadia forwards was too much for the home team and when the final whistle blew, the score stood 22-15 in favor of Acadia.

Anne Doherty was the star of the Acadia sextette, and Janet Murray worked well in combination with her as well as being very effective in scoring.





# THE MONTH

Almost all the classes took their usual after-exam party this year in the form of rebate on all members tickets to the Truro hockey game, and hence we have no parties to write up.

But there is one thing that must not go unmentioned and that is the welcome restoration of a time-honored but lately defunct Acadia ceremony, the wearing of gowns. And now, this last month, the departing Senior girls have blossomed forth in gowns at class. The wily Juniores were not long in following suit, and so it is we have an air of studious grace and dignity again permeating our college hall. It is to be hoped that the improvement will percolate through the various strata until it reaches the very Freshettes themselves.

On March 29 the Seminary Glee Club and Conservatory Orchestra furnished us with a delightful cantata and special numbers in their excellent presentation of "The Lady of Shalott."

## ACADIA CHORAL CLUB

The music lovers of the campus and town received a real treat in the programme presented on Tuesday, April 13 in University Hall. The choruses were splendid. Miss DeWolfe, with her sweet contralto, was in excellent form. Miss Langley at the violin was as ever exquisite. A special and delightful feature were those numbers by Miss Weber, 'cellist, from Halifax.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Acadia wants more hockey games so that her men won't

have to play on the town team for practise. Therefore, it was suggested she enter the Valley League. It was thought better, however, to join the Eastern League of the Maritime colleges and as it stands now, Acadia has withdrawn from all activities in boys' athletics in the Western League and has made application for admission in the Eastern. A paper is to be presented to the Students' Union, advocating that Mid-Year exams be held before Christmas so as not to interrupt the hockey season. Wallace Barteaux was awarded his distinction cap. The report from the conference at Truro was carefully considered, and for the present Acadia's athletic difficulties were laid on the table to provide time for ample consideration.

### STUDENT'S UNION

This organization has been going through some stormy times. Boiled down, the business amounts to the passing of the entire Students' Code; the amendment of Article XII of the constitution to read that in the event of the absence of more than one student member from the Upper Judicial Committee that additions be made to complete the student delegatum from the Lower Judicial Committee in order of rank; to granting the final Saturday night to the Dramatic Society this year. On April 15 the matter of a handbook was discussed. A motion providing for a committee to look after it was lost. A committee composed of Treasurer Israel, as chairman, and three others was appointed to thoroughly investigate the matter of the rebate on the special train to Truro and report to the Union whether that rebate in their opinion should belong to Manager of the Hockey Team Neal or to the Union.

### S. C. A.

This has been a banner month for the S. C. A. Many excellent and well-attended meetings have been held. The address by Dr. Spidle in A4 on March twenty-fourth was particularly interesting. At a joint meeting on the thirty-first we were favored with a most informing talk on the history of

the missions in India and the mission work there from Miss Bessie Lockart '15, now a missionary to India home on furlough. Another devotional, joint meeting was held on April seventh of which Harold Mellish, the librarian, had charge. He spoke very splendidly on "The Religion of Jesus." The following Sunday a joint sing was held in Tully Clubroom where we all took part heartily in singing favorite hymns. The regular type of mid-week meeting was varied on April fourteenth by the welcome visit of Mr. E. C. Amaron, secretary of the S. C. A. at McGill. He is making a tour of the Maritime colleges in the interests of the Eastern Summer Conference of the S. C. M. which is to be held at Pine Hill, Halifax from May 26—June 4. His appealing talks resulted in conditions that point to a large delegation from Acadia this year.

#### THEOLOGICAL CLUB

The Club held its annual conference in the Baptist Church on March twenty-sixth. It opened at four-thirty in the afternoon with a devotional meeting conducted by H. W. Mollins with the assistance of Gerald Guiou. An address by Mr. Howard, president of the Club, followed. He extended a cordial welcome to the new students and Faculty, and referred to the good work of previous conferences in strengthening the spirit of student-pastors in their summer work.

Dr. Marshall then gave a practical and informative talk on "What Shall We Preach?" Supper was served by the Social and Benevolent Society in the dining-hall of the church. After all had done the feast royal full justice, the after-dinner speeches followed. Dr. Chute's illustrious work in Acadia's theological department was reverently cited. Dr. Patterson in his excellent address, full of wisdom and experience, left a deep and lasting impression upon the interested members.

On April the ninth Dr. Spidle again favored us with one of his thought-provoking and helpful talks this time on "The Value of Philosophy to a Minister."

#### INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

The intellectual, if not the athletic, bacon came home to

Acadia from Fredericton when we heard on Tuesday, March 29, that we had that night defeated U. N. B. on the important subject: Resolved that Canada should refrain from participation in any European treaty settlements except as have or may be entered into under the covenant of the League of Nations. Our men, comprising R. B. Curry, Leader, F. Crossman, and E. Paul, upheld the affirmative against the arguments of Messrs. Brundage, (Leader) Foulkes, and Mersereau and secured a 2-1 decision from Premier Baxter, Hon. P. J. Veniot, and Lawyer Allen of Moncton, judges. The debate was held in the Fredericton High School Assembly Hall before about one hundred people. Chancellor Jones of U. N. B. presided.

#### DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society have held several interesting meetings entailing the transaction of much business of importance. On Monday, the twenty-second, an unusually delightful social was held in Tully Clubroom. After several fun-provoking games, Sir J. M. Barrie's one-act play, "The Twelve Pound Look," was well-presented by the Misses Eva Marshall and Eleanor Harris and Messrs. A. P. Morton and G. D. H. Hatfield under the direction of Miss White. Two exquisite piano solos were rendered by Miss Smofsky, and an encored voice rendition of charm by Miss Simms. Delicious refreshments followed, and a round of Tucker brought the pleasant evening to a close with the singing of "Acadia." Several new members were present and took a keen interest. The guests were Mrs. MacLean and Dr. Rhodenizer. Meredith White was at the head of the Social Committee.

The Society is now engaged in work on the spring play, "The Rivals."

#### ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

"Resolved that Canada's participation in European political settlements should be limited to her actions under the League of Nations" was the involved subject of the impassioned verbal battle waged between the Seniors and Sophomores be-

fore a large audience in A4 on March twenty-seventh. Messrs. G. Eaton, F. MacLatchy, and R. Swim, leader supported the negative and lost to Messrs. W. Black, F. Fraser, and W. Stultz leader, in the Soph trenches. The judges were Doctors DeWolfe, Rhodenizer, and MacDonald. An amusing and constructive critique was read by G. Potter.

The activities of the Society have been limited to their preparations for the Mock Parliament. Several political meetings have been held by both the Conservatives and Liberals at which much eloquence, wit, and corruption have been shown. On March 27 the fateful elections were held in A4. The triumphant Liberals polled seventy-four votes as against the Conservatives' sixty-eight.

#### GIRL'S S. C. A.

The girls' unit of the S. C. A. was addressed on March 28 by Prof. Howald who gave an interesting and enlightening talk on Student Life of Europe.

On April 11, the girls invited the boys in to a "sing." The special features were a solo by Nita Tretheway, a piano solo by Freida Smofsky, and a duet by Nita Tretheway and Arthur Tingley.

#### STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

In the Student Volunteer Band, this month, the study of the "Faiths of Mankind" has been discussed at every meeting, a different person in charge of devotional part of each meeting. Walter Stultz was in charge on March 21, Marjorie Mason on March 28 and R. H. Braman on April 11.



The Exchange shelf again! This month the magazines and newspapers seem to be almost universally characterized by the wish to make these final numbers best yet. And some of them certainly are better, much better than some of the issues of the same papers of several months ago. But that is as it should be. There isn't really such a thing as maintaining a uniform standard (although we may fool ourselves into thinking so.) If there is not improvement there is sure to be decadence or stagnation.

As we survey the many different college magazines and newspapers this month it is interesting to note the wide variety and differences among them. In two respects the newspaper certainly seems to have an advantage over the more conservative magazine. In the forecast of coming events it plays its first major role, and we believe the second to be in the aiding advantages of free expression of student opinion through various columns, but, especially in "Letters to the Editor." It has often and still is our policy to deplore the lack of true literary material in many university weeklies but we can not help but admire the spirit of humor and pep which pervades most of your departments.

#### WESTERN U. GAZETTE

We are disappointed in your dearth of real literary material although you have an abundance of well written news items interspersed by a few snappy little sketches.

## THE WILLOW PATH

Although we do not see this magazine among our exchanges very often, it is a rare joy to read it when it does appear. There are very few false notes all the way through its pages. Indeed it is a work of art, a magazine from which we derive true literary stimulation and pleasure. The short stories are excellent. We should like to mention "Flames" and "The Kitchen Boy" as possessing a "different" tone from many short stories which we read.

