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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LV

Wolfville, N. S., April, 1929

No. 6

ATHENAEUM AWARDS FOR APRIL

One Act Play:—Vincent A. White '29 (3 units); Audrey Gregg '29 (2 units); Jean Miller '29 (1 unit).

Poetry:—Curtis McCann '32, Greta Rose '30, Albert Roland '31 (1 unit each).

Short Story:—Norman Chappell '32 (2 units); Annie McMackin '32 (1 unit); Vincent A. White '29 (1 unit, Special Award).

Article:—R. Burns '31, Vincent White '29, Audrey Gregg '29, (1 unit each).

Unclassified:—Paul Gelinas '32, Elva E. Jackson '31, Rosamund Burgess '32 (1 unit each).

Humor:—W. H. Longley Jr. '31 (2 units).

Science:—Evelyn Baird '30 (2 units); Elizabeth MacMillan '31 (1 unit).

Editorial:—W. B. Davis '30 (1 unit.)

Athletics:—Robert A. Goudey '30 (2 units).

Month:—Jean Miller '29 (2 units).

Exchanges:—Albert E. Roland '31 (1 unit).

Personals:—Melba Maie Roop '29 (2 units).

Jokes:—Jean Miller '29 (2 units); Annie McMackin '32 (1 unit).

One-Act Plays Featured.

Literary "A's" to: Miss Jean Miller '29; Mr. Vincent A. White '29; and Mr. W. H. Longley Jr. '31.

Seniors: 15 units

Sophomores: 7 units.

Juniors 6 units

Freshmen: 6 units.

REMEMBRANCE

Dear Lord, when Spring has come again
Let me not feel its rapture but its pain;
Let me not glory in the beauty of the rose
Which has arisen from its tomb of snows;
But let me suffer all alone.

Let not the tint of Spring's array
Bewitch my soul and drive my grief away,
Nor let the dew upon the scented lilac bring
Its wine of sweet remembrance of another Spring—
Because, Dear Lord, a heart is such a tender thing.

Curtis McCann '32.

THUS IS THE SPRING TO ME

Thus is the spring to me
Beautiful, wistful,
Like a girl with dancing feet and with misty eyes,
Showing her loveliness even in tears:
Or a low green hillside in May,
Covered with flowers
Yellow and pink and white,
With beyond the deep, deep blue of the sky

Albert E. Roland '31

EXIT SON

(Scene:—Hallway-sitting room of a small town house. Door middle to dining-room. Front door of house at left. Fireplace is right with clock on mantle, and chairs alongside. A reading table behind chairs and a larger table middle. Hat-rack by front door, and small safe right of middle door. Stairs ascend left.)

(Time:—About ten-thirty in the evening.)

(At Rise:—Mr. and Mrs. Chester sitting by open fire. Mr. Chester is smoking a pipe, and working in a pad. Mrs. Chester is beside him reading.)

Mrs. C. (Looks up, smothering a yawn). I guess I've read enough for tonight. My eyes tire reading—quite sore this evening. (Puts book on table.) What are you working at, George? (Removes glasses and rubs eyes. Puts glasses in case.)

Mr. C. Oh, I'm trying to straighten out the Lodge accounts. It's a tough job for me. (Looks up.) I never was any good at figures anyway.

Mrs. C. Wish I could help you but my eyes are too tired? (Puts glasses' case on table.)

Mr. C. Let's see—how long is it since you've had them tested?

Mrs. C. It must be four years now—yes—I had them tested when you were at the Grand Lodge meeting in Willington—that will make it four years next October.

Mr. C. Yes, it's time you had your glasses changed alright. (Puts pad on table) How do you like the story you have been reading?

Mrs. C. Oh, not much! It's one of those crazy love-stories—quite modern. The only reason I continue with it is because the boy in it reminds me a lot of our Bill. (Both look pensively in fire.) My—! (Sighs) I do wish we could hear from him.

- Mr. C.** Cheer up, mother! (*Reaches for her hand.*) We'll hear from Bill alright—sometime.
- Mrs. C.** Thirteen months and four weeks without a word—that's pretty hard for any mother to stand—and then, he might be dead for all we know.
- Mr. C.** Don't worry about that part of it. Bill always could look after himself. (*Rises.*) Guess I'll go to the pantry and look for a snack to eat. That salad we had for supper was—didn't quite satisfy me.
- Mrs. C.** (*Starts to rise.*) I'll get something for you.
- Mr. C.** (*Stops her.*) That's all right—you're tired. I can find something. Besides, I get a great kick out of rummaging through those tins myself. (*Exits through dining-room door.*)
- (*Mrs. C. sits gazing into fire. There is a knock at the front door. Mrs. C. goes to the door, and admits Mr. Henry Jones, a family friend.*)
- Mr. J.** (*At door.*) Good evening, Mrs. Chester. I was just passing, on the way home from a meeting of the council, and I thought I'd drop in to say hello. (*They come centre.*)
- Mrs. C.** Well, I'm glad you did. George and I were a bit lonesome this evening. Here—let me take your coat. (*Motions to take coat.*)
- Mr. J.** No! No! I'm just going to stay a minute. Where's George?
- Mrs. C.** Oh, he's out in the kitchen trying to make additions to his supper. Sit down here in front of the fire, Mr. Jones. (*Beckons to chair by fire.*) I'll call him. (*Mr. J. sits at fire. Mrs. C. goes to dining room door. (Raises voice.)* Mr. Jones is here, George! Come in—(*Lowers voice.*) and bring something to eat.
- Mr. C.** (*Off stage.*) Hello, Henry! I'll be there in a minute. Suppose you could stand some chicken?
- Mr. J.** No, really, George, I couldn't eat a thing.
- Mrs. C.** We'll see about that. I guess I haven't lived with a man for twenty-three years for nothing. Never saw

one yet that couldn't eat anytime. (*Comes to fireplace, sits*)

Mr. J. Well, you're such a good cook that—

Mrs. C. Now, Blarney, you think I was going to swallow that.

Mr. J. Well, (*Joking*) if you wish we'll change the subject.

Mrs. C. It's rather chilly out, isn't it? (*Smiles.*)

Mr. J. Yes! there's a brisk breeze blowing up the bay now. I certainly don't envy those checkers at the docks on a night like this—especially with four ships docking before morning.

Mrs. C. (*Anxiously*) Is that right? Where are they from? How many?

Mr. J. Three of them are freighters. One hails from London, another from Brisbane and the third from Newcastle. I don't know where the fourth one is from. All I know is that she is a three-masted schooner.

Mrs. C. (*Nervously*) You suppose that Bill—but no! I've watched every boat for a year—and he hasn't come home. (*Straightens up*) Oh, how is Mrs. Jones?

Mr. J. Very well, thank you—but, true to female character, she always has a worry. If the pudding didn't boil over, she worries about what she would have done if it had.

Mrs. C. Well, what's her latest worry?

Mr. J. Oh, last night she thought that she heard someone moving around in the house, and I could get no rest 'till I went around all the house, and looked under the couches and tables and mats to make sure there was no one there.

Mrs. C. I've never been bothered that way—only one night I got excited when the yeast jug exploded, and I thought it was a burglar. (*Both laugh*) I really don't know what I'd do if a real burglar got in the house. I think I'd—(*Enter Mr. C.*)

Mr. C. Hello, Henry! (*Takes tray he is carrying to table centre, and begins to unload the chicken rack, doughnuts, cake, etc., on table.*)

- Mr. J.** Hi, there! George, you're quite a kitchen mechanic.
- Mrs. C.** (*Going to table.*) Why didn't you bring some plates and serviettes?
- Me. C.** Oh, you don't need plates, and serviettes are too darn small.
- Mrs. C.** I'm going to get some. You can't eat in here that way. (*Exits.*)
- Mr. C.** Women are so particular.
- Mr. J.** (*Rises and goes centre to George.*) Listen, George. (*Seriously*) You read in the paper about the robbery and the murder that took place in Newton last night?
- Mr. C.** (*Stops business at table and looks intently at him.*) Yes.
- Mr. J.** Well, the reason I dropped in—was to tell you that the people down town are pretty much alarmed about it.
- Mr. C.** Yes? Go on!
- Mr. J.** Those bandits got away, too—and what's more, they are a desperate bunch. They killed that man last night in cold blood.
- Mr. C.** I read all that in the paper.
- Mr. J.** But what I wanted to warn you about was that some one down town heard that they were headed for here.
- Mr. C.** Huh! I don't believe that—Newton is a good eighty miles from here. Those ruffians are likely a couple of hundred miles away from here at least, by now.
- Mr. J.** You may not be worried, but the mayor has special police put on tonight.
- Mr. C.** (*Seriously*) Is that so? Hum-m—that doesn't sound so good, does it?
- Mr. J.** It certainly doesn't. In a small town like this, an educated bunch of criminals could wipe us out in no time—and I, for one, will be ready for them. I bought this tonight. (*Shows revolver and puts it back in overcoat pocket.*)
- Mr. C.** You have me quite nervous now—but I should worry. I've a bunch of fire arms in my room.

- Mr. J.** You better see that they are in working order, and also see that the Lodge money is pretty well protected.
- Mr. C.** (*Points to Safe.*) It's pretty safe there. I guess that strong box is secure enough.
- Mr. J.** Listen here! A good crook could crack that safe easier than you could crack a peanut shell.
- Mr. C.** Well, I think that safe is—(*Enter Mrs. C. carrying several plates, a dish of cookies, and some serviettes.*)—You better take off your coat, Henry. (*Reaches for coat.*)
- Mr. J.** I said I wouldn't take it off, but a man can't do justice to a chicken rack with his coat on. (*Gives coat to Mrs. C. who puts it on rack.*)
- Mrs. C.** (*Pulling up chairs.*) Have one of these cookies? I made them today—(*Gives Mr. J. a serviette.*) and get George to carve you some chicken. (*They sit.*)
- Mr. C.** Ahem! Will you have a leg, or a wing, or a piece of the breast? (*Business at chicken.*)
- Mr. J.** (*Takes cookies.*) Yes. (*They laugh*)
- Mr. C.** Just help yourself to everything. I'll have some of this peeled off in a minute. Have a piece of mother's cake?
- Mr. J.** Never known to refuse (*Takes cake.*) You better get through with that chicken and start in eating, or there won't be anything left.
- Mr. C.** There! (*Passes plate to Mr. J.*) I guess that'll hold you for awhile. (*They all eat.*)
- Mr. J.** You certainly are a good cook, Mrs. Chester.
- Mrs. C.** (*Interrupting*) Now, what did I . . .
- Mr. J.** (*Breaking in.*) But not quite as good as my wife though.
- Mr. C.** Oh, yes she is—and a bit better?
- Mrs. C.** I suppose you men feel you have to say that.
- Mr. J.** No! We don't feel that we have to, but it's just as well to keep on the good side of one's wife. It would be pretty hard to get along without her.

- Mr. C.** But it's nice to get away from them just for a change once in awhile, isn't it, Henry?
- Mr. J.** We seem to get along very nicely without them at our hunting-camp.
- Mrs. C.** You just try to make yourself believe you're having a good time without us
- Mr. C.** And we do. Don't we, Henry?
- Mr. J.** Well, just to be patriotic to my sex, I'll say yes.
- Mr. C.** By the way, I've had a man out at the hunting camp, fixing it up. He'll be about ready for us by next Friday. Can you go then?
- Mr. J.** Let me see—I guess so. We'll make a week-end of it?
- Mr. C.** We might as well.
- Mr. J.** It's going to be great to get in the woods again with a gun over my shoulder.
- Mr. C.** Oh, Henry! I didn't show you the cup I won at the trap shoot in Dundas last month. It just came today.
- Mr. J.** I heard you won that meet, but didn't know you got a cup. I'd like to see it.
- Mr. C.** (*To Mrs. C.*) Would you mind getting that cup, mother?
- Mrs. C.** Where did you put it? (*Rises*).
- Mr. C.** It's on the gun case in my bedroom
- Mrs. C.** Sure, I'll get it. (*Exits Stair.*)
- Mr. C.** I tell you I'm proud of that cup. There was a big field of competitors, you know.
- Mr. J.** You always were a quick accurate shot. I certainly envy the way you can handle a fire arm.
- Mr. C.** Yes, I do seem to have pretty good luck with one.
- Mr. J.** Remember the squabble we had over who shot the duck we both fired at in the air?
- Mr. C.** Well, I still think my shot killed it. (*Bangs table*)
- Mr. J.** And I'm conceited enough to still believe that mine did. (*Bangs table with fist.*)
- Mr. C.** Well, who's right?
- Mr. J.** I am!
- Mr. C.** No! I am! (*They laugh.*)

- Mr. J.** Well, no matter who killed it—the fact remains that it was about the best tasting duck I'd eaten in a long while.
- Mr. C.** It sure was! (*Enter Mrs. C. with cup.*)
- Mr. J.** That certainly is a beauty! (*Stops eating to examine cup.*) You certainly deserve to be proud of that.
- Mr. C.** Yes, that's the best one in my whole collection. If I win it next year, it's mine for keeps.
- Mr. J.** (*Glances at clock on mantle.*) My goodness gracious! I didn't know it was so late. I was supposed to see Mr. Baker at the house at eleven, on business—here it is five after. (*Rises.*) I'll have to leave. (*Mrs. C. goes for Mr. J.'s coat.*)
- Mrs. C.** It's a shame you could not stay longer. You men with your business appointments make me sick. (*Brings coat centre.*)
- Mr. J.** Well, it's business that butters our bread. (*At table Mrs. C. finds revolver in Mr. J.'s coat pocket.*)
- Mrs. C.** What on earth are you carrying that for?
- Mr. J.** (*Reaches for coat and revolver.*) Er-I—it's an old one I was going to get fixed. (*Puts on coat.*)—Thanks again for the chicken. I'll have to run now—not very polite, I know, but it's necessary this time. (*Moves toward door.*)
- Mrs. C.** Remember me to Mrs. Jones, won't you? (*Mr. and Mrs. C. follow Mr. J. to door.*)
- Mr. J.** I sure will—(*Turns to George.*) And George, don't forget what I told you tonight. Remember, I warned you. (*Mrs. C. looks blankly.*) Goodnight, folks.
- Mr. C.** All right—I'll be on the lookout. Thanks, goodnight.
- Mr. J.** Goodnight, then. (*Exits at front door.*)
- Mrs. C.** (*Moves centre.*) But what did you—did he—mean by warning you? What did he warn you about, George? Tell me!
- Mr. C.** Nothing, dear. Just business. (*Collects dishes on tray at table.*)

Mrs. C. (*Coming closer to George.*) But you always have told me about all your business before.

Mr. C. Oh, this is a trivial affair. You wouldn't be interested. Let's get this cleared away, and get to bed. (*Business at table.*)

Mrs. C. Yes, it's time we were in bed alright—but I wish you would tell me your secret. (*Starts to straighten up room. Fixes chairs, etc.*)

Mr. C. I suppose since I brought these things in, I'd better take what's left back to the pantry.

Mrs. C. My—but I certainly have you well-trained.

Mr. C. (*Picks up tray, dishes, etc. from table, leaving only plate of cookies. Starts toward middle door.*) Oh, I'm very domestic. (*Exits.*)

(*Mrs. C. puts screen before fire, and winds clock. Exits stairs. Mr. C. enters. He goes to front door and locks it. Tries window by stairs. He goes to safe and adjusts combination. Turns off lights at the head of stairs and exits upstairs.*)

(CURTAIN—Lapse of two hours.)

(*At rise—Room lit faintly by dying embers of fire. A bandit enters door middle. He flashes light about room. Finally the light falls on safe.*)

Bandit Ah! It's an easy one. (*Chuckles.*) We'll see what's in here. (*Goes to safe and begins to tinker with combination. He takes out tools and begins to work away at safe with his flash light on. He works a moment. There is a noise at front door left. The flash goes out, and the bandit hides behind table middle. Sound of key in front door. Enter Bill Chester, dressed as a man-before-the-mast. He closes door silently and looks about the room.*)

Bill (*Goes to fireplace.*) Gee! the old place hasn't changed a bit—if that cursed boat had got in earlier, I might have found the folks up. (*Takes away screen and warms himself at fire.*) That fire feels good. (*Puts stick on fire. The room is made lighter by it. He*

sees hole in floor. Examines it.) Yes sir, that's the hole I bored with my knife when I was a kid. Funny the folks didn't have it fixed—Lord, I'm hungry. (*Rises goes toward middle door, but sees plate on table. He takes a cookie from it. The bandit rises slowly and picks up chair, he swings it at Bill, who ducks. They clinch.*)

Bill What in — !

