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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., March, 1928

No. 5

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poetry:—J. R. Herbin '30; Melba Roop, '28; Robert Ward, '29
(one unit each).

Short Stories:—1st, Lloyd Jenkins, '28; Guy Henson, '29; Ruth
Hilton, '30, (special).

One Act Play:—Donald Wetmore, '29.

Articles:—1st, Donald Wetmore, '29; 2nd, Lena A. Keans, '28.

Humor:—Floyd M. Cleveland, '28.

Unclassified:—1st. W. H. Longley, '31; 2nd. A. Arthurs, '29.

Science:—1st, K. V. Keirstead, '28; 2nd, Rose Chambers, '30.

Athletics:—J. R. Herbin, '30.

Exchanges:—Chrystal Osborne, '29.

Month:—1st, J. R. Herbin, '30; 2nd. O. McKay, '29.

Jokes:—1st. W. H. Longley, '31; 2nd. W. H. Jones, '29.

Personals:—No award.

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Pennant to the Juniors.

Literary "A" to L. H. Jenkins, '28 and K. V. Keirstead,
'28.

THE SECRET

Just a little brook to beckon

“Follow me!”

And a trilling bird to warble

“Come and see!”

Just a little trail to guide,

Winding by the brooklet's side,

And a truant wind low urging

“Come! be free!”

Sweet-sweet secret trills a bird,

On the wing—

“Follow—follow,” calls the brook,

Hurrying—

Just a quiet, sunny nook,

Pussy willows by the brook,

And the birds triumphant trilling

Sweet, sweet spring.

MELBA M. ROOP, '28.

DISENCHANTMENT

He slammed the door of Rousenne's night club so loudly that the headwaiter, thinking the place was about to be raided, hurriedly approached him to discover his requirements.

"You scared me, Mr. Loraine," the headwaiter said, recognizing him. "I thought—But would you like a table?"

"Not tonight, Joe. Is Lilia Phillips here?"

"You mean the movie star? I never knew she was in the city. Besides I wouldn't know her if I fell over her. Shall I page her for you?"

"No, thanks, Joe—I'll look around."

She must be here, Loraine said to himself. She had said eight o'clock. It was ten after eight now.

He cursed himself for a fool. Why hadn't he asked the City Editor to get somebody else to interview her? It would be no easy job to interview a school-day sweetheart who had now become famous.

There was a blonde. No, that was not she. What if he would not recognize her? That was impossible. Was not her face indelibly imprinted in his memory and engraved in his heart? How he had loved that girl. Was that her over there? No, confound it. And it was with a little twinge of pleasant pain that he realized he still loved her—if there was any such a thing as love.

His heart stood still. A small blonde was wending her way through the tables in his direction. She wore no coat—it was extremely hot—and the sheer silk that melted over her perfect curves undulated with her body as she slightly threw her hips forward with each step.

She stopped and looked around inquiringly. He never moved, though he knew that undoubtedly it was for him her eyes were searching.

A sunbeam from a high-up window sought her out and sparkled in her hair. A mist had blurred his eyes and like a dream she simmered before him, a picture of resplendent beauty.

His journalistic mind sought for adjectives to describe her. "Radiant loveliness" now had a new meaning for him—but, no; he could think of no phrase to do her justice. He could not walk. He could not even call her name. His eyes just drank her in from her small black pumps to her little green hat. And then like a quick thrust of a knife it occurred to him. Why, man, that little handful of loveliness is what you tried to throw away!

Finally her roving eyes met his. The effect was electrical. He awoke with a start.

"Lilia!"

"Dave!"

"Come over to this corner. There will be nobody near us and we can talk better."

Not another word was said until dinner was ordered.

"Cigarette?" he asked when the waiter had left.

"Thanks."

Through the smoke her eyes appraised him; half approvingly, he thought.

"Dave, you're still as handsome as ever."

He squirmed a little.

"But still self-conscious I see."

"No, Lilia. But it is rather disconcerting to have the most beautiful woman I've ever met steal a march on me while I was trying to conjure adjectives to tell her vaguely how wonderful she is."

"And still good at blarney."

"If blarney is a greatly underestimated compliment, I was trying to blarney you. Otherwise, no."

"Why did you ask to see me today, Dave?"

"I always like to see my old—old friends."

"Did your paper ask you to interview me?"

"Well, yes, I was sort of mixing business with pleasure."

"What do you wish to know?"

"Ah, lots of things. What picture are you going to make next? Do you intend to continue in the cinema, or are you going back to the concert stage? And how many men—if any—are you engaged to at the present time?"

"Answer to question one: I don't know the name of my next picture, but undoubtedly it will be some foolish romance. Answer to number two: I have lost my inspiration for, and with it my love for, music just at present. When I regain that, possibly I shall return to the piano. And the third and final answer is: I am engaged to no one."

The waiter brought on the dinner and they ate in silence for a time.

When the first course was over she placed her elbows on the table, cupped her face in her hands, and with a meditative look in her eyes said, "I only have had two loves in my life."

He ventured a "Yes?"

"You were one, the other was my art. Don't you feel honored? You are the only man I ever really loved. The first and last, Dave."

"The last, Lilia?"

"I'm afraid so. I love beauty and art so intensely that I could never love anything else—at least not so completely. I could never be practical; and who wants a wife who would subordinate even their children to her art?"

"There might be a man who would accept you on any terms."

The waiter interrupted with the second course.

"You mean, you would?" she asked when the waiter had departed.

She was visibly trembling.

"Dave I thank you for it; but I could never make you happy."

"You are the only woman who could; that's why I have been such a fool as to ask you."

The food was getting cold. She insipidly tasted a mouthful. Two big tears stole down her cheeks. She looked up and saw that he had noticed them.

"Dave, take me home."

He could not help noticing that envious eyes of both sexes were upon them as they picked their way through the tables. What a lucky fellow he was even to be in her company.

He tailed a taxi and she told the driver the address of her apartment.

In the car she slipped her warm little hand into his. Its delicious softness revived the thrill and excitement he had felt in the restaurant, which had subsided slightly.

He could think of nothing but her exotic beauty. She intoxicated him; every fibre thrilled at her touch. He longed to taste her lips; to feel the warmth of her soft body set his blood on fire. He wanted to crush her in his arms and let his life ebb out with kisses. He wanted—

“Won’t you come in?”

“Thanks.”

She had a cute little apartment decorated luxuriously in mauve and grey.

She took off her hat and fixed her hair before the hall mirror while he watched her admiringly. She turned and her eyes met his. Then she was in his arms; her arms about his neck; her mouth against his. She caressed his hair tenderly. Then abruptly she broke away.

“Shall I play for you?” she whispered.

“Yes, do.” His voice was husky.

At first she let her fingers wonder idly over the keys, delicately, yet playfully, as if she was fondly handling some strange exquisite flower. Then suddenly she broke into Tchaikowski’s *Romance*. The keys seemed to absorb all the loneliness of her heart, and all the loveliness of her mind.

To him the music was emotion only. It seemed to press down upon him like a weight trying to crush his heart to pieces. Each chord she struck found an answer chord in his body until his whole being seemed to vibrate sweetly in tune.

And then he understood the music was trying to tell him something. It was saying she loved him—loved him as only a woman can.

Deeper and deeper the sonorous cadence grew. She had forgotten him now. She had been carried past a mundane love to an emotion profoundly more intense. Passion of the flesh is earthly; passion of the soul divine. Her soul, elevated by passion of the flesh to an aesthetic lethargy, was awakened by

an insistent murmur invading its dreams with desire to create an outlet for expression.

Never before had he seen a person with the spark of soul called genius inflame that spark as the altar-fires of art. Never till that moment had he known love that transcended sex.

Suddenly he felt selfish, mean, and unutterably despicable. He had not loved her for her own sake. He had loved her because she was beautiful, it is true; yet only because her beauty was pleasing to him. He had never thought of pleasing her; he had been satisfied that she pleased him. If only—

She had stopped playing. Her head was on her hands and she was crying softly.

"You have given me inspiration, Dave."

He kissed the tears from her eyes.

"Dave, if—if you could wait, I should like to go back to the concert stage again for a year."

She was willing, and in fact, expected to marry him sometime! He did not know what to answer. He wanted to ask her to be his wife right then and there; but that would not be fair to her. He was only a small, salaried journalist with little hope of becoming much more. If they were married he would either have to support her meanly, or let her continue to work and support him. The latter alternative he would never submit to. The former was nearly as bad, for it meant for her giving up all her ambitions and longings; and in a few weeks kitchen drudgery would suppress her personality and kill every quality for which he loved her. It would be better—far, far better, both for her and their love, if she continued with her art.

"Can't you do without me that long, Dave?" she asked misunderstanding his hesitancy.

"It will be hard. But by all means continue with your piano, dear; it would be a shame to deprive the world of the joy of you."

"Kiss me, Dave." Her eyes adored him. "Dave, dear, I can't let you go. I'm going to marry you, and play just for you the rest of my life—you are the only one I can play for decently, anyway."

"No, no, Lilia. That's impossible."

"You mean?"

He did not dare tell her what he meant—she would laugh all his arguments to scorn. He could not think of any plausible excuse. Confound it! What reasons could a man have for refusing an extraordinarily beautiful woman anyway? He decided to prevaricate.

"I'll—I'll tell you tomorrow."

She insisted that she be told now, but he remained firm. By tomorrow night, he thought, I shall be able to manufacture a legitimate excuse.

"Well," she said, at last forced to admit defeat, "I shall be busy till eight tomorrow night, but I can meet you after that at Rousenne's if you say so."

"All right, Rousenne's at eight." And with reluctance he passionately kissed her good bye.

All that night he paced the floor of his own room, pondering over his love and the impossibility of its gratification. He loved her—he loved her! All right, here was a chance to prove his love. Did he love her well enough to sacrifice himself for her benefit?

The next day passed in a daze. Marian Dalton, the editor of the Home and Fireside Department, being a woman, guessed that he was in love; so she asked him if he was well. He looked in her sunny eyes and watched her bright smile so long that she added, "Or crazy?" Then he exclaimed, "By George!" so vehemently that she began to think he was crazy.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?" he asked with a peculiar eagerness.

"Well, crazy or not that sounds as if it might mean something to eat," she replied.

"Then you will? Good. But you must promise not to be surprised at anything that happens, but take it as a matter of course."

"I'll try."

As he entered Roussenne's with Marion trudging by his side he knew she would "try." She was the kind of a girl

that would meet any situation unflinchingly. But sometimes he almost hoped she would not do what he expected her to tonight. Perhaps he should have prepared her for her part in tonight's drama; but that would have meant long explanations, which he did not feel like giving. A good kid was Marion—pretty, too.

Where was Lilia? He dreaded meeting her—this was going to hurt her immensely. Better that, though, than see her wither before his eyes and know it was his fault.

There was a blonde head at that last table. Lilia's. Now for it.

"Miss Phillips I wish to introduce my wife, Mrs. David Loraine."

For a second it was hard to tell who was most surprised, Lilia or Marion; but he was only concerned about Lilia. He saw the tears quickly start to her eyes and noticed that her lips trembled. She had to swallow hard to answer Marion's—who had quickly gained her composure—"How-do-you-do."

He was cruel—cruel. He could stand no longer the scarcely concealed agonized look in Lilia's eyes. Making some silly excuse about some work he had to do, he grabbed Marion by the arm and blindly led her towards the door.

The fresh air tasted good to him. He felt desperate now. He wanted to get drunk, gloriously drunk—anything to forget the agony of the last few moments.

Marion squeezed his arm sympathetically. She understood he was in trouble, but she only vaguely guessed what it was.

He had for the moment completely forgotten her existence. He appreciated her silence. He always had liked Marion. It was as good as a tonic just to look at her happy, though now sympathetic face. She sure was a pretty kid—Lilia was not the only example of beauty in the world after all. Had lots of common sense; just the kind a man would like for a—

"You sure like yourself," Marion said in exaggerated lightness in order to cheer him up. "Since when did I become your wife?"

For the first time in a day he smiled. "Well, would you like to be?"

LLOYD H. JENKINS, '28

MY HOUSE.

I'll build me a house of my own some day
Of architecture rare;
I'll build it from my own design—
As yet, I don't know where.
There'll be no more squinting up my eyes
To try and fit the key
In the place I saw the keyhole last—
It always hides from me.
In the future when I wabble home
I'll have a relieved soul,
For the doors in my completed house
Will be all key-hole.

FLOYD M. CLEVELAND, '28.

FRANCOIS VILLON, THE FIRST MODERN POET.