## THE FRONTIER

It is truly a literary feast to read through the pages of this magazine, containing as it does real gems of the writer's art. This is one of the four or five "best" magazines on our exchange shelf. Students in our own university who really care for high quality in our own Athenaeum will find an inspiration and a challenge through the reading of it. In the sketch "Rubbers" we found food for thought indeed. Often indeed the drive of an academic course keeps us from expressing ourselves, and it is a problem indeed to know when to put on and when to leave off our rubbers. "Modern Fairies" we found a delightful bit of fancy quite up to the standard of the other poetry of the issues.

## MINNESOTA QUARTERLY

This is another one of those few "best" magazines on our exchange shelf which gave us a new vision of the excellence to which a college magazine might attain. The contributions are more than learner's exercises. They are examples of true literary art. We do not feel justified in picking out any one contribution as being better than another. We would, however, say that we liked very much the critical essay on "The Extraordinary realism of Arnold Bennet," which was a really valuable contribution to our appreciation of English literature.

We were greatly intrigued by the classic restraint of the story "Susanne." On the whole we could not say enough to

praise this excellent magazine—by far the best on our exchange shelf.

#### OXFORD UNIVERSITY REVIEW

More mature, more finished, with a different atmosphere and presenting another view point than ours we cannot but honour the scholarship of the students who contribute to this magazine. The idea of a competition serial is new to us. We think we would like to try running one in our own Athenaeum. We imagine some pretty keen competition for the writing of each new installment would be engendered, especially if literary units were to be gained by success. And ah, we love your cartoons. May they continue to arrive!

#### THE BRUNSWICKAN

This monthly is, as usual, interesting. There is some really worth while literature and some more of the other kind, which does not, however, detract from the aforesaid interest. The article "Visions or Dreams" was above the ordinary, with a really vital message to all college students. There were also a few science articles of outstanding merit. The poetry muse has a few promising devotees from whom we hope to hear again.

#### THE GATEWAY—LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Something to be proud of! That is our candid opinion of your literary Supplement which is a series of pleasant things from one cover to the other. We have often been disappointed at the dearth of literary material in your newspaper but that has all been compensated for now in your college literary magazine. We only wish it appeared more often. Poems, a critical essay and stories both serious and humorous make a balanced magazine which it is a pleasure to review.

#### McGILL DAILY

We found some interesting news items and an abundance of

good humor. There were quite a number of poems, many being from exchanges. Did we like "Le Petit Parisien?" Yes, indeed.

#### THE MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

Strictly technical in all its feature articles with a little genuine humor in the departments "News from the Technical Campus", and "Around the World with our Alumni," printed on a fine quality of paper, well illustrated and with the best class of advertisements this magazine may well vie in quality with any technical magazine, college or otherwise. The article "The Graduate in Industry" is quite helpful to an under graduate reader, especially if one were going in for engineering. We repeat our enjoyment in the original illustrations accompanying "Around The World With Our Alumni."

#### SAINT ANDREWS' COLLEGE REVIEW

This magazine is characterized by excellent work in the Athletic department, some interesting short (very short) stories in, as a rule, rather humorous vein, several poems which show promising poetic ability, and a fund of good humor under the heading "skits," interspersed with a number of good cartoons.

#### THE TECH FLASH

This is the best balanced number of your magazine we have seen yet. The technical articles were worthy the dignity of "College bred" and to balance them was a fund of humor which beats any other on our exchange shelf. Your cover design has had the boys here fascinated ever since the Spring "Flash" came in.

#### MARITIME STUDENTS' AGRICULTURIST

Your March issue was a complete surprise to us in regard to its literary material. Two contributions were particularly good, "The Bronze God,"—a story,—and "The Winter of '98,"

a poem. The former was of absorbing interest and well told. The latter reminded us of some of the things from the pen of Service. We thank the editor of the exchange dept. for the kind words of appreciation he has for our own Athenaeum.

#### ST. DUNSTAN'S RED AND WHITE

Congratulations to you for the distinct literary merit evidenced in your April number. The poetry department is especially worth while, the poem "Night" being particularly good. We like your featuring of quotations from famous authors. They showed discriminating judgement as to what is really worthwhile in literature.

#### THE UBYSSY

Snappy and forceful as usual, things of even strictly local nature are made interesting to the outsider. The editorials are especially good being really above the average in vigor and forcefulness. The contributions relative to the Imperial Debating team took our attention, particularly the criticism of U. B. C.'s recent Player's Club production of "Pygmalion" by Mr. Paul Reed of the Imperial Debating team. It seems odd to us to read that you have had your Annual Track meet when the snow has not yet left here in our section of Canada.

#### DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

Your paper has generally shown itself this year, as a rule, able to make itself of general interest owing to the generous amount of literary material distributed among its pages. We do not remember your publishing a number this year that was better, or even as good as your final one. The literary material stood out and engaged attention at once by its variety and good arrangement on the pages. Congratulations to your retiring editors.

#### THE ARGOSY WEEKLY

On glancing over this month's numbers of the Argosy it

seemed that there was little of more than local interest. A more careful perusal however brought some very interesting Things to light. We would give The American Periodical in Canada first place as the most worthwhile contribution. Your "Books Reviews" were timely and well written. While the critical essay on "The Imitation of Christ" was a little gem. The editorial "Literary Efforts" was interesting especially in the light of some of our past Exchange Reviews of the Argosy. We feel that too much time is being given by your best writers to the news items. Though undoubtedly of great interest to your student body a preponderance of them spoil the Argosy for the outsider.

It is due, in all fairness, however, to say that, as a rule, they are exceptionally well written. Indeed we are tempted to say that such ability is worthy of a better cause. Perhaps we are selfish but we'd like to see it devoted to the field of true literature.

#### MANAGRA

At last we have the results of your Poem and Story Contest! Even though you are so far away we have been closely interested in your efforts to set a high literary standard for your magazine. Although you have not had quite the success we had hoped for you have shown results of which you may well be proud. Students that can create a poem as fine as "My Prayer," or stories like the prize winners, need not despair of literary success. We are not going to forget very soon "The Autobiography of a Class Picture" by one of your alumni.

#### McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

As usual, your monthly contains much literary material of absorbing interest. We found the enthusiastic critical essay on "Anatole France" especially valuable. We were glad to read a second installment of "Spring Saraband," showing as it does, a keen observation and appreciation of nature. The editor of the department "Here and There" deserves credit for appreciative and conscientious work she has done.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM  
THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY

Among the literary items that we liked were: The "Spring in Reality" the article "Teaching as a profession"—mark, ye who soon go to the Normal College, "Better English," the very practical editorial on the Cape Breton situation.

A



Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, Professor of English Literature, is preparing articles on Joseph Howe and C. G. D. Roberts for a series of such on Canadian authors in *The Canadian Bookman*.

'91—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to Dr. J. H. Macdonald on the death of his sister.

'91—Rev. R. Osgood Morse was a recent visitor at Acadia University.

'99—Rev. Ira B. Hardy has recently accepted a call to The First Baptist Church at Waltham, Mass. He resigned his pastorate at Sanford Baptist Church, Maine, to accept this position.

'00—Hon. E. N. Rhodes, Premier of Nova Scotia, sailed for England recently.

'00—Rev. S. S. Poole, D. D., was a recent visitor at Wolfville, N. S.

'04—Rosamond Archibald has contributed a lengthy literary article to *Book Parlance*.

'15—Bessie Lockhart, on furlough from India, was a recent visitor at the University and while here spoke at the S. C. A.

'15—Mary Kinley Ingraham has contributed another article on the University Library to *The Maritime Baptist*.

'19—Professor N. McL. Rogers delivered a speech to the Men's Liberal Club at Kentville recently.

'19—C. S. Beale, I. O. D. E. scholar for 1925, plans to complete his Ph. D., work at London University in June. He has secured a position with the Dominion Astro Observation at Victoria, B. C.

'20—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to Muriel Cann Holmes on the death of her husband, Wallace Holmes.

'20—The Athenaeum extends felicitations to Pauline Parry and Rev. H. H. Titus, Ph. D., on their marriage in the United Baptist Church at Wolfville, N. S., on April 6, 1926. Dr. and Mrs. Titus are enjoying a wedding tour on the continent. During this tour Dr. Titus will pursue his studies in Religious Education in several European Universities.

'20—Dorothy Schurman has been obliged to resign her school at Chambersborough, Pa., on account of ill health. She is now at her home in Truro, N. S.

'21—Marjorie Wickwire and Marjorie Haley were ushers at the recent Titus-Perry wedding.

'22—H. W. Douglas Fritz is a member of the graduating class of the St. John Law School.

'23—H. K. Grimmer, who was recently married, has returned to his pastorate at Newcastle, N. B., with his bride.

'23—P. L. Judge was appointed president of the Dalhousie Society of Law.

'24—Don Collins is teaching at Dominion No. 6, Cape Breton.