Bandit Shut up! You fool—I'll—(*Table falls. They fight. Mr. C. in night clothes appears at head of stairs with revolver. He shoots. There is a scream from Mrs. C. behind Mr. C. The wrestling forms fall. The bandit hurriedly exits middle door. There are wild groans and noises from the form on floor. Mr. C. descends and turns on lights.*)

Mr. C. I got one of them—thank God! (*Goes to door middle, and then comes back to the form on the floor. He rolls it over with his foot.*)

Oh—God—it's—it's Bill.

Mrs. C. (*At head of stairs excitedly.*) What is it? What's happened?

Mr. C. (*In agony bending over form.*) Mother! Mother!—Come here—quick—Bill, my Bill!

Mrs. C. (*Runs downstairs and crosses to him.*) What is—(*she sees the face of Bill. She gasps.*) It's—it's (*Bends down.*) My boy—Bill! Bill! Speak to me, it's mother—! (*Embraces him.*)

Mr. C. (*Feeling Bill's pulse.*) It's—too late! He's dying.

Mrs. C. (*Frantically*) No—no—he can't! Speak—look at me—Bill—Bill (*She raises his head.*)

Bill (*Slightly regaining consciousness.* I—it's O. K.—mother I—came home—to—to start—out—to begin all over—over again—but I'm—I guess—going away sooner—sooner than—I expected. I'm going to go—straight—straight—as—as— (*He collapses.*)

Mr. C. (*Controlling himself.*) Killed my own son—Oh God—

Why—? (*He breaks down. Flings revolver violently away.*)

Mrs. C. (*Sobbing pitifully.*) My boy!—gone—gone away again! (*There is a silence punctuated only with sobs. Mrs. C. notices the broken cookie nearby.*) Those were his favorite cookies!

CURTAIN

I WANT TO LIVE

Oh hell, Buddy, your conscience hurts you, I know. And yet it seems we do no harm. Life is so wonderful when we live it as we are living it. Darn it, Pal, look at that sun, isn't it great? And look at those trees; their branches are stretching forth towards the sky like enticing arms seeking to embrace the clouds. It is thus that I want to live. I want to grasp life, and embrace it to my heart; I want to love and be loved; I want to be a friend and laugh, and live with friends who also laugh, finding life gay; I want to fill my life with superlative joy. Oh hell, Buddy, I want to live!

Some tell us of a heaven; some tell us of a hell; but one thing alone is certain, life is short, and life is so wonderful today. Now I wonder why it is a sin to want to live? Look at that glorious rose blooming so fair, and yet soon it shall wither and die. Soon its perfume shall mingle with the dust, and memory alone shall remain for a little while to tell us that a rose once bloomed there. And yet we too live for just a little while. Look, the world lies before us like an unchartered sea of life and joy. Let me take your hand, Buddy,; come we have but a little time. Tomorrow may be too late. Let us follow the sunbeams; let us grasp the pale rays of the moon; let us wander over the whole earth, and drink of its every pleasure. Let us taste of every thrill. Let us live today,—tomorrow? Why, tomorrow may never come. Oh hell, buddy, let's live.

Paul Gelinas '32.

TWO MEN

The river ice was breaking under the persuasive influence of a strong sun and warm, soothing March winds. The stream was bulging out at its sides, as if it had caught the animative spirit of the re-awakened spring. Every now and then a loud snap could be heard, when some piece of ice broke clear of another one. The forest bordering the river was full of sounds; sounds of birds, of snapping boughs, and melting snow. Away in the distance, partly obscured by a blue haze, lay a chain of wooded hills. It was here, in these hills, that the lumber company reaped its annual winter harvest of forest wealth. It was this company that had employed Pierre Gautier as a riverman every spring for a good many years. It was this river that supplied the spice of life to Pierre as well as hundreds of other habitant rivermen.

Pierre on this particular day was happy. He sat on an empty soap box in front of his small frame house, humming and whistling, intermittently, some French-Canadian folk-song. He revelled in these old familiar sounds of Nature; he loved them; they were his life. He was nearly fifty now. For thirty-four years he had lived on the river, and he would probably die on his beloved stream.

Pierre was in a reflective mood, so reflective that he was speaking his thoughts aloud. "Well, some tam maybe, soon an' how de beeg boss come, and heem say me, 'You go on reever, drive de logs.' I say, sure thing, go queek. Den he say, 'Tree dol ar day!' I say sure ting, go dam queek." Pierre stopped a moment and then continued, "Den, I have wam gran tam drivin de logs, runnin' and yumpin' and rollin'. Den I get pay, go on wan beeg spree—get drunk, spend beeg monie. I get better soon, come back geev ma femme de rest de monee for buy tings for winter. Everything grand. Gee, am happy." This speech was unconsciously addressed to his four-year old son, Henri, who was running back and forth playing in the snow. Pierre just at that moment felt a longing for his pipe and some habitant

"tabac." He shouted, "Jeanne, Jeanne, Marie, Henri, anyone bring to me ma pipe." A ripple of voices, the patter of feet, the flying figure of a young girl rushing to obey her father's orders—presently she appeared a mere wisp of a girl, flashing eyes, high forehead, scrawny hair, limbs that seemed too long for her body. In short, she had all the physical characteristics of a girl thirteen or fourteen years of age.

She came forward with the pipe and tobacco extended towards her father. He took the proffered articles and, at the same time, drew his little daughter to his side. Jeanne was his favorite child. She seemed to have some particular appeal to the esthetic side of her father's nature. He talked to her, telling in his simple manner how happy he was.

Time passed; the snow disappeared rapidly. The ice was all gone from the river, with the exception of little junks which still clung to the shore in shady places. Instead of white cakes moving down the swift flowing current, logs were careening down the swollen stream at a breakneck pace.

Pierre Gautier was not happy. He gave surly answers to the happy shouts of the rivermen on the big drive. Something had gone wrong. The big boss did not come to Pierre as he had in previous years. He was not asked to work on the drive. He could not understand it.

Pierre turned his eyes towards the logs. There, directly opposite him was a man running across the moving timber, peevee in one hand and a multi-colored toque in the other. Pierre recognized him from his deftness in running the logs as his neighbour and enemy, Gaspard Penault. Gaspard and Pierre had for eight years been enemies. They were both good men on the logs; Pierre thought himself the better, but in the spring contests Gaspard usually edged out ahead.

"Ah, Pierre, you not work?" This salutation of Gaspard bit hard, but he replied easily, "Now, not work. Some tam maybe." The fact that Pierre was not working tickled Gaspard, for he laughed, and echoed Pierre.

"Oui, sometam, maybe."

The river boss called, and Gaspard responded immediately.

He did not wish to set the match to the awakened ire of Pierre.

The day dragged on, dull and monotonous for Pierre, high and colorful for Gaspard. The logs had jammed just below Gaspard's house. The timbers were ever piling higher and higher. The water in front of the jam was a continuous whirl. The whole river gang was assembled trying to break the miniature mountain of logs. Everyone was shouting and gesticulating wildly. Men with peevess and pikes would move along the top and free a few scattered timbers, but for the most part the jam remained solid. Gaspard was leading a gang of men in an attack upon the sides in an effort to clear a passage for logs still coming down the river.

While Gaspard was at work on the jam, Pierre was cursing and wondering; cursing because he was not on the drive, and wondering why he had been left behind. His little Jeanne and Henri were playing on the shore, their attention being taken up with throwing stones at the floating logs. The logs by this time were few and far between. Jeanne picked up a small sized stone, turned to her father, and said, "Watch papa, me throw stone across reever." Her first attempt went wide of the mark, as did her second. She then espied a large log which was precariously caught on the shore. A little shove would send it out into the current. With a yell of triumph, she ran to her find, stopping only to pick up a few pebbles. At last she would be able to make the boast to her father good, for if she could work out as far as possible she might be able to put a rock across. She picked her way down the timber, which moved slightly with her motion. She was out as far as possible, with her puny arm drawn back in a slinging position. The stone left her hand, and at the same time the log, unevenly and precariously balanced as it was, rolled off the boulder that held it inshore. Silently but swiftly, it slid out towards the current. The roll of the log had thrown Jeanne away from it, plunging her into the icy water. She floundered around a moment, gave vent to a shrill, agonized scream, and made a grasp at the swiftly moving timber. She managed to get hold and drag herself from its slippery surface. With that, she lapsed into a semi-conscious state.

Little Henri had been the only witness of this catastrophe. He, being left alone, started to cry, and finally decided to return to the house. The child seemed to realize that something terrible had happened, but his infant brain could not determine its meaning. He entered the house from which Jeanne had gone but a few minutes before. Pierre hearing the sounds of weeping came running to Henri, to ascertain the cause of his discomfort. He first tried to quiet Henri, and then not perceiving Jeanne about, called, "Jeanne, come quick, Henri make de tears!" No answer. Pierre called again; the answer was a hollow echo. Sensing something wrong, he rushed to the river, where Jeanne had been playing. Her woolen cap was all that was in sight. Through his mind flashed the thought of Jeanne being drowned. At that moment his wife called to him in an almost hysterical voice, "Pierre, Henri say Jeanne fall on log, go down reever!"

Pierre hesitated no longer. With a shout he rushed along the river bank, jumping brush and ditches, the clogs in his shoes resounding whenever he struck a stone. He moved quickly, but still the demon river moved faster. How he hated that river, snatching away from him his happiness. He topped a rise and stopped to survey the stream. What was that? His eyes surely must be deceiving him! Away down the river nearly to the jam, he saw a log floating with the current. Was that white speck, that he thought he saw, his beloved daughter? With a cry of hope, he once more dashed ahead. His breath came in quick gasps. He tore up the turf with his thundering feet. He was slowly gaining. He flew by Gaspard's house with the fire of madness in his eyes. More speed, more speed, if she were not reached quickly the log would be either sucked into the swirl of water, or would pile up against the jam with tremendous force. His Jeanne would be killed!

What were those fools doing on the shore? Surely they had seen her. Here the logs were thicker, and with a wild leap Pierre landed from the bank onto the nearest which would support his weight. At the same time, a figure on the opposite side, in a red mackinaw, jumped onto the timbers. The spec-

tators yelled for the two men to return before it was too late. Neither of them appeared to hear. The log carrying the unconscious girl was now within a few feet of the whirlpool. Still the men raced over the logs. Splinters flew every time a foot landed. A false step meant death; but this was disregarded altogether.

The rivermen on the shore were now beginning to see the matter in a different light and were cheering the men on. The man in the red mackinaw was within two feet of the log. He stooped. He grabbed that little rag of white, crouched and sprang for the nearest timber. The log on which Jeanne had journeyed down the river was dashed to pulp against the jam. A shout went up as the man in the red mackinaw reached shore with his precious burden in his arms.

Pierre reached shore a few minutes later. He could not fathom this at all. He had risked his life to save his daughter, only to have someone snatch the prize away from him. In his present state of excitement he could not reason rationally, and instead of taking the saving of his daughter as something to be thankful for, he took it as an insult. He stalked over to where the crowd had gathered. The man in the red mackinaw turned around to face him.

"Nomme de Dieu! Gaspard!"

It was, in truth, Gaspard who had saved Jeanne from certain death. Pierre, in his befuddled condition, itched for physical combat with his old enemy. He immediately forgot his daughter. His tortured mind brought to the forefront ancient wrongs that stung like a lash.

The reaction on Gaspard was different. He extended his hand to Pierre who did not see friendship in that proffered hand, but thought that Gaspard was wanting him, Pierre, to thank him. Gaspard seeing the attitude of Pierre, spoke to him.

"Me verra sorree. Me tink Pierre mak friens wid Gaspard when save petite Jeanne. Me verra sorree." Pierre did not answer. Gaspard continued easily, "Noder ting, Pierre, I verra sorree 'bout. De beeg boss tell me get you work on reever. I not lak you, so I tell you no. Now Gaspard won't be

frien, he tell Pierre he play bad treek on heem. Come, Pierre be ma good frien." Pierre with a tensing of his overtaxed muscles, made a lunge at Gaspard, who stepped aside easily.

"You play treek on Pierre, eh?" Pierre by this time had regained his balance, and with a desperate effort tried to kick Gaspard in the stomach. The kick landed fair. Gaspard dropped his nonchalant attitude and waded in. The rivermen loved a good fight, so they allowed it to continue. Pierre, being the larger man, had that advantage, but to counteract this Gaspard was fresher and more agile. The calks of Pierre's boots left their mark on Gaspard's leg, drawing blood. They closed in, rocking back and forth, pushing, shoving, kicking, biting and hitting. Now Gaspard had the advantage, now Pierre. It could easily be seen that Pierre's earlier physical exertions were telling. With a quick blow on the point of Pierre's bearded chin, the fight was over.

Gaspard called for water. He dashed some into the face of Pierre, who quickly showed signs of consciousness. He opened his eyes and stared at Gaspard with a look of hatred. Silence reigned for an instant. It was shattered by the cry of, "Papa Pierre, papa Pierre," uttered from the lips of the now conscious Jeanne. A strange change came over Pierre. He staggered to his feet and walked over to where she lay. He looked at his rescued daughter for an instant. Then he turned and walked over to Gaspard, and spoke, "Gaspard, a man you are!"

Gaspard looked dumbfounded, but extended his hand, saying, "Me tink you a man also!"

That night Gaspard and Pierre went on "wan beeg spree." They celebrated their recognition of each other as "dam' fine fellow."

N. R. Chappell '32.

BUBBLES

The crimson of long ago sunsets;
The blue of a mountain's haze;
The glint of a star in the cloak of night;
The silver of misty days;
All these I blew into one big ball
Filmy yet crystal-clear
For it held the sum of all earth's joy—
Of laughter without a tear.

I touched it. It shimmered then vanished,
Like a dream that dies when you wake.
Yet still I'll blow my bubbles
Though I know that they all must break.

Greta L. Rose '30.

GHOST LAKE

Ghost Lake on an April evening. The night is mild, but snow is still on the ground and is spilled here and there in white splashes over the firs around the water's edge. The waning moon spreads a faint, eerie light over the surface. Ghost Lake! There it lies, still, silent, between the gently sloping wooded hills.

Strange, how, as we advance toward the water, we choose our steps more cautiously and lower our voices almost reverently. The little winding path has not been travelled today, ours are the first tracks made in the soft snow, and, as we pick our way, the black mud oozes from below and mixes its dark slime with the whiteness of the snow.

Mystery in the moonlight! A sense of expectancy and suspense is evident in our irregular breathing, our nervous

fingers, our wandering eyes. We reach Ghost Lake—that dark haunted pool. Haunted, because into its deep green waters a man and woman once sprung, and thus ended an unhappy love affair. Ended? No! A second man was bitter in his despair and determined on revenge even past Death. As he struck the water he roused the two lovers and now he pursues them through Ghost Lake, sometimes near the dark, cold bottom, sometimes near the calm crystal top, but always the continual, never-ending chase. In the spring, so the story tells, one can hear the shriek of the woman and the heavy breathing of the runners, but the cry of the loon is the cry of the woman, and the wind in the trees is the panting of the unhappy spirits.

We stand there at the side of the Lake, and the three of us look down. We stand shuddering, our throats are tight and dry, our skin creeps. Three faces look back at ours—three drawn, white faces. A cloud covers the moon and they fade from sight. The faces of the three ghosts? They are our own reflected, but we still gaze down into the darkness in fascinated horror. The terrible silence of the place wraps itself around us, until we feel that we too must fling ourselves into the dreadful waters.

The wind from the hills sweeps down and enters the Valley of the Three Spirits to stir the lake and the firs. It sways the dead dark grasses that bend over the pool like a woman's long black hair, and moans as it touches the magnetic yet repulsive face of the water. The thick black cloud passes from the moon. Three slim birches across the lake gleam, their naked white bodies with their outstretched arms contrasting with the darkness of the firs. The lake shivers, the weeds rustle, the wind in the trees whines dismally, the misty moon shines on the crystals of snow. Far in the distance the howl of a dog sounds, and the echo is whispered through the Valley of the Spirits, until it sinks in the haunted waters of Ghost Lake.

Rosamund Burgess '32.

THE LIE

CHARACTERS

BARBARA

SHIRLEY

TOM

MRS. LANE, BARBARA'S mother.