Picture a man of not more than twenty. Picture him as a wild, daring student of the University of Paris in 1450. There is fire in his soul, genius in his mind, a ready wit, a sensual temperament. He is the hero of many escapades entered into with a mad enthusiasm in keeping with the wilder life of the students of the time. He is a romantic figure, the idol of the quarters, the hero of many a fanciful girl's dream, the wittiest in the taverns, the latest to leave them, the sincere friend of the poor, the companion of all unfortunates, and above all the readiest to see the beauty of a passing girl. He is a sort of combined Marlowe, Burns and Byron. As for his physical appearance, Stevenson describes him as a dark, little man with thin, black locks. Yet this is hardly sufficient. To color it, imagine a man of strong, wiry physique and capable of immense energy whether leading his wild gang of students in midnight revelry or sitting in the early hours at a tavern table stringing off verses to please his friends. His eyes are always lit with a feverish, covetous glow—magnetic, compelling, irresistible. Barrymore's picture of Villon in the *Beloved Rogue*, although somewhat idealized, was nevertheless cleverly and accurately constructed. The Villon traits were all present from the superb Mardi Gras buffoonery wherein "If Villon were the King of France" was figuratively realized, to the almost sweetness of soul in his devotion for his mother; from the cynical bitterness of despair to the characteristic thumb at his nose. Barrymore could not, of course, be physically accurate, but his interpretation was vitally real.

Such was Villon in 1450. In five years time the pendulum had swung to a dark, wretched side. Here there is the picture that Stevenson, in his only half respect for the man, takes pleasure in painting as fully as possible. "The poet was a rag of a man, dark, little and lean.....Greed had made folds about his eyes; evil smiles had puckered his mouth. The wolf and pig struggle together in his face. It was an eloquent, sharp,

ugly, earthy countenance. His hands were small and prehensile, with fingers knotted like a cord."

In five more years the picture is even more dismal. "A ragged, blackguard city poet, with a smack of the Paris student, and a smack of the Paris street arab." He had been in many prisons and leaves a repulsive description of his condition in the pit of Meun—".....he lay all summer gnawing hard crusts and railing upon fate. His teeth, he says, were like the teeth of a rake." A miserable portrait with a coarse, realistic touch in keeping with his character. At twenty he was the idol of all street-women—not an altogether honorable position, but yet acknowledging a certain attractiveness. At thirty he was bald, with hollow cheeks, sunken eyes and a split lip. Such is the contrast and such the destitution of Villon—who Swinburne claims was the "Prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire." It almost seems suitable to continue the verse. 'A harlot was thy nurse, a God thy sire; shame soiled thy song and song assoiled thy shame.'

The life of Villon has been admirably, if uncharitably, set forth in Stevenson's essay, and in it he used only the absolute facts collected by Longnon. Those incidents which seem to have a tint of imaginative color have been discarded. Today these bits are becoming popular and there are now accounts of Villon's life that read like a Scott novel. Certain incidents in "*The Beloved Rogue*" have a legendary source as do those of McCarthy's play "*If I Were King*" on which the popular musical drama "*The Vagabond King*" was based. Unfortunately as far as popular interest is concerned, these semi-imaginative bits are all that are of any value today. Whether it is justifiable to accept biographical incidents that have only certain grains of truth in them is left to the reader. It is universally admitted that they are romantically interesting, and in many cases it may be hoped that they are true. Some of them are worth recounting. Examine the more important incidents of "*The Vagabond King*" which is more familiar than the McCarthy play. The first scene opens in Fat Peg's tavern. All the cronies are assembled—Guy Tabary, the imbecile who had become a thief merely by that "imperious chance that rules

the lives of human geese and donkeys," Colin de Cayeux, "a fellow with a marked aptitude for picking locks," Regnier de Montigny, "a young blackguard of good birth." All are accurate pictures. Villon enters and amuses the company with tales of glorious, or rather inglorious, adventures, concluding with an account of his first meeting with Catherine de Vausselles. His description is idealized and his love for her spiritualized. This of course should be doubted. Later she herself enters and here much imagination is used. She is represented as a woman of noble birth with a court culture. The Catherine of Barrymore's picture is far more accurate,—a simple girl of ordinary parents who worshipped Villon with a school-girl affection. This is more in keeping with the known facts of the romance wherein they both quickly tired and turned their love to intense hatred. Here it might be mentioned that Villon's later contempt for Catherine as evidenced by his despicable verses about her and his instructions to his messenger to accost her with all manner of vile insults is another line in the infamous record of the man.

Now follows the scene with Charles VII, the half-mad King of France who had surrendered Joan of Arc to the English in the very summer in which Villon was born. There is talk of a strange dream that he has had in which he saw himself finding a rich jewel lying among swine. Later, Villon makes this the subject of a rhyme and supplements it with the stirring bit of verse already mentioned, "If Villon were the King of France". There can be little vouchsafing for these incidents, but they most certainly might have occurred. The act ends with a duel in which Villon, championing France and her King, gains the favor of the unrecognized Charles. The poet turns out to be the jewel, as the dramatist intended, and the king of the vagabonds becomes a royal companion.

An interesting variation occurs in the moving-picture version. Villon is summoned before the king and gains his patronage through a typical Villon trick. The poet is naturally acquainted with the king's maniacal fear of the supernatural, and he uses this knowledge for his own advantage. When Charles, in his half-mad, jesting way, asks, "When do you ex-

pect to die, Master Vagabond?", the prisoner glances around, rolls his eyes, foams at the mouth and in an unearthly voice says, "I have seen it in a dream that I will die one hour before the King of France." That, of course, meant the royal protection for life and such a reply, although it probably never occurred, was characteristic of the workings of Villon's clever, diabolical brain. That Villon did become the friend of princes of the blood is actually known, and it may be assumed that he was their friend merely because of his insane aptitude for such tricks.

Returning to the play, the acts following are of little importance as far as the life of the poet is concerned. He has some beautiful love scenes with Catherine who has become a court lady, and he leads a stirring assault against Burgundy in which the now famous "Song of the Vagabonds" is sung, but the plot follows the conventional happy-ending theme. At this point, Barrymore's version is more interesting. The pit scene at Meun is accurately done and the custom of lowering the prisoners into the pit by means of a basket was an authentic touch. There has been much criticism of the final scene in which Barrymore fervently kisses Catherine and then thumbs his nose at the king, but the actor realized that he was playing the part of a man who had written on one hand "La Grosse Margot" and on the other hand "Mais ou sont les Neiges d'Antan?"—one the vilest bit of realism ever written, the other one of the most beautiful of French rondeaux.

The poetry of Francois Villon sounds a note that is as clearly heard in 1900 as it was in 1400. After five centuries the "first modern poet" is read with as much interest as Ernest Dowson. The years between have only served to cast a glamour about a life that has influenced every line of his verse. Swinburne addresses him as "First of us all, and sweetest singer born", yet there is a noticeable absence of anything sweet in his poetry, with the exception of the beautiful *Ballad of Dead Ladies* and some passages in *His Mother's Service to Our Lady*. "Tenderness, irony, ruthless realism and simple faith, pity and pathos, the simile of the scholar and the argot of the Apache march to an unforgettable tune in his poems." (Viereck).

His poetry is clearly colored by that which hampered all mediaeval thinkers, namely, the ignorance of many things, and particularly of death. He feels that some day a clear understanding of all things will come, but he, poor soul, must strive on and fight down all terrors. Throughout this poetry he is continually questioning, pitifully questioning, and deploring the absence of an answer. Where? Where? Where? Where? rings with a clamour in his verse. *Where are the gracious gallants now? Where are the lords of old times? Where are the holy apostles gone? Where is he now that held the throne of Constantine? Tell me now in what hidden way is Lady Flora, the lovely Roman? Where's Hipparchia and where is Thais? Where is Echo? Where's Heloise? Mother of God, where are they then?* And no one answers. Poor Villon can only end each verse with a pitiable despair. *The wind carries them like away.*

Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,

Where they are gone, nor yet this year,

Except with this for an overword,—

But where are the snows of yester-year? (trans.

Swinburne).

They are all dead; he knows that, but where they are gone,—that is different. Thus, despairing of knowing death, he proceeds to describe it. Here the fire of his genius flares and he gives realistic, dismal pictures, pictures so repulsive, so ugly, that they need not be printed here. Throughout it there can be realized that, after all, Villon is in mortal terror of death. He can never forget it. He tries to divert his mind from it, but always he reverts to it. It is the key-note to his many "where's."

For death may no man born resist,

Nor make appeal when death comes on.

All must come to the self-same bay;

Sons and servants, their days are told;

The wind carries their like away.

It is natural that in his fear of death Villon should never for-

get the punishment of crime. For a man whose companions were swinging in the wind on the gibbets along the road to Montfaucon there can be little doubt of a realization that some day he himself would travel along that road.

*Companions in debauchery,
Ill souls and bodies well bestead,*

*Beware of that ill sun (look ye)
That tans a man when he is dead:
'Tis a foul death to die, I dread. (trans. Payne).*

But after all Villon is the poet of the city, more yet, the poet of the quartier. He has a ballad to a bridgeroom, one to Rose his mistress, one on the women of Paris, one to the good-for-naughts, another to those of ill life and one "Crying All Folk Mercy." It is interesting to note all those upon whom he calls. Knowing Villon one is not surprised to find among his friends friars and nuns, mummers and chanters, lackeys and hand-maids, gallants and wantons, brawlers and tumblers and jugglers, clowns and players.

It is a brilliant array of poems that Master Villon has, and on first glance they seem but a vast collection of satirical malice mixed with pathos, hatred with love, the cloister with the gallows and infamy with humility. But through all the poetry there is that personal note, a strange feature in the Mediaeval period, which makes him the consistent delight of all other poets and the despair of all psychologists. In fact what could be more incongruous to the latter than Swinburne's odd caption:

"Villon, our sad bad glad mad brother's name!"

DONALD D. WETMORE, '29.

THE SEA-CHILD

O, dreamy Ocean, of what are you dreaming?
Rocking so gently your wavelets among—
Norsemen so fierce with their oars flashing, gleaming?
Tiny, brave ships and of bold seamen scheming?
Or of the eons when you were yet young?
Dream, drowsy Ocean, of heroes unsung.

O, dancing waters, pray why are you laughing?
Tossing the sunbeams about in your glee?
Flirting with sea-gulls; with light breezes chaffing—
All nature laughs with the sound of your laughing.
Spirit of Ocean, O, tell it to me;
Why are you laughing, you vagabond Sea?

Restless old Ocean, now where are you roaming?
Whence did you come and where will you go?
Why are you fretting your shore here and foaming?
What will you see ere you come again homing?
Shore-bound I wait, and my soul longs to know—
I was a child of yours, long, long ago.

ROBERT W. WARD, '29.

THE LAST DAY OUT

We were seven days out and in a fair way to reach Liverpool in the evening. It's a great socializer, that last day at sea. It must have been something of its spirit which led me, in the course of my morning promenade, to tuck in a young woman who lay pale and shivering because the rugs had slipped off her during a nap in a deck chair. At any rate, I felt like an embarrassed school-boy when her eyes opened wide and looked straight into mine.

"O, thank you," she murmured, "I was just waking up."

She wasn't beautiful. I never saw a woman who really was—but a lovely light haunted her sleepy eyes and made me unwilling to leave. I racked my brains for a remark.

"You don't stand the sea as well as your husband." (I suddenly remembered having seen her with a man early in the voyage.)

The thought of him did not seem pleasant to her, for she seemed troubled and glanced away over the running waves. It flashed on me that I had often seen him playing cards in the smoking room. I felt sorry that I had said anything—almost as sorry as I did later on.

"It would be much better for him if he were in his berth," she muttered sleepily.

It was certainly impertinent of me, but I couldn't forbear remarking.

"He can't have lost much in this short time."

"Hasn't he?" she snapped me up, wide awake now. "I do wish I were a man—I'd trick them."

A man more experienced with the other sex would have known what to do, but I was as helpless as if the proverbial baby were being thrust into my arms.

"Really," I offered, "is there anything I can do?"

"I'd trick them," she went on, "I'd cheat them—"

"That's an idea," I cried. "I know a few dodges myself. I'll fool them if they're foolable."

She wasn't beautiful, as I said before, but when she looked

up at me from the depths of her wonderful eyes, for a long moment I thanked heaven that one could be sociable on the last day at sea.

I rather pride myself in my deftness with cards, and it was with some anticipation that I sat trying with a pack in the smoking room immediately after luncheon. It wasn't long before he sauntered in, her good looking husband, pale and red-eyed from drinking. It was my opportunity.

"What luck this morning?" I queried, shuffling the two halves of the pack with a whirl.

"Hopeless," he returned moodily, "I've held the rottenest cards all this trip.

"Unlucky in cards, lucky in love," I replied cheerily.

"That's good—lucky in love—you should have heard her."

"Luck in love gone? It's due to change in cards, then," I suggested. "How about playing partners against your two friends. We'll soon be in Liverpool. You don't stand to lose much and it's a good chance to make up what you're out already. And I know a few little things, too."

"I don't know what she'll say," he muttered, and then—"All right, come on! One last go!"

It wasn't long before we were sitting around a little table with glasses and cards in front of us. It isn't my habit to cheat—I always think it ruins a good game and then it jars my conscience. But it wasn't the game I was interested in that afternoon—it was the little woman with the wonderful eyes. I pitied her husband, almost despised him. Our opponents, too, I despised, but with hate, not pity. I knew their kind, the gambling parasites abundant on every liner, who fasten to such as her husband and "clean" them before the voyage is over. One was a tall thin-chested dandy who wore a light coat perched on his high shoulder-blades and wanted to play bridge because it was "so fashionable these days." His partner, in strong contrast, was a coarse fleshy giant, whose epithets seemed to have been picked up in water-front saloons.