'24—Don Messenger and S. S. Chipman of Edinburgh

and T. H. Robinson of Oxford University spent their Easter vacation in Paris.

'24—E. N. Esty who is principal of Andover High School spent his Easter vacation with friends at Wolfville.

'24—Edgar Dewolfe principal of Liscomb High School, Guysboro Co., spent a few days recently with his parents at Wolfville.

'24—Dean Lusby, who is teaching at Bristol, Vermont, spent Easter with her parents at Amherst, N. S.

'21—Grace Porter has been appointed assistant principal of Wolfville High School.

'24—Leon Rhodenizer spent his Easter vacation with his brother, Dr. V. B. Rhodenizer, at Wolfville, N. S.

Eng. '24—Don Burnham, who is now in the Bank of Nova Scotia at Digby, N. S., plans to resume his studies at The Nova Scotia Technical College this autumn.

Eng. '24—Wylie Ward was a recent visitor at the Residence.

'24—Helen Archibald who for the last two years has been on the staff of Holland High School, has accepted the position of vice-principal of Wolfville High School.

'25—Mark Inman, who was awarded the I. O. D. E. scholarship for P. E. I., plans to take post graduate work in History at Oxford University this autumn.

Eng. '25—Cyril Parks spent the week-end with friends at Willett Hall recently.

En. '25—Rev. J. R. McGorman, of Mahone Bay, recently

gave an address at the Roll Call of The Central Baptist Church at Halifax, N. S.

Eng. '25.—Morley Taylor was a visitor in Wolfville during the Easter recess.

'25—Arthur Harris has been re-engaged to teach at Birch Grove, Cape Breton, for next year.

'25—Pauline Colbath who is teaching at Fairfield, Maine, spent her Easter vacation with friends at Wolfville.

'25—John Copeland is working in Buffalo, N. Y.

'25—Albert Marshall is at his home in Annapolis, N. S.

Eng. '25—Gerald Freeman, who is attending Technical College at Halifax, spent Easter with friends at the Residence.

'26—Wallace Forgery has declined the call to Waterloo St. Baptist Church at St. John, N. B.

'26—Clarence Gould has been awarded a Scholarship in English at Harvard University.

'26—Arthur Dunlap has secured a scholarship in English and Mathematics at Syracuse University.

Ex. '26—Willard Bancroft has recently returned from the South and is spending a few days with his mother at Wolfville.

'26—Aubrey Landers, Jr., has been fortunate in securing a scholarship at Brown University.

'26—Maurice Haycock has been engaged to go on an Arctic Exploring Expedition this summer.

Ex '26—Floyd Cleveland is working in Beverley, Mass.

'27—Harry Mollins has been appointed assistant pastor of the Wolfville Baptist Church, during the summer months.

'27—Howard Grimmer who has been ill with blood poisoning is now working in his father's store at St. Stephen, N. B.

Ex '27—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Ralph Jenkins on the birth of a son.

'27—G. D. H. Hatfield won third position in a recent nation-wide one-act play competition.

Ex '27—Alice Porter spent a few days with friends in Wolfville recently.

'28—Chas. F. Allaby is working in Boston, Mass.

'28—The many friends of Gordon Ross will regret to learn that the condition of his health has made it impossible for him to resume his studies at Acadia since the Easter recess. He is now at his home in Fairville, N. B.

'28—The Athenaeum extends sympathy to James Nowlan on the death of his father.

A. L. S. '19—Blanche Pugsley is on the nursing staff of Highland View Hospital, Amherst, N. S.

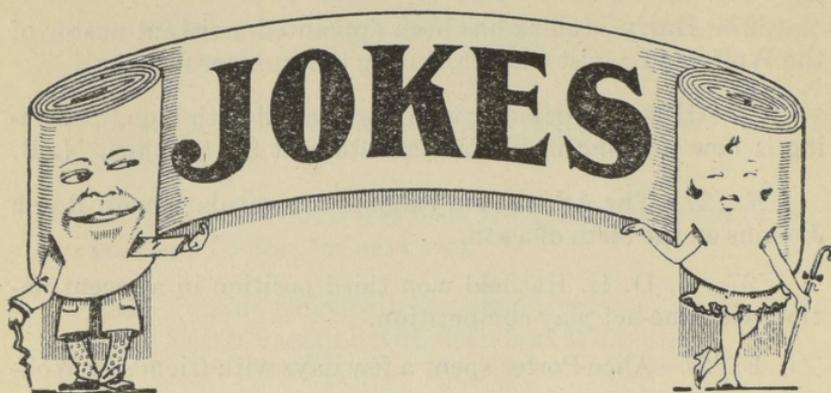
A. L. S. '20—Edith Jenkins Gates is now living at West Royalty, P. E. I.