TIME: Afternoon.

SCENE: A modern living room artistically furnished. There is a door back-stage to the left leading to the street, and another door right communicating with the rest of the house. At the centre back, there are two steps and French windows leading to a balcony. There is a chesterfield left front stage, with a long table behind it on which there are several books supported by book-ends. At right front stage is a chesterfield chair, with a small table beside it. A piano and bench is right back-stage.

Mrs. Lane is reclining on the chesterfield, and is deeply engaged in reading a magazine. She is not the motherly type of woman. One can perceive a hardened expression about her eyes and mouth which seems to say "money, money."

Her daughter, **Barbara**, enters right, stretches and tries to cover up a yawn. She possesses a shallow, petulant prettiness. She has the habit of assuming a naive manner which is clever enough to deceive strangers.

She gazes around the room in search of something to amuse her, looks at Mrs. Lane, shrugs her shoulders and turns up her nose, goes over to the piano and strikes a few notes, and then turns to see how her mother is taking it. Her mother has looked up from her book, and is glaring at her. **Barbara** gives her a nasty look as she crosses over to the table behind the chesterfield. She picks up a book, turns the pages aimlessly, and tosses it aside. Then she saunters over to the table at right front stage, picks up the cards, perches herself on the arm of the chair, and starts to play solitaire.

Mrs. Lane (*Sharply.*) It is about time you were getting up. I have been waiting for you for hours.

Barbara (*Going on with her game, and assuming a tone of ironic sweetness.*) With open arms, mother?

Mrs. Lane What do you mean by ruining everything last night?

Barbara (*With innocent surprise.*) Oh! Is everything ruined?

Mrs. Lane Just wait until Tom finds out.

Barbara But will he find out?

Mrs. Lane Everybody in the place saw you.

Barbara Except Tom. . . .

Mrs. Lane And he has heard about it all by this time.

Barbara (*Mockingly.*) Won't he be shocked? Poor Tom!

Mrs. Lane Poor Tom? Poor us, you mean. All those millions!

(*She sighs deeply.*)

Barbara But, mother dear, we have not lost him yet.

Mrs. Lane Are you as sure of him as all that?

Barbara (*Lays cards on the table, and flops down into the chair. She changes her tone of assumed sweetness to her natural hard tone.*) He fell hard all right, and it will take a lot of pounding to knock his ideal out of his head.

Mrs. Lane And you flatter yourself on being his ideal?

Barbara Why not? (*She crosses to the middle of the stage.*) Listen to this—(*She puts on a soulful expression, gazes upward with innocent eyes into an imaginary face, and rehearses a scene of the night before.*)

I wasn't made for parties, Tom. I don't fit them, and they don't fit me. I don't belong to this fast set—Shirley revels in it—she thinks of nothing else but dancing, smoking, drinking—and *flirting*. I can't do it. I can't rush about madly with any man—like Shirley. I may be old-fashioned, but—(*Reaching the height of soulfulness*)—I want one man—the man I love—forever.

- Mrs. Lane** (*Approvingly.*) That sounds convincing.
- Barbara** (*Triumphantly.*) And the look on Shirley's face when she heard about our engagement.
- Mrs. Lane** She was all set for him.
- Barbara** (*Goes back to the chair right front, and sits with her feet hanging over the arm.*) I cooked her goose all right.
- Mrs. Lane** And your own goose may be cooked by this time.
- Barbara** (*Disgustedly.*) Freddie's only a kid—and besides, I wasn't *very* drunk, I can lie out of that.
- Mrs. Lane** Don't be too sure of it.
- Barbara** If the worst comes to the worst, I'll swear it was Shirley.
- Mrs. Lane** (*Sarcastically.*) Yes—or you could swear it was I, but try to make Tom believe it.
- Barbara** (*Confidently.*) You don't know how easy he is.
- Mrs. Lane** I'm warning you. A man of his worth is too valuable to lose.
- Barbara** (*Sweetly.*) You mean, a man of his *wealth*, mother. (*Mrs. Lane glares at her. The doorbell rings, and both jump and look at each other in surprise.*)
- Mrs. Lane** Who can that be?
- Barbara** (*Starts toward the door right.*) I refuse to see anyone.
- Mrs. Lane** (*Rising.*) Stay right where you are. I am the one who is out *this* afternoon. (*Exit right.*) Shirley, dressed in street clothes, enters left. She is the typical modern girl, not more than twenty. There is something about her eyes that fascinate—a touch of sophistication that makes one wonder. Barbara rushes over to her, and takes both her hands.)
- Barbara** My dear—
- Shirley** I apologize for disturbing you.
- Barbara** (*Profusely.*) Shirley dear, you needn't—I am always glad to see *you*.
- Shirley** (*Calmly.*) Never mind that. You may relax now. I came to talk about Tom.

- (*Barbara leads Shirley over to the Chesterfield.*)
Barbara My dear, you want to congratulate me on my engagement.
Shirley (*Hesitating.*) Yes, of course—I hope you will be happy.
Barbara (*Gloating.*) You know, Tom is *such* a dear.
Shirley (*Disgustedly.*) You don't know Tom. He is different from the boys we know. He doesn't belong to our set.
Barbara I don't belong to *your* fast set either. That is why he loves me.
Shirley Barbara, you disgust me—you little gold-digger.
Barbara (*Triumphantly.*) Sour grapes, old dear?
Shirley Call it what you will—I love Tom, and I am going to have him.
Barbara Yes? I am *so* interested.
Shirley You have deceived him, you innocent young thing—you have lied to him.
Barbara And you?
Shirley What if I have been artificial, pleasure-mad, reckless? I have not done anything wrong.
Barbara Most assuredly you are a model young lady, Shirley.
Shirley You live one perpetual lie.
Barbara You are no Sunday school Teacher yourself.
Shirley I tell you I have been sincere, and I can still like myself. I haven't lied to him.
Barbara You seem to be quite sure that I have.
Shirley What if Tom had seen you on the balcony last night with that insipid Freddie?
Barbara Freddie's only a kid—and besides, it is my own business.
Shirley Tom might see fit to make it his.
Barbara If you want to make yourself a detestable spy, that is your own affair.
Shirley Don't accuse me of spying. You chose to carry on your little scene right in plain view.

- Barbara** Tell Tom—it will relieve your mind.
- Shirley** I have no intention of telling Tom, but there are others who saw you.
- Barbara** It is so considerate of you to tell me all this. (*Forces a yawn.*)
(*Shirley jumps up. Barbara rises slowly.*)
- Shirley** I am not pretending to be nice to you. I want you to realize that I love him. I am going to have him.
- Barbara** Oh! are you?
- Shirley** Yes, I am. I just wanted to give you fair warning.
(*Doorbell rings.*)
- Barbara** Thank you so much. Is that all?
- Shirley** Yes.
(*Tom enters left.*)
(*Barbara rushes over and throws her arms around his neck. He kisses her. Shirley turns away. Tom and Barbara talk for a second in low tones, then—*)
- Barbara** I'd love to, Tom dearest. (*To Shirley*) Perhaps you have something to say to Tom while I change my dress.
- Shirley** No, I am going now.
(*Barbara rushes off unceremoniously right.*)
(*There is an uncomfortable silence. Shirley turns, and Tom comes up to her.*)
- Shirley** Allow me to congratulate you, Tom.
- Tom** Thank you, Shirley. (*Pause. Then, impulsively.*) You think I'm a cad. I'm sorry.
- Shirley** (*Calmly.*) Are you sorry?
- Tom** Well—we were a little too much in earnest.
- Shirley** Were we?
- Tom** Don't you think so?
- Shirley** I was very much in earnest, and I am still.
- Tom** No, Shirley, you never were.

- Shirley** But I was. Tom, I must tell you—it is all right now to do so—I love you—and I always shall.
- Tom** Shirley, I thought I loved you too—but I found you out in time. You are artificial, pleasure-mad. I don't belong to your fast set—you revel in it.
- Shirley** Yes, I'm wild, but I have been straight.
- Tom** Perhaps so—you did not hesitate to kiss the whole stag line goodnight.
- Shirley** (*Flippantly.*) Oh no! and I danced on the table, too.
- Tom** And you drank too many cocktails?
- Shirley** But I stood up well under them, you must admit.
- Tom** You congratulate yourself, I suppose.
- Shirley** (*Seriously.*) I congratulate myself because I didn't deceive you—I played fair with you—and lost. (*Pause.*) But you love Barbara?
- Tom** Yes, of course I do.
- Shirley** You are not deceived in her? You know her?
- Tom** Barbara is sweet and innocent
- Shirley** And she is pure?
- Tom** She is good, simple, lovely. But why do you ask?
- Shirley** I wanted to find out if you love her. You do, and that is all that matters.
- Tom** (*Nervously.*) By the way—er—Freddie somebody—I was told—er—a most preposterous tale—but—er—
- Shirley** (*Coming to his aid.*) You mean the tale about Barbara on the balcony?
- Tom** Yes. Have you heard too? Do you know anything about it?
- Shirley** You mean Barbara's interesting love scene with Freddie?
- Tom** (*Impatiently.*) Yes, yes. Tell me—is it true?
- Shirley** Is what true?

- Tom** You know what—Barbar—
(*Barbara appears in the doorway, dressed for the street. She is in the act of putting on her glove. The conversation arrests her, and she stands in the doorway in fearful suspense, unperceived by the other two.*)
- Shirley** You mean, was Barbara drunk?
- Tom** For God's sake, tell me—
- Shirley** There Tom, don't get alarmed. There was a horrible mistake somewhere. People *do* get things twisted. The little balcony scene was another of my wild escapades. Anything for diversion. I am sorry that I should have been mistaken for Barbara. It might have caused a lot of trouble—dreadfully careless of someone.
- Tom** (*With a sight of relief.*) Why did you keep me in suspense all that time?
- Shirley** (*Carelessly.*) I must have diversion.
- Tom** At the painful expense of others?
- Shirley** Oh! but I'm heartless.
- Barbara** (*All smiles, comes forward.*) I am ready, Tom dear. I hope that Shirley was able to keep you amused while I was primping for my great big man.
- Tom** (*With a look of adoration.*) She succeeded very well, sweetheart.
- Barbara** Shirley, we don't mind dropping you off at your next stopping place,—do we Tom?
- Shirley** (*She is thinking over what she has said, and is paying no attention to the others. Absent minded-ly.*) Thank you.
(*They start toward the door, deeply engrossed with each other. Shirley sinks down on the chestfield.*)
- Shirley** (*Slowly and questionably.*) I—never—lied—to—him?

CURTAIN

MUSSOLINI'S MASTERPIECE

Once again the attention of the world has centered on Italy and the Roman Catholic Church, for on February 11, 1929, an agreement of extreme interest and importance was concluded between Premier Mussolini of Italy and Pope Pius XI. The subject of that agreement was the relation between the church and state, but before any further comment on the agreement is made, it would be well to review briefly the history of the Papal States.

The Roman Catholic Church has from very early times been the possessor of considerable wealth. Its first real property, confiscated under Diocletian, was restored under Constantine, and since then has continually increased by means of gifts and bequests. In the fourth and fifth centuries it possessed property in all parts of the Empire, but gradually, whether because the confiscation of barbarian emperors had curtailed its extent, or because the popes made efforts to concentrate it nearer themselves, the property of the Holy See became confined to Italy. In the time of Gregory the Great there subsisted only those portions which lay in Byzantine Italy. During the quarrel between the Byzantine Empire and the papacy, the dominions in lower Italy and in Sicily also disappeared as time went on, and the territorial possessions of the Roman Catholic Church became concentrated in the neighborhood of Rome.

In the eighth century the Lombards took Ravenna and threatened Rome. They had progressed so far that they were not unfitted to organize a state that should grow into a nation. The pope appealed to Peppin, King of France, who, after two expeditions to Italy, wrested from the Lombards, their kingdom, which he handed over to the papacy. A map of Italy as late as 1860 shows the same region still marked "States of the Church."

During the Counter Reformation, in the sixteenth century, the Papal States were increased by the addition of two fiefs, Ferrara and Uobin, but at the time of the Italian war, 1859, the

Pope lost about two thirds of his territory. Ten years later, Napoleon found Italy still broken into by these Papal States. He had hopes of making a United Italy out of the fragments which he found, but in 1870 the French were forced to withdraw from Rome and the city fell into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. Under this man the formation of the kingdom of Italy took away all the dominions of the Pope except the patrimony of St. Peter, thus reducing the papal provinces from twenty to five. This act was followed by the confiscation of the church property, and the year 1870 saw the complete abolition of the Papal States.

* * * * *

For almost sixty years now the head of the Roman Catholic Church has been confined to his palace, a voluntary prisoner immediately upon his selection by the College of Cardinals. But history repeats itself, and the Papal States have been to some measure restored.

Recently, both the Vatican and the private office of Premier Mussolini have been teeming with the endeavour to reach an agreement regulating the future relations between the Holy See and Italy. On February 11, Pope Pius XI announced that such an agreement had been concluded.

The agreement, welcomed in Italy with equal enthusiasm by the Papal and the Fascist press, "closes the break created in 1870, recognizes the temporal power of the Pope, adds a new state to the fraternity of nations, ends the voluntary incarceration of the Pope, and dissolves the enmity of nearly sixty years standing between the kingdom of Italy and the papacy."

Since the abolition of the Papal States in the nineteenth century, the one thing that the Catholic Church has insisted on as the essential element of any satisfactory settlement was the conception of independent sovereignty. As absolute ruler of the realm of spiritual things, the Pope must be unconditionally free to carry on his ministry without the possibility of interference or obstruction from any earthly power. What the Catholic hierarchy has in the back of its mind, nobody knows, but it has certain sense of what is attainable, and it knows how

to compromise without conceding a principle. What it asked for was sovereignty without appreciable territory, and it has gotten it. The territory over which it has sovereignty is the "City of the Vatican."

The state which will come under the authority of the Pope is very small, indeed. It includes little more than the vatican palace with its garden and St. Peter's cathedral with its square, and it is said to have not more than three hundred permanent inhabitants. Some churches, in other parts of Rome and in its vicinity, become papal property, but not part of the Papal State. The state contains in all about one hundred acres.

Whether or not the papacy gains in power by this agreement (and this phase will be dealt with later), Italy is elated. Its populace holds the signing of the agreement as a tremendous Fascist victory, and one which immortalizes Mussolini.

It may well be assumed that Mussolini, once an antagonist of the Roman Catholic Church, hopes to profit by this new agreement. No doubt he sees a possibility of working with the church to achieve his ambition of establishing a United Italy, a greater world power. There can be no longer any friction between church and state, and, as supporter and defender of the Holy See, Mussolini is now able to call upon that power for the defense of Italy when such a need arises. Moreover, there is always the chance of dispute as to whether a given activity belongs to the religious or the civil field, and such disputes have, in fact, frequently occurred. Mussolini no doubt saw an opportunity to limit such disputes by granting to the church certain territory, and thus limiting in a measure, both religious and civil authority to a definite area.

It is a common argument that the greater the temporal power of the Pope, the less his spiritual power. Be that as it may, the church has made some considerable gains under the new grant of sovereignty, which gains I shall now endeavour to set forth.

First of all, perhaps is the removal of that tension between church and state which, until very recently, had kept every patriotic Italian almost inevitably and automatically in a

state of suspicion if not of hostility toward the church. Being both good Italians and devout Catholics, they have had their loyalties torn by the long conflict between church and state. Families supporting the Papal cause were known as "blacks," and for years had no social intercourse with families supporting the Italian governmental cause.

Second, a considerable sum of money, namely, eighty-seven million, five hundred thousand dollars, is to be paid by the government as an indemnity for that portion of the papal territory which was taken over by the Italian government in 1870 and is not restored. This sum, the Pope has informally announced, will be devoted to foreign missionary work.

Third, the principle of the constitution of the Kingdom of Italy has been revised whereby the Roman Catholic religion is the only state religion in Italy.

Fourth, in the Vatican territory there can be no possible interference by the Italian government, and there will be no authority recognized within it except that of the Holy See. Moreover, Vatican territory will always be considered neutral and inviolable.

Fifth, matrimony will be recognized by the Italian state as a sacrament regulated by Canon law. Also, cases concerning the nullity of marriage and the dissolution of marriages, celebrated but not consummated, are reserved to the ecclesiastical courts.

Sixth, religious teaching is made compulsory both in the elementary and the secondary schools of Italy.