It didn't take long to see why her husband was unlucky. He trumped my high cards and took my own tricks. He led into their suits and out of my own. I "fixed" the cards and

he picked up the wrong hand. It was a hopeless game. Before we realized it twenty dollars had changed hands. My partner was drinking heavily and when another ten dollars had left him, he lost his head completely.

"We got to raise the stakes," he said, hoarsely, looking askance at his diminishing pile. "I've got to get it back—I can't face her this way."

Our opponents exchanged significant glances. "Good enough," said I coldly, barely able to control myself with anger, "double them."

Our luck didn't change—our opponents saw to that. We lost fast with almost every hand. My partner was desperate, with only a few minutes left before dinner, he made a reckless bid and was set. Our money had nearly all gone to the other side of the table already. He looked helplessly at me.

"My wife....."

His wife indeed! What was I going to do? The fleshy giant laughed.

"Count it out."

"My God!" he cried, his trembling hands on his money, "You can't take it—you can't."

"Count it out."

It was too much for me. The image of his wife—a woman almost beautiful—flashed through my mind. I drew some bills from my purse, threw them at the fleshy giant, and rushed down to dinner.

With tormenting thoughts in my mind, I was leaning over the rail, an after-dinner cigarette dangling from my fingers, and was idly watching the commotion on the pier as the passengers swarmed down the gangway and into the darkness beyond. There was no hurry—I might as well until the confounded rush was over. After the muddle of the afternoon, it wouldn't do to meet her. It was a mad thing I had done. I cursed myself for having let him go on.

And then I became dimly conscious of some one behind me and swinging around, found myself face to face with her and looking deep into her eyes. About her head was a close fitting

hat of silvery stuff and over her shoulders was thrown a cloak to match.

My heart raced to have her coming suddenly so close to me from out of the darkness.

"Really," I stammered, "I hope you'll forgive me. I only made matters worse—"

"No, no," she said, "that was my fault. It isn't that. Will you wait here a minute or two?"

She darted away before I could assent. I waited, peering into the darkness for her to appear and I reached instinctively for my watch. It was gone. I felt for my purse. The pocket was empty. Just then something at the foot of the gangway caught my eye. It was a close-fitting hat of silvery stuff and its wearer was clad in a cloak to match. Beside her were two men—one a tall man in a light suit, the other a fleshy giant. She was talking with a third.

I might have done something rash but I didn't. I laughed and went below for my luggage.

GUY HENSON, '29.

QUESTIONING.

Drifting through starry space,
Languorous moon,
Sailing with airy grace,
Unmask that placid face;
What will befall this race?
"Rest will come soon."

What will the outcome be,
Stoical seer?
Millions of worlds you see
Through all eternity:
What will the outcome be?
"Twilight is near."

J. ROBERT HERBIN, '29.

COLLAR-BUTTONS

Collar-buttons are either man's best friend, or his worst enemy, depending on circumstances.

First of all,—just what is a collar-button? We are authorized by the Debrovsky and Stepanoff Company, who are shirt-merchants of Moscow, to offer 100,000 roubles to the one who can give the best definition of one of these articles. The winner of the prize will receive a check for half of the above amount, and the other ten cents will be given to him on his personal application. All employees of the said company are prohibited from entering this competition.

Collar-buttons, to most of us, are one of the small necessities of life. Who, for instance, when he has no collar-button, will not feel as though his last friend has deserted him? Who (also for instance) when he has no collar-button, will not feel the void, the emptiness, in fact, the very absence of all restraint to the rising of his collar? It is necessary that our collars stay down so that we may not appear to be in the last stages of inebriety. It is true that a necktie helps, but it needs the assistance of the collar-button to complete its function. There are other uses, to which the collar-button lends itself readily, besides that most common one of pinioning the neck-band. Who, may I ask, has never cleaned his finger-nails with one? And who has never used his collar-button to expend his pent-up feelings on, when he was in a wrathful mood? The answer which suggests itself most readily to our mind is: a dumb-mute with no finger-nails. It is on such occasions that the collar-button is shown in its true light, and has its true value recognized.

We may now deal with the types of collar-buttons. Generally speaking we may classify them as strong or weak.

The weak collar-buttons are generally disliked, both from the practical, and the sportsman's point of view. Practically they are no good. They break or come apart at the most inopportune moments. If you have ever read Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen", you will remember that William was in desperation when his last collar-button broke while his guests

were waiting for him downstairs. That is only one example of the predicaments that are caused by weak buttons. How many people are there in the world who have never pried the head off of a collar-button while they were trying to straighten it? If prying the heads off of collar-buttons was to be considered as murder when the final accounts were tallied, there would be about as much chance of our entering Heaven, as there is of catching Dr. Spidle down behind the furnaces in the boiler-room shooting craps with the fireman. Weak collar-buttons are a waste of good, cold cash, too. Sir Ima Mathbug, the noted Levonian mathematician and philosopher, has calculated that for lost and broken collar-buttons the world proved, but the proof is beyond the scope of this work. From the sportsman's point of view, weak collar-buttons should be treated similarly to game-poachers, and hunters who use machine-guns,—that is, they should be exterminated. Who wants to battle fiercely, perhaps having to call the family to his aid to fasten his collar, only to have the button break? It is then that the weak collar-button shows its inferiority in its most gaudy colors. Its weakness is more noticeable then than at any other time.

The world in general, however, favors the strong, virulent type that, instead of breaking, as its weaker twin does, slips out of the fingers and hides beneath the bureau, in the toe of an empty shoe, or some place comparable to that. It is then that we have the excitement, and the sport of hunting. After one has found a lost collar-button, one has a feeling akin to that of the big game hunter who has just bagged a rhinoceros,—excepting, of course, that we don't mount the head of the collar-button on the wall and proudly say to our visitors, "That is the head of the largest collar-button ever found in the wilds under my bureau. It was in August, 19—, that I was poking through the underbrush to see what I could dislodge. I saw this fine specimen run out and take refuge somewhere on the carpet. After only two trips around the room in my sock-feet, I got him as he was trying to mangle the sole of my foot. If you care to, I can still let you see the scars.—No!—Oh, all right, some other day perhaps."

As a closing thought, I wonder why the great economic heads of Britain and America have never thought of the collar-button as a solution of the labor problems? It is unparalleled in its success as a source of labor in the home, why could it not be used to help the country out of one of its most difficult problems? Just think of its potentialities! One collar-button can keep a man busy an hour a day easily. That means that eight collar-buttons per day per man would do away with all labor difficulties. With this as a starter, we may yet see the day when this possibility has been taken advantage of. Acadia will then be famous as the birthplace of a new industry, and will be the largest and most popular college in Canada.

W. H. LONGLEY, '31.

AN EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION

A steamer from the East had been disturbing the calm of the Arabian and Red Seas for twelve days and was soon to dock at Port Said. The trip has not been dull for with swimming every day, movies and dancing every evening, games, books, and interesting people all the time, we had enjoyed every minute—up to the last day. *That* was long, for it took us twelve hours to go through the Suez Canal. It looks so small on the map I don't see why it takes steamers so long. We had been canaling several hours when we noticed that all the steamers we met tied up at the bank to let us pass. After several wild stories as to the reason they kept on doing this, we found that someone had really guessed right, and the blue flag with the white "P" that we had hoisted early in the morning truly did mean "privileged". We were carrying Italian mails, therefore all the other boats with no mail had to tie up for us, making their trip through the canal twice as long as ours.

We visited some shops in Port Said and took a train for Cairo in the morning. The train was crowded and we had to sit in separate compartments at first, but finally got together in one. There were five in our party: Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery who had been around the world twice before but had never seen Egypt; their son, Ben, a precocious child of nine, who asked more questions and remembered more of what the guides told, than any of us. The fourth member of our party was "Uncle Bob", Mrs. Montgomery's brother. He was a man of affairs and had made our itinerary while we were on shipboard.

Shortly after "Uncle Bob" and I came back from the diner and joined the others, the train stopped at a tiny station called Zag-ga-zig. It looked like my idea of an oasis for there were a few palm trees, a small garden, a few huts and miles and miles of sand in all directions. The rest of the scenery had been just sand, so this was quite a novelty. All the passengers seemed to be getting off. They rushed by our compartment door and some even climbed out of the windows. A trainman

came in to us and began shouting something terrible in a harsh strange language. The expression of his face and his gesticulations were far more intelligent to us than his words. We had visions of a band of train robbers. He began throwing our luggage out the window but the men stopped that and he left to get someone who could make us understand. He came back bringing the guard who was more eloquent and forceful but made no impression on us until he actually succeeded in throwing some of our luggage out. We had to follow our belongings and just as soon as we were off, the train moved quickly away. The two men ran after it shaking their sticks at the guard who pointed down. And then we saw. The lower part of the compartment where we had been sitting was all aflame. We wondered that we had not noticed any extra heat.

It was late afternoon when we got in sight of Cairo. The first glimpse we had of the pyramids of Gizeh was from the train. Behind them was the setting sun and over them circled three aeroplanes the wonder of our age viewing the wonders of an age from which we still have much to learn.

We were visiting Egypt just for the fun of it and not with any serious intention of learning to read the hieroglyphics on the tombs or to study archaeology, but it was so interesting that we confess that we want to go again for the fun of studying. Our fun began when we attempted to get on camels for the first time. The man who was my camel driver got the animal to sit down on three counts, which was quite speedy considering how much animal there was to come down. He motioned for me to sit and then ordered the camel to stand. I began to feel seasick but it had simply kneeled on its hind knees which pushed me half way down its neck and the driver was all that saved me from sliding down over the animal's ears. I had just barely got into position when it lifted its forefeet up their full length which sent me back nearly to its tail there being no humps large enough to hinder my progress. I was too high to be helped back to position this time, and just as I was wondering whether it would be easier to slide over backwards to the ground or crawl away back to the saddle, the camel settled the question for me by straightening his hind legs and

boosting me back. I had successfully mounted, and from my high position I could watch the others have their dignity shaken.

We spent the rest of the morning visiting tombs and after lunch rode over to see the pyramids of Gizeh. Our guide being a strict Mohammedan would not eat anything because it was the feast of Ramadon. When we sympathized with him because he had to work all day with no food he said, "Eating plenty food after sunset, Sir. Last night we had four feasts which lasted until sunrise this morning.

There are so many pictures of these pyramids that the thing that gripped us was their enormous, actual size and the thought that men living so many thousands of years ago could organize and carry out such a colossal undertaking with the tools they had. Once these were covered with beautiful, smooth, shining alabaster but this has been stolen and they are so rough that we could have climbed up the sides if we had had the time and the breath. The beautiful alabaster pillars that we saw in one of the mosques came from here.

Nearby there was excavation going on and the Sphinx did not look like his picture for instead of being a man's head buried in sand we saw a head on the great body of a crouching lion. Between the two front paws which were extended, there was a slab with hieroglyphics on it. We were not allowed to go near enough to see if there was an opening behind the slab. That was to be explored later with some ceremony we learned.

Cairo is a most cosmopolitan city and in their bazaars we saw satsuma and cloisonne from Japan, red lacquer from Burma, jade and embroideries from China, shawls from Kashmir, brass from India, silks from anywhere and toys from United States and Germany. The narrow streets were pressed full of people not making much headway for there were no traffic regulations and no one was in a hurry. Suave merchants smiled from their box-like shops and kept saying, "You wanting amber beads, miss? See my walking stick, Sir", in a most confidential tone. If we seemed disinterested he said the same thing in French. Arabic is his mother tongue but he can probably "bargain" in two or three other languages. His eloquence holds us awhile and when his prices dropped to one half of

what he originally asked we barely escaped buying. Their carpets, furniture inlaid with mother of pearl, and their brasses were beautiful. We were urged to buy perfumes, cigarettes, and precious stones.

King Tutankhamen's tomb was the main objective of our trip and we prepared to go to Luxor before it got any hotter. Some people say, "It's lots of fun to travel if you have lots of money" but we had more fun going to Luxor because we didn't have lots. When we found that it cost the equivalent of fifteen dollars for each berth on the train Mr. Montgomery had a bright idea.

He got us down to the Cairo station early and we got a compartment all to ourselves.

His bright idea was standing our eight suitcases between the two benches, for there was just space enough for the ends of the cases to reach the benches. He had to demonstrate before the rest of us knew what to do. He and Mrs. Montgomery didn't mind riding backwards so the rest of us were opposite them. Mr. Montgomery with his head and shoulders on their bench, extended his feet over beside me, and called for some steamer rugs. I soon was lying with my feet on his bench and Mrs. Montgomery's at my right, and beyond them "Uncle Bob" and Ben. We were quiet every time the train stopped or the guard came down the aisle, but between stations we enjoyed ourselves immensely and what is more strange, we slept most of the night.

When we telegraphed for rooms at the hotel we didn't know about the location or the garden. Driving in from the station in a two-wheeled charry the scent of the orange blossoms met us as soon as we were inside the wall and before we could see them. It was a large garden and a fragrant one. The perfume of the small jessamine shrubs was even stronger than that of the orange blossoms. Right in front of the main entrance which faced the Nile was a walk between flowering shrubs back of which were taller shade trees and tea tables and chairs. At the end of the walk was an arbour not of roses but of luxuriant, rosy red bougainvillia growing all over the archway, clinging to the trees and blooming away up in the high branches. Be-

yond this gateway were steps leading right down to the water's edge. It was calm and the sun was shining on the lazy sails as we looked across to Thebes. It was impossible to leave this enchanting place and go in to look at rooms but suddenly Ben reminded us that *he* wanted some breakfast.