A. L. S. '20—Eula and Thelma Jenkins have returned from a trip to Boston and are now at their home in Charlottetown, P. E. I.

A. C. A. '04—Lewis Simms addressed The International Convention of Religious Education at Birmingham, Ala.

A. C. A. '20—The Athenaeum extends congratulations to Cecil Jenkins and Mrs. Jenkins on the birth of a daughter.

The Athenaeum extends sympathy to S. Johnson, assistant professor of Chemistry, who is now convalescing at Westwood Hospital, Wolfville, N. S.



### Now Isn't It So?

A little iron, a cunning curl,  
 A box of powder, a pretty girl,  
 A little rain, away she goes,  
 A homely one with a freckled nose.

Owen '26 (reading): An undertaker was bitten by a mad dog and died.

Mersereau '27 (humorously): He didn't make an awful lot on that funeral, did he?

Owen: No. In fact, he went in the hole.

Andy '28 (hoeing in with knife and fork at Tully): To digest or to just die, that is the question.

Byrns '26 (when lights went out): We don't need a light now.

Jean (H. S. '26): Why, no if you can see to get your cap.

Barber: Do you want a hair-cut?

Russia '27: I would like to have all of them cut.

Dr. DeWitt (in Hygiene): What should we take after each meal?

Yank: A smoke.

Announcement at Table: The coach will meet the basket-ball girls at two o'clock.

Sem (much excited): Do we drive to the gym in a coach?

---

"I miss my Swiss" hummed the Tully customer who forgot to go to Sunday supper.

---

Lawrence '28: Can you give me a sentence with superfluous in it?

Conley '28: The Tully superfluous into a rage.

---

Giant '27: This college life is always the same.

Plant Eng. (broke): Yah. No change.

---

Cross '28: What's the latest thing in men's clothes?

Bishop '27: Woman.

---

Chem. Prof.: What happens to gold if it is exposed to the air?

Miller '29: It's stolen.

---

Archie '27: My old car is great on the pick up.

Punk '27: I should say it is. I saw you pick up two nice Sems. yesterday.

---

No, Marven, Red Grange is not a Bolshevik rural district.

---

A teddy bear sat on the ice  
 As cold as cold could be,  
 But soon got up and walked away,  
 "My tale is told," said he.

---

French Prof.: Meester Fenwick, where ees your book?

Shorty '28: Out in my locker, sir.

French Prof.: Go and get eet, and zees time breeng also zee head weeth you.

Nellie Dill '28: Have you any close relations here?

Annie McKay '28: Yes, my brother.

---

Anne '26: A man told me the other day I had a nice mouth

Barbara '26 (absently): Yes, it's immense.

---

Elizabeth E. '28: What makes your car cough like that?

Verne '28: Oh, I took its muffler off last night and it caught cold.

---

Elliott, Eng. 27: Look, boys, here's a piece of rubber in my sausage.

Fraser '28: That only goes to show the motor car is replacing the horse everywhere.

---

Louise '27: My complexion's my own.

Fran '28: I know. It's a bad habit to borrow other peoples rouge.

---

Pat '27: Say listen, Marven—

Marven '27: Listen.

---

Ben '27 (in despair over composition)—Give me a sentence using the word chagrin, will you?

Marj. '26—Aw, why don't chagrin once in awhile?

---

He put his arm around her waist  
 And placed upon her lips a kiss:  
 "I've tasted draughts from many a cup,  
 But never from a mug like this."

---

Father '26 (at table)—It looks like rain.

Art '26(reaching for glass of milk). It generally does.

---

Geldart '26 (being introduced at Senior-Junior Banquet).  
 Good evening.

Proverbial young thing not so sweet—Good night.

Mary Currie '26—It isn't pleasant to think of graduating.  
You lose your youth then.

Ella '26—Well, I'm sure I haven't had any youth here.

R. D. '27—I want to get a pair of squeaky slippers.

Clerk—Why?

R. D.—To present to my father-in-law.

Jenkins '28—Won't you have the sugar? "Sweets to the  
sweets, you know."

Helen '27—Thank you. May I pass you the crackers?

Pat '27—Marven says that all he wants is a chance to  
express himself.

MacLatchey '26—Fine! Where to?

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