Seventh, and especially, the Pope has become a free man, and more than that, he has become a sovereign with all the rights and privileges of any other worldly prince.

Before bringing this article to a close it would be interesting to note that the Vatican City is made a restrictive area. Permission to reside in it will be granted only to those persons absolutely indispensable for the functioning of the Vatican state, and to their parents, descendants, and collateral relatives, but not to the families of such relatives. All who are now living in the Vatican City who are not especially authorized to remain

will be evicted. A report from the Vatican City dated March 11 states that the departure of those unauthorized to live within its confines has already begun. It has been agreed that the school in the Via Porta Angelica, founded by Pope Pius X, will not be evacuated until the summer in order to allow the students to complete their studies and teachers to find new premises.

Such is the achievement of Mussolini and the Pope. Both have made quite definite gains and neither has conceded anything of great significance. Now, with the Church, the monarchy, and the Fascist oligarchy pulling together, Italy's great reaction from modern liberalism will be more interesting than ever to watch.

R. Burns '31.

PINS

Many treatises and famous pamphlets, including a book of directions, have been written on the ever-changing, kaleidoscopic uses of the pin. Copies of the latest work, "The Pin Domesticated," by O. B. Usefull, may be procured at all leading druggists', and also (perhaps) at the Bursar's Office.

This delightful composition has all the earmarks of becoming the season's best seller, for it furnishes a brief, snappy, concise, yet fairly complete outline of the uses pins are beguiled into.

To the layman, there seem to be only a few kinds of pins, but the specialist recognizes the existence of a number of types, the more usual ones being the: common, rolling, belaying, ten safety, bar, stick, hat, hair, cotter, wrist, beauty, scarf, tie and fraternity pins, of which the most picturesque is the common pin. Its uses and adaptations so overshadow the rest that they become nearly eclipsed by it. Imagine a pinless world! I venture to say that without pins there would be either no bachelors left in five years, or that the woman's place in the needlework classes would be entirely usurped by a maddened rush of

buttonless men. Men without buttons are helpless creatures, and the pin's invention has been a source of great comfort to them. Many a man has known the time when an ordinary, common pin has been all that has stood between him and the loss of his dignity,—or something worse.

Then, again, pins are a source of amusement in one's quieter moments. Do you remember the times when we used to stick pins in our shoes and give the next fellow ahead a playful kick with it, in class? And do you remember the times we used to stick a wad of chewing gum in the middle of a chair, with a pin stuck upright in it, and watched with keen anticipation while some poor devil sat down there? I think that side of one's education should never be neglected. No doubt it makes one more spiritual.

Pins are a factor in the home life of the nation, too. One often meets with them in early life. Then they are used, later on, to conceal holes in one's best trousers that have been ripped while climbing a tree. After that they are used to hold one's necktie down, or one's socks up. Later they are put to any use from picking the teeth to picking the grit out of little Willie's eyes. And finally, their heads are useful to compare the size of college students' brains to. Altogether it is a most varied and interesting galaxy of uses.

The recent sale of the pins Cleopatra used to even up the hem of her skirt with shows that pins may get to be valuable. Soon some of the world's great pin collectors will get together and give us a real pin exposition, similar to the Boston Flower Show this year. Imagine being able to see the very pin that Napoleon chewed at while directing the Battle of Waterloo, or the pin that Marie Valbenkje, the famous European murderess, used to commit suicide with six hours before she was to be guillotined! Such sights should produce an exquisite thrill to the pin-collectors with a historical bent.

Pins in politics have changed the destinies of nations more than once. It was told of King Oesophagus the Great, of Egypt, that when he was on the eve of a great political debate about whether or not the women should have the right to vote

that he rolled on a pin in his sleep and dreamed that it was his wife sewing a button on his vest and that she had slipped with the needle. Being a hot-tempered old gentleman, this so enraged him that he decided not to let them vote. It has taken the women until just recently to recover from this blow.

In short, the pin is a forceful economic factor. By its usefulness in the home, in politics, as an antique, and as a toy, the pin amply proves that it has lived up to the reputation established for it by Bismarck when he said, as he sent one of his famous "Mailed Fists" to an autograph collector in Vienna, "The pin is mightier than the sword!"

W. H. Longley Jr. '31

YEARS AFTERWARD

(SCENE: A young lawyer's study, back stage is lined with books. At right stage is hall entrance, at left stage door opens into sleeping apartment. On left stage there is a desk and chair. On the floor there is a soft, wood green carpet. The curtains open on a young man, **Douglas Brown** sitting at his desk. He has just put the telephone aside, and remains in a thinking attitude. A knock is heard at the door.)

Brown

Come in.

(A young lady, **Mrs. Lawrence**, of perhaps twenty-five enters. She is dressed quietly, but artistically, and waits for Brown to offer her a chair. Gives him her card.)

Mrs. Lawrence

It was just from downstairs that I was speaking to you, Mr. Brown, but I couldn't leave without being sure that I had done all in my power to keep my child.

Brown

But, Mrs. Lawrence, you don't understand; it is not to me that you should come. You see that I can do nothing—

Mrs. Lawrence But, you can! You have the case entirely in your hands.

Brown If I accept the responsibility of any case, I am duty bound to serve my client to the best of my ability.

Mrs. Lawrence Even if you know that the whole future of a child is at stake? Mr. Brown, you must know the type of man you are serving, the type of man my—Mr. Lawrence is.

Brown He is my client, Mrs. Lawrence, and I am afraid I can do nothing for you. It is in your power to combat my case. I believe that is your only course.

Mrs. Lawrence (*Wearily.*) Then—good afternoon.

Brown Good afternoon. (*Shows her out then stands, pensive.*) Confound it! (*Walks to his desk then back to the door abruptly, stops, and slowly returns to his desk. A peremptory knock sounds at the hall door; it opens, and a young man, Cliff Grant, enters buoyantly.*)

Cliff Well, how's everything? Here's some fags you'll enjoy. Say, how's the new case coming? You've taken it of course! Your fortune's made now that you've Lawrence for a patron. He'll want a divorce every six months at any rate.

Brown Shut up; for a while!

Cliff Say, you don't seem elated. Been working too hard? Do you know I just met Mrs. Lawrence outside; used to know her as a kid. She seemed sort of discouraged. Say, what do you suppose that bozo wants with the youngster anyway? An heir I guess. It's queer, there's a strange similarity between this case, and that of Mrs. Lawrence herself.

Brown**Cliff****Brown****Cliff****Brown****Cliff****Brown****Cliff****Brown****Cliff—**

Mrs. Lawrence herself—what do you mean?

Her childhood—

How's that?

Her mother left her husband—took Paula when she was five years old. They were never together again. He was a botanist, they—

Botanist—Paula! Was her name Cameron? Cameron, yes—you knew of him?

I knew him; it must be, it must—I remember she left him. Cliff, the dearest memories of my life are connected with Mr. Cameron — 'Cam'ron!' *(Smiles reminiscent of past happiness. This is followed by a twinge of regret for something lost.)* He came to my old home when I was nine years old. He—

In the Country?

Yes—He saved me from a whipping once. Dad—Scotch, believed in the rod! Cam'ron's riding horse was in another man's pasture. I set my dog on it, thinking it was the other man's, who wouldn't let me fish on his farm because my dog frightened the cows—he said. Dad found it out and—anyway Cam'ron interceded—took me fishing with him instead; after that I went with him all the time. And that's his daughter—Paula! I remember him telling me about her.

Say, isn't that coincidence? And you handling this case—Lawrence's I mean—There! I promised to see Dennis about that trip—forgot all about it. *(Goes hurriedly out. Brown walks to the desk slowly, with hands in pockets, and sits down in a thoughtful attitude. The lights darken on stage, leaving Brown in dim light. From the door at left stage behind*

Brown, a man of about fifty, and a young boy enter. The man is carrying a camera over his shoulder and lunch basket. The boy is carrying fishing rods, and talking as fast as he can chatter to the man, who smiles occasionally with whimsical humour. The child goes to one side of Brown, the man to the other.)

The Boy

Cam'ron, I rode today without a saddle! The horse galloped,—do you suppose I will catch a big trout where we're going today? I didn't think I could go; I never was allowed before. We won't leave until we get a big one, will we?

Cam'ron

Suppose we get hungry?

The Boy

Why we brought lunch!

Cam'ron

Would it last us—a week? *(Brown leaves the desk and walks, with head slightly bent, to book shelves at back stage. Cam'ron and the boy hover around him.)*

The Boy

Well, we'll catch small trout—anyway, won't we? Couldn't we live on those—perhaps?

Cam'ron

Son, perhaps we could! *(Takes boy by the shoulders.)* Doug, I want you to remember that.

The Boy

What, Cam'ron?

Cam'ron

What you told me. *(Lights go out, boy disappears out door, lights come back again to dusk. The man now holds Doug Brown, the lawyer by the shoulders. Brown stands there.)*

Cam'ron

We can live on the small trout—we can always live on the small trout if the big ones can't be caught in a sporting way; for the big ones aren't any good any other way—are they?
(Man smiles whimsically, drops his arms and goes softly off right stage in very dim light.)

Brown stands for a moment in a fixed position, then starts suddenly, and looks around. The lights brighten. He walks to his desk, his hands in his pockets, then passes across the stage, left to right and back. The door opens, and Cliff enters again).

Brown Did you say she seemed worried?

Cliff Who?

Brown Mrs. Lawrence; you know she wanted me to act for her—came in almost immediately after Lawrence's secretary was here. Called me up first.

Cliff She did? You wouldn't have taken it anyway—oh well, she can't expect to combat his money.

Brown I think so—well, anyway.
(Goes to telephone, picks up a card from the desk and gives a number.

Cliff Yes, there's a chance. She is very much like her father, isn't she? I noticed today—

Brown Mrs. Lawrence? Douglas Brown speaking, Since you were here this afternoon I have reconsidered your request. If you still desire it—I am ready to act in your interest. At five o'clock?—yes. Thank you.

Cliff What the devil!

Brown No! Where?

(Curtain while Cliff stares at Brown with surprised drop of the jaw.)

Jean Miller '29.

MOONLIGHT REVERIES

It is evening. I sit alone conscious of nothing around me save the golden moon light that floods the whole world—the moonlight that burns deep into my soul.

Gradually the world fades away, and I find myself walking in a garden. The moon shines with a brighter, softer glow. The scent of flowers fills the quiet night air with a fragrance that could be found only in such a garden and on such a night as this. The roses lovely in the day are far lovelier blushing faintly in the moonlight. Dewdrops sparkle on the honeysuckle like diamonds on lovely ladies' fingers. The trees rustle softly as if afraid of breaking the magic spell.

Suddenly there is a hush. Down the moonlit path comes a vision of filmy white, a smiling face, and a laughing voice. The garden, a moment before so beautiful, fades away before the loveliness of my lady. The moonlight exists for us and we for each other.

* * * * *

I am alone. The garden is cold and unsympathizing. The moonlight once so warm and beautiful is now cold and chill. A breeze rustles in the trees and the shrill call of the night-hawk echoes in the air. I gaze on the moonlit path watching in vain. Tears roll down my cheeks and mingle with the dewdrops on the flowers. I listen for the sound of familiar footsteps; but I listen in vain.

* * * * *

The garden has faded away. I sit alone and the moonlight still shines around me burning deeply into my soul. The memories of Nadine hurt me, for—Nadine is no more.

Elva E. Jackson '31

LIFE'S UNCERTAIN COURSE

Poor old Dobin stood in the middle of the farm-yard with head drooping. There seemed to be the same sad atmosphere dominating the whole household.

The family had all grown up and were far away, having apparently forgotten the mother and dad who had worked so hard to educate them and give them a start in the world.

For five years the homestead had been mortgaged, but now the mortgage was foreclosed. No longer was there that cheerful feeling around the farm. In one corner of the yard, near the familiar old well, was the wagon which had for so long carried Mr. Holmes and his wife to the little white church just over the hill,—but oh! that wagon would never carry them again.

The calves which Mrs. Holmes brought up on the bottle were huddled closely together by the barn door. They, too, seemed loath to leave their kind protectors. The vegetables and furniture were in the middle of the yard ready to be sold, and the pet dogs sat at their master's feet pleading to remain.

Not only did the yard have a dismal atmosphere, but no homelike smoke curled from the red chimney, nor did any eager wife peer from behind white curtains to catch a glimpse of her husband.

At length the crowd had assembled, and the auctioneer stood on his little stool. One by one the things were sold, and at last old Dobbin was brought forth looking so pure and innocent in his white attire.

Mr. Holmes could endure his suffering no longer and running up to where Dobbin was, threw his arms around the poor old horse's neck and kissed him over and over again, and clung to him as one clings to the last small thread of life.

Mr. Holmes raised his voice in his agony and cried, "Let everything else go but I can't—Oh, I can't part with Dobbin." Dobbin in his dumb manner tried to console his master, but his faithful head dropped like a wilted flower.

As the auctioneer was saying,—“Third and last time—sold, the tears flowed in streams from Mrs. Holmes’ eyes, and Mr. Holmes sat with bowed head, while the black collie lay licking his master’s hand in an effort to console him.

Never was there a sadder or more pitiful scene than when the doors of the house were locked, and the highest bidders started homeward with their purchases.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes gave poor old Dobbin a farewell pat and stood watching him as he was lead away from the homestead. His form became more and more indistinct as he neared the top of the opposite hill.

What was that running down the grade? Mr. and Mrs. Holmes stood motionless in each other’s grasp. Nearer and nearer the swiftly moving object came. It could be nothing other than Dobbin.

The hearts of the dear old couple thrilled within them as the snow white animal approached. In a moment he was neighing before them, but his new owners were in fast pursuit.

They arrived panting, and putting a stronger halter on the horse, they tried to lead him away again. It was of no use. He pulled back and finally resorted to the use of his heels. When every other means and way had been tried, in despair they tried to tie his feet, and carry him away on a sloven.

Just as they were ready to start, there was a honk—honk—down by the road, and a big car swerved through the gateway. A young man, who seemed to be a stranger sat at the wheel.

He sprang from the car, and running up to Mrs. Holmes, he took her in his arms, saying, “Mother!”

She could only whisper,—“Bobby, my darling boy!”

Annie McMackin '32

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX WORKS

Perhaps no city in the world contains so many points of diversified interest as London, England; and outstanding among these is the wax works of Madame Tussaud. Thousands of tourists yearly review the collection and come away deeply impressed by the display of ceroplastic art.

The collection has a long and colorful history. It was begun in 1789 by M. Curtius in Paris. Since then, it has been added to by descendants of M. Curtius who happily inherited his ability and interest in the art. The last descendant, the late Madame Tussaud, who, after taking the collection on tour in Europe and America, finally established it in London where it was partially destroyed by fire, but later completely restored in an elaborate building on Baker St. of the same city. Since then, repeated additions have been made to it.

By chance the opportunity of seeing the famous wax figures was given me, and I immediately proceeded to take advantage of it. Eagerly I made my way to the building which holds the treasure of art. I had been often told that here I would have a very unique experience, but as I gained the main entrance and made my way to the ticket-booth, I encountered nothing auspicious to confirm such a comment. The pretty girl at the booth did not seem to notice me, so I tapped on the window to arrest her attention. There was no response, and it was not until after repeated tappings at the window, that a policeman approached, to inform me, that the girl was wax. Disappointed that such a pretty girl was only a wax figure, I entered the lobby and asked another policeman which way to proceed to see the collection, but on receiving no response I nudged his arm only to discover on second look that my policeman was merely a suit of clothes over a wax form.

I was taken back, I descended the stairs before me, and entered, as a sign informed me, The Chamber of Horrors. Suddenly, I stopped, an uncomfortable icy sensation ran thru my spine for there before me was a guillotine stained with blood,

and upon it the body of a man with the guillotine's knife well through its victim's head. A few steps later, I experienced the same sensation when I saw the body of a man, twisted and contorted in the grip of a medieval torturing rack. The man's face bore a never-to-be-forgotten expression of agony. All about the walls of the chamber were the heads of internationally known daring criminals, and beneath them were the weapons and tools which had been actually used by them in some murder. Other instruments of torture were shown with victims in their clutches. As I proceeded, I saw several tableaux representing the life of the underworld of London, which were very harrowing. One which attracted my attention was that of a typical opium den, showing several sailors enduring the agonies of the later effects of opium.