We were out again by nine o'clock and walked on the riverbank beside the garden until we could see great fluted columns supporting, in some places, parts of an old roof. There was a main hall with several rows each having twelve columns. When we got near enough the five of us joined hands but we could not reach around one of them. It didn't need a Baedeker to inform us that this was the famous Luxor Temple.

The whole area was much lower than the surrounding modern buildings. Back of this hall were row upon row of pillars indicating smaller rooms. At the opposite end of the enclosure there were several colossae of Ramses II in front of the colonnade. Parts of the wall were intact, broken sphinxes were sitting about in unexpected places and one monolith was standing. Two days later when we saw the temple from the River it took on a grander aspect for we could get some conception of the majesty of the whole edifice.

After tea in the garden we spent several hours at Karnak with an exceptionally interesting guide. With his help and our Baedeker we got so we could recognize many of the car-touches of the kings and some of the hieroglyphics on the great phylon(gate) of the temple of Ammon Ra, the sun-god. It got to be a game looking for the wavy line which indicates the Nile and distinguishing between the kings of Upper Egypt and Lower Egypt according to whether their crowns had one large part or two, symbols of the lotus blossom in bud and in full bloom. There was a long avenue from the temple right down to the river with silent, grey, stone sphinxes parked on both sides like automobiles. It was down this avenue that the kings were taken to cross the river to be buried in the Valley of the Kings.

When we crossed in a sail boat to visit the Valley the next day we tried donkeys instead of camels. For the distance of a mile perhaps, from the edge of the river, there was vegetation,

rich looking gardens of castor beans, poppies and grains but after that the eternal sands.

I may as well say it first as last, "King Tutankhamen's tomb was closed for the season the day before we arrived, and no visitors were allowed to enter it for two months." Our disappointment was short-lived for besides being engrossed with the wonders of the other tombs, we learned that King Tutankhamen didn't live to be more than twenty-three years old, and so the tomb itself was not as elaborately decorated as that of Ramesis IX and others. As for the treasure that it contained, most of them were in the Cairo Museum which we were intending to visit when we got back to Cairo.

We descended into Seti II's tomb first and were delighted to find electric lights showing all of the paintings on the long, long walls on either side of the entrance. After about five minutes we came to a broad, deep hole which had a fence around it now. "This was built to catch the thieves who might enter the tomb", the guide said, "Look this way please" and he showed us a hidden path on the left which finally brought us down into the tomb. There was a large room with a four foot wall across the middle of it with steps to get over it. On the other side was the mummy of the king enthroned in a stone sarcophagus with the top removed. There were light bulbs along the side of it and we could see the face of the old king very plainly in spite of all his precautions to keep strangers out of his tomb. We visited six such tombs each one distinctive for its artistic portrayal of the king's life on the walls, or for its ingenious "Blinds" to trap thieves, etc.

The night that we left for Cairo we packed our bags and came out among the orange blossoms and under the bougain-villia archway for a ceremony. Ben had been counting the days until he would be allowed to throw away his topee (pith sun hat). Since we were leaving the tropics and had no more use for them, we all stood on the steps and one by one threw them into the Nile and watched them float away. We stepped back for our bags and the dusky chamber boy gave me a particularly pleasant smile as we drove away. The full meaning of that smile was not understood until I opened the bag I had

just packed, for a silk kimono was missing—one that had been sent all the way from America for the trip. Peach-colored silk goes well with black velvet skin so I suppose his wife enjoys getting all dressed up to go to market.

Back in Cairo we went to the museum and saw mummies galore. One king evidently died of smallpox by the look of his face; the pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel looked as serene and innocent as a babe; one mummy had lillies in her hand and they didn't look more than a few months old. King Tutankhamen had an aisle all to himself in which his scarabs, jewels, gold canes, two gold chairs, a gold bed and many other things were displayed. In a glass room at the end of this long aisle sits his gold sarcophagus with the head piece removed. It is inlaid with semi-precious stones or enamel and shines as tho it were brand new. The mummy has been removed and still rests in its ancient tomb away up the Nile, in the Valley of the Kings.

LENA A. KEANS, '28.

INTO THE WEST

I want to leave day with a smile on my face,
I want to snap out like a light,
I want to fly off like a shot from a sling,
Into the dreary depths of the night.

I don't want to know when I'm leaving my friends,
My good times and those I love best;
I don't want to know when they plant me deep down,
With my head pointing into the West.

And I'll go with no hopes for the future,
And with no regrets for the past,
I'll go with no blues if I die in my shoes,
Never knowing what moment's my last.

I'm going to live life for all that it has,
Till the sun sets over my head,
I'll have all the thrills, for I know I'll be,
One hell of a long time dead.

FLOYD M. CLEVELAND, '28.

A CHILD OF THE SEA—A TRUE STORY

In spite of the fact that the sun was shining brightly down on the pretty little village of Chebogue, and that the sea was blue and peaceful after the storm of the day before, and even the sand-pipers hopping along the beach seemed sprightlier than ever, young Captain Chilton looked worried and out-of-sorts. His tanned, weather-beaten face, as he hurried down the road, was set in purposeful lines, and every inch of his six feet of splendid manhood bespoke determination; yet it was not a happy sort of determination, and even when he turned in at the gate of a frame-house near the corner, and kissed the girl in the blue gingham dress who ran out to meet him, he did not smile. She was not surprised at this, however, for she knew that it was characteristic of the Chiltons to be undemonstrative.

"Smith, you *did* come!" she cried, "When the wind blew so hard last night, I thought you'd never be able to round the Cape, and—and—" here the girl burst into tears. Her blue sun-bonnet slipped partly off as she bent her head, and disclosed her hair shining like gold in the sun. The captain patted the golden halo awkwardly for a moment before he spoke.

"There, there, Hannah!" he said, "I come to tell you something, and I brought you this."

He handed her a small wooden box. She opened it, and drew out a necklace made from red West India beans and the seeds of a strange water-plant. The girl cried out in pleasure, and placed the pretty gift around her neck.

"It's for you, Hannah." said the captain. "I got it in the West Indies. Next time I go down, I'll bring you a—"

"Oh, Smith!" cried the girl, flinging her arms around his neck, "You aren't going down again, are you? Please, *please* tell me you aren't! I thought I'd never see you again when you went this time, and when it stormed so hard last night, I nearly went crazy. Oh, I *hate* the sea!" and she stamped her feet in her vehemence, and gazed off to where the blue Atlantic lay shimmering in the sun.

The captain drew her toward the house, trying to calm her as they went.

"You haven't given me the chance to tell you what I came to say, Hannah," he reminded her, "I came to say that I'd make one trip more and then leave the sea, since you're so set on it; but if you don't want me to make even one trip more, and since you won't marry me until I do leave the sea, why—why, I'll stay home, Hannah, because—well, you know what you are to me!" and the stern captain's voice trembled with unaccustomed emotion.

The girl looked at him for a moment, speechless. Then she spoke, joy making her words tumble over one another.

"Do you mean that, about not going to sea again, Smith? Oh, then we can be married, and we can settle down somewhere—but not here! Not here, Smith!" and fear darkened her eyes as she once more looked out toward the ocean, "I can't live near the sea any more; it frightens me all the time, and it will only make you restless."

"I know, Hannah," replied the captain; and for a moment, as he, too, gazed at the ocean, a wild, longing look crept into his eyes, then disappeared as the determined expression again settled on his face.

"I know; and I'll move inland, just as you say, so long as you'll marry me! But the sea *does* have kind of a hold on me, Hannah, somehow or other!"

Then they turned and went into the house, to make their plans and discuss them with Hannah's parents; while outside the little sandpipers still hopped along the beach, and the waves of the broad Atlantic tossed high their spray in derision at the child of the sea who was about to leave it, for a woman.

* * * * *

A few months later, several boatloads of settlers from Chebogue made their way up the Tusket, to find new homes in a district which was being cleared of its pines and spruces and maples. Among the new comers were Captain Chilton and his young bride. They decided to make their home on a hill, as did all the other settlers, since from their hill they could

see smoke rising from houses on other hills, and that was a comfort in that lonely country. They built a log cabin in which to live until they could erect a larger house. Day and night they could hear the roar and thunder of the rapids in the river below their little home. It made Hannah shiver sometimes of a lonely evening, reminding her of the sea from which they had fled; and she would hastily pile more wood on the fire, and stir the steaming contents of the kettle on the crane, because Smith must have a good supper when he returned from his fall ploughing.

Thus time went on; and the village of Temperance grew steadily. People came to settle on both sides of the river, and soon mills were built, in order that shingles might be made for the new frame houses now being put up. One of the most up-to-date of these new homes was that of Captain Chilton. Staunch and sturdy it stood on the hill, destined to withstand the storms of many generations. At its doors were placed large flat pieces of stone, which served as steps; and within, the crackling fires in the fireplaces of both the large, cheery kitchen and the sunny living-room dispensed comfort, warmth and happiness to all.

Before many years, oil-lamps supplanted the tallow candles which, formerly, the women of the community had made themselves. A church was started, and a school. The latter was held only in the summer months, and there the boys learned the "three R's," and the girls learned to read, spell, sew and knit. A proud woman was Hannah Chilton when her five boys were able to spell down the rest of the school in a spelling-match, and when her little nine-year-old Mary made a fine linen shirt for the Captain.

Happiness, however, comes to all people mingled with sorrow. Hannah had consigned to the attic all relics of the sea which her husband had left, but great was her dismay when little Tom, her youngest and her darling, began to ask questions about the conch-shells and other trophies of Captain Chilton's career which he had found; and her heart was wrung still further when she heard him telling his other brothers that "he was going to sea like Daddy when he grew up."

Then, one day, her two youngest boys were brought home to her from the river, which had been bearing them onward to the sea, waiting to claim its own. In little Tom's hand was clutched the toy wooden ship he had been sailing when he fell to his death in the cruel rapids; and little John had lost his life in an effort to save his brother's.

Hannah never quite recovered from the blow. Her hair quickly became white, and her already frail health became weaker. Yet still she toiled on in the farm house, caring for her husband and children, and lavishing even more tender care on those who were left to her; and ever she prayed that the sea-fever might not enter her other boys' hearts.

The day came when Robert, who had very weak eyes, must go to Boston for treatment; and his elder brother, young Smith, was to accompany him. One spring day, they sailed out of Yarmouth Harbor in the schooner Melrose. Days, weeks, and months went by; and at last, when no word had been received from the Melrose, all hope was abandoned, and again the Chilton home was in mourning.

Captain Chilton, a tall, gaunt old man now, but hale and hearty still, listened to the rapids rushing onward to the sea; sniffed the salty tang of the sea mist coming in from faraway; and muttered, "It gets you if you're born to the sea it gets you—or it gets the ones belonging to you!"

* * * * *

Miles away, little sandpipers hopped along the beach, and the waves of the broad Atlantic tossed high their spray in derision at the child of the sea who had left it, for a woman.

RUTH A. HILTON, '30.

IDEAS

I think if I could be born
A thousand years from now,
That I would find ideas then
That would agree somehow
With those that now possess my thought;
But yet it seems to me,
That if I did I'd be surprised,
And willing to agree
That those ideas must have lived
Two thousand years ago;
Because ideas need at least
Two thousand years to grow.

A. ARTHURS, '29.

FINGERS IN THE PIE

Scene.—The living-room of an upper-story apartment. The door is at the back. A large window-seat on the right. Two comfortable chairs by the fire on the left. EDE and MILLY are sitting in these.

EDE. Yes, Milly, of course we all knew you were a heart-breaker. I think personally that you'll wind up a spinster. You're getting marvellous practise in weaving nets just at present.

MILLY. Don't be crude, Ede. Even if you are my sister, you needn't take so much interest in what I do. Is it my fault that men all fall around me? If Heaven made me a nautical Helen, I can't be a naughty Madonna.

EDE. Oh, now *you're* getting crude. Don't flatter yourself that you could be either. You're merely spoiled.

MILLY. Like dead fish, eh?

EDE. Well, if you will use a simile, I would suggest the gormand.

MILLY. Ede! What is the sense of bothering with boys if you can't, as you imply, eat them up? Someone's got to do the monopolizing.

EDE. Yes, but you're monopolizing a certain one altogether too much. And you haven't been given a charter, either.

MILLY. The latter to come from you, eh? Good Lord, I think you're nuts on Ben yourself.

EDE. Don't be absurd. Ben doesn't care a pin for me, and less for you, if you don't mind my saying so.

MILLY. Ignorance is pardoned anything—especially in a woman. It might please you, my dear, to know that I expect Ben will, as they say, "pop" this afternoon.

EDE. Oh——?

MILLY. Not hurt, I hope? I thought you might like to know, in case—well, in case you had any designs. But, then, you're only an executor, not a designer. Perhaps it piques you that you didn't have a finger in this pie—

EDE. Perhaps if I had had I might have pulled out a plum

MILLY. Not with the spoon in *my* hand, my dear.