Not reluctantly, I left the Chamber of Horrors to ascend to the lobby, and to enter the Hall of Fame. The first figure to attract my attention was that of Charles Chaplin, the comedian, over which was a sign which said that this was the only figure from the Hall of Fame which was not destroyed in the fire, accompanying this sign was an inscription very fitting to the occasion, which read, "The Devil protects his own."

The Hall of Fame presented the figures of prominent men in the medieval and modern times. There stood Danton, Marat and Robespierre along with many others, as life-like as if they were about to speak. Napoleon, Anatole France, Diderot, Spinoza, Luther, Nelson and many others stood in silence, seemingly watching me with interest. Then came the group of all the kings of England from William I including Henry VIII, fat and pompous, with his numerous wives. The great men of The War came next including Kitchener, Foch, Pershing, Jellicoe and others. The present Prince of Wales stood by himself in characteristic pose with a cigarette. At the end of the hall I noticed a laughable situation, where Jack Dempsey stood towering beside David Livingston, and in front of them was Tom Thumb and his wife.

I left the Hall of Fame to enter the Hall of Tableaux, here, scenes taken from famous situations in history were depicted.

There was the death of Nelson in the cockpit of the "Victory" of Trafalgar with mutilated sailors dying about him. It was a very impressive scene. Then came the finding of Harold at Hastings with the arrow full in his eye. The arrest of Guy Fox as he was about to bring ruin upon the English parliament was shown in a very realistic manner, as well as the signing of the Magna Carta by John at Runnymede.

After seeing the other impressive scenes from the pages of history, and having gone the rounds of the collection, I was about to leave the building when, in the vestibule of the upper hall of the building, I saw the Sleeping Beauty which was so mechanically constructed that the chest of the figure moved as if breathing was taking place. One would almost believe the figure to be alive. Watching intently over the figure at rest was the perfectly formed image of Madame Tussaud, seemingly counting the breaths of the Sleeping Beauty before her. No more impressive a scene could have been reserved to give at the last of the exhibit than this. One could hardly forget the motherly expression which is held in that figure of Madame Tussaud.

Vincent A. White '29.

SHELLEY

Like a dove with a broken wing, like a lost spirit singing quietly and sweetly in its hopelessness and despondency, like the mild south wind blowing through the cypress trees, such is Shelley's spirit to me. And yet not always was he contented to sing quietly to himself. How could one with a mind so filled with beauty not rebel against the ugly contrast of the world of reality which surrounded him. He was not of this world, but of a world of ideals where nothing but beauty and perfection abounded. How natural that he should raise his voice in a lamentable cry to the West Wind, "Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud! I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!" How unfit

he was for life as it is where changes are slow, and where our grasps exceed our reach.

Who can picture a lamb going forth to make war upon the wolves? And yet Shelley shook his delicate fist upon the world, and said, "I hate you as you are, and I will destroy you!" Is it to be wondered that the world conquered Shelley, and that he retired within himself to brood on the brutality of men, and to let the marvelous beauty of his mind come forth in literature clothed in the deepest of despondency. How pathetic to read, "I sit upon the sands alone." We all have felt alone and lonely, at times, but who could have felt more alone than Shelley when he said, "I could lie down like a tired child, and weep away the life of care." And then he asks, "Did any heart now share in my emotion?" No, none can think as Shelley thought. In his poetry his imagination soars to such heights as to leave the average readers gazing upward, and knowing that where their imagination can go no further Shelley still goes on and loses himself in the extravagant beauty of his own wonderful dreams.

And yet Shelley was more than an artist whose tools were the supremely beautiful. He was Nature's voice and as Nature is neither good or evil, so Shelley lived and wrote accordingly. To him love knows no laws; passion is free, and to restrain it is to fan it into a dangerous flame; even death is preferred before slavery.

There are some who place Shelley even before Shakespeare as a poet. And he died at the very beginning of his career. He loved Nature in her moods of fury. The storms, thunder, lightning, and the wild West Wind aroused in him those deeper moods of discontent which smoldered in his breast as the volcanic fires within the bowels of the earth. And yet the stormy sea that he loved so much to contemplate engulfed him to his death. How befitting that such a man should die from Nature's direct blow. From earliest infancy Shelley had fed upon Nature; he had wandered with her in her most secret recesses; and now Nature claimed him. When one reads his poetry charged with pain, strange fanciful thoughts creep upon the mind, and we sometimes imagine that Shelley was not drowned, but that

Nature mercifully closed his eyes, and that the green waters merely clasped him to their bosom and enveloped him in perpetual sleep.

Paul Gelinas '32.

PALE HANDS I LOVE

By a strange coincidence, I chanced to be in one of the greatest ports of Marine Shipping in the world. It was a great emporium where east met west and north met south. All day long huge liners steamed by the docks, their whistles blasting the voice of many nations. They gave a pronounced cosmopolitan character to that city.

All along the extensive water-front were bars, saloons and cafes, where wine, from that lowland country, found eager consumers in the sailors—and men from the marine world. It was to these ships that the flotsam of the world swarmed “to drink, laugh, and forget.”

Having visited the points of interest in the city. I was making my way in a deliberate fashion down a street which led to a particular dock. As I passed down the street, bits of rag-time from the automatic music makers came to me from the various cafes—with which the street was lined. None of these cafes held any attraction for me until I approached one, “The Camberinus.” I stopped before it to hear the strains of an erstwhile popular piece in America. I decided to enter. After eluding an inebriate who was clumsily making his way from the cafe, I gained the entrance and made my way to one of the tables. I sat down and ordered a mug of beer.

The orchestra in one corner of the cafe continued to peal forth its disorderly music, while men, well under the influence of alcohol, swayed ungracefully in the middle of the room with women of questionable appearance. Waitresses were busily engaged in bringing drinks from the elaborate bar at one side of the room to bacchanalian revelers seated at the tables in boisterous conversation.

My survey of the room was interrupted by the approach of a stranger to my table. He slumped down carelessly in a chair and gave no greeting. As I eyed him across the table, I could see by the way he leaned his elbows on the table and covered his face with his hands, that he was mentally depressed. I studied him intently. He was a young man, evidently about twenty-three, with the air of one recently initiated into the fraternity of seafaring men. By the intelligent look I had seen in his face, and the cut of his shabby clothes, I identified him as belonging to a family of no mean social standing.

Presently my beer was brought by the waitress, who, having served me, nudged the stranger for his order. To my surprise, he gave his order for some strong liquor in good English. His order given, the stranger bowed his head as before.

The wailing of the orchestra stopped, and the drunken dancers betook themselves with their partners to the tables to continue their orgy. The members of the orchestra moved to the bar for drinks, and the room was filled with a confusion of loud conversation and vulgar laughs. The piano bench was left vacant, and the stranger, raising his head, noticed this. Muttering something under his breath, he rose, and unnoticed approached the piano bench and sat down.

My interest increased in the stranger as he rubbed his hands as a musician will do as a preliminary to playing. Then suddenly, he began to play. I was not so much surprised at the jazz he was playing, as I was at the masterful way he touched the keys. He played with the ease of a true musician. Then the music changed from jazz, to the semi-classical. As I looked about the cafe I seemed to be the only one interested in him.

The stranger stopped his playing to accept an offered drink, and as I saw his face, I thought I saw a look of sadness in his expression. He turned again to the piano, his head thrown back as if in prayer. He sat motionless for a second. Then down came his hands in a graceful gesture to the keyboard. To my astonishment, he began to play the introduction of my favorite musical selection, the Kashmiri Song. Once more he

threw back his head, but this time he began to sing. The drinkers at the tables commenced to be interested.

"Pale hands I love, beside the Shalomar, where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?"--and what a beautiful, and mellow voice! Never had I heard such pathos and feeling as was expressed in that fellow's voice. Every eye in the cafe was riveted on him now. Even the man at the bar stopped in the process of drying a mug and stood gazing with his mouth open.

"Where are you now"—the stranger's voice broke into a sob. His head went down. The music died away. He sat motionless. Then unexpectedly, he slumped forward upon the key board and, began to sob bitterly.

Moved with pity for my fellow countryman, and as he made no effort to move, I rose and approached him. Putting my hand lightly on his shoulder, I asked, "What is it, pal? Why do you cry?" He did not answer immediately, but slowly straightened up, and turned to regard me with tear-stained eyes. Then with an effort, he spoke, "Don't ask me questions like that! I'm—I'm trying to forget—everything." Slowly he rose and shuffled his way to the door. After paying for his drinks, he disappeared with bowed head into the street, leaving me in a quandry.

"Trying to forget everything," and the song, "Where are you now?" Could it have been that some girl had led him on to love her, and he had sung that song to her? Could it have been that she had then cheated him, betrayed him, let him down, or what? Then again his sweetheart might have been taken away suddenly—and the thoughts of her burned in his frantic brain.

Still asking myself such questions, I left the cafe and continued on my way to the docks.

Vincent A. White '29

THE CALL OF APRIL

In the glowing days of April
When the winter's past and done,
And the first pale fragrant flower
Lifts its glad face to the sun,
Then our vagrant souls are shaken
By the wild geese going by,
And we think of the white roads lying
Out beyond the evening sky.

For the beating heart of the spring-time
Is found in the maple tree;
The call of its love and its longing
Is the robin's melody;
And the fields, the woods, and the mountains,
The shining lakes and the streams,
Are the fullness and glory of April—
The lingering dream of dreams.

Albert E. Roland '31

THE TALKING MOVIES

Man has succeeded in bringing moving pictures almost to an ideal perfection. The most involved scenes can be portrayed, and the actors can be made to do the most difficult stunts, under hair-raising circumstances. Man has now succeeded in making movies talk. He is not satisfied with seeing, but he must also hear. There is to be no more golden silence in the moving pictures. But when he has succeeded in making all the films talk, will he be satisfied with his accomplishment? What will he do about it if the result should prove similar to the case of the husband in Anatole Frances' *The Happy Man and His Dumb Wife*? The man was happy but for one thing—his wife was dumb. He prayed that she might talk, if only to say a single word. The miracle happened, and she did speak, not merely a single word, but she spoke unceasingly, and for all we know, she may be talking still. Will the public find themselves in the same predicament as the poor husband?

Let us consider the difficulties to be overcome before the movie-tone reaches perfection. The actors will have to be more than actors. They must be also accomplished elocutionists. The question of foreigners is one of the most difficult to settle. How could a passionate love-scene be effective, if the hero were to say, "Eet ees you zat I love, ma chere," and the lovely heroine were to reply, "Ach, I ban luff you?" There are two solutions for this problem. Foreign actors must be able to speak the English language perfectly, or the cast must be made up of English-speaking actors. The first solution is impossible. The second would eliminate foreign favourites from the American screen. "But," you say, "they can use substitutes." Oh, yes! They can use "ghost actors." The celebrated film star merely moves his lips, and permits another to talk for him in the same manner as Cyrano made up for the deficiency in Christian. The actor must have sufficient knowledge of the English language to make the lip movements. The "ghost" actor must observe the foreign actor in order to

understand the situation. The actors must perform at least twenty times in front of audiences before making the film, in order to master their parts thoroughly.

Wild West pictures will sound like a fourth of July celebration in the United States. Charlie Chaplin will have to curb the words his thoughts would have him utter when pies are flung in his face. People go to the theatre to relax. There is no effort involved in watching a movie. It is merely a case of passive enjoyment. It is annoying to undergo the tension and strain of listening to the sounds. Sound makes many people restless. If the record is played too loudly, it irritates the nerves, and therefore it must be toned down. In the near future we may be able to say that sound pictures are more silent than silent drama.

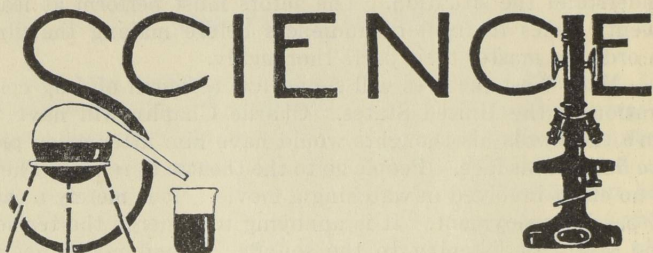
The most glaring defect, however, is this. Speech is more rapid than action, and consequently the action must be slowed down to allow the speech to keep up with it. Hence, the speech will come limping after the action.

The Vitaphone is slightly different. By means of this, we can hear the lecturer as well as see him. George Bernard Shaw was thus introduced to throngs of American people. Not all the charm of personality is lost, as it is over radio. Many great musical artists can be enjoyed by those who would otherwise fail to hear them.

Nevertheless, the word can endure without the pictures. Radio is the best example of this. Also, the picture can endure without the spoken word, as we have seen. The silent film has never been silent after all. The form of speech has been different—it has spoken with motions not words, to the eye, not the ear. It has said all it has wished to say, and action alone has been sufficient to make the film comprehensible.

Other scientific inventions have meant progress and simplifications, but the talking movies mean merely complication. The picture is the oldest form of word, and action is the oldest form of speech, so why try to change the old order of things for something which is not as good?

Audrey Gregg '29.



WHAT'S IN AN APPLE?

The small boy requires no justification for his interest in an apple—neither did Eve. Nor feels the scientist such a lack. To some it may appear that the members of this rather oddly assorted trio, have or had, an over-developed bump of curiosity. But, whatever else may be said of them, mental alertness, variously displayed, is a common characteristic. By contrast, the great majority of us may be said to possess too little inquisitiveness. Some acutely-felt need, as for example of hunger for food, for news, or for money, is required for the stimulation of our interest. Once acknowledged however the need becomes insistent. It is at such times that the naturally curious find an audience in the naturally incurious. Then, are in demand, the small boy who knows the location of the ripest fruit in the orchard, the daughter of Eve who is well-informed in neighborhood gossip, and even the scientist. The services of the last-named, it is true, are less frequently in demand. However, it is becoming more and more widely recognized that he is sometimes fortunate enough to have information which can be used in the solution of those so-called practical problems which alone serve to spur the majority of us to interest. Thus, it may be idle curiosity which prompts one to wonder why this apple is red and that green. But, when the fruit-growers find that the green side of the apple is more likely to become discolored in storage than is the red, *his* curiosity

no longer remains an idle one. It may also be an idle whim which prompts one to enquire what it is that gives an apple its characteristic odor. But when the scientist unearths evidence that the substances responsible for this odor are at the same time connected in some manner with storage discoloration, the query becomes an intensely practical one to the owner of the cold storage or the fruit store. It is in such ways that curiosity obtains direction, *controlled curiosity* is but another name for research. Perhaps Eve did us a favor after all. It seems peculiar that no person appears to have suggested the already famous Gravenstein as a fitting emblem of Research, the guiding light of Knowledge.

TUBERCULOSIS.

Tuberculosis is the most widespread, and one of the oldest diseases known to man. The earliest known history of this disease dates back to about 400 B. C., when Hippocrates put forth his medical opinions relative to consumption. His ideas governed the world until about 1614 A. D.—a period of two thousand years. Hippocrates distinguished between five kinds of consumption. The first was that which is now known as chronic pneumonia; the second was that caused by mucus dropping from the head into the lungs; the third, by venous bleeding; the fourth, by a collection of blood, pus and mucus in the pleural cavity; the fifth, abscesses of the lungs.

Why was it called consumption then, and not now? This was the name used to denote advanced pulmonary tuberculosis. Until the past few decades tuberculosis was recognized only in its later stages when the tissues of the body had been “consumed” by the toxins of disease, and the patient was emaciated. Hence the word consumption.

Celsus, Ephesius and Galenus made a few remarks on this subject in their writings. Celsus first used the word “tubercle,” but without attaching any particular meaning to it. Galenus a pupil of the Alexandria School, and a physician in Rome in the

second century A. D. seems to have known less about consumption than Hippocrates. He speaks of ulcerated lungs, and of sending his patients to places where a dry atmosphere prevailed, for the purpose of drying up the ulcers.