(*The door-bell rings.*)

MILLY. Ben! Let him in, won't you, Ede? I've got to get arranged. (*She curls up on the window-seat r., takes on a languid mien, and softly hums "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta Voix."*)

EDE. (*opens the door.*) Hello!

BEN, (*just an ordinary boy, smiles back at her*). Hello, Ede! You're looking great.

EDE. Thanks. There's Milly. She's all installed. Can you doubt it?

BEN. Well, no—that is—er—(*crosses*). Hello, Milly! (*Abel is standing in the doorway. Abel is Ben's friend—of former days. He is a small fellow with alabaster cheeks and a mop of hair.*)

ABEL. I'm afraid I'll have to come in, whether you ask me to or not. I must seat myself.

EDE. (*turning quickly*). Oh, I beg your—Where did you come from?

ABEL. Well,—er—from the lower regions, much to my sorrow. Ben brought me.

EDE. Oh, Ben, why didn't you—'? (*But Milly is doing a rushing business.*) Do come in! You wanted a chair?

ABEL. Well, I'm afraid I must change it to a sofa now. Have you such a commodity?

EDE. Well, only the window-seat. Are you ill?

ABEL. (*with the deepest of sighs*). All the tenses—past, present and future. I was born before I died—er—I mean I died before I—oh, well,—what's the use. Can't you see if I don't sit down I shall palpitate?

EDE. Oh, you *are* sick. Milly, this is a friend of Ben's. He wants to lie down. What is your name please?

ABEL. I hate to tell you, it's so—so ridiculous.

BEN. Oh, I'm sorry. This is Abel.

ABEL. Ha! Ha—xx! Ugh!—Quick the sofa! (*They hurry him to the window where he quietly resuscitates.*)

MILLY. What is the matter with him, Ben dear?

BEN. Just a mild case of hydrophobia—I mean, hypochondria. He's been dying ever since I knew him at college.

EDE. The poor soul. But what on earth did you bring him here for?

BEN. Well, I met him this afternoon for the first time in three years. I had to bring him round. But I think you'll rather enjoy him. His malady is really quite droll. He has a complication at all sorts of odd moments, but quite harmless.

MILLY. I think he's silly. I could scalp you, Ben. Just when you and I were going to have such a wonderful time together.

BEN. Well, I thought it might be nice for Ede.

MILLY. Oh, she's used to playing third party, or rather—second violin. But then, she was planning to go out, weren't you Ede, dear?

EDE. Well, no I wasn't, if you must know, Milly.

BEN. Of course, Ede. It's much nicer to have you here with us. Milly keeps up a rapid fire conversation and I wilt under it, so someone must break the—I mean—

EDE. Monotony, Ben?

MILLY. Ede, how dare you! And Ben, if you think for one moment—

ABEL. Er—the patient is revivifying. But what a thirst! Dear ladies, some brandy—pardon me, water. I thought, in seeing Ben again, that I was back with the dear Alma Mater.

MILLY. Oh, I'll get it for him, Ben. *(She starts to exit, but sees Ben looking at Ede)*—or, perhaps, you wouldn't mind, Ede?

EDE. Why the sudden halt? Remember Mrs. Lot.

MILLY. Er—please, Ede—

EDE. Well, my dear, that you may be assured everything is perfectly safe, we'll both get it. *(She leads Milly out.)*

BEN. It's a shame to have to drag you up here, Abel old man. Especially since you've only got an hour anyway.

ABEL. Please, please cut the pessimism. I have survived this attack, but don't say there'll be a fatal recurrence within an hour.

BEN. I couldn't very well cut the engagement. Milly would tear my eyes out.

ABEL. Oh! You've become attached?

BEN. Well, Lord knows how, but I guess it's true.

ABEL. The other's much nicer.

BEN. Ede? Yes, isn't she—er—that is it—

ABEL. Yes, that is it!

(The girls return.)

ABEL. *(drinking)*. Dear girl, what wonderful baby eyes you have!

MILLY. Oh, thank you—I—

ABEL. And what a gorgeous halo of hair-cut, I mean—cut hair!

EDE. *(to Ben)*. He seems quite smitten. Aren't you jealous?

BEN. So was I—once. Well, he's been smitten before.

EDE. With other diseases, eh?

ABEL. And I must own that your figure is fit to grace a bustle.

MILLY. Really, Mr. Abel—(*he shudders*) oh, is that your first name?

ABEL. Don't! Don't—it is—both!

MILLY. Oh come, you are looking much better. Can't you sit up?

ABEL. *Deus vellet!* (*He actually does.*) Really, I had no idea a woman's eyes were such medicine. I am quite overcome. Won't you sit down, my dear. Comfort me—oh, I am so in need of it. Did you know I might die at any minute now?

MILLY. Why, you poor thing, tell me about it. (*She sits.*)

ABEL. I have been living this way for three years. Only God knows how—the doctors don't.

EDE. We might as well sit over by the fire, Ben. (*They cross and sit.*)

ABEL. I've been told that I haven't as much chance to live as the proverbial taratrean snowball.

MILLY. (*excited*). But do you really come from the same college as Ben?

ABEL. Oh, yes, we went to a little school called Acadia. That's why I'm like this now.

MILLY. Tell me about it all. Did you graduate with Ben?

ABEL. I guess so, in '28. The pasteboard on my head made me swoon and the president gave me my degree in the lavatory.

MILLY. How romantic!

ABEL. Eh?

EDE. (*Her voice is just audible*). Why, Ben, you silly boy!

ABEL. And then somehow or other I got mixed up in the college yell and I had—well, I had dire consequences.

MILLY. Oh, how quaint!

ABEL. There was a great bunch at school that year. They thought Venice was pronounced Venus, and the Merchant had something to do with free love.

MILLY. Ben's friends? Tell me about them.

EDE. (*Her chair is very close to Ben's.*) Why, dear boy, what's come over you?

ABEL. Well, the Senior Class was a knock-out. Especially Blair Fraser. He looked unconscious most of the time. A nice, sweet boy with a good line to the profs. I dare say he's matured by now.

MILLY. Who else was there?

ABEL. Oh, the usual bunch of renegades. There was Stubs Findlay, with the perfect figure—swan-like, you know—with large tail-feathers. And Archie Black. Archie was a dear boy. Very winsome.

EDE. Ben, I don't understand you at all. I thought you and Milly—

ABEL. Did I mention Cute Payzant? He used Palmolive Soap. You know the slogan. And Chestnutt—now there was a man for you. He has just written a book on his amours. The critics have attacked it. They say it's illogical.

EDE. Oh, Ben, this is absurd. It's so—so sudden.

ABEL. (*groans loudly to cover her words*). Oh-r-r-r My memory is failing me. I must be overtaxing by brain. I almost imagine I was trying to argue with Louie. You know Louie was quite a clever kid. He's back at Acadia now re-teaching the Philosophy prof.

MILLY. What on earth are they talking about over there?

ABEL. A new way to pay old debts, I guess.

EDE. Don't! Don't, Ben, Milly will hear you.

MILLY. (*rising*). Yes, of course I hear you. What's it all about?

(*Ben and Ede rise.*)

EDE. Oh, nothing, Milly. Ben's getting a little foolish, I guess.

ABEL. Boys will be boys.

MILLY. Yes, and girls will—

BEN. Don't, Milly! I'm going to tell you straight. You know you're merely flapping around me and I've been sick of your baby talk now for a month. Ede and I are going to get married.

MILLY. Wha-at!

ABEL. O-o-o-h! (*He doubles over.*)

MILLY. You great big—Lord, if I could only murder you gently—and cut you up into little bits, and—

ABEL. (*in agony*). Oh! Oh! Milly! Stop! Stop! I'm having a set-back.

MILLY. (*furiously*). Do you stand there and tell me that I'm going to stand here and see you take—

ABEL. Milly! Milly! Im' relapsing—I mean collapsing.

EDE. Stop talking, Milly! You're no Dido.

MILLY. Dido be—! Of all the deceitful, underhand—

ABEL. (*raving*). Milly, oh, quick! My love! I'm dying. Quick, I must confess!

BEN. (*excited*). Look at him! He's foaming!

ABEL. Yes, I'm roaming! Gather round, my dear friends. Oh, gather round.

EDE. What is it?

BEN. We're here, old man.

MILLY. My God,—he's not—?

ABEL. Oh, I want to tell you before I go. Milly! I love you! I adore you! It just struck me all at once. Milly, dear, take my hand. Kiss me, Milly.

MILLY. Oh, isn't this awful?

ABEL. Quick, get a priest. I'll soon be in Heaven—I think!

BEN. Do you mean it?

ABEL. Don't I look it? I should!

BEN. Gosh, I won't be a minute. (*He starts to go.*)

ABEL. Take Ede with you. Leave me alone with my love.

MILLY. I don't want to stay here! I'll go!

ABEL. (*in the last throes*). No! No! (*he grabs her hand and holds her.*)

It is my dying wish. Get married while you're at it. It'll save the taxi-fare. Milly and I will be married in death.

MILLY. Ben, don't you dare!

ABEL. (beseeching her) Oh, forget them, my love! I want you.
Oh, Milly, I'm sinking. Pretty soon I'll be mortified
a corpse.

MILLY. Good! Ben, if you and Ede go out that door, Ill'—

ABEL. Oh, darling! Darling! I'm low—low!

EDE. This is repulsive. Let's go do what he says, Ben.

BEN. Come on!

ABEL. (groaning). Milly! Milly! I'm low—low. I'm so low
I could ride horseback on an ant.

MILLY. Shut up! Ben, you come back here.

ABEL. And Milly, my feet wouldn't even touch the ground.

MILLY. Ben! Ben! I won't have it!

ABEL. Going—going—

MILLY. (yelling at him). Do you hear me, Ben!

ABEL. Gone! (Ede and Ben exit)

MILLY. (stamping her foot). Oh, damn!

ABEL. (deeply offended). Don't! You are desecrating the
dead. My loved one, I must leave you. A greater
task awaits me. I hear the angels calling. I must go
to—

MILLY. Hell!

ABEL. O-o-oh-r-r-!

MILLY. What do you mean by spoiling my whole life?

ABEL. You mean your afternoon? Dear child, if you would
only realize that a sick man has brains but little else.

MILLY. You mean that you have deliberately planned this?

ABEL. Well, was it my fault that I didn't die?

MILLY. You're incorrigible!

ABEL. No, my dear, only fool-proof. And now, if you'll help
me, I'll try to descend. (He gets up and walks halt-
ingly to the door.) Good-bye, Milly. Now that I'm
alive again, I believe we can do very well without each
other.

MILLY. You little, insignificant—

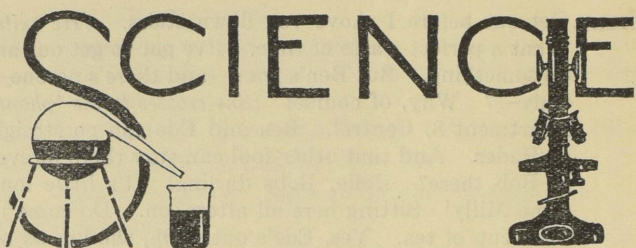
ABEL. Tit-mouse!

MILLY. Get out before I shove you down stairs. (*He exits*).
What a perfect waste of time. I've got to get out and
do something. But Ben's gone—and there's no one—
Only—? Why, of course! (*She crosses to the 'phone*).
Apartment 8, Central. Ben and Ede can go straight
to Hades. And that other fool can stay there forever.
Is Bob there? Hello, Bobs darling! It's little lone-
some Milly! Sitting here all afternoon. Do come up
for a cup of tea. Yes, Ede's out. Oh, she knows her
garters. Yes—all right, dear. In five minutes—five
minutes.

(*She puts the receiver down, powders her nose, leaves the
door ajar, curls up on the window-seat, and once more
hums "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta Voix."*)

Curtain.

DONALD D. WETMORE, '29.



THE TELEPHONE AND ITS RECENT IMPROVEMENTS

Since Alexander Bell first received the patent for a telephone in 1876, it has developed along many lines until now it is almost universally used in both commercial and home life. About a year after Bell commenced the operation of telephones in England on a business scale, Edison received a patent in America for the same purpose. The Edison and Bell companies now combined and formed the United Telephone Company, which was forced to confine its operations to London, due to the restrictions placed upon the business by the Government.

For many years the company tried to have a bill passed through parliament whereby they could have the right to lay wires underground, but it was not until 1900 that this privilege was granted. Since then the utility of the telephone has grown by leaps and bounds. The use of telephones to connect one party with another was soon followed by a demand for connecting different members of the same firm, without the necessity for providing each with a separate line to the public exchange.

A rapid expansion has also taken place in the growth of trunk, or long distance exchanges. These exchanges have been equipped with relays and lamps for signalling purposes; and also as a time saving device local connections can be made in advance, thus minimizing the time of occupation of the main circuits, and securing the greatest possible effective use of

trunk lines. Another improvement has been the insertion of telephone repeaters at any intermediate point in a long distance duplex circuit. By means of these repeaters the message can be relayed an infinite number of times to practically any distance required.

The first submarine cable line was laid in 1912 between St. Margaret's Bay, England, and La Panne, Belgium. These cables were laid at a depth of approximately 3,000 ft., and were placed far apart in order that the chances for interrupted service would be minimized. The main portion had a single conductor only, while at the shore ends there were two conductors. The cables were wrapped by fine wire, covered by gutta percha, and enclosed in a copper casing. Other cables with added improvements in transmission efficiency have been laid across the Irish Sea, and the English Channel. New York and Cuba have also been connected by means of cables connecting Havana with Key West.

In the United States a great deal of research work has been carried on during the last few years, and a principle known as the phantom principle has been evolved, by means of which it has been possible to establish a line of telephone communication between New York and Denver, Col. Later, in 1915, the Bell transcontinental system was constructed, and this formed a connecting link between the cities on the Atlantic and on the Pacific Coast. Advances were also made in the art of loading and balancing underground circuits, and this together with repeater developments made it possible to talk satisfactorily through underground wires.

The most important development in recent years has been that of the New York to London circuit. From the subscribers point of view this is as simple as an ordinary long distance call, but internally there is a vast difference in the organization of the physical plant, and the procedure, which makes it vastly different from that of routine calls. Communication is made through a duplex, or as it is commonly called a two-way-talking circuit. Hence if a subscriber in New York wishes to talk to a person in London, the message is first relayed to Rocky Pt. as a terminal, from whence it is transmitted by radio to Cupar,

Scotland, and relayed from there to London by means of repeater circuits which have already been discussed.

The total time required to transmit the message is 1-15 of a second, and only $\frac{1}{4}$ of this time is used up in traversing the radio link, although radio consists of about 85 per cent. of the total length of the circuit; the remainder being in the wire lines, and terminal apparatus. The reply to the message is transmitted through the other line of the duplex circuit; namely, from London to Rugby; Rugby to Houlton, Me; and from Houlton to New York.

At each terminal—New York and London—there is a technical operator, whose duty it is to be continuously attentive to the electrical operation of the circuit, and to make adjustments of the amplification in the wire lines whenever the strength of voice currents bound for the radio transmitter changes. He is enabled to do this by watching the indicating needle of a sensitive vacuum tube operated meter called a volume indicator. This volume indicator shows the strength or weakness of the electrical speech waves in the line. Near the indicator are located the dials with which the operator controls the amplification.

It is interesting to know that the ratio of the strongest to the weakest electrical volume sent into the circuit at a terminal may be as much as 1,000 times. This variation is caused partly by the way people talk, and partly variations in losses in the lines which connect the subscribers to the circuit. These difficulties are smoothed out by the technical operator who adjusts the amplifiers so that the electrical volumes keep reaching the radio transmitter at a pre-determined value. It is also the duty of the operator to adjust the received volume over a certain range in order to give the best operation under different conditions of static, and for different types of connections.

The voice power of any individual is amplified anywhere from 30,000 to 300,000 times at the radio receiver and associated amplifiers. The amount of amplification depends on the loss in the radio path at any particular time, and although more amplification is used in this circuit at any one point than in a

single point in a commercial circuit, still the total power amplification is less than it is in some of the land cables.

There have been many difficulties in the development and construction of this circuit which at first seemed to be insurmountable, but which have finally been overcome. Amongst these was the fact that the transmission losses through the ether varied from time to time, in an irregular manner, which made it impossible to make systematic compensating adjustments of the amplification at the radio receiver. This difficulty was overcome by the adjustments of the amplification which the operator makes in the radio receivers at intervals.

A second difficulty to be mastered was found in the fact that radio links are frequently more noisy than wire circuits. This noise, which varies from time to time, consists of stray electric waves; or, as it is called colloquially, "static." This has been overcome to a great extent by adjustments which have been made in the wire links; so that the radio transmitter is fully loaded up. By this means there is a radiation of full power regardless of how loudly or how weakly a subscriber talks, and regardless of the length of the circuit between the subscribers and the transatlantic terminals. These adjustments, which are also made by the technical operators, with the aid of the volume indicators, keeps at all times the radio speech waves as loud as possible compared to the noise.

Still another difficulty was caused by the strong tendency for echo currents to exist in this circuit. This tendency is much greater here than in ordinary wire circuits, partly due to the fact that radio transmission in the two directions is carried out in the same frequency band, and partly because of the methods employed for overcoming the above mentioned obstacles of variability and noise. This tendency follows from the fact that such adjustments result in a net transmission loss from terminal to terminal. This loss is not constant as in ordinary telephone circuits but varies from time to time; the variations depending on the loss in the ether path, and the strength of the voice currents which are delivered to the circuit terminal. The overall transmission of the circuit may vary from a loss to a considerable gain; and, if steps are not taken

to prevent it, this gain would set up between the two speakers circulating currents of a very large amplitude, producing either the very annoying condition known as singing, which often makes conversation impossible, or severe electrical effects.

These echo effects have been suppressed to a great extent by a voice operated switching relay the function of which is to interrupt, when not in use, any transmission path which might double back to its source, and thus give rise to the singing in the circuit. Were it not for the use of these voice operating devices a very strong echo would be returned to the local speaker with disconcerting effects.

With the surmounting of these difficulties, we now have a system of telephony inaugurated whereby both the commercial and political view points of the two great English speaking countries can be drawn into a closer unison; and although it is still a rather expensive proposition to converse with England from this side of the water, yet many of the larger business incorporations in the United States have found it much more economical to get the latest reports of the stock market and of the Paris fashions by this method rather than by the methods previously used.

K. V. KEIRSTEAD, '28.

ROMANCE OF THE COCOON.

Everyone has noticed, in the fall, the cocoons of various insects clinging to trees and bushes. Therein lies a romance the unravelling of which has taken almost five thousand years.

One versed in wood-lore will no doubt say, "Why, yes! Of course I know the romance of the cocoon. A beautiful moth comes from it." The romance of which I am thinking is much more than that. From it come fabrics of gossamer delicacy, much more beautiful than the moth. From it come cloths of unbelievable richness and rare beauty. The story is this:

About two thousand seven hundred years before the Christian era a Chinese Empress, Si-ling, became interested in the cocoon of the mulberry silk-moth. She found that the little yellow moss could be unravelled to form a continuous filament. She gave her own time and labor to the care of the silk-moth, and it was she who learned to weave the tiny filament into a continuous fabric. She taught others what she had learned, and from that time forward sericulture received much attention in China, especially from families of nobility.

The Chinese people did not wish to part with 'the secret of the silkworm' and for many centuries they succeeded in keeping it among themselves. In the third century of our era, however, Japan succeeded in procuring four Chinese girls to teach them the processes involved in silk manufacture. The importance this held for the people of Japan is apparent in the realization that a temple was erected to their honour.

The silk-worm had had no adventures abroad up to this time. Its introduction into Japan was to serve as a beginning. From China this homely little worm was destined to travel throughout the whole world. Eggs, hidden in the head dress of a Chinese princess, were carried to the valley of the Brahmaputra, and from thence the silk-worm was carried to all India and to parts of Persia.

Meanwhile, the silk was being sent out in filaments, and the people of many countries had learned to weave it into cloth. In the island of Cos the women had learned to weave a trans-

parent gauze from the silk, but the Western people had been unable, in spite of repeated efforts, to obtain any clue to the production of the filament itself.

At the beginning of the Christian era silk was being used in Rome, but only by women of high rank. It was obtained from India through the agency of the Persians. As the Empire grew in wealth, the demand became greater, and the price soared accordingly. During the third century silk was actually worth its weight in gold. In the fifth century, during the war with the Persians, the supply was cut off, and Justinian tried to obtain this much desired material from the Phoenicians. They were quite willing to supply it but were not capable of meeting the demand.

In the meantime two monks had made their way into China. They observed the culture of the silkworms, till then unknown to Western peoples, and they learned the processes used by the Chinese in the manufacture of silk. They returned to Justinian, at Constantinople, and told him what they had learned. Justinian was delighted and offered them great rewards if they should succeed in bringing some of these "horned worms" to him. Our moth was thus to have another strange journey, the agents to be Christian Monks instead of pagan princesses.

The two Monks returned to China and awaited as opportunity to obtain some of the insects. They planned to carry them in the form of eggs, as the other stages of the mulberry silk-moth's life are very perishable. With great difficulty they succeeded in obtaining a number of the eggs, and in concealing them in a hollow cane. They brought these to Constantinople, allowed them to hatch at the proper season, and instructed some of the Emperor's servants in the processes of silk making. For a number of years the knowledge thus obtained was kept as a source of royal revenue, but finally the cultivation of silk worms became much more common. From the eggs brought by the Monks to Constantinople the whole Western world was supplied with silk for hundreds of years.

For six hundred years the Greek Empire kept this industry within its boundaries, but once again royalty entered the pic-

ture, this time in the form of Roger I of Sicily. He took many silk-weavers captive to his own country and forced them to teach his subjects. In Sicily the processes formerly used underwent many improvements, and from there sericulture spread to Italy, France, Spain and England. Attempts were made to introduce it into other countries, but those in which it was already practised were found to be most suitable for it.

Sericulture is now carried on in much the same manner as any other industry, but until recent years it has been considered as being mysterious and romantic. Princes have not scorned to learn the secrets of this little mass of fibre. Even now silk is looked upon as the "royal robe of princes."

Few indeed are the people who connect the homely little cocoon with the story that has been woven into it. The cocoons that you may see on any autumn day, the spider's web, these are made of the same substance. What hosts of stories they might tell!

ROSE CHAMBERS, '30.

The Acadia Athenaeum

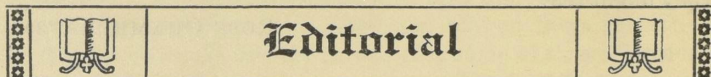
Vol. LIV

Wolfville, N. S., March, 1928

No. 5

W. T. Taylor, '28	-	-	Managing Editor
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James Wilson, '29	-		Business Manager

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Within a short time from now we shall have in our hands the issue of the *1928 Acadia Year Book*. There have been many problems to solve and an immense amount of detailed work to cover since the first plans were presented to the Students' Union. The book, however, is now in the hands of the printer and binder, and the *Athenaeum* would add its congratulations both to the Staff and to the student body. From one view, the Year Book is taking over part of the work of the college monthly, since it will include in its contents all the graduation material which is usually published in the June number of the *Athenaeum*. Yet in a truer sense both publications are working together in a larger purpose,—the maintenance the expansion of a unified college spirit. Both publications have their work; both deserve the full hearted support of every student, regardless of class or of faculty. It would seem that this newer venture bespeaks, not the mere

attraction of a novelty, but the expression of a growing strength of the larger Acadia of the future. We are looking to see the effort repeated next year with even greater success.

Congratulations this month are due to L. H. Jenkins, and K. V. Keirstead on their winning of the Literary "A". To the editor of the paper such an occasion is always measured by a certain degree of regret, for it means the loss of valued contributions. It is, however, a privilege to announce the well-earned distinction which has come to these two men, both members this year of the Athenaeum Staff.



ATHLETICS

During the last month the Basketball season has been booming. Already the boys have played over ten games, and are now preparing for the semi-finals of the Nova Scotia championship.

Dugan, who has been unable to play in games away from Wolfville up until this time, will be on the line up for the semi-finals, and this will greatly increase Acadia's chances for the cup.

Water polo is also well under way, and although the Engineers have suffered their first defeat in years, they still feel confident that they can win out. The Academy forfeited their game to the Engineers, thus eliminating themselves from the League.

Several interclass hockey games have already been played in which the Academy defeated the Engineers; the Sophomores trimmed the Seniors, and the Juniors after three hard fought battles finally defeated the Freshmen.

Manager Richards is now marshalling the squad for track, and to all appearances, it would seem as though Acadia has some real good material for this year. The classes are also getting their teams all primed up for the eight-mile relay, or the Bulmer race as it is called, and some keen competition is expected in this direction.

HOCKEY

ACADIA O—U. N. B. 9

Acadia was outplayed and outskated by U. N. B. in a fast game of hockey in the new rink, February 22. The whole U. N. B. team was good, while Duckey McLean and Bill Payzant starred for Acadia.

Handing Acadia a goose egg, U. N. B. scored three goals in each period.

Wallace Barteaux refereed.

U. N. B.—Goal, Hickson; defence, Gagnon, Lynch; centre, Chalmers; wings, Keene, Keenan.

Acadia—Goal, McKenna; defence, Montgomery, McLean; centre, J. Johnson; wings, B. Johnson, J. Williams; subs. Hibbett, Lusby, Payzant.

BASKETBALL

ACADIA 61—ST. F. X. 20

In the Memorial Gymnasium on February 21, the St. F. X. team was badly beaten by the Acadia team in a slow game of basketball. Neither team seemed to be playing as well as they might have, although Matthews starred all through the game. Mahoney was probably the best player on the opposing team. The score at the end of the first period was 23-9 in favor of Acadia.

Our second team scored seven points in the first five minutes of the second period, after which the regular team came on again, and rallied somewhat towards the end of the game.

St. F. X.—Garrigan (3), MacDonald (6), Mahoney (8), Rankin, Young, Archibault, Cameron (1), Fogarty (2).

Acadia—Matthews (29), Dougan (11), Wilson (14), Baker, MacKenzie, Jones (5), Goudy (1), Davis (1), Fetterley.