From the period of Galenus down to the sixteenth century, medical science made no progress whatever. During this period practical anatomy was not only discouraged, but absolutely forbidden, on penalty of death. Whenever progress has been made in anatomy the knowledge of consumption has developed. In the sixteenth century men, such as Sylvius, Vesalius, Harvey and others, not only revived, but developed and established anatomy as a science. Sylvius called the hard bunches which he found in the lungs of consumptives, tubercles. He is the first to speak of the softening of these hard tubercles, thereby forming cavities and destroying the lungs. In the seventeenth century men, such as Willis, Bonnet and Manget enriched the ideas of Sylvius through their post-mortem examinations. In the latter part of this century we find Morton's famous book on consumption which appeared in London in 1689, wherein he maintained, that consumption was a wasting-away of the whole body, having a fever connected with it, and caused by an incorrect condition of the lungs with consequent ulcerations of them. He also distinguished consumption from catarrh the former by a dry, and the latter by a moist cough. He maintains the existence of only one kind of consumption which invariably was the result of tubercles. His ideas were much superior to those of his day, and maintained their ascendancy for more than one hundred years. His theory upset the old ulcer theory of former authors. This advance was not accepted by his contemporaries, and consequently all further progress was arrested, but the advance already gained was revived and established by Bayle in 1810.

Sydenham, Hoffman, Boerhaave and Van Swieten of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all advocated the ideas of Hippocrates and Galenus. Auenbrugger of the latter part of the eighteenth century has made his name immortal through his discovery of "Percussion of the chest" a method by which,

through thumping or tapping upon the chest, the more or less high and sonorous tones indicate more or less density and degeneration of the lung-tissue. Baillie demonstrated that tubercles existed in other organs, as well as in the lungs. Vetter, the anatomist, first distinguished between Phthisis of the lungs (inflammation, and ulceration) and Tuberculosis, either inherited or acquired. Two distinct parties now arose. The first considered that tubercles originated by a "specific something" while the other admitted nothing of the kind. Vetter accepted both. Bayle like Vetter was an independent thinker, living in the latter part of the eighteenth and the first part of the nineteenth centuries. Bayle as a result of his investigations gave to the world the tuberculosis theory. He positively denied the doctrine of Hippocrates, but his greatest merit consisted in his discovery of what is now called miliary tuberculosis. Laennec further developed the theory of Bayle, and supported his theory by Auscultation, a method which he himself discovered,—by which, through the use of the ear we are able to ascertain certain diseased conditions of the lungs with absolute certainty. Laennec not only explained all consumptions, but Scrophulosis also, as nothing but the consequence of the tuberculosis "specific principle" which was inherited in most cases but sometimes acquired. Broussais and Andral were his two strongest opponents. Schönlein made a marked and positive distinction between Tuberculosis and Scrophulosis.

As late as 1850 we find Reinhardt maintaining that Laennec was wrong and going back to the old opinion of Hippocrates that tubercles were the result of inflammation. Virchow was the originator and author of cellular pathology, and he attempted to explain tuberculosis through application of the cellular principle, but it was not until 1882, that the real cause of the disease was discovered. It was Robert Koch, a German physician and bacteriologist, who discovered "tubercle bacillus," a minute vegetable organism which unlike the ordinary plant will not grow in fresh air or sunlight, but thrives only in dark and ill-ventilated places. He first obtained it by growing it on a culture of solidified blood. The bacillus attacks every organ

and every tissue of the body, but more especially does it attack the lungs, intestinal tract, lymphatic glands, serous membranes, the bones, the skin, the brain, the Fallopian tubes, the uterus and the spleen. Tuberculosis of the lungs was formerly known as "phthisis" or consumption, that of the bones and lymphatic glands as "scrofula," that of the skin as "lupus," that of the intestinal glands as "tabes mesenterica." As we have seen it was formerly a question of dispute whether these were or were not one and the same disease.

The characteristic feature of the disease is breaking-down and destruction of tissue. Multiplication of bacilli excite the growth of epithelioid cells from the normal fixed cells of the affected tissue, and so form tubercles. A tubercle has as its centre a "giant cell" surrounded by epithelioid cells and outside of that are leucocyxes. In its early stages the tubercle is microscopic, but later one can see the tubercles with the naked eye and because of their resemblance to millet seeds became known as miliary tubercles. Then the cells undergo degeneration, and this change is known as "caseation" because of its resemblance to cheese. In point of fact they die. This degeneration is caused by toxin produced by the bacilli. Further progress varies greatly with resisting power of the individual. If the resisting power of the individual is low, the cheesy tubercles tend to soften and break down forming abscesses that burst, when superficial, and leave ulcers, which in turn coalesce causing extensive destruction of tissue. When the resisting power of the individual is high and the break down is slow, the destructive process is replaced by one in which formation of fibrous tissue is the chief feature—nature's method of defence and repair. Then we find intermediate conditions where the cavities are surrounded by fibrous tissue. Tuberculosis is a disease of civilization. Not only is it common to man, but to such animals as cows, hogs, dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and many others. The human tubercle bacilli can be transmitted to the bovine animal while the bacilli of bovine origin can be discovered in man. There is a possibility that they may be varieties of the same species. This is one source of danger, but the two

most important sources are bacilli in milk of tuberculosis cows and in the sputum of individuals with tuberculosis. The use of alcohols makes one susceptible to it. The resisting powers are not as great in the adolescent stage, and hence the individual is more susceptible during this period than otherwise.

Unless the uterus or placenta of the mother is diseased there is no danger of the unborn child inheriting this disease, nor will the child be any more predisposed to it than normal children. The tubercle bacilli may be transmitted in the following ways: inhalation directly into bronchioles and pulmonary alveoli, or by way of bronchial glands through the blood channels into the lung; through the mucus membrane of the nose, mouth or tonsils into neighboring lymphatic glands and thence through the blood or lymph into the lungs; by ingestion of tubercle bacilli into the lower part of gastro-intestinal tract in the food; thence the bacilli may pass through the living membrane, infect the neighboring glands and pass by the blood or lymph stream to the lungs by penetration of other mucus membrane (such as conjunctival or urinogenital) or through the skin; possible though very rare, placental infection. Disease does not always develop.

We may recognize a persistent cough with sputum, fever, unusual tiredness, loss of weight, loss of strength, night sweats, blood-spitting, loss of appetite, pallor, chill and flushes. These symptoms may indicate the beginning of tuberculosis, and should be investigated at once.

Tuberculosis may be diagnosed in several ways. Koch's tuberculin tests, which are subcutaneous, Von Pirquet's, cutaneous and Calmette's conjunctival are some of the tests employed. "Old" tuberculin test in treatment of cows has proved invaluable. The reaction occurs in tuberculosis of the bones, joints and skin. Very advanced cases, miliary tuberculosis, tuberculosis meningitis fail to react. In diagnosis X-Rays have proved to be very valuable. A pulmonary lesion may be demonstrated long before any physical signs can be obtained.

The patient with tuberculosis is interested in two things, namely, his weight and temperature. These generally indi-

cate the progress of the disease in one way or the other. It used to be thought that the patient who gained most was doing best, but this has not always proved true. "Stuffing" the patient often led to stomach and kidney trouble. However, the young person without these weaknesses is generally given supplementary feedings to get his weight slightly above normal according to his height. Gain in weight usually is a good sign and continual loss in weight usually indicates the opposite. The patient should be contented and have peace of mind if he wishes to do well.

Tuberculosis is one of the most curable of the serious diseases if it is treated in its early stages of development. Rest is perhaps the most important thing in the treatment of the disease along with fresh air and good food. Exposure of the body to sun rays is another important feature in the treatment of tuberculosis. If these treatments fail, surgery may next be employed. In cases where only one lung is affected "artificial pneumothorax" is usually tried first with the purpose of compressing the lung and giving it rest. Adhesions quite often occur by this method, so "thoracoplasty" is then employed with the same purpose, that of compression, in view. From one to eight inch-lengths of upper eleven ribs are removed without opening the pleural cavity. The gap is filled by the coming together of their remaining ends. This causes compression of the lung and its cavities. "Phrenicotomy," division of the phrenic nerve, is also used which effects a paralysis of half the diaphragm and one lung. Removal of the entire lung has not proved successful because the disease is usually in the hilus which cannot be touched. Surgical operations on glands at start may prevent the spread of the disease.

Among the average hundred people, seventy-five to ninety percent have tuberculosis infection. Among the average one hundred people two per cent at any one time have tuberculosis disease. Among the average one hundred people eight to ten per cent will eventually die of tuberculosis. How can this be prevented? Through better housing and improved food supply, provision of hospitals, sanatoria and dispensaries, preven-

tion of spitting, administrative control of tuberculosis in animals, disseminating of popular knowledge concerning the nature of the disease, issue of literature, lectures and demonstrations. Individually we may create sanitary habits, take periodical examinations, fresh air and rest. We should also build up constitutions which will have resisting power.

"Tuberculosis will not be banished until the whole country, every province, every section, every family, indeed, every person, is taught and convinced and inspired in all elements of the better, cleaner, saner, higher civilization which alone can cast out this disease."

Evelyn Baird '30.

THE STUDY OF SCURVY FROM JACQUES CARTIER'S DAY TO OURS

It is surprising that the discovery of the existence of the vitamin C, a substance which must be present in the food in order to protect one against scurvy, was delayed so long, for scurvy is a very old disease, and has been prevalent in armies of soldiers ever since war has been known. This common occurrence of scurvy among soldiers and sailors, especially in the northern regions, was due to the fact that the diet of these men consisted mainly of grain products and meat or fish.

Jacques Cartier on his second voyage to Newfoundland in 1535, spent the winter near an Indian Village, Stanacona, in Quebec, and during the winter both his crew and the Indians were afflicted with scurvy. Between December and the middle of March, twenty-five men from his crew died, and the rest were so sick that little hope was held for their recovery. About the middle of March, Cartier noticed that an Indian, who had been very ill with scurvy ten or twelve days earlier, had fully recovered from the disease. Cartier became very curious, and set about to obtain information from the Indian regarding his recovery. The Indian told him that he had taken the juice and sap of the leaves of a certain tree called "Ameda" which has

been thought to be the sassafras tree, but this incident occurred the middle of March, and it has been reported that Cartier was walking from his boat to the shore upon the ice at the time he saw the Indian, so the "Ameda" could not have been a deciduous tree. Some authorities believed it to be the American spruce.

The next account of further observation of this antiscorbutic factor was made in 1747, by Dr. Lind, who was a surgeon in the British Navy. About this time there was a serious outbreak of scurvy among his sailors. Dr. Lind obtained permission from the British Government to conduct experiments for the comparison of the anti-scorbutic characteristics of various articles of diet, using as his subjects twelve sailors sick with scurvy on board the "Salisbury" at sea.

He prescribed the same diet for all the sailors, which consisted of water-gruel, sweetened with sugar in the morning, fresh mutton broth for dinner, and for supper, barley and raisins, rice and currants, sago and wine, or the like. The men were then divided into pairs. One pair had each a quart of cider daily; another, a spoonful of vinegar three times a day. Two of the worst had half a pint of sea water every day; two others had each two oranges and one lemon. The result of this experiment was that in six days the best effects were perceived from the use of the oranges and lemons. In 1795, as a result of this experiment, a regular administration of lemon (called lime) juice was prescribed in the British Navy, and this was the origin of the word "limies" by which name British sailors are to-day familiarly known.

Up to this time, information had been obtained through observation rather than by real experimental work though Dr. Lind's observations were more scientific than Jacques Cartier's had been. The only information derived from Dr. Lind's experiment was that acid was thought to have something to do with the cure of scurvy. This substance which helped to cure scurvy was now called an antiscorbutic factor.

Towards the close of the nineteenth century, it was known from practical experience that certain foods, such as oranges,

would cure scurvy, but it was not until 1907 that the first real experimental work was undertaken along this line, and this arose almost incidentally when Holst and Frolích, two Norwegian investigators of the University of Christiania in their attempt to further the information regarding the cause of beriberi, found that guinea pigs when fed polished rice developed not beriberi, as they expected, but scurvy. This was found to be the case in any diet which consisted solely of grain, but when a moderate amount of any fresh vegetable such as cabbage, carrot, or potato was added to the grain diet, the disease was prevented. Other conclusions from the experiments of Holst and Frolích were that something present in fresh fruits and vegetables which prevents scurvy is destroyed in the drying process. The antiscorbutic faction apparently develops during the growth of the plant.

In 1914, Dr. Alfred F. Hess of New York City discovered an outbreak of scurvy in an infant orphan asylum where the children had been fed pasteurized milk. The loss of the antiscorbutic factor must have taken place during the process of pasteurization of the milk. Hess set aside the old superstition that tomatoes should not be given to children, and said that canned tomatoes could be used in place of orange juice as a prevention of scurvy. He also proved that it was not only the acid of the citrus fruits, which was the antiscorbutic substance, but that the white inner part of the orange peel was antiscorbutic.

In 1916, during the World War, Dr. Harriet Hume and her associates of Lister Institute in London, did much to help the war-stricken countries in the prevention and cure of scurvy. She recommended the use of sprouted peas and beans for the army rations and yellow turnip juice for the protection of young children in London.

In spite of all these evidences, there were still some skeptical people who doubted if this vitamin C was different from vitamins A and B, for rats, which require vitamins A and B, did not develop scurvy, but Professor J. C. Drummond of the University of London experimenting with rats, found that the

rats required the antiscorbutic factor in order to achieve a normal development, but did not require nearly so much of this substance as did some other animals such as guinea pigs and monkeys. This fact was further explained by Dr. Helen T. Parsons of the John Hopkins University, who found that rats had an antiscorbutic substance stored in their livers. This is the reason why rats are never chosen to experiment with in connection with the antiscorbutic factor which Professor Drummond named Vitamin C.

More recent scientific investigations have shown that vitamin C is very irregularly distributed in food materials occurring chiefly in actively functioning and succulent fresh green leaves, juicy stems, tubers, bulbs, roots, and fruits, and also that vitamin C is the easiest of all the known vitamins to destroy in the processes of cooking. The idiosyncrasies of vitamin C are numerous; for instance, fresh raw tomatoes are much less affected by cooking or drying than are fresh raw potatoes. Fresh raw cabbage contains more vitamin C than fresh, raw potatoes, but it very rapidly loses its antiscorbutic value when heated. Animal foods are poorer sources of vitamin C than vegetable foods.

During the last few years, the information obtained regarding vitamin C has dealt largely with the effects of the different processes of cooking on it, and some of the following results have been determined—that certain conditions in the sterilizing processes that commercially canned goods receive, but which are not obtained in home cooking, tend to preserve the vitamin, and, as a result, commercially canned goods are richer in vitamin C than the same food stuffs home-cooked.

Latest experiments show us that in acid products, such as tomatoes and fruits with little oxygen present, there is only a negligible destruction of vitamin C by ordinary cooking. It has also been shown that the destruction of vitamin C may be due to oxidation rather than to heat.

Bezssonov and Radnovin of France have very recently suggested that vitamin C is a complex, like vitamin B, of at least two factors, but their work as yet lacks confirmation.

Elizabeth MacMillan '32.

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Editorial

WHAT SHOULD WE GET FROM ACADIA?

By the time this issue is before the reader something definite will have been done by the students about dancing at Acadia, at least so far as this year is concerned. It seems that the struggle for dancing is a sort of legacy bequeathed from one graduating class to another. So far, every year has witnessed a futile attempt. What the outcome will be this time, we cannot say; but there is one thing evident, dancing at Acadia is a vital topic at this moment. Something assuredly must be done about the matter soon.

The Athenaeum, since it is representative of every student voice, cannot take the stand that what we should get from Acadia is dancing. Of necessity, it proposes merely to state the problem in an endeavour to clear up some of the difficulties.

Undoubtedly, as has been pointed out in previous editorials, there is something wrong with our present system of social gatherings. The students work their hardest to provide the best possible entertainment without dancing, and the result is always a half-hearted enjoyment. Most of the young people realize that they are missing something, and consequently they do not throw themselves thoroughly into the fun. Obviously, when a group of university students of an average age of twenty-one years have to stand up and play "musical arms" for their recreation, asinuity has been reached. The question is, will dancing solve the present absurd state of affairs?

It is not venturesome to say that dancing will solve the social discontent of at least seventy-five per cent of the student body. A class vote has proved this statement. But it is not the policy of Acadia to foster a clique. If dancing is allowed, what is to be done with the other twenty-five per cent? The problem seems to lie here, and it is here that most of the governors are in error. The purpose is not to allow university parties to be turned into dance-hall affairs, not to allow Acadia girls to frequent public dances, not to allow students to exhaust themselves with the practice, but to find a safe and rational medium. With matters in the present state, whenever young people find a chance to dance, whenever they can *steal* a chance with a maximum of *deception*, they take advantage of every minute and they dance continually. The result is, of course, that those who do not dance are left out of things. If the matter were brought to a normal conclusion, provision would be made for entertainment in which many of the dancers no doubt would take part. To place this more vividly, we believe that an ideal Acadia party would be a combination of Dances and Topics. Partners could either use the suggested topic or could dance. Midway in the number, entertainment would be provided such as is accomplished in our present system, in the form of skits, vocal selections, readings, etc.

We do not propose to go into the benefits of dancing nor into the other side of it. We merely state the case and repeat that something *must* be done, and that *soon*. It is our policy

to do only that; at the same time, we realize that the present system is not fair to all. Those who dance are cheated; those who do not dance are catered to.

Once again we have a trio of "A's" Thus, so far, we have awarded six this year. We are proud of ourselves, but we are more proud of our contributors. We extend our heartiest congratulations to Miss Jean Miller '29, to Mr. Vincent A. White '29 and to Mr. W. H. Longley Jr. '31. Miss Miller's work has been consistently good. Her one-act plays, short stories and poetry have been very commendable, and the *Athenaeum* has printed her material with much pleasure. Miss Miller has also had the distinction of having one of her short stories reprinted in *The Echo*, a quarterly devoted to college literature.

Mr. White has secured his "A" in four issues—an outstanding thing! What is yet more remarkable is that his work has not suffered through necessary concentration. His contributions have been characterized by a distinctly pleasurable style. We shall sincerely miss his substantial presence in our next issue.

To Mr. Longley belongs the honor of winning his "A" in his Sophomore year. This is a rare feature and a splendid accomplishment. He has submitted work which could readily be attributed to a Senior. As a result, we look forward to Mr. Longley's future journalistic work with much interest.

SPORTSMANSHIP

According to some dictionaries sportsmanship is said to be fairness or generosity of spirit shown especially in sports.

To state a good example of sportsmanship, one would do well to recall a certain football game of last season at the capital city in which a certain college team was beaten by a most disputable touch. In fact the opinion was generally expressed that if a protest was sent into the league officials, it certainly

would be accepted. The loss of this game meant the loss of the team's only chance at winning the league, that for which they had been striving all season. The matter of entering a protest was in the hands of the coach.

The coach, a man honored and esteemed by all sportsmen, both players and spectators, showed that he was a man worthy to be called a true sportsman, when he said words to this effect, "never will — football team make a protest as long as I am coach." There was a splendid example of sportsmanship, when a man would sacrifice his own desires for the good name of his team. Now, that team's name stands higher in athletic circles than if they had protested and won the league.

Now to come to an example of unsportsmanship. Let us recall a game of basketball of last season in which two highly rated teams were playing. Near the end of the second half of the game one team was unfortunate enough to have only four players left on the floor but were still in the lead by a few points. The natural thing for them to do was to hold the ball, and play a defensive game and holding the ball just as their opponents would have done in the same situation.

At this point the spectators forgetting that their own team would have done the same under the same conditions, started booing the visiting team. That the crowd was made up mostly of students of a highly rated university, is most unfortunate. Why could not they, intelligent beings that they are supposed to be, see that this was the only course for the visitors to pursue and admire them for having brains enough to do it? Yes, they were visitors and one must not get away from that fact.

In certain colleges on our continent there is growing a new code with respect to teams visiting at their colleges. The visitors are to be treated with the highest respect. Nor are the visitors to be forgotten when it comes to cheers, and the habit of booing and razzing the other players is to be unheard of.

At a certain Physical Training College in New England there exists what is known as the "White Arrow Club." The purpose of this club is to entertain and make all visiting teams

want to come again. They have a representative to meet the visiting teams at the station, see that they get to meals on time, and get them to the game when scheduled. If the visitors have plenty of time they are given a chance to see the buildings, and in general they are made to "feel at home" as much as is possible.

I have shown, I hope, how the spectators as well as the coaches can show good sportsmanship, but the player himself is most important. What is more admirable than a player who plays the game for the game's sake, whether winning or losing? On the other hand what is more disliked by the spectators, visitors and local supporters, than a player who, to use the right words, is continually crabbing.

The name of association, town or college depends for the most part on the team it puts into the game, not from the viewpoint of championships alone but also from their sportsmanship in the games. The crowd of supporters at a game can influence the name of club being in good or bad standing.

Let me say again in closing that the name of a club rests on the attitude of sportsmanship shown by the players, coach and supporters.

W. B. Davis '30.



STUDENT OPINION

It was not my purpose in the December Athenaeum to assume the role of champion of the freshman cause. The freshmen need no champion. They are in no sense a "meek" body as suggested by a recent freshman contributor to this symposium. Unless I am much mistaken those initiation practices had their origin in the more or less facetious belief that freshmen had too little of that blessed quality.

Obviously no freshman would publicly protest against the custom lest he be called "yellow." Taking comfort in the thought, "The judgment thou teachest, that will I execute," even those who do not exactly rejoice through the prolonged ordeal will probably submit hopefully. Their own good time will come.

However this is not a question of just what a freshman likes or an upper-class student dislikes or vice versa, but purely a question of college ideals to be considered from the viewpoint of the college as a whole. The matter should be discussed dispassionately with no intent to make an issue between classes. Is the custom based upon any fine ideal that justifies the exhibit? In general, colleges have passed up that sort of thing except as applied to fraternity or small club initiations. Do we wish to perpetuate it? Is everybody out of step but Jim?

The Shylock argument as used by the freshman writer was not carried through to its finish. Was it not knocked into a cocked hat by the young counsel for the defense so effectively that the plaintiff crawled instanter? The legal citation by that able young attorney was no more to the point in that case than the potent fact in this case, which is that the custom is now obsolescent.

Dean Briggs of Harvard says that "college life belongs to the great things, at once joyous and solemn, that are not to be entered into lightly." Following closely upon the abolition of freshman initiations, we find that student advisers are now appointed by college faculties or by student unions, to associate with small groups of new students immediately upon entering college, to act as social guides in what is to new recruits a large and unexplored field. There are no "barriers" in that field, certainly none installed by college authorities. But there are duties, obligations, wholesome fun that attends legitimate sports whether one be a participant or a fan, group debate or repartee, and the joy of success or discomfiture of defeat. An initiation that many students of sensitive temperament are compelled to "grin and bear" is a real barrier, in itself speaking of "barriers." The freshman contributor contends that the tie that binds the freshman in unity and brings them in touch with "the good natured element of the University" is the golden chain of ridicule and suppression. It seems to me that ridicule and suppression have long since surrendered to a higher grade of good nature and expression. Mental hazing has gone the way of physical hazing once so heroically extolled in colleges. Standardized sports can very well engage all our physical energy and manifestations of good sportsmanship and fellowship. And they are all predicated upon ideals that need no explanation, nor apology to an observing public.

I have at this time merely contributed to the question whether or not Acadia is to continue this sort of thing because it has been a long-established practice or because it has a legitimate place in modern college life, or supplant it with greetings that are more in accord with other colleges.

If any move in a matter of this kind seems desirable, it is probable the faculty will leave it to the student body to make the motion. So long as the activity is neutral or harmless, their attitude would perhaps be that of a tolerant or an indulgent parent to youngsters who may incline to continue a game long after they have passed the age of that sort of play, unless mayhap it reach a point where it looks pathetic.

Victor R. Cain '30.

THE TRAINING-HOUSE QUESTION AT ACADIA

The record of our athletic teams at Acadia shows clearly that our men have not been in the best physical condition. One great cause for this lack of condition is due to the fact that the training has not been systematic.

The first step in getting a squad into systematic training is to have the members together as much as possible. As the situation is now, the men of the squad are only together when in games, or at practice hours, and this is not sufficient. The necessary thing is that they should live together throughout their particular season.

The present men's dormitory, besides being too small to accommodate a large squad as well as the non-athletically inclined students, is entirely inadequate for efficient athletic training. The only solution is in a house set apart for the sole purpose of accommodating athletes in training. The members of the squad would live here all the season under direct supervision of the coach, and would be obliged to observe the training rules.

The food which the athlete in training gets at Acadia is not proper to nourish his body for strenuous competition. As it is now the active athlete is given the same food as the girl who spends a few hours in piano practice. In the training-house a training-table would be established, and the squad would get the proper food in the right proportion.

The house would do away with the inconvenience of opening the men's dormitory early in the fall for pre-season training, and also be the logical place for all meetings pertaining to athletics.

The suggested house need not be elaborate, but it must contain a large room fitted with cots for the athletes to sleep in, a room for the purpose of meetings, a study, lots of showers and lockers, a coach's office, and a dining room and kitchen. Above everything else, the building must be well ventilated.

The recurrent problem of the accommodation of visiting

athletes would be solved in the training house, and the inconvenience of "doubling up" in the men's residence would be eliminated.

In the summer a use could be found for the house in the accommodation of tennis players who come to Wolfville for the annual tournament, thus being a great help to the college, in that they would not be obliged to open the doors of the Whitman Hall to tennis players, whose use of the residence is not always the best.

The suggested location for such a house is on Main Street, beside the old tennis courts. This is an ideal location since it is near the football field, the rink, and the gym, as well as the track, and it is hoped that such a building will grace the campus in this location in the near future.

We have all seen what a prodigious effect the advent of a competent coach has made in the improvement of the athletics at Acadia, now all we need is a house for the proper physical training of our athletes to be the home of championship teams.

Vincent White '29.



ATHLETICS

ACADIA 58—WANDERERS 25

The Acadia Basketball team, N. S. Champions 1927-28 opened their third season with a win over Halifax Wanderers 58-25. The game was fast and well played, with the Garnet and Blue having the edge of the play from start to finish. Matthews, Dougan and Morse all shot well and were ably supported by Baker and Fetterly. Grisdale and Grant were the most effective on the visitors' line-up.

Wanderers—Sperry 5, Grisdale 12; Miller 2, Grant 6, Doyle, Wheeler, Foote, Moore.

Acadia—Matthews 15, Dougan 13, Morse 16, Goudy 6, Baker (Capt.) 5, Fetterly 3, McLeod, Wilson.

Referee—W. B. Davis.

ACADIA 27—MOUNT ALLISON 18

The fast-moving Acadia quintette stepped into the heavy Mount Allison team, Maritime Champions 1928, and defeated them by eight points in one of the fastest games of the year.

The accurate shooting of Dougan and Matthews, who scored 20 points between them, and the close marking of the Acadia defence proved too good for the Allisonians. Malcolm played a fine game for the visitors and was ably assisted by

Lister and Hull but they were unable to match the speed of the Acadia squad.

Mount A.—Lister 4, Malcolm 11, McKay, Hull 2, Creighton, McLaughlin, McBeth 1, Paige, McMillan.

Acadia—Dougan 8, Matthews 12, Morse 4, Goudey, McLeod, Baker 2, Davidson, Wilson 1.

Referee—W. B. Davis.

SYDNEY 47—ACADIA 42

The Acadia quintette met their first defeat of the season, at the hands of the fast Sydney "Y" team. The game was slow with only occasional flashes of good basket-ball. The Garnet and Blue team lacked their usual good combination and relied entirely on individual efforts. Sydney played a better brand of basketball and clearly deserved their victory. The brilliant shooting and wonderful defensive playing of "Dunc" MacKenzie, who last year captained the Acadia team, together with the sensational shooting of Peckham and Canning, were highly responsible for Acadia's defeat. Matthews and Morse turned in good games but the remainder of the team were considerably off form.

Sydney—Peckham 14, Canning 12, Morrison 11, MacKenzie (Capt.) 10, Murray, Anderson.

Acadia—Matthews 16, Dougan 4, Goudey 7, Morse 11, Baker (Capt.) 2, Wilson 2.

Referee—W. B. Davis.

ACADIA 30—YARMOUTH "Y" 17

Acadia journeyed to Yarmouth and took the "Y" into camp 30-17 in their first away game of this season. The Yarmouth boys proved a hard nut to crack and furnished greater opposition than usual. They played a close checking game that bothered the Garnet and Blue and threw them off their usual smooth game. Acadia missed numerous chances under

the basket and combination was almost entirely lacking. Matthews and Wilson were the best of the Acadia team while Horton, Rockwell and Swim turned in fine games for the "Y."

Acadia—Matthews 10, Dougan 4, Mores 6, Trask 4, Wilson 6, Baker, Davis.

Yarmouth—Boyd 4, Rockwell 2, Horton 6, Bain 3, Nickerson, Curry, Swin 2.

Referee—W. O. Bell.

ACADIA 40—TECH 32

The Garnet and Blue five ran their string of victories to five when they defeated the fast Tech team 40-32 in the Memorial Gym. The game was fast and well played throughout, the result being in doubt until the last few minutes when Matthews ran wild, scoring eight points in as many minutes to give Acadia a lead that Tech could not overcome. Johnny Raymond, former Acadia star was the pick of the Tech team scoring twenty points and playing a nice floor game. He was closely followed by Ed Brown who played a wonderful floor game both offensively and defensively. Matthews was the best of the Acadia team shooting well from all angles and gathering nineteen points.

Tech—Raymond 20, Brown (Capt.) 7, McKeegan, Hayden, Allen 2, Ed Lane 3.

Acadia—Dougan 4, Goudey 2, Matthews 19, Morse 8, Trask 5, Baker, Wilson 2.

Referee—W. B. Davis.

ACADIA 41—DALHOUSIE 21

The Garnet and Blue team returned to form to defeat the Gold and Black quintette by the decisive score of 41-21. The game was fast and well played throughout with Acadia having a distinct edge in floor work and shooting. The Dal team fought well and were always in the game but they were beaten by a

superior team. Dougan returned to his old form and netted the ball for sixteen points. He was closely followed by Matthews who gathered fifteen. McRae was outstanding for the visitors with thirteen points, he was ably supported by the good defense of MacOdrum and Parker.

Dalhousie—Feinstein 2, MacLellan 2, MacLeod 2, Nickerson, McRae 13, MacOdrum 2, Pottie Parker.

Acadia—Matthews 15, Goudey 7, Dougan 16, Trask, Baker 1, Wilson, Davidson 2.

Referee—W. B. Davis.

ACADIA 27—HALIFAX ALL STARS 17

In one of the fastest and best games of the year Acadia triumphed over the Halifax All Star aggregation 27-17. Acadia took the lead with three baskets in the first five minutes and were never headed. The All Stars turned in a close marking defensive game that kept the score down, scoring most of their own points on long shots from centre floor. MacOdrum played a brilliant game for the visitors sinking several baskets from centre floor. Dougan with eleven points was again high scorer for Acadia. Davidson played a great defensive game for the Garnet and Blue and scored five points with a couple of pretty shots.

All Stars—McDonald 1, Davidson 1, MacRae 2, Smith 4, Brown 2, MacOdrum 7.

Acadia—Matthews 5, Goudey 6, Dougan 11, Trask, Baker, Davidson 5.

Referee—W. T. Osborne.



The Month

BOYS' DEBATE

The debate held on March 4 between the Acadia team and a picked team from the Universities of the Canadian West was heard by a large and interested audience. The subject of the debate was: Resolved that the existing agencies are adequate for the establishment of world peace. Both teams displayed excellent debating ability and the judges must indeed have found it difficult to give a decision. The two leaders in particular, Messrs. Ross and Chappel, presented sound arguments in a superior style. The Western team had every move in the debating game at their fingers' tips, and displayed great skill in alternately conceding and knocking down their opponents' arguments. In spite of this fact, the decision of the judges was 2 - 1 in Acadia's favor, due probably to the sound arguments advanced by the latter team. Dr. Spidle was the chairman, and Dr. Munroe of Halifax, Colonel Roscoe of Kentville, and Dr. Marshall of Wolfville acted as judges.

GIRLS' DEBATE

Although the debate in which our Acadia girls' team took part was held in Halifax, it should surely feature as one of the college activities. The debate was between the teams of Acadia and Dalhousie University on the subject: "Resolved that

College women should look forward to a career in business or in any of the professions." It was a hotly contested debate. The Dalhousie team presented their arguments in a witty and clever manner which won much favorable comment. The Acadia girls however, excelled in soundness of argument. Miss Margaret Ellis of Dalhousie University was chairman and Judges Chisholm and Carroll of Halifax and Mr. Bissett of Windsor acted as judge of the debate. The decision was 2-1 in favor of Acadia.

GIRLS' UNIT OF THE S. C. A.