Ted Coffey refereed.

DALHOUSIE 30—ACADIA 35

On February 23, Acadia basketeers won a hard-fought and narrow victory over the Dalhousie team in Halifax. Until the last five minutes, Dal. was in the lead, but Acadia rallied, and managed to beat them by 5 points. At the end of the first period the score was 22-17 in favor of Dal.

Dalhousie—McLeod (2); Davidson (19); Ross (7); Smith (1); Sperry; Murphy (1); Jones, Gouge, Stewart.

Acadia—Matthews (17); Dougan (3); Baker (2); Wilson, Mackenzie (1); Titus, Davis, Goudy (2); Morse (10).

Ted. Coffee refereed.

KENAC LEAGUE

In the first game of this series on February 24, Acadia beat Kentville Churches' team in Kentville by a score of 60 to 32. All but two of Acadia's men were third team men.

Kentville—Cheney (8); Leitch (4); Harrison (14); Van Blarcom (4); Walsh (2).

Acadia—Jones (14); Arthurs (20); Trask (22); Grant (2); Fetterley (2); S. B. Davis (2); W. B. Davis.

Fred Kelley refereed.

Again on February 27, Acadia went to Kentville and defeated the Commercials by a score of 53 to 32. It proved rather a closer game than was expected.

Commercials—Perrier (16); Cohen (8); Currie (4); Barteaux (2); Spinney (2); Simmons, Spicer.

Acadia—Matthews (21); Goudy (16); Jones (2); Wilson (2); Morse (9); Fetterley (1); Davis (2).

Prof. Osborne refereed.

Acadia won the last game of the series in Kentville by defeating the Churches, 44-31. Although Acadia started out well, at one time in the game the Churches' team was ahead. This win enabled Acadia to play off for the provincial championship.

Churches—Leitch (10); Cheney (8); Van Blarcom (9); Weaver (4); Walsh, Rennison, Redden.

Acadia—Dougan(20); Goudy (10); Wilson (12); S. Davis, McKenzie, Arthurs (2).

W. Davis refereed.

ACADIA 48—YARMOUTH Y.M.C.A 27.

Saturday night, March 10, witnessed the defeat of Yarmouth "Y" team by Acadia in the Memorial Gym. The first period was rather close, Acadia gaining the lead during the last few minutes, making the score 22-18 in our favor.

Yarmouth team seemed to tire in the second period, and Acadia kept piling up points, until the final score was 48-27.

Yarmouth—D. Norton (10); H. Norton (10); Nickerson (7); Allen, Hopkins, Wallace.

Acadia—Dougan (10); Matthews (24); Wilson (5); McKenzie (8); Baker, Titus, Jones, Morse (1).

Bob Goudy refereed.

ACADIA 30—HALIFAX Y.M.C.A. 19.

A semi-final basketball game took place in Memorial Gym, March 14, between Acadia and Halifax "Y," winners of the Halifax city league. The game was fast and very exciting.

The first period was close, Dougan and Matthews starring for Acadia, and Hill for Halifax, and finally ended in favor of Acadia with a score of 16-13.

During the second period Acadia did most of the scoring, although hard worked, and in spite of the fact that "Y" put on a whole substitute team for a few minutes.

The final score was 30-19.

Halifax—B. Piers (5); J. Piers (4); J. Hill (9); Hamilton (1); Fordham. Subs.—Woodworth, Mitchell, Baisley, Harris, Winchomb.

Acadia—Matthews (9) Dougan (14); Wilson (3); Baker (2); McKenzie, Morse (2); Titus.

ACADIA THEOLOGS 23—PINE HILL 27

On March 2, in the Memorial Gymnasium, the Acadia

Theologs met Pine Hill in a friendly game of basketball. Although Acadia lost in this game by 4 points, they won the series on account of a 5 point lead in a previous game played in Halifax. The Pine Hill stars were Hochin and Frame, while Wilson was Acadia's best man during the first period, being compelled by an injury to give up playing during the second period. The score at the end of the first period was 17-11 in favor of Pine Hill.

Pine Hill—Forwards, Frame, (8), Hochin (12); centre McLean (5); defence, Tupper (2), Fraser, Drew.

Acadia—Forwards, Comeau (12), Lewis (2); centre, Wilson (9); defence, Fenwick, Linton, Mersereau.

ACADIA 38—ST. F. X. 29 IN ANTIGONISH

Acadia as usual didn't seem to get started until late in the first period, and at one time the score was 12-2 for St. F. X. who were scoring all their baskets on long shots. Mahoney was especially good at this kind of a game, and sunk basket after basket. The floor was very slippery, and for this reason accurate playing was difficult. At end of first period St. F. X. was leading by 3 points. In the second period Acadia spurted ahead, and Matthews played his usual good game, being the highest scorer for Acadia. The final score was 38-29.

Acadia—Matthews, Goudy, Wilson, McKenzie, Baker, subs. Jones, Morse and S. Davis.

St. F. X.—Harrigan, MacDonald, Mahoney, Rankin; Young, Archibault, Cameron, Fogarty.

ACADIA 22—MT. A. 41 IN SACKVILLE.

In the early part of the first period Acadia led the scoring, but soon lost the lead to Mt. A. and did not regain it during the rest of the game. This period was very closely contested, and at the end of it Mt. A. was leading by 5 points.

In the second half, Matthews was put off for personal fouls after two minutes of play. Shortly after Goudy was put off for the same reason. At the close of the game, the three Acadia subs were on the floor. Jamieson and Malcolm played

a great game for Mt. A. The score ended 41-22. Anderson refereed.

Acadia—Matthews, Goudy, Wilson, McKenzie, Baker; subs. Morse, Jones, S. Davis.

Mt. A.—Lister, Jamieson, Malcolm, Wilson, Rice; sub. Thomas.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

DALHOUSIE 14—ACADIA 36

Acadia girls easily trimmed the Dal. girls in a good game of Basketball in Halifax, February 18. From the first Acadia was easily in the lead, the stars being Ethel Ingraham and Fran. Parlee. The score at the end of the first period was 18-8.

Ted Coffey refereed.

Acadia was represented by Liz. Corey, Fat MacLean, J. McLean, E. Bradshaw, E. Ingraham, A. Fitch, F. Parlee and M. Duffy.

ACADIA 35—DALHOUSIE 20

In a fast game of basketball in the Memorial Gymnasium, March 9, Acadia girls got the lead from the Dalhousie squad from the start, and kept it until the close of the game. The first period ended with a score of 20 to 12. Atherton and McCurdy were the stars on the Dal. team, while Fran. Parlee netted 25 of the total score of 35 for the Acadia girls.

Dalhousie—Atherton, McCurdy, Demaresque, Cameron, Barnstead, Freeman.

Acadia—Parlee, Ingraham, McLean, Corey, Fitch, Duffy.

ACADIA 23—MOUNT ALLISON 10

On March 12 in the Memorial Gymnasium the Acadia girls won the intercollegiate basketball championship by defeating Mt. A. girls in a hard and fast game.

Acadia girls worked harder during the first period, at the end of which the score was 17-4 in their favor.

During the second period, Mt. A. rallied, and Acadia scored only by free shots. The final score was 23-10.

Fran. Parlee and Emma Bradshaw starred for Acadia, while Mt. A's. best girls were Lister, A. Fawcett and Hinton.

Mt. Allison—Stothart (3); M. Fawcett (7); Winters, Allen, Lister, Maxwell, A. Fawcett, Hinton, Stuart.

Acadia—Parlee (15); Ingraham (4); K. MacLean (4); T. McLean, Bradshaw, Corey, Fitch, Duffy.

Ted Coffee refereed.

BOYS' INTERCLASS SWIMMING MEET.

The standing of the Interclass Swimming Meet held on February 23 was as follows:

	Points.
Seniors	24
Sophomores	19
Engineers	19
Academy	12
Juniors	4
Freshmen	2
Individual high standing was as follows:	
Black, Eng. '28	12 points.
Nowlan '28	10 “
Kennedy H. C. A.	10 “
Longley '28	8 “

Longley made a new Maritime record for the plunge of 47 feet.

The events of the Meet were:—20 yd. Free Style; 20. yd. Breast Stroke; 40 yd. Free Style; Plunge; 100 yd. Free Style; 20 yd. Back Stroke; Relay (40 yds. for each of four men on a team); Diving.

GIRLS' INTERCLASS SWIMMING MEET.

On February 21 the girls held their interclass swimming meet, in which the Freshettes came out first, with the Sophette second. The teams competing were the Junior-Seniors, Sophettes, Freshettes and Academy.

Annie Fitch scored all the points for the Sophettes, while Marion Eaton starred for the Freshettes.

The events participated in were Relay race, Diving, 20 yds. Dash, 40 yds. Dash, 20 yd. Breast Stroke, 20 yds. Back Stroke, and Plunge.

The standing was as follows:

	Points
Freshettes.....	25
Sophettes.....	17
Academy.....	12
Junior-Senior.....	8

WATER POLO

LOWER CLASS 9—UPPER CLASS 6.

The first game was played between the Upper and Lower classmen. The lower class showed great form, and an over time period was necessary to demonstrate their superiority. Trask was the pick of the Lowers while Eaton showed up to great advantage for the Uppers.

Lowers:—Titus, goal; Hubley and Smofsky, def.; Trask, S. Davis and W. Davis forwards.

Uppers:—Coy, goal; McLeod and Benton, def.; Eaton, Nowlan and Longley, forwards.

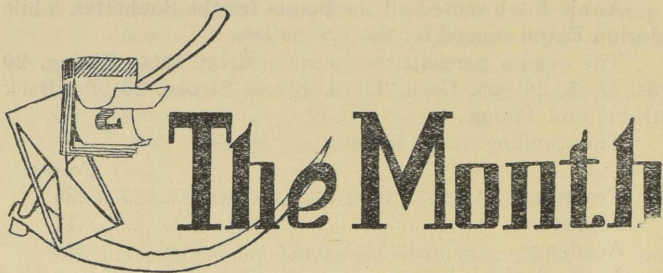
UPPER CLASS 8—ENGINEERS 4.

The upper class men handed the Engineers their first defeat since water polo was first instituted at Acadia. The first period ended with a score of 1 all.

The upper classmen started out the second period by scoring 2 points on fouls. Soon after Berenger for the Engineers made the score 4-3 by shooting from centre. In the last few seconds of play Nowlan for the Uppers went through the Engineers defence for a touch making the final score 8-4.

Uppers:—Coy, goal; McLeod and Benton def., Eaton, Nowlan and Longley forwards.

Engineers:—McFarland, goal; Hibbett, McAuley, def.; Hatfield, Berenger and Black, forwards.



The first three months of '28 have gone, at a rate which makes one wish to contradict the calendar was not one so sure of the delights of the months yet to come. Spring is here and with it that well known and indefinable *spring feeling* which plays the dickens with a young man's fancy and brings along the first robin. Basketball and hockey which have formed the main interests of the past months have been stowed away in Old Man Winter's bag when he shuffled off at the first antics of the March Lamb, leaving Acadia well pleased with herself on the Athletic score. The Fine Arts program for the year has been that a treat that it is not everyone's good fortune to enjoy. Acadia students are favored to an unusual degree by this valuable institution known as the Fine Arts ticket, and even such busy people as they usually find time to show their appreciation by attending the various courses in large numbers.

FINE ARTS.

On Monday evening, February 27, Mr. Stuart Dick of London, England, gave the last of his series of four interesting art lectures. This lecture, on Rembrandt, was accompanied by beautiful slides of that great artist's paintings and etchings.

Wednesday evening, March 7, Miss Kathleen Parlow, the world's best woman violinist, gave a splendid recital in University Hall. There was a large attendance, and the enthusiastic audience enjoyed every selection. Miss Parlow was assisted by a talented pianist.

Mrs. May Elliott Hobbs, noted social worker of London, England, gave a lecture on "English Folk Songs and Ballads," with vocal illustrations, in University Hall, Monday evening, March 12. After the lecture Mrs. Hobbs answered a number of questions asked by members of the audience.

GIRLS' UNIT OF THE S. C. A.

The girls' unit of the S. C. A. have been very fortunate this past month, in having with them two such welcome visitors as Miss Marjorie Trotter, Maritime Secretary of the C. G. I. T., and Dr. Thomas of Toronto. A joint sing-song was the occasion of Dr. Thomas' address, on March 11. His message, built up around the thought, "Let the brooding presence of the whole," and delivered in Dr. Thomas' own inimitable manner, proved to be one that the members of both S. C. A.'s will not soon forget.

ATHENAEUM SOCIETY

On the evening of February 18 a meeting of the Athenaeum Society was held in A4, under the leadership of the new president, Mr. R. C. C. Henson. After the usual business, the programme for the coming year was discussed and a committee appointed to look after all matters relating to future debates, socials, meetings, etc. The following officers have been chosen for the coming term.

President—Mr. R. C. C. Henson.

Vice President—Mr. Carol Longley.

Secretary—Mr. W. Risley.

The Debating Committee picked Risley, Atwood and Levy for the second debating team, which will meet the Nova Scotia Agricultural College in Truro.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE

Acadia won a unanimous decision over Dalhousie in a

debate which took place in the Studley Gymnasium in Halifax, Monday, March 12.