The Girls' Unit of the S. C. A. continued to hold its Sunday night meetings during the past month. On February 14, an interesting address was given by Jean Gates who entered in the costume of a Chinese girl and extended her country's greetings to the members. She then proceeded to tell several interesting things about her University in China. For many, a new light was thrown on the question of student exchange, which is exciting interest to-day.

On March 3 a meeting was held in the reception-room of the School of Household Science and Fine Arts. After an earnest talk by Viola Cameron, a discussion was held on the question of whether joint meetings should be held with the boys' unit. It was decided that we should continue to hold meetings in the regular way, with an occasional joint gathering. This shows the girls' appreciation of their quiet after-supper hours on Sunday evenings.

ENGINEERS' PARTY

On March the 11th the Engineers flung another party, another regular one. At seven P. M. the Engineers and "ettes" assembled outside College Hall and there embarked in numerous straw-lined sleds for Kentville, where a chicken dinner awaited

them at the Cornwallis Inn—which partly explained the lusty singing all the way up. The Banquet was an “A1—*i. e.*, music while you eat” affair. Before the evening was over, everyone was buying “throat ease.” Hinrichsen, Lewis and Risley added to the enjoyment of all from the moment they, in turn, began to address the multitude. Hatty and Ez favored the revellers with a song. The banquet came to a reluctant end, and the straw was sought again. The chicken was effective for the noise subsided, and an unusually quiet gang returned to Wolfville and their respective abodes.

YE SENIORS' PARTIE

The Senior Class got gay again on the eve of February the 28th, of the memorable year '29, and threw a party which landed at Kentville. The stately Seniors squeezed themselves into their sleighs at Wolfville, and, after a certain length of time—much punctured with various noises—they arrived at the Kentville Theatre where “Dawn” was showing. After the picture they assembled at the home of Rev. Dr. Rose. During the supper Mrs. MacLeuhan, a reader from Winnipeg, entertained with several selections. Everyone was loath to have the evening draw too quickly to a close. All the Seniors feel very grateful to Dr. and Mrs. Rose for their kindness.

THE RESIDENCE GIRLS' PARTY

The 1929 Annual “Residence” Party held in the Gymnasium on March 9th was all that is involved in the connotation of the word success. The Gymnasium was as delightful as a spring morning in its gay colors and many enticing by-paths. The entertainments of minstrels, skits, dancing, music, fortune-telling, and the quartette kept everybody registering the highest degree of enthusiasm. Refreshments added to the enjoyment

of all—particularly the men. It was an unusually delightful evening.

In the entertainment line the girls outdid themselves. The local lyrics used by the minstrels were the creation of Eileen Martin. Her witty lines kept the guests in roars of laughter. A skit by Katherine Servant and Gretchen Powers, under "Ginny" MacLean's direction, was cleverly done. Audrey Gregg did outstanding work by directing two difficult and splendid dances, the first was a well-executed ballet with eight girls; the second was an effective Spanish tango with Nat Sherrer. All in all, it was a splendid evening.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Dr. Thompson entertained the Classical Society on the evening of March 1st. The Society were very much interested by the paper of Miss Margaret Hutchins which was written as a dramatic sketch which involved descriptions of certain customs of the Greeks and Romans. After the reading of the paper and a discussion, refreshments were served.

On Thursday evening, March the 14th, the Classical Society met in the Dean's reception room, Whitman Hall. Louis Hennigar had prepared a paper on the origin of Greek Philosophy which he read to an interested audience. The reading of the paper was followed by discussion and refreshments.

FRENCH CLUB

Another meeting of the French Club was held in Tully Clubroom on March 2nd. French games and songs were the chief forms of enjoyment for the evening. After refreshments were served, the meeting broke up with "Acadia." The French Club holds weekly meetings. In the past few meetings the president, Miss Massey, has been leading the Club in the dis-

cussion of French plays. At intervals social evenings are held, at which the members join in a general good time.

FINE ARTS

Murray G. Brooks, National Secretary of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, spoke in University Hall on February 26 on the "Life of Mahatma Ghandi." Mr. Brooks spent several years engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in India previous to his appointment as National Secretary to S. C. M. Mr. Brooks was a guest of the girls unit of S. C. A. in the Whitman Hall reception room, Wednesday afternoon, February 24th.

On March the 8th Dean Miner, Violinist, was presented by the Fine Arts Course in University Hall. The Recital given by Mr. Miner, who is a Nova Scotian by birth, was thoroughly enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

PROGRAM

I

- Sonata Op. 24 in F (Violin and Piano) *Beethoven.*
 Allegro
 Andante Con Expressione
 Scherzo
 Rondo

II

- Concerto No. II. *Wieniawski.*
 Allegro Moderato
 Romance
 A la Singara

III

- a. Farewell to Cucullain *Londonderry Arr.*
 b. La Gitana—Arabian *Air Kreisler.*
 Spanish Gypsy Song from 17th Century.
 c. Caprice Tarantella

IV

- a. Hungarian Dance No. II *Brahms-Joachim.*
 b. Schergo Tarantelle *Wieniawski.*
-

GRADUATING RECITAL

One of the events of the past month was the graduating recital given on March 12 by Miss Wilma Jean Miller, who is one of this year's graduates from the School of Expression. Miss Miller chose for her recital the theme "Curtain Calls," and interpreted it through a series of selections. It is naturally the ambition of a reader to make his or her audience feel the central idea contained in the group presented. Miss Miller had the satisfaction of succeeding, both from the nature of the selections given and through her rendering of them. Although the readings were grouped around one theme, a certain amount of variety was apparent in them. A comic, but very realistic, note was introduced in the form of a reading voicing the age-old plaint of the little-boy, "Spring's here! Gee, can't I change my underwear?" Van Dyke's *The Other Wise Man* was a long and difficult selection, but one which we believe was the most appreciated of the group. Miss Miller scored a triumph in her rendition of *Excelsior*, whose very familiarity, and the customary faulty interpretation which it suffers, made it difficult.

Miss Miller was assisted by Miss Marjorie Morse and Mr. Ian Dron at the piano and Miss Edith Archibald violinist, whose selections added much to the programme. The stage was banked with flowers, tributes to the reader, and presented a charming background. The programme was as follows:

Piano Sonata in E Flat, Op. 81, No. 3 *Beethoven.*
 (First Movement.)

PART I

The future..... *Arnold.*
 Lines and Squares..... *Milne.*
 Bread and Jam *Guest.*
 The Feet of Young Men *Kipling.*

Excelsior	<i>Longfellow.</i>
The Other Wise Man	<i>Van Dyke.</i>
Renascence	<i>Millay</i>
The Golden Touch	<i>Hawthorne.</i>
Layo—Allegro Commodo from Sonata in G Minor	<i>Lartin.</i>

PART II

The Three Riders	<i>MacDonald.</i>
Tommy Atkin's Way	<i>Guest.</i>
The Man With One Talent	<i>Davis.</i>





THE BRUNSWICKAN

The Brunswickan is a magazine almost totally devoid of literary articles, short stories, and poetry written by the students, but contains an excellent review of campus affairs. Outside of the jokes and the humorous writings it contains almost nothing that would be of interest to an outsider.

February, 1929—

The Deveoplment of the Pipe Organ—The history of the development and perfection of the organ.

The German Reparation Problem—An interesting and a well-written account of one of the great post-war questions.

Our Beech in Danger—An article which brings the danger of the extinction of one of our most beautiful forest trees vitally home to us.

Among the best of the humorous articles are: "*Wings of Wood*," "*That Radio Bridge Game*," and "*Nature Notes*."

BOSTON UNIVERSITY BEACON

This magazine is always welcomed and appreciated in our Exchange shelf; the January issue being particularly excellent in having a wide range of stories and articles.

Edward Arlintgon Robinson—An appreciation of the poetry of Edward Arlington Robinson, aptly illustrated with quotations,

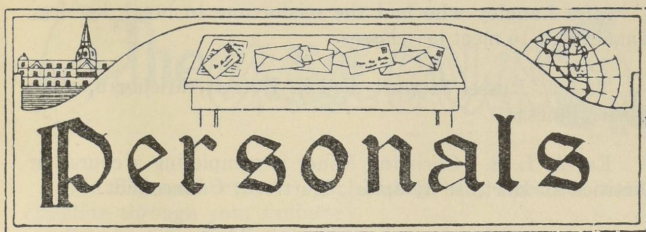
but perhaps with the value of his poetry rather overestimated, as it classes Robinson as America's greatest poet.

Only A Dream—A story with a dramatic situation, but written in such a familiar easy style that the impression received is that it is only a dream indeed.

Francois Villon—An article about the greatest realist that ever lived. It contains a vivid description of the Paris of 1431, and the verse, "*The Ballad of Dead Ladies*," Villon's best known poem.

Sara Teasdale—A review of the works of a writer who loved, and dreamed, and lost.

The Theatre—Contains an interesting synopsis of James Barrie's play, "*The Professor's Love Story*."



'28—Marjorie Bell has been appointed to introduce a nutrition course for the Victorian Order of Nurses.

Prof. A. B. Balcom of Acadia and Mr. Wilson of Toronto, began Extension Courses in Economics and Appreciation of English Literature at Kentville, February 25.

'28—Allister Crandall recently visited Acadia.

Miss Rosamund Archibald recently broadcasted from the CHNS, speaking on the subject, "Better English."

'28—Elbert Paul has been appointed chairman of the Social Service Council in Lunenburg District.

Dr. Hamer gave an interesting lecture in Windsor, February 25, his subject being "Some Wonders of the Heavens."

'28—"Connie" Collins has accepted a position as Assistant Dietitian and Instructor in dietro-therapy in St. John's Hospital, Brooklyn, New York.

Prof. Newnham recently gave a musical recital in Windsor, assisted by Miss Florence Wood of Halifax.

'26—Burns Curry has resigned the principalship of Kentville Academy in order to pursue studies in law.

Miss Langley who had the misfortune to break her leg, is again able to meet her classes.

'23—E. Russel Stewart died in Detroit, Michigan, after a brief illness.

Ex. A. L. S.—Christine Miner is completing a course in Dietitics at Hartford Hospital, Hartford, Connecticut.

'30—"Ez" Parsons recently acted as best man at his brother's wedding.

The talented reader, Miss Elsie McLeuhan, was heard with much appreciation, by the Acadia students, March 9.

'29—The Athenaeum extends sincere sympathy to Dawson Fulton on the death of his father.

Congratulations to the members of the Acadia Boys' and Girls' Debating Teams on winning both debates.

'27—Austin Rand is doing research work in London and Paris en route to Marseilles, whence he will sail to Madagascar as ornithologist of a nature expedition.



(In Physics Lecture): Mr. Bishop, why does hot water circulate through your radiator?

Bishop '29: It doesn't, sir.

Bud '31 (to Co-ed): Will you have the pleasure of this skate with me?

Co-ed (talking to Willet Hall): Well, if you don't go will you give me a ring?

Prof. Hamer: There is only one way to learn things and that is to begin at the very bottom. There are no exceptions.

Soph: How about swimming, sir?

Scotch '29: Hello, son of the evil one.

Payzant '29: Hello, Father.

Morse '29: (After Bible Exam.) I know I'm plucked, I left out the sub-division "m" of the 13th question.

Ode to Duty

Lives of great men all remind us
We should strive to do our best
And, departing, leave behind us
Notebooks that will help the rest.

Steeves '31: (to maid at Tully) Be sure to tell her I called while she was out.

Maid: Oh yes, I know she'll be delighted to hear it.

Senior: Did you ever hear the story of the goat eating the broken mirror?

Fresh: No, what about it?

Senior: Food for reflection.

Pickens (Acad.): Do you like fish-balls, Miss Ledford?

Rae '32: I can't say, I've never been to one.

Mrs. Cohoon: You're looking bad, Charlie, what's wrong with you?

Coy '29: No wonder. It's work, work, work, from morning till night.

Mrs. Cohoon: What are you doing?

Coy: Oh I'm starting next week.

Marg. '30: Get any warnings this month, Squank?

Squank '30: No, I'm clever. Did you?

Marg: No.

Squank: You're lucky.

Laurie '32: This is the fourth anonymous letter I've received.

Monty Eng. '31: Do as I do. Tear them up without opening them.

Dicker: Say, what makes you wear that fancy belt?

Chambers '29: The Law of Gravitation might explain it.

Prof. Cross: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Risley Eng. '30 That's why so many of us get plucked.

Gwen '32: There's something wrong with me, it hurts me to breathe.

Dr. DeWitt: Alright, I'll give you something that will stop that.

Ducky: Is it true you've stopped speaking to your girl again, Hatfield?

Hatfield: Stopped speaking! I haven't even a chance to begin!

Goudey '30: Will you give me your honest opinion of my last story?

Chippy: It's worthless.

Goudey: I know, but give it to me all the same.

Prof. (in English class): Miss Stuart, will you give me an example of a double negative?

Hazel: I don't know none, sir.

Dr. Spidle: (In Philosophy.) Yes, yes—you understand that, now let us pass on to immortality, the life of the Hereafter.

"Stew" '30: Sorry, not prepared, sir.

Senior: Do you support the Athenaeum?

Soph: No. Haven't they got a 'staff'?

Woof '29 (at restaurant, noticing roast fowl on one of the specials): How's the chicken?

Waitress: All right. How are you?

Morse '29: Did you and Dr. Wheelcock have a few words?

Stubbs: Yes, but I didn't get a chance to say mine.

Risley: There must be some booze in the country yet. MacFarland. Why?

Risley: I heard 'Chile' say the moon was full last night.

Marion '29: I wonder why Adam was created first?

Ducky: Oh that's easy, to give him a chance to say something.

Eng. Prof.: Classics are books which have endured.

Mary '32 (taking notes): Have been endured, sir?

Buckley: Now I'll sing a song in French and translate it into English as I go.

Vin '29: Do you know that song called, 'Sweet Alice Ben Rivet'?

Enid '32: (doing Cicero) What is the Latin word for already?

Helen '31: Jam.

Enid: Can it! You're always thinking about your stomach.

Miss Borden (giving instructions for fire drill): Above all things, if your clothing catches fire, remain cool.

Peters '31: I had my fortune told last night.

Eleanor '31: What was it?

Peters: I am to be appointed honorary physician to the King of Great Britain within the next ten years.

Eleanor: God Save the King.

Cons '30: Just think, we'll be able to have canes next year.

Emma '30: Oh, I have mine now.

Senior: What's the formula for water?

Fresh: H-O-H.

Senior: Gwan, it's HO₂.

Dr. MacLaurin. What is the answer that is usually given in this class?

Fraser '31: I don't know.

Dr. MacLaurin: Correct for once.

Waiter (at restaurant): Here's your oyster stew, sir.

Stubbs (suddenly coming to after a big night): Do I have to, or have I?

John '29: Do you think your father would be willing to help me in the future?

Margaret '31: Well I heard him say he felt like kicking you into the middle of next week.

Prof. Cross: And so the Navy went down hill pretty fast.

Dr. Hutchins: I am going to speak on 'liars' this morning. How many of you have read the 153rd psalm?

All hands went up.

Dr. Hutchins: You are the very group I should address. There is no 153rd psalm.

Howie: It's pouring rain. Where's your Hat?

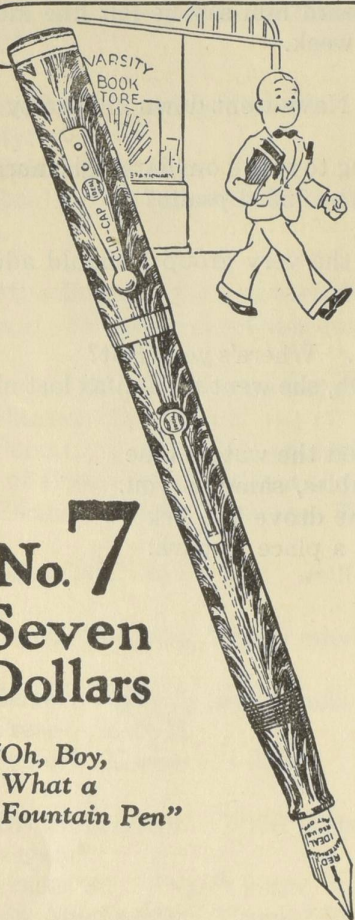
Peters '31 (Absently): Oh, she went to Halifax last night.

When Noah sailed the waters blue
He had his troubles, same as you.
For forty days he drove the Ark
Before he found a place to park.

The color band inlay on the cap identifies the character of the pen point.

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