The judges were Dr. John Line, Pine Hill Divinity College; Prof. Guy, Mount Allison; and Dr. C. M. Kerr, Presbyterian Minister of Halifax.

Acadia, debating the affirmative side of the subject "Resolved that the Bolsheviks' Administration of economic affairs since 1917 has been to the economic advantage of the Russian people," was ably represented by T. B. McDormand (Leader), J. R. Scott and R. C. C. Henson.

The University is to be congratulated on having such a fine debating team.

STUDENTS' RECITAL

In University Hall on the evening of February 24, a large number gathered to enjoy the splendid recital by the students of the Acada School of Music. The following programme was ably presented:

Orchestra (a) "Allegro" from Brandenburg Concerto in G.

Bach.

(b) "Allegro Vivace" from Jupiter Symphony Mozart

Conductor—Miss Langley

Piano solo. Rhapsodie No. 2 in G minor

Brahms

Miss Jean Bown

Songs. (a) The Lass with a Delicat Air

Arne

(b) Mary of Allendale

Hook

Miss Melba Roop

Violin Solo (a) Rondino on a theme by Beethoven.

(b) The Old Refrain

Kreisler

Miss Grace Perry

Organ solo. Sonata in F minor (First movement) Mendelssohn

Ian Dron

Piano solo. Clair de Lune

DeBussy

Miss Dorothy Wilson

Songs. Salt Water Ballad

Keel

(a) Trade Winds. (b) Mother Carey

W. Tetford

Violin Soli. (a) Spanish Serenade	Burleigh
(b) Tambourin	Gossec
Miss Kathleen Bancroft	
Song. Elegie	Massenet
Miss Ethel Shaffner	
(Cello obligato by Miss Watkins)	
Piano solo. Military Polonaise in A.	Chopin
Miss Margaret Barnaby	

GIRLS' DEBATING

At a try-out in A4 on February 23, Elizabeth Corey, Marjorie Bell, and Lena Keans, all of the Senior Class, were chosen as Acadia's Intercollegiate Girls' Debating Team to meet U. N. B.'s team in Fredericton sometime in March. The judges were Dr. Spidle, Dr. MacDonald, Dr. Davis, Prof. Balcom.

GIRLS' AND BOYS' WORK

During the week starting February 22, and for the three days following February 27, Acadia was visited by Miss Marjorie Trotter and Rev. W. C. Machum respectively.

Miss Trotter, who is the Maritime Girls' Work Secretary, conducted a course in Girls' Work in Whitman Hall club-room, which was well attended and proved very instructive.

Mr. Machum, Boys' Work Secretary for the Maritime Religious Educational Council conducted meetings to instruct those who might in time be responsible for organizing and conducting Tuxis Boys' squares.

Le CERCLE FRANÇAIS

Chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. E. R. Massey and Prof. H. W. Hillborn, Le Cercle Français enjoyed a social evening in the Reception Room of Whitman Hall on Friday, March 2. The evening soon passed, for a vocal solo by Emma Bradshaw, the reading of a French play by Prof. Massey, French games, forefeits, etc., were part of a full programme.

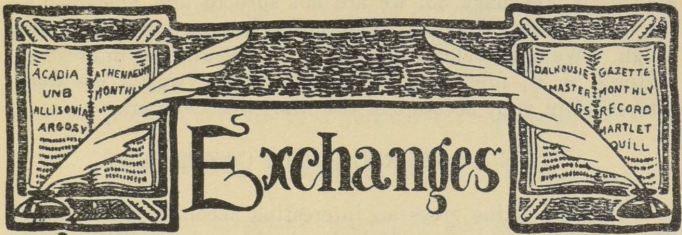
ENGINEERS' SLEIGH DRIVE

The Engineers, accompanied by a number of their lady acquaintances, and chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. Bancroft, Prof. and Mrs. Thurston, and Prof. and Mrs. Evans, enjoyed their annual sleigh drive to Kentville on the evening of March 8.

FRESHMEN SLEIGH DRIVE

On Saturday evening, February 18, the Freshmen at last got started on their long delayed sleigh drive, a drive, which, enroute, was further delayed by the playful Sophs. Kentville finally having been reached, however, a hot dinner, and a show at the Capitol were "taken in," after which they again returned to Acadia's halls at a rather late hour,—in fact it was Sunday morning—but, we understand, a good time was enjoyed by all. The chaperones were Dr. and Mrs. Hutchins, Dr. and Mrs. Wheelock, and Prof. Hillborn.

Two treats are in store for Acadia students. The Dramatic Society, under the able direction of Miss Mary Graves, is already practicing for the presentation of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," while the School of Music is preparing to present the comic opera, "The Mikado," early in May. This is under the direction of Miss Metcalf and Prof. Collins.



THE MCGILL DAILY

This is an entertaining paper and we welcome it as a friend and instructor. The editorial columns are especially interesting. We would like to agree with the editorial on "Human Nature and Good Literature" and those on debating held our attention. It might be suggested that less of a business man's daily paper and more college literature would be welcome.

THE XAVERIAN WEEKLY

This paper presents a well written account of college life. It might be noted that athletics take up a great deal of space and we commend your interest in that line, although we could wish for more literary material. Your appreciation of Stephen Leacock is well written.

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

The Gazette is an old friend to Acadia. The poem called "Spring", in the issue for February 24, has lyrical quality. The article on "Women and Humor" is strikingly original. We prize your paper highly among our exchanges.

THE GATEWAY

On such a page as this paper presented on that question.

able date, February 33, we are not sure to find Shelley distinguished from Omar Khayyám but we are sure to find a good laugh. We must acknowledge that the *Gateway* has interesting material in it, presented in an entertaining way. We were interested in your account of the Maritime debaters.

THE WESTERN UNION GAZETTE

This magazine gives an interesting account of the social life which it represents. It lacks the literary qualities which other magazines offer, but its editorials are well written and constructive. We wish you every success in the production of that difficult play, *Hamlet*, which you anticipate in the *Gazette*.

THE UBYSSEY

We do not know that "distance makes the heart grow fonder," but we know that distance sometimes is a factor in arousing interest; and we welcome news from the university on the opposite side of this continent, especially when it is told in such an interesting and lively manner. It is regrettable to read in one issue that three of your students, presumably Freshmen, were sent to a dread place called Essondale. We appreciate the generous account of our representative in the Maritime debating team. The fact that your editorials are not afraid to condemn as well as approve gives them added interest.

THE MANAGRA

The *Managra* should be complimented on the quality of material which it presents. The article, "What Shall it Profit a Man," is well written and furnishes new ideas. We were glad to read in your article, "A Summer on Soft Pork," that the fact that "bacon is not always bacon" is being scientifically investigated. We find your magazine very entertaining.

MINNESOTA TECHNO-LOG

When we turn to this magazine we instinctively feel that

we have left the trivial behind us and are entering a world of real scientific knowledge. We read of your "Purpose" and feel that the technical subjects which you present are in themselves well written and sufficiently interesting to merit attention from even the general reader. The spirit of energy and ambition which pervades your magazine is commendable.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

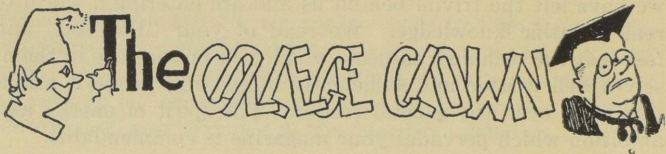
We find your magazine interesting and exceedingly well edited. If we miss the lighter strain of some of our exchanges we find ample compensation in literary quality. We enjoy especially the editorial columns.

THE ORACLE

The *Oracle*, as a literary magazine, is esteemed by us, and it is pleasing to find the *Athenaeum* favorably mentioned among its exchanges. The prize play and Niggerville stuff especially attracted us, but we do not find much room for discrimination in your material. The athletics are well written. We find the nearest approach to criticism when we mention your jokes, some of which lack the freshness and originality of the rest of your paper. Your writers often mention Latin as a bugbear. We offer sympathy.

THE INTEGRAL

The quality of this magazine must be appreciated and we could wish that it had a wider range of subject matter. Its articles on scientific subjects are interesting and instructive. The humor in "College Scandal" is good, and we certainly do "hav-a-laf" when we read your jokes. May we suggest that the advertisements take up a conspicuous amount of room.



Mac '30: Do you take Psychology 1?

Yank: No, I sleep at night.

Early to bed
And early to rise,
And your girl goes out
With other guys.

Mamma: Take care Jimmie dear, there comes a toot-toot.

Jimmie (aged 5): That's no toot-toot—it's a Hispano-Suiza super-six de luxe.

Slogan of a plastic surgeon: We maim to please.

A good inspiring sermon helps people in several ways. Some rise from it greatly strengthened. Others rise from it refreshed.

K. Downing: Marry you? Are you on the football team?

Davis: You bet. I'm a substitute.

K. Downing: Well, I accept no substitutes.

Then there's the Absent-Minded Prof. who told the story of the Absent-Minded Prof. who kissed his wife and slammed the door.

Macdonald '31: Is Ruth going with anyone at present?

Guy Pond '31: Yes m'dear—absolutely anyone.

Prof. Massey: Do you know why women's minds are cleaner than men's?

Class (interestedly): No—why?

Prof. Massey: Because they change them oftener.

Henderson '31: Do you know that Dunbar is getting his moustache on the installment plan?

Sheffield '31: No,—how's that?

Henderson '31: A little down each week.

Dr. Spidle: Does anyone know what the Israelites were looking for when they went out into the wilderness?

Dickinson '28: Yessir, I know. Parking space.

We see that an elephant in South Carolina ran amuck and did several thousand dollars' worth of damage, because someone gave her a piece of chewing tobacco.

It's to be hoped she doesn't run into any of that "Kentucky Red-Eye."

One of the students says he received this telegram from his sister in St. John: "Twins arrived. Feeling fine. More by mail."

After some people have acquired polish—they drink it.

Heard at the Hart House String Quartette concert:

"Isn't that a viol accompaniment?"

"Oh, I don't think it is so bad."

"Now remember, my dears," said Mother Raccoon to her children, "you must always be careful, because you have the skin the college boys love to touch!"

Nowlan '28: I don't know how well I can do the 20-yd. back. I never was in the pool when I was fresh.

Eaton '29: I've never seen you there in any other condition.

Prof. MacPeck: Don't you know anything about literature?

Robinson '31: Sure, I've written to all the toothpaste companies for it.

And now we hear of the Scotchman who sent his son and daughter-in-law a pair of homing pigeons for their wedding gift, and a gold-fish on their golden anniversary.

Yank '29: What do you think you made on your logic test?

Dickie '29: Well, in my case, I think "I" is doubtful.

Yank '29: I don't like heavy underwear; a suit of it made me get pneumonia once.

Rupert '29: Howzat?

Yank '29: I forgot to put it on.

McAuley '29: What makes you think she is a telephone girl?

Hatfield E. '29: Well I said 'Hello!' and she never answered.

Ted. '28: Has anyone remarked on the way you handle your car.

Trout '29: Crowell did, but he didn't say much.

Ted '28: What did he say?

Trout '29: Ten dollars and costs.

Reg. Steeves '29: If I were your father I wouldn't let you smoke.

Chappell, 32 + x. Why ? It doesn't do any harm.

Steeves: I know but you see you are too young to play with matches.

Wiggle '28: I want to sell you an encyclopedia, sir.

Farmer: Nothing doing, walkin's good enough for me.

Frosh: Don't the fast trains ever stop here?

Soph: Yep! had a wreck here once.

Doris '30: There were eighty-seven serious motor accidents last Sunday.

Eleanor '31: My, what a beautiful day it must have been.

Smoffsky, '31: What time does the next train leave for the city?

Ticket Agent: 3.45 sir.

Smoffsky '31: Make it 3.15 and I'll take it.

Ruth '29: Do you know what the fourth commandment is?

Wiff '29: Humor thy father and mother, isn't it?

Hatfield, E. '29: I feel a lethargy creeping on me.

Eleanor '31: Yes, the grass is full of them.

Marriage is like a railroad-sign. When you see a pretty girl you stop; then you look; and after you're married, you listen.

MacFarland '29: Should a man propose to a girl on his knees?

Bob Marr '28: Yes, either that or she should get off

Miss Sharman: What do you know about Charlemagne?

Maxine '30 (sleepily): It's one of the latest waltzes.

Hatfield (singing): Madelon, Madelon, Madelon—

Matthews: What do you think you're doing, little song-bird?

Hatfield: I'm studying for my monthly French test.

Tibbets '30: I mixed a little of this stuff here with some of that funny smelling stuff there and put in a little of that greenish pink liquid in that bottle. What have I got?

Prof. Small: A lot of nerve, I'd say.

Prof. Hill: Your test is not up to your usual standard this week.

Roy '30: I know it sir. I guess Trask didn't study very hard last night.

Atkinson '30: I've been thinking—

Dickie '29: Is that what all the squeaking is about?

Don '29: I made an awful break last night.

Mim '28: How come?

Don '29: I had to play at a wedding and started off with
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When you're engaged its diamonds.

When you're married its clubs.

When you're dead it's spades.

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